THE SEMI-MONTHLY MAGAZINE SECTION



We Specialize on Style

We can hardly make Holeproof Hose wear any better. We pay an average of 74 cents a pound for Egyptian and Sea Island Cotton Yarn. Common yarn sells for 32 cents. We send to Japan for silk. Common silk won't do for "Holeproof." Our processes are the latest and best. Ninety-five per cent of our output has outlasted the guarantee for the past thirteen years.

Therefore, most of our time and effort are now being concentrated on style.

The result is an ideal hose for occasions where formal evening dress is required— especially at dances and balls, where stylish, sheer hose that will wear are a necessity.

Because of this double quality, a million people are wearing "Holeproof."

Reg. U. S. Fut. Office, 1905

Carl Findle



Six pairs of cotton hose must wear six months. Three pairs of slik hose must wear three months. That is guaranteed. And it means every stitch. If a thread breaks, we replace the hose free.

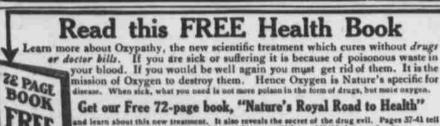
Look for the signature, Carl Freschl

LOOK for the signature, CARCORCOCC Stamped on every pair The genuine "Holeproof" are sold in your town. Dealers' names on request, or we'll ship direct where there's no dealer near, charges prepaid, on receipt of remittance. Men's cotton "Holeproof" cost \$1.50 to \$1.00 a box of four pairs, All above boxes guaranteed six months. Men's silk "Holeppoof" cost \$2.00 a box of three pairs; women's \$1.00 a box of three pairs. Silk hose guaranteed three months. Write for free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy." See how these wonderful hose are made. HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, Milwaukee, Wisconsin Holeproof Hosiery Company of Canada, Ltd., London, Can. Ref. U. 8.

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"If" she exclaimed violently. "Do you dare to say that I had anything whatever to do with this robbery?'' Joe shrugged his shoulders. "'Then I

beg your pardon, Miss Poincarré, and I say good-bye. I must go and make my report to the police and let them act their own way." He turned, but before he had gone more than a step or two, she called to him,

"And who are you? What right have VOII

"I'm in this case for the Bank. Old McAndrew knows me well and can tell you my name,"

"What is it? I'd like to hear it!" "People often calls me November Joe. **

She threw back her head; every attitude, every movement of hers was fine. "Now supposing that money could be

found . . . what would you do?"" "I'd go to the Bank and tell them I'd make shift to get every penny back safe for them if they'd agree not to prosecute . . . anybody."

"So you are man enough not to wish to see the girl in trouble?"

November looked at her. "I was sure not thinking of the girl at all," he said simply, "but of Bank-clerk Atterson, who's lost the girl he robbed for and ruined himself for."

She stood stock still for a while. "I 'll see Old Man McAndrew," she cried sud-denly. "I'll lead. It's near enough this way." way.

Without a word Joe turned after her and I followed. During the conference. Joe satisfied the girl as to his identity, without arousing McAndrew's suspicions: and before dark she met us again! "There!" she said thrusting a package into Joe's hands; "but look out for yourself ! Atterson is n't the only man who'd break the law for love of me. Think of that at night in the lonely bush! "

"My!" ejaculated November as he looked after her receding figure, "she's a bad loser, ain't she, Mr. Quaritch?"

WE WENT back into Quebec and Joe made over to the Bank the full amount of the loss, but only after Har-ris, the Manager (rather against his will), ageed that no questions should be asked nor action taken.

The same evening, I, not being under the same embargo regarding questions, inquired from Joe how in the world the fair Phedre had covered her tracks from the canoe to where Atterson was lying.

"That was simple for an active girl. She walked ashore along the paddle, and after her return to the canoe she threw mud. Did n't you notice how faint it was?" water upon the mark it made in the

"But when she got ashore - how did she hide her tracks then?'

"It's not a new trick. She took a couple of short logs with her. First, she put one down and stepped on to it; then, she 'd put the other one farther and step on to that; next, she 'd lift the one be-hind, and so on."

"But you said before we left Atterson's camp that whoever robbed him was shortish, a lightweight and had black hair."

"Well, had n't shef Lightweight because the logs was n't much drove into the ground, shortish because the marks of them was so close together."

"But the black hair? Come, Joe, that was a bit of a guess!" Joe laughed. "That was the surest thing of the lot and put me wise to Phedre at the start. Twisted up in the buckle of the pack she gave Atterson, I found several strands of splendid black hair. She must 'a caught her hair in the buckles while carrying it. That was an accident she had n't thought of."

There was a silence; then November added; "I wonder if she'll get some feller to come gunning for me as she threat-ened she would! She'll try any way. Well, I suppose Atterson will feel pretty bad about it when he learns her treach-ery; but he'd 'a' felt a sight worse if they'd been married. I sure pity the man that ties up with her, for all her looks, don't you, Mr. Quaritch f''



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