

A Talk on Tweeds



Year by year the task of determining whether a piece of cloth is all-wool or mixed with cotton and shoddy is becoming more difficult. Many lines are sold for pure wool which have more or less cotton in them. So clever, indeed, are the imitations, even experts are puzzled at times, and the burning-test has to be resorted to in order to disclose the presence of any foreign thread.

Try this test for yourself. See if some of the supposedly "pure wool" doesn't burn like cotton. Pull out two or three strands from any cloth you wish to prove, twist them together, and apply a lighted match. If it's pure wool, there will be a quick flare of flame, then a crumbling, charred, black mass. Wool won't burn if you take the flame away. If it's mixed goods, the cotton will burn a clear yellow all the way to the end.

Large yard of cloth, or in a suit of clothes, there are many hundreds of thousands of fibres, of differing sizes, lengths, qualities and strengths. It is not fair to tax anyone with the problem of ascertaining the quality of these fibres.

First-class dealers won't subject their customers to such inconvenience and uncertainty. They keep the celebrated **Hewson Tweeds** known throughout the country to be all-wool, pure-wool and made by the most approved methods from the choicest wool raised in Nova Scotia.

When you see the Hewson trademark on tweeds, for either ladies or gentlemen, you know that it's pure wool, every thread, woven wonderfully strong and even, with a splendid finish, an uncommon worthiness. Just as the word, "Sterling," on silver decides its quality, so the Hewson brand stands for high character in tweeds. It is sufficient guarantee to every buyer.

Hewson Woolen Mills, Limited,

The Big New Mill,

AMHERST, N. S.

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Made by THE JOHN CAMPBELL CO., Limited, St. Thomas, Ontario.

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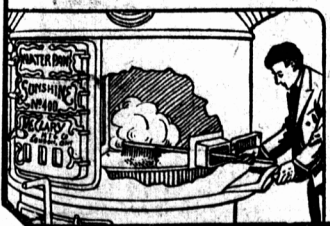
It does not require an expert to clean out the flues of the "Sunshine" furnace—the only tool needed is a brush which is supplied with every furnace.

Clean-out doors are placed in the casing, and the brush can easily be inserted.

This heater just bristles with exclusive features such as automatic gas dampers, large double feed-doors, steel dome, double shakers and steel radiator.

If you want the best furnace made get the "Sunshine."

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The Alabastine Co. Limited, Paris, Ont.

THE GUARDIAN'S SHORT STORY

With the Help of the Ghost

By TROY ALLISON

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Miss Wesley actually had begun to wish she could look older. To be thirty-eight and look twenty-five had its trials. In this instance it had its own particular drawback—the colonel was fifty.

If the colonel had been less certain that the younger men of his set were altogether desirable and that they were in every way suitable for her to select a husband from, Miss Wesley would have been better pleased and probably would never have regretted looking so young. As it was the colonel, although his military bearing and iron gray hair attracted attention under all circumstances, thought of his age and hesitated to ask the popular young woman to marry him.

The incident at the Mabreys' dance convinced Miss Wesley that she had given plenty of opportunities. It appeared necessary that she give him not only opportunity, but a helping hand. This, she decided, she was quite prepared to do. It only remained for her to decide the manner of its doing.

On the night of the dance he had come nearer mustering the necessary courage than ever before, but just at the moment when the air became slightly charged with sentiment young Dr. Howell had come to their corner of the library, and the colonel, with an almost imperceptible sigh, had said the young folks always had something to talk over and he would go get his supper and be off to bed as an old man should.

Miss Wesley felt a moisture in her eyes and decided, then and there, upon the virtue of the helping hand. There was only the question of when and how it should be administered.

The next week she announced her intention of going south to inspect some old family property that had been left to her six months before. All her life



FRANCES WESLEY CAME IN.

she had heard of the old plantation, with its queer old mansion, and her childhood had revealed in tales of its ancient ghost. It was such a silly, useless, mischievous ghost, one that amused itself bumping down stairways during quiet midnight hours or thought it not unbecoming to ghostly dignity to take all the covers off the bed on a cold night and leave one trembling with terror and cold combined.

Miss Wesley went, therefore, with the avowed intention not only of inspecting the property, but of meeting the ghost she had inherited with it.

She took with her Dr. Howell's box of candles, but she wore one of the colonel's red roses in the bosom of her traveling gown. Celeste, her French maid, sat near her, smiling as if there were something amusing in the atmosphere.

Three weeks later Colonel Carr met Dr. Howell coming down the club steps.

"Colonel, have you heard of Miss Wesley's terrible shock?" he asked.

The colonel stopped abruptly.

"Terrible shock? No! What's happened?" he demanded abruptly.

Howell told the story with what seemed to the anxious colonel unbearable slowness.

It seemed that Miss Wesley's coachman, left in town, had received a letter from his fiancée, Celeste, giving all the details of the mysterious affair. According to Celeste's animated narrative, Miss Wesley had seen the family ghost, and the shock had been too much for her. Her mistress' hair had turned snow white from the shock.

"It is a strange phase of nature," said Dr. Howell. "And to think of such a beautiful woman experiencing the loss of that wondrous head of brown hair!" sympathetically. "They return to the city this afternoon, the coachman tells me," he added.

The colonel rang the doorbell that evening, feeling ill at ease as to how he should express his sympathy for the woman he loved.

"Yes, Miss Wesley, is at home and will be down in a moment," said Celeste, showing him into the library. Frances Wesley came in, her long black dress trailing softly. She

ne's eyes immediately fastened themselves upon the snowy hair piled in a fluffy mass upon the top of her head.

"You see, I am to be classed among the old folks henceforth, colonel," she responded to the look in his eyes. "I can't offer sympathy," he said slowly. "You are more beautiful than ever."

The color that came into her face justified his words. "I'll sit out the dances with you now, colonel, instead of filling my programme with names. The younger set will stand too much in awe of my white hair to ask me to dance."

"You poor girl!" He took her hand commiseratingly. "It is awfully hard on you, but I wish to heaven you could sit with me throughout life instead of throughout a dance."

She gave him a quick smile. "Well, maybe if you asked me"—She hesitated.

"If I would ask you?" he exclaimed. "That's what I have been trying to do for four years. I couldn't imagine you could care for a man so much older than yourself. I don't believe I would have the courage now, but your lovely white hair makes us seem more alike." He leaned over and touched the white fluffy mass with his lips.

Miss Wesley sighed, then gave way to an irrepressible giggle of amusement.

"Colonel, do you think you could love a deceitful woman?" she asked.

The colonel, although fifty, used the perfectly proper reply to such a question from a woman.

"I could—you—under any conditions," rapturously.

"Listen to this story, colonel." She took both his hands in hers and kept her eyes on his. "Once upon a time there was a girl of twenty-four who had so severe an attack of fever that when she recovered and her hair grew again it was snowy white. Her relatives thought white hair at her age would place her in a trying position, so they insisted that she dye it its natural color—brown."

The colonel looked startled, but she motioned him to keep still.

"She kept it dyed for—fourteen years," she continued, "and kept looking ridiculously young. She didn't mind that—except for the fact that the man she cared for was—fifty—and was afraid to ask her to marry him on account of the seeming difference in their ages."

The colonel again grew restless, but she held his hand fast and hurried over the rest of the story.

"It was Celeste's plan," she said, "and it struck my sense of humor very forcibly. Celeste has a dramatic soul—she made the plan, and I acquiesced. You see, the poor old family ghost gave me an excuse for letting my hair be natural without people finding out that I had been imposing on the public all these years. Do you think you could care for a fraud?" There was a slight note of anxiety in her voice.

The colonel evidently could and would. He refused to obey the restraining hands, but took her in his arms triumphantly.

"We both needed the help of that ghost!" he exclaimed. "Long may he flourish in the realms of space! We'll never try to lay him!"

"After You, Gentlemen."

The French at Ponteney, sheltered by their ridge, could scarcely believe their eyes at the sight of the English

gunners sowing round their pieces to cover them. When they at length realized that it was one of the enemy's and not one of their own batteries the officers of the Gardes Francais rushed to the head of their men, shouting to them to deploy and charge the cannon. Almost at the same moment the grenadiers cleared the hilltop and began to descend upon him. It was then that there occurred that wonderful meeting which has charmed so many generations of readers. Every one knows the description of the scene for which Voltaire was indebted to D'Argenson; how the French officers, in their blue and silver coats and their long scarlet vests and stockings, waited the approach of the grenadiers, hat in hand; how the redcoats defied their menacing shield-fronted caps, while Lord Charles Hay bowed to the opposing line, with the words, "Gentlemen of the French guard, please to fire first!" to which the Comte d'Anteroche replied: "Gentlemen, we never fire first. Fire yourselves!" Such was a battle of the grand age as pictured by the aristocrat who saw the universe reflected in the mirrors of the Oeil de Boeuf, but in the Lothian papers there is a yellow letter, written by Hay, in hospital after action, which gives a ruder and, it is to be feared, more natural version of the story.—London Spectator.

Easy Enough.

"From time immemorial," said a Louisville judge, "southern people have been lavish in bestowing titles. I think there is something in the southern temperament which explains this. I didn't start out on this, however, for a philosophical disquisition, but rather to tell how a certain Kentucky gentleman established valid title to the rank of colonel. He went to Cincinnati once with a friend who enjoyed many acquaintances in the Buckeye metropolis and who introduced him to every one as Colonel Brown. Everything went along smoothly until finally one Cincinnati asked of the introducer:

"I suppose your friend, Colonel Brown, was in the Confederate army?"

"No, sir; he was not."

"Well, then, he fought on the Union side?"

"You are wrong there too."

"Oh, I see now. He got his title by serving in the state militia?"

"No; he never entered the militia."

"Then how in thunder did he get to be a colonel?"

"He drew a sword, sir, at a church fair!"—Washington Post.

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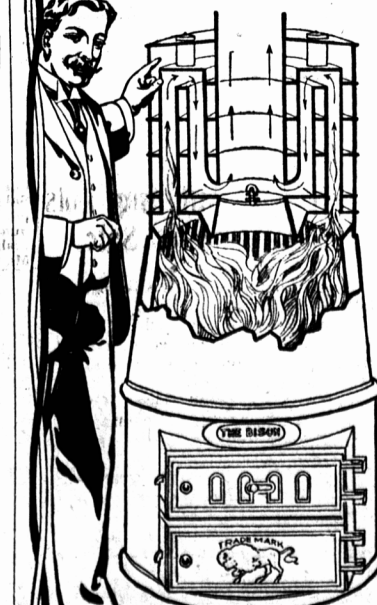
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