



You begin to look old, with those grey and faded hairs, always so conspicuous. Send at once to your nearest store for a bottle ef

LOCKYER'S HAIR RESTORER



Sold Everywhere

Lockyer's gives health to the Hair and re-stores the natural color. It cleanses the scalp; is the most perfect Hair Dressing.

17-Piece Hand Painted Tea Set Given Away



A magnificent, genuine hand painted set that you will be delighted to see on your table? A charmingly beautiful set that will add a final touch of dignity and elegance and make you proud to be its owner. Exquisitely harft painted with richly colored full blown roses, dainty buds and delicately tinted leaves. Every piece full size—smooth satin finish, thin, light, transparent, but wonderfully strong, Mrs. Dave Griffiths, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., says: "My tea set is beautiful and I am proud of it." Imported direct from Japan! The loveliest and prettiest set you ever laid your eyes on and it's absolutely free for selling just 60 packets of beautiful Christmas, Greeting, Fancy and Patriotic THE GOLD MEDAL CO. Dept. E. W. 15. THE GOLD MEDAL CO., Dept. E.W. 15

post cards at only 10 cents a packet. You can sell them easily. Everyone buys these cards—they're the cream of the finest printed. Radiant sparkling decorations—beautiful rich colors—all popular, new designs. Every card a gem—you just show them and take

People always buy lots of post cards more than ever now to send to the soldiers. Mrs. A. M. Bonner, North Sydney, C.B., N.S., says: "I sold \$3.00 worth in just two afternoons, please send me \$4.00 worth more." You can do the same! Then send us the \$6.00 and we will immediately send the tea set. Write now—don't delay. In twenty years we have given over \$200.000 in presents.

TORONTO, ONT.

THE ALPINE PATH

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38)

"Our afternoon at Kenilworth Castle was a delight. Of course, we had to be pestered with a guide; but I succeeded in forgetting him, and roamed the byways of romance alone. I saw Kenilworth in its pride, when aspiring Leicester entertained haughty Elizabeth. I pictured poor Amy Robsart creeping humbly into the halls where she should have reigned as Mistress. Back they thronged from the past, those gay figures of olden days, living, loving, hating, plotting as of yore.

"Last Thursday we went to see the Temple Church, in the grounds of which Oliver Goldsmith is buried. The church is a quaint old place, set in a leafy square which, despite the fact that Fleet Street is roaring just outside it, is as peaceful and silent as a Cavendish road. But when I recall that square it is not of the quaint old church and Poor Noll's grave that I shall think. No, it will be of a most charming and gentlemanly pussy cat, of exquisite manners, who came out of one of the houses and walked across the square to meet us. He was large and handsome and dignified, and any one could see with half an eye that he belonged to the caste of Vere de Vere. He purred most mellifluously as I patted him, and rubbed himself against my boots as though we were old acquaintances, as perchance we were in some other incarnation. Nine out of ten cats would have insisted on accompanying us over to Oliver's grave, and perhaps been too hard to get rid of. Not so this Marquis of Carabas. He sat gravely down and waited until we had gone on, seen the grave and returned to where he sat. Then he stood up, received our farewell pats, waved his tail amiably, and walked gravely back to the door from which he had emerged, having done the honor of his demesne in most irreproachable fashion. Truly he did give the world assurance of a cat!

"We sail for home next Thursday on the Adriatic. I am glad, for I am replete with sight-seeing. I want now to get back to Canada and gather my scattered household gods around me for a new consecration."

AS my husband was pastor of an Ontario congregation, I had now to leave Prince Edward Island and move to Ontario. Since my marriage I have published four books, "Chronicles of Avonlea," "The Golden Road,"
"Anne of The Island," and "The Watchman," the latter being a volume of collected verse.

The "Alpine Path" has been climbed, after many years of toil and endeavor. It was not an easy ascent, but even in the struggle at its hardest there was a delight and a zest known only to those who aspire to the heights.

"He ne'er is crowned With immortality, who fears to Where airy voices lead."

True, most true! We must follow our "airy voices," follow them through bitter suffering and discouragement and darkness, through doubt and disbelief, through valleys of humiliation and over delectable hills where sweet things would lure us from our quest, ever and always must we follow, if we would reach the "far-off divine event" and look out thence to the aerial spires of our City of Fulfilment.

THE END.

His Experience

The pert elevator boy in the big hotel was airing his views to a passenger on the proper conduct of children.

"What do you know about it?" laughed the passenger. "You're not married, are you?" Well, no," replied the boy, as he flung open the gate on the top floor for his passenger to step out, "but I brought a good many families up in my time."