

The Girl in the Cafe

THE struggles of the self-made young man who "puts himself through college" have frequently been described but it has remained for the last half-century to evolve the young woman student of like calibre. Such a one is Elizabeth Wallace, who began to teach in a country school at the age of eighteen and now, at the age of twenty-five, finds herself at the provincial university, thanks to an economical policy and a small legacy from a maiden aunt who always said: "There's a lot in Elizabeth."

There was a slight re-action when the ex-teacher first realised that she had returned to the student stage and Elizabeth discovered that a Toronto attic is not an ideal winter residence, even when shared by an earnest girl with a large forehead, engaged to a young man who is going down to South America as missionary. Breakfast at a cheap boarding-house and luncheon consisting of rolls and a glass of milk are not stimulating fare; so, Elizabeth and her industrious chum decided to vary the day's work or board by dinner at the Clover Cafe. Just why the institution was given that name, none of its patrons has been able to discover, for its twenty-five-cent dinner is not suggestive of a land flowing with milk and honey. However, Elizabeth and the earnest young person, whose name is Ruth Morris, considered its "courses" an introduction to fashionable living and found its dreary glitter more amusing than the attic chill.

"A higher education certainly comes high," sighed Elizabeth one evening, as they discoursed of the almost-forgotten joys of country tea-meetings where there was real cream on the apple pie and the cold chicken was more than a shaving of white meat.

"This is the limit," broke out the other as she was informed that the tapioca pudding was "off." Miss Morris was opposed to slang but the atmosphere of the Clover Cafe was weakening, even to a young person engaged to an embryo missionary.

"It would be good to be back in Limehurst, just for one night—to see the snow on the hills. Toronto is so flat," said Elizabeth wistfully.

"Beg pardon, miss," said the girl who had just brought the weak coffee, "but do you know Limehurst?" Elizabeth and Ruth had formed a decided fondness for the pale-faced waitress who always seemed tired and yet who ran with a kind of reluctant eagerness as she filled her many orders.

"I know Limehurst very well," said Elizabeth kindly. "It's a pretty place in spring."

"It's a pretty place all the year round," burst out the girl with impatient pride, "my home's just five miles away at Barrett. We used to go nutting near Proctor's Hill when I was a little kid. They are the best walnuts and butternuts in the county. Perhaps you know Proctor's Hill?"

"Yes," said Elizabeth, as a vision rose above the coffee-cups of an autumn hillside crowned with russet and crimson, "it's a splendid hill. What is your name?"

The girl hesitated. "Mary Vosper," she said finally.

"Vosper!" repeated Elizabeth. "It's a rather unusual name."

"It's a Devonshire name," said Mary with a curious defiance in her glance.

"There was a boy called Jim Vosper who came to Limehurst school one winter about four years ago. Perhaps he was some relation of yours. He was fair, with the bluest eyes I ever saw."

"Yes, that would be Jim," was Mary's hurried reply while her cheeks, no longer pale, flushed to a rose-



MURAD

TURKISH CIGARETTES

Cigarette tobacco is more susceptible to the influences of atmosphere, moisture, sun and soil, than any other plant.

Naturally therefore, the best Turkish tobacco is limited to certain areas.

It's on the hillsides of the Cavalla district in Turkey that the finest tobacco is grown.

It is this tobacco that gives MURADS their uniform, full, rich, mild, delicate flavor.

Why not try a sample box?
—10 for 15 cents.



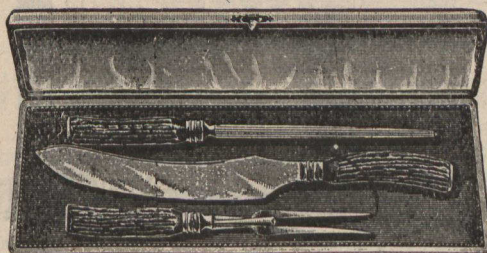
488

S. ANARGYROS.

THANKSGIVING DAY

is almost here. The turkeys are fattening. Remember it requires a sharp knife to successfully carve a tender bird.

In Pairs,
Stag
or
White
Handles



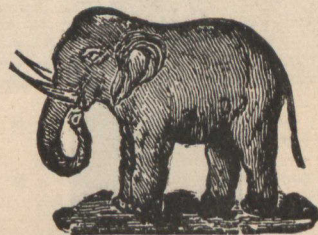
In Cases,
Satin
and
Plush
Lined

Friends always appreciate a present of a Carving Set or a Set of Knives and Forks. We can supply them at a price to suit your pocket.

Call and see them at

Aikenhead's

Aikenhead Hardware, Limited, Temperance St.



THE DEPTHS OF
HUMAN FOLLY
HAVE NOT BEEN
SOUNDED IF ANY
ONE DECLARES
---THERE IS A---
BETTER WHITE
LEAD THAN THE
"ELEPHANT"
GENUINE