

GOLD STANDARD
JELLY POWDERS

MANUFACTURED BY
CODVILLE & CO.
WHOLESALERS GROCERS
BRANDON, WINNIPEG, CALGARY.

Purest Jelly Powder Made - Guaranteed the Best

COMPARE

GOLD STANDARD

with any Jelly Powder you have ever used. The richness of flavor, the appearance -- both in the package and in the Jelly Mould, will be largely in our favor. If you are not entirely satisfied the Grocer refunds your money cheerfully. That's fair enough, isn't it? Guaranteed the best.

Prepared by

CODVILLE, SMITH & CO.,
CALGARY, ALTA.

CODVILLE & CO.,
WINNIPEG AND BRANDON.

WHEN WRITING ADVERTISERS PLEASE MENTION THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY.

nette more like if I come 'lon but me, I can't not tell my frien' dat he ain' want.

Dose happy May day go so quick. Ah, M'sieur, gladness is one swift runner. Gregoire he has not sell me dat farm yet. Firs' de not'ry was ver', ver' sick, an' den when he is well Gregoire he don' seem be ready.

"We is so busy now," he say ever; "wait till I has done dis an' wait till I do dat. It will take one whole day to go to de not'ry an' back--dose mans w'at know ever' t'ing take deir time for do t'ings."

But one day I say: "Mon camarade, my 'Toinnette is all ready be marry now. She would not in May marry 'cause it is not lucky in de mont' of de *Sainte Vierge*. Now it is June an' she has de long muslin veil of white all make for go to de *Cure* wit me."

"Well," he say, "I ain' prevent you." Ma foi, how seprise I was at hees surly voice.

"No, mon camarade," say I, "you mus' go too an' stan' by my side like you has promise. But you know I have tole you how de fadder of Toinnette have ever swear she shall not marry wit de mans w'at own not hees own house. He is ver' strong will, dat ol' man, an' 'Toinnette is de obedient daughter, an' ever do as he say. Dere is no good come to peoples w'at don' not respec' de parent."

don' t'ink he go wit me dat night 'cause he believe 'Toinnette she like better see me 'lone. "Ma foi," think I, "he is sharp at guess." Den he bring out de bottle so dat we drink to de bride.

I don' know how many time we have say: "To de healt' of you 'Toinnette," or "We drink to you' hap'ness," or "Dat you' life be ever prosp'rous," but I know he get mad when I don' want empty my tin cup ever' time. At las' I get so mix up dat I don' know whether I is drink high wine or *veille Jamaïque*, for we has some of each.

"By gar, Gregoire," say I, as I laugh at de empty bottle--he has turn it upside down," you has made me drunk, an' you is jus' as sober as a proud ol' elk."

"Well, I has had my share, Baptiste; I has drunk wit you, but you is de lucky man's ever, you can get drunk so quick. You be sober by de time you walk five-mile to de village, eh?" an' Gregoire he look at me wit de eye so strange. T'ough I was lil' drunk I can feel dat look, an' *ma foi*, it make me a lil' queer.

I go 'lone down de river road to de village, an' I t'ink how glad be 'Toinnette 'cause I come without Gregoire. When I reach de long piece of pine fores' I was feel giddy an' I wish de night was not so hot an' de don' fill de air wit smoke. As I stagger t'rough dat dark wood a man jump ver' sudden from de trees an' struck my head wit somet'ing hard. Ah, M'sieur, if I had be sober dat would never happen to de good woodsman like me, but de drink have made me stupid. When I know anyt'ing again I was lie dere 'mong de tree an' my money, all dat money I have earn so hard 'way beyon' de Sackat-chewan, was gone.

How 'Toinnette cry when she see my swell head, an' how her ol' fadder swear cause I was such fool to carry dat money by me. He b'lieve not my story 'bout de wood, an' say:

"Ah, you is not de smart *garcon* like your frien', de fine Gregoire. You has been to de town an' has gamble all night."

But me, I was near break de heart. How now can I marry my 'Toinnette widout one sou in all dis worl', not even 'nough to take me back to be trapper.

Dat ol' fadder of my 'Toinnette, he don' lis'en to her prayers nor my coax when we ask jus' let us be marry before I mus' go 'way 'gian.

"No," he say, "I curse my daughter if she marry de man w'at can't not give her de roof over de head; wit my las' breath will I curse her," he say wit such anger an' bitterness it make 'Toinnette grow white as de curtain on de window.

Gregoire, he seem ver' sorry for me, an' when I say to him, "Ah, why have you not go out wit me dat night?" he say:

"Why don' we never do de right t'ing, my frien', when de devil temp' us to do de wrong? Dat night I was get so drunk I can't not even go to bed."

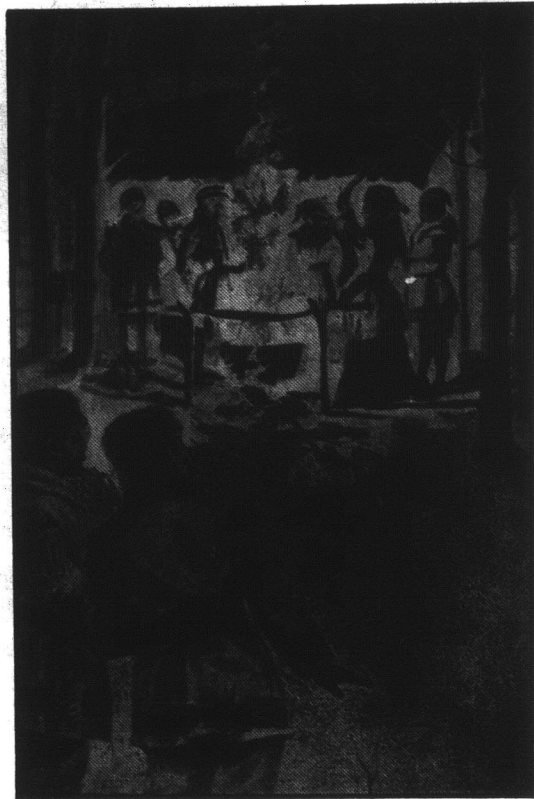
He offer to pay me for all de work I have done on hees farm, now dat I can't not buy it, an' he promise to do all he can to find de thief w'at have rob me.

An', M'sieur, as it don' never cost de mans like me much for travel in Canada, I was soon back in de Nort' Wes'.

I had been dere a lil' more dan t'ree mont' when one day I was at de post I was seprise hear dat Gregoire have arrive. Ah, M'sieur, it don' take me long to meet him, an' how glad hees face make me feel.

"But why," I say, when I have ask him so many question 'bout my 'Toinnette, "why has you leave you' farm an' come back here?"

"Oh," he say, an' hees eyes look down at hees gun-stock what res' on de ground; "oh, I have love one girl an' she can't not marry wit me; t'ough she like me ver' well, she like anudder fella better. Dat is why I come back here 'gain'; an' me, I don' know whether



"She Have Some Ting in Her Hand to Stir de Sugar."

Gregoire, he don' say not'ing, he frown an' look ver' queer.

"Now you mus' come to de not'ry wit me to-day an' fix up 'bout dis place, eh, Gregoire? I have draw de money an' it is right here in dis pocket," I say as I slap my hip. "We settle it up now, eh, mon camarade?"

Gregoire he don' not look at me, but I was see dat he was turn pale an' hees eyes have de queer shine in dem.

"Baptiste, to-day I can't not go, but to-morrow in de mornin' we go togeder. Since I have been in dis place 'mong so many peoples I don' feel like I use. Don' you see I is never so gay? An' my hand, see how cold," an' by gar, M'sieur, it were like ice when he touch me.

I was scare, an' when he bring out de high wine I was ver' glad -- he need some. Well, we go out in de field an' work when we has had de drink; an' all day we say no more 'bout de t'ing I t'ink mos' of while I was help him.

In de evenin' I grease de boot, an' wash de face, an' put some much lard on de hair, an' tie de han'some color han'kerchief round de neck of my blue flannel shirt. You see I mus' look gran' when I go ever' evenin' see my 'Toinnette. Gregoire he stan' by de stove an' fry de bacon, an' tell me he t'ink I get so proud I has crack de lookin'-glass.

Well, when I is all ready he say he