

Good Judgment leads thousands of housewives to serve Grape-Nuts

in place of foods that require
hours of drudgery in a hot
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Comes ready to eat from the
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"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts

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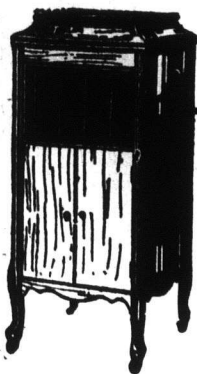
This special offer is necessarily limited to the pianos still left in our warehouses and shipped us prior to the announcement of the luxury tax on May 19th. Piano prices have not, up to the present, increased so much as other lines, therefore you can make a double saving by buying now at the old prices and free of tax.



Our \$445 Special

Not only that, but we are prepared to accept your wheat certificates in payment at their full redeemable value.

You may also secure the same easy terms if you desire—\$50.00 down and three years to pay the balance in Fall payments.



Gramophones
\$37.50 up

To secure yourself on these special savings you will have to act promptly, as all goods received subsequent to May 18th must carry the new tax, which is payable by the purchaser.

Organ Bargains

Bell, 13 stops.....	\$125
Doherty, 12 stops.....	120
Thomas, 11 stops.....	115
Dominion, 11 stops.....	95

All piano cased, 6 octaves, practically as good as new. Guaranteed in first-class condition, and phenomenal value.

WINNIPEG PIANO CO

333
PORTAGE
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GREATEST SELECTION UNDER ONE ROOF

PIANOS—Steinway, Gerhard Heintzman, Nordheimer, Haines, Bell, Sherlock-Manning, Doherty, Lesage, Canada, Brambach, Autopiano and Imperial.

PHONOGRAPHS—Edison, Columbia, Gerhard Heintzman, Pathephone, Phonola, Curtiss Acronola, McLagan, Starr, Euphonollian.

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Do You Ever Eat?

We offer you a 46-piece Combination Dinner and Tea Set in return for only nine new subscriptions to The Western Home Monthly.

makers. Pa's anticipations had been fully realized—surpassed. He heaved a sigh of satisfaction and repletion, and beamed expansively and benevolently on all the world.

"Ma would have enjoyed this," he thought. "I wish I had made her come."

The chairman—a noted wag—knew how to keep the ball a-rolling.

"He's introducing the lady speaker, now," whispered Pa's neighbor, and Pa came out of his reverie and gave attentive ear.

"First my sainted mother, then a winsome kinder gartner, a succession of charming lady teachers—and now my wife is whipping me into shape, and when she gets through with me"—palms stretched upward and eyes turned ceiling ward with the inimitable air of mock piety of a case-hardened sinner "when she gets through with me, I expect to go straight to heaven." A burst of laughter interrupted him and subsided—"And because the guiding influence of women has made me the

He stared and gasped, and the lady's glance met his as she moved forward and she smiled.

Pa had got his jolt!

She had found her place, and stood facing the audience, with the typed papers in her hand. Just a little courage, ma—she slipped her disengaged hand down towards an accustomed pocket, then all the color drained from her face.

She had forgotten her spectacles.... and without them she could not read a line.

Like billowing waves of the sea the expanse of faces before her rocked and undulated, like billowing waves of the sea the waters mounted and pressed and submerged her—sinking, drowning—then her eyes focussed on Pa's face, questioning, anxious, puckered with worry. Pa would be so ashamed! She must not shame Pa. All that clapping was for her. She would make a speech of her own. She had often made speeches while she churned or scrubbed the floor. She would make a speech—for Pa.



The Hymn of Praise. Rural England.

great man I am, I long to see that influence extended until heaven comes straight down to earth. So with the greatest pleasure I introduce the lady who will speak to you on 'Women's Rights'—Mrs. Abner Gessup."

It hit Pa square on the face!

He was endeavoring to come to his feet to explain that a mistake had been made, that Mrs. Gessup was not present, when sliding doors at the head of the room opened, and a woman entered, and floated over the French-blue rug toward the speaker's form. Nancy? That was a lady off a magazine cover, a lady in a clinging skimming grey satin, with sleeves and overdresses of diaphanous chiffon, a cluster of dewy violets catching up the silver lace that outlined the pulsing throat and ears, and grey suede pumps with silver buckles, slim ankles, gleaming through grey silk hose, snowy hair pulled up, wistfully from under a grey net, a creation tilted becomingly on a well-poised head.

Nancy? Impossible!

"Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen"—she'd never have recognized that strange voice as her own—"some explanation is due you for my unexpected presence here to-night. But Mrs. McKee, who was to have addressed you, is detained at home at the bedside of her husband, who was taken ill this afternoon. You know Mrs. McKee as a woman who has worked with unflagging energy and enthusiasm to forward the cause of our sex, but she claims the woman's right to put home and the needs of her loved ones first before all public duties, and, much as we regret her absence, and much as we deplore the fact that her illuminating address on the new Dower Law must needs be postponed until some future occasion—not too distant, I hope—still, we who are women know that she has done the right thing, and know that under similar circumstances, we should do the same.

"She phoned to me; no doubt she thought I had lived long enough to know something of the rights and wrongs of

Continued on page 56