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WINNIPEG, MAN.**

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1907.

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Send us 50 cents and we will mail you the Western Home Monthly for one year and in addition will send you free of charge the Pattern for a practical Apron and Sun Bonnet.

This is an offer that is sure to appeal strongly to women readers, and, while our supply of patterns lasts, subscribers will be furnished patterns free in the order which their enclosure is received by us.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE

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Something every woman needs.—Send 50 cents—it will pay your subscription to the Western Home Monthly for one year, and will also entitle you to a Pattern and instructions how to make, free, a practical Apron and Sun Bonnet.

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me much? I won't go, if you say not. Only—"

He smiled at her wanly, and his fingers trembled as he stooped and fumbled to pick up his paper.

No, he would not oppose her. What she had stated was true; she had given up the stage for him; she had come to him in the middle of her career and had delayed not; now he should be magnanimous. "Once an actress always an actress," thus his friends had warned him, and the beacon footlights luring her away, away, had been the portent of his nightmares.

"Only for the rest of the season," God grant that this would be indeed the finishing. He would not gainsay her. He would wait for her return—he and Vivian.

However, in his heart he cursed, with a man's boiling hatred, the inopportune Mr. Thorne; well as he was aware now that had it not been Mr. Thorne, 'twould have to be some one else, or some similarly impelling circumstance.

The opening night of the next week's program at the local theatre in the Artiste circuit promised to be with a house unusually brilliant; for the debut in vaudeville of "Frances Newsome, well known in R— social circles, formerly the popular soubrette, but lately retired from the stage," had assuredly been widely heralded. The theatre management knew its business.

The set in which the Newsomes moved made quite an ado about the

"Not this evening, Harriet," he had replied; and then he had encouraged her by asking, "Why?"

"Well, sir—if you're ready to be at home—would you mind my stepping out, myself? Vivian's asleep; he won't wake or bother you—"

"Certainly; go if you wish, Harriet," he had bidden.

Harriet had obeyed—precipitately, evidently with ardor long pent; and it was impressed upon him that she, and Mary also, might be found, if needed, at the Artiste, like all the rest of the known world bent upon assisting at his wife's "reappearance."

However, here were himself and Vivian loyal to the home. And he essayed to read.

But he was restless. The clock upon the mantel ticked never so resonantly echoing through the whole house. He took book and paper, only to lay each down for something else. Vivian, likewise, was restless; for (what was remarkable) from the adjoining room he suddenly called, as if awakened in a fright.

"Mamma!"

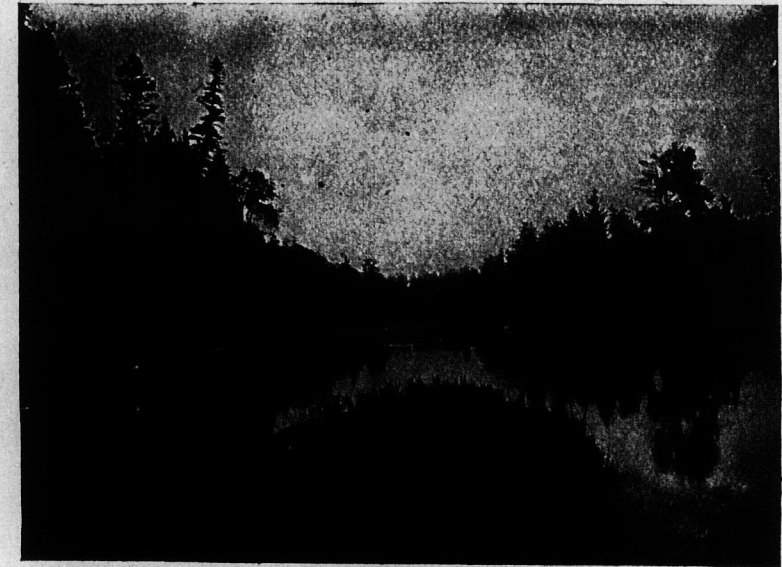
The cry smote upon his father's ears, startling him.

"What is it, Vivian?" he inquired, quickly stepping to the connecting doorway.

"Mamma!"

"But mamma isn't here. Won't papa do?"

"Mamma! I want mamma," the childish voice concluded in a little wail.



Along the Rainy River on line of C. N. R.

matter; but Mr. Newsome steadfastly declined to make one in box party or floor group, and sent back the complimentary ticket mailed to him.

Although he did not intend it, his attitude, in the midst of his wife's busy, excited, radiant "getting ready," with the constantly recurring question of "gowns," and of the utility and refurbishing of old "skits" and ditties, was a kind of damper upon her enthusiasm.

"Aren't you coming to see me on my first night?" she expostulated, reproachfully. "Why, I should feel dreadfully if I thought you stayed away on purpose, Harry!"

"I might rattle you," he asserted, non-committedly, but with a fond little smile.

"The idea!" she scoffed. "You never did rattle me, did you? No, I guess not! You must come. You'll be an inspiration. Oh, I'll make you clap."

"Well," he responded.

However, now he was sitting at home, alone in the house, save for Vivian, their boy, Frances, affectionate and solicitous, almost repentant, to the last moment, but flushed and on fire like a girl going to her first ball, had been bundled into the carriage sent by the management, and had been driven away.

"You had better start right in without me, Frances," he had said firmly. "That is the way you will have to go it, you know, after you leave here."

She had been disappointed, but had accepted the role.

Mary, the cook, had sallied forth as soon as her work was over.

Harriet, the nurse, had but a few minutes before diffidently intruded upon him, and had queried, astonished, "Why, aren't you going out this evening, Mr. Newsome?"

Mr. Newsome entered the dim confines, and stooping over the bed gathered the small figure, warm, dishevelled, fannel nightied, struggling, half dazed, to sit up, into his arms.

"Papa's own boy," he murmured, with a great rush of lonely tenderness.

"Papa's own boy. Mamma isn't here, Vivian." And again he asked, helplessly, "Won't papa do?"

"Mamma! I want mamma."

Vivian's soft body quivered with his desire. It was quite unaccountable, this his awakening and crying for his mother; and occurring as it did to-night, of all nights, it struck through with peculiar force to his father's responsive heart.

"Mamma-a-a!"

The long, quavering wail explored every corner of the house.

"Hush, little man," bade the father, with his cheek against the round wet one. "We'll go and find mamma—shall we?"

"Y-yes."

"All right."

Unexpectedly mastered by the impulse that had been lying only dormant all the evening, making him so restless, he set Vivian upon the edge of the bed and commenced hurriedly to dress him. The child eagerly assisted as best he could, with sob stifled, and with merely the occasional whimper:

"Find mamma."

The dressing was clumsily but passably accomplished; and with the boy bareheaded, yellow locks tumbled but comfortably wrapped, in his arms, the father issued into the night, locking the door behind him; hastening, irresistibly led.

The November air was keen, but