

In the frozen regions of the North or in the hot countries of the South, a pure high grade Coffee like

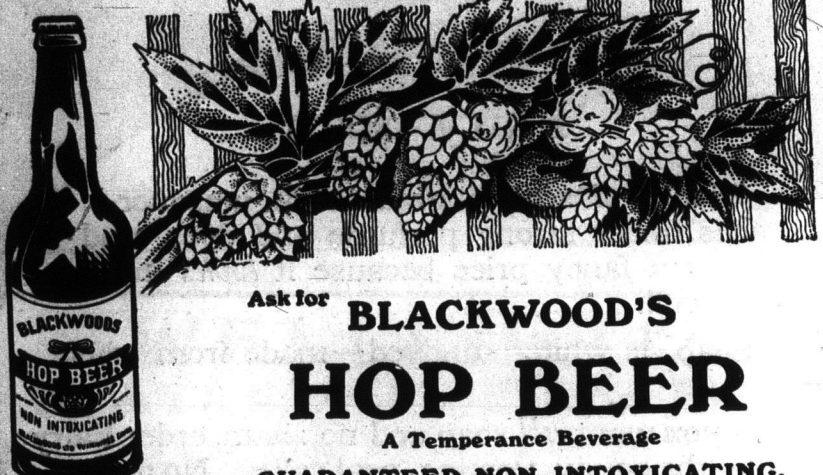
# Seal Brand Coffee

is the friend of mankind, bringing comfort and cheer wherever used.

Sold in 1 and 2 lb. Cans only.

115

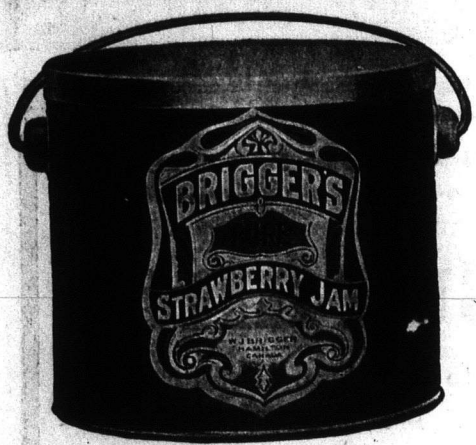
CHASE & SANBORN. MONTREAL.



Ask for **BLACKWOOD'S HOP BEER**  
A Temperance Beverage  
GUARANTEED NON-INTOXICATING.  
BLACKWOOD'S LTD., WINNIPEG

## BRIGGER'S Pure Jams and Orange

### Marmalade



Put up in 16 oz. glass jars and in 5 lb. sanitary double-top gold lined tin pails.

Brigger's Pure Jams are made from clean, sound Niagara grown Fruit and Granulated Sugar and are guaranteed Absolutely Pure.

## The Old Reliable Make of CHOCOLATE

which has been the standard in Canada for half-a-century is made at Halifax, Nova Scotia, by

**JOHN P. MOTT & CO.**

There are two kinds: **Mott's Diamond**, a confection; and **Mott's Elite**, for cakes and other kinds of cooking.

If you insist on getting these, you will always be sure of the best.

when she was alone she sat down and thought about it. "It seems so ridiculous," she told herself. It was absurd. The idea! What kind of a business was this business of her husband's where ten cents a day could make a difference? She didn't, couldn't understand that some men sell their very shirts to make a business pay. One day she picked up Jimmy's everyday shoes. She turned them up. In the sole of one was a hole, worn almost completely through.

"You must get a new pair of shoes, Jimmy," she said. "You always used to be so well dressed, you know. And these shoes, why, they're disgraceful!"

"I'll get them," returned Jimmy, "just as soon as I have the time." He meant just as soon as he had the money, but he did not say it. And he did not get a new pair. He had his old ones patched and repatched. "It's a matter of pennies, you know," he would tell her.

Natalie didn't like it. It all seemed so sordid. It was of a piece, too, with the general lack of money in the house.

Natalie had not expected to roll in riches. "I don't want money to spend in luxuries," she assured herself; "but I must have necessities." And often there was no money for the barest needs of life. Yet, outwardly, they were living well. Her trousseau was still new; their house and table were bountifully supplied with wedding presents. To their neighbors they seemed prosperous. To the eyes of father Pembroke they were comfortable. But to Natalie—

"Weren't you better off when you were on a salary?" she one day asked her husband.

He shook his head. "I had more money for myself," he assented, "but now—don't you see?—I've got a business."

Natalie could not reason it out. What was the use of having a business if it did not yield enough for one to subsist upon? And, besides, no one knew it was Jimmy's business.

"I suppose," she had asked him once, "that it will be Dolliver & Forbes?" He had shaken his head.

"It'll be Eisenstein-Thalheimer still," he had answered. "We can't afford to lose the name, you see."

Somehow, it all seemed so futile to Natalie. She loved Jimmy—oh, so much!—but she doubted his business wisdom. The old thing that had provoked her admiration—his executive ability—where was that?

"Don't you think, Jimmy," she said one day, after seven long days of financial famine, "that it would be better to take a salary again?"

"No," he cried, "no! You don't understand. We're forging right ahead. We're doing business. We're making gold chains, and we're selling them, too. No, no! Wait."

She waited. And it seemed as though things did get a bit easier. Now and then they took a night off, over in New York. And she had more money, too. But Jimmy still kept up his own economy.

"You look so shabby," she complained; what will people think?"

But he only smiled. "A man is judged by his wife's clothes, not his own," he told her. It was then that she exhibited rare presence of mind, so she assured herself. She did not answer him. But, had she answered, she would have told him that it was not good to wear your wedding trousseau for more than a year, no matter how good it was, no matter how well it looked. She could have told him further, that, so far as her new purchases went, his wife was not well dressed. She was afraid, actually afraid, to look Genevieve Lawson in the face again. And Genevieve had come home from Paris with—well, gowns. It was awful, somehow.

And one night Jimmy came home with a new line in his face, but with determination in his eye.

"Natalie, girl," he said to her, after supper, "it's come—the thing I knew must come. Forbes and I can't get along. His ways are not my ways. Forbes thinks I'm too cautious. I

think Forbes is too headstrong—he calls it being progressive. He's too extravagant. He keeps us in hot water all the time. We can't get along, that's all. We've got to separate. I've got to buy Forbes out, or he's got to buy me out, that's all. I've got the first chance."

"What will Forbes pay?" she asked. It seemed to her the hand of Providence. If Jimmy could get Forbes to pay him, say, five hundred dollars for his share of the business, they could buy some clothes and get ahead a little, and Jimmy could take another salary, and they could get along. It seemed good.

"What will Forbes pay," she queried, "if he stays in?"

"Ten thousand dollars—cash."

"Ten thousand dollars, cash!" she echoed, faintly. It stunned her. Ten thousand dollars! Forbes must be a lunatic.

"Are you sure, Jimmy?" she queried.

"Why, of course," he answered, in a matter-of-fact tone; "but—Forbes isn't going to buy it out, because I won't let him. I'm going to buy Forbes out, first."

She smiled in spite of herself. "With—what, Jimmy?" she queried. "Ten thousand dollars, cash?"

"No," answered Dolliver, "and that's what I wanted to talk to you about. I'm going to give him twelve thousand dollars in my notes—notes that I've got to pay. It's going to be a hard pull. I wanted to see how you felt about it."

"Jimmy!" It was a wail, almost of anguish. And then there her opinion of Jimmy's mental ability underwent a complete change. It had stunned her at first to learn that any part or the whole of the business could be worth ten thousand dollars. She had even acknowledged that Jimmy—or Forbes, and probably the latter—must have had some ability to make a business worth that, but for Jimmy to turn his back on ten thousand dollars when the business would hardly feed them as it was—it seemed a crime! Jimmy must be a fool.

Jimmy heard her out. But he slowly shook his head. "I must decide alone. I must decide for you. I am doing it all for you, Natalie. If it were for myself, I would take the ten thousand, perhaps, but for you, I'm going to buy Forbes out."

For her! It was so idiotic! When she would be the sufferer! But Jimmy's mind was made up.

"Some day. Some day," he told her. It made but small impression on her mind.

In the midst of it all, a crisis was approaching. Jimmy recognized it. Jimmy had not known whether to be glad or sorry that Natalie had no mother. Now he was sorry that she had none. But the maternal instinct was alive in Jimmy, and he tried to be a mother to her. But Natalie viewed the crisis with alarm. Poverty, she thought, under the circumstances, was terrific, perhaps fatal. And her mind, warped and startled as it was, fixed itself and fastened upon one thing.

"I will have a trained nurse!" she would whisper to herself. "I will have a trained nurse! I will have proper care! I must, I must, I must!"

This, after a time, broke forth into sound. "I will have a trained nurse! I must have proper care!" It was upon her tongue all day long. One night she broke out, hysterically, with it, in the presence of Jimmy.

"Why, Natalie," he exclaimed, putting his arm about her, "you have one. You have had one for a long while. . . . I arranged it all, long, long ago. Everything is arranged. Everything. Don't you understand?"

She retreated, weakly. "But, but," she faltered, "we can't afford the luxuries."

"We must have the necessities," he commented. She started. She had not understood before that a man who could walk to work and would wear disreputable shoes could realize—but she did not understand Jimmy Dolliver, that was all.

For the next year she really didn't care about money. She did not think even about the necessities. For she