

Outfit

ation Cobbler. times its cost. ing in repair- outfits at once. We give here- ing Outfits;

The Most Complete and Practical Outfit Made.

Out, viz.: Revolving Last, Hammer, 1 Steel ing Awl Hafts, ment, 1 Bottle Wax, 1 Paper Heel Nails, 4-8 less Needles, 1 Tubular Rivets, 1 Box Resin, 1

Hinged Cover, erness and Tin-

complete and de- and heavy, and d the same as that it contains ing Machines, own harness, ll pay \$2.75

Outfit":

March 12, 1906.

to:

the new style

ation Outfit. I

on opening same

diverted it, and

you ask. Will

mmending it to

urs truly.

ERT BARBER.

Feb. 24, 1906.

Windsor, Ont.:

ry sorry I did

thought I would

to send at the

the tools (P. R.

ed them. They

very well satis-

ink every farm-

Yours truly,

JAMES SCOTT.

ar. 10th, 1906.

your Plymouth

blers' Outfit in

ry much pleased

E. HAMMOND.

Windsor, Ont.

CENT

Ruff

E

REQUIRED

Blue Fox, the most

ately free. Such an

only reason we can

for these handsome

summer and got them

inches long, nearly

stom Blue Fox Fur

ly padded, lined with

ented with four long

domine Fur has never

get it so easy. Just

ily, and we will mail

w Life Pills at 25c a

all Impure and Weak

on Stomach Trouble,

Disorders, Rheumatism

one and Life Builders

are easy to sell as each

from you receives a

the Bless of Silver

Life. Send us your

and Prize Tickets by

us the money (\$2.50

me Blue Fox But all

the New Life

Winnipeg, Canada.

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Vol. VIII. No. 2.

WINNIPEG, CANADA, FEBRUARY, 1907.

PRICE { 5c. per copy. 50c. per year

The Secret Drawer.

By Mrs. Jane G. Austin.

Miss Foljambe was eccentric. Every one knew it, and every one said it, very commonly adding, with an envious sigh:

"Well, she can afford it!"

For one of Miss Foljambe's eccentric habits was inheriting fortunes, and she had accumulated quite a pretty assortment. Her father left her one, her grandmother left her one, her maiden aunt, her only sister, her cousin in India, and finally the grocer round the corner, an old bachelor who had supplied the Foljambes with bread-stuffs and butter for a generation, and who also affected eccentricity after his degree. All these had in dying bequeathed their possessions to their beloved daughter, grand-daughter, niece, cousin, or patron, Miss Winifred Foljambe, in token of—various sentiments, not so important in themselves as in their results.

So Miss Winifred lived in the great old-fashioned family mansion, where she had been born some seven-and-twenty years before the date of this story, and was protected by a middle-aged aunt-in-law, who had rather less to do with her movements than the President of the United States, and was waited upon by a troop of servants, who one and all considered themselves rediscoverers of the terrestrial Paradise, and kept several pairs of horses in her stables, who were duly exercised by their grooms, while Miss Foljambe, in thick boots, water-proof cloak, and sensible bonnet, laughed in the face of the maddest storm that ever blew or the blackest frost that ever chilled the poor man's heart or his rich brother's purse-hand.

Sometimes, of course, Miss Foljambe had to return the calls and invitations people were forever showering upon her, and then she dressed and comported herself with becoming deference to the prejudices of her companions; but this was mere duty-visiting, as any one might plainly perceive: the water-proof or the heavy shag cloak, the stout boots, and the sensible bonnet went with Miss Foljambe upon the visits or errands in which her soul delighted, and from which, in great measure, she derived her title of eccentric. Plenty of people who never heard Miss Foljambe's name knew the gray suit and the handsome, shrewd face of the wearer, and came to look upon it as a sure herald of relief in their direst distresses: came to know also that, although both will and power for such relief seemed almost unlimited, any attempt at imposition, or bullying, or laziness, was sure to bring down not only detection and reproof, but a withdrawal of favor and supplies—in fact that honesty was decidedly the best policy in dealing with "the water-proof lady," as some of her pensioners had taken to call her.

Besides these two eccentricities of inheriting other people's money and giving her own money to other people, Miss Foljambe indulged an eccentric taste for rococo, and had crammed

her house with all sorts of odd furniture, ornaments, and objects neither useful nor ornamental, but simply ugly. But again, "she could afford it," and when the house got too full, as it did about once in three months, Miss Foljambe knew plenty of people very glad to accept the overflow.

Reubens was all the better for this taste, and so was Bruce, the cabinet-maker, who was employed about three-fourths of his time in repairing, making over, and utilizing Miss Foljambe's



purchases: for, although that young lady for her own use might prefer a century-old chair, secretary, or bedstead in the purity of its original convenience, she never expected her pensioners to accommodate their practical needs to her whims, and Bruce had no need to look for other work so long as he could count upon Miss Foljambe's.

As for Reubens' don't you know what that is? Why, it is the vortex where all the oddities spinning around the world's maelstrom finally bring up: it is the universal destiny, the finality of all things. How Reubens found them out in the first place, how he acquired them, whence he recruited his stock, are questions often asked, but

never answered with even a show of plausibility, so that at last the popular opinion decided that Reubens himself manufactured them in some remote and subterraneous laboratory, applying rust, and moth, and wear, and gangrene to his finished work as other men apply paint and varnish and gloss. However this may have been, and it is well to state at once that it was not in the least, there was no abode of Art or Fashion one-half, nay one-hundredth part, as attractive to Miss Foljambe as Reubens' dark, musty old rooms, dismal cellar, and broken-roofed garret. In one or the other of these rosy bowers Miss Foljambe was pretty certain at every visit to find some new treasure hidden from all her former explorations, and yet bearing moral evidence upon its dusty face of never having stirred from its standing

Miss Foljambe had compelled herself to attend a wedding reception the previous evening, and felt herself entitled to a little extra recreation by way of reward. So putting on the shag coat and the heaviest of boots, topped by knickerbockers, she took her way down town, visited three families of strangers, each of whom she found ready to perish, and all of whom she left thanking God and their unknown benefactor, and then she looked in at Reubens'.

"Good-morning, lady. I vash hoping to see you this day," remarked the Jew, creeping out of his den like a wary old spider.

"Why, Mr. Reubens? Have you anything new, or is it only something strangely overlooked in all my researches here?" asked Miss Foljambe, smiling.

"New! Ah, dear lady, there ish nothing new here! Like their master, they are all old, very old and worn."

"All the better. But what is it?"

"It ish a table that the good lady may like to shee—ah, the poor old bones—ah!"

But for all his groaning and panting the cunning old fellow continued to mount to the very garret almost as nimbly as Miss Foljambe could follow, and began to rummage among a heap of old carpets which she remembered lying in the same corner at her first visit. From beneath them, however, Reubens presently extricated a small table, and, lifting it with difficulty, set it before Miss Foljambe, and dusted it with the skirt of his ragged dressing-gown.

"Oh, the little beauty! What a love of a table!" exclaimed the young lady, going upon her knees to examine the feet. It was a card-table, covered with the traditional green baize, and carved in all the affluent absurdities of a century ago. The wood was ebony, and the in-laying sandal-wood. Around the edge a carved moulding quaintly represented drapery looped away from the sides where the players were to sit. The legs terminated in eagle's claws, clutching each a lamb, the heads of the unfortunate victims projecting between the talons.

"There never was anything so lovely," repeated Miss Foljambe, after a scrutiny of half an hour. "What is the price, Mr. Reubens?"

"A mere trifle, lady; a trifle to you, at any rate, who are rich—as Jews are not," said the old Hebrew, naming a sum I am ashamed to repeat.

"That is absurd, Mr. Reubens," said Miss Foljambe, tranquilly. "Such a sum would make half a dozen families happy for a week."

"God of Abraham! and my own poor family are crying for bread," exclaimed Reubens, ready to roll in the dust.

"But the good lady is my honored patron. We will say something less for the table—the handsome, rare old table. Will she give me ten dollars less?"

"I will give you just half of what you asked in the first place, and you know, as well as I, it is four times what anyone else would give," said Miss Foljambe, positively. Reubens did not know it; and, with many protestations of the sacrifice he was making, accepted the diminished price with sufficient eagerness, and promised that the table should arrive at home nearly as soon

in the course of ages.

"Why, where did this come from?" I was in this room only last week, and I am sure it was not here then!" she would exclaim, dragging a corner of the suspected treasure to the light.

"Not here! Ah, dear lady, how can you think that? It ish always here, like me," old Reubens would reply, raising his white eyebrows and wagging his patriarchal beard.

"That means you won't tell. Well, pull this out into the light, and give me the price."

And here would go another piece of invaluable rubbish for Bruce to render presentable. At last we come to the story.

It was a stormy day in December.