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Orange Meat and Milk is a Perfect Food

The Valley of Rest.

By Ded Harrington. Specially Written for The Western Home Monthly.



THEY swung around the bend of the road—he, with long lope stride of one accustomed to prairie trails; she, suiting her steps to his with an ease born of long practice in the art of walking to suit a man's impatient steps.

A mile or so back on the edge of the lake stood their camp, a tiny, rough cottage, nestled within the sheltering depths of a small coulee; on either side were the valley hills, those curiously rounded hills where lights and shades alternated; before them stretched the long thread like trail.

"Qu'Appelle—who calls?" she quoted, softly; and then, with a quick change of tone, "O, Ross! look."

But he had already seen it—the great wooden cross, rising from one of the hills at their right, pointing, as it had done for years, to the blue sky, in loving memory of the one great Sacrifice.

Unconsciously, he bared his head. "The Indian mission," he said, in answer to her unspoken question. "It must be somewhere near here."

"Why, of course," she agreed, hastily. "How stupid of me to forget about it. It surprised me to come upon this so suddenly, and yet, what a peaceful feeling it gives one, somehow."

The sun shifting around from behind the bluffs, a position it had hitherto accommodately retained burst out into a glow of radiance about them. It lay like a path of glory across the shimmering water, up the dusky hill trail, till it finally reached and lingered at the foot of the cross.

"Do you know," she went on, after a pause, during which they had turned and were heading for the cottage; "I believe we have wandered into a new world. It is all so peacefully unusual about here. Even the sunshine seems to be mellowed and subdued. The air is different—what is it that I smell continually? It is an old-fashioned healthful sort of perfume."

He laughed gaily. Her freshness and enthusiasm had always pleased him. "Balm of Gilead," he answered, briefly. "That last shower brought out its perfume."

"Oh! I do hope it grows about the cottage"—this with appreciative sniffs at the sweet odor. "It's a regular air tonic."

Across the lake came the cry of a bird, a mournfully weird sound; from the farm house far up the sloping hill side a dog howled.

She shivered with a delightful sense of fear. "Don't laugh, Ross," she said, half laughing herself; "but I do feel queer to-night. Is it the effect of having lived on the bare broad prairie. I wonder? These bluffs seem full of hidden dangers. I find myself expecting to see an Indian, a regular old time warrior in paint and feathers lurking in each shadow."

"The woods are full of 'em, eh?" he quoted mischievously. His hearty laugh was good to hear. "You foolish child!"—this half reprovingly; "such thoughts for you to indulge in—you, a born and bred Easterner. Why, Nora, you were brought up in the shade of the forests."

He drew her arm through his. "Come on," he said, briskly; "I have a suspicion that we shall find a visitor at the cottage. What do you say? He Jove! Speak of an angel—it brings 'em every time."

A quick turn in the road had brought them almost within speaking distance of their visitor—a tall man in clerical dress.

He hastened his somewhat leisurely steps at sight of the two approaching. "Here you are," he said, stretching out a welcoming hand. Mrs. Talbot, you are looking well. Western life agrees with you evidently. Ross, old boy, I'm glad to see you. A few weeks

of primitive life in the Qu'Appelle valley will make a new man of you. Yes, I called at the cottage on my way down. Lily was exercising her lungs after a somewhat strenuous fashion—don't hurry, Mrs. Talbot; the nurse maid was on duty."

Mrs. Talbot's face grew pink. "I know, Mr. Keith," she said apologetically; "Betty is always faithful, but baby is cross to-day—poor sweet heart. The heat, I think, don't you, Ross?"

Her husband's face had changed somewhat. Keith wondered a little. Somehow, he felt as if he had touched an awkward subject.

"No doubt it's the heat," he hastened to say, though without an ounce of authority for his statement. "It has been a trying day all through."

He was rewarded for his tact by Mrs. Talbot's smile. The shade had passed from her face, and she ran gaily up the well-worn path to the cottage, humming softly to herself.

"Come in, parson," said Talbot, as the trim figure disappeared within doors. "We will have our smoke while Nora gets the baby to sleep. Jove! but it seems years since I've seen you." He spoke naturally, but there was a restlessness about his actions that did not escape the keen eyes of his old friend.

As college men, they had been inseparable; as men of linked professions, their tastes were still similar enough to make their friendship of real value to each other.

But Keith noticed with eyes that seemed not to see, the tired lines around the sharp eyes of his old friend, the set, almost stern expression on his face, and the unusually eager way in which he talked of the valley, the surrounding country, the prospects of a crop failure—everything, except what savored of a personal nature.

The parson puffed away at his pipe in silence. Somewhere, from within the cottage, came the sound of a woman's voice.

"There's a home for little children Above the bright blue sky."

She sang softly, as if unwilling to let others share in the lullaby she crooned to her baby.

FROM TEXAS.

Some Coffee Facts From The Lone Star State.

From a beautiful farm down in Texas, where gushing springs unite to form babbling brooks that wind their sparkling way through flowery meads, comes a note of gratitude for delivery from the coffee habit.

"When my baby boy came to me, five years ago, I began to drink Postum, having a feeling that it would be better for him and me than the old kind of drug-laden coffee. I was not disappointed in it, for it enabled me, a small delicate woman, to nurse a bouncing, healthy baby 14 months."

"I have since continued the use of Postum, for I have grown fond of it, and have discovered to my joy that it has entirely relieved me of a bilious habit which used to prostrate me two or three times a year, causing much discomfort to my family and suffering to myself."

"My brother-in-law was cured of chronic constipation by leaving off coffee and using Postum. He has become even more fond of it than he was of the old coffee."

"In fact the entire family, from the latest arrival (a 2-year-old who always calls for his 'potie' first thing in the morning) up to the head of the house, think there is no drink so good or so wholesome as Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.