

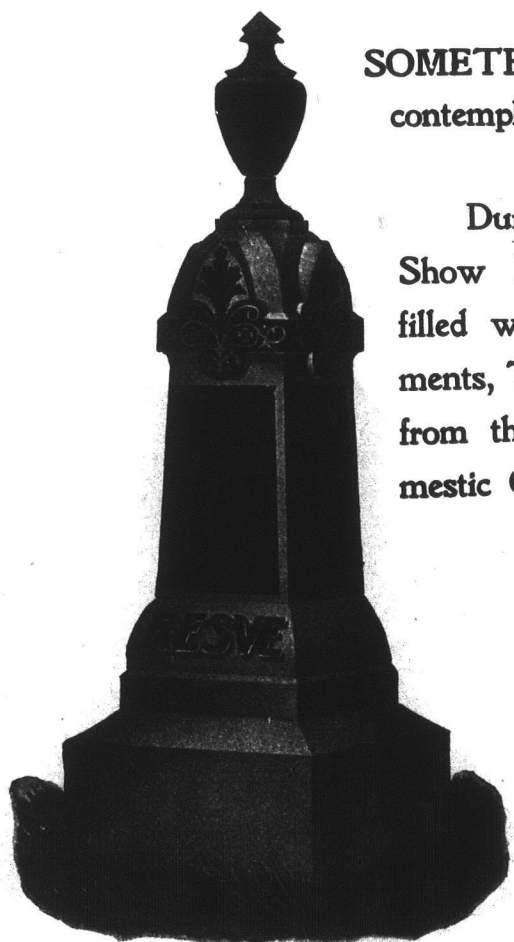
The Winnipeg Granite & Marble Co.,

LIMITED

CAPITAL STOCK \$80,000.00.

Head Office: 248 PRINCESS ST.,

WINNIPEG, MAN.



SOMETHING OF INTEREST to all who contemplate purchasing a Memorial mark.

During the Winnipeg Exhibition our Show Room, 284 Princess Street, will be filled with a beautiful assortment of Monuments, Tablets and Head Stones, manufactured from the different kinds of Foreign and Domestic Granites, and American Marbles.

We guarantee first class stock, good workmanship, prompt delivery and exceptionally low prices. A call at our Show Room will warrant the placing of your order with us. Catalogue mailed free to any address.

Our Motto:
GOOD VALUE, PROMPT DELIVERY,
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.



trap, and he would be a fool to kick."

"Yes, we see then what stuff he's made of. You are made of good stuff, Andrew. You have fine qualities, but I want you to be finer."

"Thank you." He laughed lightly, and said, as lightly:

"So you did not love me, Marty. So much the better."

Marty was silent for a moment, then she said, quietly:

"Yes, I loved you. And I must love you for a time yet, anyway, because I can't tear you out of my heart, Andrew, in a day or an hour, perhaps never. But what does it matter? It matters only to me. Is there anything to be ashamed of in that? I can't think so. I should only be ashamed if I tried now to save my pride with a paltry lie. My pride!—I will never belie myself and my love—the love that has been so perfectly beautiful—" her voice broke and she turned away her face from him. But in spite of herself, she was swept away for a time by a very tempest of grief. Had she been alone, she would have paced the floor as a wild animal paces its cage, perhaps beaten her head against its walls, one pain to ease the other. And throughout it all, Andrew sat absolutely silent and still. After all, he had not only slain, but slaying had turned the knife in the wound, and he sickened of himself. In those minutes, Marty's wish was granted. He was finer, irrevocably so.

Then she regained self-control, dried her eyes, and stood up before him composed and strong.

"I want you to go now. I don't want you ever to come again."

Her hands—those toil-worn hands that she had tried so hard not to be ashamed of—hung in front of her, loosely clasped, and Andrew took them in his and bent his forehead upon them. It was an act of abasement that filled Marty's heart with amaze, but as she looked down on his dark head, her whole soul was

lost in the one immense desire for one more kiss. How frightfully cruel to be a woman and to have to be silent! And he had taught her to be a woman and now to be silent! A woman, an unloved one—hardly even a loved one—cannot ask or beg or take unashamed as a man may, or if she does, perhaps all her life she

worth it, but just for that reason I need it more, don't I? And pity isn't for such as you—you have come out by far the greater and nobler—so great and noble, Marty, that I am glad I have held you in my hand for a time—"

He dropped her hands and rose to his feet.



"THEN HE WENT OUT, SHUTTING THE DOOR BEHIND HIM."

regrets. Sometimes, deliberately, she asks, accepting the pang; and ever after says within herself, "It was worth it."

Then Andrew raised his head and looked up in her face.

"Marty, child, I knew you loved me—I am glad you did not lie. It would have hurt me to hear you lie. Love me all you want to. I'm not

"And that's the truth—I give you truth for truth—all the rest was a black lie!"

He turned from her and turned back again, where she stood quite still, not even looking at him. She could not bear to look.

"But you shall have something to feed your heart upon! This is truth, too!"

With a quick movement he took her in his arms and pressed his lips twice upon hers. The first kiss was barbaric in its masterfulness. It obliged her to respond to it. The second one was heartbreaking, for it held farewell in its tender firmness. Then he went out, shutting the door behind him.

Mooney's Car Line.

It takes a lot of confidence in one's success, and an abiding faith in future prosperity, to invest the money necessary to equip a line of private freight cars in connection with one's business. Yet that is just what the Mooney Biscuit and Candy Company, Limited, of Stratford, Ontario, have done.

Even in the United States, only a few of the largest concerns own and operate their own cars, so that it speaks volumes for the Mooney Company, who have been in business only three years.

The new cars are of the standard size, weighing 26,000 pounds, and having a capacity of 30,000 pounds (30 tons). They are painted a rich cream color. On each side of the doors is the familiar blue and purple of "Mooney's Perfection Cream Sodas."

The Mooney Company is the only concern in Canada owning and operating their own freight cars; and their business has so increased in three years that they have been compelled to double the size of their premises.

The first private car of the Mooney Company to be loaded left the bakery at Stratford for Edmonton last week, over the Canadian Northern Railway, and will doubtless attract much attention.

The fact that this world does not agree with you gives no certainty that the next one will.