

## She's a wonder

is Mrs. Edwards, when she gets going in the kitchen. She pops that home-made Irish soup of hers on the stove to boil, and then sets to work. Out come all the little bits of cold meat and cold potatoes. Into the stewpan they go. Over them she pours the boiling soup. And in half an hour or so she's turned out a tasty, appetising stew, piping hot and ready to serve; the two-or-three-helpings kind, you know; or you soon will, if you lay in a supply of Edwards' Soup.



## EDWARDS' DESICCATED SOUPS

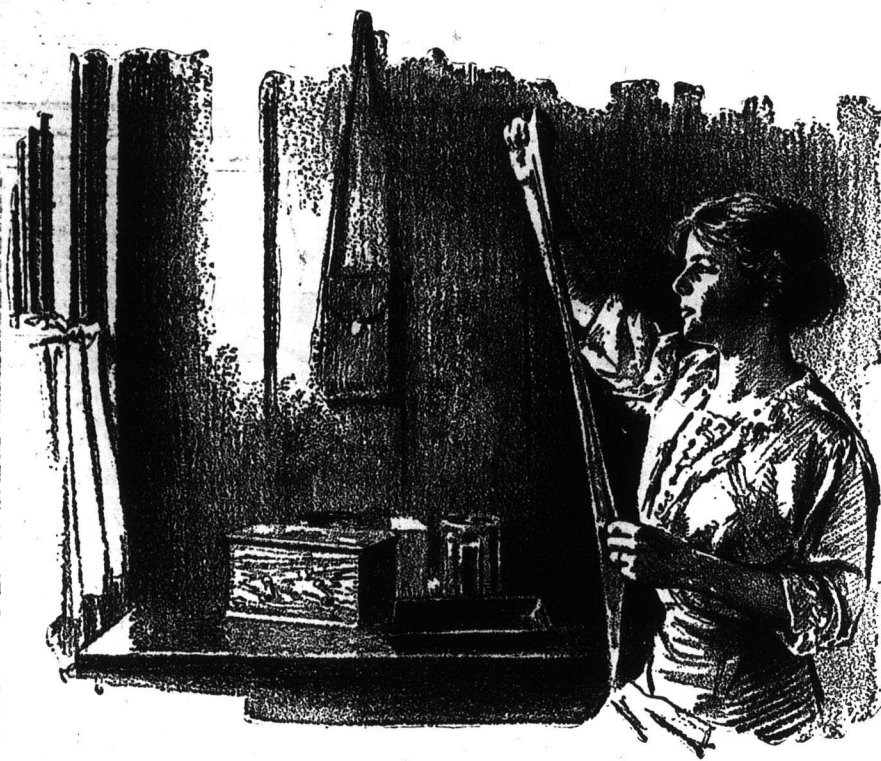
5c. per packet.

S. H. B.

Edwards' Desiccated Soups are made in three varieties—Brown, Tomato, White. The Brown variety is a thick, nourishing soup prepared from beef and fresh vegetables. The other two are purely vegetable soups. Lots of dainty new dishes in our new Cook Book. Write for a copy, post free.

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TORONTO.

After that Ralph found the way easy. For the next three days, most of his time was spent on the second-class deck. The Cherub welcomed him with chuckles of delight, and the pretty mother had good cause to bless the tall Canadian for the many hours he spent telling stories and inventing wonderful games for the child's amusement. She found Ralph a very pleasant companion. His candid, almost boyish speech, pleased her; his gentle manner, his entire openness about himself, his work, his past, his hopes for the future—all interested and amused her. Those three days might almost have been weeks, so quickly did their friendship ripen.

About herself she was more reticent. He gathered that she was poor, for she made no secret that she had come to Canada to work, but beyond that she was going to Winnipeg, and had no friends in the West. He learnt little.

"I live in Winnipeg," he said, his grey eyes lighting up as he looked down into her deep blue ones. I'm a true Westerner, born in Manitoba, lived there all my life, except the few years I spent at college, and travelling around. I've just been to England for a few months—my second trip there—and also to Germany and France, on business. My father is head of a large machinery concern and lately I've been travelling for them. I like it, and Dad wanted me to see something of the world outside. You know, we youngsters, who've been born and bred out West, and seen towns like Winnipeg, and Calgary and Regina, grow up with us, get to think they are the centre of the universe, just "it" in fact. We have to see other older and larger cities to open our eyes. Not but what I am always glad to get back to the prairie town."

He laughed, and she smiled back at him, secretly envying his youthful enthusiasm. The sad circumstances of her life had somewhat damped her own.

Brought up as she had been, in a family, poor, but proud, to whom the idea of trade was odious, his evident pride in his work was something of a shock. However, she was sufficiently in touch with the times to understand what is styled a self-made man, and Ralph Carew was something more, he was in mind and manners a gentleman.

At New York she found cause to thank him more than ever. He took charge of her luggage, saw it through the customs, found her a comfortable hotel with reasonable rates, and promised to get her berth fixed at the G.T.P. ready for the train the next morning. Then he considerably withdrew to his own hotel.

She was feeling rather lonely and strange on the platform at the station next day, when his tall form hove in sight. He noticed with joy the look of relief that passed over her face at sight of him.

"Your berth is all arranged, and I've got a comfy corner all to ourselves in the Pullman—that is, if you'll still accept me as a travelling companion?"

"Oh, but I am not travelling Pullman. I'm going second class!" she exclaimed in consternation. "Didn't it say so on my ticket?"

"Oh, that's all right! The second's so crowded, and I happen to know the conductor, and so he has put it right."

She looked at him doubtfully. This very unconventional method upset her sound British ideas; besides she could not allow him to pay for her ticket! He saw the struggle in her thoughtful face.

"You need have no scruples," he said. "We are somewhat matter-of-fact people. I should have asked your permission, I know, but—it didn't cost a cent."

He smiled reassuringly, and prayed inwardly to be forgiven!

"In that case I shall be much more comfortable, of course," she said, in relieved tones.

He stooped down and lifted the white-coated Cherub up into the car.

"Are you coming wif us?" the child lisped, patting his face approvingly.

Ralph nodded.

"I'm taking care of Muvver, and you can take care of me," the baby said, contentedly.

The nearer the train approached Winnipeg the man felt a growing sense of coming loneliness, as he gradually realized that this gentle beautiful woman

and her baby had taken a definite place in his existence.

"You will let me call and see you?" he asked, his telltale face bent down over the boy, half asleep in his mother's arms.

"Indeed, you have been so good to us both, I hope you will come. I don't know how long I may be in Winnipeg. I want to get pupils for music and painting. Do you think that would be difficult? I have had good training, and my husband was an artist."

He pitied her inexperience, her artless ignorance of the great problems she was preparing to face alone, in this city of human struggles. He dare not raise false hopes.

"Well, I fear at present art has not reached a very high notch here, and no doubt you could open our eyes a bit, but"—he played about his firm, clear chin with nervous fingers, truth struggling with his dearest wishes—"but I'm half afraid pupils may be rather scarce at first. There are lots of music teachers, pretty good ones, too." He made another dubious pause. "Say, the best thing would be for you to exhibit some of your work. Have you pictures with you?"

"A few, but I am afraid I cannot hire a room to exhibit them, it would be so expensive."

"Oh, we'll get one of the stores to put them in a window. That's easy."

"I must find rooms in the meantime, and get my cards printed."

"And 'ads' in the papers. Don't forget advertising is the main thing here."

"I suppose so." She could not repress a little shiver over the thought of publicity.

He had already given her names of likely apartments, and she had promised to let him know when she was settled, but he was vaguely uneasy when he saw her in one of the cheaper hotels.

He wished his father had been there to meet him. He would have liked to introduce him to the young widow. As he was whirled off in a taxicab to his comfortable home in Portage Avenue, he indulged in a blissful day dream, where a pair of blue eyes played a considerable part.

For a couple of days Ralph was so busy he could only phone up to the hotel, but on the third evening he called, to be met by the news that Mrs. Norton had left that afternoon. There was a message, if Mr. Carew called, she was to be found in a new apartment block, and the address was scribbled on one of her cards. He went at once to the address given. There was no lift, and as he climbed the stairs to the top floor he was contrasting the place with his own home.

"Poor girl," he thought, "how will she drag that heavy boy up and down here?"

He found her unpacking her precious pictures, white and tired, while a man from Eaton's was putting down a cheap carpet. Ralph sized up the situation at once.

"You've had no supper yet, and I'm starving. As the Cherub is asleep I'll run down and get something sent up."

He did not wait for her permission, but tramped off down the three long flights of stairs.

"If only she cared the least bit about me, I'd tell her how I feel to-night," he groaned, "but she doesn't. She is so absorbed in her baby, and art—and, maybe, her memories—it would be madness to speak yet. But oh! It is hateful to see her living in this way!"

After supper, when the carpet man had gone, the little sitting room began to look more cosy. The girl's clever fingers had a wonderful way of giving a homelike touch to things, and placing her possessions in the best positions. Ralph watched her with admiration.

There was a clever portrait of the Cherub, hung in a conspicuous place, and two or three other pictures, painted by Mrs. Norton's late husband. A few dainty water colors of her own, a piece of old tapestry, some china, and good books added individuality to the room.

"I've hired a piano, which will come to-morrow, and bought an easel, so when my first pupil comes I am ready to begin," she said, looking round wistfully.