

Floor Finishes must resist hard wear



A great many housewives have decided in favor of varnished or painted floors and rugs because they are more sanitary. Others prefer carpet that does not cover the entire floor but leaves a strip around the wall which is painted or varnished. But whichever the choice the "finish" should be tough and elastic and durable, not showing heel marks or the marks of furniture.

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS FLOOR FINISHES

S-W. MAR-NOT, a durable floor varnish, tough and elastic.
S-W. FLOORLAC, for staining and varnishing floors at one operation, made in Cherry, Oak, Mahogany and other shades.
S-W. INSIDE FLOOR PAINT, dries quickly with a tough, elastic film that resists wear.
S-W. PORCH AND DECK PAINT, will stand rain, snow and scrubbing.
S-W. FLOOR WAX, for waxed floors.
S-W. CRACK AND SEAM FILLER, for filling unsightly seams and cracks.

This list will provide you with a high grade floor finish of any character varnish, stain or paint. Ask the S-W. agent to show you color cards or write us for Floor Finish booklet, B-19.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO.
 LARGEST PAINT AND VARNISH MAKERS IN THE WORLD
 MONTREAL TORONTO WINNIPEG



Hon. Walter Scott

Premier of Saskatchewan

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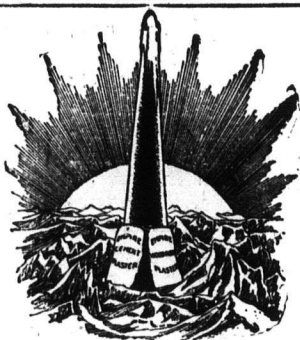
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Winnipeg

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Manitoba.

Mrs. Eldredge's Bishop.

BY CATHERINE BISHOP.



THE occasion was one of Mrs. Rutland's red dinners; and although the lady always gave her guests much latitude, physically as well as morally, her table bore witness to a somewhat hasty rearrangement of plates and chairs. Edith Maybury had been commenting a bit severely, as was her wont, on the necessity for this rearrangement.

"But you're always so general in your remarks, Edith," answered her hostess. "All bishops are not—snuffy, as you say. I don't believe that I care very much for the word myself."

"All bishops are not snuffy all the time," corrected Ashley Thornton. "Edith means—"

"Oh, they know well enough what I mean without your interpretation," interrupted Edith herself. "Of course we all know that bishops are charming in their proper places. They're simply dear at weddings and christenings and all that; but I call it pretty hard lines for Gertrude's bishop to have come just now. Right in the middle of everything! The day before Tommy Sand's hunt! The day before the club dance!"

"To say nothing of the fact that he came on the very day of my dinner!" Mrs. Rutland, as the hostess of a depleted dinner table, permitted a slightly aggrieved inflection to creep into her voice.

"Yes, two whole days before he was expected!" Edith's tone was again wrathful.

"I don't see why Mrs. Eldredge couldn't have left her bishop at home with Pinky," commented Thornton; "or sent Pinky, for that matter. Surely a bishop is not as bad as a death in the family."

"Oh, she was awfully sweet about it, and did offer to send Mr. Eldredge," Mrs. Rutland hastened to assure him; "but I quite understood that she would want him at home when the bishop arrived. It must be rather a difficult task to receive a bishop, even when it's all in the family. He's her cousin, is he not?"

"Yes, Gertrude's second cousin, or cousin twice removed, or something like that," answered Edith, who was supposed to be particularly well informed on the subject of the bishop because she was Mrs. Eldredge's most intimate friend. "Gertie tried to explain it to me, but she didn't succeed very well. I really think that he's a cousin of Gertrude's grandfather."

"Poor Gertie! And he's going to stay a week, isn't he?" questioned Mrs. Rutland.

"A whole week," answered Edith. "If he had only come in the winter, it wouldn't have been so bad. We could have interested him in lots of things in town, and had some swaggar functions for him."

"Weddings?" questioned Thornton, with more or less personal meaning in his voice.

"Yes, weddings," assented Edith, with only a faint deepening of the color in her cheeks. "I'd rather contemplate my own wedding—yes, our wedding, if you think that better—next winter, than a week without Gertrude now."

"But Mrs. Gregory isn't in quarantine, Miss Maybury," interpolated Edith's vis-a-vis at the table. "We can still see her in spite of the bishop, can't we?"

"I suppose bishops aren't really contagious," supplemented Thornton.

"Oh, no," agreed Edith almost seriously. "Of course, we're all dining there tomorrow night, too. But fancy dining with a bishop in midsummer! And after a run! Fancy Pinky sitting up and talking to a bishop! Ger-

trude will be an angel, of course; she always is. Besides, she's not going tomorrow, and she'll have all her little conventional town ways on hand. We shall seem like a crowd of savages. I suppose that's what he expects, anyway. I believe I'll try a spill off Barney, and that'll be an excuse for my stopping at home." Edith's voice was rising to the tragedy of the occasion.

"Mrs. Eldredge told me that her bishop would go to the club dance in the evening," ventured Thornton as a conciliatory suggestion.

But Edith answered savagely. "Oh, of course!" she cried. "And he'll look down on us from his own little private cloud, no doubt! Gertrude will have to sit by him all the evening, and explain who and what we are and are not. She's going to drive him over to Tommy's in the morning to see the start. Why, do you know?" — and her voice dropped to an awestruck whisper—"Pinky asked me if I thought he ought to tell Gertrude that he would stay at home tomorrow if she wanted him to."

"From Tommy's hunt?"

The question was a chorus of howls from all the men at the table.

"I wonder he didn't suggest that he ought to change his name to something that would harmonize with the bishop's purple," added Thornton. "What did you tell him?"

"Why, I suggested that he had better not be a—an idiot," Edith's laugh over her substituted word was echoed by the others. "Well," she explained, "words that sound all right out of doors don't seem quite proper at a dinner, you know."

II.

On the morning after Mrs. Rutland's dinner, Mrs. Eldredge sat in her morning room, a slight frown contracting her delicate brows, a smile, half, amused, half whimsical, on her pretty lips. She was looking up at a tall, well built young man who stood in front of the fire. He might have been twenty, he might have been forty, or almost any intermediate age. His chin and mouth were a bit too firm, perhaps, but their strength was relieved by the glinting lights in his blue eyes.

"I don't see how you can do it, Sam," Mrs. Eldredge was saying. "I really don't."

"But why, Gertie? I'd do it at home."

"Well, that may be. But out here you've got to observe the conventionalities. You see, we have to live as far away from our reputations as possible, and just because we're considered a little breezy and unconventional, we endeavor to be proper and decorous. And I assure you that there's not a single member of the club who wouldn't be absolutely horrified at a bishop riding after the hounds. No, I'm awfully sorry, Sam, but it's quite out of the question," and with a little air of finality her brows relaxed and her lips resumed their natural curves. The young man, however, did not accept her verdict.

"I think you're absurd, Gertie, if you'll forgive me for calling you names. But where's Jack? I'll ask him."

"No, you mustn't ask Pinky, either. He'd agree with you just to torment me, and I know what I'm talking about. And why don't you think of the others just a bit? You'd spoil the whole day for them. They'd be thinking of you and your dignity all the time, even if you were not. Why, even the dogs wouldn't go freely and happily if they knew that a bishop was following. You've got to consider localities and prejudices, you know."

"But why need anyone know that I'm a bishop until after today? You needn't introduce me to anyone, I'll just have the fun of the ride."