

Purity
Quality
Flavor
**BAKER'S
COCOA**
Possesses All Three



Registered
Trade-Mark

It is absolutely pure, conforming to all Pure Food Laws. It is of high quality, being made from choice cocoa beans, skillfully blended.

Its flavor is delicious, because it is made without the use of chemicals, by a strictly mechanical process that perfectly preserves the appetizing NATURAL flavor of high-class cocoa beans.

MADE IN CANADA BY
Walter Baker & Co. Limited
Established 1780
Montreal, Canada Dorchester, Mass.

BENGER'S
is the
most easily
digested
Food
obtainable.

It is expressly devised to be fully nourishing when natural digestion is enfeebled, whether in infant or adult.

It is prepared with fresh new milk and forms a dainty and delicious cream, which fully satisfies "hunger-faintness," and soothes internal discomfort. Benger's is the safe food in illness, and in convalescence promotes rapid recovery.

Delicate infants thrive on it.

BENGER'S
Food
For INFANTS, INVALIDS
and the AGED

is obtainable from all Stores, Grocers, etc. in sealed tins, price 60 c. and \$1.
A sample with instructive Booklet on Infant and Invalid Feeding—post free from—
BENGER'S FOOD, Ltd., Manchester, Eng.
or from their Wholesale Agents in Canada—**The National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Ltd.**
Montreal, or any of their Branches at
Halifax, N.S. Toronto, Ont. Calgary, Alta.
St. John, N.S. Hamilton, Ont. Nelson, B.C.
London, Ont. Vancouver, B.C. Ottawa, Ont.
Winnipeg, Man. Victoria, B.C. Regina, Sask.
1906

When writing advertisers please mention
The Western Home Monthly.

not be neglected. In fancy she followed him to his office. She had met his business associates. Some of them treated him with positive affection—all of them with respect. One could not see him in that environment without recognizing that he was a man of great ability, and a man of rigid uprightness, too. She was proud of him for that—naturally.

The forenoon was a slow one. She had suddenly lost interest in shopping, and she finished it up hastily, coming back to the hotel in time for luncheon. She seemed more at home there. Later in the afternoon a card was brought up to her room, and she turned quickly from the light lest the boy who had brought it should see her face.

"Where is the gentleman?" she asked the boy, struggling for her self-possession.

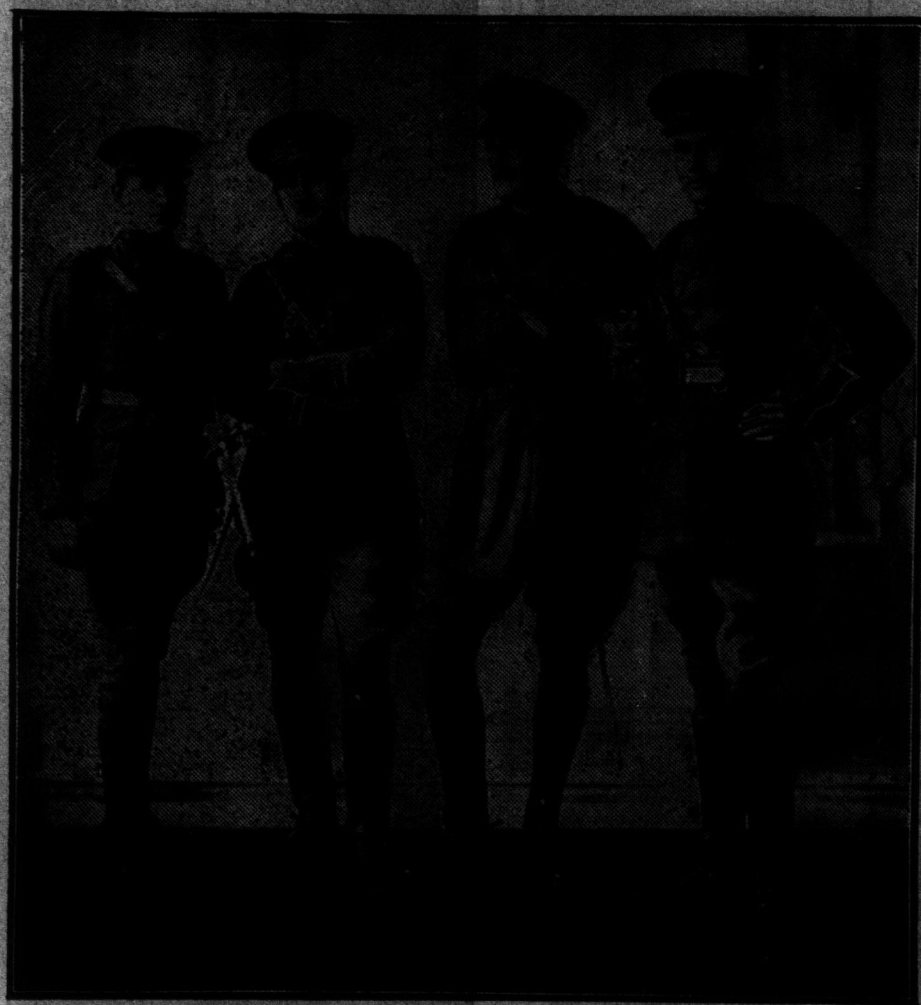
"In Parlor A, mum."

"Tell him I will be down presently," she said calmly, but when she had closed the door she dropped into a rocking-

"I am so glad you came, Gilbert!" she said with the ring of a great new joy in her voice. "So glad! Otherwise, as you have pointed out, my miserable mistake might have gone on and on; but it is not the mistake you have in mind. I have spent a week with an honorable man, a man who, for all his thoughtfulness and all his devotion and all his love—his love, Gilbert!—has had not one caress in payment, not even gentle words other than those that formal courtesy would bring from any one."

"I have seen him morning, noon, and night, and without knowing that I was doing it, I have studied him well, and I know, sir, that under no circumstances could he have done this unworthy thing that you have done to-day; nor could he have offered to any woman, least of all the one he loved, the insult that you have offered me. His only thought would be to shield me."

"Why, when I tell him of this, as I must, so that no shadow may fall between us, I know just what he will do."



Captain Critchley, a well known Alberta rancher and his three sons, all officers in Strathcona's Horse, Canada's Crack Cavalry Regiment now at the Front

chair and buried her face in her hands. When she arose she looked about the apartments curiously. It seemed as if she had never seen them before, to appreciate them—the flowers, the books, the crackling wood-fire, the many little evidences of care and thoughtfulness with which she had been surrounded; and when, after a while, she stepped out into the hall and closed the door, she seemed to be shutting in a world that was in some way suddenly different from any that she had known or dreamed of before.

Down in the parlor an eager young man sprang to his feet when she entered. "Grace!" he cried, and caught her hand.

"Gilbert! What brings you here?" she asked, releasing her hand.

"I couldn't stay away any longer," he replied. "Grace I couldn't. I understood that you were to sail to-morrow, and I had to see you. Thank God, my good luck came in time!"

"Good luck?" she repeated, groping confusedly for a solution to the strange new problem that she had suddenly become to herself. "I do not quite understand."

"No," he said, "nor I. I can scarcely realize it yet. Grace, dear, I have been left a legacy. I just got word of it last night and came right on. I am rich, girl, as rich as the man you married, and now this miserable mistake can be undone!"

He held out his arms to her and took an impetuous step forward, but she held up her hand and stopped him, as she had stopped her husband once before.

He will attach weight only to the fact that I have told him, and then he will never again refer to it—never. So good and kind and generous he is, and so made of honor. I don't think that I can make you understand the sort of man he is. I did not realize it myself until now. And to think that I might not have known! For this awakening I thank you; oh, Gilbert, how I do thank you! And good-by!"

Turning, she swept from the room, and when she had gained her own apartments and had closed the door behind her, she caught up the roses that he had provided for her and buried her face in them.

When she presently raised her head there were tears upon her lashes, but she was smiling, and as she went about dressing for dinner she found herself singing for the first time in many, many days. There was a flush upon her cheeks, too, that did not go away.

III.

That was a long, long afternoon, but she had a splendid joke—oh, a grand, good joke!—to keep her company; one that made her laugh aloud time after time, but that nearly always brought the tears springing to her eyes.

It was not a joke, though, to be lightly frittered away at the first opportunity. Ah, no, it was one to be nursed and jealously guarded for the very joy of it, and when Ralph came to take her to dinner she was as gravely reserved with him as usual, though he thought her more beautiful and more vivacious in ap-



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demands careful selection of seed, for unless you plant the very best seeds you are partially wasting your soil and fertilizer, as well as your time and labor. The safe selection is

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If you have any place at all for it, be sure to put in a garden this spring—and be sure, too, that you plant the right seeds—Ewing's. Write for our Illustrated Catalogue and if your dealer hasn't our seeds, order from us direct.

The William Ewing Co. Limited
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607 MILL ST. MONTREAL

Mrs. Wiseneighbour says

"I should have told you the other day when we were speaking of Eddy's Washboards that it is quite as necessary to have an Indurated Fibreware Tub in which to wash the clothes, if you want to make a success of wash day."

Mrs. Newlywed says

"I've often heard of Eddy's Fibreware Pails and Tubs, what's the difference between Fibre and Woodenware?"

"Eddy's pails and tubs are made from compressed fibre baked at extreme heat. All in one solid piece, cannot warp or fall apart. No chance of splinters—wears longer—looks better and are very light to handle... The latter point should always be a matter of consideration when buying kitchen utensils," concludes Mrs. Wiseneighbour.