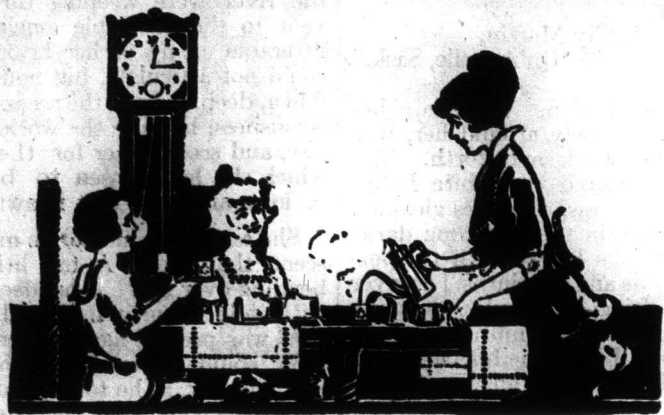




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Ask your neighbor to take The Western Home Monthly. It pleases every one—it will delight him or her also.

when all was love and joy and sunshine in the little house on the hillside, and, she was his all in all.

Then, had come the awakening. Winunla was not sure whether it was an awakening or a deadening of the senses to his affections. At first, she had angrily refused to listen to the whispers of another woman, in the unknown country across the sea; but, in time, they had their effect which showed itself in the coldness of her manner towards him. Then had ensued a scene which neither husband or wife could ever forget, though their love should return like a river and flood their lives with its soothing balm, when the husband had demanded an explanation of Winunla's behaviour toward him, and she had given it—out of the fiery depths of her scorching wrath she had given it; and hurled at him all the blazing embers of fury which she could recollect. At length the storm was quelled by a question, delivered in his cool imperturbable gravity.

"Then, if as you say, your love for me has turned to dislike, you wish me to go away. Is it not so?"

"Yes!" she cried hotly, "for I can never call a traitor my husband!" And so he had gone, taking with him his little flaxen haired baby girl. "She does not resemble your people, so you will hardly find any comfort in her presence," he said, with scathing emphasis. "She will have more of the luxuries of life with me, and my mother will bring her up to be a great lady."

That was two years ago, and she had not heard a word of him since. He had forgotten her probably and married the white woman of his love in the land across the sea. Winunla hoped, out of the depths of her impulsive heart, that the bride of his choice would be happy with him, but she could not get over the feeling of resentment his utter neglect of her, in the two years of their separation, had caused. Because he had played false to her, as others of his white brethren had played false with her hapless people; as they had plundered, debased and filched from them their birthrights, freedom, self-respect, pride, the ownership of their country; crushing their agonized appeals for the preservation of that birthright; forcing them to succumb!

Ah! that was why the great white chief had ceased to love her; and married another! How could a son of so mighty a country as his, act otherwise toward a daughter of ignominy and poverty, and degradation? But, oh, how she missed them!

All the stoicism of her nature, which had been transmitted to her from generations back, the stoicism that had buoyed her up in her darkest hour suddenly gave way before the torrent of overwhelming loneliness that rushed over her. She buried her quivering face in the folds of her scarlet blanket and hastily sought her room.

Billy came down late the next morning. The smile with which he greeted his mother and Miss Cuthbert, was a forced one, and his little pain-racked body drooped, helplessly, more than usual. But he answered their anxious inquiries cheerily. He felt as well as usual, he said, except that he was rather tired. So, after the frugal breakfast of toast and stewed prairie chicken and boiled cranberries, he was put to bed on the sitting room couch, where he lay for many days uttering no complaint; smiling in response to friendly greeting; saying little, and gazing much out of the window across the beautiful sunlit valley toward the eastern horizon, where his father was.

"He will be better when the autumn frost sets in," said the missionary, comfortingly, to the anxious little mother, "this hot weather is trying on the strongest of us."

But Billy did not grow better. Instead, as the days passed, he grew weaker, and frailer, and his smile lost its brightness, and became more forced. He talked much about the legend of the Qu'Appelle and the atonement which must be made before the avenging spirit of the maiden should be appeased. The missionary caught his meaning and was almost overcome by the thought of his needless bravery. But she said nothing for she had come to learn that the Indian's superstition held a much higher place in his life than ever had been supposed, and the strict observance of it had much to do with the most important events of his life. If hearts could be divided from each other by

his tradition, could they not be reunited also? So Miss Cuthbert held her peace.

One afternoon, in October, nearly six weeks after the opening of our tale, the little missionary was summoned to the home of one of her parishioners, whose little child was dangerously ill. The day was cool and exhilarating, with just a hint of frost in the air. The native flowers still bloomed bravely in the sheltered glades, but the frail imported ones in the missionary's garden, cut down by the first heavy frost, were but a black, reeking mass of wilted leaves. The bluffs, which dotted the valley were stripped of all their gorgeous dress, and stood up harsh and barren against the cold outline of the hills. Full grown blackbirds and squawking jays gathered in the nude branches; pouring forth their farewell song, while in the cold blue of the sky, myriads of wild geese and cranes could be seen wending their airy flight toward warmer regions, with the sunshine glittering upon their snow white breasts and wings. It was a season of fulfillment, when summer, withered and bent with the burden of her many labors turns a smile of tender farewell upon her sleeping children, before passing down into eternity.

When she arrived at her destination, Miss Cuthbert found the child already dead and the poor mother almost prostrated with grief. No word of hers, however tender, could touch the poor anguished heart, so the missionary concluded that it was useless for her to remain. She thought of Winunla. Perhaps the mother would be helped by one of her own people sooner than a stranger. And suiting the action to the thought, she at once set off toward home. Half way there she met the object of her return.

"Oh, Winunla!" she exclaimed, joyfully, "I am so glad you are come! But, hurry, do, for the poor mother is almost beside herself and will not listen to any word of comfort I speak. I will return and care for Billy."

The boy was asleep when she arrived, so she left him in the hammock on the porch, where he was lying and sought her room. She was feeling rather faint after events of the afternoon and was about to lie down on her bed for a short rest, when, through the window, she espied someone approaching the house, on the road that led to town. It was a tall slender young man, dressed in trim well-fitting clothes. His hat was pulled so far down over his eyes that she could not make out whether he was a white man or one of her copper-coloured parishioners, but the tiny girl beside him, dressed in a delicate frock of white muslin, was unmistakably of the former class. Miss Cuthbert decided to wait where she was until summoned

THREE REASONS

Each With Two Legs and Ten Fingers.

An Eastern woman who is a fond mother writes an amusing article about her experience feeding her boys.

Among other things she says: "Three chubby, rosy-cheeked boys. Bob, Jack, and Dick, respectively, are three of our reasons for using and recommending the food, Grape-Nuts, for these youngsters have been fed on Grape-Nuts since infancy, and often between meals when other children would have been given candy."

"I gave a package of Grape-Nuts to a neighbor whose 3-year-old child was a weakened little thing, ill half the time. The little tot ate the Grape-Nuts and cream greedily and the mother continued the good work, and it was not long before a truly wonderful change manifested itself in the child's face and body. The results were remarkable, even for Grape-Nuts."

"Both husband and I use Grape-Nuts every day and keep strong and well and have three of the finest, healthiest boys you can find in a day's march."

Many mothers instead of destroying the children's stomachs with candy and cake give the youngsters a handful of Grape-Nuts when they are begging for something in the way of sweets. The result is soon shown in greatly increased health, strength and mental activity.

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