



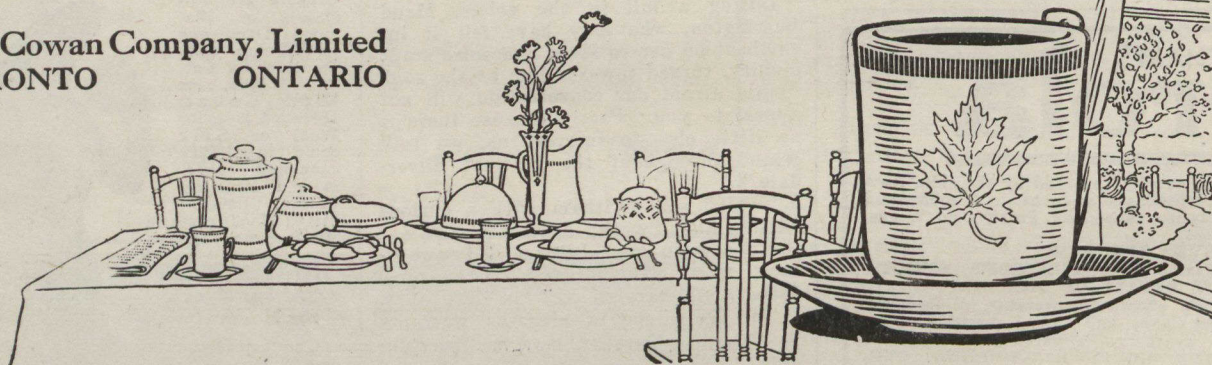
Everybody wants more—the flavor is so good. And mother knows that COWAN'S is good for them—old and young—because it is Cocoa in its purest form.

Cowan's Perfection Cocoa has no added flavoring. Its delicious flavor is obtained by using only the highest grade of cocoa beans, and being careful to remove every particle of husk or shell. That is the reason that there is no bitter taste to Cowan's—and no sediment

There is nothing the children can eat or drink that will give them more real nourishment.

The Cowan Company, Limited
TORONTO ONTARIO

201



GANONG'S
THE FINEST **G.B.** IN THE LAND
CHOCOLATES

FOR ALL PARTIES

Lunch, Five O'clock, Dinner,
Bridge, Theatre, Week-end, Holiday.

THE DELICIOUS **G.B.** CHOCOLATES



The CANADIAN COURIER commends for the perusal of its readers the advertisements in the classified directory. Most of our readers will find some of these little business announcements that are of interest to them.

IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION "THE CANADIAN COURIER."

Maud Barrington's curiosity was piqued. Lance Courthorne, outcast and gambler, was at least a different stamp of man from the type she had been used to, and, being a woman, the romance that was interwoven with his somewhat iniquitous career was not without its attractions for her.

"I did not know that you included farming among your talents, and should have fancied you would have found it—monotonous," she said.

"I did," and the provoking smile still flickered in Witham's eyes. "Are not all strictly virtuous occupations usually so?"

"It is probably a question of temperament. I have, of course, heard sardonic speeches of the kind before, and felt inclined to wonder whether those who made them were qualified to form an opinion."

Witham nodded, but there was a little ring in his voice. "Perhaps I laid myself open to the thrust; but have you any right to assume I have never followed a commendable profession?"

No answer was immediately forthcoming, but Witham did wisely when, in place of waiting, he turned to Miss Barrington. He had left her niece irritated, but the trace of anger she felt was likely to enhance her interest. The meal, however, was a trial to him, for he had during eight long years lived for the most part apart from all his kind, a lonely toiler, and now was constrained to personate a man known to be almost dangerously skilful with his tongue. At first sight the task appeared almost insuperably difficult, but Witham was a clever man, and felt all the thrill of one playing a risky game just then. Perhaps it was due to excitement that a readiness he had never fancied himself capable of came to him in his need, and, when at last the ladies rose, he felt that he had not slipped perilously. Still, he found how dry his lips had grown when somebody poured him a glass of wine. Then he became sensible that Colonel Barrington, who had apparently been delivering a lengthy monologue, was addressing him.

"The outlook is sufficient to cause us some anxiety," he said. "We are holding large stocks, and I can see no prospect of anything but a steady fall in wheat. It is, however, presumably a little too soon to ask your opinion."

"Well," said Witham, "while I am prepared to act upon it, I would recommend it to others with some diffidence. No money can be made at present by farming, but I see no reason why we should not endeavour to cut our losses by selling forward down. If caught by a sudden rally, we could fall back on the grain we hold."

There was a sudden silence, until Dane said softly, "That is exactly what one of the cleverest brokers in Winnipeg recommended."

"I think," said Colonel Barrington, "you heard my answer. I am inclined to fancy that such a measure would not be advisable or fitting, Mr. Courthorne. You, however, presumably know very little about the practical aspect of the wheat question?"

Witham smiled. "On the contrary, I know a great deal."

"You do!" said Barrington sharply, and while a blunderer would have endeavoured to qualify his statement, Witham stood by it.

"You are evidently not aware, sir, that I have tried my hand at farming, though not very successfully."

"That, at least," said Barrington dryly, as he rose, "is quite credible."

When they went into the smaller room, Witham crossed over to where Maud Barrington sat alone, and looked down upon her gravely. "One discovers that frankness is usually best," he said. "Now, I would not like to feel that you had determined to be unfriendly with me."

Maud Barrington fixed a pair of clear brown eyes upon his face, and the faintest trace of astonishment crept into them. She was a woman with high principles, but neither a fool nor a prude, and she saw no sign of dissolute living there. The man's gaze was curiously steady, his skin clear and brown, and his s'newy form suggested a capacity for, and she almost fancied an acquaintance with, physical toil. Yet he had already denied the truth to her. Witham, on his part, saw a very fair face with wholesome pride in it, and