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is that it dispels the shadow that once hung over wash day. Your work is done in half the time with half the effort.

Your finest linens, your fleeciest blankets, your daintiest whitewear—all call for Sunlight Soap. The purest of materials, the most careful manufacture and a \$5,000 guarantee of purity make this the soap that you should always use.

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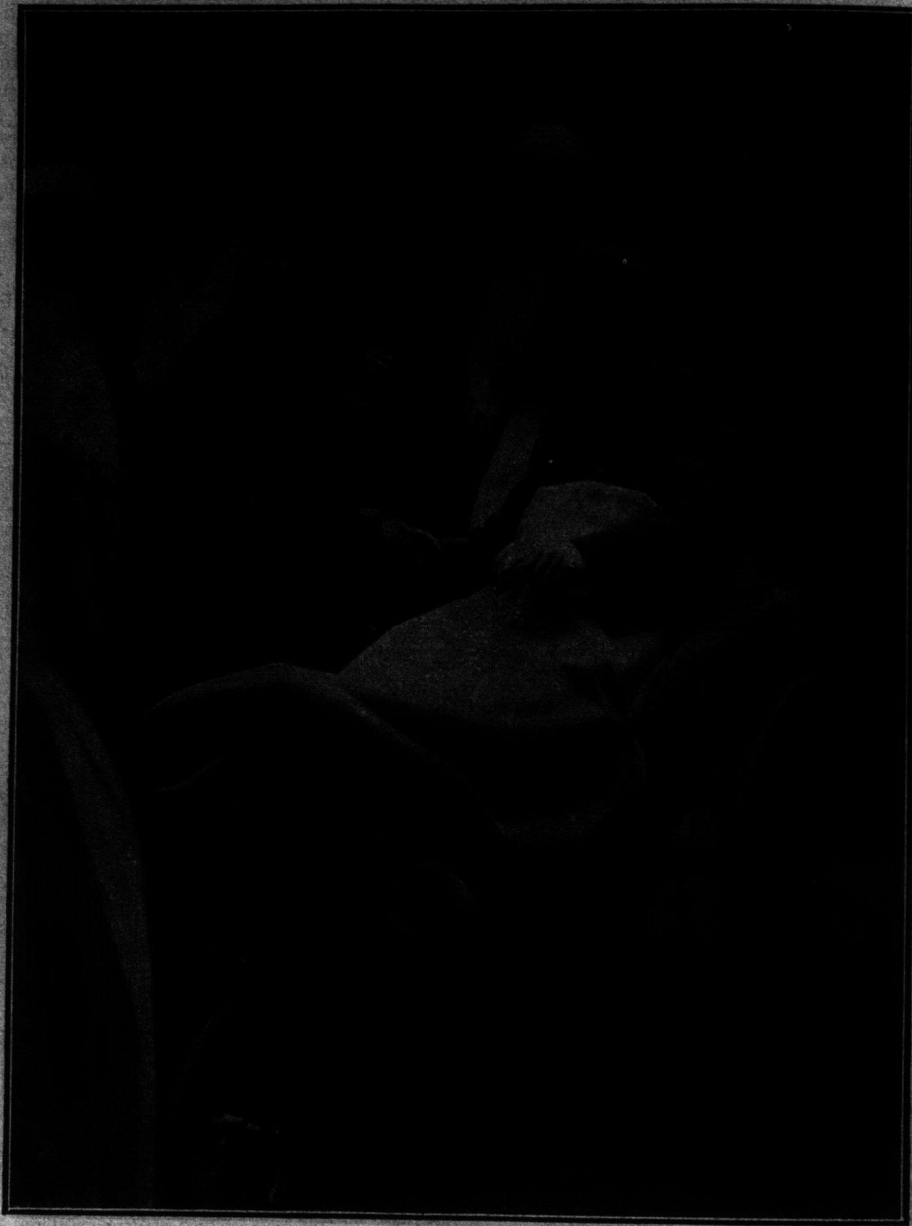
as one neglected, even though it might be much more pleasant for her to be alone; so he sat beside her and gave himself up to the task of entertaining her. He could do that. He had traveled much, had seen much, and had read much, and now he set himself deliberately to interest her. He knew the things that she liked best—he had studied them long enough, and, Heaven help him! earnestly enough—and all through that long, tiresome ride he exerted himself with a success that surprised her. After all, if she had sold herself, she had gone to a pleasant market.

It was not until they had reached the city and the hotel where he had secured accommodations that the full sense of her loneliness and of the vast change

created a fairy world for the country-bred girl, and then a comfortable carriage ride back to the hotel. These were material pleasures to which Grace Harding had looked forward. She was of a family that had "skimped and scraped" most painfully, and she was starved for luxury; but now that it was hers she took no pleasure in it. She cried herself to sleep that night, and she dreamed of Gilbert. When she remembered the dream in the morning she was shocked. She had not meant to be dishonest or unfaithful even in her dreams. Oh, not that!

II

There was to be a week of shopping before their steamer sailed, and it was



H.I.M. the Empress Eugenie, widow of Napoleon III, congratulating one of the wounded British soldiers convalescing at her beautiful home "Farnborough" Chislehurst, England, which she has converted into a military hospital. The exiled Empress has had many vicissitudes in her life. She became the bride of Napoleon III on January 30th, 1853. Five years later, on January 14th, 1858, Orsini attempted to assassinate the ruler of France by flinging two bombs into the carriage conveying him and the Empress Eugenie to the opera. Neither was severely injured. The greatest crisis in her life was the death of the exiled Napoleon at Chislehurst, her home in England, January 9th, 1873.

that had come into her life flooded over her. At the door of the pretty suite he paused.

"My own apartments," he informed her, "are just across the hall there," and he pointed to the door. "The number is one hundred and two. Kindly telephone me when you are ready for dinner. I have ordered a maid sent right up to you."

Ten minutes later, when a maid knocked at the door, she was still standing looking blankly out of the window. She had not removed her hat nor her gloves.

Conventionality came to her rescue. She took pains, for the maid's benefit, to observe the dainty fittings of the suite, the flowers that he had ordered, the cheerful open fire that had been built against her coming. Books and magazines had been provided, even to a pretty diary, which was a reproach to her now, and stationery lay invitingly arranged upon the pretty desk. The flowers and the fire and the books and all were thoughtful of him—but they only went to show what money could buy. It had even—the thought with bitter self-scorn—bought her.

There followed a tastefully ordered dinner. There followed gorgeous roses for the theatre-box, the play itself, a supper where soft music and tinted lights

a busy week—one that, in other circumstances, would have been a happy week to any woman. There were fresh flowers in her room every morning; there was a carriage always at her disposal; there was a slave—wealthy, devoted, and, yes, handsome—ready to dance at her every caprice, to satisfy her every whim.

As the days wore on she began to pity him. She had been so burdened with her own grievance that she had overlooked the fact of his deep hurt; and she began to admire the cheerfulness with which he took up his burden. He was always the same, he was always devising amusements and interesting side-trips to keep her busy and to keep her from brooding; but he never, since that first ride with her alone in the carriage, presumed upon his conventional rights.

The last day before their sailing was the only one in which he left her absolutely to her own devices.

"I shall be engaged all day," he explained. "There are business matters that I must straighten up before I go away, and I have had no time for them as yet. You will find the carriage ready for you, and I am quite sure that you can make your way about now to clean up the little shopping that you have left."

She was surprised to find herself lonely. Of course, though, business could

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