



"Look before you leap"

If you are going to paint this spring, you want to do it as economically as possible. Your first idea may be that you will buy cheap paint and thus save money. True economy in painting, however, is not what the paint costs per gallon, but what a gallon will cover and how long it will last. Figure it yourself—cheap paint does not cover well, it does not wear; in a year or so you have to repaint. The labor of applying the paint is two-thirds of the cost of your job. You can't afford this labor expense every year. Buy a good paint, it will cover more surface, look better and last longer than cheap prepared paint or hand-mixed lead and oil. Ask the S-W dealer in your town and he will tell you all about SWP.

The Little Paint Man.

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS & VARNISHES



Sherwin-Williams Paint, Prepared (SWP) is made from pure white lead, pure zinc, pure linseed oil, and the necessary coloring pigments and driers.

Sherwin-Williams Varnishes are made from the best gums, pure linseed oil, pure turpentine, and are thoroughly filtered and aged. They spread and wear well.



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MANITOBA GYPSUM CO. LTD.

WINNIPEG, MAN.

Write for Plaster Booklet, it will interest you.

away from him, rose from his chair and turned to lock his trunk.

"Good-by, Melindy," he said. "You will have forgotten this folly by the time I come back, but if you think as much of me as you say you do and want to prove it, be a good girl and some day you will thank me for seeming unkind to you now."

Donald's victory was not yet won, however, and for the next two weeks the battle was renewed whenever he was left alone. "Why should you set up such a lofty standard for yourself?" the devil would say to him. "Are you wiser and better and stronger than many wise, and great and even good men who have yielded under less temptation? Men of experience, men of the world would laugh at you for a prude and a narrow-minded ascetic. Besides, your squeamishness is mere folly and to no purpose; that girl is sure to throw herself away on somebody; she was born to do it. Providence, not you, is responsible for her tendencies, and if you don't accept her affection (and she is evidently devoted to you) some other man, who will not treat her with half the kindness you would, will make her his victim. She is as pretty as a woman can be, she will be your humble slave all your life, and will not expect or require what a wife would. Besides," the devil continued adroitly to suggest, "you cannot afford to marry for several years yet, and in the meantime you must break this poor girl's heart and worry yourself sick in order that you

so pure and noble a face without being subtly inspired to purer thoughts and nobler living.

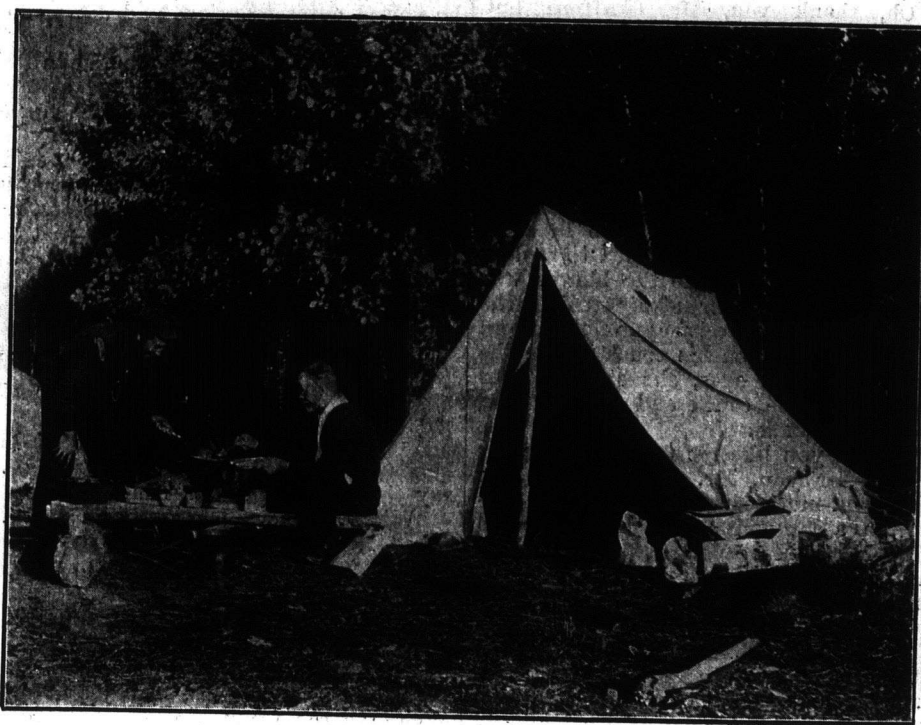
His next visit was to say good-by. It was June, and Melindy was watering the plants in the tiny green yard as he was leaving. He offered her his hand in farewell, and, as she took it she said, feelingly:

"I keep your mother's picture and the little book on the table, Mr. Donald, and look at them every day. I know now why you are different from other men, and I am trying hard to be the sort of girl I might have been if she had been my mother. That is what you meant by giving her picture to me, wasn't it, sir?"

"That was it exactly, Melindy," he said, shaking her hand heartily, "and with the book to help you I know you will succeed."

A few months later Donald secured a lucrative position in Chicago. Reluctantly they sold their dear childhood's home, and his mother and unmarried sister moved to the big West with him.

Three years of energetic effort brought success and prosperity. About that time Donald married a woman who was entirely satisfactory to himself, and which is much more suggestive, was equally so to his mother. Among other Eastern friends he sent cards to Mrs. Winter and Melindy. In response he received a present for his bride from Melindy and a long letter for himself. In the letter she told him something of her life since he had last seen her. How Mrs. Winter had broken down in health, and she had be-



Pleasures of the Camp.

may not disappoint your mother's quixotic ideal (and she need know nothing about it) and may be entirely worthy the exalted type of womanhood you hope to marry some day, but who will think none the less of you because you do not tell her all your past?"

Afterward Donald felt very thankful that the struggle took place amidst the scenes of his innocent aspiring boyhood, and with his mother's loving, trusting presence to unconsciously help him.

On his return to the city he secured another boarding-house, and only twice during the several months he remained did he visit Mrs. Winter's. The first time, soon after his return, Melindy was lingering in the hall as he took his departure, and preceded him to the door to open it for him.

"I just wanted to say, Mr. Donald," she said, in low tones and with downcast eyes, "that I know you did it all for kindness to me, and I am grateful to you."

"I am glad you know that, Melindy," and then, driven by an impulse to show in some way his interest and kindly feeling, he drew a small picture of his mother and a tiny Testament she had marked and given him from his pocket and handed them to her. "I want you to have these, Melindy," he said. "Maybe they will help you sometime."

He hardly knew afterward why he had given her the photograph of his mother, but on analyzing his motive, he found that he had felt by a woman-like intuition that Melindy could not look often on

come her housekeeper. How, about two years before, a young carpenter from the country had come to the boarding-house. How he had been nice to her, and they had fallen in love with each other, and only a few weeks before had been married. That she had wanted to write to him to tell him about it, but that she did not know his address. That Mrs. Winter was going to close her house soon, and her husband, who had been successful and was getting small building contracts now, was building a pretty little cottage in the suburbs, and they would begin housekeeping in the spring.

The letter needed no comment to prove that Melindy was a good, true woman and a proud and happy wife.

There was but one note of sadness in the letter, and that was in the lines which said: "My mother died more than a year ago, and I went back to the village to see her decently buried. I have tried hard to forgive her, and I pray that God has done so. Thank you, oh, so truly, Mr. Donald, for all your goodness to me; and thank God for having given you such a mother."

Often what appear to be the most trivial occurrences of life prove to be the most momentous. Many are disposed to regard a cold as a slight thing, deserving of little consideration, and this neglect often results in most serious ailments entailing years of suffering. Drive out colds and coughs with Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the recognized remedy for all affections of the throat and lungs.

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