

girl, whose gown of shimmering lavender satin was draped in the latest and most artistic fashion about her slight, supple figure. Mrs. Carleton noted every detail of the costume, from the band of silver in her dark hair to the bunch of fragrant violets at her waist, and her eyes gleamed with pleasure. Winifred had certainly interpreted literally her injunction to look her prettiest. Devenish seemed deeply impressed.

"He will be at her feet from this moment," said the enthusiastic match-maker to herself, and presently she excused herself and slipped away.

"Young people get on so much better alone," she soliloquized, "and he won't be here very long, so there is no time to lose. I think my plans are turning out very well indeed. Really, anybody with a propensity for match-making like mine should have a dozen daughters to launch, and here am I with only one insignificant niece. I do wish Mirabel had half the style and beauty of Winifred. I can never hope she will make much of a match. However, she seems to be a great favorite with the younger set, and I need not worry about her marrying for a while yet until she gets a little more grown-up."

An hour later, when Mrs. Carleton came downstairs, she was surprised to hear her husband's voice in the drawing-room. He was talking to Winifred, whose expressive face was aglow with deep interest and sympathy as Dr. Carleton explained his new ideas for providing modified milk for the babies of the unfortunate poor.

to smooth her tousled hair as she saw her aunt in the doorway. Devenish rose and bowed slightly with old-fashioned courtesy as Mrs. Carleton advanced into the room. But he still held the bowl of bread and milk.

"I have been prescribing for Miss Mirabel, you see," he said. "Don't you think I should make a very successful physician?"

"You seem to have banished Mirabel's headache, certainly, but where did you get your prescription filled? I thought you had gone to bed, child?"

Her suave voice expressed her evident disapproval and made the girl flush prettily.

"I must have gone to sleep in the chair," she said with mock contrition, "just after Maggie brought in the bread and milk."

"And it fell to my fortunate lot to act the part of Prince Charming and break the spell that bound the Sleeping Beauty," supplemented Devenish.

"Well, we will excuse you now if you like to go, dear, as you are not feeling very well," and Mrs. Carleton turned to smile at Winifred, who had just entered the library with the doctor.

The Irishman boldly interposed with his charming grace.

"If you will allow me, I think my patient stands in need of more supper."

"Really, I feel much better now, auntie," said Mirabel, "and I am awfully hungry."

Her aunt looked dubious but said nothing. She proceeded to pour out the steaming cocoa which the maid had brought in. Devenish waited on the



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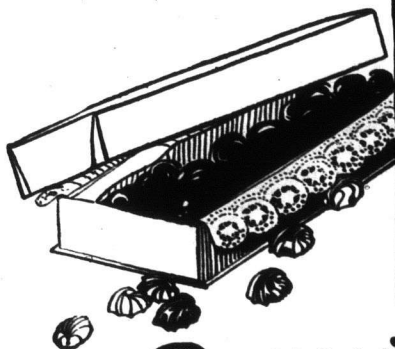
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"Why, Dick," exclaimed his wife, "I did not expect you home so soon. Where is Mr. Devenish?"

"Oh, I wanted to talk to Winifred, and he wanted a smoke, so I sent him into the library and told him we would join him there in a few minutes."

Mrs. Carleton's impatient exclamation was lost upon her amiable but dense life partner. She hurried across to the library. There, on a low seat before the fire, sat Devenish. But he was not smoking. Instead of a pipe, he held in his hand a bowl of bread and milk, and facing him, in the big arm-chair, was Mirabel. She no longer looked pale and woebegone. The fire had brought a rosy flush to her piquant little face, and her dark eyes were dancing with excitement.

"They call it 'Suicide Hill,'" she was saying, "because it is so steep and the trees grow close, close together. The other girls wouldn't come, but I was determined to try it just once. But oh, I was sure I was going to be killed for certain, and Kenneth and Bertie were just ahead, and I was afraid every minute I would collide with them or run into the trees, but I couldn't stop myself, you know, and couldn't see where I was going, and then I just shot out over that awful bump—it isn't really a jump, you know—at least, not a proper one. You just go a little way into the air and then down and out on to the river, and oh, it was glorious, glorious!"

Mirabel stopped for want of breath. Devenish gravely offered a spoonful out of his dish.

"You really deserve two as a reward of merit," he observed in his semi-serious way, and Mirabel laughed. Then obediently, and with apparent relish, she swallowed her reward. But she dropped her eyes shyly and made a frantic effort

little party, then quietly drew up his chair again beside Mirabel and continued the interrupted conversation. Mrs. Carleton also took a seat near the fireplace.

The telephone rang.

"It's for you, Mollie," said the doctor. "You'd better go to my office," he whispered with his hand over the mouthpiece; "it's Mrs. Mortimer Longford and she's such an interminable talker."

In another moment, he was again deep in the discussion of his latest hobby with Winifred. Mrs. Carleton sighed. The fates were certainly against her.

"Mirabel," she said, "will you try to entertain Mr. Devenish for a few moments? I shan't be long."

The interminable talker refused to be cut off. Mrs. Carleton listened patiently and answered cheerfully, but all her thoughts were with the group in the other room.

"Poor Mr. Devenish! How horribly bored he will be talking to a child like Mirabel. Why, why didn't Dick leave him alone with Winifred?"

When she re-entered the library her guests were about to go, but she found a chance for a few words with her favorite.

"Mr. Devenish will see you home, Winifred," she whispered, "but oh, my dear, I am so sorry! That stupid husband of mine has gone and spoiled everything."

"Stupid! He's a perfect darling. I never felt so much like hugging anybody in my life as I did when he came in to the room to-night."

"Why, what was the matter?"

"Oh, Mr. Devenish and I were having the most awful time. Neither of us could think of a thing to say except about the weather. Even that was an effort. It was the longest hour I ever put in."

"But he's a splendid talker! I thought he was just the man whose society you



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