tions in their attire, she left some final directions with her nephew, a youth of

The hall was rapidly filling. We found seats about halfway up, and soon Mrs. Simolski was greeting friends upon all sides and introducing me to all within earshot as "the lady what puts it in the paper."

"The rabbi comes by Saskatoon," said one, Mrs. Nilsky, leaning over from behind. "He ain't here yet on account the train's late."

"Gott soll huten!" exclaimed Mrs. Simolski, devoutly. "I hope Ray don't

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and the six-piece orchestra began to tune up. The hall had now become fairly fourteen, who was callously indifferent congested, except for the one narrow to weddings and the like, and we all set aisle up the centre, along which a strip of dark red carpet had been laid. In the crowd were Jews from every walk of life, with a fair sprinkling of some other European nationalities. Push-cart men rubbed shoulders with prosperous goldsmiths, and their wives smiled brightly at each other and mentally criticized each other's raiment in a spirit of friendly democracy, while babies wailed or crowed gleefully, and a small rowdy element hurled orange peel over the heads of the audience, from the rear benches.

"I'm glad there ain't no beer to-night," observed Mrs. Nilsky, who was eating

A PERSONAL REQUEST TO OUR READERS!

Winnipeg, Canada. April 2nd 1917

Dear Subscriber

You are probably aware of the fact that magazines all over the world have been obliged to increase their subscription rates owing to the unprecedented conditions now facing publishers. Every thing necessary for getting out the magazine has risen in cost-particularly paper-so that it is no exag geration to say that publication expenses are double what they were before the war. The Western Home Monthly has, of course, also found its cost of publication much heavier BUT IT HAS NOT INCREASED ITS SUBSCRIPTION RATE. It is still \$1.00 a year while there has been no reduction in the number of pages or of the quality of the reading matter. Under these circumstances, we feel that, having shouldered more than our fair share of the burden, you will be glad to help us in any way you can and you can best do this by sending us in your renewal without delay. Prompt settlement of subcription accounts will very materially assist in keeping the annual price at \$1.00 a year.

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> Yours very truly, WESTERN HOME MONTHLY Subscription Dept.

"I hear a train whistling now," ob-

ness,

served Olga.
"So do I," Miriam chimed in. "My! Ain't it a sad whistle! Maybe there's a

corpse on board." "Your daughter, Goldie," remarked our neighbor, Mrs. Nilsky, again, leaning forward with a bob. "I suppose she soon

gets married too, ain't it? Mrs. Simolski finished cuffing the ears of Dimitri, who had thrown a bag of peanut shells across the aisle. Then she surned about with a sigh: "Troubles I out I should have a wedding on my bands too!

cough lozenges noisily. "When Sadie Solitzer and Jake Bercowitz was married such a rough house I never saw-

"Nu Mrs. Nilsky, nobody asks you should get full already," retorted Mrs. Simolski severely. "At a wedding everybody feels good but it don't need there should be a call for the police!

"Sh!" cried the little girls. "Here she comes!"

There was a stir at the entrance. The orchestra swung into Mendelssohn's Wedding March and slowly the young got it enough, Mrs. Nilsky, not? With-our I should have a wedding on my with regulation veil and orange blosands too!" soms advanced up the aisle on the arm
The minutes sped on and excitement of a bearded old gentleman, who was grew tense. Heads were twisted about evidently her father. Four pretty Jew-



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