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Works with springs, not weights, and is so light and perfectly balanced that a child can operate it. All metal—therefore vermin-proof. No parts to work loose, wear out or break. Bedding kept in perfect order, always open to air. Canopy permits artistic draping—open or closed it is a handsome piece of furniture.

Be sure and ask for the IDEAL Folding Bed, and see that it bears our trade mark. Ask for name of dealer nearest you.

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**THE IDEAL BEDDING CO. LIMITED**  
MONTREAL — TORONTO — WINNIPEG

## BENGER'S FOOD

FOR INFANTS, INVALIDS AND THE AGED.

A food of great nutritive value, which can be made suitable for any degree of digestive power by the simple process of letting it stand for a longer or shorter period at one stage of its preparation. Benger's Food forms with milk, a dainty, delicious and highly nutritive cream, entirely free from rough and indigestible particles. "The Lancet" describes it as "Mr. Benger's admirable preparation."

Readers can obtain a 48-page booklet, "Benger's Food and How to Use It," which contains a "Concise Guide to the Rearing of Infants" and practical information on the care of Invalids, etc., on application to Benger's Food Ltd., Otter Works, Manchester, England.

Benger's Food is sold in tins by Druggists, etc., everywhere.

## THE STEEL CO. of CANADA LTD.

PIG IRON BAR IRON BAR STEEL

RAILWAY TRACK EQUIPMENT

Bolts and Nuts, Nails, Screws, Wire and Fencing

HAMILTON TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG

## For Coughs and Colds Wilson's Invalids' Port

[a la Quina du Perou]

promptly relieves and cures coughs and acute bronchial inflammation. Its nutrient contents serve to sustain strength and assist in nourishing.

The disagreeable taste of the cinchona is effectually covered, thus preventing stomachic irritation.

Big Bottle

Ask YOUR Doctor



## ROSENTHAL'S WIDOW

(Continued from page 8.)

the smaller towns, and Sam wont have to work so hard, and you wont lose him."

"Gott weiss! what's coming over the young mens nowadays, Esther? Weak like dish-rags they all are, and a little hard travelling on Pullman cars, and extra stopping in first-class hotels at top prices gives them right away the nervy prostrations. In my day, y' know, nothing could kill a young man. You could drive a team of elephants over 'em, and they'd get fat on it. Well, I guess I gotta worry myselfs looking for another drummer to take off some of the work, and if I get one what's no worse as Sam Posner, I wont got a word to say. He's been telling me I oughta get another man, but I just thought he was kicking from force of habit, like everybody does. Guess what them crazy lunticks, Jaffee & Janowitz, are doing now? Kraussman tells me this morning only that they are figuring on hiring a widow lady to sell their line through the Middle West. Aint that a hot one?"

"It depends on the lady, Sol. You know a smart business woman is awful smart, and why shouldn't a woman sell shirt waists on the road as well as in a store? Don't she know all about 'em?"

"Koosh! Are you going to begin on wha I heard already away too much about to-day? Kraussman he says that; Sam hears him, and he pitches in and says he's met the lady, and she's a cracker-jack and I don't know what all besides."

Esther raised her eyebrows. "My! she must be smart. Sam never gives oser a stuck extra credits. Why don't you see her. So? Maybe she'd take your line cheaper as what a man would. I'd like to see you get somebody good away from Jaffee & Janowitz. Wouldn't it make 'em crazy?"

"Not so crazy as what a woman drummer would make me," growled Sol; but Esther suspected that he had already considered the matter. "That's enough to say now," she reflected, and dropped the subject.

In the meantime Hatt'e had not been idle. She had called upon several firms and had created a great impression. It is not every day in the week that women talk to waist manufacturers in a manner that makes them sit up and stare admiringly.

Mrs. Rosenthal made them all the same proposition. "I will pay my own expenses and sell your line for ten per cent. commission," she said.

One reputable firm offered her seven and a half, and she promised to consider the matter. Then she looked up an embroidery salesman who had been a friend of her husband, and whom she knew called regularly upon Sol Berger. He promised to do as she asked, and volunteered to have a lace salesman do the same.

In consequence of all this, Sol heard a great deal about Mrs. Rosenthal the next day: how she had commanded respect from the shrewdest men in the business; how much she knew about the routes and expenses, and the usual commissions, and how nobody could beat her on goods; how confident she was that she could make ten per cent., and how determined to do it.

On the way down town in the morning he heard about her from some brother manufacturers whom he chanced to meet. Dave Kraussman sandwiched praises of her in between those of some new waist models he offered for inspection; the lace salesman had a great deal to say about her, and the embroidery salesman, who followed, had even more. Posner remarked that he had heard that she was going to make a bargain with Roth & Reeves, and the words were hardly out of his mouth when the office-boy ushered in the lady herself.

"I gotta admit," said Sol, in telling Esther about it later, "that that woman is sure one great exception to all the general rules and regulations. She actually knows how much is two and two, and in her head she can fig-

ure like lightning. She wants I shall make it up quick for her a sample line, and she says she will pay her own expenses, and until she shows what she can do she don't ask it no guaranteed expenses business. She wants it ten per cents commission."

"When will you have her line ready. So?"

"The day after it rains laces and embroideries, Esther. Say, I aint sending out no high-sterikill womens to sell Esther B. waists, so long's men hold out. I told her there wasn't nothing doing."

"Oi! Such a man! Foolish prejudices he lets stand in the way of good business. Some day you will be sorry you didn't get Mrs. Rosenthal."

"Some day never comes; and, anyway, if it was to-morrow, I'd not be sorry."

"I bet you will."

"I betcha I wont. I betcha anythings you like."

"All right! I'll bet you a fall suit against a silk hat. You will be sorry by fall, and I can use a suit by that time."

Mrs. Rosenthal wasted no more time on Berger, but speedily concluded satisfactory arrangements with Roth & Reeves, and inside of ten days left on her first trip.

"Of course," she said to Agnes and Minnie before she left, "their line is not as fine as Berger's, and I did want his—"

"Never mind," said Agnes. "It looks as though we failed, but we are not through with Sol Berger yet. Keep us posted on how you are doing, and we'll see that he doesn't hear of anything else but you. You will get his line yet."

As time went on, it became more and more apparent to Sol that he must get another traveller, and he even tried two, but they proved utter failures, and the fact that the waist trade's topic of conversation was the phenomenal success of Mrs. Rosenthal did not improve his temper.

On the morning Sol Berger heard that Mrs. Rosenthal was back in town he addressed to himself this remark: "Being a dappes didn't never get nobody nothing but valuable experience." Then he put on his hat and called upon Mrs. Rosenthal at her hotel.

When he left, he muttered: "Oi! That's a business woman for your life! Two thousand dollars a year is piles for a woman, but, by golly, she's worth it."

That evening Sol, smiling rather sheepishly, handed his wife a generous check. "Go ahead, Es; get it yourself a swell suit. I made it a year's contract with Mrs. Rosenthal this morning. By golly, I'm going to stop making bets with you; too many times you are right."

**No Cruelty Allowed.**—A Boston contemporary has announced the engagement of the son of Dr. Francis H. Rowley, "President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and Mrs. Rowley."—Chicago Tribune.

**Not Known.**—The Marquis of Queensberry, in the "smoke-room" of the Mauretania, said of the passing of the House of Lords:

"It makes little difference to me. I have no seat in the House. I am, you know, only a peer of Scotland."

He smiled grimly, and added:

"A Scottish peer isn't thought much of in the House of Lords. There was a Baptist minister once who attempted to enter the floor of the House, ignorant of the fact that the floor is exclusively reserved for members and their servants."

"The doorkeeper thought the minister might be the valet or butler of some peer."

"What lord do you serve?" he asked.

"What lord?" replied the minister. "Why, the Lord Jehovah!"

"Oh, he's got no seat here," sneered the doorkeeper. "He's one of them poor Scottish peers, I suppose."