

He kissed her with wet eyes, but made no vows.

The five months that followed were intolerably dreary, and not only to Mildred. Somehow the heaven seemed to have gone out of the household. At dinner the talk was chiefly of business now, and the piano was seldom touched. After dinner Mr. Alden dozed and the two girls escaped to their rooms as early as possible. Mr. Alden complained of this once or twice, breaking out irritably at their growing dullness; but he would not understand the cause.

Felix had been transferred to a position in the New York branch of the firm, and wrote weekly to Mildred, cheerful, friendly letters that could be read aloud to the others, and so hurt her intolerably. She would have lost heart altogether but for an occasional hurried, impulsive little note, full of longing and often of hopefulness.

"I shall always be just what I am now," he wrote in one of these. "From year to year they will advance me a little, by way of politeness; but I can never acquire any adjective higher than 'faithful.' It isn't that I don't work, and work hard. I just haven't initiative—business intelligence. And I don't see any vital need for me in any other department of life. The sooner you forget me Mils, the better for you. * * * I can't go out, it bores me so in my present state, and I don't see anyone here but Carew, the social settlement celebrity I wrote you about. He's a good fellow. I gave his club of little toughs a singing lesson the other night. I can get through an evening there when anything else—"

After that he often spoke of "Carew's little toughs." His singing class grew to be a weekly institution. Soon he was writing a farce for them, and training the actors to their parts. Mr. Alden shook his head at this.

"Felix never gets any older," he said with dissatisfaction. It was in March that the letters suddenly ceased. Two and then three weeks went by. Mildred passed through pride and hurt feeling to deep anxiety.

"Oh, there is nothing the matter. He will probably write and explain before long, said her father. Then he looked at her regretfully. "I hoped you were getting over it. Mildred," he added. She shook her head.

"No," she said. "I shall never get over it."

He tugged impatiently at his gray mustache.

"But my dear girl, I can't stand by and see you throw yourself away! Felix is a nice, pleasant fellow, a dear boy in every way, but you must admit he doesn't amount—"

"Oh, amount!" she broke in desperately. "Do you call it amounting to nothing to be the whole soul and center of a family, keeping it always gay and alive and worth living in? Look what we have been without him! Ned and Harvey will give their wives money, but in the name of heaven, what else? No, let me finish! Felix gives happiness, he is as important as sunshine—you feel it every day—but you won't admit his value simply because it isn't on a certain line. Look at his kindness, his sympathy for poor, queer people, the little unselfish things he is always doing, and that we took as a matter of course. When Harvey broke his leg, Ned stayed with him about one evening in six, while Felix—oh, and he was always so generous and lovable! And he taught me everything I know about music and pictures and all the beautiful things I should never have found by myself. He was the best of us all, apart from your little narrow business standard, but you can't see it! Even I had to lose him to know it as I know it now. If I could only make you see!" Her voice broke, and she left the room before her father could gather his scattered arguments for a reply.

The next morning brought a letter to Mr. Alden, signed George Carew. Felix was ill. He had not wanted his relatives told, but it seemed now—Mr. Alden's hand trembled inconveniently, and he rested it against the breakfast table. Felix had had good care, and there had been every reason for

hopefulness until that day, when—"Father, what is it?" asked Mildred sharply. He handed the letter to her in silence.

"We can just get the train," she said when she laid it down. Her voice sounded odd and wooden, and she was painfully white. "Can you be ready in five minutes, father?"

He nodded, drawing his fingers across his eyes, and she left the room. During the long hours on the train they talked casually of indifferent things, or held papers in front of them. Mildred did not once lose her composure, but her father's eyes filled many times as they watched the flying fields and woods.

Felix was still living—that was all. Mildred sat motionless beside him, waiting for the struggle that was to bring him back or send him on. Her father walked restlessly about the next room, or stood looking out into the darkness. George Carew joined him there, looking tired and warm, and they talked in low tones of Felix's chances. Carew had been with him day and night, letting everything else go.

"He has been like my own son," said Mr. Alden with a deep breath. "A lovable boy—always a good, sweet young fellow."

"And so much more than that," said Carew. "I wish you could know the power he is with my East Side boys. Not consciously—he roars with laughter when I tell him of his influence; won't take it seriously. He is too modest to have any suspicion what a rare spirit he is; but you must know it."

"Yes," said Mr. Alden unsteadily, his eyes on the ground.

"A personality like that is more valuable than all—" Carew broke off abruptly as the door opened and the doctor looked in.

"Now," he said to Carew, and turned back. The two followed him; knowing that this was the hour of crisis. They waited at the foot of the bed while Felix fought it out, inch by inch, and dared not guess which way the victory was going until the doctor said something with a smile of encouragement to Mildred, and her head went suddenly down beside the thin hand on the covers.

"Thank God," said Carew, under his breath. Mr. Alden turned and went blindly out of the room.

A week later Felix, lying with his cheek against Mildred's hand, looked up with his old smile, of assumed boyishness and depreciation that always heralded some particular audacity.

"It was a mean trick to play on you," he said. "You can't have the heart to take Mils away from me now!"

Mildred drew closer to him, and looked up pleadingly at her father. He took Felix's hand.

"My boy," he said gravely, "it is too late to change me. I have to see things—as I was brought up to see them. I can realize that there may be other aspects in life, even if I can't see them. I can't judge. But if you and Mildred want to marry—" He shook the hand he held, then turned for Mildred's quick kiss. Presently he left them together and wandered rather sadly into the next room, where he stood staring out into the spring twilight.

"Felix is a dear boy, a good boy," he said to himself with a troubled frown, "even if he doesn't amount—" he caught himself up sharply. "Perhaps they're right, perhaps they're right," he murmured. Presently his face cleared and a look of satisfaction crept into his eyes.

"Any way, it will mean having the boy back," he reflected.

JUST A HINT.

"Father," asked Tommy the other day, "Why is it that the boy is said to be the father of the man?"

Mr. Thompkins had never given the subject any thought and was hardly prepared to answer off-hand.

"Why—why," said he, stumblingly, "it's so because it is, I suppose."

"Well," said Tommy, "since I'm your father, I'm going to give you a ticket to a theatre and a dollar



Trade Mark for Lucina Cigars

Also the name stamped in plain letters on each Cigar, look for these, then notice that sweet flavor and rich aroma NOT EQUALLED in any other 10c Cigar.

Manufactured by **GEO. F. BRYAN & CO.**

NOTICE.

ON MAY 1, Richard & Co.

WILL MOVE TO 330 MAIN ST.

Next door to John Leslies Furniture Store, Opp. Notre Dame Street, east.

KARN IS KING
The D. W. Karn Co. Ltd.

Manufacturers of High Grade **PIANOS, PIPE & REED ORGANS**

We make a specialty of supplying **Church's, Schools and Convents.** If you are intending to purchase it would be well to write us for terms and catalogues, or call and see us. Visitors always welcome.

TH D. W. KARN CO. LTD.
262 Portage Avenue
H. O. WRIGHT, Winnipeg, Man Manager.

The Three Big R'S The Three Big
OF THIS HOUSE

Reasonable Profits

Reliable Goods

Right Treatment

That's why our business is daily increasing.

Come and see us. Look through our big stock; notice the prices on goods. Everything marked in plain figures. You will then know what you ought to pay for good honest Furniture.

A big carload of all the newest designs in Extension Tables. A real good one in Golden Finish Hardwood at \$6.50. **CASH OR CREDIT.**

Scott Furniture Co.

Largest Dealers in Western Canada
276 Main Street

besides. I always said that if I was a father I wouldn't be so stingy as the rest of them are. Go in and have a good time while you're young. I never had any chance myself!"

Mr. Thompkins had never given amazement at Tommy. Slowly the significance of the hint dawned upon him. Producing the silver coin, he said:

"Take it, Thomas. When you really do become a father, I hope it won't be your misfortune to have a son who is smarter than yourself."—Ex.



COPYRIGHT.

Cause and Effect

We select the finest Manitoba No. 1 Hard Wheat—and there's no better in the world—have the latest and most improved milling machinery that can be made, and best of skilled labor. That's "CAUSE."

EFFECT
Ogilvie's Hungarian and Ogilvie's Glenora Patent brands of FLOUR

Needn't wonder at OGILVIE'S having been appointed Millers to H.R.H. The Prince of Wales.

MANITOBA

CROP OF 1902:

	BUSHELS
Wheat	53,077,267
Oats	34,478,160
Barley	11,848,422
Flax	564,440
Rye	49,900
Peas	34,154

Total yield of all Grain crops **100,052,343**

The Province of Manitoba has yet room for thousands of farmers and laborers. There are 25,000,000 acres that can be cultivated and only 3,000,000 acres under cultivation.

THE LIVE STOCK INDUSTRY is rapidly increasing; opportunities for stockmen and dairymen are to be found in many districts.

Lands for sale by the Provincial Government are the cheapest and most desirable in the Province.

For full information, maps, etc., (FREE), and all applications for farm lands, address

C. VOKES, Chief Clerk, or **J. J. GOLDEN,** Provincial Government Agent, Dept. of Provincial Lands, **WINNIPEG**, 617 Main Street, Winnipeg

MORRIS PIANOS

Conceded to be the **NEW ARTISTIC STANDARD.**

It is with pardonable pride that we refer to the unanimity with which the **BIGHTEST CRITICS** and **BEST MUSICIANS** and good **BUSINESS MEN** have accepted it

MORRIS PIANO as the **ARTISTIC STANDARD.** Lovers of a good entertainment are fast providing themselves with these fine Pianos.

S. L. BARROWCLOUGH & CO.
228 PORTAGE AVENUE

Instruments of the Cultured.

Where Music Dwells

How we managed to persuade the coy goddess to make our pianos her home is one of the most prized secrets. All critics agree that we have done so.

MASON & RISCH

PIANO CO. - - - WINNIPEG.



GOOD HEALTH

Is hoped for by old and young alike. You will help to secure this by drinking a glass of our

Refined Ale or Extra Stout with your dinner. They are appetizing and strengthening liquid foods, brewed from the golden malt and fragrant hops. Purity guaranteed. Try them. Order from your dealer or direct from Redwood Factories.

E. L. DREWRY Manufacturer and Importer, Winnipeg

FATHER KÖENIG'S FREE A VALUABLE book on Nervous Diseases and a sample bottle to any address. Poor get their medicine FREE.
KÖENIG MED. CO., 100 Lake St., CHICAGO
Sold by all Druggists at \$1 a bottle, 6 for \$5

Wheeldon & Sons

H. WHEELDON, Manager. Manufacturers of

MONUMENTS, HEAD STONES & CEMETERY WORK of every description.

Write for catalogue and prices before ordering elsewhere.

WORKS AND OFFICE
231 NOTRE DAME AVE. Opp. Grace Church.

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA.