

Chase & Sanborn's

HIGH GRADE COFFEE

With its topaz-like clearness and aromatic fragrance—a cup of Chase & Sanborn's Coffee holds out a promise of deliciousness that is more than fulfilled in the drinking.

For unqualified perfection in coffee, be sure to order Chase & Sanborn's.

92

SOAP IS SOAP WITH US

With some makes it is soap and alkali.

If you want soap and soap only, ask for **Golden West** brand.

It is nothing but soap.

If Golden West isn't pure soap, then pure soap cannot be made.

Send for our premium catalogue, the best ever published in Canada—it's free.

STANDARD SOAP CO.
CALGARY



FRANK O. FOWLER
President

ANGUS McDONALD
Vice-President

JOS. CORNELL
Manager

The CENTRAL CANADA INSURANCE CO.

Head Office: BRANDON, MANITOBA.

Licensed under "The Manitoba Insurance Act."
Full Government Deposit.
Registered in Saskatchewan and Alberta.

The SASKATCHEWAN INSURANCE CO.

Head Office: J. F. BOLE, President.
REGINA, SASKATCHEWAN. G. T. MARSH Vice-President.

Full Government Deposit.
Registered in the Province of Alberta.

THE ALBERTA-CANADIAN INSURANCE CO.

Head Office: EDMONTON, ALBERTA.

Full Government Deposit.
Registered in the Province of Saskatchewan.

J. R. BOYLE
President

J. H. GARIEPY
Vice-President

W. B. ROURKE
Assistant-Secretary

FIRE INSURANCE

PURE-BRED REGISTERED LIVE STOCK INSURANCE
HAIL INSURANCE (In Manitoba)

Our premium rates are as low as is consistent with fair and liberal treatment of our patrons. Our loss claims are adjusted and paid promptly.

Enquiries addressed to Brandon, Regina or Edmonton for information regarding these lines of insurance will receive prompt attention.

We want energetic agents in districts where we are not represented, but only those who can and will get business for home Companies need apply.

The Western Home Monthly is the Leading Home Paper of the West. 50c. per year. Published at Winnipeg.

The Romance of an Ox-Team.

By Charles C. D. Roberts.

The oxen, lean and rough-haired, one of them carrot red, the other brindle and white, were slouching inertly along the narrow backwoods road. From habit they sagged heavily on the yoke, and groaned huge windy sighs, although the vehicle they were hauling held no load. This structure, the mere skeleton of a cart, consisted of two pairs of clumsy, broad-tired wheels, united by a long tongue of ash whose tip was tied with rope to the middle of the forward axle. The road looked innocent of even the least of the country-road-master's well-meaning attempts at repair—a circumstance, indeed, which should perhaps be set to its credit. It was made up of four deep, parallel ruts, the two outermost eroded by years of journeying cart-wheels, the inner ones worn by the companioning hoofs of many a yoke of oxen. Down the centre ran a high and grassy ridge, intolerable to the country parson and the country doctor, compelled to traverse this highway in their one-horse wagons. From ruts and ridges alike protruded the imperishable granite boulder, which wheels and feet might polish but never efface. On either side of the roadway was traced an erratic furrow professing to do duty for a drain, and at intervals emptying a playful current across the track to wander down the ruts.

Along beside the slouching team slouched a tall, lank, stoop-shouldered youth, the white down just beginning to stiffen into bristles on his long upper lip. His pale eyes and pale hair looked yet paler by contrast with his thin, red, wind-roughened face. In his hand he carried a long-handled ox-whip, with a short goad in the butt of it.

"Gee, Buck!" he drawled, prodding the near ox lightly in the ribs. And the team lurched to the right to avoid a markedly obtrusive boulder. "Haw, Bright!" he ejaculated a minute later, flicking with his whip the off shoulder of the farther ox. And with sprawling legs and swaying of hind-quarters the team swerved obediently to the left, shunning a mire-hole that would have taken in the wheel to the hub. Presently, coming to a swampy spot that stretched all the way across the road, the youth seated himself sideways on the narrow tongue connecting the fore and hind axles, and drove his team dry-shod.

It was a slow and creaking progress; but there seemed to be no hurry, and the youth dreamed gloomily on his jolting perch. His eyes took no note of the dark-mossed, scrubby hillocks, the rough clearings blackened with fire, the confused and ragged woods, as they crept past in sombre procession. But suddenly, as the cart rounded a turn in the road, there came into view the figure of a girl travelling in the same direction. The young man slipped from his perch and prodded up the oxen to a brisk walk.

As the noise of the team approached her, the girl looked around. She was good to see, with her straight, vigorous young figure in its blue-gray homespun gown. Her hair, in color not far from that of the red ox, was rich and abundant, and lay in a coil so gracious that not even the tawdry millinery of her cheap "store" hat could make her head look quite commonplace. Her face was freckled, but wholesome and comely. A shade of displeasure passed over it as she saw who was behind her, and she hastened her steps perceptibly. But presently she remembered that she had a good five miles to go ere she would reach her destination; and she realized that she could not hope to escape by flight. With a pout of vexation she resigned herself to the inevitable, and dropped back into her former pace. Immediately the ox team overtook her.

As the oxen slowed up she stepped to the right to let them pass, and then walked on, thus placing the cart between herself and her undesired companion. The youth looked disconcerted by these tactics, and for a few moments

could find nothing to say. Then, dropping his long white lashes sheepishly, he murmured, "Good-day, Liz."

"Well, Jim-Ed!" replied the girl, coolly.

"Won't ye set on an' let me give ye a lift home?" he asked, with entreaty in his voice.

"No," she said, with finality; "I'd rather walk."

Not knowing how to answer this rebuff he tried to cover his embarrassment by exclaiming authoritatively, "Haw, Bright!" whereupon the team slewed to the left and crowded him into the ditch.

Soon he began again.

"Ye might set on, Liz," he pleaded.

"Yes, I might," said she, with what she considered rather withering smartness; "but I ain't a-goin' to."

"Ye'll be tired afore ye git home," he persisted, encouraged by finding that she would talk back at him.

"James-Ed A'ki'son," she declared, with emphasis, "if ye think that I'm a-goin' to be beholden to you fer a lift home, ye're mistaken, that's all."

After this there was a silence for some time, broken only by the rattling and bumping of the cart, and once by the whirr of a woodcock that volleyed across the road. Young Atkinson chewed the cud of gloomy bewilderment. At length he roused himself to another effort.

"Liz," said he, plaintively, "y' ain't been like ye used to be, sence ye come back from the States."

"Ain't I?" she remarked, indifferently.

"No, Liz, ye ain't," he repeated, with a sort of pathetic emphasis, as if eager to persuade himself that she had condescended to rebut his accusation. "Ye ain't been like ye used to be at all. Appears like as if ye thought us folks in the Settlement wasn't good enough fer ye now."

At this the girl tossed her head crossly.

"It appears like as if ye wanted to be back in the States ag'in," he continued, in a voice of anxious interrogation.

"My lands," exclaimed the girl, "but ye're green."

To the young man this seemed such an irrelevant remark that he was silent for some time, striving to fathom its significance. As his head sank lower and lower, and he seemed to lose himself completely in joyless reverie, the girl shot occasional glances at him out of the corners of her eyes. She had spent the preceding winter in a factory in a crude but stirring little New England town, and had come back to Nova Scotia ill content with the monotony of life in the backwoods seclusion of Wyer's Settlement. Before she went away she had been, to use the vernacular of the Settlement, "keepin' company with Jim-Ed A'ki'son," and now, to her, the young man seemed to unite and concentrate in his person all that she had been wont to persuade herself she had outgrown. To be sure, she not seldom caught herself dropping back comfortably into the old conditions. But these symptoms stirred in her heart an uneasy resentment, akin to that which she felt whenever—as would happen at times—she could not help recognizing that Jim-Ed and his affairs were not without a passing interest in her eyes.

Now she began to grow particularly angry at him, because as she thought, "he hadn't nothing to say fer himself." Sadly to his disadvantage, she compared his simplicity and honest diffidence with the bold self-assertion and easy familiarity of the young fellows whom she had come in contact with during the winter. Their impertinences had offended her grievously at the time, but, woman-like, she permitted herself to forget that now, in order to accentuate the deficiencies of the man whom she was unwilling to think well of.

"My lands!" she reiterated to herself, with accumulated scorn, "but ain't he