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o their on an towers, with numerous spires and countless domes, walled in by the many crimson-capped peaks of the Rockies that girded the horizon. Here and there were splashes of azure and gold, of violet and rose, as though

"Some artist saint spilled all his paint Adown the western sky.'

When Mary joined her friend on the verandah, Jeanette said: "You probably never knew that I visited out here years ago. I think it was when you were in Germany with your father. I spent a month with Mrs. McCartney at Bow View ranch. I should like to see her again as soon as possible."



Mixed Farming

"I know the McCartney boys well," answered Mary, "but their mother has been dead for some years. The boys sold their ranch and built a home in the city. They are tremendously wealthy - real estate, you know. Jack and Duncan will complete the arts course next year. Fraser has been just like a father to those boys.'

"I remember I thought him unselfish," answered Jeanette in a tone she hoped did not sound unnatural.

"Yes, isn't he? And he has been so successful, too. Do you know that he is a cabinet minister, and my husband says he is almost sure to be the next premier of the province."

"I had not heard," said Jeanette calmly, but every nerve in her body

seemed tingling.
"His wife is the author of "The Prairie Schooner," a delightful story, and quite the sensation of the year in book circles. You must read it. Mrs. McCartney sent me an autographed copy. She was Ethel Grant, the journalist, be fore she married Fraser. You never saw a happier couple. They have one little boy just Billy's age. He is much fatter than Billy, but doesn't talk nearly

### **Better Position**

And Increased Salary as a Result of Eating Right Food.

There is not only comfort in eating food that nourishes brain and body but sometimes it helps a lot in increasing one's salary.

A Western school teacher tells an interesting experience. She says:

"About two years ago I vas extremely miserable from a nervousness that had been coming on for some time. Any sudden noise was actually painful to me made miserable by and my nights horrible nightmares.

"I was losing flesh all the time and at last was obliged to give up the school I was teaching and go home.

"Mother put me to bed and sent for the doctor. I was so nervous the cotton sheets gave me a chill and they put me in woolens. The medicine I took did me no apparent good. Finally, a neighbor suggested that Grape-Nuts might be good for me to eat. I had never heard of this food, but the name sounded good so I decided to try it.

"I began to eat Grape-Nuts and soon found my reserve energy growing so that in a short time I was filling a better position and drawing a larger salary than I had ever don before.

"As I see little children playing around me and enter into their games I wonder if I am the same teacher of whom, two years ago, the children spoke as 'ugly | old thing.

"Grape-Nuts food with cream has become a regular part of my diet, and I have not been sick a day in the past two years." Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont. Read, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

as plainly," continued Mary. "Listen! Isn't that Jeannie crying? I must run up and see if she wants a drink.

The artist shivered in the deepening twilight. Married! Married to Ethel Grant! Her memory carried her back to New York and she called to mind the day that she had introduced the two. Her pride had spoiled her life.

A slight breeze from the west sent the clouds dancing before it like withered leaves. The city in the sky had crumbled into ruins. Stars glittered frostily amidst its broken spires.

Innumerable, pitiless, passionless eyes, Cold fires, yet with power to burn and brand

His nothingless into man." Jeanette rose as Mary returned to the verandah. She felt suddenly very old

and very weary. "I feel somewhat tired from my journey. I think, if you will excuse me, I shall go to my room. I am so glad we are to go to Banff tomorrow. I hope to do some good work while I am there.

"You are wedded to your art, I see," smiled Mary "Yes, wedded to my art," echoed

#### **Tommy**

Jeanette.

If you meet a little barefooted lad, Whistling a tune that is merry and grad With an old straw hat pushed back on

his head, With his lips all stained with the strawberries red

That grow on a five-acre lot, with eyes That are blue as the bluest April skies, With a mite of a nose that is upward

turned. And cheeks by the sun's fierce kisses burned—

That's Tommy.

If you want to know where the Mayflowers hide 'Neath the dry dead leaves in the glad

Springtide. Where the violets dance 'neath the pine

trees brown Or Jack Frost shakes the first chestnuts down.

Where the trout bite best, or the wild grapes grow In purple clusters hanging low

When the coast is longest, the ice most When the happy holiday time draws

Ask Tommy.

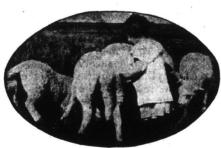
With hands thrust deep in his pockets small He trudges away when the cow-bells call.

Father's "right-hand man" he is called at home Though he'll not be eight till the snow-

And mother smiles over the work that would be Both hard and wearisome, were not he

Ready and willing on errands to run From the peep of the dawn to the set of the sun—

Dear Tommy!



Feeding time—a friendly struggle for the good things

When the wood-birds are crooning a low good-night,

And the hay cocks have put on their nightcaps white, When the purple shadows enfold the hills,

And down in the meadows the whippoor-Lift up their voices, a tired boy

Creeps into the arms that know no joy Like holding him, and fond lips press The tangled curls, as they say, "God bless Our Tommy!"

Larning without living is burning chestnuts for somebody else o eat.



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## Began Neal Drink Treatment on Friday Back Home Monday

A man who has tried every way to give up drinking, and failed time and time again, until he took the Neal Treatment, says: "Long and expensive trips to omineral springs, Turkish baths, medicine and advice from physicians, all failed to overcome the physical demands, of my system for continued indulgence resulting from my use of liquor. Acting on the advice of a friend I began the Neal Treatment one Friday morning and was back home the next Monday morning in better mental and physical condition than I had been for over six years, and with a loathing instead of the old craving for liquor."

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