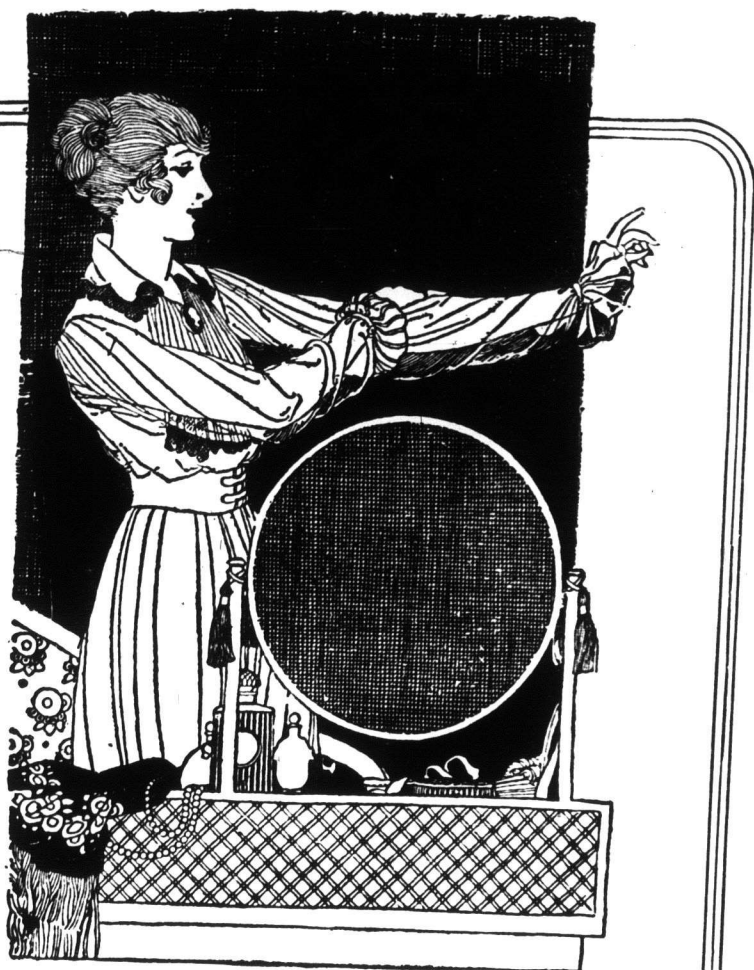




Your Dainty Silks, Georgette or Crepe always gives an idea of quality, but—how to keep them dainty. That problem is solved. Your daintiest garments can always be kept beautiful and fresh by washing with Lux.

The pure Lux flakes will not hurt anything that pure water itself will not hurt.

LUX



A Copy of "The Care of Dainty Clothes" with recipes for washing Silks and other choice articles sent free on receipt of name and address to

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED
TORONTO, ONT.

FENNINGS'

For children cutting their teeth, prevent convulsions, are Cooling and Soothing

CONTAIN NOTHING INJURIOUS TO A TENDER BABE

Safe
Teething

CHILDREN'S

Easy
Teething

Sold in stamped boxes at 50c. per package, with full directions, by the National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Montreal. (Branches in all parts.)
(Alone have the trade mark, "A Baby in a Cradle.")

Read "Fennings' Every Mother's Book." It contains valuable hints on Feeding, Teething, Weaning, etc. A Free Copy will be sent Post Free on application to Alfred Fennings, Cowes, Isle of Wight, Eng.

POWDERS

R. S. ROBINSON

Established 1883

Buyer and Exporter of

Capital \$250,000.00

HIDES

WOLVES

SENECA

ROOT

RAW FURS

WANTED IMMEDIATELY

No. 1 Extra Large
Winter Rats \$ 1.90
No. 1 Extra Large
Fall Rats 1.50
No. 1 Extra Large
Dark Mink 12.00

No. 1 Extra Large
Fine Wolves \$22.00
No. 1 Extra Large
Regular Wolves 20.00
Frozen Beef Hides .15

Smaller sizes and lower grades proportionately lower.
Don't delay while the demand is keen.

SHIP PROMPTLY

TO

Head Office: 157 Rupert St., Winnipeg—also 150-152 Pacific Ave. East

round, just outside the screen door, on the lookout for stray crumbs.

But John thought nothing of all this. He only knew he had got his heart's desire at last, and his heart was devoutly thankful, for the minute, as he bowed his grey head and murmured the old-fashioned grace. Raising his eyes to his wife's he saw hers were twinkling merrily. "What's the matter?" he inquired. "Oh, ah, nothing particularly," she laughed, "only we haven't got any milk or cream, so I'm afraid you won't be so very thankful. Do you know, John, I don't believe we've sat down to breakfast all these years without milk or cream. Well, we must make the best of it, the stores won't open until eight o'clock."

Man-like, anything that interfered with his meals put quite a different complexion on his pleasure of living in town, especially when on inquiring later, he found milk was difficult to get, and very poor when you did get it.

However, after picking over their breakfast a little, for they were neither of them very hungry, they set out to investigate their new home more thoroughly. It was dirty and damp, badly ventilated and lighted, a total contrast to the well-equipped farm home they had just left. The new furniture ordered from the mail-order house had not arrived and they had brought very little with them, as she wanted to leave everything in order for the new wife. The place looked very bare and unfamiliar. John looked around with a puzzled air. "Do you know," he remarked presently, "I believe it would look more home-like with a cat around. Never saw you without a cat before. I'll get you one."

He picked up his hat, for with him to think and to act was one and the same thing, and walked over to the store. "Do you know anywhere I can get a cat?" he inquired of the storekeeper. "Me and my wife," he always felt about two inches taller when he referred to her as my wife, "we've come to live in town you know. Yes, sir, retired we have and we feel rather lonesome, at least Mary does, without a cat around the place. No, we ain't particular, I guess any kind of a cat will do so long as it's a cat. Eh? That one over there ain't got no home? All right, it looks pretty thin but we will soon fatten it up," he said, hesitatingly, "that is if we can get any milk."

He strolled quietly to the unsuspecting cat, picked her up and tucked her under his arm. "Here you are, Mary," he called, opening the door, "here is a cat for you."

His wife came forward quickly, wiping her hands on her apron. "Well now, John, that's real good of you; it sure is. I must say I'm that lonesome you wouldn't believe." He stood the cat proudly on the floor in front of her. "A cat!" Well, perhaps it was a cat, and she supposed she ought to be kind to it, but she had imagined it would be a big black fellow, something like her big Peter at the farm, or her special pet Snooky, chiefly famed for the number of kittens she could produce during the year, but this animal was more like a scarecrow than a cat. It was badly striped, with a splash of white here and there; one ear had been badly frozen, while the other one and one of its eyes had evidently been badly mauled by a dog. Added to this it was apparently half starved, and looked with the quick furtive look of fear.

Mary's patience failed her utterly. She was sick with longing for her old home she had left, and feeling more keenly every minute the enormity of the sacrifice she had made for her son and his wife; consequently she spoke more hastily than she intended. "Now you look here, John; take that cat right back and put her where you took her from. I've given up pretty near every mortal thing because I thought I ought to, but if you can't get me a better cat than that one I will go without." Placing the unresisting animal in his arms, she returned to her work, and as John obeyed her orders, he pondered on the contrariness of women in general and Mary in particular.

When he came back he brought in some fish for dinner. "Thought you'd like them for a change," he remarked casually, as he laid the piece offering on the table. "I've often heard you say as how you wouldn't eat anything but fish if you lived in town." Poor Mary, the difference between those fish and the caller herring or sprats all alive, four pence a hundred of her childhood days was inconceivable. However, she set to work and cleaned

them carefully, reflecting that if it did set up ptomaine poisoning it wouldn't matter so very much. Nothing mattered now; they had evidently come to the end of all things, and she took a melancholy pleasure in anticipating the double funeral, hers and John's, and in seeing all the new neighbors present, expressing their sorrow to each other that they had not given the old couple a heartier welcome. She was awakened from her reverie by John coming stamping in at the back door.

"I won't stand for it, no siree! Where is my horse whip? I'll tan their little hides for them; see if I don't."

"What's the matter, John? There ain't no horse whip here at all; you left it at the farm."

"Matter' indeed," growled her angry spouse. "I was cleaning up the back yard, trying to see if I could turn that gravel plot into a garden for you, when all them kids came tumbling out of school like a lot of wild Indians and called me old hay-seed. I'll hay-seed them if I can lay hands on them, you bet, and one or two of the biggest threw stones at me; got the range pretty good, too," he added grimly, rubbing a good sized lump on the side of his head.

However, by the time he had found a good thick stick the youngsters were safe at home eating their dinners, and John, always active and energetic, was wondering how he would spend the afternoon.

"Say, Mary, let's dress up in our Sunday clothes and go for a walk," he suggested. "Folks living in town always go for walks afternoons." His wife agreed listlessly, looking wistfully at the sock as she laid it down on the table. She thought perhaps that after all Lily would want to knit Jim's socks herself.

Upon inquiry it appeared that the only show place was the cemetery, and that chiefly because the men were busy putting up the fence recently subscribed for by the Ladies' Aid. It was a dreary looking place with one or two newly-made graves. The old man gazed at the workmen and his fingers fairly itched to show the young fellow who was digging post-holes a quicker and better way to do them. They soon grew tired of watching him, and as there was no other place to go they walked slowly back to town, regretting that they had neglected to look out a place for themselves while they were at the cemetery.

"Now you go along in, light the fire and make a cup of tea," he suggested when they reached their new home, "and I'll go and see the train come in."

In the meantime things at the farm were not going any too well. Lily, the new wife, straight from a stenographer's stool, scarcely knew a hen from a duck, and had no idea of connecting the way the poultry hung around the screen door with the fact that she had forgotten to feed them all day. All she knew was that the bread refused to rise and the butter refused to come, but when she saw the old sow peacefully reclining in the hot-bed, surrounded by her numerous and squealing family, she sank down on the nearest chair and gave up altogether.

"Any chance for a drop of lemonade?"

Jim's cheery face peeped around the corner of the kitchen door. "Hello, little woman, what's the matter? Butter won't come? Never mind, we'll phone over for Mrs. Briggs; she'll come and put it right for you, I know. Throw that bread out; it's past all help. Why, that's nothing; everybody makes bad bread at first. You should have seen mother's first batch. Worse than that? You bet it was. What's that you're saying? Wish mother had stayed on? What, get her to come back and we will live in the new granary until fall? Well," scratching his head thoughtfully, "I don't know about that; they wanted to live in town pretty bad, at least dad did; though I can't imagine mother not surrounded by cats and dogs to say nothing of her precious old hens. Can't understand it; I've no use for hens myself unless they are fried, and I must say the way those chores are accumulating gets my goat. Now dry those pretty eyes, sweetheart, and directly after supper I'll go out and hitch up a team to the wagon and both of us will go to town and beg of them to come back, shall we? It's nearly full moon and we can come back whenever we like. It won't take long to pack up their few things if that mail-order hasn't come yet, and I guess it hasn't, and they can't have got very much attached to the town in this short time."