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Winnipeg, March, 1912.

The Western Home Monthly.

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"I've been looking everywhere for you," she declared.
"I was trying to convince her," said Leigh, sitting suddenly upright. "We haven't found it yet," Marion remarked, turning the pages hastily.
Mrs. Freddy eyed them suspiciously. "Arguing, you two?" she asked.
"Why it's the most unreasonable—" Marion began.
"You come with me," said Mrs. Freddy, taking possession of the book. "How dare you stay here by yourselves? It's positively outrageous."

Mrs. Freddy had been marking off some important facts on Freddy's coat sleeve with her forefinger, and had placed one dainty foot on the lower step preparatory to mounting the stairs when there was borne upon them from the library beyond a startling sound.
"What was that?" she whispered, excitedly.

"It certainly was," said Freddy calmly.

They looked at each other for one breathless moment.

"You don't suppose he's kissing her already?" she whispered finally.

"Who?" asked Freddy. He always liked to be exact.

She shook her head. Freddy never did anything so undignified as to crane his neck, but something in his eyes suggested that he was fighting a fearful temptation.

"Didn't I tell you they'd sneak?" she finally burst forth, her eyes shining. Freddy turned to examine the drizzle that was sounding upon a window. Then something awful happened. Jane came out of the room! She came upon them so suddenly and unexpectedly that for the fraction of a moment Mrs. Freddy's self-possession deserted her. Not so, Freddy. He had been going somewhere when Mrs. Freddy stopped him; he started there again, then topped, stood aside in his best evening dress manner

A TROUBLE MAKER.

Tea and Coffee Poison Breeds Variety of Ills.

A California woman who didn't know for twenty years what kept her ill, writes to tell how she won back her health by quitting coffee. (Tea contains caffeine, the same drug found in coffee.)

"I am 54 years old," she says, "have used coffee all my life, and for 20 years suffered from indigestion and insomnia. Life was a burden and a drag to me all the time, and about once a year my ailments got such hold upon me that I was regularly 'sick in bed' for several weeks each time.

"I was reluctant to conclude that coffee was the cause of my trouble, but I am thankful that I found out the truth.

"Then I determined to use Postum exclusively—for a week at first—for I doubted my ability to do without coffee for any length of time. I made the Postum carefully, as directed, and before the week had expired had my reward in a perceptible increase in strength and spirits.

"Seeing the good that my short experiment had accomplished, I resolved to continue the use of Postum, cutting out the coffee entirely. This I did for nine months, finding, daily, increased cause for gratification at my steadily improving health. My indigestion gradually left me, my sleep returned, I gained 26 pounds in weight, my color changed from sallow to a fresh, rosy hue and life became a blessing.

"Then I thought I would try coffee again, and did so for a few weeks. The punishment for deserting my old friend, Postum, was the return of my old troubles.

"That taught me wisdom, and I am now and shall be all my life hereafter using Postum exclusively and enjoying the benefits it brings me." Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont.

"There's a reason," and it is explained in the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

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

and allowed Jane to pass. It was admirably done—Mrs. Freddy almost wanted to applaud, but Jane's smiling eyes restrained her. Isn't it lovely weather?" asked that young lady, and calmly proceeded on her way, leaving Mrs. Freddy rooted to the spot.

After a moment Mrs. Freddy went up the stairs, and then came down again. "I know it is perfectly awful," she said, "but I'm going to see who's in that room."

She disappeared through the doorway. Freddy consulted his conscience—and followed her. The room was deserted; they made sure of it.

"I know now," said Freddy with dignity, "that women are so curious."

She opened her lips to make a scathing reply, when her eye caught something white on the floor near the window. Freddy saw it too, and together they pounced upon it.

"A man's handkerchief!" she exclaimed.

"A man's white handkerchief!" he ejaculated.

They examined it on their knees, but not a mark could they find. He sniffed at it.

"Violets?" he queried.

"Tobacco, I think."

"Ah! Then we have a clue."

"Wonderful," she laughed.

Then suddenly he remembered something.

"They all smoke," he said.

"So they do," she agreed.

He got upon his feet and looked ruefully at the square of white linen.

"My try now," she said, and reached for it. "I'm going to see who claims it."

She found them all in the billiard room. Freddy sauntered in from the opposite direction as she held out the handkerchief to Sidney.

"This yours, Sidney?" she asked.

Sidney took it and looked it over.

"I believe it is," he said. He felt in his pockets and produced two handkerchiefs—each different.

"Search me," he added, "but I think it is mine."

Then John laid hold of it.

"Has it a little burnt hole in one corner?" he asked.

There was no burnt hole.

"I think it belongs to me just the same," John searched himself for stray handkerchiefs to match it and prove ownership.

"It's mine," Leigh announced, "if it has an ink spot on it? But it had no ink spot."

Mrs. Freddy was on the verge of hysterics, and each of the assembled multitude came forward and took an inch of the handkerchief between a thumb and finger.

"Where did you find it?" asked Leigh.

"Reception room," replied Mrs. Freddy promptly.

There was a long pause.

"It must belong to Freddy," said Eleanor, "as he is the only man who hasn't claimed it."

She gently removed each detaining thumb and forefinger, folded it neatly and with a flourish presented it to him.

"When in doubt," said Sydney, "give things to Freddy."

Four tired, fagged out women cheerfully sat down on scattered boxes and sighed in pleasurable anticipation. It was Christmas Eve, and they had worked at the tree since morning. The men, tired too, and dishevelled stood at a critical distance—except Sidney, who was perched on the ladder—and Freddy switched on the lights.

It was a marvellous sight—that tree. It glimmered and glistened. Yards and yards of tinsel and sprays of holly, interlaced pine needles and rosy glass balls nodded and twisted from graceful branches. Sidney banged the ladder with a hammer, then bedlam broke loose. Everyone talked at once. Suddenly Mrs. Freddy clutched her front hair.

"The pop-corn," she exclaimed.

She had rehearsed that exclamation all day for she had purchased the pop-corn from an old woman four miles out at Liberty Road, who was to pop it and string it, and, conveniently, had forgotten to send it. It was most important now because it required a couple to drive eight miles through the snow—a kind Providence had sent snow—with a dazzling moon overhead. Sending for

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A. W. Bower, Elfton, Ind., writes, "You have made me a practical colt trainer, have all the work I can do and make more money than ever before."

S. M. Ryder, Mercersburg, Pa., writes, "I am making money buying 2-year-old kickers cheap, handling them a few days and selling them, perfectly broken, at a large profit."

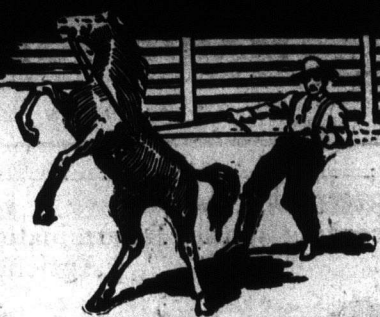
A. L. Dickenson, Friendship, N. Y., writes, "I am working a pair of horses that cleaned out several different men. I got them and gave them a few lessons and have been offered \$400 for the pair. I bought them for \$110."

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