

appearance of costly application of one or ish stain which are tation Cherry, Oak, and so on, and are ey will successfully deal of wear and the constant walk- ment of furniture

being largely sup- aints and finishes in nd shades that will ith soap and water he operation bright day they were put "messy" papering twork such as wain- ards, given one coat y prepared for the l dry over night, en- e to keep the kitch- airly shining with Last year's" fly eiving a coat of en- od as new again, both in the kitchen rooms of the house shabby long. The g it with polish, or paint or varnish is ne furniture so im- ance thereby, that include a course of re in their Spring erations. This ap- drawing and dining o the rough kitchen and to those wicker spend a good deal of verandab or lawn he tables, bookcases re or less expensive e home-made things and so on through- se. Whereas paint- se was once a con- king now it is a ttle expense and a e. As one thirty o remark "The use ishes at houseclean- ne almost a mania I look forward to because it gives me with paint."

G HER SEX

madam, you bought holstery department s." eipt for \$3.29 was e-dollar deposit?" have been. I was I paid \$5 on a rug, me I found the re- a." a chair, and I will department went papers before him. sed contemptuous told the underclerk led her story "an- s he turned to her sly, but coldly. lip says \$5. Now, duplicate receipt. I pt you gave me for is of no value to in the eye. ! Of course not. I-know I had paid it he took his way, he upholstering de- he returned the a sneer. e underclerk, with a s," he said, wearily. is given for goods Thursday. She has receipt for the \$5, by herself, was leny receiving it, so ie. By heavens, I would lie her soul ollar!" huddled. Well, I is funny. he turned to his nen, five more lies— an hour." beside him, and as r quickly he smiled abbily genteel, but

shabbily grotesque. The skimpy cape, the threadbare waist, the beflowered bonnet and ill-hanging skirt were of all colors and materials. They were alike only in cleanliness.

She raised her sharp brown eyes, hesitated and smiled a little tremu- lously, showing gums entirely devoid of teeth. Then, straightening herself up, she said slowly:

"I've come to see if you'd take a rug back."

"What is the matter with the rug?"

"Nothin', only I don't want it."

"How long have you had it? A couple of days, I suppose," ironically.

"No; I've had it purty near two month."

"But you have not used it, of course?"

"Well, it's been on the floor all the time, but I only set there when I have company, an' I don't have company very often," this a little apologetically. "It's a purty rug, an' I like it, but I want to send it back."

"Why did you buy it if you didn't want it?" he asked bluntly.

"I do want it, but—but I've got to have some money, an' I can't get it unless I can send the rug back."

"How much was it?"

"'Leven dollars an' forty cents," she answered dejectedly.

"Are you sure there is nothing wrong with the rug?" he asked in an insinuating voice.

"If it is crooked or off color or not as repre- sented I may be able to do something for you."

"No," emphatically, but sorrow- fully, "there ain't nothin' wrong with the rug. It's purty an' all right, but it ain't hurt any, an' I must have the money, an'—an' I thought you might take it back."

"Give me your name and address," he said, "and I will call to-morrow and look at it. I will tell you then what I can do." His eyes held a smile that was not amusement or contempt, but a combination of in- credulity and joy that made the underclerk wonder.

The next afternoon he climbed five flights of stairs and was ushered into the room with the rug.

Its flaunting colors, the glaring chromos, the table with the install- ment plan album, the few wooden chairs and the old cane rocker, even the one little scarlet geranium, were noted in a single glance. But he looked at the old woman's face long and steadily. It was such a battered old face, as though time, sorrow and privation had fought out their desperate battle there and left each time traces to tell the tale.

"It's a purty rug," was what she said.

"You don't want to give up the rug. Why do you do so?"

She clutched nervously at her apron and shrank within herself be- fore the man who seemed to fill the room with his dominant, forceful per- sonality. He was so strong, young, well groomed, that she felt suddenly old, weak and helpless before him.

"Excuse me," he said kindly. "I had no thought of prying into your business. I only want to help you out of this if I can."

"I know, I know," she said quickly, "an' you're good—good. You'll think me a silly old woman, but I can't bear to disappoint him. Nigh thirty years! It's a long time, an' we've both got old an' ugly, but our hearts is just the same. If he hadn't said it almost the last thing I wouldn't care so much, but, 'Molly,' said he, 'be careful of your teeth. You've such a purty mouth. An'—an'—now I ain't no teeth at all, an' him a-comin' after all these years! It's a long time to be in prison, an' that's why I want the rug, 'cause it's so bright an' cheerful, an' he hain't seen nothin' cheerful all these years, but—but I must have the teeth. I had the money for them, too, but they'll only send him to Cincinnati, where he went up from, so I'll have to send the money for the rest of the way. I must have the teeth," wringing her hands unconsciously while the sunken lips quivered and the tears trickled down the yellow cheeks. "I must

have the teeth—an'—an' I don't know what to do."

"They sent him up for thirty years. It's a long time for killin' a man that egged him on to doin' it, an' he was young an' hot headed then. We'd only been married four year, an' we was jus' gettin' a nice little start, but," with a dry sob, "I know it seems silly to you fer an old woman to care how she looks, but it's for him; it's to please him."

The man walked quickly to the win- dows.

A woman true for thirty years! A woman who would not lie! A woman whose love had grown with suffering! A woman with clear brown eyes like—He bowed his head in his hand a moment, and when he raised it the light of joy that shone through the mist was like the sun be- hind an April cloud.

"We can't take back the rug," he said, "but there," quickly writing on his card, "is the address of my dentist. Go to him. He will make your teeth, and I will stand good for them. Now, promise me that you will go to-day."

"No, no," she said, breaking into tears. "I ain't nothin' to you, an' I can't let you do that. God bless you! I ain't never taken nothin' yet but what I earned. I wouldn't feel honest in doin' this, for I wuzn't tryin' to get help, only to have the rug taken back."

"You must," he said firmly. "You can pay me back; you can pay it a little at a time. Will you be gen- erous and do this to please me?"

And he looked into her face with a winning smile.

"God is good," she answered brokenly, the weary old face lighting with a great joy. "I know you mean what you say, an' I'll pay you ever cent jus' as soon as I can. You don't know what this means to me, breaking into helpless sobs, "for—for I want to look as good as I can for John."

That evening a girl with clear brown eyes sat with hands folded listlessly in her lap, her lips in wist- ful curve. Suddenly she started, a

flush came to her cheeks, a warm light to her eyes. With a cry of joy she sprang to her feet and held out her hands to him. With no words he caught her to him and kissed her with a passion of love; then, putting his hand under her chin, he held her face so he could look into her eyes and said slowly:

"If I was sent to prison for thirty years, would you love me, be true to me and kiss me after those thirty years with the same gladness you do now?"

"I don't know," she answered hesi- tatingly.

"You don't know?"

"No. How could I? I love you so much I think I could love you al- ways. But how can I tell? Oh," her face flushed scarlet, "what am I saying? I am telling you I love you, and—you have never yet said you loved me. And you cannot, or you wouldn't have left me for a month with no word even to tell me why."

"You know I love you, though," he said—"love you so much I was afraid of it. And I am happier to hear you say that you can't tell whether you would be true to me or not than for an assurance to come tripping off your tongue. It wasn't you, darling, but your sex, that has almost robbed me of my happiness. But one little old woman has redeem- ed all your sex for you and brought me to you again. For God's sake, never lie to me, Cleta!"

She looked at him with tender wo- manly pity.

"Poor boy!" she said softly. "You have seen the one side so long you forget how many sides there are to an octagon. Because from mil- lions of women a few hundred come to you with lies on their lips must you condemn all womankind? No, no, my dear; you must not condemn women, for every noble man is most- ly what his mother has made him. While women have their weaknesses, they are!"

"The light of man's life!" he cried.



MIKE AND TOBY

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—This is my first letter to your club, and I should not like this letter to go into the waste-paper basket. My father has been taking the "Farmer's Advo- cate" for several years. I have one brother; he has a dog named "Toby," and I have a dog named "Mike."

My father has eleven horses and a colt, and my brother and myself have a pony to go to school with.

GERTRUDE MEADOWS (11).

Man. (a).

SAW THE BUFFALOES

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I saw my last letter in the Western Wigwam, so I thought I would write and get a button. I go to school every day, and am in the third class. My birth- day is on the 26th of April, and I will be twelve years of age. We have nine little chickens and have five more hens sitting. My brother has a homestead eighteen miles north of Lloydminster, Sask. I go to Sun- day School and church. At Sunday School we get the "Girls' Compan- ion," which I like very well. On the 28th of March all of us and some other friends went to a buffalo park,

at Lamont, which is twenty miles or more from our place. There were 410 buffaloes there at that time, and I liked to watch them very much. It was a lot of fun to see them. My brother and I ride to school every day on two ponies, which we call Molly and Fly. I would rather ride than drive, would you?

MABEL LONG.

Alta. (a).

A GOOD DOG

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—This is my first letter to the Wigwam, and I hope it will escape the waste-paper basket. We have taken this book since last fall, and we all like to read it. We live on a farm in Saskatche- wan, near Wardenville P. O. We moved here a week ago. We used to live in Ontario. We brought up three horses, a dog, and thirty hens; but the dog is my pet, for he will pull us on the hand-sleigh. I have a sis- ter and a brother.

MARGARET E. PARKINSON. Sask. (a).

CHOOSE ANOTHER NAME

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—This is my

first letter to your corner. I am very much interested in your letters, and thought I would like to write, too. There are two old Indians liv- ing near us. In the summer, they live in a tent, and in the winter they live in a log hut. They hunt rats and rabbits, and make baskets, and pick berries for a living.

WINNIFRED MACINTOSH.

TO EARN A BUTTON

1. Write neatly an interesting let- ter to the Western Wigwam.
2. Give your name and post-office address.
3. Enclose a Canadian two-cent stamp in your letter.

COUSIN DOROTHY.

A VISIT FROM MURIEL

A was very pleased indeed to have a little visit from Muriel Hod- gins, one of our members. She and her mother and brother came to my little den and we had a nice chat. They all admired my new dolly, Mary Louise Bright Eyes.

BOYS TO WRITE TO MCGREGOR

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I thought I would like to write to the Western Wigwam, as I like reading the letters of the corner. I live on a farm, three miles east of Stonewall. We have 25 head of cattle, and four calves. We have four horses and a pony we call Dolly. My sister and I go to school, which is two miles and a half away. I am in the fifth book at school, and my sister is in the third. I would like to corre- spond with some boy of my own age, which is twelve.

MCGREGOR MCINTOSH.

Man. (a).

A KEY TO THE CIPHER

My Dear Cousin Dorothy,—Just a few lines to show you our cipher. I was so pleased to see my letter in print; but you needn't put this in print unless you think the other girls would like to know it. My other letter was a great surprise to mamma and papa, as I did not tell them about it. This is what we go by:

a	e	i	o	u	y	r	s	t
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9

When you are writing a word with any of those letters in, you do not put the letter in, but the number, viz., "Farmer's Advocate," F17M278, 1dv1c1t2. I think I put at the bot- tom of your letter, "Love to all," and I wrote it like this, "L4v2 t4 1ll. I hope you understand it.

MAPLE ALLEY.

Sask. (a).

A CHARMING CLUB

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I have often read some of the letters of your charming club, so I thought I would write. I think the club has a good name. I would like a button sent to me, so I am sending a two-cent Can- adian stamp. Hoping this letter will escape the waste-paper basket, I will close.

DOROTHY STENT.

Sask. (a).

ON TO THE INGLE NOOK

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—There has been quite a lot of rain here, and the roads were just drying up. I saw in the last issue of the Western Wig- wam that someone was writing to me, so I shall have two correspond- ents now. It was my birthday on February 20th, and I shall soon have to flee from this merry Western club, because next year I shall be sixteen. I think I will try to get the button, if my writing is good. We get thirty-two hen eggs a day. My brother in Victoria has all his vege- tables up, and the roses will be out soon. This letter will be getting too long if I don't stop, so will say adieu.

A SOMERSET MAID (15).

THAT NAME IS TAKEN

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—As this is my first letter to the Western Wig- wam, I will not write a very long