



This Smart Dress

Is one of the latest styles exhibited in our Spring and Summer Catalogue. In it we offer to make any suit, coat, skirt or any other article advertised which you may choose, and ship it to you, express prepaid, and if, when it arrives, it does not suit you in every particular of fit, style, workmanship and material you may send it back to us, express charges collect and it will not cost you a penny.

Is this not giving value in the fullest sense of the word to the customer who has not an opportunity to shop in the city?

N 150 — Handsome new sailor model dress of exceptional value in extra quality Serge or Panama. The waist has a sailor collar trimmed with standing soutache braid and fancy braid buttons in a very clever "Conventional" design. The sleeves, which may be had either long or elbow length, are trimmed with soutache braid and fancy buttons to match the collar. The five-gored skirt, which is cut in the popular high waist effect, is also trimmed with standing soutache braid and has panel back with foot plaits at each side. The opening which is in front is concealed by a deep tuck, which extends the full length of the garment. **\$6.50**

In Our Style Book Are Shown

- Suits from \$13.25 up
- Coats from 10.00 up
- Dresses from 2.50 up
- Hats from 2.98 up

Send for our Spring and Summer Catalog and send the names of any friends who you think would be interested.

The National Skirt Suit & Millinery Co.
77 York Street Limited Toronto, Canada

Sherlock-Manning 20th Century Piano "Canada's Biggest Piano Value"

If you want your Summer Home to be more than "Comfortably furnished," put this superb little Sherlock-Manning 20th Century St. le 70 Piano in it.

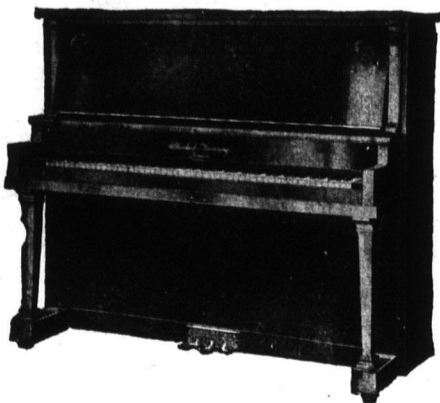
Beautifully finished in Walnut or Mahogany—handsome in appearance—and dainty in design. This exquisite little instrument is particularly appropriate for the Summer Home whatever its size or its style.

This great little piano is easily moved, and occupies only a small space—but at the same time, it has all the superior features of the regular, full-sized Sherlock-Manning 20th Century instruments.

Find out about this handy little instrument before you decide on any piano for your Summer Home. Come and see it, if possible. We will be pleased to tell you all about it, without placing you under obligation to buy.

Write direct to us, asking how you may own this splendid and convenient little instrument—one of the world's finest pianos—and at the same time save \$100.

Sherlock-Manning Piano & Organ Co.
LONDON (No street address necessary) CANADA



THE PIANO PAR EXCELLENCE FOR YOUR SUMMER HOME

All The New SHERLOCK-MANNING Models Sold on Very EASY PAYMENTS

Catalogues with prices and terms free on application

Winnipeg Piano Co. 295 PORTAGE AVE. WINNIPEG

culent vegetable by spreading at the nose. Consequently, when it has spread and become large, it tears a hole through my amiable carcass to the size of Monsieur le Marquis's fist. Eh, bien?"

The presence mopped his noble forehead. Happily he was of an intelligence. He reasoned. He arrived upon conclusions. They were axiomatic. If this bullet with a nose could perforate the amiable carcass of the Mister Thurston, thus causing a gory cavity to the dimensions of one's clenched hand, might not its brother slug, of an also, take liberties with the sacred person of M. Foulle? But yes!

"Quelle horreur!" he murmured—with a simplicity. Was there else for him to do? But no! Could a man of aesthetic nature bring reason to a soulless animal? How, then, should this mad vulgarian understand? Most certainly it was a straight, plain case of quelle horreur.

"You see," continued Clink, now flushed with anticipatory pleasure, and pacing jauntily up and down, "I desire to excel in the courtesies of your glorious France. Therefore will I not deny the right of M. Foulle to butcher me. I will stand before his gun. Honor has demanded it. He shall slay me. Of course I may slay him first, but that is a detail. In the end, he shall have wiped away the stain from the cloth of his worshipful pantaloons. And I—Clink Thurston—shall cast away my life in sacrifice before the gun of this so great worm. Great Scott! Can a man do more? Not so! The meeting will be—how shall we say?—amusing."

The Marquis committed a breach of French etiquette. He absorbed four fingers of absinthe without the suggestion of his host. His host continued:

"You will say to M. Foulle that this honor done me has ravished my soul with a gratitude. He has chirked me up. He has taken away my gloom. Since arriving upon his France, no one has shot at me. Not once! I was getting lonesome." He paused to display his splendid teeth. "Ah, my dear Monsieur le Marquis, your divine land suffers from an overdose of civilized inertia. At home it is otherwise. We quarrel. We kill—on the spot, you understand. If we haven't a gun handy, we take a hatchet. Why not? We are a hurried people. Our engagements are many. Your health, mon ami! Here's wishing that M. Foulle may set a new example for his cultured countrymen. Eh, bien?"

The moist presence rose weakly. "Sair," said he, "I shall do myself the honor in conferring at my principal. Permit me—au revoir!"

He tottered to the door and tottered down the stairs. He tottered to his waiting coupe, fell in it, and was driven furiously to the offices of La Moutarde.

The Mister Thurston lay down upon his hearth rug, amusing himself with earthquakes. He had a strange humor, this American. He was inartistic—a barbarian. He refrained from his gross laughing only because of pains in his ribs. The garcon knew and told of it. To ease himself the animal then lighted a black pipe and waited the return of Monsieur le Marquis de Goufre. The presence came of himself back presently. He stood once more before the Mister Thurston. He bowed.

"What luck?" asked Clink, the pipe stem clasped between his beautiful teeth. "Does your sublime principal still thirst for my humble gore?"

"Sair," said that troubled second, leaning against the doorjamb, "at M. Foulle I deliver words of you, even to these pistols with a nose. I expound, also, of those mushrooms. Dieu vous garde! He is much enraged. He spik for you a curse. He—" The chivalrous Marquis hesitated. "Shall I say the words outrage of M. Foulle?"

"Sure," and Clink. "I reckon I'll survive. Heave ahead!"

The Marquis bowed. "Emil," he spik, "go other time to this revolting beast from the barbarous island of Arizona, and say at him that I—Raoul Foulle—shall meet him in manner whatsoever of his own desiring. Dam!"

"Bully!" commented Clink, in genuine admiration of this blind, unreasoning, stupendous grit. "Your principal is a little brick! I have the honor to take off to him my hat."

The Marquis bowed.

"Sair, permit me, I send to you a carriage at the time of six. Of an also, I have the service engage of M. Rochelle—a surgeon with the so great name."

"A surgeon!" exclaimed the Arizonian. "What for?"

The Marquis explained, in disgusting detail. The Mister Thurston laughed.

"Look here," said he, displaying his wisdom teeth. "It's nonsense! We don't want a surgeon. Get a coroner!"

The Marquis tried to bow. He failed. He went downstairs—backward—on his hands and knees, and once more fell into his waiting equipage.

"Sacre nom de tonnerre mille Diaboles!" he gurgled—with a faintness.

It was evening. Mr. Chub Peters returned from being lost. He returned with much experience and no bank roll. Also his cuffs and collar were attached to his shirt with pins. But what have we to do with these so youthful discretions? Sapristi!

"Say, Chub," remarked Thurston, casually, "I've got a duel on in the morning with the editor of La Mustard Piaster."

"That so?" inquired his friend. "What time?"

"Six of the clock, old sport." "Gee!" commented Chub. "That's mighty early, ain't it?"

Whereupon these mad Americans went peacefully to sleep.

The morning arrived at France. "A carriage" arrived at the Mister Clink Thurston. The two friends got into it and were driven to a very distant spot of a most happy seclusion. The friends got out. Through the mists they descried the dark-cloaked figures of M. Foulle and his several friends. The Marquis de Goufre advanced and bowed. He looked like a wan little ghost, yet he bore himself with pride up.

The Marquis de Goufre was presented to Monsieur Chub Peters. They bowed. Then everybody bowed to everybody. Clink and Chub bowed to each other, and tried manfully to bow to themselves. It was perfect, this etiquette of the code—charmante!

The details of meeting were brought to a conclusion by the spirituel Marquis and M. Chub. Their principals would engage at ten paces. Attends! At the

Ready Cooked Meals

are rapidly growing in popular favor.

Post Toasties

served either with cream or good milk, or preserved fruit, make a most appetizing dish for breakfast, dinner, or supper.

These delicious toasted flaky bits of white corn have a delicate taste that is very pleasing at this time of year.

Post Toasties are economical, make less work for the busy housewife and please everyone at the table.

"The Memory Lingers"

Sold by Grocers everywhere

Canadian Postum Cereal Co. Ltd. Windsor, Ontario