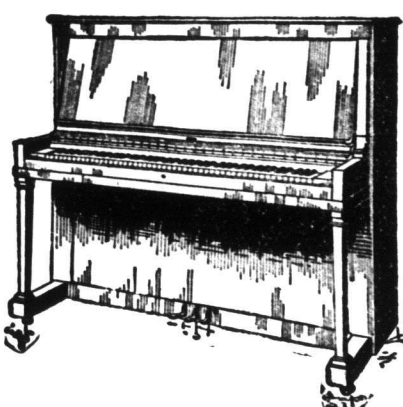


Buy Your Piano Now on These Summer Terms



\$25 CASH, BALANCE IN THREE FALL PAYMENTS.

These special terms have been arranged to meet the convenience of the farmers of Western Canada. In addition we make possible still greater savings for larger cash payments.

This is your opportunity to secure a brand new piano—the one you have wanted in your home for so long—at a rock-bottom price. Write for further detailed propositions on any of these well-known makes:

Gerhard Heintzman, Nordheimer, Chickering, Cecilian, Haines, Bell, Sherlock-Manning, Canada and Lesage Pianos.

WINNIPEG PIANO CO. 333 PORTAGE AVE.



Far more effective than Sticky Fly Catchers. Clean to handle. Sold by Druggists and Grocers everywhere.



The Original and Only Genuine

Beware of Imitations Sold on the Merits of

Minard's Liniment

had occupied the room adjoining her's, and the happy-voiced woman had been his wife, the child, his child!

"The bus is here, Miss Archibald." The manager's voice roused her to a sense of her surroundings and her need of control.

She smiled faintly and held out her hand. "Thank you very much for the pleasant time you have helped to give me," she said, with a nervous warmth which did not escape him. He watched her as she entered the cab and drove away. What had caused the beautiful and composed Miss Archibald to turn so pale, and to speak with such ill-concealed dismay?

To Janet, the journey back to the city seemed interminable. She wanted to reach the privacy of her own rooms where she could shut out inquisitive faces, forget the words that danced before her eyes—John Stevens, wife and child. Would the dumb ache at her heart never cease? Why, after all these years, should she learn that he was anything to her? She had always known that he was free to marry; why should the knowledge that he had married give her such pain?

They were skirting the edge of a marsh, a dreary looking place with its black pools of water and treacherous looking ground. Janet shivered as she looked at it. Could life, she wondered, be as desolate as that?

There was a sudden shock, a jarring, grating noise, and the train came to a standstill. The passengers rose excitedly and rushed to the door. Janet rose with them, but paused, irresolute. Hers was a well controlled nature; there might, after all, be no cause for alarm.

Presently, one of the passengers, came back to tell her that a car was derailed, and that they would have to remain here until it was put in position.

Janet settled herself again in the seat. The car had quickly emptied, but she had no desire to mingle with the crowd. She craved solitude, even though her own company must mean misery.

She rested her head on her hand and gazed wearily out of the window at the bleak marsh. This was the place, she remembered, that the government proposed draining. What an immense amount of work! Work—how glad she would be to get back to it once more! It was the only thing to help her forget, and she would more than ever throw her unbounded energy into it.

All at once she was aware that some one had entered the car and was watching her. Though she could not see, she distinctly felt the eyes of the person on her. She turned her head, and as she did, the last vestige of color left her face.

At the far end of the car a man was standing, regarding her with mingled surprise and tenderness in his fine eyes. He had the mark of the out-doors about him, in his bronzed face and glowing vitality, in the health and resolute purpose that he radiated.

He flushed as her gaze fell on him, then, as she rose to her feet with incredulous eyes, he came forward with the old vigorous swing, and took her hand in the strong clasp she remembered so well. What was he doing here? Was it possible that he had boarded the train at the same station as she?

"How are you?" he said warmly. "This is an unexpected pleasure. You're looking—well, a bit pale, if you don't mind me saying so. Been working hard?"

"Dissipating, you mean," she answered with a forced laugh. Through the medium of his natural greeting, she had regained her poise. "I've been holidaying, and am just returning to work." Evidently, he had not seen her at the hotel. "But I am in splendid health. You look well yourself."

"I ought to be," he replied. "My work takes me out of doors constantly. I've spent most of my time right here at this marsh. A dreary looking place, isn't it? But it will look different in a few years' time."

In answer to her questioning look, he continued: "The government intend

draining it, if feasible, and it can be done. It's a big undertaking, but it's worth the trouble and expense."

He spoke with the enthusiasm and mastery that was so a part of his nature. Janet remembered his joy in conquest, he had always said that obstacles should prove a stimulus. And apparently, he had overcome several when the government had chosen him to estimate the expense of such a scheme. She knew it was an honor, the recognition of ability, and the fact that he had been

She turned to him again. "You have succeeded wonderfully," she said, speaking with well-assumed warmth. "I'm sure your wife must be proud of you." It was a hard thing to say, but Janet knew that sooner or later she must recognize the existence of his wife.

A bewildered look passed over his face. "My wife!" he exclaimed. Then, with a laugh, "I don't know that she'd have anything to be proud of, even if I were the possessor of a wife, which, unfortunately, I'm not."



Hiding from father

so modest in the intimation of his appointment, raised him in her estimation. He was a man one might be proud of. She admired success above all other qualities.

One might be proud of! She had almost forgotten that it was some other woman who had the right to be proud of him. She turned her head that he might not see the pain in her eyes.

"I am on my way now to turn in my report," he added. "After that will come the real work of course."

It was Janet's turn for bewilderment. She looked dazedly at him for a moment, then the embarrassed colour stained her smooth cheeks. "But," she queried, "I thought—didn't you register at the Willow Inn last night?"

He shook his head in negation. "Was there a John Stevens registered there?" "With his wife and child," she explained, and her voice trembled slightly.

"I camped beside the marsh last night," he said. "It must have been another John Stevens. It's a common name."

Many an Off-Color Day is due to a disturbed digestion. Tea or coffee is often the mischief-maker.

If you have suspicions about tea or coffee, try

POSTUM

"There's a Reason"