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spring lamb in the suburbs in early April puts one on a level with a moneyed aristocracy. "Spring lamb with mint sauce and fresh peas and new potatoes, if I can get them," she added reverently as a saving clause. She blessed her lucky stars that it was not a Friday, when, as every suburban dweller knows, there are only a few wilted strands of green to be seen in the vegetable bins, and nothing but cold, round potatoes and onions and turnips are untemptingly offered for sale.

"And oh, Catherine," concluded Mrs. Callender, "we'll have coffee, of course; and I wish you'd make some of those lovely little rolls of yours—that is, if you have time," she generously conceded.

"I'll put the bit of ironing I have on hand away until tomorrow," said Catherine, with the resignation of necessity. "And you'll make out a list, ma'am, if you'd please, of the things we do be needing. I'd have to get at the cake and the rolls this morning. There's not a thing in the house today to start on. We've no eggs, nor cheese, nor cream, nor chocolate, and not enough butter, and no rock salt for the freezing, and there's no fruit either, if you want that."

"Oh, yes, certainly! It's well that you reminded me," Mrs. Callender

tained small rolls of gold, so stupendous was the price asked for them. But when she finally went up stairs to dress she found, to her consternation, that it was already half-past eleven, and not a thing ordered yet!

Every moment now was precious. She concentrated her attention, and sitting down by her desk took up a sheet of blue paper and wrote down rapidly on it a list of all her wants—one for the grocer and one for the butcher. Then fortune favored her with the sight of little Jack Rand across the street with his bicycle; she called him over and confided the list to his care.

"And be sure that they both read the order carefully," she said. "Take it on to Cadmus when O'Reilly is through with it. You will not need to tell them anything, except that they are to send the things at once."

"Yes," said Jacky, departing with swift-revolving red legs. As she saw the blue paper in his hands a strange reluctance seemed to hover over her, she couldn't tell why, as if it were somehow wrong to write lists on blue paper. Perhaps it was extravagant. There was a load off her mind when Jack returned to affirm the faithful performance of his errand, before she started out for the luncheon. "They had all the things and they'll send them right up, they promised," She



CANNED THINGS . . . ARE VERY USEFUL IN EMERGENCIES."

beamed anew upon her help. "I'm going out today to luncheon, so you and Nelly will have all the time there is. I'll go and see about the ordering at once as soon as I have given her directions about the table. I want everything to look as pretty as possible. Mr. Callender is going to bring me some lovely flowers for the centre of it," she concluded with a little flourish.

In the little rounds of a suburban town any incident is an event. Mrs. Callender felt that the day had become one of real importance. She let her fancy play around the two Englishmen and her good dinner and her own toilet until she was in a very pleasurable state of excitement. And to be going out to luncheon besides! The latter, however, was not a real function, but only the usual concomitant of a French reading which she held every week with a friend—still, it was quite like having two invitations in one day.

It happened that another friend stepped in casually that morning to see Mrs. Callender, on her way home from marketing, and from her she gained the pleasing knowledge that all the viands on which she had set her reckless fancy were really to be had that day—even to the fresh peas, whose pods might almost have con-

repeated his words with a glow of satisfaction.

There was no French after luncheon that day. Her friend had tickets for the private view of some pictures in town and persuaded Mrs. Callender to accompany her, under the pledge of taking an early train back. As a matter of fact, the six o'clock bells were ringing before Mrs. Callender had started to walk home from the station, feeling thoroughly guilty as she thought of her long defection from the affairs of the household on such a day, though it was quite likely that Chauncey's friends would not come. The blue paper returned to her mind, unpleasantly, mysteriously.

She hastened into the kitchen, to be confronted by a scene of spotless order, a brilliant fire in the range shedding a red glow over the hearth, and the white-aproned cook sitting in front of it with her hands folded and a stony glare in her eyes.

"How is the dinner getting on?" said the cook.

"There ain't no dinner," said she. "No dinner! What do you mean, Catherine?"

"Not the sign of a thing has come this whole blessed day, ma'am; and me a-waitin' here with my ironin' half done, in the middle of the