

valve, and then went quietly off down to Miller & Richards' and brought Mr. Smith up to see about the linoleum for the front room.

The two men entered the house at a critical moment. Effie in curl papers and a dirty kimono was standing in the hall giving a piece of her mind to the hired girl somewhere in the regions above. It was a large piece and took some time to deliver, so that when Effie turned and saw the intruders she couldn't do a thing but fly upstairs to her own room and have a cry on the bed. The bed was getting fairly moist by this time, and beginning to mildew.

Mr. Smith liked a woman to have a mind of her own, but giving pieces of it away like that was a different matter; still it showed that there was nothing stingy about Effie. Mr. Smith hated stingy people. Come to think it over, he was rather glad than otherwise that she had a temper worth while. He would have to be firm with her of course—gentle but firm, was the way he put it—but once she saw that he was really the stronger character, and that he never lost his temper, he believed that she would be even more tractable than if she had given in to him from the first. Yes, if anything, he liked Effie the better for it; so he told himself. He was confirmed in this superstition the next time they met, for Effie was so ashamed of herself—or pretended to be—that Mr. Smith had to pile his kissing average away up out of sight before she could consider herself forgiven, and even then she said she

tried to be as much impressed with his clever sayings the third time she heard them as the first. She encouraged the young man in these things at first because she loved him. Later on she suffered in silence from a sense of duty; but the strain was beginning to tell on her nerves. She got so she wanted to scream every time Mr. Smith opened his mouth, whether to sing or recite. She discovered that he had little mannerisms which irritated her. He had a habit of trying to boss her around, too, that she didn't like. She had counted on doing most of the bossing herself.

For his part, Mr. Smith was beginning to lose interest in blue eyes that "didn't have anything behind them," in a daintily poised head that always had a cold in it, in lily-white hands that could plunk the piano to perfection, but couldn't cook for sour apples. He could remember the time when he was glad to write poetry about these different charms, but the memory gave him no pleasure.

There was no grand climax at the end. This part of it wasn't like a novel. They just drifted apart, and were content to have it happen so. They didn't quarrel; that would have precipitated another reconciliation; that would have been romantic; that would have cheered and refreshed them and set them on their feet again; but they didn't care enough to quarrel. It was the uneventful, humdrum nature of the affair that killed it.

When Mrs. Potter came home and found how things were she said, she thought she had it pretty well discourag-



This is the most remarkable photograph of this kind received from France since the war began. The men are either fighting or in captivity. The horses and oxen have been taken away by the retreating enemy. The brave women have to take the place of the horses. Their courage and endurance are wonderful.

would never, never be able to forgive herself. This was like another chapter out of the same novel, the one we mentioned a while ago.

This reconciliation set Mr. Potter back a good deal.

"I got one more trick," he told the black team, as he bedded them down that night. "That don't loosen their bolt on each other, nothing will."

His plan of procedure was simple. He gave Mr. Smith a standing invitation to come up to the house whenever he felt like it, and backed it up with special invitations at the rate of one or more a day. He kept that young man hanging around the place until all the neighbors were talking about it. They said, "Why in the world don't that young Smith move his trunk up to Potter's and be done with it?"

The young couple enjoyed this kind of a program. It was true, there was no precedent for it in any of the novels that Effie had read, but what of that? Heedless child! She ought to have known that love doesn't prosper with smooth seas and plain sailing, but requires obstacles and opposition to brace it up and strengthen it, and give it some savor; she ought to have known that dulness in real life is no more tolerable than dulness in a novel. She ought to have known these things, but she didn't; and so she went on listening to Mr. Smith tell his funny stories over and over again, and endured the agony of hearing him sing "Darling I am Growing Old," night after night, and

ed before she went away. Mr. Potter didn't talk about it.

Effie is beginning to like Dr. Robinson. She buys her rubbers now at the other store.

#### A Tip for Young Husbands

The younger man had been complaining that he could not get his wife to mend his clothes.

"I asked her to sew a button on this vest last night and she hasn't touched it," he said. At this the older man assumed the air of a patriarch.

"Never ask a woman to mend anything," he said. "You haven't been married very long, and I think I can give you some serviceable suggestions. When I want a shirt mended I take it to my wife and flourish it around a little and say: 'Where's that rag-bag?'"

"What do you want of the rag-bag?" asks the wife. Her suspicions are aroused at once.

"I want to throw this shirt away. It's worn out," I say, with a few more flourishes.

"Let me see that shirt," my wife says; then, "Now, John, hand it to me at once."

"Of course I pass it over and she examines it."

"Why, it only needs—"; and then she mends it.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

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