

"I understand," he replied, with a low glad laugh, for he had caught a gleam of her old friendliness in her eyes. "A happy home, loving and beloved with the inestimable privilege of working for each other and for humanity are God's best gifts to a husband and wife."

He spoke so solemnly that she turned her gaze full on him to find that he was looking not at her, but in a dreamy way on some pictures. When he spoke again she was sure that she heard a smothered sigh precede his question, "Are you going far?"

"To Fairview, to visit Mrs. Jennings," she said.

"One station farther than I am going, he told her; then continued, "I was called to Wellwood last night to hold a consultation with the local doctor on a rather critical case. Some homesick feeling took possession of me, so I telephoned Dr. Allen to look after my patients for a few days, and I am going to spend this Easter with father and mother. I feel like a boy at the prospect of having a short time with them, and enjoying some of mother's delicious pies. I am all they have, you know."

"I am sure that it will be very pleasant for you all." Then she continued in a constrained, diffident way, and the little catch in her voice caused him to turn and look keenly at her as she continued: "I am going to settle my fate at Mrs. Jennings. Her brother, Mr. Lansing, came over in the same steamer with us. We met him at several places in Europe. He is to meet me there today, and—"

"And so Fred Lansing is to be the lucky man chosen from your many devotees." He broke in quickly, while the steely look that leapt into his gray eyes and the drawn look that hardened his mouth signified that her information was not agreeable to him.

"Many devotees," she repeated impatiently. "What nonsense, the number, apparently, is limited to one."

"Two anyway," he corrected, looking directly at her, the steely glint in his eyes softening somewhat. But Lansing had the money, and he can go in and win, while the other poor beggar had his way to make, so as to have something worthy to offer you. His love he gave you long ago, but one cannot live on that alone, although I concede its paramount value in domestic happiness and—"

BOTH GAINED

Man and Wife Fatten on Grape-Nuts.

The notion that meat is necessary for real strength and the foundation of solid flesh is now no longer as prevalent as formerly.

Excessive meat eaters are usually sluggish a part of the time because they are not able to fully digest their food, and the undigested portion is changed into what is practically a kind of poison that acts upon the blood and nerves, thus getting all through the system.

"I was a heavy meat eater," writes a Western man, "and up to two years ago, was in very poor health. I suffered with indigestion so that I only weighed 95 pounds."

"Then I heard about Grape-Nuts food and decided to try it. My wife laughed at me at first, but when I gained to 125 pounds and felt so fine, she thought she would eat Grape-Nuts too. Now she is fat and well and has gained 40 pounds. We never have indigestion any more and seldom feel the desire for meat."

A neighbor of ours, 68 years old, was troubled with indigestion for years, and was a heavy meat eater. Now since he has been eating Grape-Nuts regularly, he says he is well and never has indigestion.

I could name a lot of persons who have rid themselves of indigestion by changing from a heavy meat diet to Grape-Nuts. "There's a Reason." Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

"The other 'poor beggar' as you call him," she interrupted quickly while an element of bitterness crept into her voice, "is intensely practical and love does not thrive well in such an atmosphere."

"No?" he returned, the questioning assertion in his voice giving way to positive assertion. "It may not grow so rapidly as in more romantic situations, but it is stronger and of more lasting duration. In other more commonplace words it wears better. But this 'poor beggar' had to be practical and cautious or lose himself in the surging, weakling mass of human failures. And so you are going to marry Lansing?" he observed in a slow meditative way, while his intent look seemed as if it would pierce the most sacred corners of her heart. "I suppose I should congratulate you, but I shall make no pretense of doing so, nor sacrifice truth to conventionality. May I tell you something of the other 'poor beggar's' hopes? You may think less hardly of him, then."

She made no reply, so he continued, while she listened with a flushed and averted face, not once meeting the eyes that were watching her so closely.

"The 'poor beggar' had his way to make, for his father is only a village minister, whose salary barely suffices to cover his living and charitable expenses, and consequently his son had a hard struggle to obtain his professional degree. The one thought that buoyed him up through all his difficulties was the ultimate hope of winning you, for he knew that you knew that he loved you, although he had never dared tell you so in words. He was not in a position to do so, and he was poor and you rich. He did not wish to bind you to him in any way, even if he could have done so through all these years, and now it is too late."

She turned towards him with a momentary look in her eyes that baffled analysis. She instantly controlled it, and replied coldly: "He did not consider me at all, nor that I could help him in any way. He was too proud. Love was coldly thrust aside lest it might be an obstacle to his ambition. Love delights in sacrifice, but it must be all his and—"

"He was not proud," he answered with some indignation. "Would you have done otherwise had you been in his place? He was handicapped but had to make good. He could not ask such a sacrifice from her much as he loved her. She had to be considered more than anything else."

"A man must coldly reason everything," she rejoined impatiently.

"Perhaps so," he agreed. Then added in a pained, tense voice, "the poor devil realizes now what he has lost. What little measure of success he has attained will be of small value now."

"He put the attainment of success first in his life," she answered half resentfully. "And he should be consistent."

"It was never first," he retorted passionately. "He was forced to act as he did, and you little dream what it cost him."

"Or me," she breathed, so low that he did not catch the words, but the softened look on her face gave him a clue to their import.

"One of the sweetest pictures," he continued, leaning towards her as he spoke, and the longing hope of his life was the thought of some day taking you to see his parents. His father, a dear, dignified old saint, would hold your hand in both of his, and kiss you on the forehead with stately ceremony. Then he would look deep into your eyes as though reading your very soul, and what he would see there would gladden his heart. He would breathe a benediction of joy and welcome you as a dear daughter. Then he would leave you with his wife while he went to visit some of his parishioners. Then the little mother would gather you in her arms and you would look into the kindest, truest eyes that ever glowed in a woman's face. She would kiss you on the lips, and you would kiss her back again. The 'poor beggar' would look on yearning to take you both in his arms, but unselfishly letting the little mother come first. He would watch delightedly one surrendering to



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