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The IDEAL No. 1, illustrated above, is the original and famous double-coil spiral spring. It conforms perfectly to every curve of the body, and affords the acme of luxurious ease. Made plain or upholstered—guaranteed for a lifetime.

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stamped on selvedge every five yards.

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Elsa's lap to the shelter of Euphrosyne's arms.

Over her head Euphrosyne said, accusingly, "I don't see how you can say such things about him if he is your friend."

"It is because I am his friend that I say such things; if he would come back to town he might be great."

She rose and leaned against the mantel, looking almost boyish in her young strength, her sturdy outline.

"If he went to the city," Euphrosyne murmured, "he would be like all the rest."

"He would never be like the rest," Elsa stormed. "Oh! I am frantic when I think how he is wasted."

"Wasted?"  
"Yes—he will live here, and he must stoop in his mating—what woman who was worth while would come and live in his mill?"

"Any woman might be very glad to!" Euphrosyne flung out; and then, all scarlet, dropped her eyes, for over Elsa's head she saw the miller, and his face was the face of a man to whom a dream had come true.

But he said nothing until she was gone, and then he had it out with Elsa. "To think that you should come to this," was the girl's scornful arraignment.

"To what?"  
"To this supineness—where you are content to dream the days away and to talk to a girl with gold buckles on her shoes."

"And you? What of your life?"  
"I teach and preach."

"And waste your breath. For you preach discontent. Go tell your people

of my life—sing them the song of my mill—and they will listen because it will be a song of happiness."

For a moment she was very still; then she said, and her voice dragged a little, "Of course you are going to marry her?"

"Yes."

She held out her hand. "Good-bye," she said. "Some day you are going to find out that you are wrong, and then—then may come the thought of what you might have been—of me—"

"It is you who have made me what I am," and his voice was not quite steady as he said it, "though I followed a path that led me to my mill."

They stood in the doorway as he spoke and Elsa looked longingly across at the great building where for a time the wheel was still. "Perhaps," she said, wistfully, "if I had listened, I might have heard its song."

But his eyes were off towards the hills, where the windows of the hotel gleamed through the rain. "Perhaps," he said, vaguely, and she went out of his life, sighing.

And that night, when the rain stopped the miller stood late under the stars with his lady of dreams. His face was bent to hers, and it was as if, in the still night, they listened to the heart beat of the world.

Then at last he whispered, "When will you marry me?"

She drew back a little and looked at him. "In a year," she said. Then, as his eyes held hers, she faltered, "In a month," and at the very last, "Oh, in a week; in a week I will marry you—miller!"

## The Inner Trail.

Written for the Western Home Monthly by Irene Keane, University of Alberta.



DO complete double identities ever exist in this world? Or, in other words, is it possible for a personality, in toto, to be duplicated? Life's threads are sometimes so tangled, and resemblances so striking that the theory seems to be justified. It is an oft quoted saying that some of the greatest and most perilous undertakings have arisen in the most trivial way—such as a second look at a face that seemed familiar.

The hour for evening service in a small town in Northern Alberta was approaching one Sunday late in the fall of 19— The raw November day had not drawn many people away from their firesides, nor did the windy, cheerless evening promise to do so. Nevertheless, here and there, some were already on their way to church.

Sidney Merrill, Constable in that part of His Majesty's service known as the Royal North-West Mounted Police, started. The town, so far, had proved most A book lay turned half-open under his elbows, and it was evident that his thoughts were far from being rose-colored. The town, so far, has proved most uninteresting to him, his work had been practically all routine, the monotony only broken by an occasional visit to the rectory or patrol into the foreign settlements, and restlessness is not usually conducive to happy thoughts.

The church was some distance to the south-east of the town, but he could see the lights flickering in the small painted windows and hear the subdued notes of the organist trying over the hymns of evensong. Rousing himself as if by a great effort, Merrill rose, stretched, and began preparations for church. Soon he was in his usual seat there, apparently engrossed in finding the proper places in the prayer book, glancing up now and then to notice who was coming in.

Generally there was just Mrs. Walton and wee Kitty from the rectory; but tonight a young lady in a dark serge suit accompanied them, leading Kitty by the hand. Merrill had not noticed them come in, being just then busy in hunting the first hymn.

With the opening notes of it, he seem-

ed to revive. His strong tenor voice easily led the singing, which was brighter and better balanced than that of many a larger congregation. Suddenly he stopped—his face whitened and he looked quickly around. Mingled with the others he had detected a rich contralto voice, with notes he had believed could belong to but one voice in the world, and that voice was now hushed in the grave.

When he saw the new-comer he felt for a moment as if he had fainted and was just recovering. The fair face with its rich color deepening and paling, the tendrils of hair escaping over the high forehead, the very pose of the figure—were all like the voice—the dead had apparently come to life! Merrill's natural common sense, however, overcame the supernatural aspect; though it would be like re-opening an old wound, he must meet this girl, so strangely like the one who had once meant all existence to him.

"You must come over for a while after church, Constable Merrill," he heard Mrs. Walton saying to him as the congregation were dispersing. "We have Miss Martyn, the new teacher, staying with us, and the bank boys are coming over too." So, even the name was identical! He never knew just how he got inside the rectory, nor what he said or did after he got there.

It is amazing except to the initiated how much comfort can be had in a tiny Western shack. The rectory was little better than a shack, for this town was one of those mushroom growths whose religious missions undergo an indefinite process of waiting for sufficient funds for proper buildings. Yet its capacity never seemed to be exhausted, nor the generous hospitality of Reverend and Mrs. Walton to moderate. In these young settlements, as yet without facilities of libraries, etc., the rectory is sometimes a haven of social refuge on Sunday nights for members of the congregation who are temporarily separated from the comforts and congenial educated circles of the Mother Land and Eastern Canada. The majority are far-travelled and all are interesting. This evening the young people were crowded into the miniature kitchen, while the others were clustered round the kindly old Bishop, a guest till train-time. Everybody was talking at