

FOOT KOMFORT MFG. CO. 389 Tweed Ave., Winnipeg

a goddess of sleep as she sat with her The Exquisite Miss McLush.

The Western Home Monthly

By Nathaniel P. Willis

Miss McLush was tall, and her shape, of its kind, was perfect. It was not a fleshy one exactly, but she was large and full. Her skin was clear, fine-grained and transparent; her temples and forehead perfectly rounded and polished, and her lips and chin swelling into a ripe and tempting pout, like the cleft of a bursted apricot. And then her eyes—large, liquid and sleepy— they languished beneath their long, black fringes as if they had no business with daylight. Oh! it was lovely to look into them!

She sat, usually, upon a fauteuil, with her large, full arm embedded in the cushion, sometimes for hours without stirring. I have seen the wind lift the dark masses of hair from her shoulders when it seemed like the coming to life of a marble Hebe-she had been mo-

eyes half closed, lifting up their superb lids slowly as you spoke to her, and dropping them again with the deliberate motion of a cloud. Her figure, in a sitting posture, presented a gentle declivity from the curve of her neck to the instep of the small, round foot lying on its side upon the ottoman. I remember a fellow's bringing her a plate of fruit one evening. He was one of your lively men-a horrid monster, all right angles and activity. Having never been accustomed to hold her own plate, she had not well extricated her whole fingers from her handkerchief before he set it down in her lap. As it began to slide slowly toward her feet her hand relapsed into the muslin folds, and she fixed her eye upon it with a kind of indolent surprise, drooping her lids gradually till, as the fruit scattered over the ottoman, they closed entirely.

Such supreme indolence was irresisti-

could summon energy to sigh-I-to whom a declaration was but a synonym for perspiration-I-who had only thought of love as a nervous complaint. and of women but to pray for a good deliverance-I-yes-I-knocked under. Albina McLush! Thou wert too exquisitely lazy!

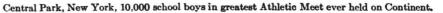
Winnipeg, July, 1913.

I found her one morning sipping her coffee at twelve, with her eyes wide open. She was just from the bath, and her complexion had a soft, dewy transparency. It was the hour when she would be at the trouble of thinking. She put away with her forefinger as I entered a cluster of rich curls that had fallen over her face.

"Lady Albina," said I, "how are you?" "Bettina," said she, addressing her maid, 'how am I today?"

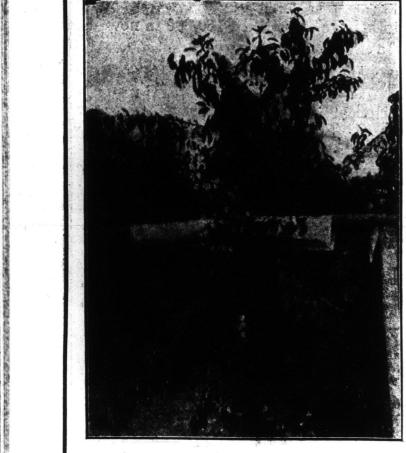
The conversation fell into short sentences. The dialogue became a monologue. I entered upon my declaration. With the assistance of Bettina, who supplied her mistress with cologne, I





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kept her attention alive through the incipient circumstances. Symptoms were soon told. I came to the avowal. Her



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hand lay reposing on the arm of the sofa, half buried in a muslin foulard. I took it up and pressed the cool, soft fingers to my lips-unforbidden. I rose and looked into her eyes for confirmation. Delicious creature! she was asleep!

When Benjamin Franklin Scored

Long after the victories of Washington over the French and English had made his name familiar to all Europe, Benjamin Franklin chanced to dine with the English and French Ambassadors, when the following toasts were drunk:

"'England'- The Sun, whose bright beams enlighten and fructify the remotest corners of the earth."

The French Ambassador, filled with national pride, but too polite to dispute the previous toast, offered the following:

"'France'-The Moon, whose mild, steady and cheering rays are the delight of all nations, consoling them in darkness and making their dreariness beautiful."

Doctor Franklin then arose, and, with his usual dignified simplicity, said:

"'George Washington'-The Joshua who commanded the Sun and Moon to stand still, and they obeyed him."

Holyrood Palace is closed to the public on account of the suffragettes.