

During
in Your
rses and a
ngine
without the
draws ma-
l operating
n bull wheel
s. Easily
ched to any
der. 4-cyl.
4-H.P.



other farm
H.P. Speed
as patented
chain drive
r. Schebler
-H. P. up to
ght specialty
ed.
CANADA, U.S.A.
Canada

man
Engine

ENGINE has
with a flax-
d has proved a
he verdict on
as auxiliary
tc., etc.

ALWAY
SYSTEM

URSIONS

to, Saskat-
Cochrane and
ago, St. Paul
ntil Oct. 31st

leeping
above
o 10.45
cars,
Route.
MONTHS.
al return
ber 31st.
at all Grand
HORNING,
t.

under this
Help and
h insertion.
figures for
re counted.
order. No
cents.

GROWER
addition to
re one-half
e (Ontario
hard. All
Farmer's

ENHAM.
rent farm
has stock
Advocate,

ACRES
aspberries,
on good
ght man.

ID AND
venience,
culars or
eler, Ont.

MEN'S
machine
n. The
Orillia,

TENTS
Head
and 5
ities.

Sinclair, Misses Mattie and Cora Sinclair, both older than Tom, and the aunts, the Misses Kenwig, (pronounced Kenwig, be it noted) who lived in true Pennsylvania Dutch style in an immaculate cottage next to the Sinclair's and who; to their Pennsylvania Dutch house-wifery had added (absorbing it at a remarkably rapid rate—for Mrs. Sinclair had always been the idol of the Kenwigs) all the dignity and pride of place of the Sinclaires.

When Mrs. Sinclair came stepping daintily in at Inglevale upon the evening after Marian's arrival, she proceeded at once quite naturally, upon the drawing-room rug. Now this rug—all moss-green and old-rose,—looked certainly inoffensive enough, and Marian was very proud of it. But to-day, like naughty children, who invariably show themselves off when expected to be on their best behavior, it seemed to be possessed of a spirit of impishness. Lying crisply upon the new, smoothly finished floor, unaccustomed, too, to the mincing step of Tom's folk, it gave way before the prim, highly-instepped gaiter. Mrs. Sinclair slid a good yard or more and righted herself with a jerk that set her bonnet awry. She was not hurt, but injury to the dignity of a Sinclair was something awful. Her dutiful smile of greeting changed to a frown, and she gave Marian her first lesson.

"My dear," she said, almost frigidly, "why didn't you have a carpet?"

Now, many a one could have said "why didn't you have a carpet?" and Marian would not have minded at all. But Tom's mother had a tone which carried a whole lecture in a single word, and a look which carried another one. When she said "didn't" Marian felt conscious of a whole world of sins of omission laid to her charge; and when she looked slowly from window to window, daintily applying her silver flagree smelling-salts bottle to her nostrils, and riddling the poor little lambrequins at every glance; the rooms, of which the girl had been so proud, looked suddenly bald and bare. Mrs. Sinclair would not have been conscious of lambrequins in anyone else's house, but in a daughter-in-law's there are privileges.

"My dear," she said finally, "I had curtains put up in my house before I entered it," and ostensibly there was nothing more to be said upon the subject.

For the first time since her childhood Marian felt riotously, fightingly rebellious. "What does she call me 'dear' for?" she said to herself. "Why doesn't she be honest? She doesn't like me, and she isn't suited with me, and oh, I'm sure I don't like—" and Marian stopped in sudden horror. Could it be possible that on the very second day of her honey-moon she was rising in arms against the very foremost of Tom's folk, and actually putting it into words, though mentally, that she didn't like her? . . . No, she would be true to Tom and his folk. She would try to like them, and try to do as they wished her to,—indeed she would. Upon the spur of her great pity for Tom, whose little wife had not been willing to make the first bit of allowance for his folk, she even considered the practicability of exchanging her beautiful new rugs for carpets and investing in curtains. By the time, however, that she had had a good cry in secret, and had slept on the question, she had decided that the rugs and lambrequins must stay. Marian had not focused her ideas for nothing.

But, although the curtains and lambrequins stayed, there were other things to which the girl's natural timidity yielded. For instance, whenever Tom's mother, or sisters or aunts appeared at the gate, which was likely to be anytime from daybreak until dark—such are the privileges of relatives,—she found herself hurriedly lowering the window-shades, so that when the visitors arrived they might find themselves confronted by a dim religious atmosphere suitable to dignity and the memory of two baronets. In fact those window-shades got quite on her nerves. Before she had been two weeks at Inglevale she found her eyes turning, in spite of herself, a dozen times a day toward the "concession" to see if the mother or sister or the aunts were in sight, and once when Aunt Hester and Aunt Ellen came in unawares and caught the dining-room shade up to the limit, with a golden shaft of sunlight



AFTER school the hungry boy
Calls for bread and butter,
Blythe remarks of ecstasy
He is sure to utter,
If the bread he joys to see
Was produced with Purity.



PURITY FLOUR

MORE BREAD AND BETTER BREAD



Made
in
Canada

Penman's Hosiery

THE STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE

—for children,
has the comfortable rugged-
ness necessary for sturdy
little legs—legs inclined to
destroy everything in sight.

You'll find in Penmans
most astonishing wearing
qualities—warm? Of course!

Penmans Limited
Paris