

# M'Clary's

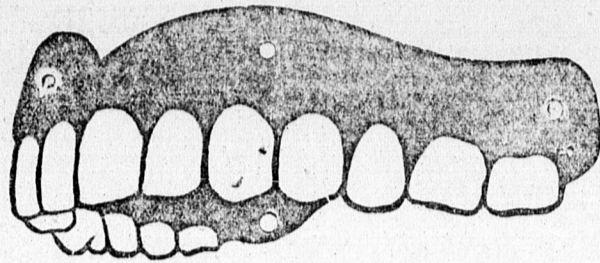
The oven in the Kootenay Steel Range is ventilated

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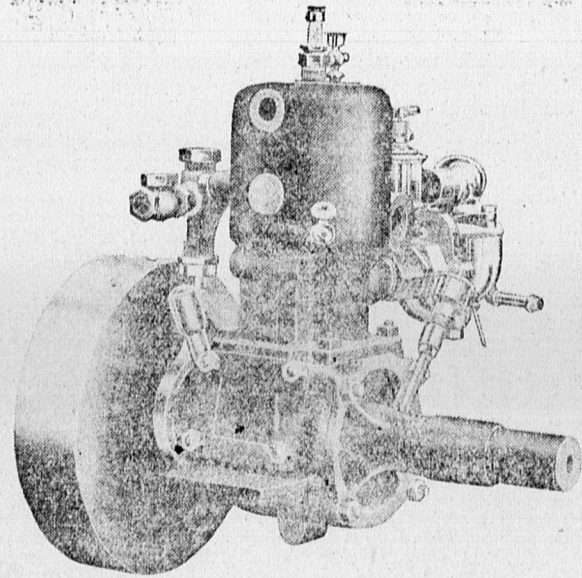
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## When Elizabeth Came.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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"When the home is ready, Roger, send for me and I will come," Elizabeth Atwood had said when her lover bade her goodly.

Roger Blake had kissed her tenderly and gone into the western wilderness to make a home. He had little money, but strong hands and the sturdy ambition that overcomes stupendous obstacles.

In spite of these assets five years passed away before the Wyoming farm was declared to be in readiness for a mistress.

In the east Elizabeth taught school, sewed on her simple trousseau and enjoyed herself as a healthy, attractive girl cannot help doing. Every week she wrote a long letter to Roger. One August day, when the five years had expired, Roger made a last tour of inspection about the ranch. On distant hill slopes his cattle grazed. Nearer home fields were undulating green seas of wheat and oats. Rustling cornfields spread away to the westward. In the midst was the home lot, the low house surrounded by vine covered verandas, grassy lawn and thrifty young trees. Flowers and shrubs had been set out the first year with loving care.

The farm was paying at last. The poultry yards occupied a good acre. They were to be Elizabeth's special care. All the hard, drudgery work



SHE UTTERED A LITTLE CRY AND HASTILY THREW BACK HER VEIL.

had been done by Roger, and now the home was ready.

A month before he had sent Elizabeth \$100. He had said he would expect her on the 10th of August and would meet her at the little station twenty miles distant.

This was the 10th of August, and Roger had not heard one word from his sweetheart. Nevertheless he harnessed the sorrel team to his buckboard and started forth to meet the 12:30 express from the east. Before they returned to the farm they would drive to the minister's and be married.

Roger whistled merrily as he rounded the sorrels before the lonely little station. The station master sauntered out and chatted about the weather and the crops.

There was a piercing shriek, and the express thundered along the platform. A couple of trunks were dumped from the baggage car, and a girl in brown alighted from one of the coaches. By the time Roger had reached her the express had pounded away into the west.

The girl's face was covered by a thick, brown veil, but it was Elizabeth without a doubt. Roger knew the straight, slim figure, with its almost boyish freedom of movement, and the curve of dark hair at the back as she turned her head.

"Elizabeth!" he cried exultantly as he grasped her hands in his.

"Yes," she answered quite coolly. "How do you do?"

"Fine," he said mechanically as he released her hands and fell into step beside her.

"You have a carriage here?" she questioned.

"Around on the other side. You are glad to get here, ain't you, Elizabeth? Or were you tired of waiting?" There was agonizing appeal in his blue eyes as they reached the buckboard and he assisted her to a seat.

"It was a long journey," she replied, with a puzzled glance at him. "I suppose you are one of the farm hands?"

"Elizabeth Atwood! Don't you know me—Roger?" He turned his cleanly shaved, sunburned face toward her.

She uttered a little cry and hastily threw back her veil. "Who do you think I am?" she gasped.

Roger Blake stared. It was the face of a stranger. Her eyes were soft and dark like those of his sweetheart, and her cheeks had the same oval framed in dusky hair. Save for these points of resemblance there was no likeness between the two girls. Elizabeth Atwood was very pretty, but the stranger was beautiful.

"I am afraid you are disappointed," she faltered at last. "I am Elizabeth Wood, and I have come to visit the Waylands, and I supposed you were one of Cousin Dick's pet cowboys. I thought it strange you should call me 'Elizabeth,' but I had resolved not to be surprised at anything out here," she

laughed merrily, and Roger joined her with a faint heart.

"I came here expecting to meet a friend. I hoped would be on your train," he admitted soberly. "Your appearance deceived me; you are much alike." "I was the only passenger," she said sympathetically. "I hope your friend will come tomorrow. Where can my cousin's carriage be?"

They were sitting in the buckboard in front of the station, and the agent was trundling two trunks toward them. "Seen a team from Wayland's?" asked Roger Blake.

"Nope. Want these on the wagon?" "Too heavy. Wayland will send for them. If his outfit arrives tell them I've carried the young lady over to his place."

"I hope I'm not taking you out of your way," she protested. "I can wait. I sent a letter."

"That's all right. I guess your letter went astray the same as the one I should have had. I've got plenty of time to spare," he added grimly. "I was going to be married this morning."

"Oh, I see. I am very sorry," she said sincerely. Then she maintained a sympathetic silence while Roger drove her over the long road across the prairie to the Wayland farm, which adjoined his own on the north.

"How long are you going to stay?" queried Roger just before their journey ended.

"Weeks or months perhaps. I have no near relatives and have been teaching school. My cousins have asked me to come here and enjoy a long rest. I hope your trip to the station tomorrow will be a more successful one—and thank you," she said, with a friendly smile, as they parted.

Ten days afterward Roger met her riding out of the canyon. Her face was prettily tanned, and her broad brimmed hat made an effective frame for her lovely face.

"May I congratulate you today?" she asked brightly.

Roger shook his head slowly, and for the first time she noted the tense, drawn look about his pleasant mouth and the misery of his haggard eyes.

"You have heard—I hope it is not bad news?" she said, with that frank friendliness he had found so attractive in her before.

He drew a letter from his pocket and extracted a newspaper clipping. "That's all the explanation I've had," he said bitterly.

"Married—to some one else—to James Barnham—how very strange!" she said in a low, agitated voice.

"Why is it strange? Do you know the man?" demanded Roger eagerly.

The girl's face whitened, and a look of distress came into her eyes.

"Don't tell me anything if it pains you," said Roger gently.

"I must. You see, I was engaged to him, and he jilted me for another girl. I didn't know her name until now. I couldn't stand it, and so I ran away, but now"—She paused and a dreamy contentment replaced the pain in her face.

"Now?" "Of course he couldn't be worth being very sorry about, after all! And life is so good here—so clean and free. I love it."

"So do I," said Roger sincerely. "And about that other, I don't believe it is worthy of great sorrow. Shall we gallop?"

Months afterward Elizabeth came to reign as mistress of Roger's home. But it was not Elizabeth Atwood.

It was this other Elizabeth who came to him in his great trouble and, forgetting her own sorrow, sought to comfort him. And in the end each found a loyal, deep loving heart, and the home in the wilderness sheltered them as the man who builded it had dreamed.

Why He Whistled. Whistling is understood everywhere to signify coolness, confidence, carelessness. These may be virtues in their proper place, but that place is not the society of one's fellow creatures, whether one be acquainted with them or not.

A boy reprimanded, a servant dismissed, goes away whistling if he dares. He wishes to express contempt, and he succeeds at least in enraging his master generally. A hobbler who commits some breach of the proprieties commonly bursts into a whistle. This is to save his face, meaning no harm. But it signifies "I don't care!" which is just the reverse of the apology needed. At best it shows indifference; at worst, as the dullest feel, insult and provocation.

Boswell tells a little story of whistling, illustrating the independent significance. Johnson and he were dining with the Duke of Argyll, who asked a gentleman present to fetch some curiosity from another room. The gentleman brought the wrong article, and the duke sent him back.

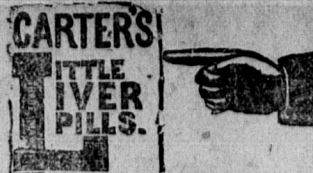
The exact position of this gentleman toward his host is undisclosed. However, Boswell says: "He could not refuse, but to avoid any appearance of servility he whistled as he went out of the room. On my mentioning this afterward to Dr. Johnson he said it was a nice trait of character."—Pall Mall Gazette.

Our Own Minstrels. Tambo—Mistah Walkah, kin yo' tell me de difference 'tween a waif an' an apartment house?

Interlocutor—I give it up, Jerry. What is the difference between a waif and an apartment house?

Tambo—De one am a homeless kid an' de udder am a kidless home.

Interlocutor—Ladies and gentlemen, Professor Howlan High Benah, the renowned tenor, will now sing his great topical song, "I Love Him, Mamma; He Looks Like Eldo!"—Chicago Tribune.



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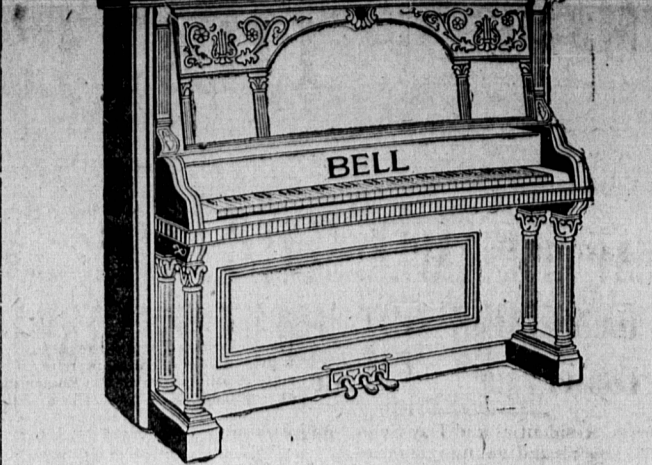
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In a few more days this excellent brand new \$300.00 Ennis Piano will be awarded some lucky person. Sept 22 ends this unique contest. Every statement made in this advertisement could be truly made an oath—every offer as good as a gold bond. You are not asked to give any money, and we absolutely refuse to accept one cent from anybody before this contest expires. It costs you nothing but the ink or lead used in filling out this coupon.

It's a new Piano--We particularly emphasise that statement. Take any expert you wish and if it can be proved that this piano is not right from the factory, we'll give you another piano absolutely free. Isn't that a square deal? What better can we do? It's right up to you to show your appreciation of the most generous piano offer ever given in this province, and remember this contest closes Sept 22.

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- The date and hour of receipt of envelopes will be plainly marked on same, and in the event of two or more offers of the same amount received, preference will be given the first received.
- Only one member of a household can compete.
- The highest offer gets the piano. There is no reserve.
- Messrs Sixtus McLellan of McLellan Bros and Geo. A. B. McDonald of the "Two Macs" have kindly consented to open the envelopes and judge the contest.
- Mark plainly on corner of envelope "Offer for Ennis Piano."
- All offers will be considered as cash, but to give everybody a chance we will add six per cent to the offer that requires time.
- This contest closes Sept 22nd.
- The piano will be on exhibition at the Exhibition building on the 2nd. On exhibition every day at our show rooms.
- If explanation is not sufficiently clear call at our show rooms or write and we will take pleasure in extending every courtesy. COME.

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