

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

prepare her boy's supper. "Daddy, daddy, I've torn Julia's

bestest party dress and can't fix it.'

cried a small voice, thereby distracting

work, the tenderness and pity he felt

for his tiny daughter and his most

complete disability to help her fa-

tigued him and made him unfit for the

work that must be accomplished if the

He dragged himself from his type

And next door Helen Ainley had

The high garden fence hid the small

Had the fence been less perfect a

But one day, because it must always

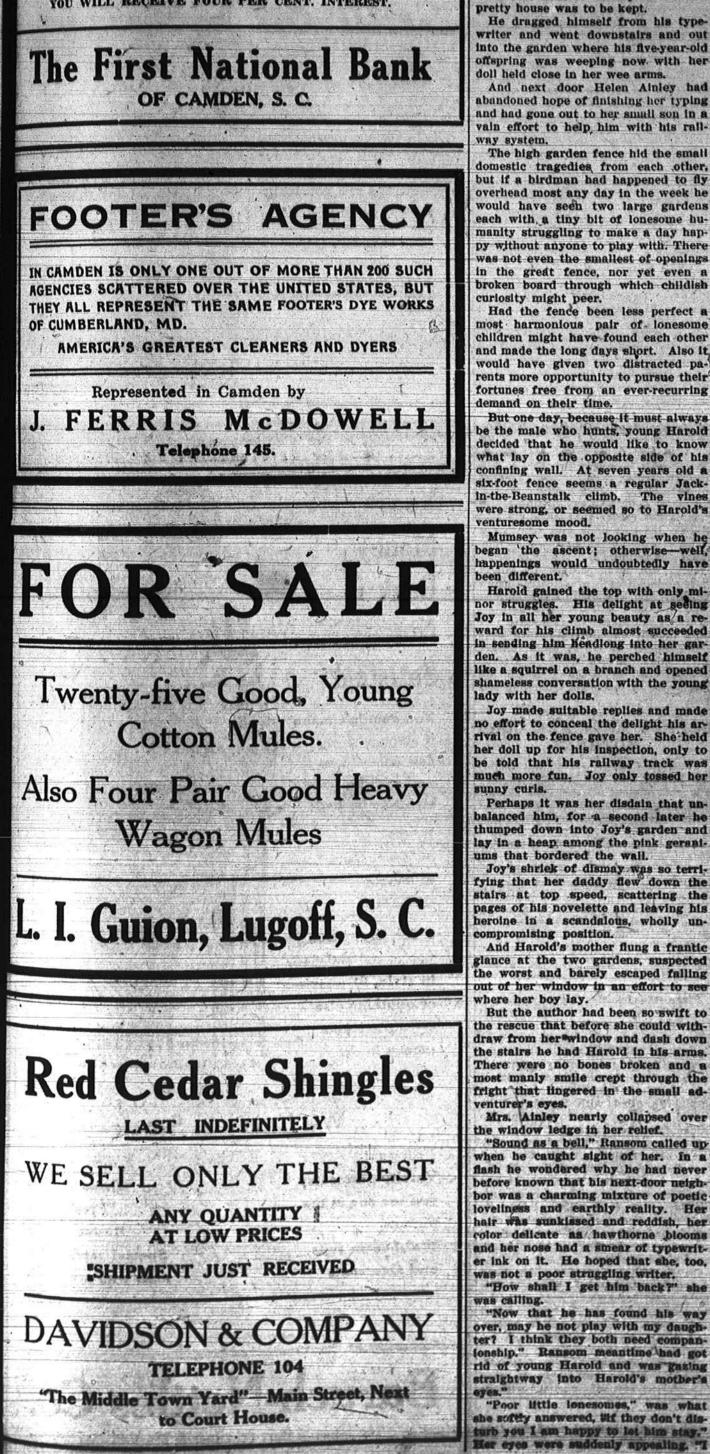
her author father into hopelessness. The continued interruptions to his



EVERY MAN KNOWS THAT A WOMAN IS A BETTER BUY. ER THAN HE IS; SHE IS MORE CAREFUL OF MONEY. THAT'S THE REASON EVERY WOMAN SHOULD HAVE A BANK ACCOUNT. SHE WILL MAKE HIS MONEY GO FAR-THER AND WILL SAVE HIM MONEY.

COME IN AND OPEN A BANK ACCOUNT FOR YOUR WIFE. SHE WILL HELP YOU GET AHEAD.

YOU WILL RECEIVE FOUR PER CENT. INTEREST.



sol terribly disqualified as a father," she added; "my boy does so need some one to help him with engines and tracks,"

Ransom found kimself shaking with sympathy for Harold.

"And my tiny daughter," he told her, "has one tragedy after another with her dolls. Only yesterday she tore what the calls her very bestest dress. Poor little soul, she certainly needs more mothering than I seem able to give her."

Mrs. Ainley's blue eyes were posttively glistening with tears of sym-pathy for motherless little Joy.

"Still," she suggested, "if they can just play together perhaps they will manage to be more contented."

"I will have to make a small opening in the fence for them," Ransom said; "we don" want them scrambling over the fence.'

"Oh! If you only would it would be a splendld way out of the difficulty. Do you think you can saw through those thick boards?"

"I'm sure I can," Ransom said, and decided his next herofne should have reddish hair and that peculiarly magnetic smile which was being wafted to him from the window. He decided also that he must see the smile often if he were to describe it worthily in his novel: "But if the boards are too awfully heavy I may have to remove a couple of them, which would make a gate quite big enough for grownup people to pass through; that is, if I have your consent?"

It was then that Mrs. Ainley chose to blush.

"I suppose it would be much simpler than sawing them," she said.

Ransom thought swiftly. If he could just finish off his story late that night he could work on the gate during the afternoon. The story must be completed. He sent another glance up at his neighbor and realized that the gate, too, must be finished-it was essential to his happiness. So long as the fence remained in its present perfect dividing state he would fret, and if he fretted he could not write stories. Something gentle and lowaple about his neighbor's personality told him that he was going to have to write many stories. He seemed to sense that a greater income was going to be most necessary soon.

"It really should be done right away," he told her; "the children won't be happy now that they have found each other until they can play together, and I will try to help the boy with his tracks."

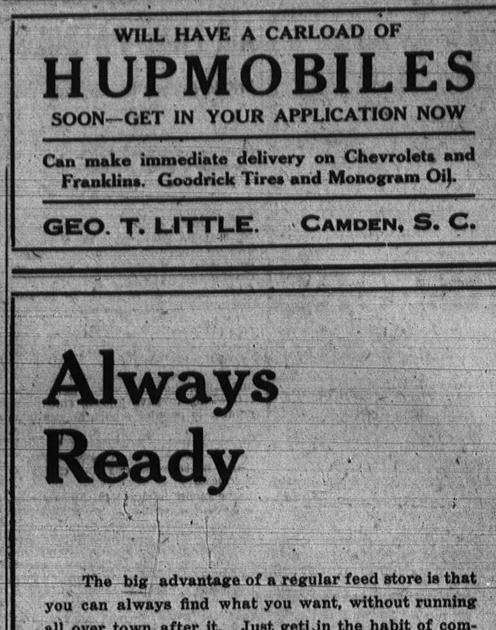
"And I will mend the bestest dress,"

said his heroines Ransom's neck , was getting a bit crooked from continued looking up to his neighbor's window, but somehow he knew the outcome was going to be worth getting a stiff neck over. He felt that he must come in for more bodily discomfort after his carpentering efforts. Authors are not built for manual labor.

"Tonight's sun will set on two gardens made into one," he informed her, "and our children will be happy as the day is long."

"Some falls are all for the best," she said laughingly, while her eyes rested with added tenderness on her son.

"The very, very best," Ransom sup-



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Any Person

began 'the ascent; otherwise-well, happenings would undoubtedly have been different.

Mumsey was not looking when he

Harold gained the top with only mi-nor struggles. His delight at seeing Joy in all her young beauty as a reward for his climb almost succeeded in sending him headlong into her garden. As it was, he perched himself like a squirrel on a branch and opened shameless conversation with the young lady with her dolls.

Joy made suitable replies and made no effort to conceal the delight his arrival on the fence gave her. She held her doll up for his inspection, only to be told that his rallway track was much more fun. Joy only tossed her sunny curls.

Perhaps it was her disdain that unbalanced him, for a second later he thumped down into Joy's garden and lay in a heap among the pink geraniums that bordered the wall.

Joy's shriek of dismay was so terri-fying that her daddy flew down the stairs at top speed, scattering the pages of his novelette and leaving his heroine in a scandalous, wholly uncompromising position. And Harold's mother flung a frantic

glance at the two gardens, suspected the worst and barely escaped falling out of her window in an effort to see where her boy lay.

But the author had been so swift to the rescue that before she could withdraw from her window and dash down the stairs he had Harold in his arms. There were no bones broken and a most manly smile crept through the fright that lingered in the small ad-

venturer's eyes. Mrs. Ainley nearly collapsed over the window ledge in her relief.

"Sound as a bell," Ransom called up when he caught sight of her. In a flash he wondered why he had never before known that his next-door neighbor was a charming mixture of poetic lovelingss and earthly reality. Her hair was sunkissed and reddish, her color delicate as hawthorne blooms and her nose had a smear of typewriter ink on it. He hoped that she, too, was not a poor struggling writer, "How shall I get him back?" she

was calling.

"Now that he has found his way over, may he not play with my daugh-ter? I think they both need companionship." Ransom meantime had got rid of young Harold and was gazing straightway into Harold's mother's

"Poor little lonesomes," was what she softly answered, wif they don't dis-turb you I am happy to let him stay." Her eyes were suddenly appealing. "I

emented, while his eyes rested on the mother of her son. And if there was tenderness in them it could not be seen from so great a distance as the window next door.

However, the gate would be finished soon.

## Worked for Centuries.

The fisheries of Ceylon, Madagascar and the Persian gulf, from which the best quality of Oriental pearls come, have been worked for centuries. Fine small pearls are taken there, but no more large ones. The world's hopes of finding large pearls of the best grade are now centered on Australia and the islands of the South seas. Pearl fishing is an industry of im-

portance on the coasts of Mexico, Central America and the West Indian islands and fresh-water pearls found in the rivers of the United States command good prices.

Why Diamonds Burst. That diamonds burst is an old idea,

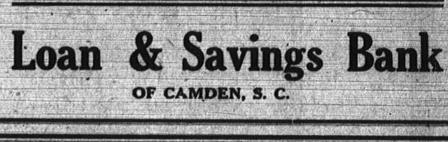
which has been variously explained. It has been thought that the stones have been fractured by violent eruptions in the inclosing rocks, by sudden removal of pressure around them, or in the smoky specimens by spontaneous breaking up, Dr. J. R. Sutton concludes that the breaking usually results from the minerals inclosed. These may be garnet, zircon, ilmenite or iron pyrites, and such crystals, under ordinary heating at least, have so much greater expansion than the diamond that they would exert great pressure.

Duty.

There are persons who love to do everything good but that which their immediate duty requires. There are servants that will serve everyone more cheerfully than their masters; there are men who will distribute money liberally to all except their creditors, and there are wives who will love all mankind better than their husbands. Duty is a familiar word which has little effect upon an ordinary mind; and, as ordinary minds make a vast majority, we have acts of generosity, self-denial and honesty, where smaller pains would constitute greater virtues .-- Mrs. Inshbald.

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