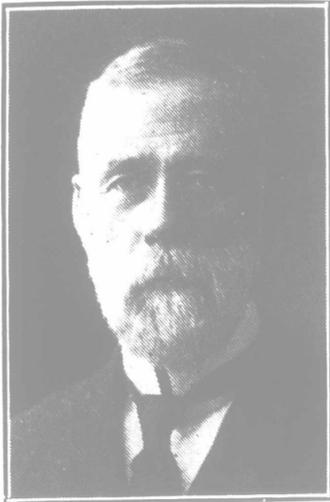


### J. S. KEMP, Stratford, Ontario.

THE INVENTOR OF THE MANURE SPREADER AND PRESIDENT OF THE W. I. KEMP CO., LTD.

Manufacturers of Kemp Manure Spreaders, Imperial Horse-Lift Drill and Kemp Land Packers.



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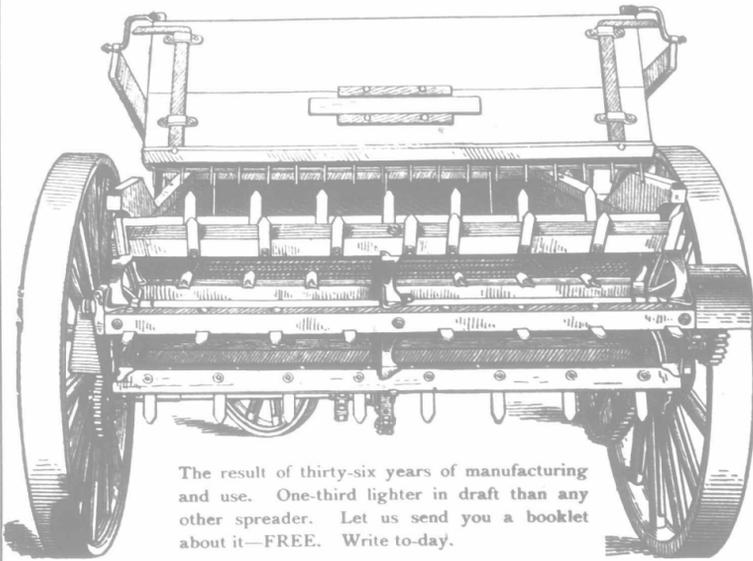
In 1906 I sold out my patents in the United States for \$50,500. This gave me a chance to devote my time to the Spreader business in Canada, where it had been started in Stratford, Ontario. I moved there in the fall of 1908, and with the experience of thirty-four years in the business, and the experience of my sons, we are manufacturing by far the best Manure Spreading Machine ever built. We are now equipping the Spreader with what we call the reversible Self-Sharpening Graded Flat-Tooth Beater, successfully, and with much less cost.

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"I'm got weasel eyes," he said; "muvver kisses 'em." He leaned his warm young body against her knee.

She looked down into the clear hazel eyes; quite suddenly she bent over and kissed them.

The little boy smiled. It was good to be loved once more. It seemed to him so long since he had been loved. "Den," he said, "muvver kisses de cow-lick." His sober little face crinkled up with mirth. It was such a huge joke. "Did you know de cow licked me?" he asked. "De cow licked me wif her broad tongue."

Alice Wilson bent over and kissed the lock of hair that stood up so comically from the knob-like little brow.

"An' den," the dimples leaped into play. "muvver kisses de dimples dat I got down in de country at my gran'-muvver's house."

Alice Wilson kissed the dimples. A joy—a little contraband joy—had stolen into her heart and was growing. How it was growing! She caught the child to her in a tenderness almost savage. "Did you know that flowers were dumb, dumb things?" she cried.

"Hannah," she appeared in the kitchen doorway, the little boy in her arms. "I'm going to keep him. I am, I am."

The gaunt old mountain woman, who had served Alice Wilson through faithful years, was rolling out dough for a cherry pie. "Don't look fer no baby-tendin' frum me," she said gruffly. She did not stop rolling out dough for her fat cherry pie.

That night, after tea, a little wail startled the silence of the sitting-room where Alice Wilson sat; it startled the silence of the back hall where old Hannah sat, too. It was followed by a rush of bare feet, a swirl of white night-gown. Half-way down the hall Hannah's mistress caught the sobbing little boy into her arms.

"Here's a mouse in de closet, an' I'm 'kered to deaf," he panted from the shelter of those protecting arms.

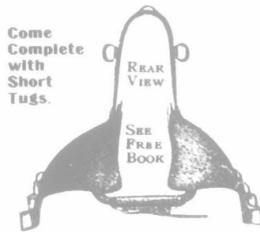
Closing the door behind her carefully, old Hannah went out and sat on the back doorsteps. "Don't look fer no baby-tendin' frum me," she growled, although she had not been addressed. She gazed at the mountains standing against the skyline—her friendly mountains. What queer, towering, unfriendly shapes they had taken! How vast and desolate they seemed! Convinced that Indians prowled among them, she got up and went indoors, walking heavily. She did not hear the sweet, high-pitched little voice that was saying, "He's 'rill big. When he's 'rill big he 'fink' of his muvver." But she did hear

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The morning after Dicky Manson came to live with Alice Wilson a joyous little breeze that had shaken every burgeoning thing outside fluttered the shutters and came sailing in on the blowing curtains. Dicky sat up in bed. "I fought you was heavin' on me," he said. Alice Wilson turned. She was standing in front of the mirror arranging her hair in prim folds. Dicky had looked at it disapprovingly. "Tumble it up," he ordered. "Muvver tumbles up hers, an' it looks pretty." For a moment the woman stood goggle-eyed, and she who stands across the fields. All the village knew

by noon that Alice Wilson's hair was "tumbled up"—and Alice Wilson's prim hair.

Before a week had passed she was moving about the place in the floating muslin gowns that she had laid away ten years before. "I feel like the mother of the girl who used to wear these dresses," she apologized to Arabella, "but Dicky doesn't like the ones I wear, and I have no others."

"You look like a picter," Arabella said. "Everbody's sayin' there ain't nobody in this town so sweet to look at as you in them old-fashioned clo'es—everybody

that's caught a glimpse o' you is sayin' that."

Alice Wilson blushed as the girl who wore the muslin gowns so long ago had blushed.

"Old Hannah is feeling the little influence, too," she said. "She's been awful to live with. She's treated the poor baby like dirt under her feet. He's so forgiving. Arabella, did you ever see such an angelic child? Well," her eyes crinkling up with mirth, "this morning I found old Hannah down on her hands and knees—her poor rheumatic knees, Arabella. They were playing bear, and Dicky was shrieking. 'I'm going to eat you up, old Miss Hannah.' I wouldn't have had her see me for the best farm in the county."

A month after Dicky had come to stay with Alice Wilson, one afternoon when the village was full of tranquil light, and the western sky was brightening to gold behind the long line of purple hills, her gate was opened by a man whose figure, it must be confessed, had outgrown the symmetry of youth, but whose clean-shaven, youthful face belied his years.

Getting no response to his vigorous knock, he sat down on the portico. June had come. The roses were at carnival. They were everywhere. Overrunning the latticed pillars in masses of riotous color, overflowing the place with fragrance.

"Arabella," a gay voice called, "I heard the gate click, and I knew it was you." She came around the garden path, and up a step or two. "I've been to a circus. Your little John and Dicky are playing circus. They wanted me to be the fat lady, but I refused flatly. But Dicky dragged me off to see the skeleton. 'You never have sawn anything to eq' the skeleton,' he said."

Alice Wilson burst into a peal of ringing laughter. Flushed and gay, and talking in little panting gusts, shaken with merriment, she came up another step or two. "I never have," she declared. "Old Hannah was the skeleton. She was on top of a dry-goods box, wrapped in an old red quilt. I don't know whether the quilt was her idea or Dicky's. She's human under the crust. Arabella," she paused to give weight to her words, "she laughed when she saw me."

But Arabella's "The laws 'a' mercy!" was not forthcoming.

Alice Wilson came up the steps. A slender, radiant shape in her old-fashioned muslin gown, she stood poised against the dying light, as she peered into the dusky fragrance of her deep veranda.

The light and laughter went out of her face at sight of the man who rose to