

to old man Lumley's, amid the grins of the whole staff. Old man Lumley was a fiery tempered old miser, who lived in a miserable shack on the outskirts of the city. He had been pestered by small boys till he had come to accept the ridicule of mankind as a necessary portion of life, and he dwelt apart, with bitter enmity to all who approached him. He was looked upon as the oldest living citizen, and many strange stories were told of his fabulous wealth and where he secreted it.

"Cherry"—they dubbed him that from the first—Cherry did not get back to the office till nearly midnight. When he did come in one eye was shut, his clothes were torn in several places, and he bore other evidences of a very interesting interview. But he had a story, and next day his two-column write-up of old Jerry Lumley, with its piquant drolery and delicate undercurrent of pathos, was the talk of the town.

Needless to say, Cherry stuck. He made good on everything he was put at. Acting on a suggestion of the managing-editor, Copley sent him on a tour through Western Ontario to drum up the country correspondents. Goodness knows, they needed it—and got it. The *Recorder's* district-page became the paper's feature, a thing unknown in old Jeff's recollection, and he had been handling the correspondence for six years now.

But jealous? That wasn't Jeff's way at all. He was proud of what Cherry had done for the paper; it was always like that with old Tom—the paper first above every other consideration. He had seen it grow from a little weekly sheet of four pages into the foremost daily in the west, "morning and evening, two editions daily!"

He took a great fancy to Cherry—invited him out to his pretty little vine-clad cottage in the suburbs, where the brick walk was bordered with geraniums and there was a gar-

den at the back, to take tea with the "missus" of a Saturday evening. What was more, Cherry went, more than once, and whiled away many a pleasant hour at dominoes in the quaint little parlour, with the clean rag carpet and the mohair sofa. He even went so far as to get up one Sunday morning in decent time and go to church with old Jeff and his "missus," and he did that more than once, too.

The attitude of the rest of the staff was pretty much that of old Jeff. They liked Cherry—liked him in spite of the fact that Copley practically gave him his pick of the assignments. Even "Fat" McGregor handed him a good cigar occasionally, and you'd have to know "Fat" to appreciate just what that meant.

And, as for the managing-editor—there was little doubt that Cherry could stay where he was just about as long as he cared to. Altogether, it looked as if Cherry had indeed found a town to suit him and was settling down in earnest; every week when he got his pay-envelope, he stowed away a portion of its contents in his trunk up at the boarding-house.

Things went along this way from good to better for two months, till the night arrived when the managing-editor called Copley into his sanctum and spoke of reducing the staff. Expenses had to be cut down everywhere if they were to make the showing required by the directors at the end of the year. He thought that one man could very well be spared from the night-staff and what did Copley think about it?

Copley, of course, thought that he could manage; there was Smith, for instance; he could best spare Smith if someone had to go.

But Smith was a young man, who was full of ginger, wasn't he—a hard worker and a "comer"? The managing-editor believed in a staff of bright, young, enthusiastic men. Modern newspaper-work demanded