

POOR COPY

THE CAMPBELLTON GRAPHIC, CAMPBELLTON, NEW BRUNSWICK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1917.

PAGE SEVEN.

Worth Protecting

A good article is worthy of a good package. A rich, strong, delicious tea like Red Rose is worth putting into a sealed package to keep it fresh and good.

A cheap, common tea is hardly worth taking care of and is usually sold in bulk. Red Rose is always sold in the sealed package which keeps it good.



THIS is Thomas A. Edison, who although seventy years of age, is now working eighteen hours a day for his country, without pay or thought of reward.

His work is being done secretly; but it is probably true that the United States is placing more reliance on Mr. Edison than on any other single man except the President.

Mr. Edison is conceded to be the greatest inventor the world has ever known.

The NEW EDISON

"The Phonograph with a Soul"

is Mr. Edison's latest invention. It is the achievement in which he takes the greatest pride.

Do you believe that there is any other man in the world—or group of men—who could invent as good a phonograph as Mr. Edison's new phonograph?

This wonderful new instrument is built by experts under the direction of technical men in accordance with laboratory standards established by Mr. Edison personally.

COME TO OUR STORE. Let us prove that The New Edison gives a musical result which no other sound reproducing device is capable of producing.

A. E. ALEXANDER & SON, Campbellton, N.B.

TO THE BOYS AND GIRLS OF NORTHERN NEW BRUNSWICK.

The Dept. of Agriculture at Charlottetown would like the attention of the boys and girls for a few minutes. Listen:

In order to advance education, and interest along farm lines, it is necessary to have the whole-hearted co-operation of the boys and girls, and to these ends we are setting out to organize clubs composed of boys and girls, for the purpose of raising pigs, hens and calves.

New boys and girls what are these clubs and how are they managed? Ten boys and girls, between the ages of twelve and eighteen, in the one locality can form a club. You are then organized by appointing one of your number a president, another a secretary, etc. Each member is then presented with (say a sow pig.)

He keeps this pig, and raises more pigs, one of each of the first two litters is given back to the person giving the pig and thus you pay for your pig, and at the same time you are making money. The pig is to be cared for by yourself. You will be required to go to the nearest fair to show your stock and you will have an opportunity of winning prizes. Think of it boys and girls, winning prizes! That sounds funny does it not? But other boys and girls are doing it, so can you.

Listen to this—J. Robt. Reed, a boy in the state of Louisiana won \$122.00 in prizes at the State fair and refused \$400.00 for his sow and litter; of course Robert's case is rather unusual but it just shows what you boys and girls can do. The same applies to other clubs. Any boy or girl interested in this work please write the Dept. of Agriculture. Write us yourselves. Write us, we will go and see you, help you get organized, and do everything possible to make this club work the greatest work in agriculture. Boys and girls get busy and see how soon you can own some stock. These clubs are to be in full swing about the first of April 1918, but start now and be ready when the time comes. This applies to the counties of Kent, Gloucester and Northumberland.

And still old Haroun had some advantages as an elementary school. He took around with him on his rambles his vizier, Glafar (a vizier is a composite of a chauffeur, a secretary of state and a night and day bank), and old Uncle Mervin, his executioner, who carried a snicker-snack. With this entourage a caliphing tour could hardly fail to be successful. Have you noticed any newspaper articles headed "What Shall We Do With Our Ex-presidents?" Well, now, suppose Mr. Carnegie should engage them and Jose Willard to go about assisting in the distribution of free libraries? Do you suppose any town would have the hardihood to refuse one? That caliph-along combination would cause two libraries to grow where there had been only one set of B. P. Roe's works before.

But, as I said, the money caliph is handicapped. They have the idea that earth has no sorrow that dough cannot heal, and they rely upon it solely. Al Raschid administered justice rewarded the deserving and punished whomsoever he disliked on the spot. He was the originator of the short story. Whenever he succeeded in any chance pickup in the bazaar he always made the success tell the sad story of his life. If the narrative lacked construction, style and sense he commanded his vizier to dole him out a couple of thousand ten dollar notes of the First National Bank of the Republic, or else gave him a job as Keeper of the Bird Seed for the Buhnia in the Imperial Gardens. If the story was a smackerjack he had Haroun, executioner, whisk off his head. The report that Haroun Al Raschid is yet alive and is editing the magazine that your grandmother used to subscribe for lacks confirmation.

And now follows the "Story of the Millionaire." The Indolent Increment and "The Babes Drawn From the Wood."

Young Howard Pilkins, the millionaire, got his money orthogonally. He was a shrewd judge of stocks and got in on the ground floor at the residence of his immediate ancestor, the Hon. Sir William Pilkins, baronet, who was a partner in the business. Finally old man Pilkins died from a stroke, and then Mrs. Pilkins died from worry on account of torpid delivery wagons—and there you have young Howard Pilkins with \$4,000,000, and a good fellow at that. He was an agreeable, modestly arrogant, young man, who implicitly believed that money could buy anything that the world had to offer. And Bagdad-on-the-Subway for a long time did everything possible to encourage his belief.

But the rat trap caught him at last. He heard the spring snap and found his heart in a wire cage regarding a piece of cheese whose other name was Alice von der Ruyssing.

The Von der Ruyssings still live in that little square about which so much has been said and in which so little has been done. Today you hear of Mr. Tilden's underground passage, and you hear Mr. Gode's elevated passage, and that about ends the noise in the world made by Gramercy square. But once it was different. The Von der Ruyssings live there yet, and they received the first key ever made to Gramercy park.

You shall have no description of Alice v. d. R. Just call up in your mind the picture of your own Maggie or Vera or Beatrice, straighten her nose, soften her voice, tone her down and then tone her up, make her beautiful and marvellous, and you have a faint dry point etching of Alice. The family owned a sumptuously built house and a coachman named Joseph in a coat of many colors, and a horse so old that he claimed to belong to the order of the Perimeter. Before noting it they made Joseph swear it over with a mixture of oaths and oint.

It was the Von der Ruyssing family that bought the territory between the Jersey and East River and Livingston streets and the Basin of Liberty, in the

year 1880, from an Indian chief for a pair of turkey red porters designed for a kitchen use. I have always admired that Indian's perspicacity and good taste. All this is merely to convince you that the Von der Ruyssings were exactly the kind of poor aristocrats that turn down their noses at people who have money—oh, well, I don't mean that; I mean people who have just money.

One evening Pilkins went down to the red brick house in Gramercy square and made what he thought was a proposal to Alice v. d. R. Alice, with her nose turned down and thinking of his money, considered it a proposition and refused it and him. Pilkins, summing up all his resources as any good general would have done, made an indiscreet reference to the advantages that his money would provide. That

settled it. The lady turned so cold that Walter Wellman himself would have waited until spring to make a dash for her in a dog sled.

But Pilkins was something of a sport himself. You can't fool all the millionaires every time the ball drops on the Western Union building.

"If at any time," he said to A. v. d. R., "you feel that you would like to reconsider your answer send me a rose like that."

Pilkins audaciously touched a jack rose that she wore loosely in her hair. "Very well," said she. "And when do you wish to understand by it that either you or I have learned something new about the purchasing power of money. You've been spoiled, my friend. No; I don't think I could marry you. Tomorrow I will send you back the presents you have given me."

"Present?" said Pilkins in surprise. "I never gave you a present in my life. I would like to see a full length portrait of the man that you would take a present from."

"You've forgotten," said Alice v. d. R., with a little smile. "It was a long time ago when our families were neighbors. Yes, were seven, and I was trundling my doll on the sidewalk. You gave me a little gray, hairy kitten with shabby eyes. Its head came off, and it was full of candy. You paid 5 cents for it—you told me so. I haven't the candy to return to you. I haven't developed a conscience at three, so I ate it. But I have the kitten yet, and I will wrap it up neatly and send it to you tomorrow."

Between the lightning Alice v. d. R.'s talk the steadfastness of her rejection showed firm and plain. So there was nothing left for him but to leave the crumbling red brick house and be off with his abhorred millions.

On his way back Pilkins walked through Madison square. The hour hand of the clock hung about 8. The air was chilly and cool, but not at the freezing point. The dim little square seemed like a great, cold, unroofed room, with the four walls of houses spangled with thousands of inefficient lights. Only a few loiterers were huddled here and there on the benches.

But suddenly Pilkins came upon a youth sitting brave and as if confident with summer sunlight, coatless, his white shirt sleeves conspicuous in the light from the globe of an electric fan. Close at his side was a girl, smiling dreamily, happy. Around her shoulders was, palpably, the missing coat of the cold defying youth. It appeared to be a modern pattern of "Babes in the Wood," revised and brought up to date, with the exception that the robe hadn't turned up yet with the protecting fur.

Pilkins sat on the bench, one seat removed from the youth. He glanced cautiously and saw (as men do see and women—oh, never can) that they were of the same order.

Pilkins leaned over after a short time and spoke to the youth, who answered smilingly and courteously. From general topics the conversation concentrated to the bedrock of grim personalities. But Pilkins did it as delicately and heartily as any caliph could have done. And when it came to the point the youth turned to him, soft voiced and with his undiminished smile.

"I don't want to seem unappreciative, old man," he said, with a youth's somewhat too early spontaneity of address. "but, you see, I can't accept anything from a stranger. I know you're all right and I'm tremendously obliged, but I couldn't take of borrowing from anybody. You see, I'm Marcus Clayton—the Claytons of Ros-

O. Henry Stories

II.—The Discounters of Money

By O. HENRY

(Copyright by Doubleday, Page & Co.)

THE spectacle of the money caliph of the present day going about Bagdad-on-the-Subway trying to relieve the wants of the people is enough to make the great Al Raschid turn Haroun in his grave. If not so then the assertion should do so, the real caliph having been a wit and a scholar and therefore a hater of puns.

How properly to alleviate the troubles of the poor is one of the greatest problems of the rich. But one thing agreed upon by all professional philanthropists is that you must never hand over any cash to your subject. The poor are notoriously temperamental, and when they get money they exhibit a strong tendency to spend it for stuffed olives and enlarged crayon portraits instead of giving it to the installment man.

And still old Haroun had some advantages as an elementary school. He took around with him on his rambles his vizier, Glafar (a vizier is a composite of a chauffeur, a secretary of state and a night and day bank), and old Uncle Mervin, his executioner, who carried a snicker-snack. With this entourage a caliphing tour could hardly fail to be successful. Have you noticed any newspaper articles headed "What Shall We Do With Our Ex-presidents?" Well, now, suppose Mr. Carnegie should engage them and Jose Willard to go about assisting in the distribution of free libraries? Do you suppose any town would have the hardihood to refuse one? That caliph-along combination would cause two libraries to grow where there had been only one set of B. P. Roe's works before.

But, as I said, the money caliph is handicapped. They have the idea that earth has no sorrow that dough cannot heal, and they rely upon it solely. Al Raschid administered justice rewarded the deserving and punished whomsoever he disliked on the spot. He was the originator of the short story. Whenever he succeeded in any chance pickup in the bazaar he always made the success tell the sad story of his life. If the narrative lacked construction, style and sense he commanded his vizier to dole him out a couple of thousand ten dollar notes of the First National Bank of the Republic, or else gave him a job as Keeper of the Bird Seed for the Buhnia in the Imperial Gardens. If the story was a smackerjack he had Haroun, executioner, whisk off his head. The report that Haroun Al Raschid is yet alive and is editing the magazine that your grandmother used to subscribe for lacks confirmation.

And now follows the "Story of the Millionaire." The Indolent Increment and "The Babes Drawn From the Wood."

Young Howard Pilkins, the millionaire, got his money orthogonally. He was a shrewd judge of stocks and got in on the ground floor at the residence of his immediate ancestor, the Hon. Sir William Pilkins, baronet, who was a partner in the business. Finally old man Pilkins died from a stroke, and then Mrs. Pilkins died from worry on account of torpid delivery wagons—and there you have young Howard Pilkins with \$4,000,000, and a good fellow at that. He was an agreeable, modestly arrogant, young man, who implicitly believed that money could buy anything that the world had to offer. And Bagdad-on-the-Subway for a long time did everything possible to encourage his belief.

But the rat trap caught him at last. He heard the spring snap and found his heart in a wire cage regarding a piece of cheese whose other name was Alice von der Ruyssing.

The Von der Ruyssings still live in that little square about which so much has been said and in which so little has been done. Today you hear of Mr. Tilden's underground passage, and you hear Mr. Gode's elevated passage, and that about ends the noise in the world made by Gramercy square. But once it was different. The Von der Ruyssings live there yet, and they received the first key ever made to Gramercy park.

You shall have no description of Alice v. d. R. Just call up in your mind the picture of your own Maggie or Vera or Beatrice, straighten her nose, soften her voice, tone her down and then tone her up, make her beautiful and marvellous, and you have a faint dry point etching of Alice. The family owned a sumptuously built house and a coachman named Joseph in a coat of many colors, and a horse so old that he claimed to belong to the order of the Perimeter. Before noting it they made Joseph swear it over with a mixture of oaths and oint.

It was the Von der Ruyssing family that bought the territory between the Jersey and East River and Livingston streets and the Basin of Liberty, in the

year 1880, from an Indian chief for a pair of turkey red porters designed for a kitchen use. I have always admired that Indian's perspicacity and good taste. All this is merely to convince you that the Von der Ruyssings were exactly the kind of poor aristocrats that turn down their noses at people who have money—oh, well, I don't mean that; I mean people who have just money.

One evening Pilkins went down to the red brick house in Gramercy square and made what he thought was a proposal to Alice v. d. R. Alice, with her nose turned down and thinking of his money, considered it a proposition and refused it and him. Pilkins, summing up all his resources as any good general would have done, made an indiscreet reference to the advantages that his money would provide. That

settled it. The lady turned so cold that Walter Wellman himself would have waited until spring to make a dash for her in a dog sled.

But Pilkins was something of a sport himself. You can't fool all the millionaires every time the ball drops on the Western Union building.

"If at any time," he said to A. v. d. R., "you feel that you would like to reconsider your answer send me a rose like that."

Pilkins audaciously touched a jack rose that she wore loosely in her hair. "Very well," said she. "And when do you wish to understand by it that either you or I have learned something new about the purchasing power of money. You've been spoiled, my friend. No; I don't think I could marry you. Tomorrow I will send you back the presents you have given me."

"Present?" said Pilkins in surprise. "I never gave you a present in my life. I would like to see a full length portrait of the man that you would take a present from."

"You've forgotten," said Alice v. d. R., with a little smile. "It was a long time ago when our families were neighbors. Yes, were seven, and I was trundling my doll on the sidewalk. You gave me a little gray, hairy kitten with shabby eyes. Its head came off, and it was full of candy. You paid 5 cents for it—you told me so. I haven't the candy to return to you. I haven't developed a conscience at three, so I ate it. But I have the kitten yet, and I will wrap it up neatly and send it to you tomorrow."

Between the lightning Alice v. d. R.'s talk the steadfastness of her rejection showed firm and plain. So there was nothing left for him but to leave the crumbling red brick house and be off with his abhorred millions.

On his way back Pilkins walked through Madison square. The hour hand of the clock hung about 8. The air was chilly and cool, but not at the freezing point. The dim little square seemed like a great, cold, unroofed room, with the four walls of houses spangled with thousands of inefficient lights. Only a few loiterers were huddled here and there on the benches.

But suddenly Pilkins came upon a youth sitting brave and as if confident with summer sunlight, coatless, his white shirt sleeves conspicuous in the light from the globe of an electric fan. Close at his side was a girl, smiling dreamily, happy. Around her shoulders was, palpably, the missing coat of the cold defying youth. It appeared to be a modern pattern of "Babes in the Wood," revised and brought up to date, with the exception that the robe hadn't turned up yet with the protecting fur.

Pilkins sat on the bench, one seat removed from the youth. He glanced cautiously and saw (as men do see and women—oh, never can) that they were of the same order.

Pilkins leaned over after a short time and spoke to the youth, who answered smilingly and courteously. From general topics the conversation concentrated to the bedrock of grim personalities. But Pilkins did it as delicately and heartily as any caliph could have done. And when it came to the point the youth turned to him, soft voiced and with his undiminished smile.

"I don't want to seem unappreciative, old man," he said, with a youth's somewhat too early spontaneity of address. "but, you see, I can't accept anything from a stranger. I know you're all right and I'm tremendously obliged, but I couldn't take of borrowing from anybody. You see, I'm Marcus Clayton—the Claytons of Ros-

coe county, Va., you know. The young lady is Miss Eva Bedford—I reckon you've heard of the Bedfords. She's seventeen and one of the Bedfords of Bedford county. We've sloped from home to get married and we want to see New York. We got in this afternoon. Somebody got my pocket-book on the ferryboat and I had only 8 cents in change outside of it. I'll get some work somewhere tomorrow and we'll get married."

"But, I say, old man," said Pilkins in confidential low tones, "you can't keep the lady out here in the cold all night. Now, as for hotels—"

"I told you," said the youth with a broader smile, "that I didn't have but 8 cents. Besides, if I had a thousand, we'd have to wait here until morning. You can understand that, of course. I'm much obliged, but I can't take any of your money. Miss Bedford and I have lived an outdoor life and we don't mind a little cold. I'll get work of some kind tomorrow. We've got a paper bag of cakes and chocolates and we'll get along all right."

"I can't say, sir, that I do think so," said Clayton of Roanoke county. "I've been raised to look at such things differently. But I'm mightily obliged to you, just the same."

"Then you force me to say good night," said the millionaire.

Twice that day had his money been earned by simple ones to whom his dollars had appeared as but tin tobacco tags. He was no worshiper of the actual material gain or stamped paper, but he had always believed in its almost unlimited power to purchase.

Pilkins walked away rapidly and then turned abruptly and returned to the bench where the young couple sat. He took off his hat and began to speak. The girl looked at him with the same sprightly, glowing interest that she had been giving to the fights and staccato of her reaching buildings that made the old square seem so far away from Bedford county.

"Mr.—er—Roanoke," said Pilkins, "I admire your independence—your ideas so much that I'm going to appeal to your chivalry. I believe that's what you southerners call it when you keep a lady sitting outdoors on a bench on a cold night just to keep your old, out of date pride going. Now, I've a friend—a lady—whom I have known all my life—who lives a few blocks from here—her parents are rich and she's a girl of fine family and all that kind of indorsement, of course. I am sure this lady would be happy and pleased to put up—that is, to have Miss—er—Bedford give her the pleasure of having her as a guest for the night. Don't you think, Mr. Roanoke—er—Virginia, that you could unbend your prejudices that far?"

Clayton of Roanoke rose and held out his hand.

"Old man," he said, "Miss Bedford will be much pleased to accept the hospitality of the lady you refer to."

Pilkins conducted them to the crumbling red brick house of the Von der Ruyssings. His card brought Alice downstairs.

"Of course I will take her in," said Alice. "Haven't those southern girls a thoroughbred air? Of course she will stay here. You'll look after Mr. Clayton, of course."

"Will it?" said Pilkins delightedly. "Oh, yes, I'll look after him! As a citizen of New York and therefore a part owner of the public parks I'm going to extend to him the hospitality of Madison square tonight. He's going to sit there on a bench all morning. There's no use arguing with him. Isn't it wonderful? I'm glad you'll look after the little lady, Alice. I tell you those 'Babes in the Wood' made that 6-er-made Wall street and the Bank of England look like penny arcades."

Miss von der Ruyssing whisked Miss Bedford to Bedford county up to restful regions upstairs. When she came down she put an oblong small pasteboard box into Pilkins' hands.

"Your present," said Alice, "I am returning to you."

"Oh, yes, I remember," said Pilkins, with a sigh, "the woolly kitten."

He left Clayton on a park bench and shook hands with him heartily.

"After I get work," said the youth, "I'll look you up. Your address is on your card, isn't it?"

"Thanks. Well, good night. I'm awfully obliged to you for your kindness. No, thanks, I don't smoke. Good night."

In his room Pilkins opened the box and took out the staring, funny kitten, long ago ravaged of his candy minus one shoe button eye. Pilkins looked at it sorrowfully.

"After all," he said, "I don't believe that just money alone will—"

And then he gave a shout and dug into the bottom of the box for some thing else that had been the kitten's resting place—a crushed but red, fragrant, glorious, promising Jacqueminto rose.

near 1880, from an Indian chief for a pair of turkey red porters designed for a kitchen use. I have always admired that Indian's perspicacity and good taste. All this is merely to convince you that the Von der Ruyssings were exactly the kind of poor aristocrats that turn down their noses at people who have money—oh, well, I don't mean that; I mean people who have just money.

One evening Pilkins went down to the red brick house in Gramercy square and made what he thought was a proposal to Alice v. d. R. Alice, with her nose turned down and thinking of his money, considered it a proposition and refused it and him. Pilkins, summing up all his resources as any good general would have done, made an indiscreet reference to the advantages that his money would provide. That

settled it. The lady turned so cold that Walter Wellman himself would have waited until spring to make a dash for her in a dog sled.

But Pilkins was something of a sport himself. You can't fool all the millionaires every time the ball drops on the Western Union building.

"If at any time," he said to A. v. d. R., "you feel that you would like to reconsider your answer send me a rose like that."

Pilkins audaciously touched a jack rose that she wore loosely in her hair. "Very well," said she. "And when do you wish to understand by it that either you or I have learned something new about the purchasing power of money. You've been spoiled, my friend. No; I don't think I could marry you. Tomorrow I will send you back the presents you have given me."

"Present?" said Pilkins in surprise. "I never gave you a present in my life. I would like to see a full length portrait of the man that you would take a present from."

"You've forgotten," said Alice v. d. R., with a little smile. "It was a long time ago when our families were neighbors. Yes, were seven, and I was trundling my doll on the sidewalk. You gave me a little gray, hairy kitten with shabby eyes. Its head came off, and it was full of candy. You paid 5 cents for it—you told me so. I haven't the candy to return to you. I haven't developed a conscience at three, so I ate it. But I have the kitten yet, and I will wrap it up neatly and send it to you tomorrow."

Between the lightning Alice v. d. R.'s talk the steadfastness of her rejection showed firm and plain. So there was nothing left for him but to leave the crumbling red brick house and be off with his abhorred millions.

On his way back Pilkins walked through Madison square. The hour hand of the clock hung about 8. The air was chilly and cool, but not at the freezing point. The dim little square seemed like a great, cold, unroofed room, with the four walls of houses spangled with thousands of inefficient lights. Only a few loiterers were huddled here and there on the benches.

But suddenly Pilkins came upon a youth sitting brave and as if confident with summer sunlight, coatless, his white shirt sleeves conspicuous in the light from the globe of an electric fan. Close at his side was a girl, smiling dreamily, happy. Around her shoulders was, palpably, the missing coat of the cold defying youth. It appeared to be a modern pattern of "Babes in the Wood," revised and brought up to date, with the exception that the robe hadn't turned up yet with the protecting fur.

Pilkins sat on the bench, one seat removed from the youth. He glanced cautiously and saw (as men do see and women—oh, never can) that they were of the same order.

Pilkins leaned over after a short time and spoke to the youth, who answered smilingly and courteously. From general topics the conversation concentrated to the bedrock of grim personalities. But Pilkins did it as delicately and heartily as any caliph could have done. And when it came to the point the youth turned to him, soft voiced and with his undiminished smile.

"I don't want to seem unappreciative, old man," he said, with a youth's somewhat too early spontaneity of address. "but, you see, I can't accept anything from a stranger. I know you're all right and I'm tremendously obliged, but I couldn't take of borrowing from anybody. You see, I'm Marcus Clayton—the Claytons of Ros-

coe county, Va., you know. The young lady is Miss Eva Bedford—I reckon you've heard of the Bedfords. She's seventeen and one of the Bedfords of Bedford county. We've sloped from home to get married and we want to see New York. We got in this afternoon. Somebody got my pocket-book on the ferryboat and I had only 8 cents in change outside of it. I'll get some work somewhere tomorrow and we'll get married."

"But, I say, old man," said Pilkins in confidential low tones, "you can't keep the lady out here in the cold all night. Now, as for hotels—"

"I told you," said the youth with a broader smile, "that I didn't have but 8 cents. Besides, if I had a thousand, we'd have to wait here until morning. You can understand that, of course. I'm much obliged, but I can't take any of your money. Miss Bedford and I have lived an outdoor life and we don't mind a little cold. I'll get work of some kind tomorrow. We've got a paper bag of cakes and chocolates and we'll get along all right."

"I can't say, sir, that I do think so," said Clayton of Roanoke county. "I've been raised to look at such things differently. But I'm mightily obliged to you, just the same."

"Then you force me to say good night," said the millionaire.

Twice that day had his money been earned by simple ones to whom his dollars had appeared as but tin tobacco tags. He was no worshiper of the actual material gain or stamped paper, but he had always believed in its almost unlimited power to purchase.

Pilkins walked away rapidly and then turned abruptly and returned to the bench where the young couple sat. He took off his hat and began to speak. The girl looked at him with the same sprightly, glowing interest that she had been giving to the fights and staccato of her reaching buildings that made the old square seem so far away from Bedford county.

"Mr.—er—Roanoke," said Pilkins, "I admire your independence—your ideas so much that I'm going to appeal to your chivalry. I believe that's what you southerners call it when you keep a lady sitting outdoors on a bench on a cold night just to keep your old, out of date pride going. Now, I've a friend—a lady—whom I have known all my life—who lives a few blocks from here—her parents are rich and she's a girl of fine family and all that kind of indorsement, of course. I am sure this lady would be happy and pleased to put up—that is, to have Miss—er—Bedford give her the pleasure of having her as a guest for the night. Don't you think, Mr. Roanoke—er—Virginia, that you could unbend your prejudices that far?"

Clayton of Roanoke rose and held out his hand.

"Old man," he said, "Miss Bedford will be much pleased to accept the hospitality of the lady you refer to."

Pilkins conducted them to the crumbling red brick house of the Von der Ruyssings. His card brought Alice downstairs.

"Of course I will take her in," said Alice. "Haven't those southern girls a thoroughbred air? Of course she will stay here. You'll look after Mr. Clayton, of course."

"Will it?" said Pilkins delightedly. "Oh, yes, I'll look after him! As a citizen of New York and therefore a part owner of the public parks I'm going to extend to him the hospitality of Madison square tonight. He's going to sit there on a bench all morning. There's no use arguing with him. Isn't it wonderful? I'm glad you'll look after the little lady, Alice. I tell you those 'Babes in the Wood' made that 6-er-made Wall street and the Bank of England look like penny arcades."

Miss von der Ruyssing whisked Miss Bedford to Bedford county up to restful regions upstairs. When she came down she put an oblong small pasteboard box into Pilkins' hands.

"Your present," said Alice, "I am returning to you."

"Oh, yes, I remember," said Pilkins, with a sigh, "the woolly kitten."

He left Clayton on a park bench and shook hands with him heartily.

"After I get work," said the youth, "I'll look you up. Your address is on your card, isn't it?"

"Thanks. Well, good night. I'm awfully obliged to you for your kindness. No, thanks, I don't smoke. Good night."

In his room Pilkins opened the box and took out the staring, funny kitten, long ago ravaged of his candy minus one shoe button eye. Pilkins looked at it sorrowfully.

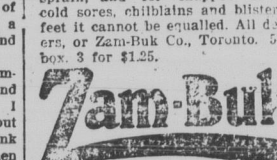
"After all," he said, "I don't believe that just money alone will—"

WAR VETERAN SAYS

"I have served in the British Army for 14 years, in South Africa, India and France. In my occupation of shoemaking I have met with a great many accidents, for which I have used various remedies, but never have I used anything that can begin to compare with Zam-Buk. As a healer and preventive of blood-poisoning Zam-Buk is in a class by itself. Every soldier should carry a box of it in his pocket."

The above is an extract from a letter received from S. McIlwraith, of the 2nd Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.

For the many injuries incidental to a soldier's life Zam-Buk is certainly invaluable. Nothing so quickly ends pain in a cut, a burn or a sprain, and for chapped hands, cold sores, chilblains and blistered feet it cannot be equalled. All druggists, or Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, Ont. Box 3 for \$1.25.



Tuesday September Fourth

is the day on which classes will be resumed at