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Besides, things grow monotonous by repetition, and this particular happening he had witnessed many times. It seemed to him as useless to oppose the overseer as to defy the will of the machine. Machines were made to go in certain ways and to perform certain tasks. It was the same with the overseer.

But at eleven o'clock there was an excitement in the room. In an apparently occult way the excitement instantly permeated everywhere. The one-legged boy who worked on the other side of Johnny bobbed swiftly across the floor to a bin-truck that stood empty. Into this he dived out of sight, crutch and all. The superintendent of the mill was coming along, accompanied by a young man. He was well-dressed and wore a starched shirt—a gentleman, in Johnny's classification of men, and also, "the Inspector."

He looked sharply at the boys as he passed along. Sometimes he stopped and asked questions. When he did so he was compelled to shout at the top of his lungs, at which moments his face ludicrously contorted with the strain of making himself heard. His quick eye noted the empty machine alongside of Johnny's, but he said nothing. Johnny also caught his eye, and he stopped abruptly. He caught Johnny by the arm to draw back a step from the machine; but with an exclamation of surprise he released the arm.

"Pretty skinny," the superintendent laughed anxiously. "Pipe-stems," was the answer. "Look at those legs. The boy's got the rickets—incipient, but he's got them. If epilepsy doesn't get him in the end, it will be because tuberculosis gets him first."

Johnny listened, but did not understand. Furthermore he was not interested in future ills. There was an immediate and more serious ill that threatened him in the form of the inspector.

"Now, my boy, I want you to tell me the truth," the inspector said, or shouted, bending close to the boy's ear to make him hear. "How old are you?"

"Fourteen," Johnny lied, and he lied with the full force of his lungs. So loudly did he lie that it started him off in a dry, hacking cough that lifted the lint which had been settling in his lungs all morning.

"Looks sixteen at least," said the superintendent.

"Or sixty," snapped the inspector. "He's always looked that way."

"How long?" asked the inspector quickly. "For years. Never gets a bit older."

"Or younger, I daresay. I suppose he's worked here all those years?"

"Off and on—but that was before the new law was passed," the superintendent hastened to add.

"Machine idle?" the inspector asked, pointing at the unoccupied machine beside Johnny's, in which the partly filled bobbins were flying like mad.

"Looks that way." The superintendent motioned the overseer to him and shouted in his ear and pointed at the machine. "Machine's idle," he reported back to the inspector.

They passed on, and Johnny returned to his work, relieved in that the ill had been averted. But the one-legged boy was not so fortunate. The sharp-eyed inspector hailed him out at arm's length from the bin-truck. His lips were quivering, and his face had all the expression of one upon whom was fallen profound and irremediable disaster. The overseer looked astounded, as though for the first time he had laid eyes on the boy, while the superintendent's face expressed shock and displeasure.

"I know him," the inspector said. "He's twelve years old. I've had discharged from three factories inside of the year. This makes the fourth."

He turned to the one-legged boy. "You promised me, word and honor, that you'd go to school."

The one-legged boy burst into

tears. "Please, Mr. Inspector, two babies died on us, and we're awful poor."

"What makes you cough that way?" the inspector demanded, as though charging him with crime. And as in denial of guilt, the one-legged boy replied, "It ain't nothin'. I jes' caught a cold last week, Mr. Inspector, that's all."

In the end the one-legged boy went out of the room with the inspector, the latter accompanied by the anxious and protesting superintendent. After that monotony settled down again. The long morning and the longer afternoon wore away and the whistle blew for quitting-time. Darkness had already fallen when Johnny passed out through the factory gate. In the interval the sun had made a golden ladder of the sky, flooded the world with its gracious warmth, and dropped down and disappeared in the west behind a ragged sky-line of housetops.

Supper was the family meal of the day—the one meal at which Johnny encountered his younger brothers and sisters. It partook of the nature of an encounter, to him, for he was very old, while they were distressingly young. He had no patience with their excessive and amazing juvenility. He did not understand it. His own childhood was too far behind him. He was like an old and irritable man, annoyed by the turbulence of their young spirits that was to him arrant silliness. He glowered silently over his food, finding compensation in the thought that they would soon have to go to work. That would take the edge off of them and make them sedate and dignified—like him. Thus it was, after the fashion of the human, that Johnny made of himself a yardstick with which to measure the universe.

During the meal, his mother explained in various ways and with infinite repetition that she was trying to do the best she could; so that it was with relief, the scant meal ended, that Johnny shoved back his chair and arose. He debated for a moment between bed and the front door, and finally went out to the latter. He did not go far. He sat down on the stoop, his knees drawn up and his narrow shoulders drooping forward, his elbows on his knees and the palms of his hands supporting his chin.

As he sat there he did no thinking. He was just resting. So far as his mind was concerned it was asleep. His brothers and sisters came out, and with other children played noisily about him. An electric globe on the corner lighted their frolics. He was peevish and irritable, that they knew; but the spirit of adventure lured them into teasing him. They joined hands before him, and keeping time with their bodies, chanted in his face weird and uncomplimentary doggerel. At first he snarled curses at them—curses he had learned from the lips of various foremen. Finding this futile, and remembering his dignity, he relapsed into dogged silence.

His brother Will, next to him in age, having just passed his tenth birthday, was the ringleader. Johnny did not possess particularly kindly feelings toward him. His life had early been embittered by continual giving over and giving way to Will. He had a definite feeling that Will was greatly in his debt and was ungrateful about it. In his own playtime, far back in the dim past, he had been robbed of a large part of that playtime by being compelled to take care of Will. Will was a baby then, and then, as now, their mother had spent her days in the mills. To Johnny had fallen the part of little father and little mother as well.

Will seemed to show the benefit of the giving over and the giving way. He was well-built, fairly rugged, as tall as his elder brother, and even heavier. It was as though the life-blood of the one had been diverted into the other's veins. And in spirits it was the same. Johnny was jaded, worn out, without resilience,

## SASKALTA NAME FOR NEW STEEL RANGE

A short time ago we inaugurated a competition to secure a name for our New Steel Range and all the conditions of the contest were published in this paper.

1. Saskalta—by Mrs. R. G. Harrison, Pense, Sask. Saskalta is a combination of the words Saskatchewan and Alberta, and is very appropriate as the range has been specially constructed for Western trade.
2. Vacuna—Goddess of Rest and Ease—by Mrs. Wm. Barnett, Living Springs, Ont.
3. Ladies' Aid—by Mrs. John H. Pierce, Truro, N.S.
4. Marathon—by Mrs. Henry Clee, Russell, Man.
5. Clarion—by Miss Elsie Honeyman, Ladner, B.C.

The competition was a big success, over 18,000 names being submitted and a great deal of interest and enthusiasm being shown. All those who contributed to the competition will be communicated with individually and receive an illustration of the new range.

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To every present subscriber or reader who will send us one new subscriber to The Western Home Monthly for one year at Fifty cents, at any time before Oct. 31, 1907, we will send Free by mail, post paid, Twelve Beautiful Post Cards and a neat Post Card Album, bound in boards, suitably printed cover and, having spaces to hold 24 cards.

The twelve post cards are of fine quality, beautifully printed, no two alike, and include views of schools, parks, public buildings, etc., etc., in Western Canada, a real nice post card to mail to your friends in the Old Country or Eastern Canada, and embrace the following groups of Winnipeg views:—

GROUP I.	GROUP II.	GROUP III.	GROUP IV.
Looking North from City Hall.	Looking South from City Hall.	Assiniboine Park.	Roslyn Road.
St. Mary's Church.	Wesley Church.	Portage Avenue.	Kennedy Street.
Central Congregation- al Church.	Medical College.	Princess Street.	Government House.
Manitoba College.	Wesley College.	Armstrong Point.	Court House.
University of Manitoba.	First Baptist Church.	Wellington Crescent.	Royal Alexandra Hotel.
Grace Church.	St. Stephen's Church.	Fort Garry Gateway.	Fort Garry Court.
Victoria School.	General Hospital.	Government Build- ings.	The Assiniboine River.
Normal School.	Carnegie Library.	Manitoba Club.	Mr. John Galt's Resid- ence.
Deaf and Dumb Insti- tute.	St. Andrew's Church.	Old Post Office.	Assiniboine Park.
Sacred Heart Church.	St. John's College.	Commerce.	Redwood Brewery.
Mulvey School.	Norquay School.	Eaton Store.	Bannatyne Avenue East.
Land Titles Building.	Machray School.	Mr. W. Whyte's Resi- dence.	Residence of Mr. F. M. Morse.

Each set of cards is entirely new, never before offered by us, all printed nicely and the subjects are the most attractive we have ever seen.

It is quite impossible for us to split up these groups and according'y subscribers are de- barred for selecting some cards from one group and some from another.

This is a wonderfully liberal offer, and no reader of The Western Home Monthly should fail to take advantage of it. To secure twelve fine Picture Post Cards and a Post Card Album for the slight labor and trouble required to obtain one new yearly subscriber at 50 cents is indeed great pay for very little work. Such an offer is possible only from the fact that we make the cards ourselves in very large quantities.

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They will be sent you promptly, and when you receive them we are sure you will feel well repaid for your time and trouble. In your letter do not fail to say that the subscription is for The Western Home Monthly, and do not fail to give your own name and full address as well as that of the subscriber. Do not be discouraged if you do not get the subscriber at the first house you visit; keep on until the subscription is secured—the reward is well worth the effort. If you want more than one set of the cards and album, and can get more than one subscriber, do so; we will send you a set of twelve and an album for every new subscriber you send us.

We have mentioned a new subscriber, but if it should be one who has taken the Western Home Monthly at some time, and has failed to renew for this year, it will make no difference; anyone not now a subscriber to this magazine is eligible. Please bear in mind that this is a special limited offer, good only until October 31st, 1907, hence must be taken advantage of before that date. You may select any one of the four groups.

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