

sullen hatred replaced the old blazing of wrath. The Caseys began to talk of moving. Mr. Casey with a sombre sense of wreaking a revenge on an unappreciative neighborhood. Mrs. Casey with a homesick feeling that no other place could be so alien to her as this one, now that she had no sisterly friend across the fence. The Dwyers, to whom the intention was immediately reported, favored it.

"The sooner he goes the better, the coward!" said Mr. Dwyer.

"I don't think I feel so bad to be bad friends with Mary Casey," said Mrs. Dwyer, "if I didn't see her every day."

Johnny was walking home from Mollie Husted's late one night, revolving these things and others in his mind. It was not a very quick mind, but it was a fairly sure one. It was considering patiently the cause of Mollie's capriciousness, which had been scarcely good-tempered that evening; it was also considering that his father, though so well obeyed, seemed unhappy and even unappreciative.

"Sometimes I think," said Johnny to himself, "that for all he was so mad at the thought I might enlist, he's sort of disappointed that I didn't. There's no denying that Mr. Dwyer's son got to be a sergeant, and that he come home alive and well, and that people talk more of him than they do of Mr. Casey's son. And that frets my father against me. But about Mollie—"

He could not so clearly follow the workings of Mollie's mind. Mollie liked him; she had said so; she had said so when she knew that he was no hero, but a mere builder. Well, then, why was she capricious and flighty?

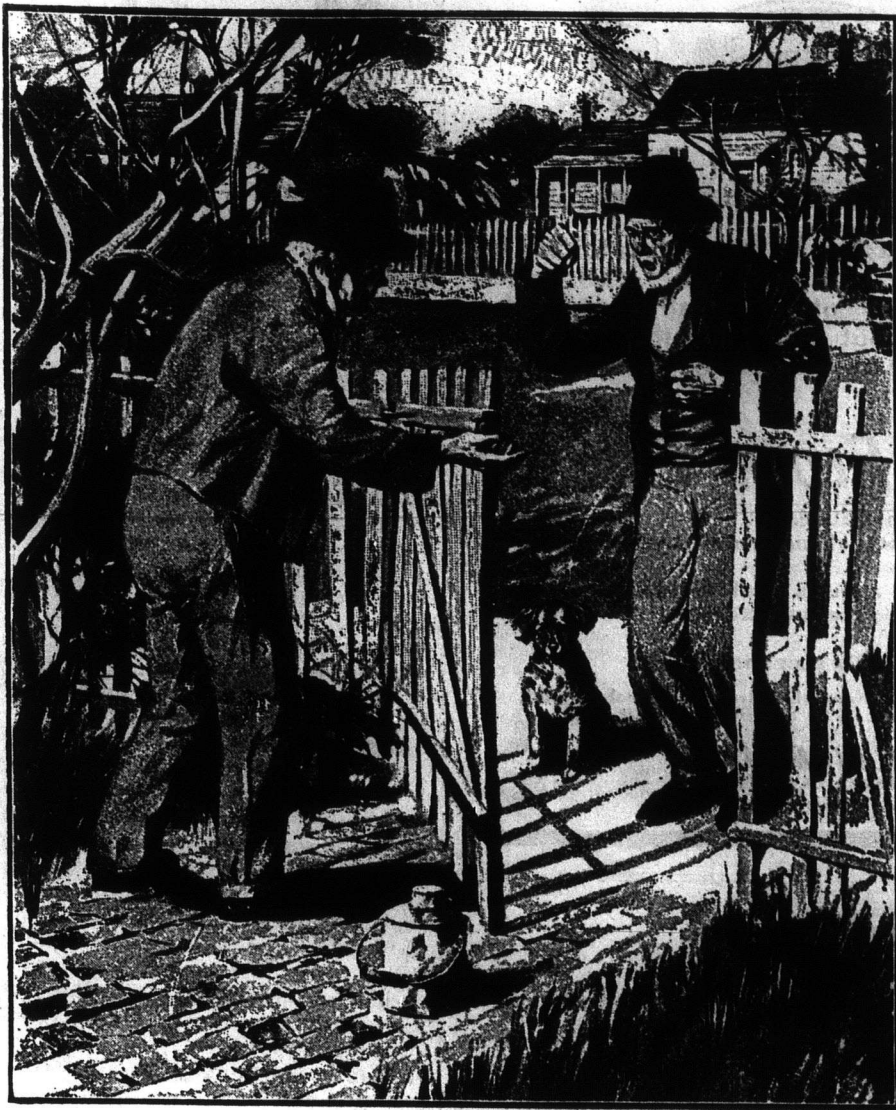
He slammed the little wicket gate behind him. The two houses were dark for the night. The big lilac bush between the two yards distilled a pungent sweetness into the air. It was so still, so peaceful, Johnny paused a moment. He was not imaginative, but a memory stirred him of his childhood, when he had played with little Jimmy Dwyer between that big bush. He recalled how their mothers had always filled the big, gaudy parlor vases with the purple blossoms. And this spring neither woman touched the flowers! It was too bad! He wished he could settle it!

Across the aroma of the lilacs another odor grew, more strong, more stifling, Johnny sniffed at it for a moment. It was smoke.

"They've been cleaning up the yards, I suppose," he said. "It's some old brush-heap smouldering."

But the odor was not that of burning brush. It was more powerful, less of the earth and leaves. He ran around the narrow space between the two houses. From the Dwyers he thought he could perceive a blur of smoke.

He ran to their front door and began pounding upon it, forgetful, for the second, of the uses of the bell. Then he remembered, and pulled and



"If my Johnny makes any such fool of himself, it's a bootin' he'll get from me."

pulled. There was no answer. He hurled his weight against the frail door as a window of his own house went up and his father's irascible voice demanded if he was to be waked out of a night's sleep by drunken reproaches that had forgotten their keys!

"Fire, father, fire!" called the boy as a panel gave way before him. He put in his hand through the opening, unlocked the door, and dashed in, a gust of air with him. The smouldering fire leaped into life at this new fuel. He rushed up the stairs. No voices answered his shouts. The upper rooms were filled with smoke. The Dwyers were sleeping a suffocated sleep.

How they were aroused with water dashed upon them and carried down the stairs by Johnny and his father before the arrival of the engines summoned at Mrs. Casey's command by another neighbor; how the Casey house sheltered them; how Johnny's eyebrows were missing for several weeks; and how that Mollie Husted vowed that she adored him for the

lack—these are matters of Locust Street history. How Mr. Casey and Mr. Dwyer were able to find all their estrangement the work of "thim meddlesome busybodies that have nothin' better to do than to run from one honest man to another wid lies," is not so widely known among the neighbors. But that the Caseys came back to St. Ann's, gave up the thought of moving, and were entirely modest about the hero in their own ranks, is joyfully witnessed by an entire community.

The grateful Dwyers consider that the finest proof of Michael Casey's nobility of intellect and heart ever vouchsafed the word was what he said when it was discovered that Jim Dwyer had thrown a careless match in the wood-box that night.

"It's nothin'. I often do it meself. An' anyway, a man that's served his country—there's allowances to be made for him!"

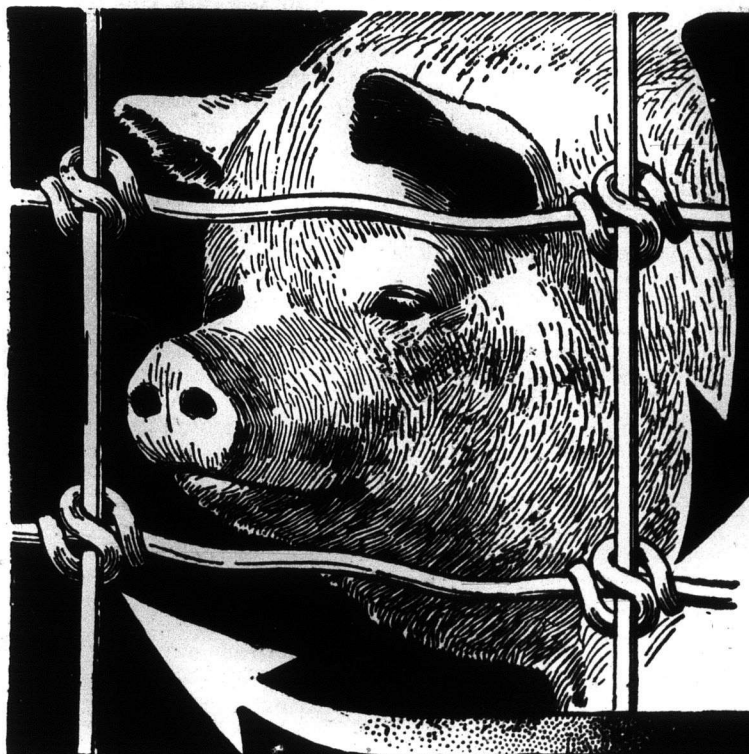
According to Mitchell's Newspaper Press Directory, there are now published in the United Kingdom alone no fewer than 2,353 newspapers, of which London contributes 404, including thirty-one dailies.

After living twenty-five years in New York which he permitted no woman to enter, Henry Bergman is dead. He bitterly hated all women because of trouble early in life with his wife.

A school for dogs has been established in Paris. The object is to teach them politeness. The animals are trained to welcome visitors by jumping up, wagging the tail, and giving a low bark. When the visitor leaves, the dog accompanies him to the door, constantly wagging his tail, and bows his farewell by bending his head to the floor. He is trained, likewise, to pick up a handkerchief, glove, or fan that has been dropped and return it to the owner.

In connection with the death of Dr. Wilkinson, Bishop of St. Andrews, Scotland, a singular coincidence is established. It is a remarkable fact that all the predecessors of Dr. Stubbs as Bishops of Truro have died suddenly. The first occupant of the See, Dr. Benson, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, was taken ill while at service at Hawarden Church, and died in a few minutes; Dr. Wilkinson as second Bishop of Truro, and he died during a meeting at Edinburgh; and Dr. Gott, the third Bishop, died suddenly while giving directions to his chaplain in his study at Trenythor.

The career of the Hon. W. H. Hughes, Ex-Minister for External Affairs in the Commonwealth, and one of the delegates to the Colonial Conference, forms a remarkable real life romance. Twenty-four years ago he went from London to New South Wales to seek his fortune. He tried teaching, but the pay was so meagre that he started to tramp into the interior in search for some more remunerative employment. His experiences were not very pleasant. For three days he had no food whatever, and was without water for twenty-four hours. Then he found some shellfish, and for nine days that was his only food. To make matters worse, he was crossing a creek one day, with his shirt, socks, clothes, and boots wrapped up in his sleeping-blanket and fixed to his shoulders, when he found himself in a deep hole. Down he went, and the bundle went on by itself. Mr. Hughes lost everything, and in that sorry plight he had to wander about until he found shelter in a timber-man's hut. Ultimately, he found employment as a sheep-drover. The construction department of the railway next claimed him, and afterwards he worked on coast vessels for six months. Mr. Hughes holds now an ordinary seaman's discharge.



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