

ly stooped and pecked the child's cheek.

"It's afraid ye are! Now jus' see how 'is mother does the job!" She illustrated vehemently, and the satiated child only turned impatiently and slept the harder.

"Look a' there now!" she cried proudly. "He an' me's bin worryin' so 'bout Jim all th' day that he's clane tired out. Ain't he th' swatest kid as ever wuz, father? Whin he's growed up he'll be jus' like you'n Jim."

After the old man had gone, Maggie found two fifty-cent pieces tucked under the plate where he had been sitting.

"Ain't he jus' th' angel of a father?" she cried, perching herself again on Jim's knee. "What d'ye care? Ye've got him an' ye've me'n th' kid. What more d'ye want?" She took his face in her hands. "Jim, ye niver paid me enough fur yer supper—ye know ye didn't! Pay me agin!" A few moments later her head fell back on his shoulder and she murmured contentedly.

"Kissin's better'n money; ain't it?" Before attacking his dinner-pail at noon the next day, old Tim went to the office.

"Oh, it's you, Casey," said the manager, looking up from his work. "Well, what is it?"

"It's me b'y, sir. He's out o' work since the big factory burnt Sunday night, an' I'm wantin' ter ax ye, sir, if ye'd mind takin' 'im on fur a job

go, and the new assistant manager wouldn't know you or your deserts from Adam."

"It's not long ye'll be gone, sir?"

"Oh, a matter of two weeks or so." "Mebbe whin ye come back, sir, me b'y'll be a-workin' aside 'is ould father. Thank ye, sir! Thank ye kindly, sir. Good-day, sir."

"That's all right. Good-day, Casey."

At six o'clock, when Tim left the factory, a light snow was falling above the icy pavement. He hobbled on cautiously, aided by his cane, and jubilant in the famous news he was going to carry to Jamsie and Maggie before he went home to tell the "ould woman."

As he turned down First Avenue, he ran into a crowd of boys engaged in a fierce snowballing bout. The old man was fair sport, and they began to make him the target for their missiles. He laughed anxiously and called out,

"Ye're a leetle too many fur th' ould man, b'ys, ain't ye?" and tried to pass on. A snowball, harder than the rest, knocked his stick from his hand. He slipped and fell, and the boys howled with delight. Getting up slowly with great effort, he laughed again, and threw the snow he had clutched in his fall at the nearest boy, who danced before him, holding up the cane mockingly just beyond Tim's grasp. As the old man lurched forward, another imp kicked out his foot and tripped him. He fell heavily, and they all closed in and pelted him fur-



"Ye're a leetle too many fur th' ould man, b'ys, ain't ye?"

here so 'is ould father c'd look after 'im a bit, sir."

"Does he know anything about the work?"

"He knows a bit, sir, an' he's very quick ter larn an' I'll be after teachin' 'im. Niver a bit a grane 'ud he be. Hec a stiddy b'y, sir, an' married ter a tidy body, an' they've got a bit o' a kid, an' he's needin' th' job. It'd be a good dade ye'd do, sir, ter write down 'is name."

The man at the desk smiled.

"Very well, Casey," he said. "I'll take your word for it, though you are a prejudiced party." He reached out for a book. "See, I've got a long waiting list." The old man's face fell. The manager thought for a moment, then deliberately poised his pen at the top of the page. "You've been a good hand for the firm always," he said. "I've never forgotten what you did for us in that strike seven years ago. Give me your son's name and address."

Trembling with eagerness, the old man obeyed.

"All right. I know nothing of these others, so down goes James Casey at the top of the list, and he gets the next vacancy."

"The saints reward ye!" cried the old man. "It's the heart ye've put back in me b'y, sir. It's not me as 'ud be wantin' another man ter be lavin'; but, shure, changes is bound ter come, an' it's glad I am that Jamsie'll git th' fust job."

"It's lucky you came today, Casey," said Mr. Hessler, resuming his work. "I'm leaving this evening for Chicago,

and the new assistant manager wouldn't know you or your deserts from Adam."

"What's the matter here?" he said gruffly. "Been drinkin'?"

"Niver a bit!" came in a quaver from the heap lying on the sidewalk. "Them leetle b'ys wuz havin' fun a-snowballin', that's all. Just you help me up an' I'll stir me stumps all right."

But old Tim shrieked as the policeman tried to lift him, and the man was forced to lay him back in the snow.

"Who'll be after tellin' Jamsie?" he moaned faintly. "Shure, it's broken inside I am entirely; but don't ye pinch them leetle b'ys. They didn't mean no harm ter th' ould man. They wuz just havin' a leetle mite o' fun. Ould Tim don't mind 'em, bless 'em!"

The next morning the foreman at the factory came to the office.

"There's a vacancy at one of the machines, sir," he said. "They've phoned from the Flower Hospital that old man Casey was killed in an accident."

The assistant manager reached for the book and turned the pages.

"Queer!" he said. "This man's name's Casey too—James Casey. Send for him. He's next on the list."

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