

Ena's Love Story

Written specially for
The Western
Home Monthly

It certainly was most annoying that on this particular evening the cows should take it into their heads to be so unruly and obstinate. Even "Mayflower," Ena's pet red and white heifer, refused to come at her young mistress' call, but insisted upon carrying wildly about the prairie with the others.

Mosquitoes were not sufficient reason for such bad behavior, she told them, wrathfully, and bit her lip vexedly to think that their new neighbor, the young Englishman, should be a witness of her humiliation.

She cracked her whip and dodged them cleverly with her pony, but they still eluded her. She was about to gallop home, vexed and disgusted, to send her father or brothers to the rescue, when the young man, with a smart flank movement, gathered the beasts together and trotted them in front of her. Rather proud of his achievement, he took off his hat and smiled frankly up into her face.

"Miss Currie, I am sure? I have met your father several times. I am your new neighbor, Stanley Norton. I hope the cattle will not give you further trouble—shall I drive them home for you?"

room, the table and the supper itself, but daintiest and sweetest of all was Ena Currie.

That evening was an instructive as well as a pleasant one. Mr. Currie giving the young Englishman his valuable advice and the benefit of his long experience in Canadian farming. He and his sons cordially offered their assistance when he intended building his house and stables. In return, Mr. Norton gave them a brief outline of his reason for trying his luck at farming in Canada.

"I come of a good family, but am poor, that is, I am too poor to live in the set and style in which I was brought up and educated," he added, with a grim little smile. "I got tired of living on nothing and doing nothing, and so I thought I would come out here and try and make my fortune."

He laughed as he spoke, in which they joined.

"And when you have succeeded you will go back to the old country and marry some fine lady," Mrs. Currie remarked.

He started perceptibly, crying hastily, "Oh! no!"

He colored, meeting their surprised looks,

looked serenely out into the world. He dismissed it immediately, and found how easy it really was to do so. It was a relief to turn to Ena's sweet, dark beauty, and he was a happier man that night when he went home to his lonely shack than he had been for many weary months.

The weeks slipped by so quickly that Stanley Norton scarcely knew how they went. In England the days dragged with him; here, they were never long enough. He had plenty to do on his land and the evenings were usually spent with the Currie's, riding or driving with Ena, and music and coffee afterwards.

It was a dangerously sweet time for both. Ena was gloriously happy, but did not dare to stop to analyze that happiness.

Mr. Norton had no such scruples. It did not take him long to discover that he loved his pretty little neighbor with a truer, purer love than he had ever felt for the English girl who had played him false.

But a cloud crept up over their summer sky in the shape of a letter for him from the old country. He took it up the same evening to the Currie's, his face grave and thoughtful.

He got a chance, as he hoped, to speak to Mr. Currie alone for a few moments.

"I have received a letter to-day from my solicitors which will compel me to leave for England as soon as I can."

He spoke quietly, and noticed that the farmer's face grew anxious.

"I have news of my uncle, Sir Phillip Norton's, death which occurred quite suddenly a few weeks ago. I am his heir, unfortunately, so I am obliged to go home for a time."

His one thought was "Ena! poor little Ena; what will she do?"

"If I am not back before harvest," the young man went on, quietly, "I wonder if you will kindly look after my little crop for me?"

Mr. Currie had brightened up, and replied warmly—

"I will do all in my power. I guess you will come back to sell out, Sir Stanley?"

The young man winced, then smiled, as his friend brought out the title hesitatingly.

"Please do not," he begged. "I have no wish to be reminded that I am a wealthy English baronet. I would rather be a Canadian farmer."

Mr. Currie laughed, well pleased, and the young man went on earnestly—

"I shall come back, but not to sell out, sir. I have the means now to improve it, and I will make it one of the prettiest places in the Northwest. But, before I leave, I want to know, Mr. Currie, if you will allow me to ask your daughter to be my wife. I love her dearly, and I will do my best to make her happy."

The good farmer was silent for a space, relieved yet troubled. Relieved to find that his pretty daughter had not thrown away her love on a man she might never see again; troubled to think that marriage with an English baronet must mean separation for them. It was only for a moment. Putting all selfish thoughts on one side, he replied—

"You have my permission and best wishes; go and ask her."

He could say no more, but guessing the cause of his emotion, Sir Stanley caught his hand and wrung it warmly.

"Many thanks," he said. "Do not fear. If Ena consents to marry me, I promise you that we will spend three or four months out of every year with you. I love Canada myself," he added, warmly, "and I have no intention of giving up my home here."

He stayed for supper that evening, and toward the close of the meal Mr. Currie, who was in the best of spirits and brimful of the news, rose to his feet and proposed the health of Sir Stanley Norton. Explanations followed, and congratulations, but Mrs. Currie looked anxiously at her daughter. The girl sat white and still, all her merry fun and chatter silenced, and presently she slipped away. Poor Mrs. Currie, looking very worried, was about to follow her, when Sir Stanley went up to her and took her hand.

"I will go to her. I have a question to ask her. Will you wish me luck?"

And the dear little woman did so, with happy tears in her eyes.

He found Ena by the river, in the place where they had often sat fishing and talking. She was lying upon her face, soba shaking her slender form.

"Ena! Ena!" he chided, taking her to his breast; "no more tears, beloved."

There were a few more, however, but happy ones, and with her sweet face hidden she answered his question and gave him the promise he desired.

They were married quietly when he returned a few months later, and it was decided that they should spend their honeymoon and the winter in England at their new home, the following spring, and was presented to be the prettiest of the young brides that season. Her photographs were in all the windows and illustrated papers, and she was known in London society as "that beautiful little Canadian, Lady Norton."

They returned to Canada, however, at the end of the London season and spent the summer months in their pretty home, which Mr. Currie had made as pleasant and convenient as love and money could make it.

As the years went by, Ena grew to love her stately English home, but it never took the same place in her heart as her old home in Northwest Canada.

Deer in Southern Alaska.

Perhaps there is no place in the world where deer are more plentiful at the present time than in the great archipelago which stretches for hundreds of miles along the coast of southeastern Alaska, notwithstanding the fact that vast numbers are annually killed merely for their hides. This



Beside the Still Waters.

She blushed prettily, and met his admiring gaze shyly.

"So much obliged," she said. "Perhaps you will come home and have some supper with us. Mother and father will be delighted, I am sure."

He accepted the invitation with alacrity, and they rode home slowly side by side.

They had many rides together in the happy days that followed, but they never forgot that first one. The golden summer evening, with the many scents of flowers and shrubs and the song of the birds. The beautifully rolling prairie land, the herd of fine cattle in front of them, and above all—so thought Stanley Norton—the pretty girl by his side.

He had seen many beautiful women in his time, so many that he had grown critical. This little Canadian maiden, with her daintily poised head, her clear brown skin and velvety dark eyes, appealed to his beauty-loving nature, as all the lovely women he had met in English drawing-rooms had never done. In her white dress, with a bunch of the prairie roses at her breast, she looked the personification of girlish grace and beauty. No wonder he experienced a thrill of pleasure whenever he looked at her.

Mr. and Mrs. Currie greeted him with true Canadian hospitality, and their two stalwart sons readily "chummed" up with him.

He had grown very tired of his own company in his shack, so that he fully appreciated his first meal in a Canadian household. It was all novel and strange to him, and yet homelike, and he soon felt as if he had known that kind family all his life.

Everything was so daintily arranged—the

then quietly explained—

"I was engaged to a young society lady in England, but—I was not wealthy enough for her, so she threw me over. She is to be married shortly to the eldest son of one of our wealthiest peers."

He had paled a little during this recital, and his eyes sought Ena's face. He was amused, yet pleased, to see that it was white and tremulous with anger, and that her eyes were flashing indignantly.

"She deserves to be miserable for the rest of her life," she declared, hotly.

"Ena! Ena!" cried Mrs. Currie, reprovingly, yet smiling, whilst her father laughed indulgently.

After supper, music was suggested, and Ena and her brothers sang coon songs to the piano and banjo.

Stanley Norton had shuddered inwardly when they were mentioned; he had lively recollections of coon songs sung in London drawing-rooms—they were always associated with skirt-dancing and mediocre recitations all of which he loathed. But he had never heard them sung as they were that evening, and in all the pleasant evenings that followed, he was always the first to suggest coon songs. It was very pleasant to sit in the gathering twilight listening to the voices blending harmoniously. Outside the mosquitoes hummed and the fire-flies darted in and out of the perfumed gloaming.

England seemed very far away that night, and for the first time since his arrival in Canada he did not regret it. For a moment there flashed across his mental vision, a proud, beautiful face, crowned with gleaming golden hair, and cold blue eyes that

practice it seems impossible to stop, since with us here the law is much as it is with the Siberians where "God is high above and the Czar is very distant." In fact this part of the Territory is somewhat ignored by the government at Sitka and the "strong arm of the law" is quite in ridicule. But I am to write of deer, not of governments.—Field and Stream.

STAMMERERS

THE DR. ARNOTT INSTITUTE, BERLIN, Ont. For the treatment of all forms of SPEECH DEFECTS. We treat the cause, not simply the habit, and therefore produce natural speech. Write for particulars.

Books by Mail

This List includes some of the best recent fiction by popular writers. They are bound in paper. We will forward any of them post paid for : : : :

75c.

THE SIGN OF TRIUMPH

Sheppard Stevens

BEVERLY OF GRAUSTALK

G. B. McCutcheon

THE BRETHREN

H. Ryder Haggard

THE RED WINDOW

Fergus Hume

THE MILLIONAIRE BABY

Anna Kulbine Green

THE WELSH SINGER

Allan Raine

THE MARATHON MYSTERY

Burton E. Stevenson

THE KING'S SCAFOAT

Hamilton Drummond

MILLIONS OF MISCHIEF

Headon Hill

THE WINGED HELMET

H. S. MacKay

A CAPTAIN OF MEN

E. A. More

A COURIER OF FORTUNE

A. W. Marchmont

THE MONK'S TREASURE

George Horton

STINFORTE

E. W. Hornung

THE ROVENELLS

Harris Dickson

Address Orders To

JOHN A. HART CO.
WINNIPEG

Advice and information FREE by addressing
"THE ORACLE"

Box 742. Correspondence Private.

The Proper Time



TO TAKE A
REMEDY
IS WHEN
THE FIRST
SYMPTOMS
APPEAR.

SO MANY
WOMEN

who suffer from weakness and nervous exhaustion neglect taking a cure until they have lost Health, Strength and Beauty. That is a mistake. As soon as you feel miserable and "out-of-sorts" commence taking

"7 Monks' Con-i-Cure"

It will tone up the Nerves, Create Health, Strength and Energy.

It is a Wonderful Remedy.
Sold by all Druggists for \$1.00.

If you cannot procure from your Druggist, we will mail it prepaid Upon receipt of the price.

7 Monks' Company

SOLE PROPRIETORS

Box 742. Winnipeg, Man.

WHEN WRITING ADVERTISERS PLEASE MENTION THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY.