

three scraggy flower beds in each. Gilpin had Donovan sod up the end beds, leaving only one in the centre of each plot. Then he designed these two on the cart-wheel plan, the rims a foot wide, spokes the same width, and an inner rim representing the hub, on the same scale. These, filled with black loam, were in themselves an artistic contrast with the fresh green lawns.

Then Gilpin tried his pansy culture. He placed the yellow ones in the outer rims; along one spoke he would have deep purple, in another pale blue, in another white, and so on, in no wise mixing the colors. He planted pure white blooms in the hubs for striking contrast.

And he watered them often until reward came—the little flowers gained vigor and blossomed bountifully. After a time he gave the full care over to Donovan.

Donovan's boys recovered and went back to school, but Mrs. Donovan lingered on. Now, before she was married, Mrs. Donovan was a maid in the Lynd home, and though Rebecca and her brother were small children then they never forgot the many kindnesses of the maid, and every now and then inquired after her or sent her gifts. When Rebecca heard of her protracted illness she ran over often to do what she could. She brought flowers of the aristocratic order and noted with gratification how Mrs. Donovan smiled at them.

But the day came when the pansies had to be picked in great numbers to keep up the display. These Donovan brought home and placed in many bowls here and there in the sick room. Rebecca noticed the terrible reinforcements, but she also noticed that Mrs. Donovan was pleased with them.

"I keep lookin' at the wee faces in them," she told Rebecca, whose face seemed to resent the encroachment of these common flowers. "I do be seein' new ones every little while, and they kape me mind off me troubles."

Rebecca was there one evening when Donovan was starting out to water the beds and pluck the flowers.

"It's a great secret," he said. "The more ye pull av thim the bigger they grow, and they're the divils fer dhrink!" "Won't you let me go with you," she begged, "and help?"

She went every evening thereafter to help. And she saw pansies grow as she had never dreamed possible. Of a texture soft as her own skin, smooth and satiny, and of a size that made her dainty hands seem smaller, she fondled them as if a living soul were in every one of them. She soon became an enthusiastic admirer of the one-flower standard adopted by the railroad, and once again admired the railroad's penchant for having things just right.

It was thus that Gilpin, returning after a long trip on the road, saw her. He did not have to ask who she was or how she came there. He knew that if North Quay's garden came up to expectations she would be attracted to it—and possibly again to him. So he had hoped.

He went over and shook hands with Donovan and whispered something in his ear. A grin overspread the Celtic features and then lengthened into glumness. Gilpin then went over to Rebecca and bowed, smiling.

"I've just told Mr. Donovan," he announced, "that he is the winner of the main prize for the best garden on the Huron district. It may interest you to know that Peridot comes second."

"I can well believe it," she said, a slight catch in her voice. "I'm so sorry I made such a fuss when you told me about your scheme. But I was shocked at the idea of such ruthless destruction. But that seems to be the way with progress—always destroying to make room for something better. This garden is as beautiful as any I ever saw, and Mr. Donovan is to be congratulated for both the design and the way he cared for it."

"He is, indeed," said Gilpin.

"Now none av that," put in Donovan. "Sure it was himself started the thing so the darlin' would grow at all at all. It's not right that I'd be takin' the prize whin I don't deserve it."

Gilpin wheeled around and mischievously caught Donovan by the shoulder and, whispering something to him, sent him in the direction of the flower bed. He shook his fist at Gilpin and went.

"Gilpin, you tried to make this garden

a success so that Mr. Donovan could win the prize and help his family—I see it now. What a little fool I am!"

"Don't say that, Rebecca. Let us say, rather, that I made it a success to bring you back to me," he said. "Mr. Squares has received the congratulations of the management, and he is happy. I should be happy, too, but it rests with you."

"Oh, Gilpin, I'll do anything to make you happy," she said, swaying toward him. He caught her in his arms and the descending dusk protected them from the gaze of the platform promenaders.

He did not tell her until some time after Donovan had grown tired waiting for further orders and gone home that he had been made assistant manager of the floral department. There was one thing more important.

Silent Years

"Girls," John Robertson looked at his sisters almost sternly, "do you know that you have got used to mother's deafness?"

"Used to it? How do you mean, John?"

"I mean that you have grown so accustomed to her being left out of nearly all conversation that you forget what a deprivation it is to her. Why, when I was talking with her about all these six years that I've been abroad, I found out that she didn't know a lot of family gossip that I—away across the ocean—had got from letters. Mother, who used to be at the very head and beginning of everything in the house, has grown into an outsider almost—an onlooker, at any rate. That patient, absent smile of hers takes most all the joy out of my home-coming."

"We do try to tell her things, but she so often misunderstands and gets facts confused that I suppose we have grown a little negligent perhaps about relating the small, unimportant matters. You know, John, it's awfully wearing having to scream trifles at the top of one's voice." Marian smiled rather apologetically, but her brother still looked severe.

"Why haven't you tried to get her something that would help her to hear?" he asked.

"She did have an ear-trumpet, but it seemed to make her nervous and uncomfortable," answered Jessie.

"So you never tried anything else? You know there are a number of inventions for aiding the deaf. We'll have her test every one of them until she gets some help."

Somehow, although none of the first contrivances that John brought to his mother proved efficacious, a brighter look came into her face. Perhaps it was the constant, cheery society of her big, broad-shouldered son that brought back some of the old sparkle to her eyes and made her smile less wan and more happy.

At last a little electrical device was discovered which, pinned on her blouse and connected with her ear, made it quite possible to converse with her in an ordinary speaking voice, and John, elated at his success, proudly led his mother to the piano.

"You haven't made any music for me since I came home," he said. "Give us that good old 'Blue Danube' you used to play when we youngsters wanted a dance." "I haven't touched the piano for five years, John. It was no use when I couldn't hear."

"But maybe you can now, mother."

She sat down at the instrument, and with rather uncertain fingers played the first few bars of the old waltz. Then she stopped, and looking at John with wonder and surprise, exclaimed:

"I hear every note, every note, my son, and it's been so long, so long!"

She leaned against the piano and burst into tears—such unrestrained weeping as her daughters had never seen before.

John sat down on the piano bench beside her, and gently raised her head until it rested on his shoulder. His sisters looked at each other with misty eyes.

"We never understood," murmured Jessie, brokenly.

According to Rule

"Do you know, my dear," asked the young husband, "there's something wrong with the cake? It doesn't taste right."

"That is all your imagination," answered the bride triumphantly, "for it says in the cook-book that it is delicious."



Stop Thief!

Gophers have stolen the automobiles, the luxuries, the home comforts, the opportunities for education, the good things of life that so many farmers have drudged for and never succeeded in securing—*have they stolen such things from you?*

Have gophers robbed your farming of profit? Or have you made a profit in spite of them? Thousands have barely broken even or have run behind. Every farmer would be hundreds of dollars ahead, if he kept gophers off from his land. It might mean only a bushel of grain more per acre—that's worth getting—or it might mean five bushels or even more in extra profit. That is what using Kill-Em-Quick has meant to thousands of farmers.



**Increase
Your Crop
1 to 5 Bushels
per Acre.
Kill-
Em-Quick
Will Do It.**

The
Time-
Tested, **Kill-Em-Quick** Guaranteed
Gopher
Killer

Gopher Poison

Every farmer who has tried this gopher killer knows that gophers can be destroyed—kept off his land. He knows that Kill-Em-Quick pays him hundreds of times its cost in profits.

Kill-Em-Quick is a sure-killer—a ready-prepared poison, the strongest on the market, according to the Canadian Government analysis.

The Manitoba Agricultural College, after a careful test of gopher poisons, recommends Kill-Em-Quick as the "most effective gopher poison."

You cannot afford to experiment. Gophers do their worst damage from seeding time until the shoots are well above the ground. If you use a poison that fails to kill gophers, your crops will suffer. Don't be tempted to buy poisons represented as "just as good, but in bigger packages for the price." You want dead gophers—not big packages. Dollar for dollar, Kill-Em-Quick kills the most. It is guaranteed to kill them all. If you are not satisfied, we will return your money.

Better safe than sorry. Get Kill-Em-Quick. 40 acre size, 50¢; 100 acre size, \$1.00. From your dealer, or if he cannot supply you, we mail postpaid upon receipt of the price.

Kill-Em-Quick Co., Ltd.
Dept. G Winnipeg, Canada.

*Urge your Councillor to furnish
Kill-Em-Quick. It will increase
your crop and tickle the Gophers to Death!*

"Eastlake" Snow Melter & Feed Cooker

Gives a quick fire at little expense. Warm water for stock during winter months. Splendid feed cooker, scalding tank, etc. A very useful, big-paying investment.

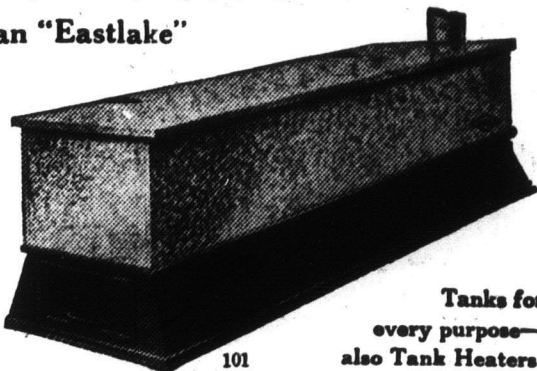
Built to last—because it's an "Eastlake"

The top section or tank is fine quality, heavy galvanized iron—furnace is heavy black sheet iron strongly reinforced with angle iron throughout. Built for western farmers who want something better than usual at a reasonable price. Three sizes.

Let us send you complete Tank catalogue.

Metallic Roofing Co. Ltd.
Manufacturers

797 Notre Dame Ave., Winnipeg



Tanks for every purpose—also Tank Heaters.

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly