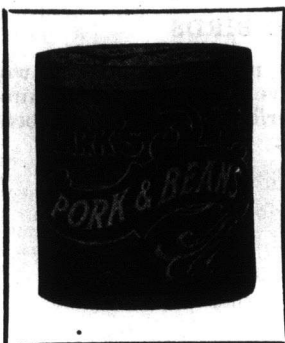
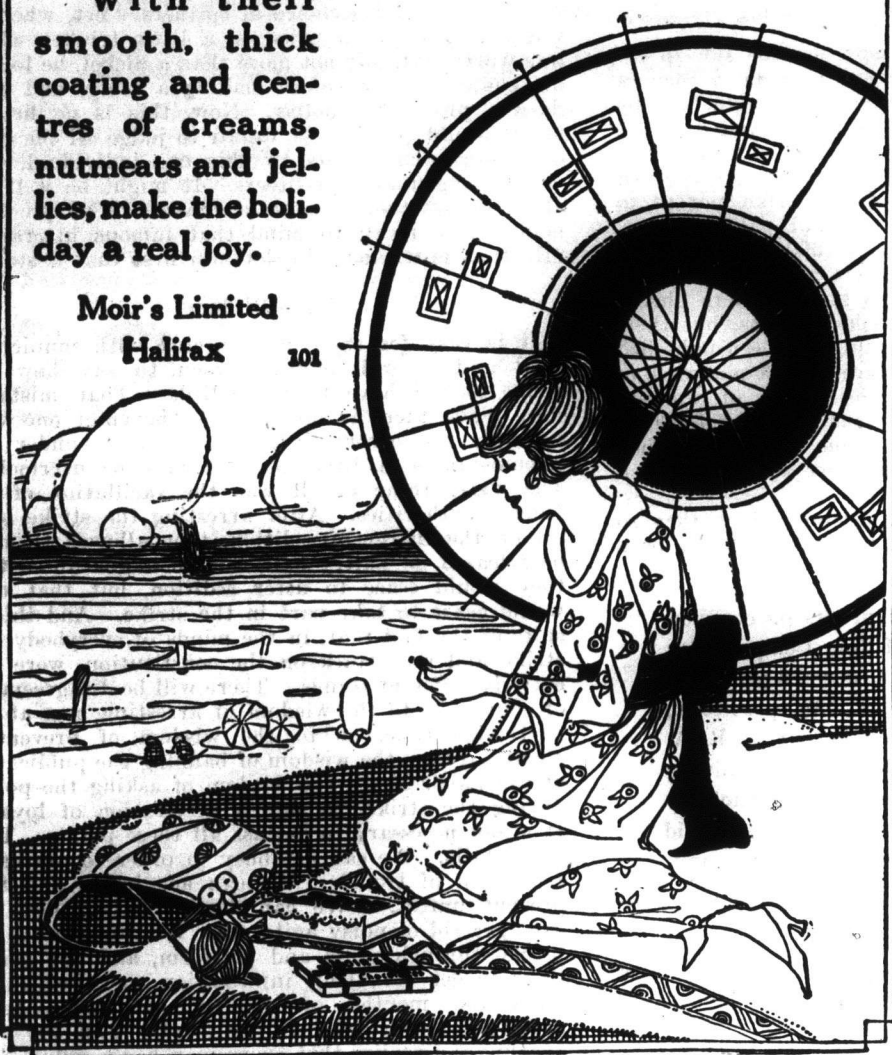


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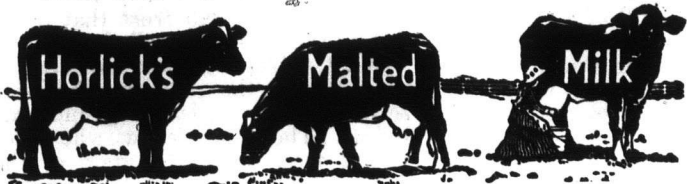
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THOS. J. GARNETT, Summerland, B.C.

The Wall Between

By Nan O'Reilly

THE clock struck five. For an hour Marcia Sherman had sat at her sitting room window, watching the August sun flood the day with its deepening glow, and wrap the familiar landscape in a kind of golden magic. Usually it was the happiest time of her day. Until this afternoon, no matter how tired or worried she might be, that quiet hour had seemed to hold an unfailing balm for her spirit. Now with hot, angry eyes, she stared over the pleasant fields to where, in the distance, a dark line of woods marked the boundary of her husband's huge farm, and then her gaze coming back, fastened itself on the brightest, most glaringly new of the many splendid barns.

Suddenly the bright head drooped, and muffled sobs shook the woman's slender shoulders.

"Oh, it's so selfish of him," she cried. "I don't see how he can be so selfish. Everything for him, and nothing for me. He can have his bred cattle and modern equipment, but I must live in this hideous house, because he says it looks all right to him. What will Ellen say when she sees it? I can't bear it, I simply can't bear it."

Indeed, from the outside, the house looked not only "all right," but very attractive. It was a low, somewhat rambling building, well painted—to have it otherwise would have been a jarring note

or paperhanger in Fall Haven worth his salt. That would mean bringing a man from town, an expense he never felt able to incur. He needed a new tractor one year; another time he had a chance to buy a famous bull; one spring there had been a piece of adjoining land to bargain for; always something, until this new, gleaming red barn had now sprung up to flaunt her failure. To Justin, the unobservant, all day in the open, there was little time to notice walls. They looked good enough to him. It mattered a lot more if his meals were ready and well cooked, but to beauty-loving Marcia, spending the long days bound in by them, they were becoming an obsession. They were coming between her and her husband. They were growing into a wall, uglier than themselves, that was building itself between Justin and herself, and which she felt could never be torn down.

She picked up the letter she had just finished reading, and smoothing it out turned to the page that had precipitated to-day's outbreak.

"I can hardly wait, Marcia, to see you. Just think, we haven't been together since the year I left college to go abroad with father, and now that I'm coming back things have changed so I almost dread it—all but being with you. I can see you, the lovely mistress of your dear, comfortable farmhouse—a white one, with green shutters, isn't it, and

Desire

By Grace G. Bostwick

For all my work I claim no word of praise;
For all my desperate struggle through the years,
My weary battling with life's lonely fears
As on I toiled and up earth's devious ways;
For I beheld the gleam of distant rays—
That vast, illuminating light that clears
All darkness from the way that love endears
And with its might each shadow quickly lays.

It is not praise I want, nor power, nor fame,
Nor anything that worldly shapes bestow
For I have come their nothingness to know
And blush at one-time gods in virgin shame,
But ah, to write one message so aflame
With love-born truth that all the world shall glow!

in the fine harmony of Justin Sherman's pride—his farm—but inside it was as his wife had bitterly exclaimed—hideous. Not that the rooms were, in themselves, bad. Nor did the fault lie in the furnishings. But not even the lovely old mahogany or gay chintzes at the windows could make one forget their background. For the walls were dreadful. The plaster had evidently been put on in cold weather, and had subsequently cracked, so that now, long, ugly crevices zigzagged over the whole house. No papering had been done since before the death of old Mrs. Sherman, in witness whereof were the fiery reds and dull yellows of her unhappy choice.

For years these walls had been a sore point with Marcia. When Justin first met her she was just finishing a course in interior decorating at one of the big colleges, but his ardent courtship had banished all thoughts of a career, and she had gladly merged her ambitions with his. He was her ideal man, big, clear-eyed, clean-souled, built for the out-of-doors to which he had already given his allegiance. She could have pictured him growing up in a log cabin, but never in the house to which he brought her. Confident, however, that Justin would change whatever she did not like, Marcia hesitated to mar their new happiness by the slightest criticism, and so it was something of a shock to find that her good-humored husband could at first ignore her shy suggestions for improvements and then definitely oppose them. He had numerous arguments. To begin with, there was no plasterer

inside—I shut my eyes and see what our beauty lover has done, theory becomes reality, and so as I say, what with you and your house, dear, travel-worn old Ellen can scarcely wait."

Marcia's soft mouth set in a hard, bitter line. She folded the letter carefully, and then picked up a farm magazine that had come on the same delivery. She opened it carelessly, her thoughts too chaotic to fasten themselves on anything, but as she flipped the pages, suddenly she stopped. The warm color rushed into her cheeks, and the hard line of her lips relaxed. Excitedly she poured over the page, reading and re-reading, examining the colored illustrations, and then scanning her own walls.

Here was a picture that might have been taken in her own, huge living room. The same cracked, disfigured walls, covered with glaring wallpaper, were there, and then beside it another picture of the same room—but yet so different. Where ugliness had been, there now was beauty in the smooth, perfect surfaces of walls and ceilings, tinted a soft, lovely color. And underneath this transformation were the magic words:

Use Matchless Wallboard.
Do Away with the Expense of Plastering and Papering.
Make Over Your Farmhouse.
Bring Happiness to Your Wife.

There followed further details, but the biggest fact that struck Marcia was the first—"Do Away with the Expense of Plastering and Papering." That had always been the problem; here was the