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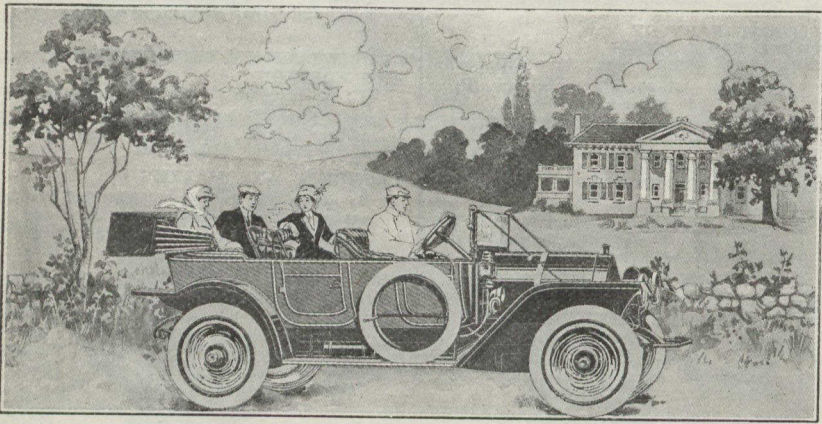
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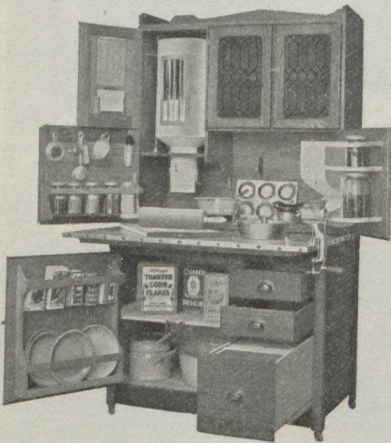
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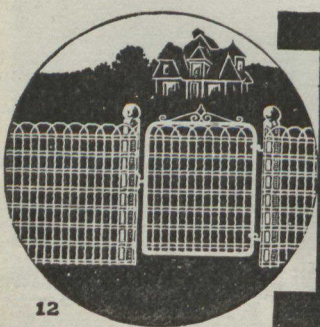
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maid, but who is quick and willing, shall attend you in that capacity, that of lady's maid, I mean."

"But really, I'd much rather not," said Edna plaintively. "I've always done my own hair, and mended my own clothes, and really I have so few that there will be nothing to do in the care of them. I do beg, Mrs. Holland, that you'll tell his Lordship that I'd much, much rather not. I prefer to be left alone."

But the housekeeper was placidly obdurate. "Well, ma'am, of course it will be for you to say how much you want her about you, or how little. But I daren't go contrary to the rules of the house, nor to his Lordship's wishes. So I hope you will be pleased with Susan Greening. She'll help you to dress for dinner. And now, ma'am, I'll leave you, as you won't have too much time."

She retreated from the sitting-room, and opened the door of the bedroom, where Edna saw as she went in with a very long face that a red-cheeked, merry-looking girl, in a neat black dress and apron, was laying out her white silk dress on the bed.

Poor Edna, upon whom the weight of all this state fell heavily, entered her bedroom with the timidity of an intruder.

"I've found all your things, I think, miss," said Susan, with a proud and beaming face, "and if I shouldn't be quite handy just at first, I hope you'll forgive me. If I don't do it all right the first time, I will the second."

"Indeed, you'll not find much to do for me," said Edna, smiling, and taking an instinctive liking to the merry country girl. "I really don't need any help, for I have so few dresses, and I've always been used to do my own hair."

"Oh, but you'll let me do it for you now, miss, won't you?" asked the girl, earnestly.

Edna's hair was beautiful, of a rich

golden colour which looked brown in the shadow, but shone like metal in the bright light. Susan begged so hard that she might "do" it for her for dinner that Edna yielded, and indulged in the luxury of sitting before her glass while the girl brushed and tied and worked so carefully and well that Edna was forced to confess she had never seen it look nicer in her life.

The delight of Susan when she had at last dressed her mistress, smoothed the folds of her skirt, arranged her hair, and tied a black velvet ribbon round her neck, was unbounded. It was evident that she had been cautioned against being talkative, for she began two or three times to speak, but checked herself discreetly. At last, however, when Edna stood before the cheval-glass, fully dressed, and ready to go downstairs, the admiration and pride of the girl broke all bounds, and she said:

"Begging your pardon, miss, for the liberty, but it's a thousand pities there's no one to dinner to see you, for you do look sweetly pret---that is to say, I think you're just all right, miss."

The girl was so ingenuous, so anxious to behave perfectly, and so evidently full of proud delight in her position and in her young mistress, that Edna was touched and delighted, too.

It seemed to her, though she did not dare to say so, a great pity to have to waste the glories of her only evening frock upon a dinner which she was to eat by herself; but still, if this was one of the disadvantages of what promised otherwise to be an interesting situation, she had to make the best of it without demur.

So she smiled enigmatically, and said Susan had done everything very nicely, and then the dinner-bell rang, and, escorted by her maid, to show her the way, she went downstairs.

(To be continued.)

The Servant of the City

(Continued from page 7.)

that lifted from across a huge slab of stone. He was about to walk on when the word "cement" reached his ears; then he stopped, and deliberately listened. One voice he knew to be one of his own men, employed in taking samples of cement from the stock pile for test.

"It's simply great," the words came low but distinct, "the old man sent me down and I got the job from Haskell. Easy as falling off a log, too."

"Ain't Haskell onto you?"

"No!" There was something of contempt in the tone. "He sends me up on the pile, and I have to pull down a bag here and there---simple, ain't it? And I do pull 'em down. But I know what I pull---see!"

"What's the difference?"

"Well, Brent's cement is in Green Valley bags, all right, but there is a little blue mark, not much of a one, mind you, and I'm not saying what it is, but it's there, just the same, and it's Brent's."

"Give us the rest of it."

"Them bags with the blue mark came from Brent's mills; he bought 'em last year, and the cement's rotten. I know---I helped make it. Do you catch me pulling down one of them bags? I don't think! And I'm getting a hundred a month from the old man, and fifty from Haskell. That ain't bad for a labouring man, is it?"

The men got up and walked slowly away, their voices dwindling into silence. For a long time he sat still, fingering little fragments of stone, trying to set in order the riot in his brain. Stewart knew, he certainly knew what he was saying when he wrote: "Watch him, watch him all the time." But had he been watching? The question seared his reflection; then came the vision of Helen.

Under the quiet stars, courage and confidence rallied to his aid. The foundation work was to start next week---no cement had so far been used---there was time to communicate with Stewart for instructions and then there arose in him sturdy independence, the greatest of all creative factors. Stewart was waging single-

handed war against ruin and pestilence, and his assistant had seen enough of South America to picture one of its huge cities without water. In a strange land, with a strange language, a great burden lay on his chief's shoulders, and Haskell revolted at the thought of adding to it. Here he faced long odds---he could ruin Brent's reputation if the case were proven, but what then?

A briquette parted noiselessly as Haskell looked at the dial, and he shook his head. For a day he had been climbing over a mountain of dusty bags. The lettering seemed identical---if there was a mark it was well placed. The examination of his assistant had proved fruitless, accusation was met with flat denial, there had been no conversation; he knew nothing---never heard of Brent before Haskell had hired him. But when the engineer had tested for hours in baffled silence, the dial had told him a voiceless story of something wrong, two-thirds or more of the material was faulty.

It was Helen who greeted him first when the private car nosed into the siding---a tan-colored goddess, her brown eyes alight with excited interest.

"Mr. Haskell, this is perfectly splendid. No wonder I've seen nothing of you." Her eye caught the lift of rolling hills, and followed down the valley to where a great brown gash scarred the green earth. "Is that the foundation?"

"Yes, Miss Helen, the real work will start there in a few days."

"Father was talking on the way up, and, do you know, he says everything is going like clockwork---and I said that that was on account of you."

The engineer had a vision of the sudden stoppage of the clock, and fumble for words. "It certainly is going well, but"---and he hesitated a little---"clocks have a nasty way of stopping when least expected."

There was a tone in his voice that puzzled her. "But you don't anticipate anything like that here---such a