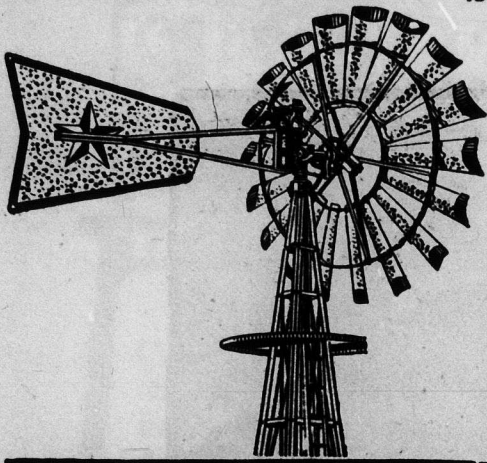


THE BEST HIRED MAN



STAR WINDMILL

only 100 DOLLARS

for a complete outfit,
Ready to erect on your Barn.
Any handy man can erect one,
PRINTED INSTRUCTIONS WITH EVERY MILL
Guaranteed first class or money refunded
Repairs for CHICAGO AEROMOTOR in Stock.
Cater's Pumps are the Best in the West
CATALOGUE FREE—ADDRESS
Brandon Pump & Windmill Works
Dept. E., BRANDON, MAN.

A Gift to the Bride



21546—Lady's Presentation Watch and Chain. The watch case is a fine 14k gold filled Hunting Case, with solid gold bow and joints, and is guaranteed to wear and keep its color for 25 years. The chain is also 14k gold filled and carries our broadest guarantee. The movement is a fine 15 jewel Dingwall special with Breguet hairspring and compensating balance and guaranteed to give entire satisfaction.

Watch and chain with handsomely engraved monogram in silk-lined case
Price..... \$20

Plain engraved or engine turned case at the same price

Our handsome catalogue illustrates over 75 designs and prices
SEND FOR COPY.

D. R. DINGWALL, Ltd.
WINNIPEG.

Saving Money to Best Advantage.

Placing money in the Savings Bank is a good thing—but placing money in Life Insurance is a better. Money in the Bank is an admirable provision for a "rainy day," but when one gets down to the basis of most money-saving—the wish to provide for the future welfare of others—then Life Insurance is of immeasurably greater value.

It takes the average man a long time to SAVE sufficient to leave his family well provided for. Even if he rigorously saves \$50 or \$100 or even \$500 a year for five, ten or fifteen years—what do these accumulations amount to compared to the sums these savings would have purchased in the form of Life Insurance? Time and again one small premium payment has returned more than could have been saved in a lifetime.

The Great-West Life has issued a pamphlet showing the comparative advantages of Savings Bank Investment and Life Insurance. Precise calculations are given. A copy will be mailed on request. Ask for Pamphlet "S." At the same time state age next birthday, when full and interesting particulars of suitable Policies will be given.

THE GREAT-WEST LIFE
ASSURANCE COMPANY,
Head Office Winnipeg

Ask for a Great-West Memo Book for 1908 free on request.

Buddie was well worth looking at. He lay in the small but expensive brass bed she had bought for him, sound asleep. The glittering splendor of the bed became him well. So did the night-dress made of lace which had replaced his old one, fashioned of rags. The lace rose and fell with his regular breathing. Adelaide bent over him, tucking the covers more snugly. She bent still lower, and kissed a rosy cheek upon which lay long, thick lashes. Her husband looked on in part wonder and part amusement.

"If he were only mine," she sighed. "You are in all probability harboring an Italian brigand," remarked Leighton, banteringly, "who will set fire to the house and steal your jewelry."

"I will instill good principles in him," whispered Adelaide, tiptoeing back to the door, and holding the curtains to gether.

In the drawing room her husband loitered, looking quizzically down at her as she sat beneath the reading lamp, running a shining needle in and out of a bit of embroidery on a collar for Buddie.

"Shall I stay with you this evening, Adelaide?" he asked her after a time. She glanced brightly up at him.

"Oh, no," she smiled. "Not if you have business down town."

Leighton walked moodily into the darkness of the street.

"I have left her so much alone," he mused, "that she is used to it now. She accepts it as a matter of course," and he passed the corner where he should have turned, so profound was his preoccupation.

Their flat was in the eleventh story of a great white marble building of apartments in the heart of the city. The window of Adelaide's best-loved room overlooked East River. She was wont to call it her chamber of the enchanting view.

Sometimes heavy thunder clouds hung like a fringe while the western sun streamed yellowly beneath, outlining buildings of white, of pink, of old rose, of gray. Sometimes the river ran like a ribbon of pearl gray, then like a ribbon of blue. Always there were ships painted on it, dull white of cloudy days, brilliant in the sun.

At first Buddie stood for hours at this window, looking out at the river and the ships, Adelaide by his side, her arm around him.

"You see that white ship sailing slowly along, Buddie," she would say to him. "Now watch it, sweet. When it gets between the tall pink buildings where the street is, it is yours."

"Can I hold it in my hand?" asked Buddie.

"No. You can't hold it in your hand. It is too far away. But it is yours. I give it to you."

"I don't want it," said Buddie stubbornly, "if I can't hold it in my hand."

"You can call it yours."

"I don't want to call it mine," declared Buddie with a frown.

"Then," suggested Adelaide, "take that big white cloud sailing by. Isn't that beautiful?"

"That's too far away, too," complained Buddie, "to hold in my hand."

It was perhaps this inability to grasp and hold things which engendered Buddie's unrest. Or possibly it was only his nature.

Whichever it was he by-and-by gave way to bursts of rage that were terrible to those who looked on.

"He swears like a trooper in them spells of his," declared the maid, who was now and then called in to assist in calming him.

"Them little furrin' children ain't got much manners," the cook informed her.

A certain something in these outbursts appealed to a corresponding chord in Adelaide.

There had been times in her life when, excepting for the proprieties, she would have given way to like paroxysms, when it was in her to weep and to wail, to beat her head impotently against the dead wall of her own helplessness, to cry out against fate.

She set herself the task of comforting him. Placing him by the window whose enchanting view she counted upon for help, she brought out bits of paper and turned them into salt cellars for his amusement. She cut them in squares. She folded the square at each corner,

he standing mutely by, the tears on his lashes.

She folded the four corners, put her four fingers into the four triangles, squeezed them together and placed the paper salt cellars in a row on the window sill.

Buddie was visibly pleased. "You can make birds of them, too," said Adelaide, delighted with his evident admiration which had served half to dry his tears, "but I have forgotten how."

"Make birds of them," commanded Buddie.

Adelaide attempted the miracle. She turned back one triangled corner of the salt cellar. She twisted and retwisted it in the effort to fashion it into the shape of the head of a bird. It was simple enough when one knew how, but as she said, she had forgotten.

After the third attempt she apologized humbly.

"I'm afraid I can't do it, Buddie," she said.

She was amazed and distressed at the sudden and appalling fury into which this threw Buddie. The rose of his complexion turned to dull red. His black eyes blazed. He flung himself on the rug face down in a spasm of rage.

At length when the tempest had spent itself Adelaide got him into her lap and turned his face to the window.

She rocked him back and forth, caressing his mat of curls.

"Tell me what ails you, Buddie," she implored, "I want to help my little baby boy."

Buddie looked out on the river and up at the sky.

"It's too high up," he sobbed, "and everything is such a long ways off. I hate the clouds that are too high up to catch, and the ships you can't hold in your hand. And there's no dirt to dig in," he burst out finally.

"But it is a beautiful great big city, Buddie," soothed Adelaide, so tly, "with its pink and white buildings and its ships and its rivers. Isn't it?"

"I hate it," sobbed Buddie, "I want to go home."

He raised himself out of her arms and sat staring moodily at river and sky, his dimpled brown hands twitching nervously against the white of the embroidered coat she had given him.

"I hate the high-up, he sobbed tempestuously. "I hate the ships and I hate the clouds."

He flashed the beauty of his sad face on her, lit by his great wet eyes.

"I want to get down to the ground," he stormed, "and dig!"

Adelaide had taken him home and left him flat on the brown-yellow dust of the roadside, digging. Digging furiously, gleefully, making hurriedly up for the time he had lost among ships and clouds.

She had kissed him again and again, and she looked lovingly back as long as she could catch a glimpse of his beauty as he joyously burrowed in the rich brown soil of his mother earth.

And then she had gone back home.

That evening at twilight, alone by the high-up window of the enchanting view, she looked out at the dull old blue of the ribbon river upon which were painted ships whose sails slowly turned to soft, delicate, phantomlike gray.

She looked till river and ships melted into the twilight, then glanced away to where Buddie had left the paper salt cellars in a row on the window sill.

She took up one and tried mechanically to turn it into a bird, twisting the folded corners with helpless fingers that trembled a little. So absorbed was she in her occupation that her husband entered the room without her knowledge and approached her.

"What are you trying to do, Adelaide?" he asked.

"If I could have turned this salt cellar into a bird," she answered, without looking up, "he might have stayed with me."

Leighton, with a sudden and impetuous movement, snatched the paper from her and threw it aside. He raised her up with his old-time gentleness and held her to him, pressing her head against his breast and smoothing back the brown of her hair.

"Forgive me, love," he said in deep and tender tones of self-reproach, "for leaving you lonely."