



**Extremely Thin
At No Sacrifice
of Accuracy**

THE Waltham "Colonial A" is essentially a gentleman's time-piece, which is seldom spoken of in terms of comparison with any other.

It is a triumph of watch-making, and furnishes convincing evidence of the outstanding success of the Waltham manufacturing method.

The basis of this method is the standardization of parts by the use of specially designed and exclusive machinery which performs the most delicate operations with a speed and accuracy that no human hand could equal.

This is backed by the most painstaking care in assembling, adjusting and timing. Waltham Watches are sold by reliable jewelers in all parts of the world and each one carries the company's full guarantee of quality.

WALTHAM
THE WATCH FOR ALL TIME
WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY, LIMITED
MONTREAL
Makers and Distributors of Waltham Products in Canada.
Factories: Montreal, Canada, Waltham, Mass.

PEERLESS PERFECTION

The Fence For Real Protection

gives life time service. Is made of the best Open Hearth steel fence wire, all impurities burned out, all the strength and toughness left in. Makes the fence elastic and springy. Will not snap or break under sudden shocks or quick atmospheric changes. Galvanized to prevent rust and the coating will not flake, peel or chip off. Can be erected over the most hilly and uneven ground, without buckling, snapping or linking. Every joint is locked together with the well-known "Peerless Lock." The heavy stay wires we use prevent sagging and require only about half as many posts as other fences. Send for catalog. It also describes our farm gates, poultry fencing and ornamental fencing. Peerless Perfection rapidly fencing Canada's highways and byways.

THE BANWELL-HOXIE WIRE FENCE CO., Ltd.
Winnipeg, Manitoba Hamilton, Ontario

WHICH HOUSE IS YOURS?

Cold, cheerless rooms without the satisfaction of economy or enjoyment—or cozy comfortable rooms heated with a

HECLA
WARM AIR FURNACE

★FEATURE★
Have a "pure air" house—easy to keep clean—economically heated. The reasons are told in a booklet "Comfort and Health."

Ask for it on the Coupon

14

Clare Bros. Western Limited, Winnipeg, Man.
Please send me "Comfort and Health" also guaranteed house heating plans. Dept. E

Name _____ Address _____

Wanted; a Collaborator

Continued from Page 21

Neither of them saw a thin, peak-faced man with ratty little eyes who came in and took a seat at the next table with his back to them.

"We'll work on that bank president stuff to-night," said Mr. Appleton, as they rose. "To-morrow we'll tackle the plot of the railway bridge. Can you come as early as nine?"

Mary could and she did. She and Mr. Appleton took turns all week at the typewriter, one dictating and the other transposing and at the end of the seventh day five completed tales were ready for the editors.

The collaborators were now on very friendly terms. Mary was never very communicative with strangers, but one day between manuscripts as she oiled the ratty little machine, she sighed and her glance strayed through the window where a thin drizzle of rain was trickling down the glass. As she gave a start and returned to the pile of copy at her left hand the young man caught a suspicion of moisture in her eyes.

"I think I can guess of what you were dreaming just now," he remarked with a sympathetic look.

"I don't believe it," said Mary, with a wan smile.

"You were dreaming of the country!" She sent him an amazed glance.

"How did you know?"

"Because you're a country girl—and the country always gets its children at this time of year. I know the symptoms."

"But how did you guess I was from the country?"

He smiled.

"Your wholesomeness tells the tale and your—pardon me—fresh complexion and then, you see, I'm from the country too, and there's a freemasonry of souls between rubes. I—I've felt the tugging at my heart too, Miss Manners. Sometimes it nearly drives me crazy. I can smell the fresh brown earth as it turns up behind the plow and I dream of the speckled trout darting through the clear water of the little brook. I can hear the tinkle of a cow bell as the herd comes up from pasture in the late afternoon. I—Oh it's—it's damnable!"

Mary's eyes were glowing.

"And the peach blossoms!" she cried softly. "Such masses of them, and from the hill they look like a pink and white cloud that's fallen to earth! Down by the old stone wall there was a robin's nest and a row of lilacs and we used to picnic under the cherry trees by the river on the twenty-fourth of May every year."

The young man breathed heavily. His sombre eyes were alight. She scarcely knew what she said. She merely gave voice to her thoughts, her memories. He listened, hungrily.

"We had a circular bed of daffodils and tulips and all along the cedar hedge were blue violets, great large ones. Down by the gate on the concession line was a riot of lilies-of-the-valley—like a big snowbank. Oh!" and Mary drew a long quivering breath.

Suddenly her lip trembled and down on her arms on the pile of manuscript went her head.

"Once a rube always a rube, eh?" and Mr. Appleton essayed a laugh, but there was a catch in it.

Mary lifted her head and dabbed angrily at her eyes with her handkerchief.

"What a fool I am! It's only mid-March anyway. It—it isn't spring yet even there, is it?"

"Where?"

"In the Niagara Peninsula," said Mary with a sob.

"Is that where you come from?" he demanded, quickly. "Why, that's my home, too! I mean, it was."

Mary regarded him with a new interest.

"Why did you leave it for this?" she asked wonderingly.

"That's what I often ask myself!"

"Can't you go back?"

He shook his head gloomily.

"Farm's sold. All my people dead."

"So are mine," said Mary, sadly.

There was silence for a moment or two with nothing but the soft patter of the March rain to break it.

"Once I had a crazy idea I might buy back the old place," said the young man, slowly. "That was after I came back

from France. But I couldn't get a job. I'd been shellshocked and I couldn't stand the downtown grind. I'd left the farm for a white-collar job in the first place and I guess it served me right."

"So you started to grind out stories, then?"

"Tales of my adventures at the war mostly. They sold because the war was the world's best seller, then. But now—"

He spread out his hands in a gesture of semi-comic despair.

"Oh, cheerio!" Mary put in brightly. "Remember, you've got a collaborator now! I'm chuck-full of optimism if you're not, Mr. E. K. Appleton."

She spoke the name as one speaks of Edgar Allan Poe or Robert Louis Stevenson. He winced. Then suddenly he leaned forward.

"Say, Mary," he said, with a smile that was half piteous and half defiant—and he didn't seem to realize that he had addressed her very intimately—"that isn't my name at all!"

"Not your name?" she repeated after a slight pause.

"Nope. My monniker is Ephraim Reuben Stubbs."

Mary's lips opened and then closed again. She looked a little incredulous.

"Honest, it is. I invented the other because it sounded—well, classier. How could I sign 'Eph Stubbs' to anything and hope to sell it?"

After a while they set to work on a four-cylinder thriller and the little intimacies were temporarily forgotten in the rush of business. A small cheque had come for "Mr. Appleton," and he had paid up some of his rent-in-arrears and on the strength of this had prevailed upon Mrs. Ryan to turn on some heat. So they had been able to work with their door closed most of the week. Dreadfully unconventional and all that. Oh, of course. But let no good Christian of impeccable character and stern morals sniff until he has first endeavored to set in motion the necessary machinery which will compel house agents and landladies of rooming places to provide a sitting room for the general use of roomers and boarders.

Once or twice Mary's sharp ear had detected the sound of a stealthy footfall outside their door. But, knowing what some landladies are like, she had made no remark, and she and Mr. Stubbs had resumed their task of plots and counterplots. These talks were always stimulating. The pair were teaching each other, constantly, and without being more than half aware of it. Mr. Stubbs' virile imagination and lively humor kept Mary's wits in a joyous ferment and in turn her sound common sense and her delicate fancies and her bright intuition adjusted a nice balance for his more energetic and less reasoning type of mind. As collaborators they seemed to have been made for each other.

Came a day in the second week of the partnership when they treated themselves to an afternoon off in order to peddle the finished stories. Mr. Stubbs had a wide acquaintance with ante-rooms and editors' office boys whose invariable greeting had been "G'wan! He ain't in, I tell yuh!" But with Mary along these juvenile autocrats were a little less curt. Mary's eyes had a way with them, perhaps. The first editor bought two stories for fifty dollars apiece. Mary nearly fainted. Mr. Stubbs hadn't felt so light headed and all-round giddy since that shell had burst under him at Hill 60. They managed to make a departure without the aid of an ambulance, which was as well, because the next editor bought the rest of their work at approximately the same rate. That evening the collaborators dined de luxe in the best grill in the city. They set to work next day at eight o'clock and toiled all week, without intermission except for snatched meals and, of course, necessary sleep. Mr. Stubbs, alias Appleton, gave Mrs. Ryan notice. He was going to move to a better part of the city on the first of the month.

Fortune's wheel gave one more giddy revolution for the plotters and then it stopped never to move again—as far as they were concerned. They made two hundred dollars in the third week and on the last day of April Mary felt her usual optimism dwindling.

Continued on Page 23