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With a grit of his teeth Ralph turned his car, and drove to the nearest station. The ticket agent remembered the pretty widow perfectly.

"She booked for Saskatoon. She seemed sort of lonesome and nervous, and I was real sorry for her. She was too soft for the rough work they expected her to do at that farm."

"Yes, indeed," Ralph agreed. "Was there no address, beyond Saskatoon?"

"Nope."
Ralph sadly motored back, the sunshine gone from his summer day. He determined to find her, somehow. Next day he took a ticket to Saskatoon. His busy brain planned out a course of action as he journeyed northwards. By the time he arrived his plan of campaign almost equalled that of a Sherlock Holmes.

He went first to the Y.W.C.A. As he expected, she stayed there, so his first trial was successful.

The Matron well remembered the English lady and her pretty boy.

"They were here for two weeks," she said consulting her books. "We were all in love with her beautiful baby, and she was a very nice person. I'm afraid she is utterly unfitted to fight her own way in this western country."

"I think so too," Ralph agreed.

The Matron smiled.
"She procured a position as house-keeper to a clergyman, a widower, with one little girl, but I have not her address. Possibly if you enquire at the Anglican Church Rectory, you may find out."

Ralph's heart was sinking. Already he felt horribly jealous of the parson.

The Rector was away and would not be back for two or three days, and his wife, though she remembered Mrs. Norton, could not tell him where she was. The days that followed were the longest in Ralph's life, but at last the news he longed for was procured. The clergyman's name was Benson, and he lived in a little town west of Saskatoon. The Rector believed Mrs. Norton was still there.

There was no train till the next day, and then there was a six miles' drive. It was about four o'clock when Ralph drove up to the house. The small frame vicarage stood back a little from the road, and in front was a patch of shabby, badly kept grass, and dusty

shrubs. A child's wooden horse lay in the path, and as Ralph opened the gate the Cherub himself, in a somewhat dirty pinafore, but more beautiful than ever, appeared at the door.

Ralph waved his hand, forgetting that so young a child would not be likely to remember him. But the Cherub was not shy. He trotted down to the gate.

"Are you my new daddy?" he asked. Ralph's smile faded, and his heart sank.

"Are you getting a new daddy, little one?" he asked.

"I don't know, but Tommy Brooks has got one, and Mable, she lives here," pointing to the house, "says perhaps I could get a new daddy too, some day."

Ralph's spirits rose.
"Do you think I'd do?" he asked, gravely.

The child looked at him with his large, trustful eyes, and suddenly his baby face beamed.

"Yes" he said.

The sound of voices reached Sylvia Norton as she sat sewing in the little room the Vicar called his study. The months had not dealt kindly with her. She had grown thin and pale, and there were large circles round her eyes. She liked her employer and his little girl, but she was smothering the artistic call of her existence, which was life itself to her, for her child's sake—sacrificing herself for the Cherub.

She rose wearily and came to the door. Visitors were always made welcome, but she thought, with a little sigh, of the extra work. Then her face, like the baby's, lit up with a great joy. "Mover, it's my new Daddy," the Cherub shouted.

She gave one startled, embarrassed look into Ralph's radiant face. He did not trust himself to speak, he just held out his arms, and she went straight in to them.

And then, explanations, regrets, the long waiting—everything was forgotten, and the loneliness of two lives vanished in the kiss which bound them together for all time.

He set his son to digging bait. And that's the way he got The postholes quickly dug around A forty-acre lot.

How He Managed It

They were entertaining the minister at dinner, and after the dessert had been eaten little Johnny said: "Won't you have another piece of pie, Mr. Hobbs?"

The minister laughed. "Well, Johnny," he said, "since you are so polite I believe I will have another slice."

"Good!" said Johnny. "Now, Ma, remember your promise. You said if it was necessary to cut into the second pie I could have another piece."

Just Awful

"I hear old Bill has been working all this week."
"Yes; ain't it terrible what some people will do for money!"

Didn't Speak the Language

Mrs. Mills was a woman of few words. One afternoon she went into a music store to buy the book of an opera for her daughter. A salesman walked up to her, and in a quiet way Mrs. Mills said: "Mikado' libretto."

"What's that, ma'am?"

"Mikado' libretto," repeated the woman.

"Me no speakee Italiano," he replied, shaking his head.—Harper's Magazine.

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