

ZEN OF THE Y.D.

A Novel of the Foothills

By ROBERT STEAD

COPYRIGHT BY ROBERT STEAD

The spirit of the West, especially of the prairies and foothills of Western Canada, becomes a living thing through the medium of the pen of Robert Stead. He was born west of Winnipeg and for 30 years made his home on what is now a disappearing but not quite vanished frontier. He served alternately in farming, commercial and newspaper lines until called upon by the Canadian Government to occupy a responsible position in its immigration and colonization work.

While still in his teens he was writing poems inspired by the tawny prairies, the foothill trails, the great limestone cliffs and the hardy settlers of the region, for the Canadian Magazine. These poems were collected in a volume and published under the title of "The Empire Builders." Other volumes of poems which appeared later were "Prairie-Born," "Songs of the Prairie" and "Kitchener and Other Poems." He has also written a number of interesting novels about the country, the better known titles being "The Bail Jumper," "The Cow Puncher," "The Homesteaders" and "Neighbors." He visualizes the zestful, virile characters who conquer a wilderness and make it fruitful. His prose has the graces of diction and beauties of sentiment to be expected from one who has excelled in poetical expression.

His latest novel "Zen of the Y.D." is the fruit of a mature skill acting upon stirring incidents and characters of western life that have come, more or less, under his actual observation. Where so much of a thrilling nature and so much color existed, and where human types were ready at hand, it was only necessary for the author to employ his story-telling ability without drawing greatly upon his imagination. This tale differs slightly from his others in that he has chosen for the principal male figure a rather unusual man from the eastern part of the United States. The heroine is a typical girl of the plains.

CHAPTER XVI

"You!" I am surprised—I had not known— She had become confused in her greeting, and a color which she would have given worlds to suppress crept slowly through her cheeks.

"I am surprised, too—and delighted," he had returned. "The little boy came to me in the field, boasting of his braces." Then they had both laughed, and she had asked him to come in and tell about himself.

The living-room, as he recalled it, was marked by the simplicity appropriate to the summer home, with just a dash of elegance in the furnishings to suggest that simplicity was a matter of choice and not of necessity. After soothing Wilson's sobs, which had broken out afresh in his mother's arms, she had turned him over to a maid and drawn a chair convenient to Grant's.

"You see, I am a farmer now," he said, apologetically regarding his overalls.

"What changes have come! But I don't understand; I thought you were rich—very rich—and that you were promoting some kind of settlement scheme. My husband has spoken of it."

"All of which is true. You see, I am a man of whims. I choose to live joyously."

"I know." And it was then that their eyes had met and they had fallen into a momentary silence.

"But why are you farming?" she had exclaimed, brightly.

"For several reasons. But most of all because I love the prairies and the open life. It's my whim, and I follow it."

"You are very wonderful," she had murmured. And then, with startling directness, "Are you happy?"

"As happy as I have any right to be. Happier than I have been since childhood."

She had risen and walked to the mantelpiece; then, with an apparent change of impulse, she had turned and faced him. He had noted that her figure was rounder than in girlhood, and her complexion paler, but the sunlight still danced in her hair, and her reckless force had given way to a poise that suggested infinite resources of character.

"Frank has done well, too," she had said.

"So I have heard. I am told that he has done very well indeed."

"He has made money and he is busy and excited over his pursuit of success—what he calls success. He has given it his life. He thinks of nothing else—"

She had stopped suddenly, as though her tongue had trapped her into saying more than she had intended.

"What do you think of my summer home?" she had exclaimed abruptly. "Come out and admire the sweet peas," and with a gay little flourish she had led him into the garden. "They tell me Western flowers have a brilliance and a fragrance which the East,

with all its advantages, cannot duplicate. Is that true?"

"I believe it is. The East has greater profusion—more varieties—but the individual qualities do not seem to be so well developed."

"I see you know something of Eastern flowers," she had said, and he fancied he had caught a note of banter—or was it inquiry—in her voice. Then with another abrupt change of subject, she had made him describe his house on the hill. But he said nothing of the whim-room.

"I must go," he had explained at length. "I left the horses tied in the field."

"So you must. I shall let Wilson visit you frequently, if he is not a trouble."

Then she had chosen a couple of blooms and pinned them on his coat, laughingly overriding his protest that they consorted poorly with his costume. And she had shaken hands and said good-by in the manner of good friends parting.

The more Grant thought of it the more was he convinced that in her case, as in his own, the years had failed to extinguish the spark kindled in the foothills that night so long ago. He reminded himself continually that she was Transley's wife, and even while granting the irrevocability of that fact he was demanding to know why Fate had created for them both an atmosphere charged with unspoken possibilities. He had turned her words over again and again, reflecting upon the abrupt angles her speech had taken. In their few minutes' conversation three times she had had to make a sudden tack to safer subjects. What had she meant by that reference to Eastern and Western flowers? His answer reminded him how well he knew. And the confession about her husband, the worshiper of success—"what he calls success"—how much tragedy under those light words?

The valley was filled with shadow, and the level rays of the setting sun fell on the young man's face and splashed the hill-tops with gold and saffron as within his heart raged the age-old battle. . . . But as yet he felt none of its wounds. He was

conscious only of a wholly irrational delight. As the next forenoon passed Grant found himself glancing with increasing frequency toward the end of the field where the little boy might be expected to appear. But the day wore on without sign of his young friend and furrows which he had turned so joyously at nine were dragging leadenly at eleven. He had not thought it possible that a child could so quickly have won a way to his affections. He fell to wondering as to the cause of the boy's absence. Had Zen, after a night's reflection, decided that it was wiser not to allow the acquaintance to develop? Had Transley, returning home, placed his veto upon it? Or—and his heart paused at this prospect—had the foot been more seriously hurt than they had supposed? Grant told himself that he must go over that night and make inquiry. That would be the neighborly thing to do. . . .

But early that afternoon his heart was delighted by the sight of a little figure skipping boyishly over the furrows toward him. He had his hat crumpled in one hand, and his teddy-bear in the other, and his face was alive with excitement. He was puffing profusely when he pulled up beside the plow, and Grant stopped the team while he got his breath.

"My! My! What is the hurry? I see the foot is all better."

"We got a pig!" the lad gasped, when he could speak.

"A pig!"

"Yessir! a live one, too! He's awful big. A man brought him in a wagon. That is why I could not come this morning."

Grant treated himself to a humble reflection upon the wisdom of childish preferences.

"What are you going to do with him?"

"Eat him up, I guess. Daddy said there was enough wasted about out house to keep a pig, so we got one. Aren't you going to take me up?"

"Of course. But first we must put teddy in his place."

"I'm to go home at five o'clock sharp," the boy said, when he had got properly settled.

The hours slipped by all too quickly, and if the lad's presence did not contribute to good plowing, it at least made a cheerful plowman. It was plain that Zen had sufficient confidence in her farmer neighbor to trust her boy in his care, and his frequent references to his mother had an interest for Grant which he could not have analyzed or explained. During the afternoon the merits of the pig were sung and re-

sung, and at last Wilson, after kissing his friend on the cheek and whispering, "I like you, Uncle Man-on-the-Hill," he took his teddy bear under his arm and plodded homeward.

The next morning he came again but mournfully and slow. There were tear stains on the little round cheeks.

"Why, son, what has happened?" said Grant, his abundant sympathy instantly responding.

"Teddy's spoiled," the child sobbed. "I set him on the side of the pig-pen, and he fell'd in, and the big pig et him—ate him—up. He didn't xactly eat him up, either—just kind of chewed him, like."

"Well, that certainly is too bad. But then, you're going to eat the pig some day, so that'll square it, won't it?"

"I guess it will," said the boy, brightening. "I never thought of that."

"But you must have a teddy for Prince. See, he is looking around waiting for it." Grant folded his coat into the shape of a dummy and set it upon the hames, and all went merrily again.

That afternoon, which was Saturday, the boy came thoughtfully and with an air of much importance. Delving into a pocket he produced an envelope somewhat crumpled in transit. It was addressed "The Man-on-the-Hill."

Grant tore it open eagerly and (Continued on Page 7)

The Recognized Mine Authority

On Mining matters The Northern Miner is recognized as the authority. With 21 years experience and records, The Northern Miner is close to the inside of all mining developments. Its news is first hand. Every care is taken to make it as reliable as a bank statement. All mining investors should read it weekly.

THE NORTHERN MINER

\$3 a YEAR
10 Cents at All Dealers.
TORONTO, ONT.

SPECIAL BARGAIN

BLUEBIRD ELECTRIC WASHER, with automatically controlled water heater. A first class \$100.00 machine at the Bargain Price of **100.00**

We are showing a new assortment of **Baby Carriages, Go-Carts, etc.**, in the improved styles at very reasonable prices.

Some special offerings in **Bedroom, Chesterfield and Breakfast Suites.**

Rugs, Linoleums and Complete Lines of House Furnishings.

Thorpe & Branchaud

House Furnishers Directors of Funeral Services
FERGUSON AVENUE — HAILEYBURY

Haileyburian Condensed Ads. Will Bring Results

ATTENTION!

VALUES YOU CAN'T OVERLOOK

- FANCY KETA **SALMON 3** 1-lb. Tins **29¢**
- CRIMSON LABEL **Red Rose Tea 26¢** 1/2-lb. Pkg.
- BAYSIDE—PLAIN **OLIVES** 17 1/2-oz. Jar **25¢** LUNCH QUEEN JUMBO QUEEN
- MANYFLOWERS **SOAP - 3** Cakes **13¢**
- MacLAREN'S **Peanut Butter 23¢** 25-oz. Jar
- ASPARAGUS CUTTINGS** Glenwood Choice **2** 12-oz. Tins **21¢**
- DOMESTIC **Shortening** 4-lb. Pkg. **47¢** 1-lb. Pkgs. **25¢**
- WESTON'S BISCUITS CHOCOLATE FINGER RUFFLES** 2 lbs. **29¢**
- NO. 1 WHITE HONEY** 4-lb. Pail **39¢**
- HELMET BRAND Corned Beef** 2 12-oz. Tins **23¢**

- Bologna** 2 lbs. **25c**
- Smoked Picnics** 20c lb.
- Weiners** 18c lb.
- Leg Veal Roll** 18c lb.
- Front Veal Roll** 15c lb.
- Lake Trout** 22c lb.
- Spring Lamb**
- Legs** 34c lb.
- Loins** 28c lb.
- Fronts** 22c lb.
- Loin Chops . . .** 34c lb.
- Smoked Hams** 28c lb.

MacLAREN'S OR SHIRRIFF'S JELLY PDRS. 5 Pkgs. 24¢

- DEL MAIZ NIBLETS** 2 12-oz. Tins **29¢**
- IVORY AND GOLDEN WEST BREAD**
- NEW PACKAGE DOMINO TEA** RED LABEL 1/2-lb. Pkg. 1-lb. Pkg. **25¢ 49¢**
- FRENCH'S PREPARED MUSTARD** 6-oz. Jar **10¢**
- FLOUR** 98-lb. Bag **\$2.65**
- 3-oz. Package **10¢**

Fresh Fruits and Vegetables in SEASON At LOWEST PRICES

DOMINION STORES

: Her Airy-Fairy Summer Gown :

By Betty Brownlee

broad band and long, fluttering ribbons must not be forgotten.



Summer breezes may waft thyme and myrrh—but they also waft heat. Wherefore it behooves all women of wisdom to weigh warily the question of airy dress for impending weeks, which hold a thermometer threat not to be ignored. An example of apparel ideal for the torrid times in petto is the airy-fairy type of gown sketched by our artist for this issue. It is designed to profit by every lingering zephyr and insure comfortably dressed coolness for the wearer. It is a one-piece affair with a peplum, and the material is navy sheer fabric superimposed over a navy taffeta slip. Simple as is the dress, it is decorative in a conservative sort of way, with its edging of printed white pique to trim the neckline, the front closing and the cuffs of the sleeves. Shoulders and neckline, too, are gathered, thus emphasizing the softness of the lines. The skirt is gored and very full, and a self-belt completes the outfit, although a wide-brimmed, floppy, sun-shooing hat with a

Haileybury Lumber Company, Limited

Rough and Dressed Lumber, Birch and Pine Flooring, Shiplap, V-Joint, Sash, Doors and Interior Trim, Shingles, Sheetrock, Insul Board, Wall Boards, Roofing and Roof Preservative, Sheathing Papers, Etc.

Phone 16 Haileybury Box 250



These prices are effective for June 13th, 14th and 15th.