

# Zen of the Y.D.

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them, snuggled his teddy down by his side and set his knife properly in view upon the dresser. And then he leaned down again and kissed the little face, and whispered, "Good night, little boy. God keep you safe tonight, and always." And suddenly Grant realized that he had been praying.

He withdrew softly, and only partly closed the door; then he chose a seat where he could see the little figure lying peacefully on the white bed.

"The dear little chap," he murmured. "I must watch by him tonight. It would be unspeakable if anything should happen to him while he is under my care."

He felt a sense of warmth, almost a smothering sensation, and raised his hand to his forehead. It came down covered with perspiration.

"It's amazingly close," he said, and walked to one of the French windows opening to the west. The sun had gone down, and a brooding darkness lay over all the valley, but far up in the sky he could trace the outline of a cloud. "Looks like a storm," he commented, casually, and suddenly felt something tighten about his heart.

He turned to his chair, but found himself pacing the living-room with an altogether inexplicable nervousness.

"Damn Linder, anyway!" he exclaimed presently. "I believe he shook me up more than I realized. He caught me with insincerity, me, who have always made sincerity my special virtue. . . . Well, there may be something in it."

A faint, indistinct growling, as of the grinding of mighty rocks, came down from the distances.

"The storm will be nothing," he assured himself. Even as he spoke the house shivered in every timber as the gale struck it and went whining by.

He rushed to whim-room, but found the boy still sleeping soundly. "I must stay up," he reasoned with himself; "I must be on hand in case he should be frightened."

Suddenly it occurred to Grant that, quite apart from his love for Wilson, if anything should happen the child in his house a very difficult situation would be created. Transley would demand explanations — explanations which would be hard to make. Why was Wilson there at all? Why was he not at home with Sarah? Sarah away from home! Why had Zen kept that a secret? . . .

The gale subsided as quickly as it had come, and the sudden silence which followed was even more awesome. It lasted only a moment; a flash of lightning lit up every corner of the house, bursting like white fire from every wall and ceiling. Grant rushed to the whim-room and was standing over the child when the crash of thunder came upon them. The boy stirred gently, smiled, and settled back to his sleep.

Grant drew the blinds in the whim-room, and went out to draw them in the living room, but the sight across the valley was of a majesty so terrific that it held him fascinated.

Turning from the windows, Grant left the blinds open. "Only cowardice would close them," he muttered to himself, "and surely, in addition to the other qualities Linder has attributed to me, I am not a coward. If it were not for Willie I could stand and enjoy it!"

Presently rain began to fall; a few scattered drops at first, then thicker, harder, until the roof and windows rattled and shook with their force. The wind, which had gone down so suddenly, sprang up again, buffeting the house as it rushed by with the storm.

As the night wore on the storm instead of spending itself quickly as Grant had expected, continued unabated, but his nervous tension was gradually relaxed, and when at length Wilson was awakened by an exceptionally loud clap of thunder he took the boy in his arms and soothed his little fears as a mother might have done. They sat for a long while in a big chair in the living room, and exchanged such confidences as a man may with a child of five. After the lad had dropped back into sleep Grant still sat with him in his arms, thinking . . .

And what he thought was this: He was a long time framing the exact thought; he tried to beat it back in a dozen ways, but it

circled around him, gradually closed in upon him and forced its acceptance. "Linder called me a fool, and he was right. He might have called me a coward, and again he would have been right. Linder was right."

Some way it seemed easy to reach that conclusion, while this little sleeping form lay in his arms. Now was the time to do something that would cost; to lay his hands upon the prize and then relinquish it—for the sake of Wilson Transley!

"And by God, I'll do it!" he exclaimed, springing to his feet. He carried the child back to his bed, and then turned again to watch the storm through the windows. It seemed to be subsiding. The lightning, although still almost continuous, was not so near.

"What little incidents turn our

lives!" he thought. "That boy; in some strange way he has been the means of bringing me to see things as they are—which not even Linder could do. The mind has to be fertilized for the thought, or it can't think it. He brought the necessary influence to bear. It was like the night at Murdoch's house, the night when the Big Idea was born. Surely Lowe that to Murdoch, and his wife, and Phyllis Bruce"

The name of Phyllis Bruce came to him with almost a shock. He had been so occupied with his farm and with Zen that he had thought but little of her of late. As he turned the matter over in his mind now he felt that he had used Phyllis rather shabbily.

Grant lit a cigar and sat down to smoke and to think. The matter of Phyllis needed prompt settlement. It afforded a means to

burn his bridges behind him, and Grant felt that it would be just as well to cut off all possibility of retreat. Fortunately the situation was one that could be explained—to Phyllis.

He had told himself, back in those days in the East, that it would not be fair to marry Phyllis Bruce while his heart was another's. He had believed that then; now he knew the real reason was that he had allowed himself to hope, against all reason, that Zen Transley might yet be his. He had harbored an unworthy desire, and called it a virtue. Well—the die was cast. He had definitely given Zen up. He would tell Phyllis everything . . . That is, everything she needed to know.

It would be best to settle it at once—the sooner the better. He went to his desk and took out writing paper. He addressed a note to Phyllis, pondered a minute in a great hush in the storm and wrote:

"I am sure now. May I come? Dennison"

This done he turned to the telephone, hurrying as one who fears for the duration of his good resolutions.

He gave the number of Linder's rooms in town; it was likely Linder had remained in town, but it was a question whether the telephone bell would waken him. He had recollections of Linder as a sound sleeper. But even as this possibility entered his mind he heard Linder's phlegmatic voice in his ear.

"Oh, Linder, I'm so glad I got

you. I've a message I want delivered to Miss Bruce . . . Linder? . . . Linder!"

There was no answer. Nothing but a hollow empty sound on the wire, as though it led merely into the universe in general. He tried to call the operator, but without success. The wire was down.

He turned from it with a sense of acute impatience. Was this an omen of obstacles to bar him now from Phyllis Bruce?

Suddenly came a quick knock at the door; the handle turned, and a drenched, hatless figure, with disheveled, wet hair, and white, drawn face burst in upon them. It was Zen Transley.

TO BE CONTINUED

Creamery butter production in Canada during May this year amounted to 25,158,395 pounds compared with 23,217,237 in May a year ago.

## MAKING UP A SHOPPING LIST

The hall needs a new rug. More towels are needed for the bathroom, and the kitchen floor could certainly stand a coat of paint. The children need shoes. The car will soon need tires. Well, we buy a hundred new things every year.

Scattered throughout Canada are manufacturers who make the very things we need. Their products are on sale in certain stores within easy reach. Certain of these products, and certain of these stores, are especially fitted to take care of our special need. But which products and which stores? Which can we afford, and which do we think best? We must look to advertising for advice.

Advertising is the straight line between supply and demand. It saves time spent in haphazard shopping. It leads you directly to your goal. By reading the advertisements, we can determine in advance where the best values can be found. With the aid of advertising, shopping becomes a simple and pleasant business, and budget figures bring more smiles than frowns.

From the pages of this paper you can make up a shopping list that will save you money!

### CONQUEROR OF ETHIOPIA WELCOMED



Marshal Badoglio, Viceroy of Ethiopia, received an enthusiastic welcome when he returned to Italy from Abyssinia. The picture shows General Badoglio as he arrived in Naples.

### The SNAPSHOT GUILD

THINK BEFORE YOU SHOOT



Left: A person often can be included incidentally in a scene to aid composition and to denote relative sizes. Right: This is more directly a story-telling picture in which the figure of the boy dominates.

WHAT shall be done to that newspaper paragrapher who recently averred that it is not a pessimist who takes the worst possible view of things, but an amateur photographer? We of the Snapshot Guild know that this is a scurrilous canard, considering that pictures taken by amateurs are being constantly exhibited in salons and reproduced in magazines and newspapers because of their artistic and photographic excellence.

Publicly, let us disdain this "wise-cracker," but privately, shall we not confess that most of us snapshotshooters are guilty of "taking the worst possible view of things" more often than we should? Let us acknowledge that there are too many examples of carelessness in our picture taking and strive always to observe the slogan of the Snapshot Guild: "Think twice before you shoot once."

In other words, instead of shooting aimlessly and trusting to luck, let us always take time to secure the best possible composition of our picture subject, for it is composition that makes the difference artistically between a good and a bad picture.

Composition is really only another word for arrangement. In photography some arrangements we can make by purposely placing figures or objects, but since in much of our picture taking we are powerless to make any physical changes, we have to make the arrangement wholly by changing the viewpoint

of the camera. We may move it a few inches or a few feet and change the composition decidedly. In this way we are able properly to place in our picture the dominating point of interest that every good picture must have. To be effective, this principal point of interest should usually be a little away from the center. Then we should look to see how well lines, lights, and shadows lead the eye to it and give it emphasis.

Often we may be obliged or desire to admit secondary objects of interest, but, if we do not study their position before we click the shutter and consider distance and angle, we may find that what we intended to be secondary has "stolen the show." For example, we are impressed by the beauty of a waterfall, and ask a friend to be in the picture for a touch of human interest. Then we take the picture so close that it becomes a picture of a person and the beauty of the waterfall is lost.

Remember, too, that in photography, since light and shadow are vital parts of the arrangement, the time of day affects composition of all outdoor pictures. A good composition at 11 o'clock in the morning may be a poor composition at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, for shadows have form and light has emphasis. Study these lights and shadows in relation to the main object of your picture. It is often worth while waiting for them to change.

84 JOHN VAN GUILDER.

Hotel Waverley  
Toronto

RATES  
\$150 to \$250  
NO HIGHER

A QUIET, WELL CONDUCTED,  
CONVENIENT, MODERN 100  
ROOM HOTEL—85 WITH BATH  
WRITE FOR FOLDER  
TAKE A DE LUXE TAXI  
FROM DEPOT OR WHARF—25c

## Advertisements Are a Guide to Value

- ★ Experts can roughly estimate the value of a product by looking at it. More accurately, by handling and examining it. Its appearance, its texture, the "feel" and the balance of it all mean something to their trained eyes and fingers.
- ★ But no one person can be an expert on steel, brass, wood, leather, foodstuffs, fabrics, and all of the materials that make up a list of personal purchases. And even experts are fooled, sometimes by concealed flaws and imperfections.
- ★ There is a surer index of value than the senses of sight and touch—knowledge of the maker's name and for what it stands. Here is the most certain method, except that of actual use, for judging the value of any manufactured goods. Here is the only guarantee against careless workmanship, or the use of shoddy materials.
- ★ This is one important reason why it pays to read the advertisements and to buy advertised goods. The product that is advertised is worthy of your confidence.

MERCHANDISE MUST BE GOOD OR IT COULDN'T BE CONSISTENTLY ADVERTISED

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