

Zen of the Y.D.

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the rock-rimmed cut which overhung the river.

Grant's first glimpse was of Zen; she had struggled to her feet, thank God, she was not dead. Then he saw the two men by the edge of the cliff; Transley he recognized; saw the knife rise and strike—

The blow Grant landed in Draxk's face sent that gentleman spinning like a top. Like a top, too, Draxk wobbled at the end of his spin; wobbled over the edge of the precipice, and dropped out of sight.

Grant fell on his knees beside the stricken Transley; leaned over; raised the quivering form in his arms. Zen, beside him, drew the sorely mangled head to her breast and whispered words of endearment into ears soon closing to all mortal sounds. . . .

Presently Transley opened his eyes. They were sane, quiet eyes now; the fight was over; only the eternities lay ahead.

"Grant—tell me one thing," he murmured. "You have been straight—with Zen?"

"As God hears me," Grant answered.

For an instant the eyes of the rivals—and friends—met; rivals no longer; friends only, forever. Then the form of Transley shivered in the arms of Zen and Dennison Grant! Shivered and settled into eternal sleep.

The sun of another summer was flooding the tawny flanks of the foothills when Zen and Dennison Grant rode together over the old trail to the Y.D. Since Transley's death Grant had not spoken to Zen of love; He seemed to know that at proper time Zen herself would break silence. And now she had asked him to accompany her to her father's home, and to spend a few days roaming their old haunts in the foothills.

Y.D., older, but in unimpaired vigor greeted him boisterously. "Well, well, you old coyote! Had to come back to the hills! They all do. If I was a young man again I'd get me a herd o' heifers an' trek into the back country, spite o' hell an' high water—"

The greeting of the rancher's wife was less effusive, but no less sincere. The evening was spent in hospitality and in a picturesque recounting by the rancher of events in the brave days before barbed wire fences pricked every bubble of romance, and at a late hour it was Zen's own hands that carried Dennison's lamp and guided him to the spare room for the night.

The next afternoon Zen appeared at the gate with horses saddled for two. "Come, Denny, we are going for a ride," she announced, and in a few minutes their mounts were pounding down the trail which led over the foothills to the South Y.D.

Zen was strangely silent upon their ride, and Grant, after futile attempts to engage her in conversation, was content to ride at her side and admire her horsemanship and her beauty. The suffering and the years had left her strangely unscarred; she seemed to Grant wholly as adorable as on the day of her unspoken confession when they had met at the ford. Soon she must speak! He had waited; he could wait.

They followed the trail, little changed by all the passage of years, down the slopes to the South Y.D. They forded the river, and Zen swung her horse about in the grove of cottonwoods.

"You remember this spot, Denny?" she asked. "It is where we first met."

"I remember," he said. No, he would not be tempted into a demonstration. She must lead.

The sun was gilding the mountain tops with gold, and gilding, too, Zen's face and hair with beauty ineffable. For a moment she sat in the slanting light like a statue of bronze. For an instant her eyes met his; then fell. She spurred her horse to a plunge and galloped ahead up the valley.

Miles passed, and the quick twilight of the foothills was upon them before she drew up again. This time it was by a great boulder, a sort of flat rock stranded on the sloping shoulder of a hill. Something seemed to burst in Grant's throat as he recognized it—the rock on which they had spent the memorable night so long ago when the world and they were young! Thank God, Zen was young still! Romance burn-

ed in her heart—who but Zen would have thought of this?

He sprang from his horse, and she from hers. He approached her with open arms.

"Zen! you have brought me here for a purpose; Don't deny it! I understand!"

She was in his arms. "How well you read one's mind," she murmured. "But, oh, how slowly!"

He held her tight. There were worlds to say, but he could whisper only "Zen—my Zen" into the tangled glory of her hair.

At length she held him gently away, "I believe someone is coming up the trail," she said.

It was true enough! a horse and rider were rapidly approaching. As he skirted the hill he caught sight of them, swung out from the trail and rode up beside them.

"Ah, here you are!" he exclaimed. "Hope I didn't keep you waiting, Mrs. Transley"

"You are punctuality itself,"

Zen said, as she took his hand. "You haven't met Mr. Grant?"

Denny, this is Mr. Munroe—the Reverend Mr. Munroe."

"The reverend! What! How! Zen, explain things!"

"Very simple. Mr. Munroe was to meet us here at eight o'clock, and here he is."

Zen was unstrapping a kit from her saddle. "I have a document here—if I haven't lost it—which will interest Mr. Munroe. Ah, here it is!"

She produced an envelope, and Mr. Munroe examined the contents. "Seems to be all in order," he remarked. "A license authorizing the marriage of Dennison Grant and Zenith Transley. This rock should make a very acceptable pulpit. Suppose, Mr. Grant, you take this woman's hand in yours and stand before me?"

It was dark when the minister, having completed the ceremony and shared in the supper which Zen produced from a saddlebag, said a hearty adieu and turned

his horse's head down the valley. Dennison and Zen listened to the pounding of hoofs until it died out in the distance. Then the tremendous, the immeasurable silence of the hills wrapped them all about, folded them in its friendly arms, fondled and caressed them on the threshold of their new life. . . .

After awhile the moon came up, white and glorious as it had that night so many years before.

THE END

Jail Cells Inadequate to House Quick Growing Bears

The two old jail cells, once used in the town lock-up, but for the past year the home of Paddy Fleming's pair of tame bears, have proved inadequate to properly house the fast growing animals and an extension to the quarters has been found necessary. Workmen from Mr. Flem-

ing's machine shop were busy on Saturday erecting the steel work which will provide a runway for the bears and give them an opportunity of properly exercising themselves, which all good, healthy animals need. Plenty of local people and visitors from outside points are watching the growth and development of the bruins.

A rival bear colony has been started this summer, at the Central Motor Sales on Rorke Avenue but only one small cub is to be seen there. It was captured in the spring and is doing well.

District Ore Shipments

A single car of ore, containing 62,106 pounds, was shipped from Cobalt during the week ending July 3rd and reported by the T. & N.O. Railway. The car was shipped from the Belorrain Mine and went to Cleveland.

Garden seeds of 16 varieties were imported into Canada from Syria during the past year, according to a bulletin of the Dominion Department of Agriculture.

FANCIFUL FABLES

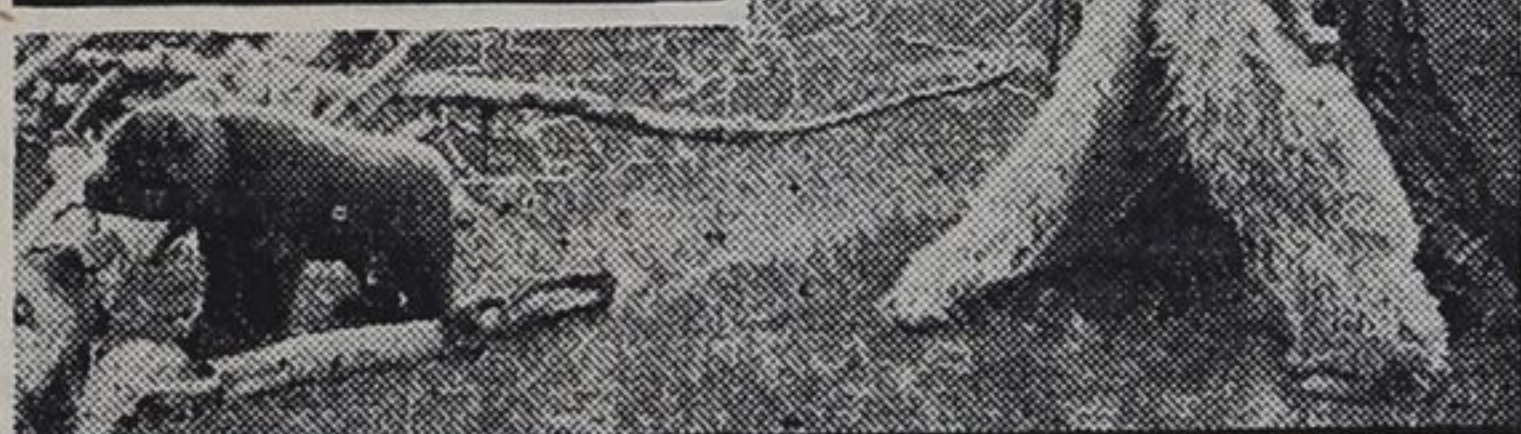


The SNAPSHOT GUILD

KNOW YOUR CAMERA



Remember that snapshots of your child doing something make the most fascinating pictures for your memory album.



JUDGING from the letters the Guild has received old Santa Claus must have pulled many cameras out of his bag and quite generously presented them to those of all ages.

Although modern day film has simplified snapshotting and allows for a certain amount of variation in shutter speed and lens aperture, some owners of new cameras seem to be having a little trouble in getting properly exposed snapshots.

Well, the first time you played golf you didn't get a perfect drive, did you? It's practice and experimenting that make for improvement.

Here's a suggestion that will help you get better results; that is, if you follow it.

When you take a picture make a note of the "stop" you used. By that I mean, the first or second opening, if you have a box camera, or if you have a folding camera you should also make note of the speed of the shutter, that is, 1/25th of a second, 1/50th or whatever it may have been. When the prints are returned you can look at them and say to yourself—"This one of Billie is awfully dark and doesn't show up as I expected. Let's see now—I took this picture at noon at 1/50th of a second and had the diaphragm set at f.11. A little too fast to get the proper exposure under a hazy sky. The next time, under the same conditions, I'll either set the diaphragm pointer at f.8 to let in more light or else leave the diaphragm opening at f.11 and set the shutter speed at 1/25th of a second so as to give the picture a longer exposure." You can readily see how valuable and important this information would be to help improve the quality of your pictures.

Let's try for a picture this week of Billie playing with his favorite toy—the one he always makes a rush for when he gets home from school. What is it—a sled, a scooter, an express wagon, or a bicycle? Has he a cowboy's suit? In any case, keep your camera loaded, watch for him at play and snap a picture of him that is characteristic of his play-time hours. Billie will grow up but not his pictures, and you will be glad some day to have him before your eyes, the little boy again at play, just as he was. Remember, the picture you want is his natural self. So don't let him pose or you will more likely get an attempted impersonation of a wooden soldier, not Billie. Remember that he should not be staring directly at the camera when you snap the shutter. Let him be intent on the thing he is doing, otherwise the picture may look as if you had just interrupted him with a scolding and ordered him to stop. Make two or three shots of him doing the particular thing you want the picture of, and try again, if necessary, until you get that quality of naturalness in pose and action that makes the true charm of children's pictures.

If you can't visualize a good storytelling picture, you will find innumerable ideas in magazines, especially those catering to the home or children. It would be quite unusual to thumb through the pages of one of these magazines without finding an advertisement or story from which you would get an idea you can apply to a snapshot in or around the home. Try it and don't forget to keep a record of the aperture you used and the shutter speed.

JOHN VAN GUILDER

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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!

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

Buy Advertised Goods