

His Little Neighbor

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS.

All that was beautiful, all that was wonderful, all that was strange—these were in the scheme of Duane's life. The latter, asceticism, had not always been a part of the whole, but since his removal to the picturesque little bungalow on the edge of the forest his thoughts had dwelt more permanently in the clouds than on the more mundane earth.

A passionate lover of the beautiful, Duane had surrounded himself with everything that goes to make life materially, as well as spiritually, beautiful. Gifted himself with the graces and charms of physical beauty, he found himself, almost against his will, shrinking from that which was less blessed, whether it be the ill-kept side of a city street or the unlovely face of a human being.

Duane was a great writer. The loves that had come and gone had been inspiration to him and had left no scar. A surfeit of the best music, the greatest paintings, the most beautiful of women had been his and he longed now only for the quiet, uninterrupted solitude of his bungalow. He was far cherished solitude for his concentration on his book children that he had engaged a servant who was both deaf and dumb.

There was but one eyecore in Duane's surroundings—the little tumbledown shanty on the lot next to his own. It was the only habitation within the author's vision as he lay full length on his verandah, basking in the sun of an April day. That the shanty was uninhabited was the redeeming feature of the situation. Duane had often shuddered at the bare possibilities attached to its occupancy. A slovenly housewife, a half dozen more slovenly children, constant echo of wrangling and crying—these were the things pictured in the author's vivid imagination.

Duane sank back in his hammock exhausted by the mere contemplation of a neighbor to jar his contentment. Gradually the fact stole over him that the habitual silence was being rudely broken up. He sat up.

A tumbledown wagon had rumbled up to the gate next door and over its creaking box was piled a collection of hideous furniture. Duane shuddered as if a chilling wind had passed over him. The shanty was about to become a home—a domicile for some fearful family of children and animals. In imagination Duane heard cats and dogs and perhaps a coon or two in the dawning of day.

The hair on his leonine head fairly bristled as he jerked into a sitting position to watch the unloading of a scanty, meagre supply of furniture. And while he looked his sensitive eyes caught, sight, far up the road, of a woman with a bundle in one hand and a dilapidated suitcase in the other. Duane puffed nervously at his big calash pipe.

When she drew near enough for him to look at her without his being observed he saw a slip of a woman in a drab gown that seemed to have been blown about her figure by a careless wind.

"Drab, drab, drab," Duane closed his eyes and muttered to himself. "What a picture! Let her go! Let her go! Let her go!" When he again opened his eyes she had disappeared within the door. Later he heard her voice mingled with that of the man who had carried in the furniture. His music loving ears strove to shut out the unmelodious tone, but there was a compelling something that clung to the senses. Duane had the peculiar feeling that invisible fingers had swept over the harp strings of his soul.

Try as he might to escape it, a dominant chord of the greater things in life vibrated through his being and he did not realize its potency.

He tried to concentrate his mind on his new novel, but a jangle of confused imaginations crowded his brain. He attributed his mental discomfort to the woman in the drab gown, he had always dreaded the advent of a neighbor, and now he was reaping the harvest of his forebodings. Duane was distinctly irritated, but over his personal grievances there stole the memory of a kind neighbor, who had once sent him a cup of hot coffee and some homemade bread when he arrived to occupy the house next to her own. He recalled distinctly the timely and much needed refreshment.

Duane lay for a moment thinking, when he drew himself half reluctantly from the hammock. A few moments later his deaf and dumb servant was crossing the garden to the shanty next door with a tray upon which a pot of tea, a plate of sandwiches and a cluster of fresh roses were daintily arranged.

"All women prefer tea, I suppose," muttered the author as he once more sank into his hammock. He looked up at Tanner, who had brought back a note from the little neighbor.

"Thank you, very much," it read. "I was longing for a cup of tea and my fire is not lighted as yet."

Duane returned then to thoughts of his book, feeling that he had performed his part.

Later in the afternoon his reveries of wonderful music and ethereal women were rudely broken. His little, drab-colored neighbor had burst into song. Duane shivered. The tones, spontaneous and joyous, were half-tone flat. After his first involuntary shiver, from discordant sound, Duane fell to wondering how any one could sing in a shanty which had neither beauty nor comfort to adorn it.

"She must be happy," he muttered, and was not conscious that a half smile accompanied his thought. Later in the week, when he saw her working with a broken trowel in the meager soil beside the porch and humming discordantly over her efforts to produce at least the semblance of a garden, Duane sensed a feeling akin to awe that happiness existed where beauty and luxury played no part. He glanced from his little neighbor's

pious attempt at home making to his own completed haven, with its wealth of beauty, luxury and comfort. Something within him snapped. He was not irritated, wholly disconcerted, by a sudden knock at the door. He proceeded slowly over the steps and found a young girl who had entered his own back door for that of his neighbor. As he approached the porch sang more joyously than his own golden songster, and when one day a levy of little waifs came to her house and sent peals of childish laughter floating over the high pivot hedge Duane's state of mind bordered on jealousy.

The crowning grievance came when he discovered his great collier Rob slinking guiltily back home after a stolen visit with the little neighbor. He secretly suspected Tanner of having taken many of his choice slips over the scanty garden next door, but Duane could find no place for condemnation.

His new book progressed beyond his expectations. There seemed to be more warmth and vital life in its pages than in his former works. Contrary to his dark forebodings, a neighbor had not disturbed his train of thought. He had never spoken to the little drab colored woman, nor had he attempted to fathom the spirit of happiness that seemed to hover over her every hour.

During the heat of the summer, Duane was compelled to move his hammock from the veranda to the summer house at the foot of the garden. Enjoying physical movement after his hours of writing, he carried the stool down to the vine-hung arbor in order to put the hammock screw into the high post.

In the garden next door, close beside the private hedge, the little neighbor started back suddenly. A loud crash smote her ears. She looked quickly in the direction whence the sound had come, then sped like a fawn up along the private hedge to the spot where an opening permitted her body to squeeze through. She went swiftly toward the summer house and looked in.

When Duane regained consciousness there was a steady pounding beneath something infinitely soft upon which his head rested. He did not open his eyes immediately lest he lose the contentment that was his. Has he entered another land? Was an angel's hand stroking his eyes with rose petals? These were the questions that waded over Duane's mind before the tempted illusion by opening his eyes.

The little neighbor sighed in relief. "Your temple struck the stone coping," she said. Duane could only look up in wonderment at the big drab colored eyes above him. They seemed fathomless and Duane strove to dispel a feeling of surrender that possessed him. While he looked a faint tinge of color swept into the cheeks that were neither rose pink nor yet softly white. In reality Duane drew up into a sitting position, but in his thoughts he had taken the drab figure close



TWO CHARMING BLOUSES. (1) Of spotted cravat and white foulard and lawn trimmed with guipure insertion. (2) Of buff tulle trimmed with purple velvet, and black and purple passementerie or lace.

into his arms and was holding her there away from every one else in the world. He laughed whimsically at his own predicament, while the women of his imagination trailed by him in their beauty and wit and charm and laughed mockingly at the slim drab figure beside him. But the great author only looked through and beyond them to a future made suddenly big and wonderful.

The little neighbor glanced up at him. Apparently she understood, for a slow smile dawned in her eyes.

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For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*

BABY FELL ON STOVE.

Postmaster Says: "Zam-Buk Acted on the Burn Like Magic."

Whenever you see the children—especially a bunch of little boys—take the first view of a stove like that of a "burning" performance of "blowing" the stove, it would be well to tell them of the wonderful healing properties of Zam-Buk. I have used it for some considerable time for cuts, bruises, etc., with excellent results, but the most wonderful cure in my experience happened recently when my little boy (two years old) fell from his chair on the rear, hot heater. "One side of his face and his ear were just frizzled. I dressed the burn liberally with Zam-Buk every day, and within two weeks the burn was healed. I was afraid my boy would be disfigured permanently, but the skin has grown beautifully, and there is no scar left. I always recommend Zam-Buk to my friends, and would advise everybody to keep a box handy."

IMMIGRATION FROM U.S.

Figures Showing Arrivals at Different Manitoba Ports.

Winnipeg, May 16.—Immigration from the United States through Manitoba ports of entry has been very heavy during the months of March and April, according to figures supplied by Joseph Tennant, provincial government immigration agent.

In March a total of 2,457 men, women and children arrived with effects valued at \$899,530. For the same month a year ago, while the total number of arrivals was greater by 29, the value of their effects was only \$723,330. During the month of April the total arrivals were 3,880, and they brought with them effects to the value of \$692,371. For the same month a year ago the total number of arrivals was 1,477, and the value of their effects \$452,930.

While the greater portion of the new settlers are taking up land in Alberta and Saskatchewan, this province is receiving more attention than in previous years.

At Clarendon Station.

Clarendon Station, May 15.—Joseph Tysick, who had his foot hurt by the handcar, is still confined to the house. George Rayner has returned from Parham, where he has engaged with the C.P.R. company. Mrs. Stafford, visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tysick, Sr., returned to Kingston yesterday. Isaac Kirkham and Archibald Campbell visited the Limestone City recently. Thomas and Peter Kirkham made a visit to Perth this week. Mr. and Mrs. John Barr at William Barr's; Miss Mary Rayner at her home here.

IDLE TELEPHONE GOSSIP.

May Cause Death of a Girl in Chicago.

Chicago, May 15.—A woman, carrying a portable mechanical telephone conversation with another woman, they were talking a party line. "I want to call an ambulance to rush a child to the hospital," "I'm using this line," the woman replied. "Please don't interrupt."

"But, madam," protested the man on the other branch of the party line. "There's a little girl here with her leg torn off. I want to get an ambulance. Please let me have the wire." "I'm talking now. Get off the line." The man attempted to find another telephone, but that occupied so many minutes that the child was placed in the truck which had run over her and taken to the President hospital.

Nora and Julia Crowley, nine and ten years old, respectively, were roller skating on the sidewalk when a heavy truck rolled down the street. Approaching the corner, the driver saw that he was running into a head-on collision with a passenger automobile. He swerved his big machine up on the sidewalk.

A Unique Party.

Some time ago the wife of an assistant state officer gave a party to a lot of old maids of her town. She asked each one to bring a photo of the man who had tried to woo and wed her and had been jilted by her. Each of the old maids brought a photo and they were all pictures of the same man—the host's husband.—Kansas City Journal.

High Death Rate in the Spring

At the very time of year when all nature is awakening to new life human beings are overcome by lassitude and distaste for physical activity, and the death rate mounts higher than at any other time during the year.

What can be the cause? It seems to be due to the mode of life during the cold winter months. By living cooped up in overheated, ill-ventilated rooms, the lungs are deprived of the life-giving oxygen, the blood becomes loaded with impurities which are not eliminated from the system as they should be by the liver and kidneys.

These filtering organs are torpid, sluggish and inactive, and need Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills to restore them to health and activity. There is no way by which the blood can be purified except by the eliminating process carried on by the liver and kidneys. Hence the effectiveness of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills as a means of purifying the blood.

Orange Farmers' Sale Tree-Ripened "Sunkist" Oranges—Special Prices!



Four trainloads (4) of delicious "Sunkist" Oranges from 5,000 Prize Orange Groves have just been shipped. One of these giant trains, with its load of golden fruit, is for the families of this city and surrounding territory.

The California Fruit Growers ship in great quantities when the fruit ripens, and they have chosen this city as a "Sale Point." A big, rousing sale, lasting a week, will be held right here in this city!

Special Prices at Your Dealer's Beginning Monday
Just ask for genuine "Sunkist," the perfect oranges with the valuable wrappers.
Give your family a delicious and healthful treat and provide your table with valuable and exquisite Rogers' Silverware. See further particulars at right.

Perfect Oranges Ripened on the Tree
Learn the difference in flavor between these tree-ripened oranges and the others you have bought in the past. Each "Sunkist" is a sweet, juicy, seedless navel. Each is tree-ripened, sound and picked with a gloved hand! Each comes in a valuable wrapper marked "Sunkist."

Sale Begins Monday Insist on "Sunkist"



Choose From These Fourteen "Sunkist" Silver Premiums
Get This Orange Spoon

At right is shown new "Sunkist" Orange Spoon, actual size. Genuine Rogers and of the latest style. Sent you on receipt of 12 "Sunkist" wrappers and 12c to help pay charges, packing, etc. For each additional spoon send 12 "Sunkist" wrappers and 12c. Read carefully directions at right.

Send for full description, number of wrappers and amount of cash necessary to secure each article.

- "Sunkist" Premiums
- Table Knife
- Table Fork
- Dessert Spoon
- Child's Knife
- Bouillon Spoon
- Coffee Spoon
- Salad Fork
- Oyster Fork
- Child's Fork
- Orange Spoon
- Fruit Knife
- Teaspoon
- Tablespoon
- Butter Spreader

This Fruit Knife Yours

Made of special tempered steel heavily silver-plated, same high quality as the other "Sunkist" Premiums. Sent on receipt of 24 "Sunkist" wrappers and 20c. For each additional fruit knife send 24 "Sunkist" wrappers and 20c.

Read This Carefully

On all remittances up to 20 cents please send cash; on amounts above 20 cents we prefer postal note, money order, express order or bank draft. Make money order or draft payable to the California Fruit Growers' Exchange, and address your letters to the California Fruit Growers' Exchange, 105 King St. East, corner Church St., Toronto, Ont.

You can secure these premiums with "Sunkist" orange wrappers, "Sunkist" lemon wrappers or "Red Ball" orange wrappers or "Red Ball" lemon wrappers. Or merely send trademarks cut from wrappers. If you will buy only "Sunkist" and "Red Ball" oranges and lemons, you will get fruit of the finest eating quality, economically priced, and you will soon have enough wrappers to secure a complete set of the beautiful table silverware.

California Fruit Growers' Exchange, 105 King Street, East Corner Church Street Toronto, Ont.