

A PRAYER.

God, though this life is but a wrath. Although we know not what we use. Although we grope, with little faith.

WITH INTEREST TO DATE.

THIS is the tale of a wrong that ranked and a great revenge. It is not a moral story, nor is it precisely immoral, according to the twentieth century, Bradstreet and Dun standard.

all, done largely on personality, and from the attitude of both father and son Hanford began to count his chickens. But instead of letting up he redoubled his efforts.

methods. It started a lack of confidence that developed into strained relations. There was but one result which Hanford saw coming and was wise enough to forestall by resigning.

"Ready to try something else, eh?" "That's what. And you'd better do the same."

Jackson Wylie, Sr., had a mysterious way of closing contracts once he came in personal contact with the proper people.

posal? The president of the Atlantic Bridge company gasped. This was bolder than anything he had ever experienced.



"I shall ask you to add £200,000 to your price."

Now he quit talking altogether. It was no longer necessary. He merely shook his head in negation. He was smiling slightly.