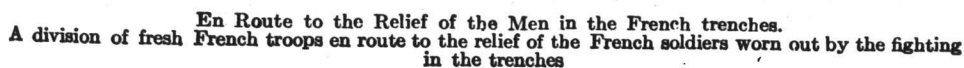


Written for The Western Home Monthly by Edith G. Bayne.

Suddenly, as the men passed opposite to her, she uttered a cry and darted out

"Then—who are you? Ah, you would joke with your old mother! I, who sent you off with a smile on my lips and a pain here."



But Smith did not fall in, for the woman was whispering to him with intense emphasis. He had picked up a few words of Flemish during the past three or four months, but he could understand very little of what she said. He did, however, understand her to ask where he and his companions were going. She awaited his answer breathlessly.

"If we listened to the tale of every old woman in this land we'd be running around in circles," he said.

**General Agents for Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta**



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