

the Master of the boy's father. For he snarled now, holding the Master's arm; while a few paces above them was the little man, pale but determined, the expression on his face betraying his consciousness of the irony of the situation.

"Will ye come haud wi' me and have it noo, or stop wi' him and wait till ye get it?" he asked the boy.

"M'Adam, I'd like ye' to—"

"None o' that, James Moore.—David, what d'ye say?"

David looked up into his protector's face.

"Ye'd best go wi' your feyther, lad," said the Master at last, thickly. The boy hesitated and clung tighter to the shielding arm; then he walked slowly over to his father.

A bitter smile spread over the little man's face as he marked this new test of the boy's obedience to the other.

"To obey his frien' he foregoes the pleasure o' disobeyin' his father," he muttered. "Noble!" Then he turned homeward, and the boy followed in his footsteps.

James Moore and the gray dog stood looking after them.

"I know ye'll not pay off yer spite agin me on the lad's head, M'Adam," he called, almost appealingly.

"I'll do ma duty, thank ye, James Moore, wi'oot respect o' persons," the little man cried back, never turning.

Father and son walked away, one behind the other, like a man and his

dog, and there was no word said between them. Across the Stony Bottom, Red Wull, scowling with bared teeth at David, joined them. Together the three went up the hill to the Grange.

In the kitchen M'Adam turned.

"Noo, I'm gaein' to gie ye the gran'-est thrashing ye iver dreamed of. Tak' aff yer coat!"

The boy obeyed and stood up in his thin shirt, his face white and set as a statue's. Red Wull seated himself on his haunches close by, his ears pricked, licking his lips, all attention.

The little man supplid the great ash-plant in his hands and raised it. But the expression on the boy's face arrested his arm.

"Say ye're sorry and I'll let yer aff easy."

"I'll not."

"One mair chance—yer last! Say yer 'shamed o' yersel'!"

"I'm not."

The little man brandished his cruel, white weapon, and Red Wull shifted a little to obtain a better view.

"Git on wi' it," ordered David angrily.

The little man raised the stick again and—threw it into the farthest corner of the room.

It fell with a rattle on the floor, and M'Adam turned away.

"Ye're the pitifulest son iver a man had," he cried brokenly. "Gin a man's son dinna haud to him, wha can he expect to?—no one. Ye're ondooti-

ful, ye're disrespectfu', ye're maist ilka thing ye shouldna be; there's but ae thing I thought ye were not—a coward. And as to that, ye've no the pluck to say ye're sorry when, God knows, ye might be. I canna thrash ye this day. But ye shall gae nae mair to school. I send ye there to learn. Ye'll not learn—ye've learnt naethin' except disobedience to me—ye shall stop at home and work."

His father's rare emotion, his broken voice and working face, moved David as all the stripes and jeers had failed to do. His conscience smote him. For the first time in his life it dimly dawned on him that, perhaps, his father, too, had some grounds for complaint; that, perhaps, he was not a good son.

He half turned.

"Feyther—"

"Git oot o' ma sight!" M'Adam cried.

And the boy turned and went.

CHAPTER VI.

A LICKING OR A LIE.

Thenceforward David buckled down to work at home, and in one point only father and son resembled—industry. A drunkard M'Adam was, but a drone, no.

The boy worked at the Grange with tireless, indomitable energy; yet he could never satisfy his father.

The little man would stand, a sneer on his face and his thin lips contemptu-

ously curled, and flout the boy's brave labors.

"Is he no a gran' worker, Wullie?" 'Tis a pleasure to watch him, his hands in his pockets, his eyes turned heavenward!" as the boy snatched a hard-earned moment's rest. "You and Wullie, we'll brak' oorsel's slavin' for him while he looks on and laffs."

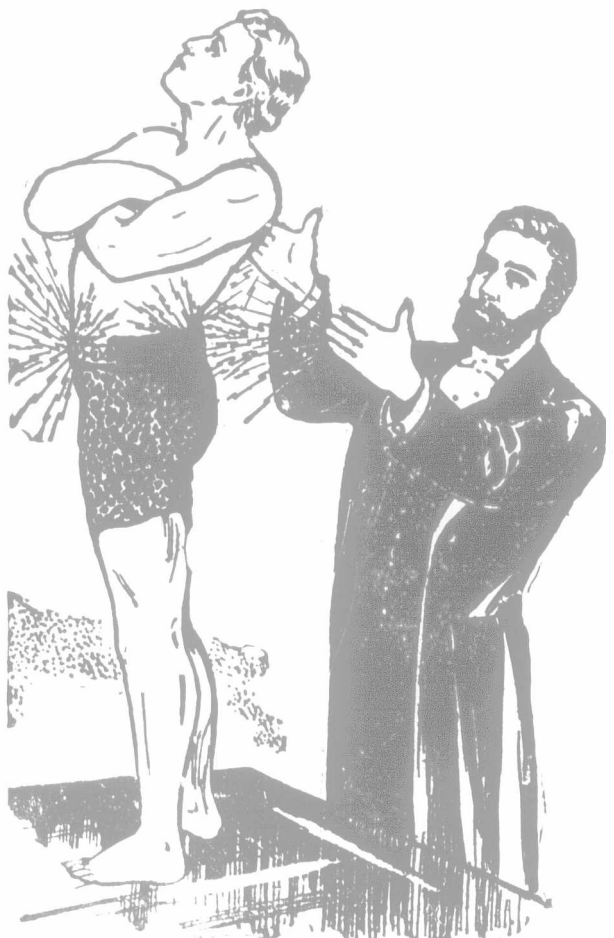
And so on, the whole day through, week in, week out; till he sickened with weariness of it all.

In his darkest hours David thought sometimes to run away. He was miserably alone on the cold bosom of the world. The very fact that he was the son of his father isolated him in the Daleland. Naturally of a reserved disposition, he had no single friend outside of Kenmuir. And it was only the thought of his friends there that withheld him. He could not bring himself to part from them; they were all he had in the world.

So he worked on at the Grange, miserably, doggedly, taking blows and abuse alike in burning silence. But every evening, when work was ended, he stepped off to his other home beyond the Stony Bottom. And on Sundays and holidays—for of these latter he took, unasking, what he knew to be his due—all day long, from cock-crowing to the going down of the sun, he would pass at Kenmuir. In this one matter the boy was invincibly stubborn.

(Continued.)

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For Nervous Debility, Varicocele, Rheumatism, Lame Back, Lumbago, Sciatica, any case of Kidney Disease that has not gone so far as Bright's Disease, Indigestion, Constipation or any Weakness, and

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For a case which I cannot cure with my new improved Electric Belt, the marvel of electricians, the most wonderful curative device that has ever been introduced. The Belt is complete with Free Electrical Attachment.

This Electric Attachment carries the current direct and cures all weaknesses, Varicocele, etc. It develops and expands all weak nerves and checks a loss of vitality. No case of Falling Vigor, Varicocele or Debility can resist this powerful Electrical attachment. It never fails to cure. It is free with Belts.

No man should be weak, no man should suffer the loss of that vitality which renders life worth living. No man should allow himself to become less a man than Nature intended him, no man should suffer when there is at hand a certain cure for his weakness.

Most of the pains, most of the weaknesses of the stomach, heart, brain and nerves, from which men suffer are due to an early loss of nature's reserve power. You need not suffer for this. You can be restored. The very element which you have lost you can get back, and you may be as happy as any man that lives.

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An old man of 70 says he feels as strong and young as he did at 35. That shows it renews the vigor of youth. It cures Rheumatism, Sciatic Pains, Lumbago, Kidney Trouble; banishes pain in a night, never to return.

I want no man's money if I can't cure him. There is no deception about this offer, either in making or carrying it out. All I ask is reasonable security that I will get my pay, and you can

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Fred. J. Cuthbert, of Brockville, Ont., says:—

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James Hill, Esq., writes:—

"It is with pleasure that I now write you. I would have written before, but I wanted to give your Belt a good trial first. I have found it to be just what I needed it to be. I will do all I can for you and your Belt in this part of the country. Wishing you and your company all the success possible."

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