



"NEBO'S LONELY MOUNTAIN."—(see last page.)

The Old Year is Dying.

BY JOHN IMRIE.

The Old Year is dying,
His moments are flying.
On the "Ledger" of life may be seen
Opportunities lent
To be faithfully spent,—
Whether "profit or loss" hath it been?

Death the Old Year's decay
Leave us wiser to-day
Than he found us just twelve months
ago?
Have we done what we might?
Have we clung to the right?
Doth the "Ledger" a "credit note"
show?

Have we cause for regret
At "the losses" we've met?
Through sin, pride, or procrastination?
Let us humbly arise,
And resolve to be wise
The New Year may bring consolation?

To thine own heart be true,
For 'tis wise to review,
And a "balance-sheet" strike without
fear;
In life's sunshine or shower
Let each bright golden hour
Be well spent as if death might be near!

When our Lord shall appear,
And our names we shall hear
Sounded forth from God's great Book
above,
May the record then show
That "the debt" which we owe
Hath "been met" by his infinite love!

On Schedule Time

BY JAMES OTIS.

Author of "Toby Tyler," "Mr. Stubbs' Brother," "Raising the Pearl," etc.

CHAPTER I

BUSINESS OR PLEASURE.

"That finishes our portion of the work," Phillip Ainsworth said as he wiped the perspiration from his face and looked with satisfaction at the neatly packed and well-secured camp equipage piled high upon the baggage wagon. "If Aunt Lois and the girls have done their tasks as well, there's no question but we can leave here on schedule time to-morrow morning."

"There's a question in my mind as to whether that load can be packed again in the same compass," Phil's cousin, Dick Fullerton, said musingly. "It must weigh at least half a ton."

"Not more than that, and it won't be a heavy load for so stout a horse as Jack."

"I suppose he can pull it readily enough; but it's so bulky I'm afraid it will be difficult to get everything back into the wagon."

"Practice will make us perfect, and I count on our being able to do it very easily two weeks from to-day."

"Do you know, Phil, I can hardly realize we are on the eve of such a trip as we anticipate."

"One day's work setting up tents, grooming horses and carrying water, will soon convince you of that fact."

"When your letter came, stating that uncle was willing you and Gladys should spend the month of October among the hills and lakes, regularly camping out, it seemed about as improbable as anything to be found in the Arabian Nights."

"Yet you and Alice did not waste much time in coming here to Bangor."

"I thought if uncle was in the humour it would not be wise to loiter too long, lest he might change his mind. When Alice and I spoke about it to mother, she said she could understand why Uncle

Ainsworth should be willing for his children to go on such a jaunt, because, being interested in lumbering operations, he knew thoroughly the country over which they would travel, and has had a good bit of experience himself. But why Aunt Lois Hammatt, a woman whom I would as soon suspect of meditating a trip to the moon as of being willing to live in a canvas tent during the month

of October, and camping in the woods at that, should agree to go, surprised us all. Why, she is afraid of a mouse when she comes to our home, and believes she literally takes her life in her hands while crossing a city street if there is a vehicle to be seen in either direction. Now she proposes to rough it with us!"

"Well, you see it was necessary some one should go to look out for the girls, and she offered herself as the victim. I believe that every hour since the trip was decided upon she has added some different powder or pill to her medicine chest, and now has nearly everything than can be thought of, from quinine to peppermint. I tried to prevent her laying in a store of ointment warranted to

long stop will be made at Schoodic Lake, which is situated about seven miles north of Milo."

"Phil, father wants to see you in his room," and Gladys Ainsworth appeared in the doorway with something very like a mournful expression on her face. "What is the matter?" Phil asked quickly. "Anything wrong?"

"I don't know, but am afraid there is. From what I heard him say to mother, it seems as if something has happened to prevent our going away to-morrow morning."

"To prevent it?" Phil cried in dismay, and Dick started to his feet in alarm. "If anything of that kind happens we can set it down at Aunt Lois' fault. I suspected she didn't want to make this trip!"

"But it isn't Aunt Lois this time, Phil—indeed it isn't. It's something in regard to business. Father has gone to bed sick, and—"

"Why, I saw him go down-town this afternoon."

"Yes; but he came back half an hour ago, and went at once to his room. He wants to see you immediately."

"But it doesn't seem possible uncle could have grown ill so suddenly that it is necessary to put an end to the excursion," Dick said, half to himself.

"I don't understand what the trouble is. Something happened, that is evident. If Phil will go and see father there'll be no need of our standing here speculating."

Phil acted upon the suggestion by disappearing within the house, and Gladys

of the lawsuit and the disappointment of having lost what he considered a just cause."

"But how does that affect us, Aunt Lois? Dick asked in bewilderment.

"How does it? Why, if your uncle can't go to this township, such a number, range something I've forgotten what—what's to be done? He says it will be a jaunt that neither the girls nor I should undertake."

"Are the boys to go?" Gladys asked. "Of course. Benner must be warned. Otherwise it might cause very serious trouble for your father."

"Benner must be warned!" Gladys repeated. "Now, Aunt Lois, we don't understand anything, and you evidently do. Why not explain?"

"Be as you, child, I have explained. Didn't I tell you that, since your father can't go and there is no possibility of sending word by any other means, it is all that can be done. I am sure it will be very terrible, but everything has been made ready for the excursion, so why should anyone remain at home?"

"That is what I can't understand," Gladys replied, with a long-drawn sigh. "It is evident you are too much excited to explain."

"Aunt Lois can quiet herself without further delay," Phil cried as he came from the house, looking anything rather than sorrowful. "The excursion will not be delayed, but the purpose of it is to be changed very decidedly. I'll go into full particulars for Dick's benefit, since he is not supposed to be well informed on father's affairs. He owns, or thought he did, the right to cut timber in Township Eight, Range Fourteen. A dispute arose regarding the ownership, and this afternoon the case was decided against him. Now, it seems that Benner, who has charge of the business, went into the woods in September with a gang of men under instructions to begin operations promptly on the seventeenth of this month—that is to say, exactly six days from to-day. Since it has been decided that father has no right to cut timber there, it would be a very serious matter—perhaps contempt of court—for his men to begin work. Therefore it is necessary Benner should be warned, and there is no means of reaching him except by private messenger. He is to take timber from a different locality, and father desires that the spot decided upon shall remain a secret—for a while at least—less further complications ensue. Being unable to go himself—not that he is really sick, but simply unfitted for the journey—he proposes that Dick and I act as his messengers."

(To be continued.)

HOW JAMIE LOST THE PRIZE

This true incident from an English school-teacher's lips shows how a boy can be both high-minded and unselfish for the sake of another.

James Pettigrew and Willie Hunter were the clever boys in Mr. Howatt's school class, and used to "run neck and neck for the prizes." Examination day came again. Jamie and Willie were left last in the field. Jamie missed question after question, which Willie answered and got the prize.

"I," says Mr. Howatt, "went home with Jamie that night, and instead of being cast down at losing the prize he seemed rather to be mighty glad. I couldn't understand it."

"Why, Jamie, I said, 'you could have answered some of those questions; I know you could.'"

"Of course I could!" he said, with a laugh.

"Then why didn't you?" I asked.

"He wouldn't answer for a while, but I kept pressing and pressing him, till at last he turned round with such a strange, kind look in his bonnie brown eyes."

"Look here," he said; "how could I help it? There's poor Willie—his mother died last week, and if it hadn't been Examination Day he wouldn't have been at school. Do you think I was going to be so mean as to take a prize from a poor fellow who had just lost his mother?"

Bravo, my lad! a good speech that; and second was a good place, if not the noblest of any in all the school that day.

The largest standing army is that of Russia, 800,000 men; the next in size that of Germany, 592,000; the third that of France, 555,000; the fourth, Austria, 323,000; after which come Italy, with 255,000; Britain, with 210,000; Turkey, with 160,000, and Spain, with 145,000.

"I ought to study photography," I used the seaside young man who had proposed again. "I really ought. I can develop more negatives in a given time than anybody I know of."



"PHIL, FATHER WANTS TO SEE YOU IN HIS ROOM."

keep black flies at a distance by telling her we shouldn't see any insects of the kind at this season of the year; but, looking ahead for trouble as she always is, she decided it was better to carry it than to be deprived of it in case anything of the sort should be needed. But say, this is quick work! You arrived on the morning train, and in considerably less than twelve hours we are ready for the journey."

"Yes, thanks to the fact that you had everything prepared. I don't even know of what the outfit consists, save that there are so many bags and packages."

"You will become better acquainted with the contents of that wagon by this time to-morrow. When the first halt is made we shall put up a tent for the horses, another for Aunt Lois and the girls, and a third for ourselves, which last I propose shall also answer as cook-tent. The folding boat you have seen. The cameras will be carried in the surrey, for I don't think it safe to pack them among such a cargo as this. The cooking utensils are the same I used last year; and the provisions—well, you know about what they should be, and I don't think there is anything lacking."

"Where do you intend to stop to-morrow night?"

"Probably at Milo. According to the programme I have laid out, which shall be submitted to all hands later, the first

and her cousin Dick discussed in mournful tones the possibility of an untimely ending of the projected pleasure trip even before it was begun.

While these disappointed ones were trying to conjecture the possible cause of the threatened disappointment, Aunt Lois came into the yard in a high state of excitement.

This mental condition was nothing surprising, for Aunt Lois' tiny body often quivered with excitement under circumstances which would have seemed commonplace to the majority of people.

"I shall go with the party, Gladys, now that I have made up my mind, regardless of what your father and mother may say. It was a long time before I would consent to undertake what seemed such a perilous journey; but once the decision has been made, I shall carry out my portion of the plan unless positive dangers bar my way."

"What is it, Aunt Lois? What has happened to prevent our excursion to the lakes, and why do you speak as if some might go, while others will be forced to remain?"

"Well, you see, your father being sick prevents him from attending to his business in the woods."

"Mother didn't say he was dangerously ill."

"Of course not, child, because he isn't. He is simply worn out by the excitement