

"Charlie's father has plenty of money," said Mr. Stanhope gravely, "and is able to start his boy well. I have very little to spare."

"I am going out to work my own way," said Jack decisively. "Post Office work does not suit me."

His father looked at him critically. He was a fairly well grown youth for his years, but scarcely more than of the average in height. His figure was closely knit, and his shoulders were square and broad. Never a great talker, he had not previously intimated what he thought of his life at the Post Office. But there was no mistaking the set look of his face and the resolute gleam in his eyes.

"Have you quite made up your mind, Jack?"

"Yes, I am going; and remember, Dad, that whatever comes of it, you are not responsible. It will be all my own doing. I feel as if I'd just *got* to go to Canada. You understand, perhaps, what I mean."

"I do," replied Mr. Stanhope with quiet resignation. "Well, as you are bent on leaving home, we must make up our minds to part with you. I suppose you will be going soon?"

"I shall give notice to the postmaster to-day to leave the end of next week," said Jack.

That Mrs. Stanhope should be tearful in her objecting to Jack's leaving home was inevitable. The feelings of a mother towards her offspring cannot be perfectly gauged by man. Its height and breadth and depth cannot be fathomed or measured by anyone but herself and others of her sex who have children. Jack reasoned with her, pointing out how distasteful post office work was to him, how slow promotion was, and gave her some facts that illustrated the lives of the employés, pointing out that some of them were approaching their thirtieth year and were still unable to marry and keep a home.

"Much less assist their younger brothers and sisters," he added parenthetically.