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A Correction.—Teacher: "What is The Hague tribunal?" Willie: "The Hague tribunal ar—" Teacher: "Don't say 'The Hague tribunal are,' Willie; use is." Willie: "The Hague tribunal isbitrates national controversies."—[Judge.

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Glengarry School Days.

A STORY OF EARLY DAYS IN GLENGARRY.

By Ralph Connor—Rev. C. W. Gordon.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

"Well," said Thomas, catching sight of those worthies through the trees, "let them come, too."

"Fusie was promptly willing, but Davie was doubtful. He certainly would not go to the manse, where he might meet the minister, and meeting the minister's wife under the present circumstances was a little worse.

"Well, you can wait at the gate with Fusie," suggested Hughie, and so the matter was settled.

Fortunately for Hughie, his father was not at home. But not Thomas's earnest entreaties nor Hughie's eager pleading would have availed with the mother, for attendance at school was a sacred duty in her eyes, had it not been that her boy's face, paler than usual, and with the dawning of a new defiance in it, startled her, and confirmed in her the fear that all was not well with him.

"Well, Thomas, he may go with you to Cameron's for the potatoes, but as to going with you to the planting, that is another thing. Your mother is not fit to be troubled with another boy, and especially a boy like Hughie. And how is she to-day, Thomas?" continued Mrs. Murray, as Thomas stood in dull silence before her.

"She's better," said Thomas, answering more quickly than usual, and with a certain eagerness in his voice. "She's a great deal better, and Hughie will do her no harm, but good."

Mrs. Murray looked at Thomas as he spoke, wondering at the change in his voice and manner. The heavy, stolid face had changed since she had last seen it. It was finer, keener than before. The eyes, so often dull, were lighted up with a new, strange fire.

"She's much better," said Thomas again, as if insisting against Mrs. Murray's unbelief.

"I'm glad to hear it, Thomas," she said, gently. "She will soon be quite well again, I hope, for she has had a long, long time of suffering."

"Yes, a long, long time," replied Thomas. His face was pale, and in his eyes was a look of pain, almost of fear.

"And you will come to see her soon," he added. There was almost a piteous entreaty in his tone.

"Yes, Thomas, surely next week. And meantime, I shall let Hughie go with you."

A look of such utter devotion poured itself into Thomas's eyes that Mrs. Murray was greatly moved, and putting her hand on his shoulder, she said, gently, "He will give His angels charge." Don't be afraid, Thomas.

"Afraid!" said Thomas, with a kind of gasp, his face going white.

"Afraid! No. Why?" But Mrs. Murray turned from him to hide the tears that she could not keep out of her eyes, for she knew what was before Thomas and them all.

Meantime Hughie was busy putting into his little carpet-bag what he considered the necessary equipment for his visit.

"You must wear your shoes, Hughie."

"Oh, mother, shoes are such an awful bother planting potatoes. They get full of ground and everything."

"Well, put them in your bag, at any rate, and your stockings, too. You may need them."

By degrees Hughie's very moderate necessities were satisfied, and with a hurried farewell to his mother he went off with Thomas. At the gate they picked up Fusie and Davie Scotch, and went off to the Cameron's for the seed potatoes, Hughie's heart lighter than it had been for many a day. And all through the afternoon, and as he drove home with Thomas on the loaded bags, his

heart kept singing back to the birds in the trees overhead.

It was late in the afternoon when they drove into the yard, for the roads were still bad in the swamp, where the corduroy had been broken up by the spring floods.

Thomas hurried through unhitching, and without waiting to unharness he stood the horses in their stalls, saying, "We may feed them this afternoon again," and took Hughie off to the house straightway.

The usual beautiful order pervaded the house and its surroundings. The back yard, through which the boys came from the barn, was free of litter; the chips were raked into neat little piles close to the wood-pile, for summer use. On a bench beside the "stoop" door was a row of milk-pans, lapping each other like scales on a fish, glittering in the sun. The large summer kitchen, with its spotless floor and whitewashed walls, stood with both its doors open to the sweet air that came in from the fields above, and was as pleasant a room to look in upon as one could desire. On the sill of the open window stood a sweet-scented geranium and a tall fuchsia with white and crimson blossoms hanging in clusters. Bunches of wild flowers stood on the table, on the dresser, and up beside the clock, and the whole room breathed of sweet scents of fields and flowers, and "the name of the chamber was peace."

Beside the open window sat the little mother in an arm-chair, the embodiment of all the peaceful beauty and sweet fragrance of the room.

"Well, mother," said Thomas, crossing the floor to her and laying his hand upon her shoulder, "have I been long away? I have brought Hughie back with me, you see."

"Not so very long, Thomas," said the mother, her dark face lighting with a look of love as she glanced up at her big son. "And I am glad to see Hughie. He will excuse me from rising," she added, with fine courtesy.

Hughie hurried toward her.

"Yes, indeed, Mrs. Finch. Don't think of rising." But he could get no further. Boy as he was, and at the age when boys are most heartless and regardless, he found it hard to keep his lip and his voice steady and to swallow the lump in his throat, and in spite of all he could do his eyes were filling up with tears as he looked into the little woman's face, so worn and weary, so pathetically bright.

It was months since he had seen her, and during these months a great change had come to her and to the Finch household. After suffering long in secret, the mother had been forced to confess to a severe pain in her breast and under her arm. Upon examination the doctor pronounced the case to be malignant cancer, and there was nothing for it but removal. It was what Dr. Grant called "a very beautiful operation, indeed," and now she was recovering her strength, but only slowly, so slowly that Thomas at times found his heart sink with a vague fear. But it was not the pain of the wound that had wrought that sweet, pathetic look into the little woman's face, but the deeper pain she carried in her heart for those she loved better than herself.

(To be continued.)

Get a Move On.

"All things come round to him who waits."
Oh, nonsense, rubbish, stuff!
All things come round to someone else, if we wait long enough.

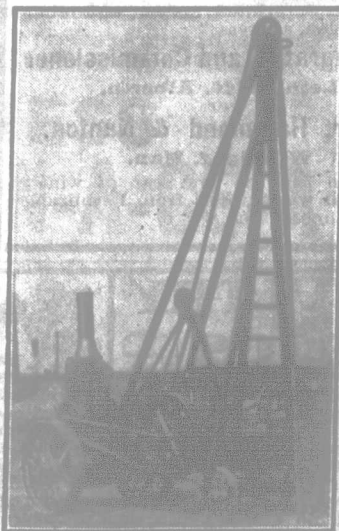
—Argus.

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