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POWDERS

to the shore, got the rope. Making a noose at one end he slipped it, this time, over the head of the fish, which had moved but little, being still dazed from the effect of the blows. He made it secure, behind the gills and Dora helped him pull it to the shore.

"Isn't it a monster? It's bigger than you, Dora, and just as hard to catch."

"I think you have reason to be delighted. The choice things seem to be coming your way."

He found by actual measurement that it was six feet, three inches in length and weighed one hundred and thirty-six pounds.

The next day, Harry left for the city to begin his second year at college.

"I hear you have had quite an adventure, but you know how we generally estimate fish stories," was Dr. Sterling's salutation when they met.

"Now, Doctor this is the genuine article and, if you will wait a minute, I'll get you evidence to verify my statement."

He hurried up to his room and returned with a choice piece of the sturgeon saying, "I brought this for your dinner to-night."

"Thank you Harry. You must come over and enjoy it with me."

"I shall be pleased to accept your kind invitation."

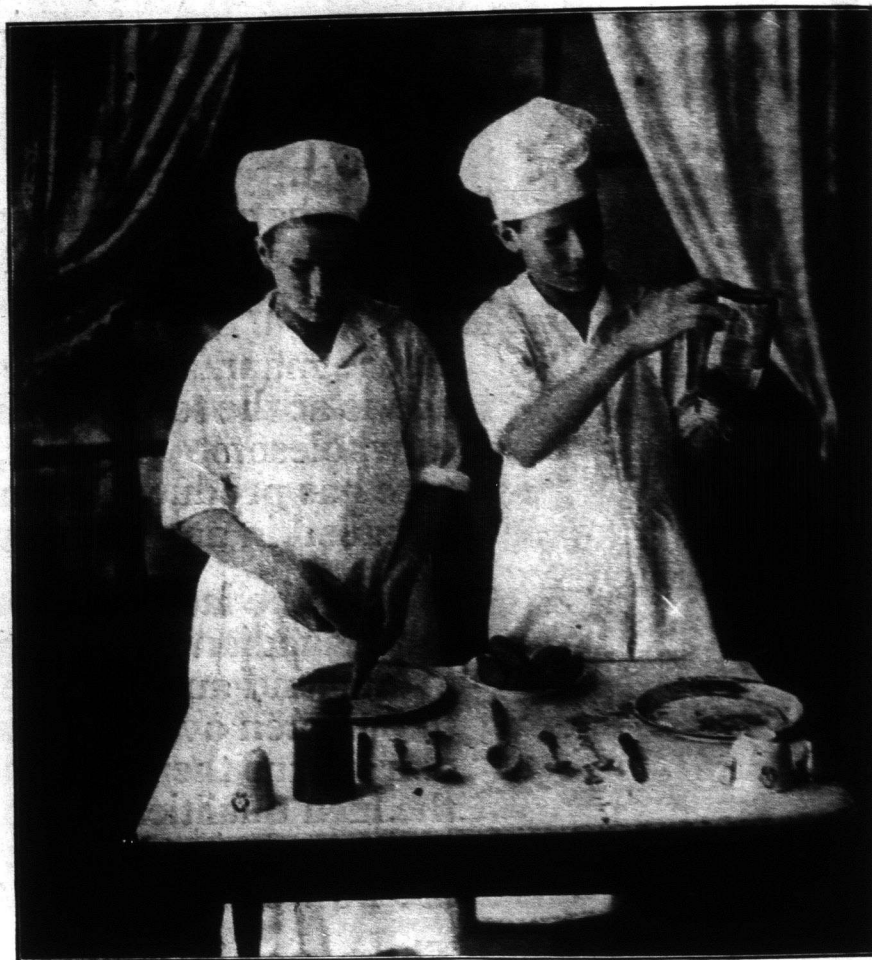
Harry took up his class exercise with great energy after his vigorous vacation work on the farm.

He went home on Friday night as was

They burned the grass around the hay-stacks allowing the fire to run outward. With hard fighting, beating out the flames with their wet canvas bags, they kept it away from the hay.

While they were at this work, the great fire rushed past. After it had once got under way it swept over the whole extent of the marshes, a space, ten miles long and six miles wide, in less than half an hour.

When it was approaching, Harry took one of the boys and a team to drive to his father's barn, where there were other stacks, to do what he could to save them. He ran the horses and endeavored to escape between two strips, in which the fire was running, but soon got on soft ground, where they could not travel fast, and the fire overtook them. It came down on them like an avalanche. It was an awful scene, a magnificent spectacle. Sheets of flame shot up twenty feet in the air. These surged and waved like billows on the ocean. Above them were great pillars of smoke, a regular colonnade, fluctuating with the flames, extending the full length of the fire, covered by a dense smoke-cloud, in many forms as a background. Here the poor boys were hemmed in. They unhitched the horses, letting them go and then leaving the wagon, tried to run across the fire and escape on the burned ground. Harry was overcome by the heat and smoke and lay down in the wet grass,



The Boys who won 2nd in the Provincial Canning Competition.

his custom. The next afternoon he was up at the football grounds, near the station in front of the hotel, where the Beausejour boys expected to play a match with a neighboring town club. Quite a large crowd was gathering.

"Dora! What does that smoke mean? Your house must be on fire," exclaimed Harry in alarm.

"It's a big prairie-fire and it is right in the direction of father's hay-stacks. Your father has some near there too. You had better tell Mr. Hadden."

Dora jumped into her rig, put whip to her horse and drove home, a little to the east of the marshes.

Harry helped Mr. Hadden hitch his horse to the democrat wagon and, putting a milk can and some canvas bags in behind, they were soon on the way to the scene of the fire, which was making evident progress as the smoke was becoming thicker and blacker. On the way out they stopped at the pump to fill the can with water, then drove on to the stacks in the second marsh. The hay-land consisted of two marshes, separated by a low ridge of ground, and were covered with grass, weeds and rushes, five and six feet high; the growth of the season being enormous. The stacks of hay were built on mown ground but this was only in patches, owing to some places being too wet and others too full of weeds for mowing.

thinking the fire would run over him. He was badly burned about the head, hands and back of his legs, but was soon up and viewed the great fire, as a vanishing scene, with a sense of relief. In the excitement, he thought he was not seriously injured, but quickly became aware of his unfortunate condition and managed to get to MacLean's and from there he was taken home. The Doctor did what he could to relieve the suffering patient and allay the fears of the anxious parents.

Dora went over, assisted Mrs. MacGregor and added to Harry's comfort.

In about a week's time they were assured that all danger was past, though the boy's face was still much disfigured. Dora who had been very attentive during the serious part of the case, now allowed her humor to enliven the scene and made all sorts of fun of Harry, who was greatly cheered by her presence.

One day, during his convalescence, he almost startled her by saying, "I've drunk my last glass. I am going to lead a new life."

"I'm glad to hear it my dear boy. You'll never regret this decision. If you take a strong stand for the right, it will mean a lot for this place. May God bless you."

"It certainly will mean much to us, Dora," and he pressed the hand that was caressing him.