

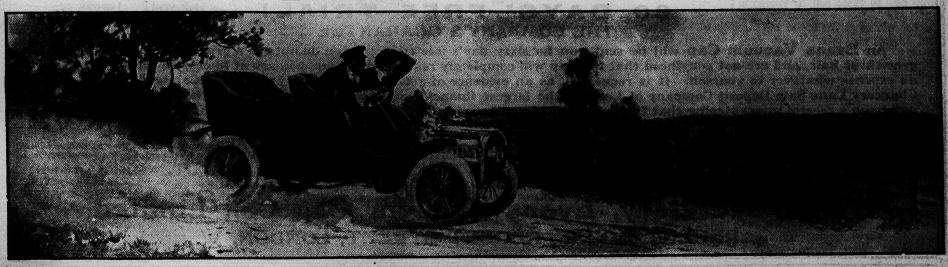
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## Entertained by Angels.

By Annie Hamilton Donnell.



HE touring car dashed over the crest of the hill, down a bit of steep grade that to any but two im-perturable youths would have been alarming, and sped smoothly out on a long, apparently endless plain. The youth at the wheel relinquished his grip a little and allowed his eyes to scan certain cloud-banks to his left.

"Looks nasty out there," he remark-ed, as he might have said: "Fine sunset,

"Sure," rejoined the other, calmly. "Bet you a dollar we're in for it."

sparsely Sundry nouses scattered along their way shot by in rather a startling way, indicating more steam on. A white church spire in the distance came rapidly to meet them.

"We must be getting on. What time have you, Kit?"

"Four-twenty. Where are we down on the bills to light, anyhow?"

"Lord knows, I don't. One thing's certain, I'm not going to have the Old

Girl get a wetting."

"Never!" agreed the other with enthusiasm. They might have been talking of a pet child of delicate constitution

"Think it's going to rain soon?— cricky, it's raining now! I'll send her ahead—look for an open shed or barn, Kit. Both sides o' the road, sharp!"
"Sure. I've got two eyes, haven't I?

When I say 'Ready,' pull her up.'
The two of them—George Holland and Christopher Dill—were college fellows out on a vacation jaunt. They had left the beaten paths they both knew and were "discovering Nature," as Kit said. Kit claimed to be a lineal decorated to the said.

descendant of the Christopher of historic renown. He was fond of discovering things, which trait may or may not have been his only title to the

"Here we have it!" he exclaimed suddenly, but the machine sped on unchecked.

"Aren't you going to run her in? I tell you I've found a place!" he roared above the din of progress.

"Oh, back there a mile or so," he said nonchalantly. "Wouldn't trouble to go back. It's nice and er moist



You dear Georgie and Kir, walk tortoble The key's VOETS the Soul Milknow Shall be back tomorrow - Too had but unarcidable. The house is yours mean"Why in thunder didn't you say 'Ready'?" The owner of the delicate-constitutioned child was palpably cross. "How was I to know?"

They shot on over the level roadway, searching for other places of promise, but finding none. The rain slanted steadily into their faces.

"This won't do," George Holland shouted. "What sort of a place was that one back there?"

"Good sort—open barn. Folks away, I should say."

"Best to go back?"

"Sure The Old Girl's getting it wet at this rate. Doesn't look much like letting up."

"Back there" they found barn doors.

"Back there" they found barn doors hospitably wide open, and with small ceremony entered in. After rubbing the Old Girl down with solicitous tenderness, they stood in the great door-way and gazed gloomily into the rain. The prospect was not cheerful. Night was coming on, the storm was getting under headway and bade fair to become

under headway and bade fair to become a tempest; they were in an undiscovered country—wet, famished, uncomfortable aliens.

"We can sleep on the hay up—er—up attic," suggested George Holland with praiseworthy philosophy. "What's the matter with that, Kit?"

"Oh, no matter at all, only there doesn't happen to be any hay. I've been 'up attic.'"
"No hay! What kind of a barn is this with no hay in it?"
"Probable it and doi: "

"Probably it was designed as an asy-lum for itinerant Old Girls. In which

case hay doesn't seem—"

"I'm going to tackle the house; you can dc as you please. Maybe some nice Christian bedridden party left at home who'd let us go in and camp down somewhere till the clouds roll by. Ta-ta-"

"Where thou goest, I go. Guess I've got as good a claim on the nice, bed-ridden party as you have!"

It was a little, rather battered old house, with a tiny front porch as the sole ornamental feature. No signs of life were anywhere visible to the naked eye.

Kit got ahead and reconnoitered the tiny porch.

"Hullo!" he exclaimed; then, "Well the dickers!"
then in climax, "By thunder!"
"What's up?" queried George Holland, coming up
ith his usual leisure. "You don'tt ell me the beddden party keeps a dog—or a gun?"