

The thought of his fathers silent scorn proved too much for Sonnie. He felt that it was impossible to remain in bed any longer; that, come what might, he must, at all hazards, make confession, whether absolution or condemnation came of it. Fear of the darkness, of the shadows lurking within the room and without, of the long passage and the dimly-lit stars, was as nothing to the thought of the love he had, perhaps, already forfeited. He slipped trembling from between the cosy blankets, and crept fearfully downstairs.

The house was very silent. Even the stairs, undisturbed by his light weight, forbore to utter their customary protesting squeak, and he reached the foot of them in safety. For a moment he paused, and half turned back. But one glance up the gloomy staircase quenched his half-formed wish to retreat with his heart unceasing of its burden. Trembling, yet eager, half-afraid to enter, and still more afraid to go back, he reached the study door with a rush at the very moment when his father opened it, a letter in his hand, and what seemed, even to Sonnie's eyes, a strange, unfamiliar look on his face.

Gilbert Evans paused and gazed at his small son in amazement.

"Why, what's the matter?" he said. "Why aren't you in bed?"

"I couldn't sleep," stammered Sonnie. "Couldn't sleep? What's wrong? Are you cold?"

But Sonnie, now that the crucial moment had been reached, was silent.

His father picked him up and carried him into the warm room. There was still another post, he reflected, and, after all, it mattered little whether his answer went sooner or later, when go it must.

Besides, something was certainly the matter with Sonnie. Now that he thought of it, he remembered that the child's face had been flushed; he had been strangely reserved and ill-at-ease before going to bed. Could he be ill? Heaven forbid! His heart throbbled passionately at the thought, as he strained his boy to him defiantly. If the child were taken, all that was best in him would surely go also. Life would then, indeed, lose all motive. Work would be aimless, ambition dead.

With a pang he realized how unskilled he was in children's ailments, and thought helplessly of Sarah's utter incapability. Why—why—had the boy's mother died?

Sonnie, meanwhile, happy in the security of father's arms and beneath the inspiring influences of light and heat, had forgotten the little outcast he had pictured himself becoming in the fear-inducing darkness upstairs, and was gradually regaining confidence and hope. If his crime was no less heinous, yet, surely, father's love was stronger and more forbearing than he had imagined. Gradually it became easy for him to speak.

Pulling his father's head down to him he whispered into his ear a full and unexpurgated account of the day's misdoings.

"An' I thought p'raps mother would be 'shamed of me, up beside the angels, 'cos mother said I was never and never to make her 'shamed. 'Sides a man doesn't cheat, mother told me."

Never and never to make her ashamed! A man doesn't cheat!

The words beat into Gilbert Evans's heart with a strange new meaning. From the lips of a babe he heard his own condemnation. And his code of honor that had grown lax to comply with the world's requirements, to whom all is lawful that is expedient, suddenly seemed to him a mean and ignoble thing, seen with the clear eyes of a child's innocence.

"Father." The whisper came again, more tremulously. For why was father so silent? Was he, after all, angry—ashamed of him? Sonnie's lips trembled, although there was no relaxing in the warm clasp of the arms around him.

"You isn't angry? You isn't ashamed of me? I didn't mean to. I didn't—really. But I wanted to—awful much. You isn't very angry, father?"

Angry! Angry with him! Poor, little, innocent, troubled soul! Who was he—he who had indeed stooped to temptation—he whom his own conscience accused, whom all honest men would accuse did they know—to be angry with a child? He gathered the boy more closely in his

arms and kissed him with an intensity that almost startled the child, while it made his little heart beat wildly with joy.

So father had forgiven him! More—seemed to love him as much as before! Sonnie nestled closer with a sigh of relief.

But the kiss implied more than forgiveness, although to Sonnie that was all-sufficing.

He did not know that in that kiss another soul, a soul more burdened, more troubled, than his own, had vowed repentance, had sought absolution, had seen its own transgressions in the light of his white innocence!

Holding his little son tightly with one arm, Gilbert Evans lifted the letter, sealed and ready for despatch, from the table, where he had thrown it, and, without a moment's hesitation, dropped it into the fire.

It burned very slowly, writhing like a living thing as the flames crept and licked around it, shrivelling and curling impotently before the consuming fire. And as it burned, so burned away, beneath the purifying flame of a high resolve, the false ideals that had brought it into being in the heart of the writer.

Sonnie watched with fascinated eyes the little tongues of flame leaping and spreading over the paper; wondered, too, why father stared at it so fixedly until the fire had died down, and all that remained was but a little heap of grey ashes.

The flames pleased him, and he was sorry when they had died down so quickly. They seemed disappointed at finding nothing else to burn.

"Burn some more, father," he cried. "The fire says it wants some more. It says it's hungry."

Father lifted him to his shoulder.

"There's no more to burn, Sonnie," he answered gently. "It was only a letter that father is sorry he ever wrote. The fire is the best place for it."

Sonnie opened questioning eyes. Father also, it appeared, had something to confess.

"Would mother have been 'shamed if she saw it?" he asked gravely.

Gilbert bowed his head. "Mother would have been very, very much ashamed, my little son. But she won't now. She shall never be ashamed again, if I can help it."

Sonnie nodded wisely. "No, mother said never, never to make her 'shamed."

Then, with a little nestling movement, Sonnie laid his head on his father's shoulder. Sleep had kissed his eyelids at last. Gilbert Evans bent his dark head over the flaxen one that lay upon his breast.

"We'll help each other to remember that," he whispered more to himself than to the child. "And may God help both of us, son o' mine."

Seed Catalogues Received

Rennie's New Seed Annual for 1914 is a book of 120 pages with over 400 half tones, direct from photographs, showing actual results without exaggeration of Rennie's Seeds, Plants, and Bulbs. It is handsomely bound in lithographed covers and contains everything in seeds, plants and bulbs worth while for planting on the Canadian garden or on the farm.

Rennie's seeds are recognized by the highest authorities as the best for our Canadian climate, being thoroughly tested for germination and purity at their trial grounds and by the Government at Ottawa. The cost of living can be materially reduced by growing your own vegetables, and Wm. Rennie Co., Limited, who have stores at Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg and Vancouver will mail a copy of their seed annual free of charge to anyone writing their nearest store for a copy.

All who are watching the sound financial development of Canada will be interested to observe that during the next few weeks The Great-West Life Assurance Company will reach one hundred millions of business in force. This is a record of speedy expansion hitherto unequalled, accomplished in less than two and twenty years.

IDEAL GRAIN PICKLER

The IDEAL GRAIN PICKLER mixes and treats the seed thoroughly and with less solution than any other machine made. By the time the grain gets through the mixing cylinder the solution has come in contact with every smut germ on every pickle of grain, causing instant death to the disease. All extra solution that is not used while going through the process is run into a pail under the machine and can be used over again, other machines waste this. Ideal pickler treated seed insures your crop against smut. You can treat over 100 bus. per hour and do it right. Guaranteed for 10 years and we give you a 10 days' trial out on your own farm; if not satisfactory your money refunded cheerfully. The regular price of this machine is \$20 when sold through agents. This season we are going to sell 5,000 Ideal picklers direct from our factory to farm at the factory price of \$15 each, thus saving you the agent's commission of 25 per cent. Order now and make sure of one of these simple, durable IDEAL picklers at factory price. We will ship C.O.D. if you wish. We know they will please you. For further particulars get our pickler booklet. It's free.



Capacity 100 bushels per hour

The Brett Manufacturing Co. Ltd.

Winnipeg, Man.

FREE HER FROM DRUDGERY

A Wingold Kitchen Cabinet in your Home will SAVE YOUR WIFE

Millions of unnecessary steps that make Kitchen work a Drudgery



Her work will be a pleasure instead of a burden with this modern Kitchen Cabinet. It has all of the conveniences of the most expensive kind. With cost reduced fully one half, made of oak, golden finish, 70 inches high; top of base 26x41 white wood. Base is fitted with metal cake or bread box, cutlery drawer, cutting or kneading boards and large dust proof cupboard. Full set of spice canisters, with rack; LARGE SIFTER FLOUR BIN, glass front CHINA CLOSET has one shelf and fitted with fancy frosted glass doors, sold under our guarantee of satisfaction or refund of purchase money and freight charges. Price complete \$19.75. Crockery and cookery utensils not included in price. Write for catalog showing complete line priced forty per cent less than regular retail prices.

\$19.75

Wingold Stove Co. Ltd.

4-5-181 Bannatyne Ave. Winnipeg, Man.



Brandon Creamery & Supply Company BRANDON, MAN.

We Pay Cash Daily for CREAM

This is only one feature that has made this Company one of the most successful in the country.

Send us a Trial Shipment

You will be sure of HIGHEST PRICES. CANS supplied FREE while you try us out. We have been in business 17 YEARS and some of the best-known producers ship to us year after year. IT WILL PAY YOU, TOO. Tags free; cans promptly returned. We pay all charges.

"The Old Reliable Creamery."

The Brandon Creamery & Supply Co.

BRANDON MANITOBA

Tie This Tag to Your Cans

We have a few vacancies for subscription agents. The work is pleasant and profitable. Write us for particulars.