

had doings afoot with The
r and left immediately after
e I returned to the fallow
ings I had forgotten and
might be in the way of the

ite dark then, and so I sat
time to look at the scene,
there can be nothing more
n a log-burning in a fallow
About the log-heaps the
and curled, creeping up-
ward in long, red tongues,
up columns of smoke that
e reddish misty trees in the
ht. All about, the little
ollows seemed to move as
s wavered and shifted,
ss sea of black with red-
as, while beyond all stood
at wall of the forest, grim as
rdless protest against this
of its children.

here enjoying the pleasant
the evening was chill,
side me, head erect, ears up,
terested in such unwonted
uite trustful that all must
est; and, indeed, we must
over long, for presently
oice could be heard, at a
hallooing.

it and arose, and as we
ch other, with the firelight
us, I could see that he held

ne news?" I asked.
er from your Uncle Joe,"
om Thomson left it in on
the Corners. Your uncle
ome up to Toronto at once.
to do that you can get a
om in the morning. He's
business and can bring Billy

aid, "This is rather short
,"

sat down and I read the
e-light.

as its content: The young
le's apothecary shop had
aving a place there which
d like to have me fill for
ince his patients always
mber in the cold weather,
olutely necessary for him
nds, there would soon be
he himself could spend
ry, yet there was much
ould do quite well with
n as he could give me
Besides he thought I
ste of city life.

ays said," he wrote, ad-
ther, "that you wanted
an all-round man.—Just
my dear fellow, about my
lthough, by the same
boys are girls! Anyhow
est with them. Nora and
like dragons and swim
and the two little ones,
ra, are coming on after
oo! You ought to see
le! And now she's for
ne bow and arrows too.
e colleen for you! She
and dance all night, and
kfast ready for her mother
er as a wren, before eight
orning. If I remember
right, she and he will get
use afire. I'll be glad
e, too, to keep off some
ung gallants. They're
e around like bees about
by Jove!—altogether
notion. Everything
had better send the boy
er the better, for me.
ar sister there and you
out you can live your
again and it won't
ing.—

ect. Brother-in-law,
"JOE."

owed a very character-
a don't let him come
because you're afraid
h such a dyed-in-the-
affect. Brother-in-law,
ue with him.—By the
! It will afford me the
in the world to knock
ounded Reform notions
—if I can. But I don't
f Scotch, half Irish—a
never yet made a
handle. So you can
his own, one way or
obably know. He looks
ndfather, and he was

the very devil. You'd never know what
way he was until the last minute and then
he'd down with his head and ram through,
like a Kerry bull—horns first, tail flying
—and it didn't take the Lord to know
where he was going then! —But I must
stop this. Send the lad along and give
nine-tenths of my love to Mary Machree.
You may keep the other tenth for your-
self."

When I had ended the letter my father
was smoking his pipe and gazing solemnly
at the blazing log-piles.

"Well, what do you think about it?"
he said.

"What does mother think about it?"
I asked.

He took out his pipe and knocked
its contents out on a stone, absent-
mindedly, for he had just filled it.

"You know," he said, "we've always
said you should have a while in the city.
We had hoped it would be at the Upper
Canada College, but the money doesn't
seem to have come in enough for that."

"It doesn't matter, father," I said, for
I knew that this was a sore subject
with him. "I've had the books, and
you and mother have helped me past the
schools here.—Don't you remember how,
when I was only ten years old, you put
me thorough the *poms asinorum*?"

He smiled with the remembrance.
"It was so little we could do," he said,
but we did our best. And there were the
books—aye."

For a moment I waited.

"So you think I had better go?" I
asked.

"Your mother and I think you must
decide for yourself," he replied. "We
think it a good chance—of course."

"Perhaps," I agreed, but I confess
that thoughts of leaving Hank, and of the
boys drilling, and of the remote possi-
bility that Barry might return to the
neighborhood were buzzing through my
mind so that I could hardly form a
clear idea at all."

"After all, it's well for you to see more
than one side of life," said my father.

"It must be," I agreed.

"Your mother says," he went on,
"that if you're going up with Tom in the
morning you'd better come in at once
and see what's to be taken. I left her
washing out your shirts."

"So it's all settled," I said, smiling,
and with that we arose and went through
the dark fields to the little home.

"He's going, Mary, said my father,
as we entered, and, indeed, my dear
mother already had my best things out,
and was sorting them ready to put in the
travelling-bag. "You'll not have to take
much," she said. "You'll need better
things there and can buy them in the
shops."

It was not long after daybreak when
I left them. "I'll be home at Christmas
if not sooner," I assured them, and my
mother smiled and choked back the tears.
"Yes, if the roads are fit," she said.
—And then I rode away, turning at last
to wave to them as they stood at the gate
in the gray morning light.

On the way here Tom and I had
a satisfactory though uneventful journey,
over fairly hard-frozen roads, and, arrived
at my uncle's there was another good-bye
to say to Billy, and big enough was the
lump in my throat, I do confess, as I saw
him go off with Tom, the empty saddle on
his back.

But it was necessary to hide such
softness, for my uncle was there, and
my aunt, and all the girls, swarming
out of the door like so many bees, and
all very hearty and glad to give me wel-
come. Right to the sidewalk they came,
bare-headed, just as they were, and my
uncle pounded me on the back and aunt
and the girls kissed me, nor could we go
in at all until they had all looked me up
and down, and asked for the folk at home
and told me how pleased they were to
have me.

"Taller than I am, by the powers!"
exclaimed my uncle. "By Jove, boy,
it takes the backwoods to put inches and
girth on a young fellow!"

"Still he is like his grandfather,"
added my aunt, "only taller and broader,
of course."

"Well, don't keep him out here in the
cold, while you admire him," laughed
Kate, and then Nora caught me by the
arm and the two little girls insisted on

struggling off with my travelling bag,
and so we went in in hilarious procession,
everybody talking and laughing at once.

Uncle Joe's house, it seems to me, is
quite fine, very commodious and comfort-
able, though built but of wood, painted
white. There is a portico at the door,
and the windows are many and protected
by green shutters. Behind there are some
fine forest trees, which have been left
standing, while in front there is a garden
for flowers enclosed by a picket fence also
painted white.

Inside there are fire-places with marble
mantels in every part of the house, and,
in the long hall that leads from the front
door a fine broad stair-case of polished
oak, with carpet so soft that never a
footfall sounds as one ascends. In
all the rooms there are such carpets,
so that, were it not for the merry talk
and laughter, the place would be very
silent indeed. The chairs and sofas, too,
are very soft and deep, and are so many
that, with marble-topped tables, and
pictures, and brass sconces and andirons,
the whole place looks most elegant.

Upon the first evening, as we sat about
the fire in the family parlor, I had to tell
all about the dear home and manner of
living of our people, all of which was
especially interesting to the girls, who
have never visited us.

Uncle Joe declared that the bush
country, with its tree-felling, and logging
bees, and strenuous out-of-door life is
the very place for the making of men.

"And of gentlemen, too, dear," added
my aunt, "when there are such mothers
as Mary."

—Which words were very kind of them
to say and very pleasing to me to hear.

Kate, who appears something of a
patrician in her ideas, said she thought
it was charming of my mother to stay in
such savage surroundings; she herself
would be frightened to death to see
Indians walk into the house without
knocking or have to walk at any time
through woods where she might meet
bears or lynxes; but this Nora received
with a peal of laughter.

"Now, Kate," she said, "You know
very well you're not one bit more afraid
than I am." Then—turning to me—
"Kate, you must know, Alan, likes to
make being afraid an excuse for always
having an escort. It's so much more
romantic, you know to have that
young—"

But she could go no further, for Kate's
hand was over her mouth, whether in
irritation or playfulness I could not make
out.

"Anyhow," Nora declared, freeing
herself, "I think it must be lovely where
you live, and I'm promising myself a
holiday there next summer."

The girls are all very beautiful, especial-
ly Kate, but there is a something about
Nora that makes her very attractive,
even more so I think, than Kate. At
first I thought this was a certain spright-
liness or life, that is lacking in the more
graceful and haughty elder sister, but
later I have come to the conclusion that
it is Nora's great naturalness and spon-
taneity that make her chief charm.
Very evidently—although he tries to
hide it—she is her father's favorite.

Since coming I have been to every
part of the town, and find it much grown
since I was last here, with the houses
much scattered, the better ones being
surrounded by large parks of trees, with
driveways, which make them look very
imposing—at least to my backwood's eyes.
Nearly all of the houses are clap-boarded,
and for the most part, very neatly painted,
although a few are strongly built of
brick. Uncle Joe's is on King Street,
where there are some quite fine places,
especially towards the West, where the
residence of the Lieutenant-Governor
stands at a short distance from the bay.

Along some of the atreets there are
plank sidewalks with, here and there,
a space flagged with stones from the bay,
and along part of King and Front streets
the business houses are quite closely
set, the best buildings being about the
corners of King and Frederick streets.
For some distance up Yonge street there
are also some business places, with
scattered houses and taverns, and some
very fine private dwellings even north
of Lot street.

One of my earliest visits was paid to
the garrison, which I had not seen before,

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