

The Farm and the Wheel

There is no better place for a wheel than on the farm. The fact that the city man uses it to get to the country is sufficient argument to tempt the farmer to use it to come the other direction.

A good bicycle, one that is built for comfort and to wear, is the only one to buy. In the long run it will pay for itself over and over and again.

Cleveland
Massey - Silver - Massey
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These bicycles are all made in one factory in Toronto from selected material, and positively represent the "last word" in the making of modern wheels. Every one is fully guaranteed, and can be obtained with the full modern equipment: The Sills Handle Bars, Hercules Coaster Brake, Hygienic Cushion Frame. Write for catalogues.

THE CANADA CYCLE & MOTOR CO., LTD.
TORONTO WINNIPEG MONTREAL



POULTRY AND EGGS

Condensed advertisements will be inserted under this heading at two cents per word each insertion. Each initial counts for one word, and figures for two words. Names and addresses are counted. Cash must always accompany the order for any advertisement under this heading. Parties having good pure-bred poultry and eggs for sale will find plenty of customers by using our advertising columns. No advertisement inserted for less than 30 cents.

S. C. W. LEIGHORNS—Prizewinning and great laying stock. Eggs, \$1.00 per 15. A hatch guaranteed. Geo. D. Fletcher, Binkham P.O., Ontario.

WANTED—A few private farmers to ship me Poultry, Eggs, Dairy Butter, Syrup, and all other farm produce. Will pay highest market price. W. J. Falle, Prince Albert Ave., Westmount, Montreal.

The difficulty of forcing the door of the understanding is amusingly illustrated in a story related by Mrs. Roger A. Pryor in her recent book, "My Day: Reminiscences of a Long Life." Mrs. Pryor's daughter, Mrs. Rice, once attempted to introduce William Cullen Bryant to a class of poor white boys she was teaching at a night school in her home on a plantation in Virginia.

She had taught them to read and write, had given them some arithmetic and geography, even some Latin, and was then minded to awaken the aesthetic instincts which she believed must exist in the poor fellows. She read the beautiful poem, "To a Water Fowl."

"Now, boys," she eagerly said, "tell me how you would think if you had seen this?"

There was a dead silence. Appealing to the most hopeful of her pupils, she received an enlightening response.

"I wouldn't think nothing!"

"What would you say?" she persisted.

"Wal, I wouldn't say, 'Dat goes a dark'!"

WANTED

Advertisements will be inserted under this heading, such as Farm Properties, Help and Situations Wanted, and Pet Stock.

TERMS—Three cents per word each insertion. Each initial counts for one word and figures for two words. Names and addresses are counted. Cash must always accompany the order. No advertisement inserted for less than 50 cents.

AGENTS WANTED—Smart, active ladies to take orders in country districts for our famous Made-to-order Corsets and Skirts. Good commission. Apply: Robinson Corset & Costume Co., London, Ont.

FOR SALE—Iron, Pipe, Pulleys, Belting, Rails, Chains, Wire Fencing, Iron Posts, etc.; all sizes very cheap. Send for list, stating what you need. The Imperial Waste & Metal Co., Queen St., Montreal.

MARRIED man wishes situation as working manager on a farm. Good experience and references. Scotch. Robert Williamson, care Geo. Laird, Guelph, Ont.

READ "The British Columbian," the oldest, biggest and newsmost weekly in B. C. Send dollar for yearly subscription. Columbian, New Westminster, B.C.

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WE HAVE FARMS

Small sizes and suitable for all kinds of farming in every county in Western Ontario. Send for our catalogue. The Western Real Estate Exchange, Ltd., 78 Dundas St., London, Ont.

When Writing Mention This Paper.

The Scarlet Thread.

The young woman who had excited their interest all through the Spring was dead. She had come into their midst in search of health. The ease of the world from which she came—a world out and beyond their barrier mountains—was in her smile. And, oh, the dress of it! She had excited their compassion, too. They saw that the gallant fight she was making for life was a losing one. They had done what they could for her. She had accepted their new-baked loaves of snowy bread, their molds of amber jelly, all their kindnesses, with a shaky little smile and eyes that were misty. Back in the world where she belonged, money bought snowy loaves of bread and molds of amber jelly.

The funeral service was over. The people came down the village street in solemn, slow-moving little groups. All, that is, but Arabella Jones. Arabella never moved slowly. She hurried past every one of them, pulling along a little boy, her little boy. As Arabella swept the child down the street, a woman she passed said: "Arabella hopes to find a home for that little boy to stay in till his grandpar can come back here for him, but likely's not the keepin' of him will fall on her. Things mostly do fall on Arabella."

Arabella stopped at the end of Main Street, opposite a large, unpainted, old-fashioned house that stood back from the street. She stared across at the lattice pillars of the deep veranda. "I s nothin' but Christian charity to o over," she muttered. "She'll like o hear 'bout the funeral. 'Taint neighborly not to go in. I reckon she's settin' behind that screen o' rose-leaves. She's been settin' there in pleasant weather a matter o' ten years now." She hurried the little boy across the street.

Alice Wilson was sitting behind her leafy screen.

"You set here, honey," Arabella said to the child, who dropped down on the top step obediently.

Arabella took the proffered chair. "There warn't no singin'," she said; "no takin' on. City folks have quare ways. I'd settled back in my chair to sort o' enjoy the remarks about the pore dead lady, when out the preacher walked. The coffin warn't opened. The little boy and his grandpar were out o' sight." Arabella was sublimely unconscious of slang. "Everybody left, lookin' like they'd sorter been cheated," she said, and stopped, but only long enough to draw more breath into her lungs.

Into the pause Alice Wilson said: "That's the little boy over there. Her sweet little boy."

Arabella held up a warning hand. "Be careful," she said; "he don't know. His grandpar's comin' back after him."

Alice Wilson leaned forward looking at the still little figure, a sudden compassion in her beautiful, wistful eyes. "Who's he going to stay with, Arabella?" she asked. "I wish I could have him."

"You! The laws 'a' mercy!" burst from Arabella in unfeigned surprise.

Alice Wilson flushed faintly. "They drove by here a good deal," she said; "the father so big and strong-looking, the beautiful sick daughter, and that dear little boy. After they passed I used to think of them for hours. I never did take such an interest in people. Perhaps it is just because I sit here alone; but all through the Spring, while the buds have been swelling over the land, and the earth palpitating to the Spring's promise, I've wished that I might die for her."

"The laws 'a' mercy!" said Arabella.

"Not that I want to die—just because my dyin' wouldn't make anybody's heart ache. She had so much to live for, and I—have so little, Arabella." God only knew under what stress the lonely soul had called at last on another soul. "It wasn't that we, my father and I, didn't value you people here, who are so near to Nature that you have her honesty and sincerity—it was just that we were different. I was so young, and always so anxious about him, my poor father. After his death I was so miserably alone I used to go out under the cherry trees.

They were in bloom then—and look up at the sky and whisper to myself that I was the loneliest girl in the wide world. I had no relatives, and I had no money, no money that would count away from here, that is, and so I stayed on, and

Hannah stayed with me. When another Springtime came the world had changed for me. That long line of hills was no longer a prison wall that shut me away from life. Do you remember, Arabella? My life was transfigured. Love had transfigured it. I used to go out under the blossoming cherry trees, looking up through their foam of bloom, and say, 'You are beloved!' It meant everything—sun, moon and stars, the earth below and the heaven above. When the Summer was over and he was gone—when my handsome, wonderful lover was gone, his words were left. 'Little girl, little girl,' he had said, 'when the Springtime comes I'll be back.' Do you remember that Winter, that long, cruelly cold Winter, Arabella? I didn't mind. I stitched and stitched—such happy, happy thoughts went into my things! When the snowstorms lay like fluffy-white blankets over the world, I sat here cradled in content. When the winds howled like wolves, I loved them, for they shouted, 'He loves you. He loves you.' Arabella, do you remember that Spring day, his letter in my hand, that I fell in merciful unconsciousness at old Hannah's feet? The weeks that followed were merciful. Then I came back to life. I used to sit in the sunshine up there in my room and feel myself a ghost looking out at the village life. It seemed to me that the little girl I had been was murdered. I tried, after a little while, to take up my life again, Arabella. I wanted to go out among the people, but the pity in their eyes scorched me. I've dressed and started to church on Sunday night—it always seemed that it would be easier to go at night—but I've never gotten beyond that gate. I can't get outside the gate. A million little tugging hands pull me back into my prison; a million little mocking voices cry out that I was jilted, deserted, forsaken. It has been almost ten years now, Arabella. I—despairingly—"can't get over it! There's nothing in the years behind me but patience, nothing in the years ahead of me but patience, and so, don't you see, Arabella, if I could have died for her—" Her voice broke with the heartache she was trying to keep out of it.

Arabella drew back before a mystery she vaguely felt she could not solve. The village people said Alice Wilson sat behind her rose-lattice porch nursing a sorrow that would die if she would let it. Arabella herself had said it. Now she said: "What you need is the society o' human bein's. Hannah ain't a human bein'. She's a thunderstorm. An' them flowers—they're pritty, but they're dumb. You're jest eat up with lonesomeness."

"If I hadn't had the flowers," Alice Wilson said.

But Arabella did not hear. An inspiration had seized her. Her face was illumined as if it had caught the light of the rising sun, her lips were parted, her hands clasped together ecstatically. "The very thing!" she said. "There's nobody here to keep the child. The women in this town ain't idle. Them that hires looks after their own babies. And my house's runnin' over with brats. Not that I didn't 'low I'd keep him. I'll not be one to rest even in heaven. More'n likely it'll be my job to make the angels' robes. I ain't never thought heaven was a place o' idleness."

"Hush, Arabella," Alice Wilson said. "Take your little boy and go away with him. If Hannah didn't dislike children—"

But Arabella was gone. She had run down the steps and out the gate.

"Arabella," Alice Wilson called sharply, "come back and get him! I'm frightened to death."

But Arabella had disappeared down the street. Arabella was all angles and activity.

The little boy got up from the step and came up to Alice Wilson. He stood before her, a smart little figure in his white linen suit, his hands thrust into his patent-leather belt, and his head well up. "I'm not 'keered,'" he said. "I'm not 'keered of nussin' but a mouse. It's not," a sudden quiver of anxiety in his brave little voice, "a mouse?"

"It's a thunderstorm; it's an earthquake; it's any and all sorts of violent forces of nature combined, it's Hannah." But an odd little thrill of gaiety had crept into her voice.

"Oh!" the little boy said. He dismissed the subject. It was unworthy of further consideration.