

equal chance and allow for any extra roughness of ground.

Two teams would operate at one time which would give a better opportunity to contrast their manner of handling logs. Ted stood back with his arm over Barney's neck and watched proceedings.

Sam Whitbeck was first in the field with old Duke and Dime. Ted remembered seeing them at logging bees at least eight years ago. It took noise and buckskin lash to get them down to business, but Sam knew how to use both. They were matched against Andrew Thompson's mulley's who were used to being driven with a brad. Ted shivered every time he saw the sharp point thrust cruelly into their bones followed by drops of bright blood. The dumb cowed look in their great eyes turned him sick. He was glad when Ezra Dayhoff ruled them and their driver off the field.

Lanty Moore took his place. His oxen were common scrubs, but they put up their three heaps in sixty minutes, beating Sam by a good quarter of an hour. Then Bijah Bump and Posy Hale took their places. They finished up in an hour and a quarter and an hour and twenty minutes and were met with shouts of derision.

Then Nate motioned to Ted. "Go on and show 'em some drivin' Ted," he urged eagerly, but Ted shook his head.

"No use waitin' fer Dan; he's hunted all day for Nig and Darkey. Something must have happened to them I guess; they never staid away so before," continued Nate.

He watched Ote Higgings and Shorty Rogers take the field, in a dream. He did not notice the cheers that greeted their admirable management; he heard instead the long-drawn plaintive bellow of an ox calling for help. He hooked the log chain over the gate post and slipped unnoticed away. It was only half an hour's walk to the place where he had put up the saplings the night before.

There were no paths through the big swamp except those made by the wild creatures and he jumped from one moss grown log to another. The bogs shook and trembled beneath his impetuous plunges, but he kept on. Here and there he saw tracks half filled with miry ooze, leading deeper and deeper into the cool depths where the grass lay in luxuriant swaths, too heavy to stand. A slim dapper blue racer glided swiftly across his path and a spotted water snake slid lazily off a log into the slimy water, but he only gave them passing notice.

Upruned cedars held deep sullen pools under their branching roots any one of which was of sufficient depth to mire an ox; treacherous pitfalls yawned beneath tempting masses of verdure. He came upon a pile of bleached bones. They were all that remained of Dave McBain's only cow. He had pried her out of the slough for the poor pitance of her hide which was all she had to give him. Ted turned his head away from their suggestive ghastliness. He was realizing the existence of several kinds of danger to-day. Barney had known of one sort; his ox sense had told him to give a warning call, but he, Ted, had been content with putting up the fence. Once he paused to listen and call, "Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" It was the call Dan had always used. Dan's father had come from New Jersey. Ted had always laughed to hear it; now it came awkwardly from his lips. "Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!"

Away to the right he heard an answering low, and his heart gave a joyous bound.

It was almost sunset when he drove Darday and Nig into old man Purdy's barnyard, covered with mud and slime.

He came out to meet them. "Found 'em in the big swamp, eh? Well I swan I never knew 'em to go in that direction before. It's a mercy they didn't mire. Have to turn out and rig up the old fence a little I guess. Dan? Oh he went over to Dayhoff's a spell ago. Wanted to see your steers haul in the twenty-five dollars. Said he knew Darkey and Nig wouldn't stand no show with 'em for speed. He'll be tickled plum to death to think you found 'em and got 'em out safe. Must have took a pile of tackin' and turnin'."

Ted put up the bars and turned away. He hoped the teams would be gone when he got back, but they were all there waiting and the teamsters set up a shout when he entered the gate.

"Come and get your money, Ted. The steers just naturally waltzed right through the figger; never lost a step and won it slick as a whistle. Never knewed a yoke to go to a loggin' bee all by their selves and put up a heap in fifteen minutes by the clock, before; kept it right up too."

Ted looked from one to the other in a dazed way. Were they making sport? Mr. Ezra Dayhoff came up and shook him by the hand.

"I'm proud to know a boy that can break a yoke of steers to work like that," he said. "They tell me you broke them?"

"Yes sir," Ted blushed girlishly.

"I never took a better yoke of cattle in hand in my life, and I've handled some pretty handy yokes. Clear cut they are and spry as colts. I see you drive them as I always do, in an ordinary tone of voice. Some folks seem to think an ox is deaf, but mine never seem to be hard of hearing." He glanced quizzically around the group. "Perhaps I took a liberty in driving them, but the boys all agreed that if they'd work under a strange driver they deserved their good luck, so as you did not come, I took your place. I wouldn't have missed seeing them pull for a good deal."

Ted stammered out his thanks as he took the money. "I'm much obliged to you, sir. Prob'ly they done better for you than they would for me."

"I'd give it all if Nig and Darkey could have had a show too. It's just as mean to cheat an ox as 'tis to cheat a boy, but when you've cheated of 'em both it makes a feller feel pretty mean, don't it old boy?" he told Barney when he went to hitch up and Barney put his cold nose to his master's cheek as if he understood.

"And just supposing they had mired, mother," he said after he had relieved his feelings by making a clean breast of the matter. "Of course I didn't know it was Nig and Darkey, but I felt dead sure. I don't know what ever made me do it; I never did such a mean trick before," he said contritely.

"I told you it would work both ways, Ted, you remember," declared Aunt Jane triumphantly. "I s'pose you was wishing you could keep Dan out of it some way and when the chance come, why you just naturally took it, that's all. A body wants to watch out what sort of thoughts they let into their minds, for thoughts always come first—then deeds."

This opportunity of applying her lecture was too good to be neglected, and for once Ted could only bow a meek acquiescence.

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A recent trip of one of our representatives brought "Truth" in contact, among other things, with the Grand Trunk Railway and its incomparable dining car service. A brighter, cleaner, more efficient plan of eating while

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journeying, does not exist on any railway anywhere, and "Truth" has travelled on most of the leading lines of the world, and is therefore in a position to know. The "Club" Breakfasts are an excellent feature, which appeals to many travellers. The attendants are courteous and obliging, and don't appear to be always looking for a "tip."

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"Truth" seldom travels on railway passes; the above statements can therefore be considered perfectly unbiased, and are made purely because of the excellent facilities afforded the general public, and because of the pride "Truth" feels in one of our great national highways.

We bespeak great things for the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway on its completion.—Toronto Truth.

#### Babyland.

"How many miles to Babyland?"

"Any one can tell;  
Up one flight,  
To the right;  
Please to ring the bell."

"What can you see in Babyland?"

"Little folks in white—  
Downy heads,  
Cradle beds,  
Faces pure and bright."

"What do they do in Babyland?"

"Dream and wake and play,  
Laugh and crow,  
Shout and grow;  
Jolly times have they."

"What do they say in Babyland?"

"Why, the oddest things;  
Might as well  
Try to tell  
What a birdie sings."

"Who is the queen of Babyland?"

"Mother, kind and sweet,  
And her love,  
Born above,  
Guides the little feet."