

THAT GIRL OF RYAN'S

BY MRS. L. D. HILL



WOLSELEY, ASSA.

It was a bright day in early June when Carrie Woodward said good-bye to her uncle at the Liverpool Docks and stepped on board the steamer Marathon bound for Quebec. Carrie had been brought up by her uncle and aunt, her mother having died when she was a wee girl just able to toddle across the floor, but she had never felt the want of a mother, for her aunt's two first children having died soon after their birth, she had been to her as her own mother. Other children had in time been born to them, but Carrie had still held her place in their hearts until now, at eighteen, she had at last decided (after much opposition on their part) on crossing the Atlantic to visit an old school friend who had married and settled near Somerton, in the Canadian Northwest.

After a pleasant voyage, during which Carrie made several friends on board, the steamer put in at Quebec and Carrie and quite a lot of the passengers were put ashore. Several of them were in the same train which bore Carrie westward, but she kept leaving them behind at intervals as they arrived at their several destinations, until when she got out at the little flag station of Somerton at five in the morning, she was the last to get out, and in fact, almost the only passenger for Somerton. However, her friend's husband, Tom West, and his brother, were waiting with a wagon and team to take her out to the farm.

"You see," said Tom, whom she knew slightly, having been introduced to him when he came to England the previous summer. "You are not the only passenger I have to take over to the farm; my brother, Bert, who has just come up from Ontario, is going to stay the summer with us; so you will have lots of fun, and you shall have a good time if Emmie and I have anything to do with it."

"And how is Emmie, Mr. West," said Carrie.

"Oh! She is first rate, and the baby, too; it was born just after we got your letter telling us you were coming, and Emmie said it would be a fine surprise for you."

"Indeed, I thought I should have been here in time to have looked after her, but I suppose you had good neighbors?"

"Well, our nearest neighbor is Mrs. Ryan, six miles off, and she happened to have her sister staying with her, so she came over and looked after Emmie, but she will be glad to see you, for her sister wants her back as soon as possible."

Pleasant chat and merry laughter made the fifteen miles seem shorter than Carrie had expected and the little log farmhouse, occupied by the Wests, came in sight almost before she thought they were nearly there. A bright saucy looking Irish lass opened the door as they drove up, and Emmie came forward to meet Carrie with her baby in her arms. Meanwhile Peggy Flinn busied herself in setting the table for dinner, casting sharp glances every now and then at the newcomer. Soon the men came in and they all sat down to a merry meal. Everything seemed strange to Carrie, and as she looked round in wonder at the strange scene, a malicious smile hovered for a moment round Miss Peggy's red lips. She had plenty to say both to Tom and his brother, and rattled away as if she had known them all her life. Dinner over, the boys started out to have a walk round the farm, and look at the stock. Carrie helped Peggy with the dinner things, and, when they were all put away, she took the baby from Emmie and then she and Emmie strolled out to the barn to look at the chickens and some fine young ducks that were waddling after a motherly looking old hen that was chucking away to them just as if they were chickens instead of ducks. Then they had to go and look at the colt and stroke him, and just after the men came across from the wheatfield, and Tom accompanied his wife back to the house, for she was hardly strong enough to be out long yet. Carrie lingered a few minutes with Bert West before she followed with the

baby. Before they had time, however, to exchange many words, they were joined by Peggy, who had very soon pretty nearly all the talk to herself. She rattled away, telling Bert she was going home early next day and inviting him and Carrie to come over soon and see her sister. Carrie could not help liking the girl, though she thought she was altogether too free with Bert, seeing that he was a complete stranger to her; however, she concluded that it was the way with people out there. She left them and followed Emmie to the house with the baby, who was fast asleep, and when, half an hour after, she looked across the yard, Peggy was still talking and laughing at the door of the barn where she had left them.

"What a rattlepate that girl is," said Emmie, as she came to Carrie's side at the window. "She is a good-hearted girl, but

sister's and returned in time for a late dinner. He was going to start work in the hay field next day and Bert and he were busy all the rest of that day sharpening mower knives and getting everything ready for an early start in the morning. Meantime Carrie found lots to do about the house and helping Emmie between whiles with the baby. Supper time found them all ready for a rest and a merry chat over past times. They retired early, and the men were away, taking their dinners with them, when Carrie got up to make a cup of tea for Emmie next morning. It was lovely weather and the days flew by until six weeks had gone. The hay was all stacked and the wheat and oats were ripening in the field. Bert was talking of going home again after the harvest. He and Carrie had lots of talks and fun together and Emmie was beginning to hope that she might have her friend settled near her for good if Bert took up land near them, as he was talking of doing, and came back to settle on it in the spring. They had seen nothing of Peggy at the farm since she went home, but Tom told his wife that the Ryans had been working at the same slough as them at the hay, and Peggy brought the dinners every day, and always found some excuse

when you have been flirting with Peggy the whole day? I thought you would have looked for something different to a silly chatterbox like that, if she is good looking."

"Oh! as for that," said Bert. "I don't care anything about her; only one is obliged to be civil, you know."

"Well," said Tom, "she seems to think so, and what is more, Carrie thinks so, too; so if you think anything of Carrie, you had better cut Miss Peggy's company a bit more and let her see that she is not wanted. That cousin of her's that has just come down was looking pretty black at both of you, I can tell you. I believe he wants the girl himself; I heard they were engaged some time ago, when she first came to her sister's."

Nothing more was said that night, and Bert made such good use of his time next day that Carrie and he seemed to have got just as good friends as ever. The day after, however, Peggy drove over with two of the Ryan boys to invite the Wests and Carrie to a dance and supper, which was to come off as soon as the harvest was in. The Wests agreed to go, all but Bert, who said he would be on his way back to Ontario at that time, and Carrie also declined,



FOOLING DADDY.

I hope Bert is not going to take up with her, for all that."

Carrie looked up at her friend, and, blushing slightly, turned away from the window, and they went all over the house, looking at everything. Many things were altogether strange to Carrie, but she praised and admired everything she saw. Then they sat down and chatted about old times until Miss Flinn came upon the scene, and supper was got ready.

There were only two rooms upstairs, so it was settled that Peggy was to share her room with Carrie for the night, and as she would be going home in the morning, Carrie would have it all to herself afterwards. Bert West took possession of the old lounge in the living room and declared he should sleep like a top, having been two or three nights on the train coming up from Ontario.

Next morning Tom drove Peggy over to her

for talking to Bert. "I don't think he cares anything about her, though," he added. But Peggy was of quite another opinion, evidently, for she found her way to the farm the very next day after the hay was stacked, on pretence of seeing how Emmie and the baby were going on, and insisted on their all coming over to spend the next day at the Ryans. So they went, and Peggy succeeded in monopolizing Bert's attention almost all the time they were there. Carrie was very silent all the way home and Emmie noticed that her face was flushed as if she had been crying when she came downstairs after putting the baby to bed. Bert had strolled out to the gate, and was looking moody and dissatisfied when Tom came out to milk the cows and do up the chores for the night, and when Tom rallied him about his looks, he said something about Carrie hardly speaking to him.

"Well," said Tom, "what can you expect,

saying she would stay home and keep the baby, so that Emmie could have a good time. This, however, did not suit Peggy at all, and she pressed them so much that they at last promised to come.

CHAPTER II.

The great day came and the Wests and Carrie all got into the wagon to drive over to the party at Ryan's. Carrie would rather have stayed at home, but they all insisted on her going, too, so she gave in. Emmie thought if Carrie were there it would keep Bert from paying much attention to Peggy, for, though he had not yet spoken to Carrie, she was pretty sure that he loved her and would ask her to be his wife before he went back to Ontario. He had written after the very next homestead to his brother's, which was not taken up as yet, they thought, and was awaiting a reply from the land office, and Emmie was delight-



VIEW ON ONE OF CALGARY'S PRINCIPAL STREETS.