



PUT away all sarcasm from your speech. Never complain. Do not prophesy evil. Have a good word for everyone, or else keep silent.

Henry Ward Beecher.

## The Second Chance

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NELLIE L. McCLUNG

Author of "Sowing Seeds in Dany"

(Continued from last week)

Pearl, the oldest daughter of John Watson, a O.P.R. section man in Millford, Man., receives a sum of money and starts in to educate herself and the rest of the family. She proves a clever scholar but seeing that her small brothers are getting into bad habits in town, suggests moving the family on to a farm. We are next introduced to the children at a country school. Tom Stedman, a bully, is now next by Bud Perkins for striking Libby Ann Gavers. The Watsons again take up their education at the country school. As the Pionsers' picnic, Bill Gavers, father of Libby Ann, gets drunk and is found dead. Sandy Braden, the hotel keeper, deeply affected, closes up his saloon in consequence. Mr. Perkins plugs his grain with frozen wheat and finds gets the blame. He leaves home, Mr. Perkins' daughter, Martha, is in love with a young Englishman on a neighboring farm. Arthur Wemyss, Arthur is engaged to an English girl, who is shortly to come out and join him in his new home. On the boat she falls in with another young man. Arthur goes to look up his rival.

THE two young men stood looking at each other, but for a full minute neither spoke.

"I have only one question to ask you, Mr. Smeaton," Arthur said at last. "Do you love her?"

"I do," the other man replied, "as God hears me."

And Arthur, looking into his clear grey eyes, believed him, and his last hope vanished.

"I feel like a miserable sneak in your presence," Jack Smeaton said humbly. "Upon my word, that enchanting little beauty turned my brain. Isn't she the most bewitching little girl in all the world?"

"I have always thought so," Arthur said quietly.

"I have behaved badly to you, Mr. —"

"Wemyss," Arthur said.

"Mr. Wemyss, and I humbly apologize."

"It is not necessary," Arthur said, with an effort. "Her happiness is the only thing to be considered. She was only a child when she gave me her promise only seventeen, and I can see now that she would not be happy with me."

"Come with me now, Mr. Wemyss. I want you to meet my people. They will be glad to have you stay for dinner."

"Thank you," Arthur said, trying hard to speak naturally. "I would rather not."

"I shall go back with you to-morrow, if I may," Mr. Smeaton said. "I cannot just say to you all that is in my heart, but you have taught me a lesson on what it is to be a gentleman."

He held out his hand, which Arthur took without hesitation, and they parted.

That night as Jack Smeaton was selecting a pearl necklace for Thursa, along with all sorts of other beautiful gifts, he was pondering deeply one thought—that perhaps, after all, successive generations of gentle breeding do count for something in the make-up of a man, and having a bishop in the family may help a little, too.

with his good clothes when he reached the Watson home.

"By golly! John," he said, "that Arthur's a game one, and don't you forget it—he's simply handed his girl face would never have guessed at the tragedy that was taking place in the young man's heart!"

The wedding breakfast was a wondrously jolly meal, and everybody, Arthur included, was in the best of humors. Young Jack Smeaton clearly demonstrated that the old lawyer had expressed the truth when he said: "Jack Smeaton has a way with him."

He discussed the various knitting wools with Mrs. Perkins, and told Thomas Perkins a new way of putting formalin on his seed-brush, and set rid of the smut, and how to get patches on grain bags with fly-paste. Mrs. Perkins told very vividly the story of Mary Ann Corbett's wedding, where the bridegroom failed to appear, and she married her first love, who was acting in the capacity of best man, and the old man remarked that the deed of the old man and fifty acres of land, and a cow and feather bed, and some other tokens of paternal affection, and they lived happily ever afterwards.

While she was telling this, her husband, in his usual graphic way, told his story, which happened to be on this occasion an account of the death of his old friend, Tony Miner, who had happened the winter before.

The last words Tony said—mistake. He was sensible to the last—was to tell his mistress not to let the undertaker do her on the price of the coffin. He was a very savin' man, was Tony, but he couldn't have worried, for the old lady could see a hole in a ladder as quick as most people, and even an undertaker couldn't get ahead of her. The old lady went herself and picked out the coffin. They sent it to the hen-house out at it, and there it was when they charged her a dollar for the box she wanted them to take it back, but they said they couldn't when it had the name on it; but I tell you, she's a savin' woman, and no wonder Tony died rich. She wasn't even a bit the box go to waste when it cost money, so she made a door for the hen-house out at it, and there it is yet, with 'Anthony Miner' in big black letters on it. Some say she's 'roin' to make it answer for a headstone, but I don't know about that. She's a fine savin' woman, and no one can say she is superstitious, any way, or filled with false pride."

The two stories ran concurrently and filled in most of the time at the table. Mr. Perkins did not believe in having awkward pauses or any other kind.

Pearl could not help noticing the glow on Martha's cheek and the sympathetic way she had of watching Arthur.

"My, but women are queer," Pearl thought to herself. "Here's Martha, too, glad as glad that the other fellow has got Thursa, and still feels so sorry for Arthur she can't eat her vittles. Wasn't it fine that Martha had so much good stuff cooked in the house and was able to set up such a fine meal at a minute's notice? I wonder if it ever strikes Arthur when a fine housekeeper she is? I'll bet Miss Thursa'll never be able to bake a Jenny Lind cake like this, or jelly red currants so you can cut them with a knife."

Thursa and Jack left on the first of the clock train. It was a heavy day, the kind that brings a storm and the loose snow that lay on the ground needed only a strong sou'wester wind to make a real Manitoba blizzard.

ing on Arthur's arm, and made responses as demurely as the staid Aunt Prudence would have desired. Any one looking at Arthur's unmoved face would never have guessed at the tragedy that was taking place in the young man's heart!"

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(To be continued)

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### THE WEDDING.

Life? 'Tis the story of love and troubles  
Of troubles and love that travel together

The round world through.

—Joaquin Miller.

When Arthur and Jack Smeaton arrived at the Perkins home the next morning, and announced that the wedding would take place at once. Mrs. Perkins, without waiting for further details, made an emergency visit to the henhouse and slew six chickens—there could be no wedding without fried chicken. Then she came back to find out who was to be the groom.

Mr. Perkins was hurriedly despatched for Pearl Watson, who was to be the bridesmaid, and Mr. and Mrs. Watson and Aunt Kate, who were to be the guests. Mr. Perkins, who had refused to leave the house without being dressed in his "other" suit, was in the hilarious humour that went

with the English have great grit, who you get a nice one. So hurry along now, we'll have to rustle. The minister's coffin' at twelve o'clock sharp, and they're goin' away on the afternoon train. He's a right smart-looking fellow, this Jack—the little girl's doin' well, all right, all right; he maybe hasn't got as good a pedigree as Arthur, but she'll suit her better. She won't sack back to him. I'll bet she won't sack back to Arthur. She'd give Arthur a queer old time. I know this chap'll manage her; he's got that sort of a way with him. I could see it, though I was only speakin' a few words to him."

Pearl was dressed in her cream silk dress and carried a bouquet of roses. "Land sakes!" Aunt Kate exclaimed, "where does any one get roses at this time of year, I'd like to know? I lived in Ontario many a year, and that's what I never saw was roses in December. They must 'a' had a shawl-tree place to grow in." And every person who heard her was too loyal a Manitoban to enlighten her.

Thursa, in a trailing gown of white silk mull, came into the parlor lean-



Typical Farm Steading in the Home of the Helleins

Everything under one roof is the plan adopted in many of the farms in Holland. The homestead here illustrated is that of Mr. Grouseman, a successful breeder in The Netherlands.

Correspondent in Holland.

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One of the the ordina ing to find ancient non that only by and undeligi they hope to their gods a given.

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circumcisi of money, gift or Bible study. If I love to be fellowman, as words to be heard by all class are desirous of

In the third chapter of first "And though I feel the poor, body to be but charity (love), ing." Could an more clear?

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