

well," he suggested timidly, "can't I help you milk those cows?"

"No!" she snapped. "You wouldn't know how. If you've done the chores you'd better mind the children."

The two young Hookwells were in to a terrible tantrum at the chip-hill.

"Oh, no thanks!" he replied to himself. "I'd be very unpopular because I'd be gadding them both. Me for the road!"

He strolled to his room, not without some compunction. He had really wanted to help milk. She had refused him. There was nothing in his contract about being a nurse. Besides he had worked up till six and done the chores after supper. It was time he had a little leisure. Thanks to daylight saving it was still an hour from sundown.

So he toggled himself up in his best, as never he would have dared to do if Mr. Hookwell had been at home. When he came out Mrs. Hookwell was still in the big barn milking. The children were playing in the woodshed. Feeling a bit danderish he went to the drive-shed and took Mr. Hookwell's car, and went whizzing out the lane, over to the village.

Here—as he expected he would—he encountered a bevy of farm freshettes whose tantalizing clack of laughter and part songs he had been hearing every evening for a week past. Not knowing one of these delightful creatures by name, Percy made the Hookwell motor serve as an entree, and in short order he had four of them out for what even the college graduate young lady with the polished accent and the severe look agreed was "a joy-ride."

HENCE it was near midnight when Percy reached the farm—on foot. In his absorption over the farmerettes he had not noticed that his gasoline was running out. The motor was stalled on the roadside. By great good luck Mrs. H. was abed. The house was dark. The children were asleep. Percy carried his battery lamp to search for the gasoline tank. He found it not. He perspired openly. Standing in the drive-shed door he felt that every night-hawk was uttering his name. The geese wrangling in the barnyard all seemed to be saying, "Percy, you're in for it now." The horses snorted sardonically in the stalls. He had no desire to rouse Mrs. Hookwell. He feared the lady.

"By jing!" he muttered, "I won't be beat. You can't stick a man like me."

He crept to the stable where he quietly harnessed the Tom horse and led him forth with a long trail rope coiled on the hames and a whiffletree taken from a wagon.

"Now you old gazabo, be quiet!" he said as he mounted the Clyde.

With masterly tact he wheedled the clumsy beast past the house when every joint in both horse and harness seemed to advertise him like a tally-ho megaphone.

"You dunno why, but it's all right, you old gink!" he assured the animal as he got him to the road and set off at a lumbering trot to find the dead motor, which he carefully hitched to the horse with the rope and then stood back wondering how he should manoeuvre the return trip. Clearly he had but one of the reins and no idea of how to convert it into a pair. If he sat in the car the horse would be sure to go wandering off the road. If he rode the horse the car would go meandering. He tried both. He

discovered that he was right.

"Then I'll never get the bally thing home this way!" he almost wept. "Why didn't I fetch two horses and drive 'em?"

This he was doing his best to answer when he detected a heavy pair of boots trudging along the pike from the village. Tom, the Clyde, heard it and at once set up a tremendous whinny.

"Shut up, you donkey!" advised Percy. "It's bad enough to be stuck like this—to have you laughing at me—without telling the whole neighborhood about it. I hope he turns up the side-road."

But the boots came steadily on and on. Percy saw the bulk of the man; looking like a giant. He trembled in

his clothes. On and on—right up to him:—

"What in the name o' Moses in the bulrushes is this?" boomed a big voice.

Percy crouched beside the motor. "Good Lord!" he gasped.

It was Hiram Hookwell back from Ottawa, "hoofing it," as he said from the station.

"I—I was going to—"

Hookwell remained a mass of silence.

"I—" Percy looked over the ridiculous outfit and said the most absurd thing he could think of, because he was hysterical. "I was going to meet you!" he gasped. "Yes, I knew you wouldn't feel like walking, and—"

Before he could finish his immortal

joke, Mr. Hookwell grabbed him by the collar and the trousers and landed him on the horse.

"Now, sonny," he advised, "go ahead. I'll steer the car."

And when long past one o'clock the foolish caravan hove into the lane, Mrs. Hookwell was at the door, all the electric lights going.

"Here we be, Gertie," said the boss. "I found this young man stuck on the road, without his tag. He was joy-riding with the Farmerettes and used up all the gasoline. Take him in and put him to bed. We can't fire him, because there's nobody else to hire. But one of these days, young man—"

What was the threat? Percy could only imagine. He was yet to find out.



# NIAGARA TO THE SEA

A FEATURE of a trip that is all interesting, all delightful, is the voyage through the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence. The Thousand Islands! The glint of sunlight filtering through the tree tops—the shimmering shadows of the shore-line reflected in the blue river water—the castle cottages of millionaires, each set on its own little island—the "tang" of pine-laden north-country air. The St. Lawrence River—wide as a lake in places, elsewhere narrowing down to a mere channel between islands—provides one of the most satisfying fresh water trips in the whole wide world.

But do not stop with the St. Lawrence. Travel its broad expanse as far as Quebec. From there let us take you on up the famous river Saguenay. Up-to-date "Canada Steamship" hotels at Murray Bay and Tadousac. Magnificent accommodation all the way, on the boats of the Canada Steamship Lines, Limited.

This should be your war-time vacation. In planning your holiday remember that there is no congestion on the mighty rivers that flow from Niagara to the Sea. Extravagant pleasures are not to be encouraged—but there's real economy in taking the kind of vacation that keeps one's efficiency above par. So make it a water trip this year—the kind of holiday that promotes health and refreshes the mind. Complete standard service maintained.

## CANADA STEAMSHIP LINES, Limited

Send two cent stamp for illustrated Booklet, Map and Guide. Address: Canada Steamship Lines, Limited, C.S.L. Building, Montreal.

Map showing the route from Toronto to New York via Lake Ontario, Thousand Islands, and Saguenay River. Locations marked include Toronto, Hamilton, Kingston, Niagara Falls, Thousand Islands, Cayuga, Altonara, Saguenay River, Quebec, and Tadousac. Hotels mentioned include the C.S.L. Hotel at Murray Bay and the C.S.L. Hotel at Tadousac.