

Down the basement steps of the church they went, Stubbs leading on with assurance. The door swung open, allowing a broad band of light to illumine the hall, and Austin Gundy found himself face to face with eight or ten young fellows of his own age.

One couldn't be stiff in that company. First they had games and gymnastic stunts, and after that came the "eats." Through it all there was much noise and talking, and a little speech-making. But the spirit of the meeting was fine, and Austin heaved a sigh of satisfaction when he compared this evening with some others he had spent in Cochrane.

The boys were a friendly bunch, sure enough. There was Cecil Nye, the president. Tall and lean, spry as a cat, with quick, eager, blue eyes, he seemed to oversee the whole affair and to take it on himself to provide a good time for everybody.

Then there was Nipper Nabb, the pinched, undersized boy, who sold magazines and candy on the train. And who could forget the "dook"? He was clerk in Sutherland's drug-store; and they called him the Duke of Sutherland, or more commonly, the "dook," because he hated to soil his hands, smelled of hair perfume and other drugs, and said "Don't cher know!" in a drawling tone.

It was when the games were over and the wieners and buns were being passed, that Nysie turned to Austin. "Tell us something about yourself, Gundy. We like to hear from the new fellows. You've just come from a big city, and it's a good many months since most of us saw one. Tell us what they're doing down there."

A hush fell on the merry group. Austin felt awkward and nervous. Then an impulse seemed to urge him to speak about himself. Couldn't he open their eyes! "My name's Gundy," he said, and paused. "I'm in the publicity and advertising department for the transcontinental, down in the general offices in the city."

The boys had not before connected the name of Gundy with