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May St. Peter take you under his especial protection! May you live to be very old! May your children, grandchildren and their children rise up and call you blessed! And if ever I forget your goodness to a poor runaway, may my bones rot in Davy Jones's locker for ever.—Amen!" Then I dropped her arm and turned

up something more."

hands.

in. I dreaded his prying eyes. Then I thought, "I will risk it. Mother will help me, trust her for that."

So she came out, spoke kindly to me,

listened to father's explanation, went

into the pantry, and filled a paper bag

with cakes, which she put into my

I was getting bolder now, and with

reskless audacity I seized mother by the

arm and pronounced this blessing upon

"May the Saints preserve you, madam!

I can shut my eyes and see the picture now.

Father, sitting among his leather par-ings, grasping the huge "cobble-stone" in one hand while the other clenched the trusty hammer. What if he should attack me, under the impression that the poor, forlorn sailor was a madman! Mother was "game," though; she never even blinked an eyelash. Then Jack entered! I held my head down and slipped past him into the porch, trusting to the gathering darkness. Then, standing in the gloom, my hand on the door knob ready to turn it and fly, if need be, I turned and faced him. Father told him about me, and Jack stood and chatted with me from the inner doorway. Talked!—to his sister!—as if I were in reality a poor homeless wanderer. Jack, my smart, wide-awake brother! Cool, observant, "I-am-never-to-be-deceived" Jack! Truly, some things are not what

they seem!" He wanted me to sleep in the wood shed. It was going to be very cold sleep-

ing out of doors tonight. I thanked him. I said "I must be on my road early tomorrow morning, and I wished to run no risk of being taken. I would curl down among the bushes and be comfortable enough.

Then I opened the door went along the path to the back gate, went through and walked along until out of sight. Then I sat down unobserved from the house. I heard Jack go out whistling to the barn for it was now chore time. Father would be putting away his mending kit, mother and Nora would prepare tea, so I re-entered the gate, ran around to the front door, in and upstairs, where I rearranged myself leisurely. Presently, Nora called, "Tea is ready!" and I went down, to find them gathering at the table and discussing father's

"Poor fellow," said father, "how grateful he was for the cakes, and what a funny benediction he said over Mother!" Nora was nearly consumed to learn the details, but she couldn't talk with-

caller.

"What did he look like?" I asked, taking my usual place at the tea-table. I was cool enough now, the excitement had all worn out. I had succeeded beyond expectation. That fact rather sobered me.

"I scarcely know," replied father, "he kept his head down so. I didn't care to see him with such a hangdog look."

"He did not want you to make notes of his face," answered Jack. "Poor devil! he might have slept in the kitchen tonight, well enough. I don't suppose

he would steal anything."
"But some of you must know what he looked like," I said again. "Was he young or old, handsome or augly, tall or

"A young-looking chap," said Jack. "Not strong looking and small sized. I couldn't tell much about him; the coat he wore was so big, and that old hat hid

I thought to myself, "So you don't know your own clothes when you see them!" and I thought how very uncomand I thought how very uncomfortable I had been sitting so close to a hot fire with that heavy old reefer on. I very nearly laughed, but I caught myself in time.

"What did he say to Mother?" asked Jack.

Father repeated it as well as he could

short, I'll call the mistress to put you remember and they both roared, and Nora spluttered almost convulsively. I hesitated, fearing Jack might come

"I felt very sorry for him," mother said slowly. "He had a haunted sort of look, as though rainy weather did not suit him."

This was too bad of Mother, for like a pent up flood, Nora's laughter passed all the bounds of reason, and Jack eyed her so curiously that I broke down myself, and the "murder was out."

Jack felt the worst about it. Father enjoys a joke so much that one on himself was better than none at all. And was not Jack fooled, too? That was the sweet drop in the ointment for father. He laughed until he was useless.

"Bless me!" he said when he could speak. "I wish I had found her out before she got clear away; making fun of her old dad like that!"

And I thought in this wise, unto my-self. "It is well you did not, oh, my father! Very well indeed—for me."

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"Among the number is Sir Gilbert Parker, who, from the heart of the Empire, sends his greeting to his fellow Canadians, and leaves as a motto for those who are building the life of the Canadian West—"One flag, one Empire, one common purpose and all hands round."

"The Rev. C. W. Gordon's (Ralph Connor) contribution is entitled "The Conservation of Ancestors," and the noted western author treats his subject with characteristic ability.

"Dr. Neil McPhatter, the genial and eloquent president of the Canadian Club of New York, in a long and forceful article deals with Canada and its future. Though for 21 years a resident of the United States, the doctor still remains a Canadian citizen, and there are few, if

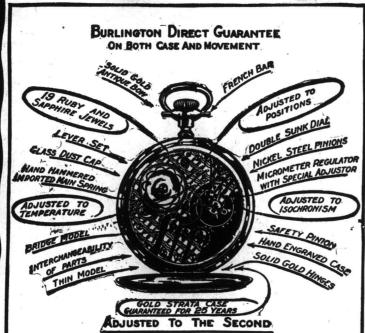
any, keener students of Canadian history. Like other writers his confidence in the possibilities of his native land is unbounded. As a speaker and writer Dr. McPhatter enjoys an enviable reputation, and his contribution to this magazine is intensely interesting.

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