



WHAT the world needs is more day-to-day living: starting in the morning with fresh, clean ideas for that day, and seeking to live that day as if it were all time and all eternity.

Sowing Seeds in Danny

By Nellie L. McClung
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(Continued from last week)

SYNOPSIS.—The Watson family live in a small town in Manitoba. The family consists of Mr. Watson, a man of few words, who works on the "section," and nine children. Pearl Watson is an imaginative, clever little girl, 12 years old, and is the mainstay of the family. Mrs. Watson is often employed to wash and work for Mrs. Burton Francis, a dreamy woman, who has beautiful theories. "Wee Danny" is the idol of Pearl's eye, and is a favorite of the theories. "Wee Danny" is a capable young woman who looks after her theories, whenever they present themselves. Mrs. Francis is known as the "pink lady" to the Watson children. They have an amusing time in Chapters 1 and 2, getting Danny presentable for a visit to the Francis home. Mr. Francis, the old head of the village, clever in his profession, but intemperate, has a beautiful daughter, Mary, who does much good among the Watson family. The mission rest interested. Mrs. Modure, the next door neighbor of the Watsons, has a special sympathy for Mr. Watson. A treat was given Pearl and Danny in Chapter 6, when Mr. Francis gets tickets for them to attend a musical concert. Mr. Motherwell and his wife and son live on a farm near the Watsons. or and the minister in Chapter 7 are a good indication of his character. A year or two previously in a fit of generosity, he donated the caboose of his threshing outfit to the Watsons as an addition to their home. He afterwards regrets this move, and demands payment. After much discussion it is decided that Pearl Watson shall go and work with Mrs. Motherwell and thus "wipe out the stain."

CHAPTER XII.

From Camilla's Diary.

It is nearly six months since I came to live with Mrs. Francis, and I like housework so well and am so happy at it, that it shows clearly that I am not a disgruntled housewife. My proud spirit does not chafe a bit at having to serve meals and wear a cap (you should see how sweet I look in a cap.) I haven't got the fear on my heart and all that that will make a mistake in a figure that will rise up and condemn me at the end of the month as I used to be when I was bookkeeping on a high stool, for the Western Hail and Fire Insurance Company (I peace to its ashes!) "All work is expression," Fra Elbertson says, so why may I not express myself in blueberry pie and tomato soup?

Mrs. Francis is an appreciative mistress, and she is not so entirely wrapped up in Browning as to be incapable to a good salad either, I am glad to say.

One night after we had company and everything had gone off well, Mr. Francis came out to the kitchen, and looked over his glasses at me. He opened his mouth twice to speak, but seemed to change his mind. I knew that he was struggling for utterance. Then he laid fifty cents on the window sill, and pointed at it, nodded to me, and went out hurriedly. My first impulse was to hand it back—but then I thought better of it—it was so easy to come easily to him. So he expressed himself in currency. I put the money into my purse for a lucky penny.

Mrs. Francis is as serene as a summer sea, and can look at you without knowing you are there. Mr. Francis is a peaceful man, too. He looks at you to explain the difference between the Elizabethan and the Victor-

ian poets—I don't believe he cares a cent for either of them.

Mrs. Francis entertains quite a bit; I like it, too, and I do not go and cry into the sink because I have to wait on guests. She entertains well and is a delightful hostess, but some of the people whom she entertains do not appreciate her flights of fancy.

I do not like to see them wink at each other, although I know it is funny to hear Mrs. Francis elaborate on the mother's influence in the home and the proper way to deal with selfishness in children, but she means well, and they should remember that no matter how funny she gets.

April 18th.—She gave me a surprise to-day. She called me upstairs and read to me a paper she was preparing to read before some society—she brought to three or four—on the domestic help problem. Well, it hadn't help problem, but of course I could not tell her that so when she asked me what I thought of it, I said:

"If all employers were as kind as you and Mr. Francis, there would be no domestic help problem."

She looked at me suddenly, and something seemed to strike her. I believe it came to her that I was a creature of like passions with herself, capable of gratitude, perhaps in need of encouragement. Hitherto I think she has regarded me as a porridge and coffee machine.

She put her arm around me and kissed me.

"Camilla," she said, gently—she has the softest, dearest voice I ever heard—"I believe in the aristocracy of brains and virtue. You have both."

Farwell, old South Sea Corporation!

A long, last, lingering farwell, for Camilla E. Rose, who used to sit up on the high stool and add figures for

you at ten dollars a week, is far away making toast for two kindly souls, one of whom tells her she has brains and virtue and the other one opens his mouth to speak, and then pushes fifty cents at her instead.

Danny Watson, bless his little heart! is bringing madam up. He has wound himself into her heart and the "whyness of the what" is packing up to go.

May 1st.—Mrs. Watson is going silly over Danny. A few days ago she asked me if I could cut a pattern for a pair of pants. I told her I had made pants once or twice and meekly inquired whom she wanted the pants for. She said for a boy, of course—and she looked at me rather severely. I knew they must be for Danny, and cut the pattern out about the size of him. She went into the sewing room, and I only saw her at meal times for two days. She wrestled with the garment.

Last night she asked me if I would take a parcel to Danny with her love. I was glad to go, for I was just dying to see how she had got along.

When I held them up before Mrs. Watson the poor woman gasped:

"Save us all!" she cried. "Them'll fit none of us." "We're poor, but, I'll never forget 'the look of those pants. They haunt me still."

May 15th.—Pearl Watson is the sweetest and best little girl I know. Her gratitude for even the smallest kindness makes me want to cry. She told me the other day that she was a doctor. She bases her hopes on the questions that Danny asks. How do you know you haven't got a zizzard. How would you like to be ripped clean up the back? and where does your lap

not serious, for she talks quite freely of him. She is very grateful to him for helping her so often with her father. But those gray-eyed Scotch people never talk of what is nearest the heart. So I think the minister has the best chance. I wonder if he knows that Mary Barner is a queen among women. I don't like Scotchmen. They take too much for granted.

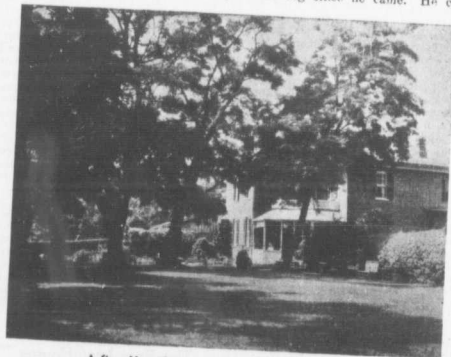
CHAPTER XIII.

The Fifth Son.

Arthur Wemyss, fifth son of the Reverend Alfred Austin Wemyss, Rector of St. Agnes, Tilbury Road, County of Kent, England, had but recently crossed the ocean. He and six hundred other fifth sons of rectors and earls and dukes had crossed the ocean in the same ship and had been scattered abroad over Manitoba and the Northwest Territories to be instructed in agricultural pursuits by the honest granger, and incidentally to furnish to nutriment for the ever-ready inquisitor or wasp, who regarded all Old Country men as their lawful meat.

The honest granger was paid a sum varying between fifty and one hundred and fifty dollars for instructing for one year, and although having one of these young fellows in farming, Englishman was known to be a pretty good investment, the farmers usually spoke of them as they would of the French bed or the rust in the wheat. Sam Motherwell referred to his quite often as "that blasted Englishman" and often said, unjustly, that he was losing money on him every day.

Arthur—the Motherwells could not have told his other name—had learned something since he came. He could



A fine old residence at "Dunain Farm," Port Hope.

What more delightful place wherein to live than in a beautiful old-fashioned residence such as this? Many a farm house throughout our fair land could be changed from places that afford mere shelter to real homes for our families by means of various improvements, such as have been made to the place illustrated. Its fullest sense. Would it not be worth while to start this spring to improve your home surroundings?

go when you stand up? She said, "Ma and us all have hopes o' Danny."

Mrs. Frances has a new role, that of matchmaker, though I don't suppose she knows it. She had Mary Barner night. Mary grows heavier and sweeter every day. People say it is not often one girl praises another, but Mary is a dear, gray-eyed saint with the most shapely hands I ever saw. Reverend Hugh thinks so, too, I have no doubt. It was really too bad to waste a good fruit salad on him. I thought, for I knew he didn't know taste like ambrosia to him if Mary sat opposite—all of which is very much as it should be, I know. I thought for a while Mary liked Dr. Clay pretty well, but I know it is

pull pig-weed for the pigs and throw it into the pen; he has learned to detect French-weed in the grain; he could milk; he could turn the cream separator; he could wash dishes and churn, and did it all with a willingness, a cheerfulness to almost any place, and his employer did have appealed favorably to almost any other farmer in the neighborhood, but the lines had fallen to Arthur in a stony place, and his employer did not notice him at all unless to find fault with him. Yet he bore it all with good humor. He had come to Canada to learn to farm.

The only real grievance he had was that he could not get his "tub." The night he arrived, dusty and travel-stained after his long journey, he had well told him in language he had never heard before—that there was