

wrathfully as full consciousness returned. "Man! I'm glad to see you mad. Gang on wi' ye," shouted Davie, joyously. "Ye were deid the noo. Ay, clean deid. Was he no, Fusie?" Fusie nodded.

"I guess not," said Hughie. "It was that rotten balsam top," looking vengefully at the broken tree.

"Lie doon, man," said Davie, still anxiously hovering about him. "Dinna rise yet awhile."

"Oh, pshaw!" said Hughie, and struggled to his feet; "I'm all right." But as he spoke he sank down upon the moss, saying, "I feel kind of queer, though."

"Lie still, then, will ye," said Davie, angrily. "Ye're fair obstinate."

"Get me some water, Fusie," said Hughie, rather weakly.

"Run, Fusie, ye gomeril, ye!"

In a minute Fusie was back with a capful of water.

"That's better. I'm all right now," said Hughie, sitting up.

"Hear him!" said Davie. "Lie ye doon there, or I'll gie ye a crack that'll mak ye glad tae keep still."

For half an hour the boys lay on the moss discussing the accident fully in all its varying aspects and possibilities, till the sound of wheels came up the road.

"Who's that, Fusie?" asked Hughie.

"Dunno me," said Fusie, peering through the trees.

"Do you, Scotty?"

"No, not I."

Hughie crawled over to the edge of the brush.

"Why, you idiots! it's Thomas Finch. Thomas!" he called, but Thomas drove straight on. In a moment Hughie sprang up, forgetting all about his weakness, and ran to the roadside.

"Hello, Thomas!" he cried, waving his hand. Thomas saw him, stopped, and looked at him, doubtfully. He, with all the Section, knew how the school was going, and he easily guessed what took Hughie there.

"I'm not going to school to-day," said Hughie, answering Thomas's look.

"I hate the whole thing!" exclaimed Hughie.

"Foxy, eh?" said Thomas, to whom on other occasions Hughie had confided his grievances, and especially those he suffered at the hands of Foxy.

"Yes, Foxy," cried Hughie, in a sudden rage. "He's a fat-faced sneak! And the teacher just makes me sick!"

Thomas still waited.

"She just smiles and smiles at him, and he smiles at her. Ugh! I can't stand him."

"Not much harm in smiling," said Thomas solemnly.

"Oh, Thomas I hate the school. I'm not going to go any more."

Thomas looked gravely down upon Hughie's passionate face for a few moments, and then said, "You will do what your mother wants you, I guess."

Hughie said nothing in reply, while Thomas sat pondering.

Finally he said, with a sudden inspiration, "Hughie, come along with me, and help me with the potatoes."

"They won't let me," grumbled Hughie. "At least father won't. I don't like to ask mother."

Thomas's eyes opened in surprise. This was a new thing in Hughie.

"I'll ask your mother," he said, at length. "Get in with me here."

Still Hughie hesitated. To get away from school was joy enough, to go with Thomas to the potato planting was more than could be hoped for. But still he stood making pictures in the dust with his bare toes.

"There's Fusie," he said, "and Davie Scotch."

"Well," said Thomas, catching sight of those worthies through the trees, let them come, too."

Fusie was promptly willing, but Davie was doubtful. He certainly would not go to the manse, where he might meet the minister, and meeting the minister's wife under the present circumstances was a little worse.

"Well, you can wait at the gate with Fusie," suggested Hughie, and so the matter was settled.

Fortunately for Hughie, his father was not at home. But not Thomas's earnest entreaties nor Hughie's eager pleading would have availed with the mother, for attendance at school was a sacred duty in her eyes, had it not been that her boy's face, paler than usual, and with the dawning of a new defiance in it, startled her, and confirmed in her

the fear that all was not well with him.

"Well, Thomas, he may go with you to the Cameron's for the potatoes, but as to going with you to the planting, that is another thing. Your mother is not fit to be troubled with another boy, and especially a boy like Hughie. And how is she to-day?" continued Mrs. Murray, as Thomas stood in dull silence before her.

"She's better," said Thomas, answering more quickly than usual, and with a certain eagerness in his voice. "She's a great deal better, and Hughie will do her no harm, but good."

Mrs. Murray looked at Thomas as he spoke, wondering at the change in his voice and manner. The heavy, stolid face had changed since she had last seen it. It was finer, keener, than before. The eyes, so often dull, were lighted up with a new, strange fire.

"She's much better," said Thomas again, as if insisting against Mrs. Murray's unbelief.

"I am glad to hear it, Thomas," she said, gently. "She will soon be quite well again, I hope, for she has had a long long time of suffering."

"Yes, a long, long time," replied Thomas. His face was pale, and in his eyes was a look of pain, almost of fear.

"And you will come to see her soon?" he added. There was almost a piteous entreaty in his tone.

"Yes, Thomas, surely next week. And meantime, I shall let Hughie go with you."

A look of such utter devotion poured itself into Thomas's eyes that Mrs. Murray was greatly moved, and putting her hand on his shoulder, she said gently, "He will give His angels charge. Don't be afraid, Thomas."

"Afraid!" said Thomas, with a kind of gasp, his face going white. "Afraid! No. Why?" But Mrs. Murray turned from him to hide the tears that she could not keep out of her eyes, for she knew what was before Thomas and them all.

Meantime Hughie was busy putting into his little carpet-bag what he considered the necessary equipment for his visit.

"You must wear your shoes, Hughie." "Oh, mother, shoes are such an awful bother planting potatoes. They get full of ground and everything."

"Well, put them in your bag, at any rate, and your stockings, too. You may need them."

By degrees Hughie's very moderate necessities were satisfied, and with a hurried farewell to his mother he went off with Thomas. At the gate they picked up Fusie and Davie Scotch, and went off to the Cameron's for the seed potatoes, Hughie's heart lighter than it had been for many a day. And all through the afternoon, and as he drove home with Thomas on the loaded bags, his heart kept singing back to the birds in the trees overhead.

It was late in the afternoon when they drove into the yard, for the roads were still bad in the swamp, where the corduroy had been broken up by the spring floods.

Thomas hurried through unhitching, and without waiting to unharness he stood the horses in their stalls, saying, "We may need them this afternoon again," and took Hughie off to the house straightway.

The usual beautiful order pervaded the house and its surroundings. The back yard, through which the boys came from the barn, was free of litter; the chips were raked into a neat little pile close to the wood-pile, for summer use. On a bench beside the "stoop" door was a row of milk-pans, lapping each other like scales on a fish, glittering in the sun. The large summer kitchen, with its spotless floor and white-washed walls, stood with both its doors open to the sweet air that came in from the fields above, and was as pleasant a room to look in upon as one could desire. On the sill of the open window stood a sweet-scented geranium and a tall fuschia with white and crimson blossoms hanging in clusters. Bunches of wild flowers stood on the table, on the dresser, and up beside the clock, and the whole room breathed of sweet scents of fields and flowers, and "the name of the chamber was peace."

Beside the open window sat the little mother in an arm-chair, the embodiment of all the peaceful beauty and sweet fragrance of the room.

(To be continued.)



The New NORTH-WESTERN LIMITED ELECTRIC LIGHTED

THE MOST COMFORTABLE

Convenient, Unique and Beautiful Trains
ever placed in service between Minneapolis, St. Paul and Chicago

ONE OF THE MANY FEATURES

is the Longer Berths in Sleepers, several inches longer than the usual standard.

COMFORT EVERYWHERE

GEO. A. LEE,

General Agent, 515 Union Bank Bldg., Winnipeg.

IDEAL Woven Wire FENCE
Best Hog Fence Made.

HERE ARE SOME OF THE REASONS:
It is eight wires high and every one of these wires is No. 9, hard steel. It is strong enough and close enough and high enough to turn any hog that lives. You know No. 9 is pretty near the heaviest wire ever used in fencing. Most manufacturers cannot use it at all. Their machines won't weave it. Ideal fence is all made of No. 9 wire. It has no small upright wires to weaken it. If you have had experience with fence, you know what this means. Wire all heavily galvanized and cannot rust. Looked at every crossing so firmly that it cannot be rooted or pulled or twisted out of place. It will fit perfectly all level or hilly ground. The wires are spaced from 8 to 7 inches apart, fencing in the little ones as well as the big ones. You can have the same style fence a couple wires higher, making the best all-purpose fence made. While you are buying fence, why not buy for good? Why not buy a good, heavy, permanent fence like the Ideal, and end your fence troubles? We would like to tell you more about this Ideal fence. We have prepared a little book to send out. It shows a style for every purpose. If you are interested in fencing, it will pay you to get it. Write for it to-day.

THE MCGREGOR-BANWELL FENCE CO., Limited,
Dept. A, WALKERVILLE, ONTARIO.

CLARK'S CORNED BEEF.

A DISH THAT NEVER FAILS

Wholesome, tasty and economical. Every tin full of sweet tender beef—nicely corned, boneless and wasteless. For good nourishment and pure relish there is nothing to equal Clark's Corned Beef. Eat it and see. When the tin is opened the meal is ready.

WM. CLARK, Mfr. - - Montreal.