

she never seemed to be done. And then, when it came back from the weaver in great webs of full-cloth and flannel and wins. There was all the cutting, shaping and sewing, before the family could get it on their backs. True, the tailor was called to help, but though he declared he worked no place else as he worked at the Finch's, it was Billy Jack's openly expressed opinion that "he worked his jaw more than his needle, for at meal-times he gave his needle a rest."

But though Hughie, of course, knew nothing of this toiling and moiling, he was distinctly conscious of an air of tidiness and comfort and quiet, and was keenly alive to the fact that there was a splendid supper waiting him when he got in from the stables with the others, "hungry as a wild-cat," as Billy Jack expressed it. And that was a supper! Fried ribs of fresh pork, and hashed potatoes, hot and brown, followed by buckwheat pancakes, hot and brown, with maple syrup. There was tea for the father and mother with their oat cakes, but for the children no such luxury, only the choice of buttermilk or sweet milk. Hughie, it is true, was offered tea, but he promptly declined, for though he loved it well enough, it was sufficient reason for him that Thomas had none. It took, however, all the grace out of his declining, that Mr. Finch remarked in gruff pleasantry, "What would a boy want with tea?" The supper was a very solemn meal. They were all too busy to talk, at least so Hughie felt, and as for himself, he was only afraid lest the others should "push back" before he had satisfied the terrible craving within him.

After supper the books were taken, and in Gaelic, for though Donald Finch was perfectly able in English for business and ordinary affairs of life, when it came to the worship of God, he found that only in the ancient mother tongue could he "get liberty." As Hughie listened to the solemn reading, and then to the prayer that followed, though he could understand only a word now and again, he was greatly impressed with the rhythmic, solemn cadence of the voice, and as he glanced through his fingers at the old man's face, he was surprised to find how completely it had changed. It was no longer the face of the stern and stubborn autocrat, but of an earnest, humble, reverent man of God; and Hughie, looking at him, wondered if he would not be altogether nicer with his wife and boys after that prayer was done. He had yet to learn how obstinate and even hard a man can be and still have a great gift in prayer.

From the old man's face, Hughie's glance wandered to his wife's, and there was held fascinated. For the first time Hughie thought it was beautiful, and more than that, he was startled to find that it reminded him of his mother's. At once he closed his eyes, for he felt as if he had been prying where he had no right.

After the prayer was over they all drew about the polished kitchen stove with the open front, and set themselves to enjoy that hour which, more than any other, helps to weave into the memory the thoughts and feelings that in after days are associated with home. Old Donald drew forth his pipe, a pleased expectation upon his face, and after cutting enough tobacco from the black plug which he pulled from his trousers' pocket, he rolled it fine, with deliberation, and packed it carefully into his briar-root pipe, from which dangled a tin-cap; then drawing out some live coals from the fire, he with a quick motion picked one up, set it upon the top of the tobacco, and holding it there with his bare finger until Hughie was sure he would burn himself, puffed with hard, smacking puffs, but with a more comfortable expression than Hughie had yet seen him wear. Then, when it was fairly lit, he knocked off the coal, packed down the tobacco, put on the little tin cap, and sat back

in his covered arm-chair, and came as near beaming upon the world as ever he allowed himself to come.

"Here, Jessac," he said to the little dark-faced maiden slipping about the table under her mother's silent direction. Jessac glanced at her mother and hesitated. Then, apparently reading her mother's face, she said, "In a minute, da," and seizing the broom, which was much taller than herself, she began to brush up the crumbs about the table with amazing deftness. This task completed, and the crumbs being thrown into the pig's barrel which stood in the woodshed just outside the door, Jessac set her broom in the corner, hung up the dust-pan on its proper nail behind the stove, and then, running to her father, climbed up on his knee and snuggled down into his arms for an hour's luxurious laziness before the fire. Hughie gazed in amazement at her temerity, for Donald Finch was not a man to take liberties with; but as he gazed he wondered the more, for again the face of the stern old man was transformed.

"Be quiet now, lassie. Hear me now, I am telling you," he admonished the little girl in his arms, while there flowed over his face a look of half-shamed delight that seemed to fill up and smooth out all its severe lines.

Hughie was still gazing and wondering when the old man, catching his earnest, wide-open gaze, broke forth suddenly in a voice nearly jovial, "Well, lad, so you have taken up the school again. You will be having a fine time of it altogether."

The lad, startled more by the joviality of his manner than by the suddenness of his speech, hastily replied, "Indeed, we are not, then."

"What! what!" replied the old man, returning to his normal aspect of severity. "Do you not know that you have great privileges now?"

"Huh!" grunted Hughie. "If we had Archie Munro again."

"And what is wrong with the new man?"

"Oh, I don't know. He's not a bit nice. He's—"

"Too many rules," said Thomas, slowly.

"Aha!" said his father, with a note of triumph in his tone: "so that's it, is it? He will be bringing you to the mark, I warrant you. And indeed it's high time, for I doubt Archie Munro was just a little soft with you."

The old man's tone was aggravating enough, but his reference to the old master was too much for Hughie, and even Thomas was moved to words more than was his wont in his father's presence.

"He has too many rules," repeated Thomas stolidly, "and they will not be kept."

"And he is as proud as he can be," continued Hughie. "Comes along with his cane and his stand-up collar, and lifts his hat off to the big girls, and—and—och! he's just as stuck-up as anything!" Hughie's vocabulary was not equal to his contempt.

"There will not be much wrong with his cane in the Twentieth School, I dare say," went on the old man, grimly. "As for lifting his hat, it is time some of them were learning manners. When I was a boy we were made to mind our manners, I can tell you."

"So are we!" replied Hughie, hotly, "but we don't go showen off like that! And then himself and his rules!" Hughie's disgust was quite unutterable.

"Rules!" exclaimed the old man. "Ay, that is what is the trouble."

"Well," said Hughie, with a spice of mischief, "if Thomas is late for school he will have to bring a note of excuse."

"Very good indeed. And why should he be late at all?"

"And if anyone wants a pencil he can't ask for it unless he gets permission from the master."

(To be continued.)

HAT BOOK

"Stock Pointers" is a book that should be in the hands of every farmer, and every farmer can have it in his hands simply by sending his name and address to the Beaver Mfg. Co., Galt, Canada.

This is an opportunity greater than you know of. The book is valuable, and is full of interesting and instructive reading matter. It contains a number of good pictures of Canadian prizewinning stock. Stock that captured honors at the World's Fair and at the great Canadian shows. There are letters in "Stock Pointers" from the owners and feeders of these animals which add greatly to its value. If you turn this offer down, you deprive yourself of much valuable information. Just now is the time. Send your name and address to the Beaver Mfg. Co., Galt, Canada, and mention this paper, and you will receive "Stock Pointers" by return mail.—Advt.

POULTRY AND EGGS

Condensed advertisements will be inserted under this heading at two cents per word each insertion. Each initial counts for one word, and figures for two words. Names and addresses are counted. Cash must always accompany the order for any advertisement under this heading. Parties having good pure-bred poultry and eggs for sale will find plenty of customers by using our advertising columns. No advertisement inserted for less than 30 cents.

BARRED ROCK cockerels at low prices, con sidering quality. Satisfaction guaranteed. W. W. Dods, Alton, Ont.

BARRED ROCK cockerels for sale. Prices reasonable. Write for particulars. S. S. Garland, Pinkerton, Ont.

BEST ONLY—Barred Rock cockerels; will cheerfully give references of any that's purchased. Prices right, satisfaction guaranteed. A. E. Donaghy, Colborne.

COCKEREL-BRED Brown Leghorn females—genuine ones—the product of exhibition males; \$1. \$1.50 and \$2. W. J. Player, Galt.

FOR SALE—Fine White Wyandottes, two dollars a pair (Hawkin's strain). Emerson Tufts, Welland, Ont.

FOR SALE—Barred Rock, Buff Orpington White and Silver-laced Wyandotte cocks and pullets. One to Three Dollars each. F. W. Krouse, Guelph, Ont.

FOR SALE—Large, well-grown Narragansett turkeys; prizewinners. W. Baldwin, Colchester, Ontario.

MAMMOTH Bronze turkeys; Silver-Grey Dorkings; Barred Rocks. Fine lot of birds from prizewinners. Pairs mated, not akin Alfred E. Shore, White Oak, Ont.

QUALITY COUNTS—We have it in Barred Rocks, cockerels, two to three dollars each before the New Year. A. E. Sherrington, Walkerton, Ontario.

WHY PAY big price for stock-food? Poultry food Formula to make your own for 2 cents per lb. Has leading sale in Canada to-day. Apply Toronto Formula Co., 799 King St., West.

Spilled Grease.—When grease is spilled on the kitchen floor or table, immediately pour cold water over it. By so doing it will harden instead of sinking into the pores of the wood, and can be easily removed.

WAS SENT HOME AS INCURABLE

Then Jos. Boone Found Health in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

He was Unable to Work for Seven Years Before he Used the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy.

Cottel's Cove, Nfld., Dec. 11th.—(Special.)—The days of miracles are past, but the cure of Joseph Boone, of this place, almost ranks with the sensational cures of the earlier ages.

Mr. Boone had been ailing for eight years, seven of which he was unable to work from the effects of Backache and Kidney Complaint. He was all aches and pains.

He was treated by several doctors, and after seven months in the hospital was sent home as incurable. It was there that reading of cures in the newspapers led him to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. It took twenty-one boxes to cure him, but to-day he is strong and well and hard at work lobster fishing.

People here have learned that if the disease is of the Kidneys or from the Kidneys, Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure it.

GOSSIP.

Mr. W. H. Wallace, Mount Forest, Ont., breeder of Shorthorn cattle, whose advertisement runs in this paper, writes: "We have a fine lot of calves this year of the blocky type. Though not fat, they are all in good growing trim. Prince Charlie has proved a capital sire. We have also some of Roan Robin's calves. We are offering all at very reasonable prices."

The pair of Ayrshires illustrated on another page in this paper are the property of Mr. N. Dymont, Clappison, Ont., who writes: "The bull, Dairyman of Glenora 13475, was winner of second prize at London and first at five other fairs in 1905; and the cow, Barton Princess 9278, winner of seven first prizes, three of which were given for best dairy cow, any age, or breed—Holsteins, Jerseys, Ayrshires and grades of different breeds competing."

DEATH OF JOHN R. PAGE.

The death of Mr. John R. Page, at Sennett, N. Y., November 20th, at the advanced age of 84 years and 5 months, recalls the Shorthorn boom of the seventies of last century, when Mr. Page, as auctioneer, officiated at many sensational sales in the United States and Canada. It was he who sold the Dukes and Duchesses at New York Mills for Mr. Samuel Campbell in 1873, when Richard Gibson was manager of the herd, and when a cow was sold for \$40,600, and others for \$20,000 to \$30,000 each. Mr. Page was an animal artist as well as an auctioneer, and the early volumes of the Canadian Herdbook contain many specimens of his work.

Mr. J. W. Nimmo, Ottawa, Secretary and Registrar for the Dominion Swine Breeders' Association, writes: "The fourth issue of the Dominion Swine Breeders' Record for 1905 will be sent out to members in January, just before the annual meeting of the association. It is important that this final Record of the year be as full as possible, and in order to make it so, all pedigrees for it should be sent in before the end of December. If this is done there is no reason why a good exchange of stock should not be expected. Each breeder of pure-bred swine should record the pedigrees of his animals in the Canadian National Records, for the following reasons: First, it strengthens the Dominion Swine Breeders' Association financially, making possible larger donations for prizes, thus encouraging the smaller breeders to exhibit, and creating a greater demand for pure-bred swine. Second, it will enable swine so recorded to be shipped at half the regular rates over all Canadian railways."

TRADE TOPIC.

A GREAT TONIC.—At this season of the year everyone should give his physical self a thorough examination so as to know exactly if one is in sound condition, or if it is necessary to guard against the serious results which always follow careless treatment of small ills. Many times all that is needed to prevent disastrous sickness is to take a tonic in time, before the ailment spreads beyond cure. You owe it to yourself and your family to keep in the best possible state of health. A tonic which will keep you in that condition, and repair and cure existing ills, is Psychine, which has been on the market for twenty-five years. This remedy has been given another name, not by Dr. J. A. Slocum, the famous discoverer of it, but by immense numbers of people all over Canada whom it has restored to health, who have written to Dr. Slocum, calling it the "greatest of all tonics." The writer of this has seen some of these letters, in which the happy beneficiaries of its wonderful remedial powers have told Dr. Slocum what remarkable changes Psychine brought about. Ask your druggist about Psychine, and read the advertisements of it in this journal to learn of the illnesses it treats most effectively. Or better still, if you or any of your family needs a good tonic, write to Dr. Slocum, Toronto, for fuller information.