

play defence. What do you think, sir?" appealing to the master.

"I call that good tactics. But don't depend too much upon me; if any man has a chance for a run and a shot, let him take it. And don't give up your combination in your forward line. The captain is quite right in seeking to draw them away from their goal. Their defense territory is too full now. Now, what I have noticed is this, they mainly rely upon Dan Munro and upon their three big defense men. For the first fifteen minutes they will make their hardest push. Let us take the captain's advice, fall back a little, and so empty their defense. But on the whole, keep your positions, play to your men, and, he added, with a smile, "don't get too mad."

"I guess they will be making some plans, too," said Thomas Finch, slowly, and everybody laughed.

"That's quite right, Thomas, but we'll give them a chance for the first while to show us what they mean to do." At this point the minister came in, looking rather gloomy.

"Well, Mr. Craven, rather doubtful outlook, is it not?"

"O, not too bad, sir," said the master, cheerfully.

"Three to one. What worse do you want?"

"Well, six to one would be worse," replied the master. "Besides, their first two games were taken by a kind of fluke. We didn't know their play. You will notice they have taken only one in the last three-quarters of an hour."

"I doubt they are too big for you," continued the minister.

"Isn't altogether size that wins in shinny," said Mr. Craven. "Hughie there isn't a very big man, but he can hold any one of them."

"Well, I hope you may be right," said the minister. "I am sorry I have to leave the game to see a sick man up Kenyon way."

"Sorry you can't stay to see us win, sir," said Craven, cheerfully, while Hughie slipped out to see his mother before she went.

"Well, my boy," said his mother, "you are playing a splendid game, and you are getting better as you go on."

"Thanks, mother. That's the kind of talk we like," said Hughie, who had been a little depressed by his father's rather gloomy views. "I'm awfully sorry you can't stay."

"So am I, but we must go. But we shall be back in time for supper, and you will ask all the team to come down to celebrate their victory."

"Good for you mother! I'll tell them, and I bet they'll play."

Meantime the team from the Front had been having something of a jollification in their quarters. They were sure of victory, and in spite of their captain's remonstrances had already begun to pass round the bottle in the way of celebration.

"They're having something strong in there," said little Mac McGregor.

"Wish they'd pass some this way."

"Let them have it," said Johnnie Big Duncan, whose whole family ever since the revival had taken a total abstinence pledge, although this was looked upon as a very extreme position indeed, by almost all the community. But Big Duncan Campbell had learned by very bitter experience that for him, at least, there was no safety in a moderate use of "God's good creature," as many of his fellow church-members designated the "mountain dew," and his sons had royally backed him up in his attitude.

"Quite right!" said the master, emphatically. "And if they had any sense they would know that with every drink they are throwing away a big chance of winning."

"Horo, you fellows!" shouted big Hec Ross across to them, "aren't you going to play any more? Have you got enough of it already?"

"We will not be caring for any more of you kind," said Johnnie Big Duncan, good-naturedly, "and we were thinking of giving you a chance."

"Come away and be at it then," said Hec, "for we're all getting cold."

"That's easily cured," said Dan, as they sallied forth to the ice again,

"for I warrant you won't be suffering from the cold in five minutes."

When the teams took up their positions, it was discovered that Dan had fallen back to the centre, and Hughie was at a loss to know how to meet this new disposition of the enemy's force.

"Let them go on," said the master, with whom Hughie was holding a hurried consultation. "You stick to him, and we'll play defence till they develop their plan."

The tactics of the Front became immediately apparent upon the drop of the ball, and proved to be what the master had foretold. No sooner had the game begun than the big defense men advanced with the centres to the attack, and when Hughie followed up his plan of sticking closely to Dan Munro and hampering him, he found Jimmie Ben upon him, swiping furiously with his club at his shins, with evident intention of intimidating him, as well as relieving Dan of his attentions. But if Jimmie Ben thought by his noisy shouting and furious swiping to

strike terror to the heart of the Twentieth captain, he entirely misjudged his man; for without seeking to give him back what he received in kind, Hughie played his game with such skill and pluck, that although he was considerably battered about the shins, he was nevertheless able to prevent Dan from making any of his dangerous rushes.

Craven, meantime, if he noticed Hughie's hard case, was so fully occupied with the defense of the goal that he could give no thought to anything else. Shot after shot came in upon Thomas at close range, and so savage and reckless was the charge of the Front that their big defense men, Hec Ross and Jimmie Ben, abandoning their own positions, were foremost in the mêlée before the Twentieth goal.

For fully fifteen minutes the ball was kept in the Twentieth territory, and only the steady coolness of Craven and Johnnie Big Duncan, backed by Hughie's persistent checking of the Front captain and the magnificence steadiness of Thomas in goal, saved the game.

(To be continued.)

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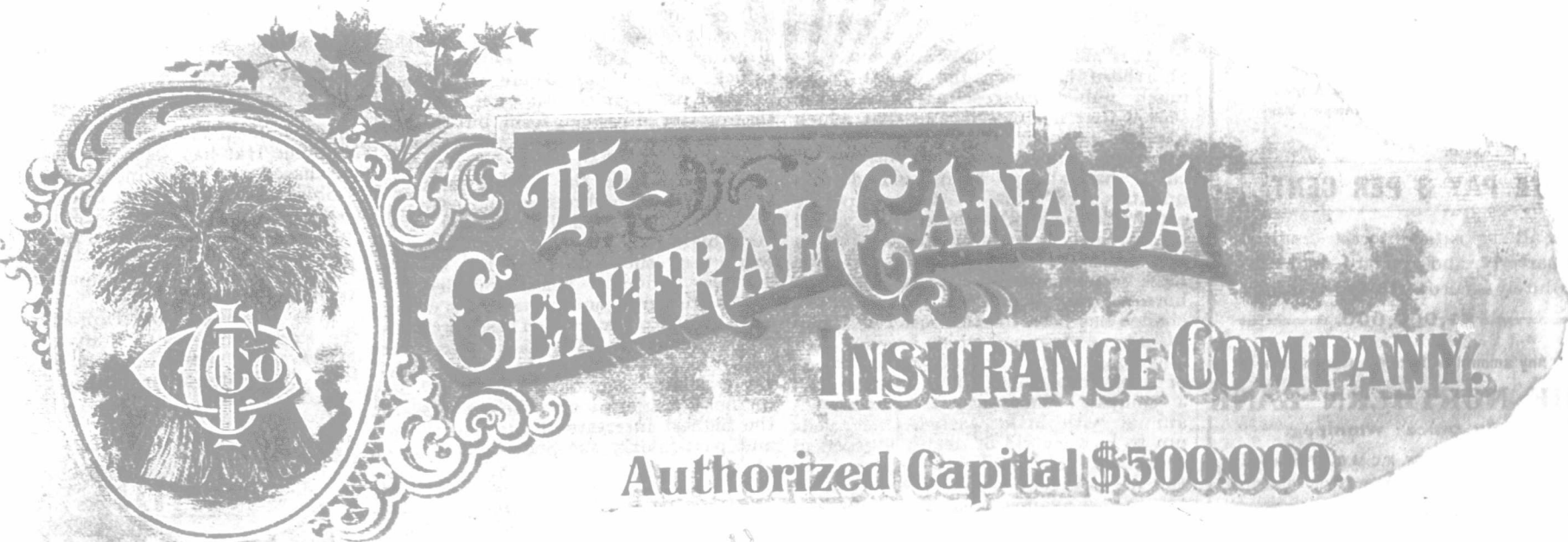
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