BY GEORGE DOUGLAS.

CHAPTER VII. | brushed it angrily aside. The laughter John Gourlay, the younger, was late of the others added to his wrath

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for school, in spite of the nervous trot he fell into when he shrank from the "What are you after?" he bawled. he fell into when he shrank from the "Don't try your tricks on me, Swipey bodies' hard stare at him. There was nothing unusual about that; he was Broon. Man, I could kill ye wi' a late for school every other day. To glower!"

him it was a howling wilderness where he played a most appropriate role. If off, and he was dancing in his shirt his father was not about he would sleeves, inviting Gourlay to come on hang round his mother till the last and try't.

rather than be off to old "G'way, man," said John, his face as "Bleach-the-boy"-as the master had white as the wall; "g'way, man! Don't been christened by his scholars. "Mo- have me getting up to ye, or I'll knock ther, I have a pain in my heid," he the fleas out of your duds!" Now the father of Swipey-so called

would whimper, and she would condole because he always swiped when batwith him and tell him she would keep him at home with her-were it not for ting at rounders-the father of Swipey was the rag and bone merchant of dread of her husband. She was quite Barbie, and it was said (with what sure he was anything but strong, poor degree of truth I know not) that his boy, and that the schooling was bad home was verminous in consequence. for him; for it was really remarkable John's taunt was calculated, therefore, how quickly the pain went if he was to sting him to the quick. allowed to stay at home; why, he got The scion of the Broons, fired for the better just directly! It was not often

honor of his house, drove straight at she dared to keep him from school, the mouth of the insulter. But John however, and if she did, she had to jouked to the side, and Swipey skinned hide him from his father. his knuckles on the wall. On school mornings the boy shrank For a moment he rocked to and fro,

from going out with a shrinking that was almost physical. When he stole through the Green Gate with his baw a rueful face, and squeezing his hand he liked.-He wished he had some Turbetween his thighs to dull its sharper slithering at his hip (not braced between the shoulders like a birkie agonies. Then, with redoubled wrath periodicals were all about men with bold Swipey hurled him at the foe. scholar's) he used to feel ruefully that he was in for it now-and the Lord alone knew what he would have to ing it down between his knees, pro- ina if she loved him. Once, it is true, put up with ere he came home! And he always had the feeling of a freed slave when he passed the gate on his Swipey's lags), "Let me up, see!" return, never failing to note with delight the clean smell of the yard after him with whirling arms, but Swipey tiful dimness of the room and pointthe stuffiness of school, sucking it in jouked and gave him one on the mouth ed straight to the dainty bronze slipthrough glad nostrils, and thinking to that split his lip. In another moment per of vivid gold amid the gloom." "Oh, crickey, it's fine to be Gourlay was groveling on his hands John saw that and brightened, but the himself. home!" On Friday nights, in particu. and knees, and trumphant Swipey, lar, he used to feel so happy that, be- astride his back, was bellowing "Hurcoming arrogant, he would try his ro!"-Swipey's father was an Irishman. bravoes, attached him peculiarly to the of the sonsy house as Gourlay him-

without a foreboding.

CHAPTER VIII. Quite recently the school had been JAPS IN 'FRISCO It's exactly the same size!" fitted up with varnished desks, and All the children had gone into school. tions of which he was unconscious, till random in his wish to be civil to that me and was accepted brother Rab's dead and won away, as "Put it down, sir," said his father John, who inherited his mother's ner-vous senses with his father's lack of stillness. The joiner slanted across the mportant man, John Gourlay. he found one of them recorded in a daresay you have heard-oh, yes, we in the House two year with a grim smile at Loranogie. "Imphm," he pondered, looking book, and that was the book for him. must all go-so, ye see, I'm scarcely lution embodies in "You'll be killing folk next." round on the weather with a wise air; wit, was always intensely alive to the road, brushing shavings and sawdust The curious physical always drew his abreast o' the latest intelligence. Missionary Committee of Methodist sentiments of British smell of the desks the moment he from his white apron. There was no mind to hate it or to love. In summer "Imphm; it's fine weather for the What's Wilson doing here? I thought went in; and as his heart always sank other sign of life in the sunshine. Only CHAPTER IX. subject and with this he would crawl into the bottom of an fields!" Episcapal Church Approves of he had been a pawnbroker in Embro. "Are you a farmer then?" Gourlay when he went in, the smell became as- from the smiddy, far away, came at old hedge, among the black mould and "Are ye packit, Peter?" said Gourunanimous statement "Noat he! It's whispered indeed nipped him, with his eye on the white that he left Brigabee to go and help Action of Roosevelt. the withered sticks, and watch a redlay sociated in his mind with that sinking times the tink of an anvil. umbia's claims Mr. the heart-to feel it, no matter John crept on up the street, keeping ended beetle creep slowly up a bit of "Yes, sir," said Peter Riney, running waistcoat. in a pawnbroker's, but it seems he Ottawa to join in a co "Oh-oh, Mr. Gourlay! A farmer, no. where, filled him with uneasiness. As close to the wall. It seemed unnatural round to the other side of a cart, to wood till near the top, and fall sudmarried an Aberdeen lass and sattled Hi-hi! I'm not a farmer, I daresay, there after awhile, the manager of a premiers of the othe he stole past the joiner's on that sunny being there at that hour; everything denly down, and creep patiently again fasten a horse's bellyband to the shaft. Buffalo, Nov. 3 .- The general missio morning, when wood was resinous and had a quiet unfamiliar look. The white -this he would watch with curious innow, you have no mind of me!" endeavor to come to "Yes, sir, we're a' ready." store, I have been given to underary committee of the Methodist Enis "No," said Gourlay, regarding him pungent of odour, he was suddenly walls of the house reproached the ment regarding bette terest and remember always. "Johnny," "Have the carriers a big load?" the stand remember always. "Johnny," Have the carriers a big load: said his mother once, "what do you "Andy has just a wheen parcels, but breenge into the bushes to watch those Elshie's as fu' as he can haul. And dark eyes. "I cannot say, sir, that I -for what purpose it beats even me to stand. He has taken oald Rab Jamiecopal church assembled in Buffalo t conscious of a varnishy smell, and felt truant with their silent faces. conference was the make its annual appropriations misgiving without knowing why. It A strong smell of wall flowers oozed not the necessary home and foreign missions, express there's a gey pickle stuff waiting at have the pleasure of remembering was years after, in Edinburgh, ere he through the hot hair. John thought it nasty things for?" tell! And that's his furniture-" knew the reason; he found that he a lonely smell and ran to get away. itself in the strongest terms where it was propos They're queer." he said musingly. the Cross.' 'I declare!" said the astonished Bro "Man, I'm a son of auld John Wilthe financial terms u never went past an upholsterer's shop, Even if he was a little dull wi' the The hot wind of yesterday had regard to the anti-Japanese situa "Johnny dear, what's wrong wi' ye?" "He's smart-looking boy that. book, she was sure he would come to brought lightning through the night, son, of Brigabee!" in California. on a hot day in spring, without being | cried his mother, when he stole in the self-governing pro Will that be a son of his?" something, for, eh, he was such a and this morning there was the gentle The resolution adopted was in pa "Oh, auld Wilson, the mole-catcher!" conscious of a vague depression, and through the scullery at last. "Are ye union. He pointed to a sharp-faced urchin drizzle that sometimes follows a heavy said contemptuous Gourlay. "What's as follows: feeling like a boy slinking into school. | ill. dear?" noticing boy. "The propriety of s But there was nothing to touch him thunderstorm. Hints of the further this they christened him now? 'Toddof twelve who was busy carrying chairs "With a sense of shame as A In spite of his forebodings nothing "I wanted to come hame." he said. in "The Wooing of Angeline"; he was blue showed themselves in a lofty sky ling Johnnie,' was it noat?" ound the corner of the barn, to the will appeal to every cans, and a feeling or sorrow as more untoward befell him that morn- It was no defence; it was the sad and tiny house where Wilson meant to and while it was kn ing than a cut over the cowering simple expression of his wish. of delicate and drifting grey. The Wilson colored. But he sniggered to tians, we have heard from time to moving in an alien world. It was a live. He was a red-haired boy with of the indignities, insults, and even complicated plot, and, some of the blackbirds and thrushes welcomed the gloss over the akwardness of the retwo years at least, th "What for, my sweet?" shoulders for being late, as he crept an upturned nose, dressed in shirt and to the bottom of his class. He reachnumbers being lost, he was not sharp cooler air with a gush of musical pip- mark. A coward always sniggers lence inflicted on the natives of . "I hate the school," he said, bitterly; ence would be called, knickerbockers only. The cross of his ed "leave," the ten minutes' run at 12 Korea, and China by certain clas ing, as if the liquid tenderness of the when insulted, pretending that the in-'I aye want to be at hame." nough to catch the idea of the story. lieve, has ever been braces came comically near his necko'clock, without misadventure. Permorning had actually got into their sult is only a joke of his opponent, and persons who resent the present His mother saw his cut mouth. He read slowly and without interest. either by Mr. McBrid so short was the space of shirt between haps it was this unwonted good for-"Johnny," she cried in concern, throats and made them softer. therefore to be laughed aside. So he these foreigners on American so The sounds of the outer world reached the top line of his breeches and his press. Nor is such a "The sentiments of humanity, tune that made him boastful, when he "what's the matter with your lip, dear? him in his loneliness and annoyed him, "You had better snoove away then." escapes the quarrel which he fears a shoulders. His knickers were open at crouched near the pump among his Has ainybody been meddling ye?" out precedent. One said Gourlay. "Donnerton's five miles show of displeasure might provoke. because, while wondering what they speak of international hospi the knee, and the black stockings beayont Fleckie, and by the time you de- But, though Wilson was not a hardy cronies, sitting on his hunkers with should ever protect such strang when a Conservative "It was Swipey Broon," he said. were, he dared not look out to see. low them were wrinkled slackly down his back to the wall. Half a dozen "Did ever a body hear?" she cried. liver the meal there, and load the man, it was not timidity only are found to be lawfully within He heard the rattle of wheels enterthat in power at Ottawa. his thin legs, being tied loosely above boys were about him, and Swipey "Things have come to a fine pass when ironwork, it'll be late ere you get back. caused his tame submission to Gourgates, even in the absence of the ing the big yard; that would be Peter 1902. the calf with dirty white strips of Broon was in front, making mud pel- decent weans canna go to the school Snoove away, Peter; snoove away!" gations imposed by the solemn Riney back from Skeighan with the lay. cloth instead of garters. He had no "Mr. McBride dist Peter shuffled uneasily, and his pale He had come back after an absence lets in a trickle from the pump. without a wheen rag-folk yoking on pacts of international treaties. range. Once he heard the birr of his cap, and it was seen that his hair had began talking of the new range. them! But what can a body ettle? blue eyes blinked at Gourlay from be- of fifteen years, with a good deal of that the recent con: father's voice in the lobby and his "We particularly deplore at this "Yah! Auld Gemmell needn't have Scotland's not what it used to be! It's "cow-lick" in front; it slanted up neath their grizzled crow nests of red money in his pocket, and he had a the reported municipal action of take the whole questi mother speaking in shrill protest, and from his brow, that is. in a sleek kind let welp at me for being late this owrerun wi' the dirty Eerish!" hair. Francisco, which discriminates aga then-oh, horror!-his father came up including the special fond desire that he, the son of the of tuft. There was a violent squint in morning," he spluttered big-eyed, nod- In her anger she did not see the "Are we a' to start thegither, sir?" the subjects of a great and fri the stair. Would be come into the garmole-catcher, should get some recoged-and properly cl one of his sharp grev eves, so that it ding his head in aggrieved and solemn sloppy dischclout on the scullery chair, ret? John, lying on his left side, felt he hesitated. "D'ye mean-d'ye mean nition of his prosperity from the most power, an action which if rightly seemed to flash at the world across the Columbia into conside protest. "It wasna my fault! We're on which she sank exhausted by her his quickened heart thud against the the carriers, too?" terpreted by our government. important man in the locality. If "Atwell, Peter!" said Gourlay. "What Gourlay had said, with some and fatbridge to his nose. He was so eager at late a general an getting in a grand new range, and the rage. violation of our teraty obligations boards, and he could not take his big his work that his clumsy-looking boots whole of the kitchen fireplace has been "Oh, but I let him have it," swaggerfrighted eyes from the bottom of the for no?" the more to our discredit, because scheme of readjustme lipped approval, "Man, I'm glad to see -they only looked clumsy because the gutted out to make room for't, and my ed John. "I threatened to knock the door. But the heavy step passed and Peter took a great old watch, with that you have done so well!" he would rected against a people who have sh financial arrangemen legs they were stuck to were so thinmother couldna get my breakfast in fleas off him. The other boys were went into another room. John's open a yellow case, from his fob, and, "It have swelled with gratified pride. For provinces and the Do themselves human, even to their time this morning, because, ye see, she his side, or I would have walloped skiddled on the cobbles as he whipped people in whose hearts there mouth was dry, and his shirt was wants a while o' aicht, sir," he voluncognized this when it is often the favorable estimate of round the barn with a chair inverted had to boil everything in the parlor- him." teered. sticking to his back. been for decades a growing regard ference to affirm the their own little village-"What they'll on his poll. When he came back for "Aye, man, Peter, and what of that?" think of me at home"-that matters and here, when she gaed ben the house, "Atweel, they would a' be on his The heavy steps came back to the the American nation and under Columbia to special another chair, he sometimes wheepled the parlor fire was out! side," she cried. "But it's juist envy, said Gourlay. strong protection of whose governm above those which ' landing most to Scotsmen who go out to make a tune of his own making, in shrill dis-"It's to be splendid range, the new Johnny. Never mind, dear; you'll soon There was almost a twinkle in his their way in the world. No doubt that common with the oth "Whaur's my gimlet?" yelled his fa-Americans have found favor nnected jerks, and sometimes wiped one," he went on, with a conceited jerk be left the school, and there's not wan ther down the stair. eye. Peter Riney was the only human is why so many of them go home and "This being the sit safety. his nose on his sleeve. And the bodies of the head. "Peter Riney's bringin'd of them has the business that you have "Oh, I lost the corkscrew, and took being with whom he was ever really at cut a dash when they have made their "We are confident that we repl right to expect that o from Skeighan in the afternune. My watched him. waiting ready to step intil." it to open a bottle," cried the mother, his ease. It is only when a mind feels fortunes; they want the cronies the entire communion of our ch at the conference w "Faith, he's keen," said the Provost. father says there winna be its equal in "Mother," he pleaded, "let me bide wearily. "Here it is, man, in the secure in itself that it can laugh un- their youth to see the big men they three millions of Methodist Epis pared to support his "And what on earth has Wilson the parish!" here for the rest o' the day! kitchen drawer." concernedly at others. Peter was so have become. Wilson was not exempt ians-in our hearty approval facts and arguments The faces of the boys lowered un-"Hah!" his father barked, and he simple that in his presence Gourlay from that weakness. As far back as a'en auld Jamieson's house and barn "Oh, but your father, Johnny? If prompt measures taken by Pre ish Columbia relies. comfortably. They felt it was a silly he saw ye!" They have stude empty since I for? knew he was infernal angry. If he felt secure; and he used to banter him. he remembered Gourlay had been the prepared he would n Roosevelt to make good the knna whan." quoth Alexander Toddle, thing of Gourlay to blow his own "The folk at the Cross winna expect big man of Barbie; as a boy he 'If you gie me some o' your novelles should come in! pledges of our nation and to relieve sort to the weak exp trumpet in this way, but, being boys. forgetting his English in surprise. to look at, I'll go up to the garret and But he went tramping down the carriers till aicht, sir," said Peter, had viewed him with admiring awe; to nation of any complicity in or sy for arbitration. Th they could not prick his conceit with hide, and ye can ask Jenny no to tell." stair, and John, after waiting till his "and I doubt their stuff won't be be received by him now, as one of the 'They say he means to start a busithy with the conduct complained of British Columbia had a quick rejoiner. It is only grown-ups ess! He's made some bawbees in She gave him a hunk of nuncheon pulses were stilled, resumed his read- ready." well-to-do, were a sweet recognition of lecting and placing who can be ironical; physical violence and a bundle of her novelettes, and he ing. He heard the masons in the Aiberdeen, they're telling me, and he RUNAWAY FIRE HORSES. "Aye, man, Peter!" Gourlay joked his greatness. It was a fawning deence all matters and is the boy's repartee. It had scarcely stole up to an empty garret and squat- kitchen, busy with the range, and he lazily, as if Peter was a little boy. sire for that recognition that caused thinks he'll set Barbie in a lowe wi't." exceptional condition gone far enough for that yet, so they "Ou, he means to work a perfect boards. The sun would have liked fine to watch them, "Aye, man, Peter! You think the folk his smirking approach to the grain ted on the bare The extensive trestles of the V butions of this provi owered in uncomfortable silence. streamed through the skylight window but he dared not go down till after at the Cross winna be prepared?" revolution," said Johnny Coe. E E. railway, within the western ion exchequer, and merchant. So strong was the desire "We're aye getting new things up at and lay, an oblong patch, in the centre four. It was lonely up here by himself. "In Barbie!" cred astounded Toddle. "No, sir," said Peter, opening his that, though he colored and felt awkits of Phoenix, were endangered al prepared to submit our place," he went on. "I heard my of the floor. John noted the head of a A hot wind had sprung up, and it eyes very solemnly, "they winna be ward at the contemptuous reference Barbie e'en't," said the Provost. midnight Thursday by a fire case to the confere father telling Gibson the builder he nail that stuck gleaming up. He could crooned through the keyhole drearily; must have everything of the best! hear the pigeons rooketty-cooing on "oo-woo-oo," it cried, and the sound broke out in a log cabin occupied "It would take a heap to revolutionto his father, he sniggered and went on prepared. ceptional treatment. ize hit," said the baker, the ironic man. Mother says it'll all be mine some the floor, and every now and then a drenched him in a vague depression. for once," growled Gourlay, humor been said. He was one of the band "It'll do them good to hurry a little talking, as if nothing untoward had sectionmen and located in the gu "Mr. McBride says "There's a chance in that hoose,' alone. He did not to close to the trestle. day. I'll have the fine times when I slithering sound, as they lost their The splotch of yellow light had shifted yielding to spite at the thought of his impossible to snub, not because they Long blasts from a railway lo Brodie burst out, ignoring the baker's general with him, nor leave schule-and that winna be long footing on the slates and went sliding round to the fireplace; Janet had kind- enemies. "It'll do them good to hurry are endowed with superior moral courjibe. "Dod, there's a chance, sirs. I tive whistle brought out the fire he might have done now, for I'm clean sick o't; I'll no bide downward to the rones. But for that, led a fire there last winter, and the a little for once! Be off, the lot of age, but because their easy self-imvonder it never occurred to me begade in short time, and with a li Mr. George H. Cow a day longer than I need! I'm to go all was still, uncannily still. Once a ashes had never been removed, and ye who was engaged pri fore." lose from the nearest hydrant into business, and then I'll have the zinc pail clanked in the yard, and he now the light lay, yellow and vivid, on portance is so great, that an insult of 1905 in collecti After ordering his carriers to start, "Are ye thinking ye have missed a blaze was quickly extinguished. rarely pierces it enough to divert them times; I'll dash about the country in started with fear, wondering if that a red clinker of coal, and a charred to back down and postpone their de- from their purpose. They walk through gude thing?" grinned the Deacon. it started, two Italians were sleeping facts and figures upo a gig wi' two dogs wallopping ahin.' was his father! piece of stick. A piece of glossy white parture, just to suit the convenience life wrapped comfortably round in the But Brodie's lips were working in the in the cabin. In hitching up the who had made a very I'll have the great life o't.' If young Gourlay had been the right paper had been flung in the untidy of his neighbors, would derogate from wool of their own conceit. Gourlay, throes of commercial speculation, and fire team the horses started before the the question "Ph-tt!" said Swipey Broon, and kind of a boy he would have been in grate, and in the hollow curve of it a his own importance. His men might though a dull man-perhaps because he he stared, heedless of the jibe. So had the bits in their mouths, and rate planted a gob of mud right in the mid- his glory, with books to read and a thin silt of black dust had gathered- think he was afraid of Barbie. "Mr. McBride now away, going over a mile with the wagon was a dull man-suspected insult in a Johnny Coe took up his sapient parconference had no rig garret to read them in. For to snuggle the light showed it plainly. All these He strolled out to the big gate and moment. But it rarely entered Wil- able. and paraphernalia before a wheel was British Columbia's c "Hoh! hoh! hoh!" velled the others close beneath the slates is as dear to things the boy marked and was subtbroken and the horses stopped without They halled Swipey's action with de- the boy as the bard, if somewhat di- ly aware of their unpleasantness. He brae. "Atweel," said he, "there's a chance, recognition-that this watched his teams going down the son's brain (though he was cleverer than most) that the world could find Mr. Brodie. That road round to the further injury. light because, to their minds, it ex- verse their reasons for seclusion. Your was forced to read to escape the sense tween the province a actly met the case. It was the one fit garret is the true kingdom of the poet, of them. But it was words, words, words, morning because the two had gone to low as James Wilson. A less ironic a horse and cart brawly through There were only four carts this anything to scoff at in such a fine fel- back's a handy thing. You could take alone. If this be so M CHINESE WARSHIP ASHORE. in his duty by not tak tether him to carthe hit courts words that he read; the substance mat-he mused, he rubbed his chin slowly brute than Gourlay would never have opening like that. And there's a gey Beneath the wet plunk of the mud tether him to earth, but a skylight tered not at all. His head leaned would not be back till the afternoon; in the first place. He pierced the thickness of his hide. It bit ground at the back, too, when a Shanghai, Nov. 1 .- The Chinese war-John started back, bumping his head looks to the heavens. (That is why so heavy on his left hand and his mouth and another had already turned west was because Gourlay succeeded in body comes to think o't." ince in a false positio ship Chin Wa is ashore at the entrance wall behind him. The many poets live in garrets, no doubt.) hung open, as his eye travelled dream- to Auchterwheeze, to bring slates for piercing it that morning, that Wilson objection to the tribu of the river. Assistance has been sent sticky pellet clung to his brow, and he But it is the secrecy of a garret for ily along the lines. He succeeded in the flesher's new house. Of the four hated him for ever-with a hate the shoo?" queried Brodie, whose mind, to her got an adverse decis was after his claim for

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him and his books that a boy loves; hypnotizing his brain at last, by the that went down the street two were more bitter because he was rebuffed there he is lord of his imagination; mere process of staring at the page. there, when the impertinent world is At last he heard Janet in the lobby. the usual carrier's carts, the other two so seldom. "Is busi hidden from his view, he rides with That meant that school was over. He Gourlay had started them the sooner great Turpin at night beneath the crept down the stair. glimmer of the moon. What boy of "You were playing the truant," said work which Templandmuir needed for talking? What did Toddling Johnny's

sense would read about Turpin in a Janet, and she nodded her head in ac- his new improvements. Though the son know about business? What was mere respectable parlor? A hayloft's cusation. "I've a good mind to tell my the thing, where you can hide in a father." Templar had reformed greatly since he world coming to? To hear him married his birkie wife, he was still far setting up his face there, and asking

dusty corner, and watch through a "If ye wud—" he said, and shook his from having his place in proper order, the base merchant in the town whether and he had often to depend on Gourlay business was brisk! It was high time street, and hear Black Bess-good jade! away from him. They went into the for the carrying of stuff which a man to put him in his place, the conceited -stamping in her secret stall, and be kitchen together. in his position should have had horses

ready to descend when a friendly ostler cries, "Pericho!" But if there is no stalled, and Mr. Gourlay was showing As Gourlay stood at his gate he ponhayloft at hand a mere garret will do it to Grant of Loranogie, the foremost dered with heavy cunning how much very well. And so John should have been in his glory—as indeed for a while standing by the kitchen table, viewed bringing the ironwork from Fleckie. he was. But he showed his difference her new possession with a faded sim- He decided to charge him for the from the right kind of a boy by becom- per of approval. She was pleased that whole day, though half of it would be ing lonely. He had inherited from his mother a silly kind of interest in silly thing that they had gotten. She listen-nerton. In that he was carrying out books, but to him reading was a pain-ful process, and he could never re-smile about her weary lips, her eyes member the plot. What he liked best upon the sonsy range. (though he could not have told you

"Dod, it's a handsome piece of furni- Templandmuir's account, his lips workabout it) was a vivid physical picture. ture," said Loranogie. "How did ye ed in and out, to assist the slow pro-When the puffing steam of Black Bess's get it brought here, Mr. Gourlay?" cess of his brain. His eyes narrowed nostrils cleared away from the moonlit "I went to Glasgow and ordered it between peering lids, and their light pool, and the white face of the dead special. It came to Skeighan by the seemed to turn inward as he fixed man stared at Turpin through the wa- train, and my own beasts brought it them abstractedly on a stone in the ter, John saw it and shivered, staring owre. That fender's a feature," he middle of the road. His head was tiltbig-eyed at the staring horror. He was added, complacently; "t's onusual wi' ed that he might keep his eyes upon alive to it all; he heard the seep of the a range." the stone; and every now and then, as water through the mare's lips, and its The massive fender ran from end to

creak of the saddle beneath Turpin's in front; its rim, a square bar of heavy left hand. Entirely given up to the repetition of his jibe. "Well; I behollow glug as it went down, and the end of the fireplace, projecting a little between the thumb and fingers of his hip; he saw the smear of sweat rough- steel, with bright sharp edges. ening the hair on her slanting neck, "And that poker, too; man, there's

and the great steaming breath she a history wi' that. I made a point of the street. blew out when she rested from drink- the making o't. He was an ill-bred ing, and then that awful face glaring little whalp, the bodie in Glasgow. I wet road struck his ear. He turned from the pool.—Perhaps he was not so happened to say till um I would like a with his best glower on the man who far from being the right kind of boy, poker-heid just the same size as the rim of the fender! 'What d'ye want the-bleezes-ar-you?" look than ever in doubled up in pain, crying "Ooh!" with after all, since that was the stuff that his eyes-because he had been caught wi' a heavy-heided poker?' says he; pin with him now, for his mother's 'a' ye need's a bit sma' thing to rype unawares. The stranger wore a light-yellow the ribs wi'.' 'Is that sa?' says I. impossibly broad shoulders and impos-'How do you ken what I want?' I He grabbed Gourlay's head and shov- sibly curved waists who asked Angelmade short work o' him! The pokerlong time in the rain, apparently, for held's the identical size o' the rim; I the shoulders of the coat were quite Wilson! ceeded to pummel his bent back, while a somewhat too florid sentence touchhad it made to fit!"

John bellowed angrily (from between ed him on the visual nerve: "Through a chink in the Venetian blind a long Swipley let him up. John came at pencil of yellow light pierced the beauknew, would make a point o't. next moment they began to talk about love and he was at sea immediately.

> "Deed you could," said Loranogie; them to the front and were looking up see if it was really the size of the rim. the handle; he had to lift it by the middle. Janet was at his elbow, watching him. "You could kill a man with that," he told her, importantly, though laid the poker-head along the rim, fitting edge to edge with a nice pre-

WHAT "Is business brisk?" he asked, irre

pressible. married his birkie wife, he was still far setting up his face there, and asking upstart, shoving himself forward like an equal!

For it was the assumption of equality mplied by Wilson's manner that offended Gourlay-as if mole-catcher's son and monopolist were discussing, on equal terms, matters of interest to them both.

"Busness!" he said gravely. "Well, I'm not well acquainted with your line but I believe mole traps are cheap-it ve have any idea of taking up the oald trade!"

Wilson's eyes flickered over him nurt and dubious. His mouth openedthen shut-then he decided to speak after all. "Oh, I was thinking Barbie would be very quiet," said he, "compared wi' places where they have the railway! I was thinking it would need stirring up a bit."

"Oh, ye was thinking that, was ye?" he mused, he rubbed his chin slowly thought of Templandmuir's account he lieve there's a grand opening in the failed to see the figure advancing up moleskin line, so there's a chance for ye! My quarrymen wear out their breeks in no time!" At last the scrunch of a boot on the Wilson's face, which had swelled. with red shame, went a dead white. "Good-morning!" he said, and started

rapidly away with a vicious dig of his stick upon the wet road. "Goo-ood mor-o-ning, serr!" Gourlay

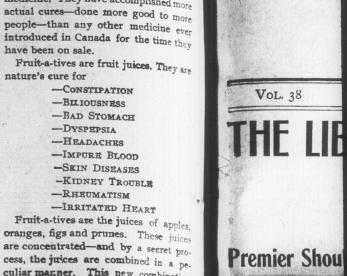
birred after him; "Goo-ood mor-r-ning, overcoat, and he had been walking a serr!" He felt he had been bright this morning. He had put the branks on

black with the wet, these black patches | Wilson was as furious at himself as Loranogie thought it a silly thing of showing in strong contrast with the at Gourlay. Why the devil had he Gourlay to concern himself about a dryer, therefore yellower, front of it. said "Good morning?" It had slipped poker. But that was just like him, of Coat and jacket were both hanging out of him unawares, and Gourlay had course. The moment the body in Glas- slightly open, and between was seen taken it up with an ironic birr that gow opposed his whim, Gourlay, he the slight bulge of a dirty white waist- rang in his ears now, poisoning his coat. The new-comer's trousers were blood. He felt equal in fancy to a The grain merchant took the bar of turned high at the bottom, and the thousand Gourlays now-so strong was heavy metal in his hand. "Dod, it's muddy spats he wore looked big and he in wrath against him. He had gone an awful weapon," he said, meaning to ungainly in consequence. In his ap- forward to pass pleasant remarks

upsides with Gourlay yet, so he might!

alr. "It beloangs to that fellow Wildoan't ye know? He's a son of a neighbor, or all's bye wi't. I declare

As he stood puzzling his wits over



culiar manner. This new combination is much more active medicinally than fresh juices-yet so perfect is the union that Fruit-a-tives act on the system as if they were in truth a natural fruit. medicinally stronger than any other known fruit. To this combination of fruit juices. tonics and internal antiseptics are added, and the whole made into tablets.

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quickened by the chance he saw at N 1. The Cross, was hot on the hunt its possibilities.

"He's been very close about that said the Provost. "I asked John Gibson-it was him had the selling faction. All he could say was Wilson had bought it and paid it. wonder for a while, Mr. Gibson had said. 'The less we tell them. keener they'll be to ken; and the advertise me for noathing by spie

"Cunning!" said Brodie, breathing the word low in expressive admir

'Very thmart!" said the Deacon. "But the place has been falling dow makes anything out of that."

DISCRIMINATION AGAINSI

"Dagon them and their love!" quoth for this that some L be jocose. "You could murder a man pearance there was an air of dirty and about the weather, and why should he —but he couldn't give me ainy sa "Let him up Broon!" cried Peter hand at bullying Jock Gilmour in imi-tation of his father. John's dislike of Wylie. "Let him up, and meet each he. pretentious well-to-do-ness. It was not noat?-he was no disgrace to Barbie, have criticised his co wi't.' To him, indeed, reading was never shabby gentility. It was like the gross but a credit rather. It was not every but, even so, the pres school, and fear of its trampling other square!" more than a means of escape from "you could kill him wi' the one lick." attempt at dress of your well-to-do working man's son that came back losh!' said I, 'he maun 'a' lat ince should realize th "Oh, I'll let him up," cried Swipey something else; he never thought of a The elders, engaged with more im- publican who looks down on his soiled with fire hundred in the bank. And what he wanted the place for!' book so long as there were things to a large provincial or House with the Green Shutters; there and leapt to his feet with magnificent was his doting mother, and she gave him stories to read, and the place was portant matters, paid no attention to white waistcoat with complacement here Gourlay had treated him like a na; it seems he was owre auld-far kept out of party pol the children, who had pushed between and approving eye. doag! Ah, well, he would maybe be for the like of that. 'We'll let the "I have followed "It's a fine morning, Mr. Gourlay!" so big that it was easy to avoid his ten of him. Come on, Gourlay!" he world, where he swaggered among his Premier McBride's at their faces, as they talked, with simpered the stranger. His air was fellows and was thrashed, or bungled father and have great times with the cried, "and I'll poultice the road wi curious watching eyes. John, with his that of a forward tenant who thinks it with keen interest, an CHAPTER X. rabbits and the doos. He was as proud your brose." his lessons and was thrashed again, instinct to notice things, took the poker a great thing to pass remarks on the rive at the facts, and imprinted themselves vividly on his John rose, glaring. But when Swi-"Such a rickle of furniture I never up when his father laid it down, to weather with his laird. one another what I'm up till."" self, if for a different reason, and he pey rushed he turned and fied. The mind, and he hated the impressions. conclusion with rega saw!" said the Provost. Gourlay cast a look at the drooping used to boast of it to his comrades. boys ran into the middle of the street, When Swipey Broon was hot the sweat 'Whose is it?" said Brodie. tation of British Col It was too heavy for him to raise by heavens. pointing after the coward and shoutpores always glistened distinctly on And he never left it, then or after, "Oh, have ye noat heard?" said the a re-arrangement of t "Is that your opinion?" said he. "I Head of the Town with eyebrows in tion. ing, "Yeh! Yeh! Yeh!" with the infinite the end of his mottled nose-John, as "Demned cute!" said Sandy Toddl of union. It cannot As he crept along the school road cruel derision of boyhood. fail to see't mysell." he thought angrily of Swipey this af-It was not in Gourlay to see the son, either of the Liberal "Yeh! Yeh! Yeh!" the cries of exeternoon, saw the glistening sweat pores with a rueful face, he was alone, for beauty of that grey wet dawn. A fine oald Wilson, the moldie-man of Brig-Janet, who was cleverer than he, was cration and contempt pursued him as before him and wanted to bash them. vince or of myself th she had heard it for herself. Janet morning to him was one that burnt the abee. It seems were to have him for since ever I have mind o't," said Sandy The varnishy smell of the desks, the always earlier at schood. The absence he ran. to keep the question of Toddle. "He's a very clever man if he of children in the sunny street lent to Ere he had gone a hundred yards he smell of the wallflowers at Mrs. Manback of your neck. the high plane of non The stranger laughed; a little depre- I doan't know what this world's comhis depression. He felt forlorn; if heard the shrill whistle with which Mr. zie's on the way to school, the smell is admitted that the (To be continued.) there had been a chattering crowd Gemmell summoned his scholars from of the school itself-to all these he was cating giggle. "I meant it was fine ing to!" sion. "Mother," he cried, turning towards weather for the fields," he explained. He had meant nothing of the kind, of contains the legislativ cision marching along, he would have been their play. morbidly alive, and he loathed them. "Man. Provost." said Brodie. "d'y rlaration, that the pr much more at his ease. But he loved the impressions of his tell me tha-at? I've been over at her in his interest, "Mother, look here! course; he had merely been talking at Fleckie for the last ten days-my home. His mind was full of percepto special recognition.

Politics

"Why didn't the n

George H. Cowan wit

ference?" asked Mr.

Liberal leader in the

in an interview with

World. Mr. Macdona

to talk, and he did so

gretted that Mr. Mcl

o the question of 'be

course, that it is clair

tizan cast," he said.

"I think it is a matt

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