

mouth and nary a scratch av the pin about it."

"I suppose," said the sergeant, languidly, "that no one but Captain Pearce himself can clean the case up and we'd better just hold you over night."

Tim and Mike looked crestfallen, while the representatives of the law fought hard to repress a laugh at the ludicrous picture they presented. Mike looked up suddenly and suggested:

"Now, couldn't ye lave us go home and we'll be here whin wanted in the mornin'?"

"What security have we that you'll appear?" asked the sergeant.

Mike handed over his watch. Tim, having no watch, fumbled in his pocket for something of value, and his hand enclosed what he thought was a silver half-dollar, but when brought to light was the copper coin with the double "T."

Tim was more non-plussed than anybody present and his face showed it. But Mike was not looking at his face; his eyes were glued to the coin.

"You decavin' haythen!" he charged, in a terrible voice. The frown on his face and the hard look in his eye put the officers on their mettle at once. The sergeant spoke up.

"That's the coin that caused trouble before. Seeing the unmistakable value of it, I'll accept it as a bond."

Tim recovered and slipped the coin back in his pocket.

"I'll stay," he said, and looking at Mike, added: "turn about!"

Mike caught the meaning of the words though they were spoken as a command, and he calmly turned to the door, escorted by one of the constables; the other took charge of Tim and showed him to a cell.

Mike bade him bodyguard a glum good-night at the cottage door. It was locked and the cottage dark. Next door, Tim's house, was gaily lighted up and strains of dance music rasped upon his ear. The joint household were evidently celebrating while the men-folks were out on their spree. Mike would show them. The constable had halted at a safe distance when he had seen that Mike was barred from his own house and, suspecting that he would inquire at Tim's place, waited in keen anticipation.

In the heat of righteous disapproval, Mike had not thought of the figure he would cut in festive company, but he had knocked at the door too late to retreat.

It was opened by a gay young fellow who called out above the din of merry voices:

"Lady to see Mrs. Doolan, then, 'come on in," while Mrs. Doolan prompted, "yes, bring her in," and before Mike half knew what was happening, he was standing amid the hilarious crowd, among whom he saw Captain Jimmy Pearce.

Mrs. Doolan tried to look artless, but Jimmy's grin told Mike more than a whole illuminated address that the joke was on him. Mrs. Tierney kept discreetly in the background.

"And where's Tim?" asked Mrs.

Doolan, backing him into the hall before the amusement went too far.

"In the coop," grumbled Mike.

By this time Patricia had left the company and come into the hall. Her eyes were brilliant with mirth and the joy of a great happening.

"Did dad find the coin?" she asked, quaintly.

"He did—it was in his waist c't pocket all the toime," replied Mike, disgustedly.

"Oh, no, Mr. Tierney, you're quite wrong," took up the charming Patricia. "I've had the coin since the day it rolled into my hand. Knowing what dad was going to do to-night, I put it into his vest pocket unknown to him. It brought me success, you see, and I wanted him to have his turn. Mother knew what poor dad couldn't see at all, and that was that Jimmy Pearce and I were going to be married to-night!"

Enlightenment came to the Celtic face of Mike in a generous grin.

"Tell me owld woman to give me the kay av the cottage till I change me duds, and then me and the scoundrelly captain will go and let poor Tim out."

Things that Count

"If only," said the little grandmother softly, "I could make you see things as I see them—the things that count." She was a little, frail, gossamer bit of a creature, more soul than body, but she looked at the young lad before her with eyes that still held the spirit of youth in their bright depths.

"What sort of things, Grandma?" asked the boy.

"Truth, my lad, and honesty, sincerity in word and deed. Ah, if you only knew."

"Is it a secret?" asked the boy, slightly awed at his grandmother's tone.

"Everything is, Jerry boy, until you know it—everything worth while," she added.

"But how can a fellow learn those things?" There was genuine interest in the boy's words.

"Some of them don't exactly have to be learned, Jerry," she replied. "For instance, you are naturally sincere. Stick to it and you'll never be tempted to dishonesty or craftiness."

"Oh," exclaimed Jerry quickly, "I know what you mean. It's when a fellow lays down on his job and pretends he's sick so as to go fishing."

Grandma nodded her fine head. "Exactly," she agreed, "that's the way it begins sometimes. Or, he borrows, perhaps, and forgets to pay back—that's another way."

Jerry colored. "Oh, I say, Grandma, I didn't really forget, only I—I—I'll pay it back to-morrow." He hung his head in shame.

Grandma reached over and patted his shoulder. "Good boy," she murmured. "I know you didn't mean to forget. But remember, Jerry, that more men get into trouble through borrowing and not paying back than the world ever knows. It's



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thing in life. It means success and happiness and well-being!"

"I'll begin right now, Grandma," declared Jerry, "by doing those errands that you spoke about last night."

And Grandma smiled happily to herself as she sent him on his way.

He—"Will you have some oysters?"

She—"I don't care."

He—"All right, we won't have any."

A Romp in The Desert

The Bedouins of fiction are usually supernaturally grave fellows, who look out on the world with "unfathomable mystery" in their eyes. Quite a different picture is that drawn by Mr. Norman Duncan in "Going Down from Jerusalem." It was a company of travellers—Christian and otherwise—that had stopped for the night. One member had just performed a simple trick for the entertainment of the others. "A feat!" cried Mustafa. "I, too, will perform a feat!"

They made a ring in the moonlight, and fell silent and watchful, while the old fellow gravely wound his skirt about his middle. An athletic performance, evidently some mighty acrobatic feat over the desert.

"Observe!" said Mustafa.

Attention deepened, and Mustafa, having bowed with much politeness to the company, turned a somersault.

Then restraint broke loose, and all sorts of games were indulged in, to the delight of the Bedouins.

"Ring around-a-rosy"—and the desert fairly groaned from the vigour of the squatting.

"Bull-in-the-Ring" a mad success!

"Crack-the-whip" and the climax of earthly joys was achieved. Altogether a different kind of pilgrimage to holy places than the guide book leads one to anticipate.