

a few cents a rod

could be saved in making every roll of Standard Fence.

A few cents a rod. Figure it on the miles of Standard Fence alone that bound the right-of-way of the C.P.R. It would mean thousands of extra profit to us.

How could we save it?

Well there is the galvanizing. If we skimmed on that nobody would know it.

We could use a lighter wire and still call it a No. 9.

And we don't have to take such care with the weave of Standard Fence.

Not one of these things shows up when you examine a fence in the roll.

Then why do we put so much money into things our customers can't see—things it will take them years to find out about?

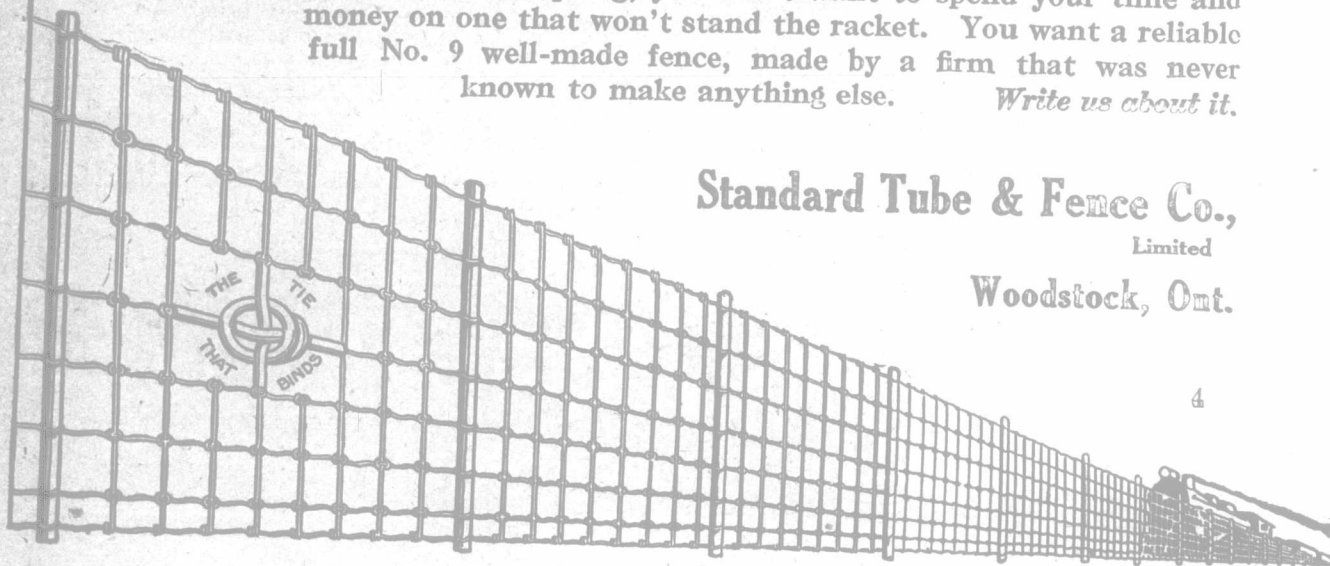
Why?

You must know why.

We want to keep on building up a solid business rather than turn a quick profit.

We want to sell only the kind of fence we can guarantee.

If you build a fence this spring, you don't want to spend your time and money on one that won't stand the racket. You want a reliable full No. 9 well-made fence, made by a firm that was never known to make anything else. *Write us about it.*



STANDARD FENCE

failed all along in—what I should have been to her."

"But no, Barry," I said. "You've been—wonderful."

She would not hear of that. "I've helped with the work," she said, "but I owed that for my living and the freedom she gave me. It isn't that, Alan—Alan, my mother never loved me much. Perhaps I've been to blame."

"Surely she loved you," I argued. "Some people don't show their feelings," you know. She may have been one of them."

Barry withdrew her hand, and in the darkness I saw her bring her knees up and clasp her hands about them in the pensive attitude that I knew.

"She did not love me much," she repeated sadly. "She did well by me. She gave me clothes, and taught me to read, and to speak in the language of the—educated. My mother was an educated woman, Alan. I never could understand."

She hesitated, and I knew that her thought was mine.

"But your father"—I began.

"Yes, my father, too," she said. Yet I cannot understand. My mother never told me the story of their lives. I know nothing. To-night I feel like a little leaf blown out on a big grey sky with no anchorage anywhere.—If I knew anything of my mother's people—anything. But I do not."

"If you asked Mr. Deveril?" I suggested.

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SARAH CUMMINGS
13 Elwood Bldg. Rochester, N.Y.

When writing advertisers will you kindly mention The Farmer's Advocate.

"He knows no more than I," she said, quickly. "He does not care."

Again she sat silent for a long time, and the cricket chirped.

"This morning," she began, presently. "I took the key to lock the drawers of mother's bureau. One never knows, you know, what may happen when the house is open. Not that anyone would steal—but there might be meddlers. I can't tell you why I did it, but I drew open one of the drawers. There was a little packet there, with my name written upon it. I have it here, Alan, hidden. If you will get a lantern I'll show it to you."

"You wish me to see it?" I asked, to make sure.

"I wish you to see it."

And so I hurried to the stables and came back with a lantern, being careful to keep the tin side turned towards the tavern, so that no one might see and follow.

Barry arose as the light of it flashed upon her. "Come," she said, and I followed her into the thick of the trees.

At the end of a hollow log she sat down, and drew from it the little parcel bound in yellowed paper. So I sat down beside her and turned the light so that it would fall on her small brown hands.

Untying the string she thrust the parcel before me. I drew back the cover and there lay before me two tiny moccasins, beaded, such as Indian children wear. I took them up and turned them over and over, but there was neither word nor mark.

"Evidently my mother, in her younger days, had my liking for the Indians," said Barry, smiling a little, and taking them from me. "I wonder if ever I wore those," she went on. "Perhaps they left me my Indian moods."

"Now look at this," and she drew from the paper something wrapped in birch-bark, which she unfolded. I raised the lantern to see, and perceived the silhouette of a man's head and face, mapped in solid black on a little sheet of birch-bark—a fine head, with clear-cut features and hair that seemed to wave backward from a broad, high brow.

"There is no name," she said, "not a syllable. I wonder who he was? Some relative, surely, or this would not have been placed in a parcel addressed to me."

"Evidently," I said. "Keep this, Barry. Some day there may be a clue."

There was more talk, she going back to her fears that she had not been a more loving daughter else she had been more loved. "There always was a distance between us," she said. "Yet she was kind to me—very kind to me. The fault has been mine."

And then she began to brush away the tears that fell, and so we sat for a long time, and after a little I told her all of The Schoolmaster's sermon, to which she listened with interest, seeming to gain some comfort.

"Come," she said, afterwards. "I must go in. There'll be the wake, but I'm going to bed. There will be things to do to-morrow."

At the door we said good-bye. Old Meg there meeting her, and then I slipped away in the darkness and through the woods home.

Ever since I have been planning how I can take care of her if she will come to me. Soon I must ask her, for I cannot long bear this waiting.

(To be continued.)

The Dollar Chain

For maimed and blind Canadian soldiers.

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