



**Cleans  
Bath  
Tubs**

**with  
Half  
the  
Rubs**



**A TURN OF THE ROAD.**

(Continued from Page 460.)

"Darling," she said, "I can only say this out of my own experience. I have lately begun to pray to God as to a Person, and each time I pray I am more convinced that He is there, and that He hears. If He hears, I think He must act in some way, and I am sure—the New Testament tells us this—that He is both strong and loving. And as He is our Creator, I feel sure, too, that He must keep a hand as it were on the helm of the lives of each of us. I don't think He could push us off into space and just leave us to get to our haven safe if we can. And yet I don't know *how* He lets our prayers affect other people. The mystery of personality is so deep. Marjory dear, it is all new to me, and I think I have more conviction than creed in my religion. It was the Bishop and Mrs. Campbell who taught me to look to God as a Person, and not only as the Essence of Goodness."

Mrs. Lane was talking rather to herself than to Marjory, but Marjory caught the drift of her words.

"Then you mean that you think we may help Gilbert by praying for him, but you don't just know *how* we help him. I can understand that all right. I don't see why we should expect to understand God's way of doing things, unless our minds are as big as His. I've said my prayers ever since I was a kiddy, but I think I shall try *praying* for a change."

Gilbert's voice closed the conversation—the boys had just returned from the farm.

"Mother, do come down here. Colonel James is moaning in such an odd way, and he doesn't seem to know us."

Mrs. Lane ran hastily downstairs. One glance at the invalid decided her to send instantly for Dr. Graham. What an irony of fate that Gilbert

should be the messenger to summon him!

After much unsuccessful telephoning, they at last ascertained that the doctor was at an outlying farm, but was expected back shortly—would come to Otter Lake at once. Mrs. Lane racked her brains to think of alleviations for the pain, which had evidently thrown the Colonel into a high fever. She tried fomentations and cold compresses, but the inflammation seemed to increase as the minutes dragged by before the doctor could come.

When Dr. Graham arrived, some three hours later, he looked very grave.

"Acute blood-poisoning," he said laconically to Mrs. Lane; "not a nurse to be had anywhere near. All sent for this morning for a mine accident near the Crow's Nest. Only one sister left in the hospital with a makeshift to help her."

"Is he dangerously ill?" asked Mrs. Lane.

"Well, the fever's pretty high, and he's not a particularly good subject, I should suppose; but he's not dying yet. Only he must be nursed carefully. Can you do it?"

"I will try to carry out your instructions."

"Well, I must send back to Albertville for some things I want, and then, I think, I had better stay here tonight. There are no serious cases in the hospital and I don't much like the look of that foot, and I want to see if my stuff will help it any. Is there any sort of a rig which could go over to Albertville?"

Gilbert at once volunteered to find Jack and tell him to be ready as soon as possible. He came back quickly, looking much elated. Jack could not go, and had suggested that Gilbert should drive over to town himself.

Dr. Graham accepted this as a matter of course, and Mrs. Lane did not like to object, although she knew Gilbert's experience of horsemanship to be of the slightest. With the superb self-confidence of youth, he had no misgivings as to his own powers.

Dr. Graham went to the telephone, coerced a somewhat erratic operator into attention to his demands, and then dictated to the sister in charge of the hospital a couple of prescriptions and a list of articles he required. Then he went back to the sickroom where Margaret Lane was sitting by the bedside watching her new friend in his struggle for life.

She could not but admire the skill and resource of the young doctor. He seemed absorbed in the one desire to relieve his patient, and unwearied in his efforts to find some palliative for the burning fever. It seemed hard to believe that this skilful, unselfish doctor was the man whose evil influence seemed to be blighting Gilbert's naturally sunny open nature.

As she sat by the bed, miserably conscious of her own uselessness, Margaret Lane wondered how she could win Gilbert's confidence, and whether she dared try to expostulate with Dr. Graham. All her life she had had a man between herself and the hard things of life—first her father and then her husband—now she must face her own difficulties single handed.

But she soon found she had little time for thought. For three days she and Dr. Graham fought for the sick man's life—now with the raging fever, now with even more alarming symptoms of exhaustion and collapse. Those days afterwards seemed to her like a nightmare—her brain was asleep to everything but the conflict for life. At the end of the time, Colonel James was pronounced to be mending, though needing the most careful nursing, and Dr. Graham left at five minutes' notice in obedience to a peremptory summons by telephone.

When he was gone, Mrs. Lane realized that she had not spoken to him about Gilbert. She also realized that it was hard for her now to believe

that Dr. Graham was intentionally leading the boy astray.

It was many weeks before Colonel James could take up again the management of Otter Farm, and meanwhile David was "boss." To his mother's delight, the sudden responsibility developed in turn a hitherto unsuspected business capacity. Although perforce compelled to rely on Jack (who fortunately was both capable and honest) for advice as to the working of the farm, yet the lad formed and expressed his own opinion with a firm though modest dignity, and his mother hoped he would in time win the respect of the hired men on the great estate. So far, Colonel James' illness was an "ill wind" which had, to David at least, blown a certain amount of good.

But so far as his relations with Gilbert were concerned, nothing could have been more unlucky than the necessity that David should "boss" the farm. Gilbert's position was of course somewhat ambiguous; he was neither master nor man, and he took little pains to conceal his contempt when David occasionally before the men showed a very excusable ignorance of some of the farm processes. David never revealed to his mother the attitude which Gilbert adopted in those days of the Colonel's tedious convalescence, but she and Marjory saw enough to guess a good deal more; and at last Mrs. Lane determined to remonstrate with the younger boy.

She chose a Sunday evening, after service in the little union church where Presbyterians and Anglicans held service alternately. Their homeward road led near a low hill crowned with firs, whence a glimpse of snow-capped Mount Philip was visible. It was a spot which had become almost sacred to her during her stay at Otter Lake, for she used it as a retreat whenever she craved a solitude hardly attainable in the house. David and Marjory had remained at home to take care of the Colonel. Gilbert and his mother were alone.

A Sabbath calm seemed to brood over the valley under the shadow of the sentinel hills. Mrs. Lane felt the time and the place to be favourable to this interview, which she dreaded inexpressibly. With the simple directness which was a part of her nature, she went straight to the point.

"Gilbert, my boy, what makes you so bitter against David?"

She half expected a denial, but Gilbert was more concerned to justify than to deny the charge.

"Well, mother, David's such a prig. I know I'm no saint. I don't pretend to be one, but David thinks I'm a sort of prodigal son. He suspects something wrong in everything I do, and he can see nothing good in my friends. Of course, he's welcome to think this if he likes, but you can't expect me to be very friendly. And now he's so beastly 'bossy' while Colonel James has been ill. I don't see why he and Jack should settle everything and order me about like a farm hand. I know a lot more about horses, and the whole thing here than David does, and yet he lords it over me because he happens to be two or three years older. I don't mind your ordering me about—you've a right to do it, but I won't stand it from David. I owe him nothing, and I'm just as able to run this business as he is; I don't see why he shouldn't consult me a bit. I'm glad you've spoken to me, mother. I did not like to say anything while Colonel James was so ill, but I want you to know that I'm not going to stand it much longer."

The boy stopped and waited for his mother to take up the cudgels for David. But Mrs. Lane felt convinced that she had not probed deep enough yet; she felt that Gilbert had detailed symptoms rather than causes of his conduct, and she asked another question.

(To be continued.)



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