

of boy go further?. So it was not surprising that they wore their hats so far back, swung their bare feet and handled their fishing poles with an air of confidence and general mastery of the universe.

"Say, Jim, it's a great day, isn't it?" said the smaller of the two.

"You just bet," answered Jim. "Fish'll surely bite to-day. Pshaw, believe that worm's no good."

With that he swung in his line, dexterously catching it near the hook, and carefully laid down his long pole, Removing the bait, whose seductions had proved ineffective with the wary fish, he took up a small tin can from its snug resting place among the stones of the pier and selected another worm, longer and fatter. Then with the callousness of what we are pleased to call the *tender* age of boyhood, he proceeded to affix the wriggling creature on his hook.

"There's Father and Tom Grogan. Look! I wonder what they're going to do."

Jim looked where Mac's finger was pointing, and in the only clear space on the shore opposite saw two men who had just emerged from the wood. They turned down from the path towards the water but stopped where the bank fell away almost perpendicularly to the water's edge.

"It's those logs along the shore they're after," said Jim, confidently.

And he had guessed rightly. For with his quick, decisive movements, Mr. Graham, Mac's father and the owner of the mill, was pointing out to his companion some logs scattered along the shore, evidently left high and dry by the receding floods of spring. Tom Grogan lowered his handspike from his shoulder, straight-

ened somewhat his slouching figure and proceeded to scramble down the bank. Mr. Graham still stood watching him as he went along a few yards to the first group of logs and began his work. His slouching gait, his heavy face and dull eyes, the almost patient droop of his whole figure showing acceptance of circumstances with no understanding of them; much less any attempt to control them; all these Mr. Graham noted, as well as the strong, sure, if somewhat slow, strokes which buried the iron point of the handspike in the log; the skilful turn of the wrist which imbedded the iron hook attached about a foot above the point, and the strong push which never failed to dislodge the log and send it rolling into the water.

"If Tom were not so stupid, what a good man he would be," he thought, "but," half smiling to himself, "nothing less than a sledge-hammer could get anything into his head."

"There are those youngsters fishing on the pier," as he caught sight of two straw hats waved frantically in his direction. "And perfectly happy, too, as who wouldn't be on a morning like this." He returned the salute of the boys gaily enough, then stood for a moment meditatively in quiet enjoyment of the beauty of water and wood and sunshine. Then with a wave of the hand he turned back to the path and was soon lost to sight on his way to the mill, his mind already occupied with the thousand and one details of his extensive business.

The little boys fished on, enjoying perhaps unconsciously, the golden sparkle of the water with its magic shadows, the many-shaded and ever-changing green of the woods sway-