

the middle of the track, waving his arms to be quite sure there was no danger of its tearing through, and carrying Gavin on to Algonquin.

The roaring monster stopped with a grumbling of brakes and an impatient hissing of steam, with Gavin's car right in front of the waiting crowd. All eyes were turned upon the two khaki-clad figures. The young officer was in the background, the kilted figure was on the step. Gavin was leaning far out, his eager eyes sweeping the crowd. He looked very tall and very, very thin, with a red spot burning on either sunken cheek, but his eyes were bright and he stood up very straight and looked a gallant figure for all he held a heavy stick in his one hand, and his poor empty sleeve was tucked into his pocket.

And at the sight of him Auntie Elspie gave a cry, and before any of the committee could get near him, Gavin had fairly fallen off the car platform, and at the same moment the three Aunties had tumbled from the car where they were supposed to sit decorously, and the four were in each other's arms, and the Grant Girls were crying over their battered hero, as they had not cried even when they heard he was lying dead on the battlefield of France. And Gavin, half-laughing, half-crying, himself, was trying to gather the three of them into his one poor arm which was needed so badly for his supporting stick!

And all Orchard Glen stood and looked on in dead silence, with a lump in every throat and a mist in every eye, and everybody forgot entirely that there was such a thing as a programme to be followed.

Finally, Mr. Sinclair and Dr. McGarry led the Aunties back to the car and as Gavin climbed in he cried out, "Oh, Auntie Flora, I'm really home. I smell the garden." And the Aunties took to crying harder than ever.

Then all the mothers, who were weeping in sympathy, came and hugged and kissed him, and shed tears over