



OPINIONS shape ideals and it is ideals that inspire conduct.—John Morley

## When the Whippoorwill Calls

(From O.A.C. Review)

By ROY L. VINING

"NENA, I've loved you ever since as she packed his trunk. He was the first I knew you. I can't even young. Youth knows no barriers. without you. Won't you—?" Life had many lessons to teach him. "You don't love me Jamie," she argued, "It's no use, mother." He argued, "I'm going to make good in the city. When you go away you'll meet some other girl and forget all about me." He couldn't get on. He's always finding "No Nena, never," he protested, something wrong. When I'm rich you "To-morrow I'm going away for a long time. Won't you say you'll let me work for you and for the home we have some day?"

The September moon peeped over the tree tops and stepped hill and dale in a melon light. Weird shadows lay across the white roadway. A wandering breeze toyed with the leaves. Farmhouses where the occupants also had slept made darker shadows here and there. A single light burned in a distant window like a watchful eye. A dog barked. Then all was quiet.

"Won't you say 'yes' Nena?" Still she demurred. "I do not know you yet, Jamie. How can I know that I love you? And besides, I couldn't marry a farmer."

The well-groomed driver pranced gingerly along. His sleek coat shone in the light. His alert ears were intent on the roadway and bushes, but turned back inquiringly when the low voices reached him.

"But I love you. How often must I tell you before you will believe?" She smiled. "Oh, a thousand times," she said, "perhaps two thousand." "Won't you make me happy to-night, Nena?" Won't you say the word that will make the long days bright when I'm away from you, Sweetheart? Won't you say "I can't to-night, Jamie; not to-night."

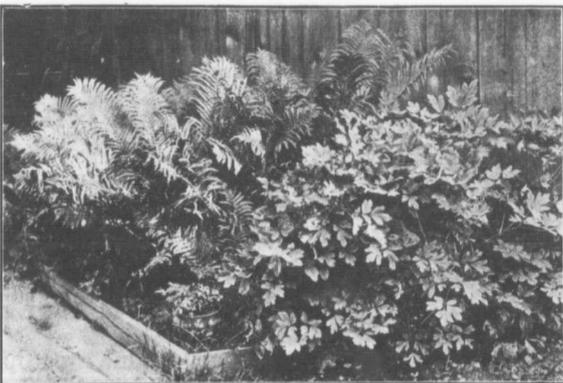
The moon climbed higher. A pull on the reins quickened the walk to a trot. The rubber tires spun noiselessly over the smooth roadway.

### CHAPTER II.

It is the old story. The wise man has said there is nothing new under the sun. Lovers have often parted thus; the youth pleading his love, the maid half-consenting, yet unwilling to surrender.

Jamie McIntyre was going out into the world, as many youths have gone from Ontario farms. The call of the city was in his blood. Roy dreams of the future filled his brain.

It did not matter that an ageing father would be left alone to manage the farm. It did not matter that real friends had counselled him to stay. It did not matter that his mother wept



Beautiful Effects May be Secured by the Use of Ferns in Shaded Corners

In this fern bed there are bleeding hearts, umbrellas ferns and iris. There is hardly a home that has not some corner around it that could be made beautiful with ferns such as these, grown by Mr. J. W. Harper, Centerville, Co., Ont.

will come to live in town with me and leave the old farm." His mother sighed. Always when she spoke of his staying at home he urged this excuse and pleaded this inducement. He never talked with his mother after the day when he had broken the news: "I'm going to work in the city this fall, dad. I'm tired of the farm."

The old man had not urged him to stay. Like all his kind, the most independent people in the world, he would not do this. He had seen the day coming for a long time. He had watched the growing discontent, and indifference to the interests of the farm, ever since Nena Clarke had come to teach in the corner school house.

She was a city girl. She did not understand the ways of the country. She did not sympathise with the life of country people. But she had won Jamie's love. She had sown the seed of discontent in his heart, had taught him to long for city life, as she had taught the school children to read and write.

no had visited at her home during the holidays. Now she was back to school next year in the school. And she was now leaving the farm.

### III.

Moments passed. He had begun to learn the seasons. What long ago seemed a city fair, he saw a grim taskmaster, chasing long hours of toil from those who served. There had been a little freedom. He was a stranger and city hospitality was not nice and money was scarce he had known in the country.

From the window of his room, he looked out over the street, one evening more than two years later. The dirt snow flakes were in the air. Delivery wagons passed, splashed with frozen mud. Electric lights twinkled here and there. The cold gray darkness of the November night came down like a pall.

Two letters lay upon his table. He turned and picked up one. The address was in the old-fashioned hand he knew so well.

"Makes me wish I were home to-night," he mused, as he read it again. "I'm lonesome. Home-sick, I guess. But never mind. I'm going home at Christmas. This city life isn't what it seemed a couple of years ago. Those restaurant meals aren't like mother's used to be."

books sat around to grow clearer, like the holidays. Now she was back to school. As soon as the staining stove and the ceiling were done, she saw the table with its smooth cover and the same old lamp that had gone service as long as he could remember.

He remembered the young stock by the window. It seemed to him to have been so long. It was all as if it used to be. He turned to the other letter. Nena and he had drifted apart after he had gone to the city. This was her first letter in many weeks. He had often wondered why she did not write. Her letter brought the answer. She had been very busy with the school work. He wondered at all she had written.

"I believe she's becoming a farm enthusiast. What's all this about a school fair? Her school has won the township prize for the best exhibit. Her school garden is the best in the county, so the inspector says. I should worry."

He read on. Farm life was very interesting. There had not been a dull time all summer. She had spent part of her holiday visiting in the section. She had helped the children with their gardens. She had enjoyed the work so much and the children had been so interested.

She just liked the lambs and colts, and calves, and little pigs, the chickens and the ducks, and the big-kind-eyed cows. The fields had been so green in spring. They had been golden at harvest. Now they were freshly plowed and brown and ridgy.

The leaves had fallen from the trees. She and the children had just come in from their nature study traps. They had played "Babes in the Wood" and "Hide and Go-Seek." They had gathered chestnuts and chased the squirrels. They knew most of the trees by name, and had studied the habits of the birds all summer.

She had been telling her father about the farm. She had advised him to buy some land a few miles out of the city and get started right with some chickens and bees and an orchard. She knew it would pay. He had never been strong. Farm life was just what he needed, and she thought he would come. Her mother was willing.

A smile slowly broke over Jamie's face, and the gloom that had been gathering for weeks scattered in the sunshine of it. "Guess I know why she didn't write. It's so long since she's seen me. I see there's get back to the land too. It was a mistake ever leaving."

He remembered the details of a drive one September evening more than two years ago. His face grew serious again. He had been wonderfully earnest that night, when Nena had said: "And besides, I couldn't marry a farmer." He recalled the words perfectly. Now he smiled. "Bunny," he mused, "but dad always said you could never know what a woman might do next."

### IV.

"We'll sell the cows in the spring. mother. We can't do the work any longer. It won't be as good for the farm, but what's the use. Someone else will own it before long anyway." "I'm sorry to see it go, father. We've lived here all these years. But Jamie's gone, and I suppose we can't keep it much longer."

"The boy could have had a good home here he'd stay here. Now, I can't pose some stranger will have these splendid acres. We've spent the best of our lives clearing them. And

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