

minie, hoo far, d'ye  
an eighth of a mile,"  
ter.  
wis twal thousan'  
That was be?—"  
ndred miles," replied

or a minute. "It's  
he said. "A lot o'  
in't, specially them  
Ah doot, cud squeeze  
din' wis over-muckle.  
t's the same as the  
h o't?"  
replied The School-

t o' square ilka way,  
e tea comes in."  
nodded, his lips  
to keep a straight

g pause, as he strode  
when he turned to us,  
eye.  
e said, "at the puir  
co' keen tae get oot  
tae be constructed

master could get in  
ur laughing. "But  
e hundred and forty  
aid.

ang d'ye say is a

ys as long as from a  
end of his middle  
Schoolmaster.

extended his great  
leeve, and calculated,

an' forty-fower o'  
presently, "Hoots  
d be ower that an'  
Jock Robinson!"

the Master standing  
he road and bending  
ter over this sally,  
ere good seconds to  
looked on with a

ow, Jock," remarked  
en he could get his  
not an authority  
ments. . Then he

went on, "that all  
ty is figurative. It's  
Don't you think  
ng and as high also,  
t it's a sort of four-  
d fair and square,  
everybody?"

The Schoolmaster  
moment, his bushy  
the light of under-  
blue eyes.

it!" he exclaimed.

went on The School

"It seem natural  
people who've left  
come back to see  
they wish. Where  
w, nor what spirit-

I believe they'll  
yond what these  
look up at the

ome day, we shall  
another with less  
kes to go up to the

be great things  
and I guess doing  
will give us a good

on every word, as,  
I also.

inkin', he queried,  
nglin' on wee harp-

the heels of our  
ve the Master a  
eep from smiling,  
was quite serious,  
ol of himself.

aid, "that there'll  
rk for everyone—  
est, you know."

e trampin' about  
's like tae mak'  
ed Jock.

twitched, while  
cretion, dropped

plied he, "that  
grass, and flowers,  
nd sunrises and

burnie wimplin'

"An, sweeps o' heather ower the braes?"

"Why not?"

Red Jock turned to The Schoolmaster  
right about. "Noo, ye'll no be thinkin'  
there might be a bit smiddie at the edge  
o' the bush, gin ye wanted it?" he asked.

The Schoolmaster nodded, smiling.  
"An bit nags tae come trottin' in,  
whinnerin' at ane anither, wi' their  
feet tae be 'tended till?"

"If the smithy was there there'd need  
to be the horses, Jock. I've never just  
seen why animals that people have loved  
should not persist, too. My little dog  
Blazer could give lessons in honor and  
fidelity to a good many people."

Jock strode on again, looking straight  
ahead, thinking.

Then presently he brought his big  
hand down with a thud on the side of his  
breeches.

"It's a braw conception o't," he said.  
"Accordin' tae that I'd think na mair  
o' deen' than o' gaein' across tae Tam  
Tamson's slashin' bee!"

"No," returned The Schoolmaster.  
"Death must be a natural thing, after all,  
Jock."

"An' no a curse at a' as we've been  
telled."

"Perhaps an open door, rather. The  
good God is a God of Love, so it is said,  
in plain words. There can be nothing  
figurative about that."

Again Red Jock strode on, leading  
us, and presently, to keep him thinking,  
the Master asked.

"What do you think about hell, Jock?"

Jock rubbed his chin. Then he parried  
the question adroitly.

"Ye'll be dootin'," he queried, glancing  
sidewise at The Master, "at hell 's  
maybe no sae het as they mak' oot?"

The Schoolmaster laughed.

"I'm afraid the thought of hell isn't  
bothering me as much as some think  
it should," he said. "I'm too busy trying  
to walk straight, as I see it, to have much  
time left to think of the punishment if I  
don't."

"But the—the hell-fire an' brimstone  
business," persisted Jock, "it'll be what  
ye dub figgerative talk too?"

"As I see it, just that," said The  
Schoolmaster.

Jock nodded with decision.

"Ah've mony a time thoct o't when  
Ah've been blawin' at the forge," he  
went on, "an' Ah've figgered oot 'at  
the fire maun be cooler than the meenisters  
say, or else 'at the puir spirit-buddies  
maun be no sae sensitive. . Noo, ye'll  
be meanin', Ah doot, 'at thae rampin' an'  
roarin' fires is juist fires o' tribulation."

The Schoolmaster glanced at him, a  
bit surprised, I thought.

"Aye, Jock.—And of purification, above  
all things."

"Noo, ye've said it," exclaimed Jock.  
"Why cudna Ah hae worrit that oot fer  
masel?—Why, Ah've cast a bit airm  
intil the fire covered wi' mud an' grime,  
an' it's cam oot clean as a whistle."

Ye'll be sayin' it's that way wi' oorsels,  
only the fires 'll be in oor ain herts juist,  
an' no burnin' aff oor bit fingers an' tae's,  
an' scorchin' aff the hairs o' oor scalpies."

—Whereupon The Schoolmaster gave  
him a great approving slap on the back.

"You've strayed 'far frae the auld kirk,  
Ah doot," Jock," he laughed.

But at that Jock bristled. "No sae far as  
some o' them thoct," he said. "For Ah  
doot we're a' strivin' tae gang the ane  
road, an' it 's only oor bit nags 'at 's  
different."

\* \* \* \*

Every word of this conversation came  
back to me now (although I fear I have  
made poor hand at writing down the brogue  
of Red Jock) as I walked towards the very  
presence of Death,—and especially did  
The Schoolmaster's little sermon come to  
me, I wondering much about Mrs.  
Deveril, and looking up to the few stars  
twinkling above the tree-tops.

Something, also, did I wonder about  
the history of the woman, of which never  
a word had been spoken to anyone in the  
Settlement, to my knowledge. Reticent  
and cynical, she had gone her own way,  
and now she had slipped off into the  
Unknown, with sealed lips.

In the little that I myself had seen  
of her, she had appeared a woman of  
some education, who had bequeathed  
to Barry the tongue which she spoke,  
and yet I had tried to close my eyes to  
some little commonnesses in her that  
put her out of the same standing as  
my mother. To my Journal I may  
confess that I had never liked Mrs.  
Deveril, nor quite forgiven her for marry-

ing old Nick. . And yet Barry had  
been the outcome of that union.

\* \* \* \*

Coming out from the wood I could  
see lanterns twinkling about the tavern  
yard, and when I reached the door saw  
the place filled with people. But my  
heart was softer now, and I knew that  
the most of them had come in kindness of  
heart. For in this bush country, after  
all, we stand shoulder to shoulder.

There was quiet talking, but no rough-  
ness anywhere, although there were  
men on the benches outside and in groups  
about the yard. Looking among the  
women in the house I could not discover  
Barry, but Mistress Jones came to me.

"Would ye like to see the corp?" she  
asked, but I shook my head and asked  
for Barry.

"She's disappeared," she whispered,  
"clean an' clever,—never a sight of  
her since six o'clock.—An' everybody  
askin' how she's takin' it, too! But  
Nick's in there with Big Bill an' some  
'em. He thought mebbe the bar ought  
to be open, free-handed like, but I put  
my foot on that. 'Never a drop,' said  
I, 'but mebbe a wee jug onst an hour or  
so. Throw that bar open, Nick Deveril,'  
sez I, 'an' you know what 'll happen.  
It 'ud be a disgrace,' sez I, 'An' no  
meanness in you not to let it, either.  
This isn't no loggin', this isn't.'"

With that I saw someone beckoning  
to me from the back door, and when  
I reached her I was surprised to find  
Old Meg, whom I did not know for  
the reason that her head was uncovered,  
and her shawl and stick lacking. Not  
so old did she look at all, for her hair  
is quite black and wavy, when one can  
see it, and her eyes good enough, keen  
and dark and maybe a bit solemn.

When she spoke, too, there was a  
different quality in her tone that made  
me look sharply; yes, truly enough it  
was Old Meg, with the brown skin and  
sharp features, who weaves homespun for  
her neighbors but has little else to do with  
them, and goes hobbling about our roads  
with her stick.

For a moment the impression came to  
me that the stick and the big bonnet and  
shawl must be some sort of disguise, then  
I remembered that all our elderly women  
wear the bonnet and shawl, and I noticed  
that she really limped a little as she  
walked.

"Come out," she whispered, "I'll  
take you to Barry. You don't want  
to see the 'corp', as Sally Jones calls  
it."

There was something in the flippancy  
with which she spoke that made me  
shudder, and yet I perceived that what  
levity there was was directed only against  
Mistress Jones.

I followed her out across the back-  
yard and down a little path that led to  
the beginning of the trees, she keeping  
ahead of me, like something of thicker  
darkness than the night and saying  
never a word at all.

Where the trees began again, she  
stopped and called gently.

"Barry! Bar-ry!"

There was a rustling among the grass  
quite near us, and Barry stood up.

"What is it, Meg?" she asked. "Do—  
do they want me?"

"Never a want, my dear," said Meg,  
"and if they did I'm the last one to tell  
them where to find you.—It's just a young  
gentleman here, that you'll maybe like  
to see."

Then I spoke to my girl, and she came  
to me very quickly and put her two hands  
in mine. So we stood, and when we  
turned about again Meg was nowhere to  
be seen.

"It was good of you to come, Alan,"  
said Barry. "Sit down here. I—I don't  
want to go where there are—people."

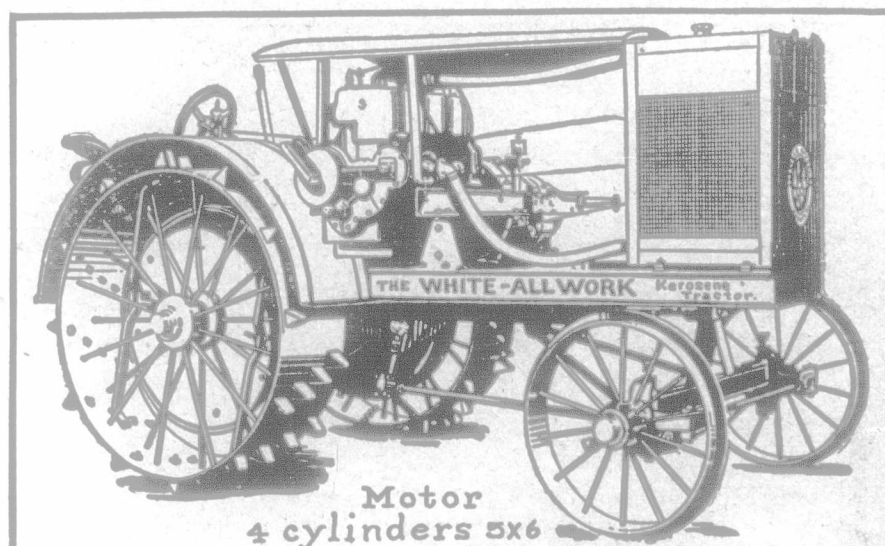
We sat down on the dry brown grass,  
and I did not know what to say at all.

In the interval a cricket chirped and  
chirped, and a wagon rattled down the  
road; then Barry broke the long tension.

"It was good of you to come, Alan,"  
she repeated, speaking in a low, hurried  
voice. "I needed someone, but not those  
people in there. They're kind, everyone  
—but—Alan, I think I know now why  
a wild animal goes off by itself when  
it's wounded."

"You've been wounded," I said, closing  
my hand over hers, and she let it remain  
so.

"Over something more than just  
—mother," she said. "I—Alan I've  
been wondering, and wondering if I have



Motor  
4 cylinders 5x6

## High Power—Light Weight

You can put a White-Allwork  
on wet land or use it for  
seeding and harrowing. The  
White-Allwork weighs only  
4800 lbs., yet it has 3000 lbs.  
drawbar pull on high gear, or  
4000 lbs. on low gear. It has  
a 4-cylinder (5 x 6 inches)  
motor, the largest engine on  
any 3-plow tractor. It is com-  
pact, sturdy, and easily han-  
dled—turns inside of 12 feet  
radius. You can use it on  
rolling land and work in close  
to fences.

The engine is set cross-wise on the  
frame, doing away with bevel-gears  
and giving a belt pulley on direct  
line with the crank shaft. All  
gears are self-oiling, and well pro-  
tected from dust.

The White-Allwork is a worthy addi-  
tion to "The First Quality Line."

You know best what a White-  
Allwork will save you.

You know what horse work or other  
tractors are costing. Let us tell  
you what it costs to use the White-  
Allwork on every power job on the  
farm. Then decide for yourself  
whether this practical tractor will  
save you money or not.

Write for full information

The Geo. White & Sons Co., Ltd.,  
Moose Jaw, Sask. LONDON, ONT. Brandon, Man.  
"THE FIRST QUALITY LINE"  
Steam Tractors Threshers Gas Tractors

## The White-Allwork Kerosene Tractor

## A Valuable Book about Barns



MANY a Farmer has told us that he  
first got the right idea about his  
barn requirements from a reading of our  
big Barn Book.

It is full of practical information—and  
explains our method of supplying Barns  
ready to erect—at prices which represent  
a big saving.

We manufacture on a large scale and  
buy our materials in immense quantities  
—that's why we are able to deliver you  
a barn big enough for a 100 acre Farm  
for the low price of \$1813.00.

Write for our Big Barn Book giving full  
particulars about Preston Steel Truss  
Barns. The Book is Free.

The Metal Shingle & Siding  
Company, Limited,

Preston Toronto Montreal  
120 Guelph St. 40 Abell St. 86 De Lorimier Ave.

PRESTON STEEL TRUSS BARN

## Superior Seed Corn

The undersigned desire to announce that they  
have for sale a limited amount of first-class  
Golden Glow and Wisconsin No. 7 seed corn.  
This corn will germinate from 95 to 100 per cent.,  
and was grown on our own seed farm.

Price, \$5.00 per bushel f.o.b. Walkerville.

WALKER SONS, LIMITED, Walkerville, Ontario