

pipes, it mattered not a whit out of which man's tobacco pouch. If Sandy's shoats got a pound or two the better of Jamie's, Jamie only expressed admiration thereat, and Sandy would be "fair gone wi' pride" over Jamie's yearlings.

All this was at the time when my story commences. Before this the ties had been not less strong.

When Elspeth lay at death's door—Sandy, wild with grief and not daring to leave her—James McAlpin walked forty-two miles to Brockville, through snow sometimes to his armpits, for the nearest doctor. His feet were badly frozen, and he had to stay at Brockville for weeks, the doctor, accompanied by two other men, going on to Perth immediately.

Once, when in the shanties up the Madawaska, in a broil with Shiners, a gun aimed by a drunken, half-crazed *habitant* straight at James McAlpin's breast, was caught by Sandy McGregor, who received an ugly wound in his left arm that permanently crippled it.

They had come from Scotland together, proud and fond of their shy, bonny brides, each thinking that, next to his own, his cronie had gotten the pick of the land.

Margaret and Elspeth had dressed each other's babies, had tended them in croup and measles, had cut tiny garments from the same patterns; each had taken to market the other's butter and eggs—when they could not go to town together—and traded them to equal advantage with their own, and to the entire satisfaction of the other.

Neither family had ever known a joy or sorrow that the other did not share.

In the neighborhood, a "Come over to-night,"