

Our Serial Story.

The Forging of the Pikes.  
A Romance Based on the Rebellion of 1837.

Serial rights secured by The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine.

CHAPTER XXXVI.  
The Journey.

October 15th, 1838.

THE letter came about a week after my last writing: "I think I am ready for the journey, Alan, if you can take me on pillows, very slowly, in a waggon. I want to see the Golden Winged Woods before the snow falls."

So it was that I set off with the only spring waggon in the neighborhood, Tom Johnson's.

Indeed the whole settlement was aroused over my going, and everyone wanted to contribute something. Tom provided, besides the waggon and a horse to go with Billy, a little tent that has often stood him in good stead in trips through the forest. My mother had fixed up a feather bed to go under it, and at the last moment Mistress Jones came bustling along with stone jugs "fer her feet", to be filled with hot water in case it should turn cold.—And so I set off very fully equipped.

But when we were about ready to leave the city, Uncle Joe arrived with his family coach, and came more than half of the way home with us, insisting that I ride in the coach with Barry while he followed behind in the waggon.

"It'll be a change for her to move from the one to the other," he explained, "she'll not be so tired."

Thus it was that we travelled off in fine style, with our private physician, and often enough we looked back, to wave a hand to him or call to him, as he followed, sitting very erectly on the seat, with his hat off and the sun shining on his bald head, happy as a robin in April, and smiling at us as he touched Billy and Nell along to keep up with his own more spirited bays in our coach.

"Tear an' ages!" he would exclaim, rattling up as we waited, "How do you expect an old fellow like me to keep up with that gait? I'll warrant you weren't so spry in the courting days."

Before we separated, somewhere past the Half Way House, he let me first build a bed of balsam boughs,—deep, and springy, and odorous—in the bottom of the waggon, and then he arranged the feather bed on that and I put the little tent over it and laid my girl down, propped up with pillows so that she might miss nothing of the scenes for which she had longed, as we passed by.

"It's the darling girl she is!" he said, kissing her roundly on the mouth, "and it's the lucky dog you are, Alan, ye spalpeen! Well, give my love to your mother and father.—Nora and I'll be down New Years sure, if we have to come on snowshoes."

At the Village the Doctor and his wife and daughter—and some of the others, too—came out to bid us welcome, but at the Corners not a soul appeared, except Hank's father, who came bustling out of his store with the glad hand ready.

"Where's everybody?" I asked, somewhat puzzled. "The place seems to be deserted."

"Why they're all off on a picnic," he replied.

But when we had gone up the road a bit, there were they all—all that were left of them. They came out from the trees, and stood in the road, and waved their hands to us.

"Why there are Jimmie and Hannah!" I exclaimed, as we drew nearer.

For there the two dear souls were, smiling from ear to ear; and there were father and mother, and Tom Johnson and his wife, and Mistress Jones and her "toppler," and Dimple, and Ned Burns, and Micky Feeley, and all the other boys and girls, big and little, of the whole neighborhood. . . . At the very last someone sprang out from the undergrowth, and there was Dicky boy himself, proudly beamed upon by his mother, and anxious to have a talk with me so that he could tell me all the "noos."

"How is Meg?" asked Barry, when she could get in a word between the laughing and chaffing.

"Oh, she's fine," volunteered Mistress

Jones. "She's up at the house waitin'. The supper's all spread out o' doors, an' someone had to stay to keep the cat off an' shoo the hens out o' the yard. —We're jist goin' to eat an' run, Barry. We know ye'll be wantin' to rest, darlin', but we couldn't let the day go by without celebratin'. It isn't every day a bride comes to us from furrin' parts. We've been sittin' on pins an' needles fer fear it 'ud rain, but ye'd jist think the weather had been made on purpose."

"And how is it that you're here, Jimmie?" I asked.

"Got a chanst o' buyin' a bit o' land behind the tavern," he explained, "an' we're goin' to turn the tavern into a dwellin' house. Ye see I made good money over'n the States, an' got a start, enough to pay down a payment or two, yes sirree!—No goin' back behind the Block any more fer Hannah!—Now then, boys!" turning away from us and holding up his hand to the others, exactly as I had seen him do many a time at a raising before he began to yell "yo-heave!"

But with that he himself picked up my mother as if she had been a bird, and placed her, laughing heartily, beside Barry, and the lads fell upon the horses and took them out of the waggon, and my father led them off, while the lads fell along on each side of the tongue and behind the waggon, and so pulled and pushed us the rest of the way home, in the midst of such laughing and hallooing as had seldom before been heard along the old road.

I looked at Barry, and she was smiling through tears. "How dear they are! How very dear they are!" she said.

—And so we turned in at the gate, and on to the house where, indeed, was Old Meg standing guard over the tables laid out in gala array in the evening sunshine before the door, with bright autumn leaves festooned about and above them, and great bunches of Michaelmas daisies and purple wild grapes in jars along the centre.

It was a gay and glad scene, but even in the midst of it the sense of a great blank came to me, for Hank was not there, nor The Schoolmaster, nor Red Jock.

As the dusk came on they all left but Dicky, who waited to have a little talk.

When I had come out of the house after seeing that Barry was resting, we sat down on the bench by the door, and Dicky handed me a parcel, neatly tied in brown paper, but it was not to be added to the pile of gifts left on the living-room table, nor to be given to Barry until she was rested.

"It seemed sort o' sad like to give ye afore," he explained, "but The Master told me to give it to ye."

Curiously I tore off the wrapper, and there was a little walnut box such as the prisoners had been in the habit of making and about it had been painted, with The Schoolmaster's own painstaking perfection of lettering, this verse:

"When Lount and Matthews met their doom,

It seemed that Freedom died;  
But not the sword of Death can stay  
The Powers that onward ride.

"For Right shall triumph over Wrong;  
The body, only, dies;  
And they who died ere long shall see  
Their shining goal arise.

—Not very good poetry, perhaps, but filled, to those who could read between the lines, with The Schoolmaster's philosophy of life,—that not one effort for liberty or right, even though apparently defeated, can be lost, and that the soul that struggles shall know and be satisfied.

"He was in the goal when he made it," said Dick, indicating the box. "He got away somehow, an' made a bee-line fer the States. Him an' Hank's together again, thick as bugs in a rug. I seen them often fer a while, an' they were alwus talkin' about gettin' Canada's liberty goin', an' The Schoolmaster was alwus makin' speeches. They sort o' fired me up too fer a while, but I guess I got homesick. There jist didn't seem anythin' worth while but the old swimmin' hole; an' so I cut it an' run, an' here I am."

"Do you think ther'll be a real invasion of Canada, Dick?" I asked.

"The Lord only knows, he replied.

Three days have passed since then, and very gently my mother is nursing



Chiclets Shorten —  
the Rows

WHEN the hoe grows heavy in your hand and the rows seem to meet in the distance, let a Chiclet brighten the day. The candy-coating of refreshing peppermint is "Really Delightful."



The benefits from the regular use of Adams Chiclets are very real—a good digestion, sound teeth, sweet breath. Always have a packet handy. Buy the large dollar box containing twenty packets—no danger of it going stale, because the candy-coating seals in the goodness. Sold everywhere. Five cents for ten Chiclets.

MADE IN CANADA

—an Adams product,  
particularly prepared

ADAMS  
Chiclets  
CANDY COATED GUM

CANADIAN CHEWING GUM CO., LIMITED, TORONTO, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER