

THE NEPHEW FROM SCOTLAND

WHEN Miss Abbie Allen heard from her brother's son in Scotland that he wanted to come to Canada and go into chicken farming, she wrote to him without a day's delay that she would gladly help him, for she was all alone in the world, and would be glad to have someone belonging to her.

Then she began to look for a location and found a lovely spot on the outskirts of the City, where a good little house, though in need of paint, stood on an acre of ground. The woman who owned it was willing to sell at a sacrifice because of the distance from a street-car.

"When I go in to see a picture-show I don't want to walk half a mile to the car," she said.

Miss Abbie, looking at the rolling country that flowed away to the west, rising in the folds of the foothills, which, in turn, were caught up into the mountains all blue and silver in their magical beauty, wondered why anyone who lived in daily contact with such a majestic panorama ever wanted to go to a picture-show; but she kept her enthusiasm to herself and paid over the purchase price from her savings; then proudly placed the deed of her land in her safety deposit-box. Another letter went to her nephew, telling him she would give him a half interest in everything, and advising him to come at once.

Miss Abbie moved into her house and began its reclamation. She papered and painted, washed windows and hung curtains, hired a man to paint the outside and build a new chimney; and soon