THE CANADIAN CHURCHMAN

like most woodsmen, was fully qualified to render "first-aid" to the injured. Indeed, so skilful was his treatment, that Claude appeared at the tea-table, entirely refusing to be considered an invalid, in spite of Martha's gloomy prognostications of an early death from blood-poisoning.

During the meal Mrs. Lane heard in detail the story of the adventure, which Marjory had already given her in outline.

"Wasn't Madge a brick not to come off?" said Gilbert, for once willing to give his sister ungrudging praise. "You should have seen old Kruger scoot down the trail."

"Well, I must confess I had to hold on by his mane," said Marjory modestly. "I'm sure I should have fallen off if I had seen the cougar."

"I'm sure you would never have done anything but what was brave," said Claude in a low voice.

Mrs. Lane glanced at him quickly. She suddenly realized that Marjory was growing up, and that this young man looked upon her as almost a young woman. She had yet to discover that the Canadian schoolgirl of sixteen was in some respects as mature as an English girl three or four years older. To her, Marjory was still the boyish child with whom the lower forms of English high schools are filled; and, in truth, Marjory herself was loth to develop into a "young lady." But unconsciously she grew up a good deal in her ten days at the Rat's Tail, and it was as well that her mother should realize it.

After tea Claude was obliged to admit that the wound was very painful, and as he had some fever about him Mrs. Lane persuaded him to sit with her on the gallery while Sandy and the children went for a final row on the lake. As Sandy ran down the steps of the gallery he called to Claude—

"I wish Doc Graham was here tonight; he'd soon have you right end up, I guess."

"You met Graham on the 'Yukon,' did you not?" asked Claude. "He is an awfully good sort, poor chap."

Mrs. Lane was puzzled, and remained silent.

Claude noticed her embarrassment and went on—

"He's had awful hard luck and he can't get over it as he should. He's wild, I know, but he's got the kindest heart I ever knew."

Mrs. Lane felt it was useless to try to conceal her real opinion of Graham, and said,

"I must admit he did not impress me at all favourably. In fact, he made me very uneasy by his great intimacy with Gilbert and his unreasonable antipathy to David. You must have noticed how little the boys speak to one another; the coldness between them is entirely due to Doctor Graham, and I cannot forgive him for it. As for Martha, she can't hear his name without abusing him."

and the little chap were paupers. And yet that little chap was the only human being Graham ever loved.

"Graham studied medicine at Edinburgh, and they thought him one of the most brilliant medicos they had ever had; he simply swept the board of every prize in sight. Then the little boy developed tubercular trouble in the hip.

"By this time, Graham was of age, and he spent every cent of his income on the little lame boy. Yet all the time the stepmother went on nagging his life out. I believe that was what made Graham take to drink. He couldn't leave home because of the little brother, and that woman's tongue was more than he could stand.

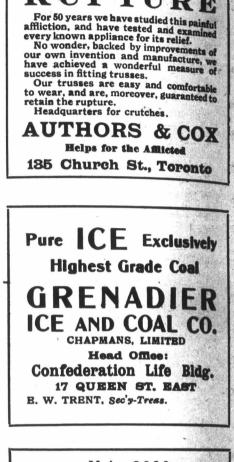
"And one evening he drank more than usual and went up to see the small boy. He meant to give him his medicine, but by an awful mistake, he took up the wrong bottle—and it was a lotion, deadly poison.

"There was an inquest, but no one had seen Graham drunk, and everybody knew that he almost worshipped the little boy, so no blame was attached to him except by the stepmother, who called him 'Cain,' and declared that he was anxious to rid himself of the expense of his brother's illness, and had adopted this means of doing so!

"Of course, Graham had to leave Edinburgh, and I think he always holds himself guilty of murder. The little boy's name was Gilbert; I never thought of it before. Graham came here on his way west, and he told me he had met a boy on the 'Yukon' who reminded him of 'the little chap' as he always calls him. No doubt it was your Gilbert; if he thought David was trying to keep Gilbert from being friendly with him, it would be quite enough to make him hate him, but I should never have thought that he would deliberately try to harm Gilbert. Still, his life is all twisted now, and he takes odd likes and dislikes, poor old chap. We went to school together in the north of England; and we never met since school-days till he happened to come out here for fishing two years ago. Canada's an odd country; one never knows who will turn up at any moment in the most out of the way place. Hallo! Here come the others, it must be getting late."

"Before they come, do let me thank you for your bravery and presence of mind in saving Marjory to-day. You have laid me under an obligation which I can never discharge. Will you remember this, and feel that it would be a great happiness if at any time I could repay even a part of my debt?" Claude raised his hand deprecatingly.

"Really, Mrs. Lane, you have heard a very highly-coloured account of our adventure; Miss Marjory's safety was not due to my presence of mind, but entirely to Kruger's absence of body. Your visit has been an immense pleasure to me; I almost feel as if I have been in the old country."



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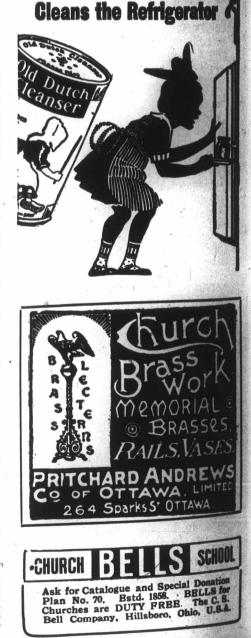
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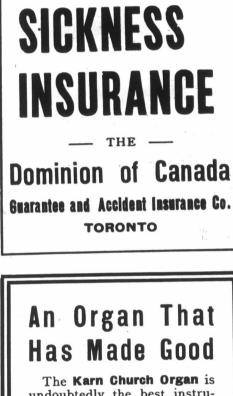
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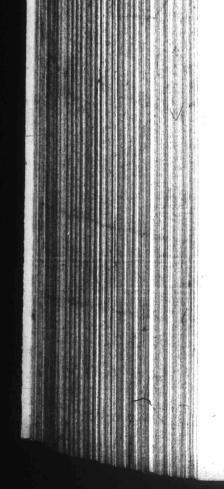
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Claude sat silent for a few minutes, then he said,

"I should like you to know Graham's story; it would help you to understand him. As a child, he was left in England with a baby half-brother in the care of an old aunt, while his father and stepmother were in India. The aunt detested Graham and made his life a burden to him. His parents were gay sort of people, who never troubled about their children. Graham was awfully clever, but just the kind of boy is made bitter by injustice, and the aunt blamed him for everything that went wrong. Then his father died, and the stepmother took the two boys to live with her. It was just the same thing again. She hated Graham because all the money in the family had come from Graham's mother, and of course went to him, while she and the little boy were comparatively poor. Graham could not touch it till he was of age, except to pay for his own edus cation, but his stepmother went on just as if he lived in luxury while she

"Well, then, promise to come to Otter Lake and visit the 'old country' there."

"Thank you," said Claude gravely, "I shall surely come to Otter Lake some day."

And he kept his word, but not just then.

(To be continued).

NOTICES UNDER THE HEADINGS OF BIRTHS, MARRIAGES AND DEATHS 50 CENTS BACH INSERTION.

BIRTH NOTICE

NOBLE—At the Rectory, Norwood, Ont., on June 29th, 1916, to Rev. and Mrs. N. H. Noble, a son.

MARRIAGE NOTICE

MOBBRLY-WRENSHALL-At St. Anne's Church. Toronto, by the Rev. Lawrence Skey, on Wednesday, June 28th. 1916. at 2.30 p m., Edith Maude Wrenshall, daughter of Charles B. Wrenshall, of 15 Rusholme Road. Toronto, to Thomas Edward Moberly, of Osgoode Hall, Barrister-at-Law.

IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION "THE CANADIAN CHURCHMAN."

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