

The Hang Together Boys

By Mabel Burckholder

CHAPTER ONE.

The Hang Together Boys.

THAT guy's lonesome!" The words floated across to Austin Gundy, as he sat waiting to be served in a little restaurant in Cochrane, known as the New York Café.

Austin had just been wondering why the café was so called. Could anything be less like New York than this new railroad town of Northern Ontario? In front of the door ran the main street, lined with some rather modern stores, banks, eating places, and private houses; but this street was soon lost in broken ground, where the bush was half cleared, and a little farther on in the dense, impenetrable northern forest. The railroad was the big thing about Cochrane, all right. It was linked up by the transcontinental with large cities to east, west, and south.

When Austin heard voices across the room, he brought his eyes back from the street to look at the two young fellows who stood with heads together near the door. Lonesome, eh? Did they refer to him? Well, they had his number all right! He was frightfully lonely, but he didn't suppose that he looked it.

The smaller boy was Stubbs. He worked around the New York Café. Austin had spoken to him a couple of times when Stubbs brought his soup. But that wasn't Stubbs' regular job—waiting on the table. He worked at dusting the counter, polishing the brass railing, and "sweeping up."