

Three days later Higgins' child was taken sick. He and his wife nursed it through the night, but in the morning it seemed worse. They called the doctor and after a brief survey he told them it was a severe case of pneumonia.

"You must send to the city for a trained nurse," he said. "It is the only chance."

"What will it cost?" asked Higgins. "I think we can get one for about five dollars a day," replied the doctor. "How long will we need her?" asked Higgins again.

"Perhaps three days. Perhaps a week," answered the doctor. "Shall I send a telegram for you?"

Higgins was slow in answering; he was calculating what the cost would be and what he had with which to meet it. He glanced around the room. There seemed to be nothing that they could sell. His wife's eyes glistening with tears met his.

"Don't send," she said. "I will stay up night and day."

The doctor understood the circumstances. He was extremely careful in giving directions, yet in answer to Higgins' anxious question he told him plainly that the child would have very little chance without the service of a trained nurse.

After the doctor had gone Higgins paced the floor in mental anguish. He had no money to his credit at the bank, and he had only a few shillings in the house; he was not a member of any lodge nor had he friends to whom he could go. The furniture in the house was very meagre, the barest essentials, save a gramophone, which he had bought second-hand for eight dollars. It might bring five or six if he could find a purchaser, but that would only pay the railway expenses of a nurse. A thought struck him; he would raffle it. Perhaps he would get enough to enable him to send for the nurse for two or three days, and by that time there would likely be a change in the condition of the child. To save expenses he made tickets himself.

The next morning he carried the gramophone downtown and got permission to place it in a shop window. Beside it he placed a sign. "This gramophone will be raffled—tickets here, twenty-five cents." The shop-keeper bought a ticket. By noon Higgins had disposed of five others. There was no change in the condition of the child; if anything it seemed to be weaker and more feverish. Higgins went out again in the afternoon. He asked almost everyone he met to buy a ticket, but people did not seem to want the gramophone at any price. He was becoming discouraged.

Captain Weyburn was in town that afternoon. He had seen the sign in the window.

"What's this for?" he asked the store-keeper, and the store-keeper told him that Higgins had put it there to get what he could for it.

Later in the afternoon Higgins saw the Captain in the distance.

"Here at least I will be sure to sell a ticket," he thought to himself, "for I bought one from him."

"Buy a ticket for my gramophone, Captain?" he said approaching him.

"Sorry to refuse you, Higgins, but I don't believe in raffling for anything but patriotic purposes," replied Captain Weyburn and walked away.

Higgins was thoroughly discouraged. He had not the heart to try to sell any more tickets. He went back to his home and told his wife what had happened. He had only sold nine tickets and the gramophone would have to go. He had hoped by that time to have sold fifty, and then as he looked from the fevered face of his child to the tired, anxious face of his wife the man broke down and wept.

"Steady there! Come on now! All the way! Well swept boys. An ounce more weight would have been better, but they haven't got enough rocks left to win anyway." Captain Wey-

burn was on the long score of another curling game.

"Too bad about Higgins, isn't it?" said one of the curlers after the game was over and they had gathered into the clubroom to watch the finish of the game on the other sheet of ice.

"What's the matter with Higgins?" asked Captain Weyburn.

"His child is pretty bad. I guess there is no hope for it pulling through," answered the curler who had first spoken. "The doctor told him the only chance was to get a nurse. Higgins didn't have enough money so he tried to raffle off an old gramophone, but scarcely anyone bought tickets. They say he'll have to let it go for a song."

"Is that so?" said the old veteran of many contests. "He asked me to buy a ticket but I refused. I didn't know his child was sick. I'm going over to see him. Good night, boys."

A few minutes later Captain Weyburn knocked at the door of a little shack. There was a dim light inside but no one answered. He knocked again. Higgins came to the door in his shirt sleeves. The Captain stepped in.

"I'm awfully sorry, Higgins, to hear that your child is sick. I didn't know when you spoke to me this afternoon that anything was wrong. What does the doctor say?"

"He says that there is no hope unless we can get a nurse," replied Higgins, "and I am afraid he's right."

The Captain stepped noiselessly across the room, where he could look into the little bedroom. The mother was lying across the foot of the bed; she had fallen into a heavy sleep, the first since the doctor had been summoned. The little one was restless and breathing heavily. Captain Weyburn looked at his watch. "We've just got time to wire for a nurse and get her here on the midnight train. I'll send for one," he said. "Cheer up, Higgins, I'm awfully sorry I did not know sooner, but I think we may be in time yet."

He went to the station and sent a telegram. The operator had sent many such messages and knew just where to direct them. Within ten minutes he had an answer to say that a nurse would come on the next train. Weyburn phoned to his wife to explain that he would not be home until after the train had arrived.

When the train came in about two hours later he was there to meet it, and he went with the nurse straight to the house.

"I am afraid we did not send for you soon enough," he said to her as they followed the narrow path to Higgins' house. "I feel pretty bad about this case, too. A few days ago I raffled a lamp that I had won at a bonspiel and gave the proceeds to the Patriotic Fund. Higgins bought a ticket. Then when his child took sick he tried to raffle a gramophone to get enough money to send for you. I refused to buy one, because I thought he was just doing it to get some money for himself. I didn't know his child was sick. After all, I guess if it's not right to raffle for one thing it's not right to raffle for another. I hope you will be able to save the child, nurse."

"I'll do all that can be done," replied the nurse, "but I am afraid from what you say that it is likely too late."

When they reached the house the nurse laid aside her coat and went straight to the bed where the little one lay. Mrs. Higgins fell on her knees beside the bed and wept as though her heart would break. Higgins laid his hand upon her head, but he could not speak a word. The nurse bent over the child and listened to its breathing. When she looked up, both Higgins and the Captain knew that there was no hope.

Early in the afternoon of the day following a few people came to the house. The old gramophone was in its place, but on it rested a little white coffin and a wreath of roses.

ROSE ISLAND

By Lilian Leveridge

CHAPTER XXIII.

Gathering Clouds.

"Oh, Gentle-breath goes singing, goes singing through the grass,
And all the flowers know her and love to see her pass.

Oh, all the flowers know her, and well they know the song
That Gentle-breath goes singing, goes singing all day long.

O Gentle-breath! O Gentle-breath!
They do not know you sing of death!"

—Anne Campbell Huesus.

IT was May-time again at Rose Island. A faint perfume of spring flowers was wafted on the soft and balmy air, and in the mellow sunshine the forest buds were bursting into leaf. The little emerald isle presented a very pleasing picture that May noon-day. It was a veritable wild flower garden. Most of the wildings that June and Robin had planted had weathered the gales of winter, and the earliest were now in bloom.

The past few months had brought changes other than the changing seasons. That period of sweet, careless freedom in the wild would henceforth be tenderly cherished as one of the most beautiful of life's memories, but it was never in all its fresh beauty and joyousness to be theirs again.

Robin had become steeped to the lips in a new ambition which had taken Hilda quite by surprise. His views on books and education had radically changed during the last few months and for this the "Fairy Princess" had been chiefly responsible. She had come into his barren, fruitless life and had cast over it the magic glamour of poetry and romance, making its desert blossom as the rose. He had realized that while much of her glowing joyousness was due to her sweet and happy nature, her powers of receiving and giving happiness had been greatly enriched by books. Little by little the truth about books had come home to him. In their several branches they represented the discoveries of the world's wonder. All that men had thought out of the useful, beautiful, good and true had been put in books, that all who would might read and understand. Books were keys to the world's richest treasure stores. But in untaught hands those keys were valueless—education alone could provide the magic power.

So Robin astonished the household one day by declaring his determination to go to school again. Hilda did not object, as there was not enough work on the island to keep him employed; and his father was rather pleased than otherwise.

"If you want book learnin'," he said, "and have got grit enough to stick to the job, I don't know as I've anything agin it. I never got much schoolin' myself, but I could ha' done with some more. But mind, I don't want no foolin'—you're big enough now to be earnin' your salt, and if you don't give a good account o' yourself at school I can easy find you a job in the saw mill."

Robin was in earnest. He had not yet made his choice of a career, but he felt that whether his work lay in a saw mill or behind a desk he must bring to it the wide outlook and the grasp on life's possibilities that education alone could give. So with grim doggedness he had "stuck to the job."

There was no reason either why June should not resume her studies, so she and Robin, and Brownie, who would not be left behind, set out for school together. Miss Cameron greeted them with the warmest of welcomes, and throughout the year buoyed them up to put forth their best endeavours.

At the end of the first week June and Robin joined the class of five pre-

paring for entrance to the high school. Ruth thought that June would be able to get through easily and still have plenty of time to devote to her beloved music, but only by persistent and persevering work could Robin hope to win. Robin's natural intelligence was well up to the average, however. He worked with tireless energy, and was already "making good."

June's beloved music and her flowers monopolized almost too much of her time. She was a model music pupil, and Ruth delighted in her rapid progress; but as the testing time drew near she began to fall seriously behind in mathematics. She had always found arithmetic a weariness, and was often tempted to give less time to it than the subject demanded. Ruth tried to urge her on, and June made repeated but fitful efforts to keep abreast of her class. Yet towards the last her prospects were not too encouraging.

While June and Robin sat beneath the fragrant pines that May-day noon, busy with their studies, the fitful whirr of a saw-mill came to them on the wind across the water. The forest quiet had at last been desecrated. Ever since the autumn Mr. Christie and a gang of men had been working in his timber lots. A camp had been built in the woods, where the men ate and slept. They had taken out many telegraph poles, and now the saw-mill which had been erected was the scene of ceaseless work. The enterprise was turning out successfully, and Dave Christie was well satisfied with his prospects. But the desecrated woods, where the birds were afraid to sing and where the flowers were trampled into the earth, cost June and Robin many a pang of regret. Those dear old woods could never be the same again.

Robin was studying history, and June working a problem in arithmetic—at least, that is what she was supposed to be doing. But June's gaze often wandered away to the woodlands across the water, or the flowers blossoming upon the bank, or to the far-away gap in the hills, or to the blue sky overhead—anywhere but to the closed Arithmetic by her side. Still she seemed to be working fitfully. She wrote a few lines, then lapsed into a dream again. Thus the blank page was by degrees filled up. Robin watching her furtively wondered what she was doing. Her work did not much resemble arithmetic.

"How are you getting along, June?" he asked at length. "Are you stuck? Let me see what's the trouble."

As he spoke he reached out his hand to take her exercise book, but she drew it quickly back with a startled movement, while a self-conscious flush overspread her face. This was something so unusual that for a moment Robin was puzzled. Then the truth suddenly flashed upon him. "June," he said, "I do believe you're writing a poem!"

June blushed more rosily than ever, but did not deny the charge.

"O June, I'd give anything to see it," cried Robin eagerly. "Do let me!" But he had to do a great deal of coaxing before June would give in. At last with extreme diffidence she handed him the book, and this is what he read:—

"Spring Flowers."

"This old world has so much that is lovely—

I'm glad to be living, aren't you?—
God's blossomy greenness around us,
Above us His limitless blue:

"The long days all sunshine and sparkle,
With moonlight to silver the dark,
And glory of dawning and sunset
The morning and evening to mark.

"There's the flowers, a divine revelation,
Each one in its loveliness rare,
Of the glory in Springland abiding,
And the love that encircles us here.

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