

Margaret is shallow-natured enough to marry a man for his money and I don't think that she is weak enough to allow Tom to force her against her will. If she is really going to marry Klein there is something more powerful influencing her. The question is, what is it?"

"It's not love, I'll swear," said Peter, straightening himself, "and as long as it's not that there is hope for me. I accept with pleasure your kind invitation to the sleighing party and shall proceed at once to order a turnout worthy of the occasion."

"Oh," said Mrs. Leverage in dismay, "I forgot, but you'll never get a decent horse and cutter now, they will all be secured a week ago."

"But I've got to get one."

"It's no use trying the liveries. The only thing I can think of is for you to ask Mr. Gordon, the horse-dealer, to let you have a team for the occasion."

"I'll see him at once," said Peter, rising with alacrity. "What about a cutter?"

"You might be able to get one at Mason's carriage shop. They might rent you a second-hand—"

"Second-hand! Thanks. It will be the swellest, newest, handsomest cutter in town or it won't do for your Uncle Peter."

Mrs. Leverage laughed. "I forgot you were rich, Peter."

'And Klein's new paint?"

"I forgot that, too. A second-hand is clearly out of the question."

Rutherford, with the impetus of the game upon him, did not let the grass grow under his feet. His first proceeding was to interview Gordon, the horse-dealer, a canny Scot much given to bargaining. Gordon was polite and sympathetic but could not think of renting any of his horses for the sleighing party.

"If I had a pair of plugs," he said cordially, "I'd let you have them and welcome, but I wouldn't risk my crack team with roads in the condition they're likely to be by Thursday—not for any money."

"Less than the value of the team, of course," said Peter laughing.

"Of course. In that case the risk would be on the other fellow."

"I've heard they are fine horses," said Peter innocently. "What do you expect to get for them?"

"They're the finest pair in the country—too fine for hereabouts. I expect I'll have to export them. I'm asking \$600. Come and look at them."

Peter examined the horses and found that, for a wonder, they had not been overpraised. He was a good judge, though he did not display his knowledge, and after satisfying himself thoroughly as to their value he remarked carelessly:

"I suppose you would take \$550 if you got a cash offer?"

"Yes," said the dealer truthfully, for he had no idea that his guest might be a possible purchaser. "I think I would, for it would mean a fair profit and save the risk of export."

"Come along in, then," said Peter cheerfully. "I'll give you a cheque. I'll leave the pair with you until I return to Montreal—only I'll want to use them Thursday—at my own risk."

It would be hard to say just what Mr. Gordon's real feelings were when, fifteen minutes later, he pocketed his cheque. Never in all his experience as a horse dealer had he seen a bargain concluded in so short a time. He could hardly believe that he had sold his crack team with scarcely a word of bargaining to a young man whom he had never seen—and let them go at his very lowest figure too!

"He certainly did it neatly," he admitted to himself with grudging admiration, "don't suppose he really wanted them for the sleigh-ride at all—he's a sharp one—gad, if I'd only caught on I could easily have put them a hundred higher!—too bad!"

With a smile on his face and a certain satisfaction with his bargain stirring in his heart (a legacy, had he known it, from his shrewd old father)

CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.

THE HEALING OF HENRY

By E. M. YEOMAN

"YIS," said Mr. Sol Beadle, the old coach driver, as we languidly rolled along the shores of Minas Basin towards Truro, "there do be wonderful things in them big cities. My pore old father, God ha' mercy, amen! used to say as I'd live to see things discovered as you'd never believe. But, pore old man, with all his readin' the idee of wireless telegraphy an' all them things never entered into his mind."

Thereupon Mr. Beadle fell into a silent meditation, chewing his tobacco meanwhile, and now and then contemplatively spitting at the flies on the red mare's back.

"What do you think of these here faith cures?" he asked at last. "I read a lot about them in the noospapers, an' they do seem wonderful."

"Sometimes," I said dubiously.

Mr. Beadle meditated nervously for a few moments. "D'ye allow if a man that hadn't much schoolin' bought their books he could cure people of things? For instance, could some pore old man cure his wife of a scoldin' tongue, or could he work on himself so's he wouldn't mind it?"

"I'm afraid not," I replied.

Mr. Beadle was noticeably disappointed. "I s'pose you're right," he said dejectedly. "I s'pose religion was made for the soul, not the body. But I once seen religion cure a man when a doctor couldn't; Henery Fowl, his name was. He's dead now. Pore man! he always eat his dinner hearty."

"And how did religion cure Henry Fowl?" I asked.

"I'm agoin' to tell you," said Mr. Beadle, as he spat at a horse-fly on the red mare's neck, to the utter discomfiture of the busy insect. Then, after he had pointed his whip towards Truro for a moment, he began:

"Ten years ago Henery Fowl an' Jim Job was partners in the fish business in Truro. I knowed them both, an' their fathers afore them. As true as I'm atellin' you, those two pore men used to git up at four o'clock an' go away out into the Basin fishin' in a dory, with a bottle of cold tea an' a piece of bread for their breakfuss, an' after they had fished for a couple of hours they'd take their ketch to Truro an' sell it in wheelbarrows. Henery'd go one way an' Jim the other; and when they'd sold their fish they'd divide the money.

"But one day Henery an' Jim got into a argument about religion an' politics, an' they had a fight, an' never was friends again. Jim he bought a dory of his own, an' they went fishin' alone after that, an' sold their own fish, an' always was enemies in tryin' to git customers to buy from them.

"Every night over to old Ezra Frame's shop both Henery an' Jim used to say that they was makin' more money an' havin' a better time since they had the argument an' fight, an' bust up the partnership. But one day pore Henery was run over by an old ruffian by the name of Flint, that kep' a barber shop; an' pore Henery's leg was hurt. Me an' Flint carried him to his home an' fetched the doctor, an' the doctor said the leg was only bruised, an' would be all right in a week. So pore Henery laid in bed a week, wanderin' how much money Jim was makin' out of his customers.

"At the end of a week Henery got up out of bed an' tried to stand up, but as true as I'm atellin' you, his leg had no feelin' into it, an' it gave way under him, an' wouldn't bear him up. Pore Henery, he swore awful, an' sent for the doctor, but the doctor didn't know what to make of it, an' blinked at the leg as if his eyes was sore, an' felt Henery's pulse, an' looked at his tongue, an' then told the unfortnit man to have patience an' rub his leg with goose-grease. So pore Henery went back to his bed, an' laid there two weeks, spendin' all his money on goose-grease, an' swearin' horrid whenever he heard Jim Job hollerin' fish in the streets. But his leg didn't get no better.

"Now I'm agoin' to tell you about a woman that was in Truro at that time, by the name of Mary Hatch. She fell in love with a young minister who was visitin' in the town, an' took to religion. But he only laughed at her, an' when he went away she took to religion more than ever to drown her sorrows, an' went about tryin' to convert sinners."

"One day when pore Henery was lyin' in bed groanin' the door opened an' Mary Hatch walked in an' stood over him.

"'Wretched man!' says she, 'your sins have brought you low. I have come to rescue you from the dep's of darkness.'

"Pore Henery just looked at her, an' she went on talkin', tellin' him she would save his guilty soul an' lead him to Jerusalem. She set with him three hours readin' the Bible to him an' makin' him repeat the verses after her. Pore Henery, he was so took by surprise he did just what she told him, an' forgot all about his leg while she was there.

"Next day she come again an' sang hymns to the unfortnit man, an' learned him a psalm, till he could say it without missin' a word. An' the nex' day she come again, an' brought a armful of tracks for Henery to read. An' after that she come every afternoon.

"After she'd been comin' for about a week, pore Henery began to lose his temper, an' he spent so much time swearin' at her when she wasn't there that he forgot all about his leg. The worst of it all was that when the pore man heard Jim Job hollerin' fish in the streets he couldn't blaspheme out loud if Mary was there, an' that was hard on the pore man.

"But one day when Mary was readin' the Scriptures, Jim Job, with dirty mean spite into his heart, stood under Henery's window an' told Bill Harper all the customers of Henery's that was buyin' fish from him, an' what a lot of money he was makin'. Pore Henery, he couldn't help hisself, an' he began to blaspheme louder than usual, an' Mary Hatch heard some of his words.

"'What,' says she, leapin' up, 'are you in prayer? Do you feel a new light in your sinful heart? I have saved a lost sheep.'

"Pore Henery was took by surprise again an' he stopped cursin' an' had to listen at her singin' hymns an' readin' joyful like.

"When Mary had gone that night, Henery wep' for a long time, an' felt that he couldn't stand her visits no longer. He used to tell me afterwards that his nerves used to jump all over his body when he wanted to blaspheme an' couldn't 'cause she was there. But after he had wep' that night he got mad an' decided to tell her right out some day soon that he was tired of her visits an' didn't want any more of her foolin'.

"The nex' day Mary come a little earlier than usual an' brought a new armful of tracks for Henery to read. She set down by the pore man an' smiled at him with great affection. 'I have done a great work,' says she. 'I have saved your soul.' Then she started to read to him, an' sometimes pore Henery groaned out loud.

"'Pore man,' says Mary, 'your sins are heavy upon you.' Then she went on readin' pieces to comfort him; but Henery didn't listen to her, an' began to wonder what day he'd tell her he was tired of her.

"While he was thinkin', Jim Job come under his window again an' sung out to Bill Harper that that mornin' he had sold fish to every one of Henery's customers, an' had more money than he could spend.

"When pore Henery heard him he got mad like, an' hollered out awful words at Jim, an' swore horrid at the top of his voice.

"Mary heard him acourse an' dropped her book an' lep' to her feet. 'Wretched man!' she cried, 'do you dare blaspheme? Has my work been in vain?'

"'Yes, it has!' hollered Henery, leapin' out of bed in his anger. 'Out of my room, blast ye!' says he.

"Then, without thinkin' what he was doin', Henery pushed her out of the room, an' she ran downstairs, an' Henery threw the bundle of tracks right through the window.

"But then the wonderfulest thing of all happened, for as true as I'm atellin' you, Henery found that he had been usin' his leg, an' that it was all right again. When he saw that he was cured, he lep' up an' down, an' danced to the top of the stairs; an' Mary Hatch was standin' at the foot of the stairs tryin' to think of somethin' nasty to holler out at him, an' when she seen him she thought he was mad an' she run away.

"But that ain't all. When Henery threw the bundle of tracks out the window they fell onto Jim Job's head an' jerked his neck sideways so's he fell down hollerin' with pain. His neck was hurt in some way an' Bill Harper had to take him home in his wheelbarrow, an' Jim was kep' in bed for two months, an' his neck was so sore he couldn't move. So Henery, acourse, got all his customers back an' all Jim's, an' more'n made up for what he lost. An' one day he apologized to Mary Hatch, when he met her over to the old tannery, an' he set her onto pore Jim, who had to put up with her visits for nearly two months. An' that's how religion cured pore Henery Fowl."

"And an interesting story it is," I said.

"Yis, indeed," said Mr. Beadle. "But it was wonderful unkind to religion."