

Frank's face fairly beamed with delight at this unexpected invitation, and he stood upon his feet to thank his kind friend.

"Oh, Mr. Johnston, I'm so glad! I've never been able to read my Bible or say my prayers right since I came to the shanty—there's always such a noise going on. But I won't mind that in here. It's so good of you to let me come in."

The foreman smiled in his deep, serious way, and then as he relapsed into silence, and took up again the book he had laid down, to spring to Frank's assistance, Frank thought it time to withdraw; and with a respectful "Good-night, sir," which Johnston acknowledged by a nod, returned to the larger room.

The shantymen were evidently awaiting his reappearance with much curiosity; but he went quietly back to his bunk, picked up his Bible, finished the passage in the midst of which he had been interrupted, and, having said his prayers, lay down to sleep without a word to anyone; for no one questioned him, and he felt no disposition to start a discussion by questioning any of the others.

From this time forth he could see clearly that two very different opinions concerning himself prevailed in the shanty. By all the English members of the gang, and some of the French, headed by honest Baptiste, he was looked upon with hearty liking and admiration, as a plucky chap that knew how to take care of himself; by the remainder of the French contingent, with Damase as the ruling spirit, he was regarded as a stuck-up youngster that wanted taking down badly, and who was trying to make himself a special favourite with the foreman, just to advance his own selfish ends. Gladly would Frank have been on friendly terms with all, but this being now impossible, through no fault of his own, he made up his mind to go on his way as quietly as possible, being constantly careful to give no cause of offence to those who, as he well knew, were only too eager to take it.

There were some slight flurries of snow, fragile and short-lived heralds of winter's coming, during the latter part of November, and then December was ushered in by a grand storm, that lasted a whole day, and made glad the hearts of the lumbermen by filling the forest aisles with a deep, soft, spotless carpet, that asked only to be packed smooth and hard, in order to make perfect roads over which to transport the noble logs that had been accumulating upon the "roll-ways" during the past weeks.

A shantymen is never so completely in his element as when the snow lies two feet deep upon the earth's brown breast. An open winter is his bane, Jack Frost his best friend; and there was a perceptible rise in the spirits of the occupants of Camp Kippewa as the mercury sank lower and lower in the tube of the foreman's thermometer. Plenty of snow meant not only easy hauling all winter long, but a full river and "high water" in the spring time, and no difficulty in getting the drive of logs that would represent their winter's work, down the Kippewa to the Grand River beyond. Frank did not entirely share their exultation. The colder it got the more wood had to be chopped, the more food had to be cooked—for the men's appetites showed a marked increase—and furthermore, the task of keeping the water barrels filled became one of serious magnitude. But bracing himself to meet his growing burdens, he toiled away cheerfully, resisting every temptation to grumble, his clear tuneful whistle of the sacred airs in vogue at Calumet making Baptiste, who had a quick ear for music, so familiar with "Rock of Ages," "Abide with Me," "Nearer, my God, to Thee," and other melodies, which have surely strayed down to us from heaven, that unconsciously he took to whistling them himself, much to Frank's amusement and approval.

The days were very much alike. At early dawn, before it was yet light enough to see clearly, Johnston would emerge from his corner, and in stentorian tones, whose meaning was not to be mistaken, shout to the sleeping men scattered along the rows of sloping bunks, "Up with ye, men! Up with ye." And with many a growl and grunt they would, one by one, unroll from their blankets. As their only preparation for bed had been to lay aside their coats and boots or moccasins, the

morning toilet did not consume much time. A dash of cold water as an eye-opener, a tugging on of boots, or lacing up of moccasins, a scrambling into coats, and that was the sum of it. The only brush and comb in the camp belonged to Frank, and he felt half ashamed to use them because no one else thought such articles necessary.

Breakfast hurriedly disposed of, all but Baptiste and Frank sallied forth into the snow, to be seen no more until midday. There were just fifty persons, all told, in the camp, each man having his definite work to do: the carpenter, whose business it was to keep the sleighs in repair; the teamsters, who directed the hauling of the logs; the "sled-tenders," who saw that the loads were well put on; the "head chopper" and his assistants, whose was the laborious yet fascinating task of felling the forest monarchs; the "sawyers," who cut their prostrate forms into convenient lengths; the "scorers," who stripped off the branches and slab sides from the tree trunks set apart for square timber; and finally, the "hewer," who with his huge broad-ax, made square the "stick," as the great piece of timber is called.

All these men had to be fed three times a day, and almost insatiable were their appetites, as poor Frank had no chance to forget. Happily they did not demand the same variety on their bill-of-fare as do the guests at a metropolitan hotel. Pork and

long had borne with it a number of smaller trees that stood near by, and one of these fell upon an unwary "scorer," hurling him to the ground, and badly bruising his right leg, besides causing some internal injury. He was insensible when picked up, but came to himself soon after reaching the shanty, where Frank made him as comfortable as he could, even putting him upon his own mattress that he might lie as easy as possible.

The injured man proved to be one of Damase Deschenaux's allies; but Frank did not let that prevent his showing him every kindness while he was recovering from his injuries, with the result of completely winning the poor ignorant fellow's heart, much to Damase's disgust. Damase, indeed, did his best to persuade Laberge that Frank's attentions were prompted by some secret motive, and that it was not to be trusted. But deeds are far stronger arguments than words, and the sufferer was not to be convinced. By the end of a week he was able to limp about the shanty, but it was very evident that he would not be fit to take up his work again that season. This state of affairs caused the foreman some concern, for he felt loth to send the unfortunate fellow home, and yet he could not keep him in idleness. Then it appeared that what is one man's extremity may be another's opportunity. Johnston knew very well that however bravely he might go about it, Frank's work could not

his spirits. In this case half a loaf was decidedly better than no bread at all. Freedom from the restraints and irksome duties of a chore-boy's lot for even half the day was a precious boon, and the happy boy lay down to rest that night feeling like quite a different person from what he had been of late, when there seemed no way of escape from the monotonous, wearisome task he had taken upon himself, except to give it all up and return to Calumet, which was almost the last thing that he could imagine himself doing; for Frank Kingston had plenty of pride as well as pluck, and his love for lumbering had not suffered any eclipse because of his experiences.

But what is one man's meat is another man's poison, according to the homely adage, and in this case what made Frank so happy made Damase miserable. The jealous, revengeful fellow saw in it only another proof of the foreman's favoritism, and was also pleased to regard the relegating of Laberge to the dish-washing and so forth as the degradation of a compatriot, which it behooved him to resent, since Laberge seemed lacking in the spirit to do it himself. Had he imagined that he would meet with the support of the majority, he would have sought to organize a rebellion in the camp. But he knew well enough that such a thing was utterly out of the question, so he was forced to content himself with fresh determinations to "get even" with the foreman and his favourite in some way before the winter passed, and, as will be seen, he came perilously near attaining his object.

(To be continued.)

The Parson's Conquest.

BY EGBERT L. BANGS.

ONE Sunday morning, Parson L—
His way to church was wending,
Just as the tolling of the bell
Was slowly, sweetly ending.

Upon the walk, some village boys
The Sabbath day were breaking;
Their game of marbles, full of noise,
No small disturbance making.

"Say, Dick," said one, "there's Parson L—
And I don't want to meet him."
In just a twinkling, strange to tell,
One boy was left to greet him.

Said Parson L—, "Why don't you run?
My boy, you're clear behind them!"
"I've lost three marbles that I won,
I wish you'd help me find them."

What could a reverend preacher say,
To such a little sinner,
Who played "for keeps" on God's own day,
In every game a winner?

"Let's see," he said, "what can be done."
Then, on the grass half kneeling,
He found the marbles one by one,
Less sight it took than feeling.

"Now won't you come to Sunday-school?"
The gamin made this answer:
"The boys would take me for a fool,
Just see my face and hands, sir."

With beauty spots his face was flecked,
As if from paint brush spattered;
His hands with Mother Earth were specked,
With ball club bruises battered.

Across the way the town pump stands,
Straight as a tallow candle;
Beneath the spout, two dirt-stained hands
The parson worked the handle.

See now the boy with smiling face,
A Sunday-school beginner!
No wonder that in life's hard race
He dashed ahead as winner.

What is the moral of this tale?
Help children; do not scold them.
Rebukes and threats do not avail,
While kind deeds always hold them.

HE DID NOT TAKE ALCOHOL.

MR. E. P. WESTON, the celebrated walking champion, says that he could never have performed the wonderful feats of endurance and travel if he had taken alcoholic liquors. This is worth remembering.



CANADA'S BEST CROPS.

beans, bread and tea, these were the staple items. Anything else was regarded as an "extra." A rather monotonous diet, undoubtedly, but it would not be easy to prescribe a better one for men working twelve hours a day, in the open air, through the still steady cold of a Canadian winter in the backwoods.

At noon the hungry toilers trooped back for dinner, which they devoured in ravenous haste that there might be as much as possible left of the hour for a lounge upon the bunk, with pipe in mouth, in luxurious idleness. Then as the dusk gathered they appeared once more, this time for the night, and disposed to eat their supper with much more decorous slowness. Supper over, the snow-soaked mittens and stockings hung about the fire to dry; and pipes put in full blast, they were ready for song, story, or dance, until bed time.

Thus day followed day, until Frank, whose work kept him closely confined to the camp, grew so weary of it that he was on the verge of heartily repenting that he had ever consented to be a chore-boy, ever thought that was the only condition upon which he could gratify his longing for a lumberman's life, when another mischance became his good fortune, and he was unexpectedly relieved of a large part of his tiresome duties. This was how it came about.

One morning he was surprised by seeing one of the sleighs returning a good while before the dinner hour, and was somewhat alarmed when he noticed that it bore the form of a man, who had evidently been the victim of an accident. Happily, however, it proved to be not a very serious case. An immense pine in falling head-

help being distasteful to him, and a bright plan flashed into his mind. Calling Frank into his corner one evening, he said:

"How would you like, my lad, to have some of the out-of-door work, for a change?"

The mere expression of Frank's face was answer enough. It fairly shone with gladness, as he replied:

"I would like it above all things, sir; for I am a little tired of being nothing but a chore-boy."

"Well, I think we might manage it, Frank," said the foreman. "You see, Laberge can't do his work again this winter, and it goes against my heart to send him home, for he's nobody but himself to depend upon. So I've hit upon this plan: Laberge can't chop the wood or haul the water, but he can help Baptiste in cooking and cleaning up. Suppose, then, you were to get the wood ready and see about the water in the morning, and then come out into the woods with us after dinner, leaving Laberge to do the rest of the work. How would that suit you?"

"It would suit me just splendidly, sir," exclaimed Frank, delightedly. "I can see about the wood and water all right before dinner, and I'll be so glad to go to the woods with you. I'll just do the best I can to fill Laberge's place."

"I'm right sure you will, Frank," replied Johnston. "So you may consider it settled for the present, at any rate."

Frank felt like dancing a jig on the way back to his bunk, and not even the scowling face of Damase, who had been listening to the conversation in the foreman's room with keen Indian ears, and had caught enough of it to learn of the arrangement made, could cast any damper upon