

LANDMARKS IN THE LIFE OF JOHNNIE LUNDIE

HEROES OF THE SHAFT ALLEY.

By JAMIE SOUTAR

Stories in the making of a great manhood from a poor start; told in the "Brandon Local," and elsewhere

"Can you imagine that boy spending the best of his days with a crowd of swearing fellows in a smoky evil-smelling blacksmith's shop?"

"Not by any stretch of the imagination Norah, lass; and, do you know, the identical thought was running in my mind at the moment you spoke."

The question was put by Norah Hallgren to her father and answered by him as the pair watched the performance of Johnnie Lundie in a game of tennis with the Hallgren boys and the gamekeeper's son. It was the eve of Johnnie's departure from Lossiebank to resume the serious work of his life. He had made a fast recovery and barring one or two scars that he would carry to the end of his days there was nothing left suggestive of the rough usage he had so lately been subjected to.

Lossiebank was a fine pile of modern buildings facing a magnificent park country, practically surrounded by woodland that solidified into a dense forest of spruce and pine as it reached and covered the foothills of the Grampians. It was a perfect mid-summer's eve and Norah and her father were seated on the balcony formed by the stately porch built out for some distance in front of the main entrance. The boys were reaching the end of the "set" in a keenly contested game in which the adroitness of their young guest in handling his racquet had been more than once the subject of their admiring comment.

"There's no indignity attached to the poorest job in a 'Smidy.' It is the man that dignifies or degrades the work and there are a few score of our leaders to-day in every department of public life who would never have reached the point they have arrived at if they hadn't started heating rivets, as Johnnie did. I often wish I had put in twelve months in the same way."

"Yes, but you know what I mean, father. He's not going to stick at that business of grease and soot, nor even at a foreman's place of the biggest workshop in any of your building yards. There's a something about him different from any other man I have ever met. He's not boorishly bashful, nor is he foolishly assertive or forward and upon my word he acquits himself in the drawing-room as creditably as any man who comes to the place."

"I quite agree with you, Norah. I've watched him closely and he grows on me, does that lad. Some

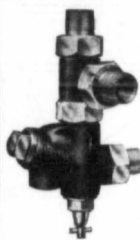
would think it strange that one who made the small beginning he did should apparently without tuition of any sort steadily develop into an educated gentleman. But when you know the company his mind has kept all those years, the fact you state is no longer a surprising one. The character of his reading, and from what I have picked out of him, the enormous mass of material he has been able to get through in his spare time could scarcely have had any other effect. While he has read he has been thinking and appropriating. Some one has said that 'Our destiny changes with our thought; we shall become what we wish to become; do what we wish to do, when our habitual thought corresponds with our desire.' The longer I live I become the more certain that the 'divinity that shapes our end' is in ourselves; it is our very self."

"Have you any views with regard to him, father?"

"Yes, you will remember he had been promised a third engineer's place on one of the Calcutta boats. That is still open to him, but I have the impression that he would get a better opportunity on one of the New York fleet, or, perhaps, on the new Canadian liner we are starting early next month."

"O, father, that would be splendid!" and Norah's face was radiant with satisfaction, as she thought of the maiden trip of the splendid new "Royal Adelaide" that was timed to start on that day-three-weeks. In company with her friend who had been with her on the 'Dunstaffrage,' she was for the first time to take a trip to the shores of the new world. Berths had been reserved for them in the new and splendidly-appointed liner, which it was hoped and believed was to break all records for comfort and speed between the Clyde and Montreal, and she mentally promised herself that she would do all that a woman might reasonably attempt in arranging that Johnnie Lundie should be placed on the books of the "Royal Adelaide."

"Of course, our young friend has something to say about it. He may have some totally different plan from anything we may have thought of, and you may depend on it, it will be no quixotic venture. I'll sound him to-night, as I intend going into the city tomorrow afternoon, and on to Glasgow next morning. I fancy, however, that there are no appointments so definitely fixed, yet that would preclude him from



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