

on the outside, I dandered oot, but I brocht away the buits to prove she's no sae gleg as she thinks, wee thing, she is."

"There was now no danger that westerha' would detect their presence, accordingly Hugh crawled through a gap in the hedge, dragging the boots behind him. Tam followed a moment later. They made directly towards me with their backs bent. With the haste of a pair of rabbit poachers laying a net under cloud of night, they proceeded to put the frayed ends of my trousers into the boots. I cannot honestly say, however, that I experienced a single pleasurable sensation throughout this performance. Indeed, my esthetic sense of the fitness of things received rather a rude shock when I indulged in a furtive glance at my extremities. I had become so decidedly respectable that, with the addition of an eyeglass, I felt I might easily have been mistaken for one of Armour's true-blue hunting aristocrats crawling out of a ditch. However, I was fain to excuse the deed because of the humane, I might almost say tender, sentiment by which it was actuated. Their mission fulfilled, Tam and Hugh turned to go. It is doubtful if they observed my lips move, or were cognizant of a bosom heaving under the influence of an almost poignant emotion; but in the moment of their departure, I had the happy inspiration to invoke a bogle's benediction. It is seldom that this act of blessing is performed nowadays, but, (and they may laugh who will,) it is a well-attested fact that no harm can befall the recipient of such an expression of goodwill.

"The day passed without further incident, sunshine and shower filling the interval with that uncertain glory which is the inalienable heritage of April. Towards evening I was attracted by the sound of someone singing on the roadway. It was a man's voice, strong and clear, yet of a melting quality and fullness of tone seldom heard on the King's broad highway. As the singer approached I began to distinguish the words of his song."

"And the wild waves cleft behind us
Seem to murmur as they flow,
There are kindly hearts that wait you
In the land to which you go."

"He stopped at the fence; and while he proceeded with the chorus of his song, he honored me with a searching glance. I naturally returned it with a fixed stare. Somehow I had a creepy feeling that this tramp had designs upon my apparel. I fervently hoped he was not attracted by my coat. The truth is, I didn't specially prize this particular article of attire; but I have been compelled, from motives of policy, to change it so often that I am in imminent danger of being taken for a politician. So far as our respective garments were concerned, there was little to choose between us. I say it with reluctance, but I honestly believe, that my own appearance would have been considered by any unprejudiced observer as, at least, a degree less outrageous. The newcomer could not be more than thirty; he was big and broad-shouldered, but his unkempt beard and massy head of hair made his age a matter of mere conjecture."

"My friend," said he with great cordiality when he had concluded his song. "It almost appears to me that we have met before. The cut of your coat and the unhappy manner in which your trousers fall away at the knees, support me in this belief. Was it at the club, I wonder; or the theatre; do you think? Neither? You deny the soft impeachment? Well, perhaps it was only a chance resemblance to myself that caused me to think we were no strangers to each other. Certainly, the gay nature of your habiliments, or properly speaking, your general sartorial effect, gave the impression of a familiar acquaintance. Believe me, it is so long since I had the pleasure of meeting a person of such a prepossessing exterior and suavity of manner that I am disposed to improve the shining hour by establishing a somewhat closer intimacy. If you will be so condescendingly obliging, therefor, old chappy, as to overlook the fact that I neglected

to send in my card by the butler, I will drop over the fence at once. There is just a possibility that we may find some thing to admire in each other before we separate. Not to put it too bluntly, I hope to be able to persuade you to part with an upper or nether garment. Mark you, I do not desire that we should do this after the sordid fashion of two miserable Jew pedlars. But, hang it all, as a bona fide exchange transaction between two gentlemen, and solely on the ground of mutual advantage. But what is this? A scarecrow with a pair of boots? Sir, I am a mild man, accustomed to put things in simple, temperate, double-refined, sugar-coated phraseology; but, sir, this giddy, immodest, frivolous departure from ancient custom takes the inevitable biscuit! My inner conscience forces me to a sudden resolution. For the sake of the social amenities, I verily believe I must relieve you of your footwear. I do not doubt your clothes are of incalculable service to you in the exercise of your calling. But inasmuch as they are somewhat oldfashioned and out of date, it is my gracious will and pleasure that you retain these for the present."

A moment sufficed for this genial wayfarer to relieve me of my boots. Seated close behind me he proceeded to kick off his own and substitute "Westerha's" less worn pair. Scarcely had he completed the exchange when the sound of wheels on the hard road made him look up. Rising at once and running half the distance which lies between me and the hawthorn and beech hedgerow, he halted suddenly. Pushing his hat well back on his head and raising the collar of his coat over his ears, he stood stiffly balancing himself on one leg, his hands thrust deep in his trousers pockets. His attitude, which was obviously meant to caricature my own, was so manifestly grotesque that it was with difficulty I succeeded in suppressing a chuckle. At this moment a polo-cart, in which were seated two men, came into view. Surprise spread upon their features at sight of two scarecrows placed in such close juxtaposition. One of the occupants was Dave Carruthers, the other a neighbor farmer. Both had been imbibing "not wisely but too well" and they viewed the curious spectacle with alarm.

"Westerha," said the younger man, as he brought the horse to a stand close by the fence. "Just take a keek over yonder and tell me what you see. I'm mair than hauf persuadit my een are deceivin' me."

"I perceive—I behold," Dave stammered, hardly prepared to admit the truth. "Indeed, Rab Struthers, I see naething byordnar, but I ken what you think I see."

"Then," said the other, though more to himself than his companion. "I'm no' juist the wastrel I was beginning to think masel'. As an honest man and faither o' a family, I wad ask you, Dave Carruthers, for what purpose you have placed twa bogles in this corner o' your field?"

"Twa bogles, Rab Struthers?" Westerha exclaimed as if he had mistaken the cause of his companion's apprehension. "I tell you there's but ane. Wi' my ain hands I installed him there this mornin'." Take my advice and don't think too much about this illusion, Rab. I've been like that masel' mony a time."

"Although you're an older man than me, Dave," his companion returned, "I wandna permit you to say you can ploo a straughter furrow, or carry a glass to your mou with a steadier haun' than I dae masel'. It's near the gloamin' but you canna' persuade me I don't see twa bogles where you say there aucht only to be ane."

"You display a contentious speerit, Rab," the old man complained. "But I trust I can affix the blame in the proper quarter. You remind me of a story I ance heard about twa Llithe fellows like oorsels that wandered into the strangers' gallery in the Hoose o' Commons. 'I canna see the Speaker', says one. 'Dod, man!' says the tither, 'that's maist extraordinar' for I can see twa.' And Westerha' laughed immoderately at the obvious moral which adorned his tale."

"Gin you put it like that, Westerha'," answered Struthers somewhat nettled



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