

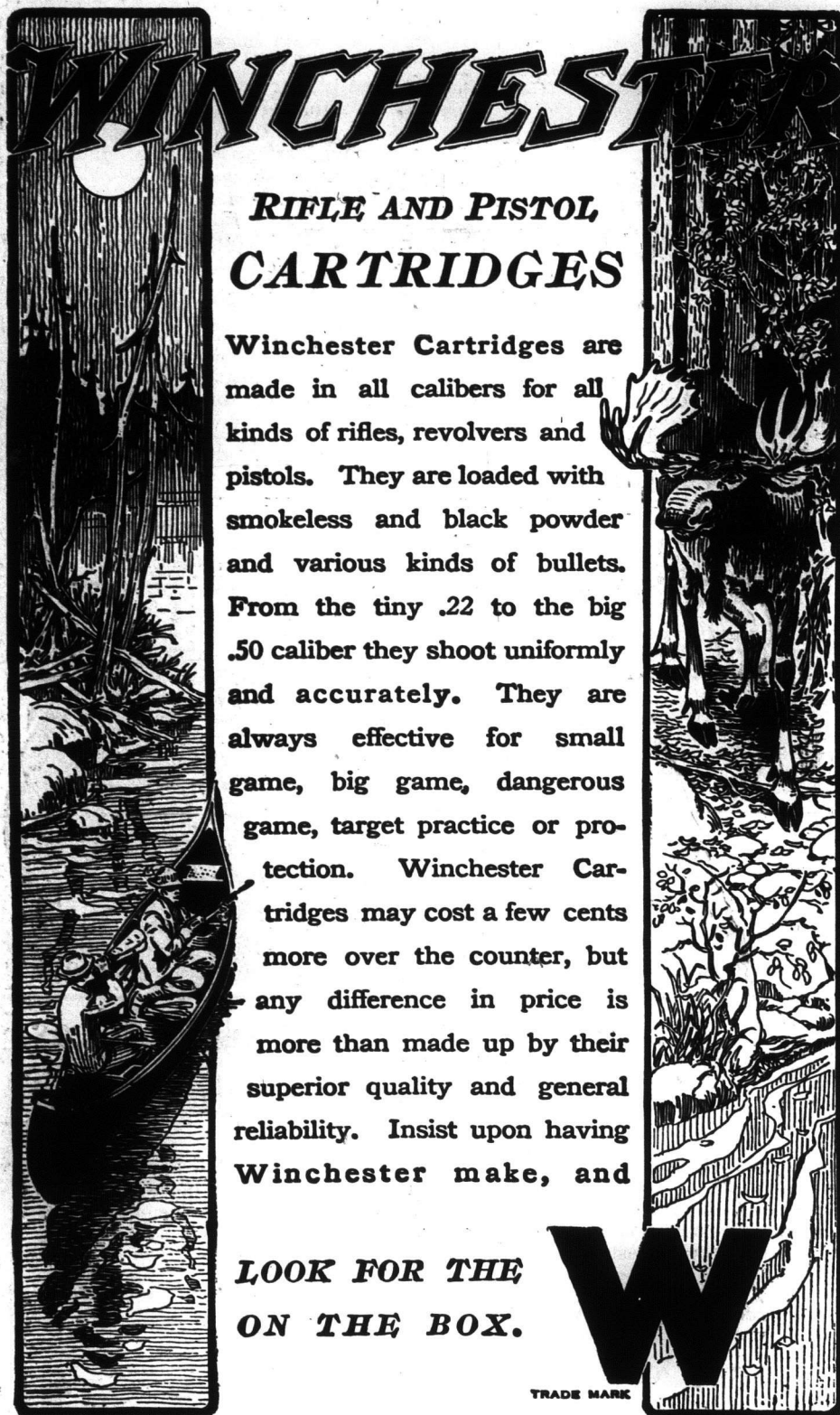
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his father had performed, and forgot all the harshness and lack of sympathy with which his life had been so liberally intermingled.

The Duke and Billy came out of hospital the same day, three weeks later, and made their way to Billy's aunt's, where the boy's father had died the week succeeding the fire. Poor old Tom was gone, but not before he had made the name of the Duke ring throughout the northland as that of a man and a hero.

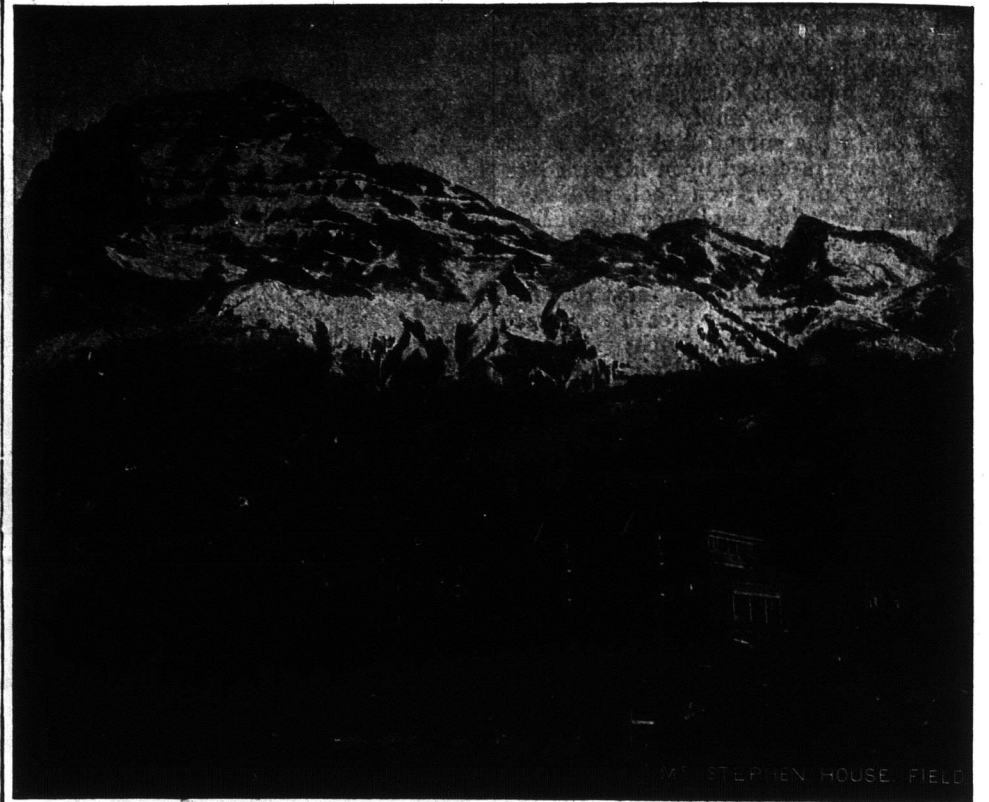
Billy's aunt—a coarse-faced, raucous voiced woman—met them at the threshold, and in plain, backwoods Canadian told them that Tom Lawrence, with his usual lack of justice, had left his claim and all his possessions to be divided equally between his son Billy and Alec

Norton, on the condition that they became partners. Tom's other relatives, she explained at length, had been left out altogether; even his own brother, a poor prospector with a family of little children, had not been remembered.

The Duke listened in silence. Then he took Billy by the arm and the two strolled away.

"Billy," said the Duke, "I fancy we don't want that claim to hold us together as partners. We've been through hell side by side, so I guess we won't funk what lies ahead now. Let's start at the very beginning, and see where we get to."

Billy said nothing, but his fingers closed tighter upon the sleeve of the Duke's tunic, and the two passed out of sight together.



A Hallowe'en Frolic

Some Novel Suggestions for an Autumn Party.

By Gladys Beattie Crozier

"DAISY, darling, it's Hallow E'en on Saturday week!" announced Beryl and Jerry climbing on to their sister's lap.

"That means you want me to keep my promise to ask Teddy and the little Johnsons over to tea and to get up a 'Hallow E'en Frolic,' like the one I told you about that I went to when I was a little girl!" laughed Daisy, kissing her small brother and sister, who snuggled up to her cosily as she sat reading a story-book over the comfortable schoolroom fire after a long day at the High School. Daisy had "mothered" the little ones almost ever since she could remember.

"Think of all the things you did, so that we can do just the same!" begged both the children, and, paper and pencil having been produced, they, after much discussion, drew up a splendid programme for the evening's fun.

"I shall have to ask Cook to lend us a kitchen chair, a big wooden tub, a three-pronged steel fork, three soup plates, a large basketful of her biggest, rosier apples, a carrot, a turnip, and a potato, three candle-ends, and a fruit knife!" observed Daisy, putting down the items.

"We are going to have a 'Hallow E'en Frolic' on Saturday, October 30th, so will you come to tea at 4.30 o'clock, and stay as late as you can? Wear your oldest clothes, please!" So ran the invitations, which were accepted with much enthusiasm by return of post.

Five o'clock on Hallow E'en found Daisy and her great chum, Helen Colthurst, who had readily agreed to come and help her to make the party "go," seated at either end of a gaily spread tea-table, with half a dozen extremely lively children between them, the boys

in school suits and the little girls in sensible linen overalls, all chattering merrily and making the wildest guesses as to the probable nature of the entertainment prepared for them!

Half-an-hour later, a procession wound upstairs to the schoolroom, which had been cleared of all extraneous odds and ends, and wore a very gay and festive appearance. The mantelpiece was prettily decorated with bunches of golden corn, branches of tinted beech leaves, and boughs bearing nuts on them, whilst further similarly composed trophies were erected in each corner of the room, until it looked as though a harvest festival were about to be celebrated.

Upon the bare-boarded table, bereft of its pretty cover, was arranged at one end a row of soup plates, and at the other three candle ends set up in saucers placed in a row.

A bright fire burned in the wide grate, and a plate of chestnuts waiting to be roasted, and another of fine apples—each of which had a piece of thick string attached to its stalk—stood on a low stool on one side of the hearth, whilst over the fender a couple of thick towels were being heated.

A big tub, half full of water, in which some rosy apples floated, occupied the space just in front of the hearthrug, whilst a second similar tub was arranged in a corner with a wooden chair beside it. On the chair a steel-pronged kitchen fork was placed in readiness, whilst an apple, a potato, a turnip, and a carrot bobbed merrily on the surface of the water.

"Oh, how jolly! May I eat one?" exclaimed small Teddy, running up to the tub in which the apples floated.

"Not till you've ducked for it, you rascal!" exclaimed Daisy merrily, haul-