



WE should every day call ourselves to account. What infirmity have I mastered today? What temptation have I resisted? What virtue acquired? Our vices will abate of themselves if we be brought every day to the shrift.

—Seneca

Soldiers of the Queen

(Concluded from last week)

They were driving home late one afternoon, all but Desmond, who had gone to London, and Lawrence's horses were galloping up a long hill which ended in a little village about ten miles from Avonmere, when strange cries and curt commands made themselves heard above the jingling of pole-chains, wheels and hoofs, and a turn in the road brought them upon a scene of more life and activity than they had met before in their driving.

A little hovel by the roadside was the centre of disturbance. It seemed deserted, and several men in the dark uniforms of the constabulary were removing such piteous shreds of furniture as it contained. Several neighbors stood about looking on with grim hopelessness. Some of the women were crying into their shawls, and it was to them and to the men engaged in carrying the furniture that the harsh commands were addressed. They were issued by a tall man who lounged, chewing a straw, against a tree. When he saw the coach, with its air of importance and prosperity, he bestirred himself and came forward to report.

"It's a very stubborn case, sir," he told the General, the authority of whose fierce eyeglass he instantly recognized. "We've done this job twice before, and here we are at it again. The tenant goes back as soon as our traps are turned. I've sent for a brook from the barracks, and when they come we'll be off for good and all."

"Good gad, sir," cried the General, "what are you afraid of? What is there to frighten you in those poor devils there?"

"There're nasty devils when they're roused," the bailiff answered; "and several of them have muskets in those cabins of theirs."

Shiela, from her place beside Lawrence, turned to him for explanation. "What is it?" "What shall we do? How shall we stop it?" "What are those men doing?"

"It's an eviction," Lawrence answered, with his eyes on his horse's ears. "I wish to goodness I had you and Mother well home out of it."

"An eviction," she repeated. "Oh, what shall we do? What shall we do? How shall we stop it?" "We can't," he answered. "We can only get away from it."

But the road was narrow, and before the coach was again in motion all chance of escape was cut off by the spectacular arrival of fifteen or twenty scarlet-clad soldiers who rode up, alert, curious, wondering what work lay before them. When they understood that they were to assist at an

and brightened for a moment wistfully, but they darkened when she saw the bailiff still chewing his straw under the tree.

"Mrs. O'Donnell," he flustered when he caught her eye. "This is the second time we've had to come here to tell you to pay your rent or leave the premises. We put you out three days ago. What brought ye back?"

She looked piteously at one of her warders, freed the arm the other held, and raised a trembling hand to her trembling mouth.

"Answer me. What brought ye back?" commanded the bailiff and the man she had turned to urged:

"Mrs. O'Donnell, ma'am, for the love of Heaven don't stir 'em. Give me a word I can screech at him if you're anyways wake in yourself. Do now, ma'am, dear."

Thus encouraged she whispered to him and he transmitted: "She had no place else to go."

An old woman in the crowd broke from the restraining hands of her friends, scaled the tumbled-down, over-grown stone wall, shook a defiant fist at the soldier who half-heartedly tried to stop her and stumbled up to Mrs. O'Donnell.

"Ann dear, Ann dear," she cried, "you're to come an' stop with me. You're to come, ma'chree, for as long as ye'd stop."

"Father," said Shiela suddenly, "can't you stop them? Tell them who you are. Tell them to go away—"

"I'm not on active service, my dear," he replied. "I'm retired. These men know what they're about, I tell ye."

"Are you going to let them go on?" asked the girl. "Are you going to sit here and let them do this thing? Oh, if Desmond were only here!"

"Hush, dear," said Lady Mary urged. "We can do nothing now. You see her own friends will take care of her—"

"Oh, merciful Heavens, have pity on her suddenly," Lawrence cried on. "For she had seen the bailiff nod again to one of his aides, had seen the man throw something upon the low, thatched roof, had seen Mrs. O'Donnell turn and, with a wild shriek, bury her head in her friend's breast. The horses sprang forward, and Shiela, looking back saw that the soldiers had formed in the road again and were trotting away from the turn of the road where, above Mrs. O'Donnell's burning roof, the smoke was rising, heavy and black, into the shining amber of the sky."

The Fitzgeralds were silent until they neared the gates of Avonmere. Then Gerald spoke. "That was most dramatic," he remarked approvingly. "I've seen things very like it in plays. It was capital. The bare feet were especially happy."

"Don't, dear," his mother interrupted. "I know you aren't serious—"

"But I am," he assured her, and then asked idly: "I wonder where Owen's got by this time. He stayed here, you know. I wish I had. Those bare feet were so awfully happy, you know. I'll have to ask Owen tell me about it when I see him."

But Owen did not appear until very late, and then he looked so dangerous, so wild, that it was Lady Mary who accosted him with:

"I'm glad, my boy, that you stayed to do what you could for that poor distraught creature. Is she more comfortable now?"

"Yes, much," he answered.

"I must inquire into the case," said the General pompously. "It's out of my district, of course; but I intend to discover how a woman of her years was so alone. Had she no children? no relatives? I must inquire—"

"I can tell you," Owen answered. "She had nine sons. Nine sons she bore and reared in that little house. And three of them died in Africa, two in Malabar pompany."

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"Good gad, sir," cried the General, "are you sure? The mother of nine soldiers!"

"Sure!" echoed his son. "Look at that! At what Father and I alone took out of her poor old hand and asked me to show to you. See, a battered old cross and the name John O'Donnell. It's the Victoria Cross, the Victoria Cross. The price of her oldest son."

"Cugney," yelled the General, making for the door. "Cugney got the carriage at once! Master Owen has found the mother of poor John O'Donnell, the third man at Delhi!"

"Wait!" cried Owen. "You're too late. She died an hour ago, she was thinking that those beasts of soldiers who burned her house were her boys come home from the war!"

And he fell to crying bitterly with his head in his mother's lap.

How Women may influence Men

By Mrs. Geo. Clements, of Warsaw

In the first place, woman has a vast and noble influence in the home. From the cradle to the grave, it lies in woman's power to influence for the better; she is departing to the child all the pure, elevating and ennobling qualities that she wishes her son, as a man to be possessed of. For the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world.

By teaching a boy to love and respect his mother, you teach him to love and respect his wife in after years; she did not know she possesses the love and respect of her husband has obtained a power over him equal to that with which the serpent beguiled Eve. In the cause of temperance women are exerting every energy of mind, body and soul in influencing men to vote for temperance.

It is my candid opinion, that not one woman in every ten understands temperance as it is explained in the Bible. The woman who indulges in dancing from nine o'clock in the evening until daylight the next morning, and continues this night after night, so that she is unfit to attend to her duties in the home, is as truly intoxicated as the man who drinks a whole flagon of ale. The same if we indulge in any other amusement or pleasure, to excess, whether it be skating, playing ball or boating. We are as truly inebriated as the man who takes an overdose of opium; we must cast the mote out of our own eye before we attempt to draw the beam out of our brother's. I would not for one minute condemn dancing, or other amusements for dancing has been handed down to us from the days of Jephthah, when his daughter came out to meet him with timbrels and with dances, and there is no other amusement that requires requirements of physical culture the same as dancing.

Then there is another question: that of appearance and dress. Where is the man that gives a fig whether his cheeks are rosy, or his hair auburn, or whether his eyebrows are pencil?

To perfection or not? He has more time to devote to coquetry. Why then do women place so much time and thought on these things? Why paint the rosy cheek, the snowy neck, why load with jewels, why adorn the hair? Oh, lady, scorn these arts, but richly deck thy soul with virtues, and try for thy duty prepare. Woman has no longer to pander to the good opinion of men, as marriage is no longer a mere decorative art, but a blessing, because, both financially and socially she is his equal, and at liberty to consider the two great questions, health and happiness, and how to best bestow men on her.

Read at Women's Institute Meeting in August at Warsaw, Ont.



Grow Daffodils Like This at Home

Plant the bulbs now. When grown singly in pots like bulbous are secured. The one illustrated is about two-thirds natural size. In these columns, an article on growing bulbs indoors, will appear next week.

good to her!" "Och, woman dear, it's what must come to us all." "Oh, the devil fly away with the blackguards!" "Glory be to goodness!" and "Wiras theru!" But when the two constables resappeared with their prey, even the men joined in the cry of "Och, the crathur, the crathur!"

She was a poor, frightened, little wisp of an old woman, barefooted and wrapped in a scrap of shawl. Her weak eyes caught the gleam of red