

with liquor, and tramped away bravely, swinging their cudgels to the dire menace of the trees on either hand.

So they marched with song and shout to Dundas Street, and down it a couple of miles eastward, until they came to Sandon's bridge. There they came to a halt. The rebels must pass that way if they were heading for Hamilton. Major Strong arranged them in what order he could, but they were wildly excited and preferred to expend their strength in mad capers and clamorous vociferations.

But their ardour had time to chill as the uneventful hours crawled on and on. The men began to lean wearily on their weapons, slapping their frost-bitten hands to and fro, and listening with sharp ears for ominous sounds. Only the dull thunder of Ontario, lashed by an east wind, answered them. Sometimes ice rattled down from the bare limbs of the trees with startling reverberations. Once a dog ran through the woods, shivering the equilibrium of the finely balanced night. He barked at the strange sight; then intimidated by a hundred echoes of his own noise, curled his tail between his legs and slunk on.

Presently there grew a sound out of the fog which caused the shivering Hank to utter a cowardly "By Jing, what's that?" Every ear was painfully alert. Hank was seen to slip behind Big Jim. In fact, a shudder went through all the ranks, for they now realised their utter inadequacy to cope with the foe. Again the sound came and nearer than before—the tramp of horses' feet shivering the ice crust. It was impossible to calculate their number for the countless echoes among the tree trunks. Then, too, they were not coming along the road, but through the forest trail, where their movements were completely concealed. The Major looked grave. "Men are not like they were in 1812," he muttered to Big Jim. But to the men he showed no sign of wavering. He walked in front of the ranks, imploring them to be steady, and not attack before the word was given. They promised between chattering teeth and he stepped back into his place. "You will leave him to me," he whispered to Big Jim. "Have mercy on your own flesh, Major," entreated the blacksmith, but the Major shook his head.

"Look sharp, men! Ready!" As the command rang out the vague outline of horses, looking twice their size in the fog, came into view. "What fools we be, to stay and be tramped under by them huge brutes!" yelled the long-legged Hank, flinging down his cudgel. The example was all the disordered troops waited for. They broke into wild panic and vanished into the woods, each seeking his own safety. Major Strong was left standing beside Big Jim. "I knew it," he fumed. "The fools! The babies! The idiots!"

"Shall we surrender?" asked Big Jim, gravely.

"Bah! We'll cut them up a bit first," said Strong, grimly.

Then they looked again, and in the uncertain light stood two horses—only two—all the rest were shadows. The first, a powerful black, was Jinny, proudly tossing her head under the curb of her erect young rider, Sandy Strong. But who rode the little gray nag a few paces behind? Not a soldier surely, for it was bundled in shawls, and drooped timidly before the fiery gaze of the old soldier. Roughly, the Major pulled back the wrap, and disclosed the red hair and blue eyes of Barbara Burns!

"Dad, what does this mean?" asked Sandy, reining in the prancing mare. His father stood speechless—contempt, joy, pride, alternating in his breast.

"Can't you tell us what it means, lad?" asked Big Jim.

"Indeed, no," said the boy, puzzled.

"Are you—are you a rebel, boy?" faltered the Major's dry lips.

"Rebels? Ha! Ha! Are we rebels, Barby, old girl? Guess maybe we are. Or do you call them revolutionists when it turns out successful?"

Such bantering was intolerable to the sore pride of the Major. Barbara saw it. "Dear, dear Major," she cried, leaning over her horse's neck, "don't blame us. You don't know the tyranny from which I have escaped. Oh, the horrors of my life! Bound out to a devil!"

"Lands! But it was fun!" laughed Sandy, as the midnight escapade came to his mind again.

Light broke clear over the Major. "If you mean you're rebels from the tyranny of old Stanford, then, God bless you, youngsters, I'm with you!"

"Dad," cried Sandy, catching the old man while his humour was good, "for fear there might be some fuss from old Stanford—though you know Barby's eighteen,

and old enough to act for herself—I took her into Parson Brown's as we came along."

"You impudent rascals!" But the old man's laugh was good to hear, for the mortal pain had gone out of his breast, and all things seemed to be adjusting themselves well.

"And where are the rebels and Mackenzie?" demanded Big Jim, when the excitement had subsided.

"Why, Mackenzie was defeated by Colonel Macnab at York, of course," shouted the youth, who always rejoiced in the success of his patron; "and he has gone to the States with a reward of one thousand pounds on his head!"

At that great good news his father pressed a kiss on the little hand that hung by the grey nag's side, murmured "My daughter," with great warmth, and forgave all round.

But there was one Sandy did not forgive in a day. "Where is Hank?" he asked, pertinently. No one knew. "Where is Hank?" he asked again in the village. No one knew. A month later, Hank slunk back to his accustomed place, but Sandy had cooled off somewhat, and had reconsidered his decision about knocking the day-lights out of him.

## The Winner

A Storiote. By Alice Blaney.

"HOW untidy my dressing table looks," said Margaret just before turning off the electric light at two o'clock in the morning, "but thank heaven toilet articles don't gossip. So I'll go to bed and to sleep."

Half an hour later when silence reigned throughout the house, a small gauze fan that had been thrown down with a handkerchief on the disordered dressing table opened softly, and a tiny fairy stepped from a rose garland painted upon it, and skipped lightly hither and thither, touched every article upon the table with a silver wand. "Wake up, wake up, she whispered, "and talk. Amuse me." Then she perched herself upon a photograph of a soldier in khaki, and dangled her tiny feet. A moonbeam struggling through the window illuminated her faintly.

The silver backed brush was the first to stir. It quivered and said huskily to the ball programme near, "You have just arrived, haven't you?"

"Yes," sighed the programme, "I'm worn out, and no wonder, for I was taken out for every single dance."

"Were you dear?" murmured a languid pink rose, "I had a lovely evening too, and I think I have a right to feel flattered for one man said I was the image of Margaret."

"Oh, do listen to me!" burst out a white glove excitedly, "Has any one seen my sister? I am afraid she has gone off with Captain Bailey."

"Nonsense," said a pink belt ribbon, "I'm bound to say that he never took liberties with you, at any rate."

"No," giggled the nail file, "She's always left."

"I feel so untidy," said the lace handkerchief to the scent bottle. "Men are so rough."

"You should have more sense," retorted her friend, but as she was ordinary she pronounced it "scents."

"Who in the world are you all talking about?" asked a powder puff lying on the Dresden tray.

"Captain Bailey," exclaimed a chorus, "He's the catch of the season."

"He doesn't care a particle for any of you," exclaimed the hand glass scornfully. "You are a lot of blind geese."

"Your reflections are so complimentary," murmured the pin cushion sarcastically.

"Whom does he care for then?" exclaimed several voices appealing to the mirror.

"Captain Bailey is in love with Margaret," announced the mirror sententiously, "Margaret told me so herself as soon as she came home to-night."

"He's a flirt then," exclaimed the handkerchief violently.

"A snob!" cried the belt ribbon with a sob.

"A perfect brute!" gasped the glove. "Oh my poor sister!"

"Oh do shut up!" exclaimed the fan in a flutter of excitement.

"You are all wrong, and perhaps I had better waive ceremony for once and explain. Captain Bailey proposed to me in the conservatory this evening."

"S—sh," someone whispered in affright. Margaret had stirred in her sleep.

"Oh," she murmured, tossing uneasily, "How the girls do chatter." There was a short silence, and then a weary sigh. "Such a flirt—but I've won—dear."