

"I can't imagine the City Road shop without John Glide," said Estelle. "Do you remember what a little nipper he was when he went as errand-boy to the shop just before we came out here to live?"

"Yes, of course, I remember quite well," was the answer. "Didn't I provide him with a complete set of underclothes and give him many and many a meal?"

"But John has never forgotten that, mother. He has been most grateful and kind always."

"Oh, yes. I am not complaining of John. Why are we discussing him now? Of course, your father will give up business at once. Oh, when one actually begins to think what this change of fortune will mean, one's brain reels! It will mean that you will all give up working."

"Right-o! When does this new kind of millennium begin, mater?" called a cheery boyish voice from the end of the passage.

A lad of fifteen came into the room, tossing his satchel off his shoulder and flinging his school cap with the red and white badge into a corner.

"I hope it's going to begin now on yours truly, for I've had simply the rottenest day," he continued.

Jack, the second son of the family and the fourth child, was a handsome, open-faced lad, with a tall, well-knit figure and a roving eye, which won him heaps of friends. But he was no student, and his school life had been singularly barren of achievement.

It had been decided that on account of his meagre show of ability he must go into the business in the City Road, and make up by plodding attention to routine what he lacked in initiative.

The prospect appalled Jack Rodney, who was a child of the sun and air and whose greatest longing was for country life. It is possible that some strain of the old yeoman blood was in his veins. Anyhow, the problem