



3 BELIEVE that we cannot live better than in seeking to become better, nor more agreeably than having a clear conscience.—Mrs. Frank Webster, Victoria Co., Ont.

Sowing Seeds in Danny

By Nellie L. McClung
(Continued from last week)

CHAPTER VII The Musical Sense

MRS. Francis in the sweetest of tea gowns, was intent upon Dr. Ernestus Parker's book on "Purposeful Motherhood." It was the chapter dealing with the "Musical Sense in Children" which engrossed Mrs. Francis's attention. She had just begun sub-division C in the chapter, "When and How the Musical Sense is Developed," when she thought of Danny. She fished into the waste-paper basket for her little red note-book and with her silver mounted pencil she made the following entry:

DANIEL WATSON

Aged 4

Mus. Sense developed. If so, When. Not, Now, and on Once.

She read on feverishly. She felt herself to be in the throes of a great idea.

Then she called Camilla. Camilla is always so practical, she thought.

To Camilla she elaborated the vital points of Dr. Parker's theory of the awakening of the musical sense, reading here and there from the book, rapidly and unintelligibly. She was so excited she was incoherent. Camilla listened patiently, although her thoughts were with her biscuits in the oven below.

"And now, Camilla," she said when she had gone over the subject, "how can we awaken the musical sense in Daniel? You know I value your opinion so much."

Camilla was ready. "Take him to hear Professor Welman play," she said. "The professor will give his recital here on the 15th." Mrs. Francis wrote rapidly. "I believe," she said looking up, "your suggestion is a good one. You shall have the credit of it in my notes."

Plan of awakening musical sense suggested by Camilla.

Camilla smiled. "Thank you Mrs. Francis. You are very kind."

When Camilla came back to the kitchen and took the biscuits from the oven, she laughed softly to herself. "This is going to be a good time for some further suggestions. Pearl must go with Danny. What a treat it will be for poor little Pearl. Then we must have a new suit for Danny, new Dress for Pearl, new cap for D. new hat for P., all suggested by C. There are a few suggestions which C. will certainly make."

On the evening of the Professor's recital there were no two happier people in the audience than Pearl Watson and her brother Daniel Mulcahy Watson; not because the great profes-

sor was about to interpret for them the music of the masters—that was not the cause of their happiness—but because of the good supper they had had and the good clothes they wore, and their hearts were glad. They had spent the afternoon at Mrs. Francis's (suggested by C.), Danny's new coat had a velvet collar lovely to feel (suggested by C.). Pearl had a wonderful new dress—the kind she had often dreamed of—made out of one of Mrs. Francis's tea gowns. (Not only suggested but made by C.). It had real buttons on it, and there was not one pin needed. Pearl felt she was just as well dressed as the little girl on the starch box. Her only grief was that when she had on her coat—which was also new, and which represented one-half month of Camilla's wages—the velvet on her dress did not show. But Camilla, anticipating this difficulty, laid back the fronts in stunning folds she could not believe her eyes! Mr. Francis did not attend piano recitals nor the meetings of the Browning Club. Mrs. Francis was often deeply grieved with James for his indifference in regard to these matters. But the musical sense in James continued to slumber and sleep.

The piano recital by Professor Welman was given under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid of the Methodist Church, the proceeds to be given toward defraying the cost of repairs on the parsonage.

The professor was to be assisted by local talent, it said on the programmes. Pearl was a little bit disappointed at the programmes. She had said Danny that there would be a chairman who would say: "I see the first Danny on this here programme is remarks by the chair, but as yet all I can't no hand at makin' a speech we'll pass on to the next item." But there was not a sign of a chairman, not even a chair. The people just came up themselves without anybody telling them, and did their piece and went back. It looked sort of odd to Pearl.

First the choir came in and sang: "Praise Waiteth for Thee, O Lord, in Zion." Pearl did not like the way they treated her friend Dr. Clay. Twice when he began to sing a little piece by himself, doing all right, too, two or three of them broke in on him and took the words right out of his mouth. Pearl had seen people get slapped faces for things like that. Pearl thought it just served them right when the doctor stopped sing-

ing and let them have it their own way.

When the professor came up the aisle everybody leaned forward to have a good look at him. "He is just like folks only for his hair," Pearl thought. Pearl lifted Danny on her knee and told him to look alive now. She knew what they were there for.

Then the professor began to play. Indifferently at first after the manner of his kind, clever gymnastics, and perhaps to show how limber they are; runs and trills, but by and by, he began to hand after the other in mad pursuit, crossing over, back again, up and down in the vain endeavor to come up with the other hand; crescendo, diminuendo, trills again!

Danny yawned widely. "When's he goin' to begin?" he asked sleepily.

The musical sense was liable to wake up any minute. But it would have to hurry, for Daniel Mulcahy was liable to go to sleep any minute. Pearl was disgusted with the Professor and her thoughts fell into vulgar baseball slang.

"Playin' to the grand stand, ain't ye instead o' gettin' down to work. That'll do for ketch and toss. Play the game! Deliver the goods!"

Then the professor began the full arm chords with sudden fury, writhing upon the stool as he struck the angry notes from the piano. Pearl's indignation ran high.

"He's lost his head—he's up in the air!" she shouted, but the words were lost in the clang of musical discords. But wait! Pearl sat still and listened. There was something doing. It was a Welsh rhapsody that he was playing. It was all there, the mountains and the rivers, and the towering cliffs with timbered slopes where waves foam on the rocks, and sea and fowl wheel and scream in the wind, and then a bit of homely melody as the country folk drive home in the moonlight, singing, and the light and falls. But the glory of the fight and the march of many feet trail off into a wailing chant—the death song of the brave men who have died. The widow towns and the little child weep comfortably in their mountain home, and the wind rushes through the forest, and the river foams furiously down the mountain, falling in billows of lace down the rocks, and the sun shines over all, cold and pitiless.

"Why, Pearl! Watson, what are you crying for?" Mrs. Francis whispered severely. "Pearl's sobs had disturbed the professor's sleep on Pearl's knees, and her tears fell fast on his tangled curls."

"I ain't cryin', I ain't cryin' a bit. You've me alone," Pearl blubbered rudely, shaking off Mrs. Francis's sharply hand.

Mrs. Francis was shocked. What in the world was making Pearl cry? The next morning Mrs. Francis took her little red note book to enter the result of her experiment, and sat looking long and earnestly at its pages. Then she drew a writing pad toward her and wrote an illuminative article on "Late Hours, a Frequent and Fruitful Cause of Irritability in Children."

CHAPTER VII.

"One of Manitoba's Prosperous Farmers"

Mr. Samuel Motherwell was a wealthy farmer who lived a few miles from Millford. Photographs of Mr. Motherwell's premises may be seen in the agricultural journals, masonry catalogues, advertisements for woven wire,

etc.—"the home of one of Manitoba's prosperous farmers."

The farm buildings were in good repair; a large red barn with white trimmings surrounded by a creaking windmill; a long, low, shanty-shed filled with binders, seeders, dischairs—everything that is needed for the seed-time and harvest and all that lies between a large stone house, square and low, lonely, and bare, without a tree or shrub around it. Mr. Motherwell did not like vines or trees around a house. They were apt to attract lightning and bring vermin. Potatoes grew from the root to the house; and around the front door, as high as the veranda, weeds flourished in abundance, undisturbed and unnoticed.

Behind the cookhouse a bed of poppies flamed scarlet against the general sombreness, and gave a strange touch of color to the common grayness. They seemed out of place in the busy farmyard. Everything else was there for use. Everybody hurried but the poppies; idlers of precious time, suggestive of slothful sleep, they held up their brazen faces in careless indifference.

Sam had not planted them—you may be sure of that. Mrs. Motherwell would tell you of an English girl she had had to work for that summer who had brought the seed with her from England, and of how one day when she sent the girl to weed on the veranda she found her blubbering and crying over what Mrs. Motherwell nothing more than weeds.

The girl then told her she had brought the seed with her and planted it there. That was the craziest thing, this Polly Bragg. She went every night to see them because they were like a "bit of home," she said. Mrs. Motherwell told her just what a ridiculous creature she was.

"I never see the best of 'that girl,'" Mrs. Motherwell would say. "Them eyes of hers were always red with weepiness, and there was no reason for it but that she was ever getting more wages than she ever got before, and more'n she was earnin', as I often told her. Land! the way that girl would sing when she got a letter from home—the queerest songs ye ever heard!"

Down by the biller there grew a green willow, Weeping all night with the bank for a pillar.

"Well, I had to stop her at last," Mrs. Motherwell would tell you with an apologetic swallow, which shows that even generous people have to be firm sometimes in the discharge of unpleasant duties.

"And mind you," Mrs. Motherwell would go on with a grievous air, "just as the best time came on didn't she go and take on like you never can depend on them English girls when the doctor was outside there in the buggy waitin' for her—she took her and she wouldn't declare if we didn't find her blubberin'!"

And not a flower on them poppies now.

Sam Motherwell and his wife were nominally Presbyterians. At the time the Millford Presbyterian Church was built Sam had given twenty-five dollars toward it, the money having been secured in some strange way by the late Thomas Thomas, the collector. Everybody was proud of Sam's prodigality. The next year he new collector—for Purves Thomas had gone away—called on Mr. Motherwell.

(Continued next week.)

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