



## The Second Chance

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(Continued from last week)

Pearl, the eldest daughter of John Watson, a C. P. R. section man in Milford, Mass., receives a man of money and starts in to educate herself and the rest of the family. She proves a clever scholar but seeing that her small brothers are getting into bad habits in town, suggests moving the family on to a farm. We are next introduced to the children at a country school. Tom Steadman, a bully, is threatened by Bud Perkins for striking Libby Ann Cavers. The Watsons again take up their education at the country school. At the Pioneers' Picnic, Bill Cavers, father of Libby Ann, gets drunk and is found dead. Sandy Braden, the hotel keeper, deeply affected, closes up his saloon in consequence. Mr. Perkins plucks his grain with wheat and Bud gets the blame. He leaves home. Mr. Perkins' daughter, Martha, is in love with a young Englishman on a neighboring farm. Arthur Wemyss, Arthur is engaged to an English girl, who is shortly to come out and join him in his new home. On the boat she falls in with another young man and they are married. The schoolmaster starts to educate Martha.

ARTHUR came over for his bread that evening also, and when Dr. Emory went to the organ in the parlour and began to play, every one in the house went in to listen. He did not often play without being asked, but to-night he suggested it himself. The parlour lamp was lighted, a gorgeous affair with a large pink globe on which a stalwart deer, poised on a rock, was about to spring across a rushing stream. But the parlour lamp seemed to expend all its energy lighting up the deer and stream and the wreath of wild roses on the other side, and have very little left for the doctor. The doctor silently commended its dim light, for it suited his purpose better.

At Mr. Perkins' request he played Irish reels and jigs. Mrs. Perkins had only one favourite, "The Rose Tree Home," with variations; that was the only tune she was real sure of. When the Doctor got these two orders filled he began the real business of the evening with Handel's "Largo." Mr. Perkins began to yawn and soon took his departure, closely followed by Mrs. Perkins. They unitedly declared that they "didn't like a die-away ducky piece like that that hadn't any swing to it."

The Doctor's fine old eyes were shining with a real purpose as he played. "I'll suggest their thoughts for this," the old man was chuckling to himself. "Who can resist these dreamy love-songs?"—he was playing Schubert's "Serenade." "Twilight and music! If the moon would only show her face at the window! I'm detting loose a whole flock of cupids. Oh, I know, I know, I've heard their whispers—they tell you there is no death or loneliness—or separation—living little rascals! But sweet, oh, wondrously sweet to listen to. Listen to this, Arthur—it's all yours—Martha's just as true and pure and sweet as all this—and she loves you, man alive, think of that. Sorrow and evil days and death itself will never change Martha—she's a solid rock for you to build your soul's happiness on. Dream on now, Arthur, as millions have dreamed before you; let your dreams keep pace with the night and carry you on its strong tide—it will land you safe on the rainbow shore. It carries me even, and I am old and full of evil days. What must it be to you, Arthur, for you are young and can easily believe, and the girl who loves you is right beside you. Take

the thought—it's bright with promise—it's full of love and comfort and home for you."

The schoolmaster stole away to his room upstairs and took a faded photograph from an old portfolio and kissed it tenderly.

Behind the lace curtains the full moon, with a golden mist around her face, shone softly into the dimly-lighted room, and still the old man played on, the deathless songs of



### "We Guarantee Pure Syrup"

Notice the covered sap pail. No chance for dirt to get in this sap. A scene in Britain Co. Ont.

Youth and love—the sweet, changeless melodies which have come down the ages to remind us of the love that still lives, glorious and triumphant, though the hearts that loved are dust.

### CHAPTER XXXI.

#### MRS. CAVERS'S NEIGHBOURS.

O! the world's a curious compound. With its honey and its gall, With its calm and bitter crosses— But a good world after all.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

The people of the neighbourhood were disposed to wonder why Mrs. Cavers lived on in the old tumble-down Steadman house after her husband's death. "Why doesn't she go home to her own people?" they asked of each other—not in any unkind spirit, but because they naturally expected that she would do this. Libby Anne had told the children at school so much about her mother's lovely home in Ontario, where her grand-

mother and Aunt Edith still lived, that the people of the neighbourhood had associated with it the idea of wealth. Unfortunately, they were wrong about this. Mrs. Cavers's mother and sister lived in a pretty white cottage, just outside one of Ontario's large cities. Roses ran over the porch, and Morning Glory vines shut in the small verandah. It was a home of refinement and good taste, but not of wealth or even comfort. Mrs. Cavers's only sister, Edith, and the sweet-faced mother lived there in peace and contentment, but every dollar of Edith's small salary as milliner's assistant was needed for their sustenance.

Mrs. Cavers had never let her mother and sister know what hard times she had come through. It was her good gift that she could hide her troubles even from them. Even now her letters were cheerful and hopeful, the kindness of her neighbours often offered them. She made many excuses for not coming home to see them. She was afraid the damp winter would not agree with Libby Anne; she had not disposed of all her stock and machinery yet. These and other reasons were given, but never the real one. She knew how hard it was to find a situation in Ontario, and now, faded and wrinkled and worn as she was, what chance had she among the many? She would stay in the West and get a position as housekeeper on a farm. She could earn her own living and Libby Anne's, and Libby Anne would go to school.

Mrs. Cavers was a brave woman, and faced the issue of life without a murmur. She told herself over and over again that she should be thankful that she had her health restored. But Mr. Perkins' gentle touch of sympathy that never failed, if she could creep into her mother's arms, as she had often done as a child, and cry away all the pain and sorrow she had never known—she could forget that life had held for her so much of ill.

The Watsons' gift of two hundred dollars came like a prisoner's release, for with it she could go home. She and Libby Anne would have a father at home anyway. Then she would come back on the harvesters' excursion and work for three months during the busy time, and perhaps go home again. She would not forget the future beyond that—it was enough to know that she and Libby Anne would go home in the spring.

It was in February that Libby Anne took a cold. When she had been at school a few days Pearl Watson went over to see what was wrong. Libby Anne's flushed face and burning eyes so alarmed Pearl that next day she sent a note by her father, who was going to Milford, to her friend, Dr. Clay.

Dr. Clay went out at once to see Libby Anne, and without alarming Mrs. Cavers, made a thorough examination of the child's lungs. He found that one of them undoubtedly was affected.

Mrs. Cavers was telling him about their proposed journey east, which the generous gift from the Watsons had made possible. They would go just as soon as Libby Anne's cold got better now—the damp weather would be over then.

The doctor's face was turned away. How could he tell her? He could not tell her here in this forsaken, desolate little town. "Come for a drive, Mrs. Cavers," he said at last, "and I will take you and Libby Anne over to see Mrs. Perkins and Martha. It will do you both good."

Mrs. Cavers gladly assented, but

would going out hurt Libby Anne. "Oh, no!" the doctor assured her, "the fresh air will do her good." When they drove into the Perkins yard, Martha and Mrs. Perkins warmly welcomed them. The doctor had some calls to make across the river, but he would be back in time to take the home before dark, he said. When



### Very Young Poultry Womans

The children can be taught to be a great help in caring for the farm poultry. The little daughters of Mr. Matchett, Peterboro, Ont., here shown rounding up their geese for the market. Many of the girls of Farm and Dairy are starting in early to take an interest in poultry.

Mrs. Perkins had taken the visitors into the parlour the doctor followed Martha into the kitchen. He would tell Martha, for Dr. Clay, like every wise man who knew her, had learned that Martha's words were full of strength. Martha would know what to do.

He told her in a few words, "Hush, she has a chance?" asked Martha, quietly.

"She has a good chance," he answered. "It is only in an early stage, but she must be put in a tent, kept in bed, and have plenty of nourishing food; either that, or she must be sent to a sanitarium."

"Where is there one?" Martha asked.

"At Gravenhurst, Muskoka," he said quickly.

"But her mother can't be left alone with her," said the doctor.

Martha stood still for some moments with one hand on the kettle's shining lid. Then she spoke. "The tent can be put up here in my yard," she said. "Mother and I will help Mrs. Cavers. I'll ask father as mother, but I'm sure they'll be willing. They never went back on neighbour. We must give Libby Anne her chance."

The doctor looked at her with admiration. "Will you tell her with us, Martha? You're the best one to tell her."

"All right," she answered. "I will tell her."

The doctor drove away with a great reverence in his heart for the girl Martha. Pearl had told him about Martha's hopes and fears, and his great ambition she had for an education. "She won't have any mind to improve her mind now," he said to himself. "She never hesitated."

She may not be acquainted with the binomial theorem, but she has a heart of gold, and that's more important. I wonder what Arthur is thinking. He's foolish to grieve for the tow-haired Thursa when queen are passing by."

(To be continued)