

Bob, Son of Battle.

Continued from page 1577.

since yellow with age—the family register of the Moores of Kenmuir.

Running your eye down the loose leaf, once, twice, and again it will be caught by a small red cross beneath a name, and under the cross the one word "Cup."

Lastly opposite the name of Rex son of Rally, are two of those proud, tell-tale marks. The cup referred to is the renowned Dale Cup—Champion Challenge Dale Cup, open to the world.

Had Rex won it but once again the Shepherds' Trophy, which many men have lived to win, and died still striving after, would have come to rest forever in the little gray house below the Pike.

It was not to be, however. Comparing the two sheets, you read beneath the dog's name a date and a pathetic legend; and on the other sheet, written in his son's boyish hand, beneath the name of Andrew Moore the same date and the same legend.

From that day James Moore, then but a boy, was master of Kenmuir.

So past Grip and Rex and Rally, and a hundred others, until at the foot of the page you come to that last name—Bob, son of Battle.

From the very first the young dog took to his work in a manner to amaze even James Moore. For a while he watched his mother, Meg, at her business, and with that seemed to have mastered the essentials of sheep tactics.

Rarely had such fiery élan been seen on the sides of the Pike; and with it the young dog combined a strange sobriety, an admirable patience, that justified, indeed, the epithet "Owd." Silent he worked, and resolute; and even in those days had that famous trick of coaxing the sheep to do his wishes;—blending, in short, as Tammas put it, the brains of a man with the way of a woman.

Parson Leggy, who was reckoned the best judge of a sheep or sheep-dog 'twixt Tyne and Tweed, summed him up in the one word "Genius." And James Moore himself, cautious man, was more than pleased.

In the village, the Dalesmen, who took a personal pride in the Gray Dogs of Kenmuir, began to nod sage heads when "oor" Bob was mentioned. Jim Mason, the postman, whose word went as far with the villagers as Parson Leggy's with the gentry, reckoned he'd never seen a young un as so took his fancy. That winter it grew quite the recognized thing, when they had gathered of a night round the fire in the Sylvester Arms, with Tammas in the centre, old Jonas Maddox on his right, Rob Sanderson of the Holt on the left, and the others radiating away toward the sides, for some one to begin with:

"Well, and what o' oor Bob, Mr. Thornton?"

To which Tammas would always make reply:

"Oh, yo' ask Sam'l there. He'll tell yo' better'n me,"—and would forthwith plunge, himself, into a yarn.

And the way in which, as the story proceeded, Tupper of Swinsthwaite winked at Ned Hoppin of Fellgarth, and Long Kirby, the smith, poked Jem Burton, the publican, in the ribs, and Sexton Ross said, "Ma word, lad!" spoke more eloquently than many words.

One man only never joined in the chorus of admiration. Sitting always alone in the background, little M'Adam would listen with an incredulous grin on his sallow face.

"Oh, ma certes! The devil's in the dog! It's no cannie ava!" he would continually exclaim, as Tammas told his tale.

In the Daleland you rarely see a stranger's face. Wandering in the wild country about the twin dales at the time of this story, you might have met Parson Leggy, riding along with a couple of varmint terriers at his heels, and young Cyril Glibraith, whom he was teaching to tie flies and fear God, beside him; or Jim Mason, postman by profession, poacher by predilection, honest man and sportsman by nature, lugging along with the mail-bags on his shoulder, a rabbit in his pocket, and the faithful Betsy a yard behind. Besides these you might have hit upon a

quiet shepherd and a wise-faced dog; Squire Sylvester, going his rounds upon a sturdy cob; or, had you been lucky, sweet Lady Eleanor bent upon some errand of mercy to one of the many tenants.

It was while the Squire's lady was driving through the village on a visit to Tammas's slobbering grandson—it was shortly after Billy Thornton's advent into the world—that little M'Adam, standing in the door of the Sylvester Arms, with a twig in his mouth and a sneer fading from his lips, made his ever-memorable remark:

"Sall!" he said, speaking in low, earnest voice; "'tis a muckle wumman."

"What? What be sayin', mon?" cried old Jonas, startled out of his usual apathy.

M'Adam turned sharply on the old man.

"I said the wumman wears a muckle hat!" he snapped.

Blotted out as it was, the observation still remains—a tribute of honest admiration. Doubtless the Recording Angel did not pass it by. That one statement anent the gentle lady of the manor is the only personal remark ever credited to little M'Adam not born of malice and all uncharitableness. And that is why it is ever memorable.

The little Scotsman with the sar-

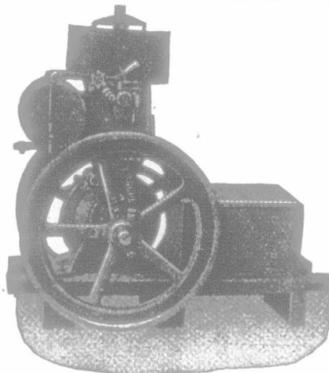
donic face had been the tenant of the Grange these many years; yet he had never grown acclimatized to the land of the Southron. With his shrivelled body and weakly legs he looked among the sturdy, straight-limbed sons of the hill-country like some brown, wrinkled leaf holding its place amidst a galaxy of green. And as he differed from them physically, so he did morally.

He neither understood them nor attempted to. The North-country character was an unsolved mystery to him, and that after ten years' study. "One-half o' what ye say they doot, and they let ye see it; t'ither half they dis-believe, and they tell ye so," he once

THE TWO BEST SOLUTIONS

FOR THE FARM POWER QUESTION

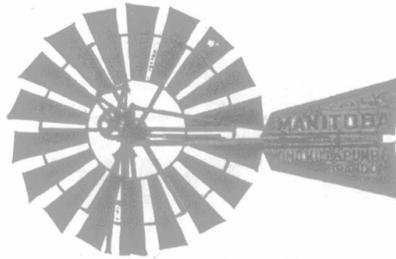
Manitoba Gasoline Engine AND Manitoba Windmill



2, 3 and 4 H.P.

EITHER ONE CAN BE FITTED UP WITH ONE OF OUR

Grinders, Steel Frame Wood Saws Steel Tanks or Pumps



All Sizes for Pumping and Power

Write to-day for our big catalog—it's worth having.

Manitoba Windmill and Pump Co., Ltd.

Manufacturers, Box 301, Brandon, Man.

A FREE CURE

If you are weak and ailing, have lost the fire and vigor of youth; if you are rheumatic, full of pains and aches, or suffering from any disease that drugs have failed to cure—I want you to come to me. I can cure you with my wonderful Electric Belt, and I'll give it free to any weak man or woman. I want every weak, puny man, every man with a pain or an ache, to get the benefit of my invention. Some men have doctored a good deal—some have used other ways of applying electricity—without getting cured, and they are chary about paying money now until they know what they are paying for.

If you are that kind of a man, this Belt is yours without a cent of cost to you until you are cured.

That's trusting you a good deal, and it is showing a good deal of confidence in my Belt; but I know that I have a good thing, and I am willing to take chances if you will secure me.

As to what my Belt will do: I know that it will cure wherever there is a possible chance, and there is a good chance in nine cases out of ten. So you can afford to let me try, anyway, and I'll take the chances. If you are not sick don't trifle with me; but if you are you owe it to yourself and to me, when I make an offer like this, to give me a fair trial.

Dr. McLaughlin: Amherst, N. S. Dear Sir,—I have worn your Belt for thirty days, as directed, and feel very much better. Losses are about over.—CHAS. A. DONKIN.

Dr. McLaughlin: Massawippi, Que. Dear Sir,—I cannot speak too highly of your Electric Belt. It paid me well for getting it.—C. B. SLOGGETT.

Dr. McLaughlin: Bruce Mines, Ont. Dear Sir,—I am glad to tell you that your Belt has cured me of lame back. I do not wear the Belt now, for I feel well.—JOHN TAIBEAULT.

If you are not as vigorous as you would like to be, if you have weak kidneys, loss of vitality, prostatic troubles, nervous spells, varicocele, or any ailment of that kind that weakens you, it would assure your future happiness if you would look into this method of mine. It is as good for women as for men. Worn while you sleep, it causes no trouble. You feel the gentle, glowing heat from it constantly, but no sting, no burning, as in old style belts.

If you would believe the thousands of men whom I have already treated, my Belt is worth its weight in gold.

But some men don't believe anything until they see it. That's why I make this offer.

If I don't cure you, my Belt comes back to me, and we quit friends. You are out the time you spend on it—wearing it while you sleep—nothing more.

But I expect to cure you if I take your case. If I think I can't cure you, I'll tell you so, and not waste your time. Anyway, try me at my expense.

Call or Send for My Free Book

Come and see me and I'll fix you up, or if you can't, then cut out this coupon and send it in. It will bring you a description of my Belt, and a book that will inspire you to be a man among men, all free. My hours, 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. Wednesdays and Saturdays to 8:45 p.m.

DR. M. S. McLAUGHLIN 112 Yonge Street TORONTO CAN. Please send me your book free. NAME ADDRESS