

"His heart is good, your Leddyship, if his manners are not," M'Adam answered, smiling.

"Liar!" came a loud voice in the silence. Lady Eleanor looked up, hot with indignation, and half rose from her seat. But M'Adam merely smiled.

"Wullie, turn and mak' yer bow to the leddy," he said. "They'll no hurt us noo we're up; it's when we're doon they'll flock like corbies to the carrion."

At that Red Wull walked up to Lady Eleanor, faintly wagging his tail; and she put her hand on his huge bull head and said, "Dear old Ugly!" at which the crowd cheered in earnest.

After that, for some moments, the only sound was the gentle ripple of the good lady's voice and the little man's caustic replies.

"Why last winter the country was full of Red Wull's doings and yours. It was always M'Adam and his Red Wull have done this and that and the other. I declare I got quite tired of you both, I heard such a lot about you."

The little man, cap in hand, smiled, blushed, and looked genuinely pleased. "And when it wasn't you it was Mr.

Moore and Owd Bob."

"Owd Bob, bless him!" called a stentorian voice. "Three cheers for oor Bob!"

"Ip! ip! ooray!" It was taken up gallantly, and cast from mouth to mouth; and strangers, though they did not understand, caught the contagion and cheered too; and the uproar continued for some minutes.

When it was ended Lady Eleanor was standing up, a faint flush on her cheeks and her eyes flashing dangerously like a queen at bay.

"Yes," she cried, and her clear voice thrilled through the air like a trumpet. "Yes; and now three cheers for M'Adam and his Red Wull! Hip! hip!"

"Hooray!" A little knot of stalwarts at the back—James Moore, Parson Leggy, Jim Mason, and you may be sure in heart, at least, Owd Bob—responded the call right lustily. The crowd joined in; and, once off, cheered and cheered again.

"Three cheers more for Mr. M'Adam! But the little man waved to them. "Dinna be bigger heepocrites than ye can help," he said. "Ye've done

enough for one day, and thank ye for it."

Then Lady Eleanor handed him the Cup.

"Mr. M'Adam, I present you with the Champion Challenge Dale Cup, open to all comers. Keep it, guard it, love it as your own, and win it again if you can. Twice more and it's yours, you know, and it will stop forever beneath the shadow of the Pike. And the right place for it, say I—the Dale Cup for Dalesmen."

The little man took the Cup tenderly. "It shall no leave the Estate or ma hoose, yer Leddyship, gin Wullie and I can help it," he said emphatically.

Lady Eleanor retreated into the tent, and the crowd swarmed over the ropes and round the little man, who held the cup beneath his arm.

Long Kirby laid irreverent hands upon it.

"Dinna finger it!" ordered M'Adam. "Shall!"

"Shan't! Wullie, keep him off." Which the great dog proceeded to do amid the laughter of the onlookers.

Among the last, James Moore was

borne past the little man. At sight of him, M'Adam's face assumed an expression of intense concern.

"Man, Moore!" he cried, peering forward as though in alarm; "man, Moore, ye're green—positively verdant. Are ye in pain?" Then, catching sight of Owd Bob, he started back in affected horror.

"And, ma certes! so's yer dog! Yer dog as was gray is green. Oh, guid life!"—and he made as though about to fall fainting to the ground.

Then, in bantering tones: "Ah, but ye shouldna covet—"

"He'll ha' no need to covet it long. I can tell you," interposed Tammias's shrill accents.

"And why for no?"

"Becos next year he'll win it fra yo'. Oor Bob'll win it, little mon. Why? thot's why."

The retort was greeted with a yell of applause from the sprinkling of Dalesmen in the crowd.

But M'Adam swaggered away into the tent, his head up, the Cup beneath his arm, and Red Wull guarding his rear.

"First of a' ye'll ha' to beat Adam M'Adam and his Red Wull!" he cried back proudly.

CHAPTER XI.
OOR BOB.

M'Adam's pride in the great Cup that now graced his kitchen was supreme. It stood alone in the very centre of the mantelpiece, just below the old bell-mouthed blunderbuss that hung upon the wall. The only ornament in the bare room, it shone out in its silvery chastity like the moon in a gloomy sky.

For once the little man was content. Since his mother's death David had never known such peace. It was not that his father became actively kind; rather that he forgot to be actively unkind.

"Not as I care a brazen button one way or t'ither," the boy informed Maggie.

"Then vo' should," that proper little person replied.

M'Adam was, indeed, a changed being. He forgot to curse James Moore; he forgot to sneer at Owd Bob; he rarely visited the Sylvester Arms, to the detriment of Jem Burton's pocket and temper; and he was never drunk.

"Soaks 'issel at home, instead," suggested Tammias, the prejudiced. But the accusation was untrue.

"Too drunk to git so far," said Long Kirby, kindly man.

"I reck'n the Cup is kind o' company to him," said Jim Mason. "Happen it's lonesomeness as drives him here so much." And happen you were right, charitable Jim.

"Best mak' maist on it while he has it, 'cos he'll not have it for long," Tammias remarked amid applause.

Even Parson Leggy allowed—rather reluctantly, indeed, for he was but human—that the little man was changed wonderfully for the better.

"But I an afraid it may not last," he said. "We shall see what happens when Owd Bob beats him for the Cup, as he certainly will. That'll be the critical moment."

As things were, the little man spent all his spare moments with the Cup between his knees, burnishing it and crooning to Wullie:

"I never saw a fairer,
I never lo'ed a dearer,
And neist my heart I'll wear her,
For tear my jewel tere."

There, Wullie! look at her: is she no bonnie? She shines like a twinkle—twinkle in the sky." And he would hold it out at arm's length, his head cocked sideways the better to scan its bright beauties.

The little man was very jealous for his treasure. David might not touch it, might not scole in the kitchen lest the limes should tarnish its glory; while if he approached too closely he would be rebuffed abruptly.

"As if I wanted to touch his nasty cup!" he complained to Maggie. "I'd sooner be a dog."

"How do you do, Mr. David, immediate!" called helplessly. "Fertinence!"

She had pressed her head close to his and they were nodding her

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You pay a doctor a little money every month, and a druggist some more for the stuff he sells you to dope your stomach. It's no fun to look back after you have taken the stuff for years and are just as bad off as when you started—and your stomach the worse from the poison you have put into it.

Dr. McLaughlin: Nipissing, Ont.
Dear Sir,—I have worn your Belt for two months steady, and must say that it has done me an awful lot of good. I am well satisfied with the Belt, and I have found what you said about your Belt to be true. I will give your Belt all the praise that it deserves. Wishing you every success I remain, Yours very truly, WILLIAM BYERS.

Hallville, Ont.
Dear sir,—I am well pleased with your Belt; it has done its work perfectly. The losses are stopped; my stomach is better, and I feel better in every way. I no longer have those despondent spells, and life is a pleasure. I wish to thank you for what your Belt has done, and your honest dealing with me. Yours truly, JAMES BROWN.

Ashdod, Ont.
Dear Sir,—I have been greatly benefited by the Belt I purchased from you some time ago. My heart is much better, and the rheumatism in my arm has all left. I feel improved in every respect. It has done all you claim for it. Thanking you for the interest you have taken in my case, I remain, Yours truly, THOMAS BRIDGES.

I have been telling the readers of this paper what my Belt will do. If you don't believe me, write to me. I will furnish you with names of thousands of people, old men, who, out of gratitude, will write you. They will tell you just what they have told me. It has no equal. They feel as hearty and as youthful as they did at eighteen.

How often that is said by men who have been cured of Nervous Debility by the Dr. McLaughlin Electric Belt! They say it every day. Men who have been weak, gloomy, irresolute, and who had no confidence in themselves at all are now holding up their heads in pride, with the knowledge that perfect strength is restored; that they are as good as any man that walks, and better than any man of their size. You know you are weak now, and wish you could say that you were as good as any man of your size. You can if you use this grand invigorator. The proposition I make is a fair one, and should remove all doubt as to its ability to cure all forms of weakness in men and women.

Dr. McLaughlin: Talbotville, Ont.
Dear Sir,—This is to testify that I have used Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt and found it to do me more good than the best doctor I ever consulted could with drugs, as one told me drugs could do me no good. I also found Dr. McLaughlin an honorable man to deal with, and he didn't leave me after he had my money, proved him to be so. Yours truly, MRS. SAMUEL DOWN.

A scientific man noted the world over—Prof. Loeb, of California University—makes the assertion that "Electricity is the basis of human vitality." It is from him, you believe it. I've been saying that for the past twenty years. Some believed me. Some didn't. I say this now because the power that drives every wheel in your body machinery, that enables you to talk, to walk, run, think, eat and exert, is electricity. It is yours like the steam in an engine. When you have enough you are strong; not enough, then you need my Belt.

Maybe you'll be a good deal better. You will some day. Anyhow, I am not afraid of anything I say, and all I ask you to spend is your time. And as you wear my belt while you sleep, I don't use much of it.

Some of the things that will be cured by the use of my Belt are: Debility of any organ of the body, decay of youthful vigor and vitality, nervous prostration, indigestion, diarrhoea, rheumatism, poor circulation of the blood, etc.

I can give you the full particulars of my system. If you are interested, tell me and I will send you a copy of my book.

Now, let's get it straight. I want you to know that I am not a doctor, and I don't want to be called one. I am simply a man who has found a way to cure people who are suffering from the above mentioned ailments. My system is simple and easy to understand. I will tell you all about it if you will.

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(Continued.)