

would buy more flower seeds; the lassies averred the lads' share would be invested in harness trimmings and an extra row of fringe for their buffalo robes.

To town and back, there was not under that June moon a happier quartette. In town the boys went off to have some blacksmiths' work done; the girls stayed at the store while Mr. Meighen weighed their butter and counted the eggs, then they "traded out" the amount due for them. When necessities were "put up," there was a margin to buy each lassie a ribbon to tie up her bonny brown hair, and a kerchief with a pink border for each of the boys.

Going home, the man in the moon looked, I am not sure but he winked; if he did he saw something neither of the four saw. And the Tay gurgled and babbled, and, like the moon, glinted at them. Because—although the white man's love story was new to her—many a dusky youth and maiden had wandered together along her banks, many a vow had she heard, many a love-glance caught; and she knew the signs.

They had returned by Glen Tay (feeling, as young folk will yet, that "the longest way round is the shortest way home"), and the McAlpin's gate came first. Douglas helped Jean out—Rob was holding the horses—and with hearty "gude nights" each sought his own place.

Next morning everybody was at the front fence to wave good-bye to Rob as he started off on horseback to be sworn in on Grand Jury. A trip to Europe undertaken by Rob's son wouldn't cause half the feeling of loss in his family this journey of Rob's to Brockville for a three days' stay did in the Mc-Gregor and McAlpin families that June morning in 1841.