



3F we would be great we must first reform our thought life. Great deeds are then mere matters of detail.

## The Second Chance

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(Continued from last week)

Pearl, the oldest daughter of John Watson, a C. P. E. section man in Milford, Mass., receives a sum 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 family at a country school. Tom Broadman, a bully, is thrashed by Bud Perkins for striking Libby Ann Cavers. The Watsons again take up their education at the country school. At the Plover's 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 frozen 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. Libby Anne develops consumption. Martha offers to take care of her.

MRS. Burrell did not see the pain in the girl's face, and went on briskly, "I must go in and see Libby Anne and Mrs. Cavers. Of course I think it is very unwise to let every one go in to see the sick, but for a woman like me that has had experience it is different. I'll try to cheer them up, both of them."

"Oh, they're all right," Martha exclaimed in alarm. "They do not need any cheering. Pearl's Watson is in the tent just now."

Martha's cheeks were still smarting with the "cheering" that Mrs. Burrell had just given her, and she trembled for Libby Anne and Mrs. Cavers.

Mrs. Burrell went into the tent resolved to be the very soul of cheerfulness, a real sunshine-dispenser.

Mrs. Cavers was genuinely glad to see her, for she had found out how kind Mrs. Burrell really was at heart.

"Oh, what a comfortable and cosy place for a sick little girl," she began gaily, "and a nice little friend like Pearl's Watson to tell her stories. Wouldn't I like to be sick and get such a nice rest."

Libby Anne smiled. "You can come and stay with me," she said hospitably.

Mrs. Burrell put her basket on the bed. "Everything in it is for Libby Anne," she said, "and Libby Anne must take them out herself. Pearl will help her."

Then came the joyous task of unpacking the basket. There were candy dogs and cats, wrapped in tissue paper; there were pretty boxes of home-made candy; there were gaily dressed black dolls, and a beautiful big white doll; there was a stuffed cat with a squeak in it, a picture book, and, at the bottom, in a dainty box, a five dollar bill.

"Oh, Mrs. Burrell!" was all that Mrs. Cavers could say.

Mrs. Burrell dismissed the subject by saying, "Dear me, everybody's kind to Libby Anne. I'm sure—it's just a pleasure."

Then Mrs. Cavers told her of the wonderful kindness the neighbours had shown her. That very day two women had come from across the river—she had never heard of them before

—and they brought Libby Anne two beautiful fleecy kimono, and two hooked mats for the tent, and a crock of fresh butter; and as for the doctor's kindness, and Martha's, and Mr. and Mrs. Perkins's, and Arthur's



One Might Well be Proud of a Home Such as This

People in cities, because of high rents, live in flats—a dozen or more families to a house. Such a home as that of Mr. Samuel N. Traver, Welland Co. Ont., here farmers half appreciate our blessings?

and the Watson family's—only eternally itself would show what it had meant to her, and how it had comforted her.

Tears overflowed Mrs. Cavers' gentle eyes and her voice quivered.

"They love to do it, Mrs. Cavers," Mrs. Burrell answered, her own eyes dim, "and Mr. Braden, too. He's only too glad to show his repentance of the evil he brought into your life—he's really a reformed man. You'd be surprised to see the change in him. He told Mr. Burrows he'd gladly part with every cent he had to see somebody—pointing to the bed—"well and—protesting; he's so glad to help you in any way he can, and I overheard him tell Mr. Burrell something—they were in the study and Mr. Burrell closed the door tight, so I couldn't hear very well, but I gathered from words here and there that he intended to do something real handsome for

somebody"—again pointing with an air of great mystery to the little face on the bed.

Mrs. Cavers was staring at her with wide open eyes, her face paler even than Libby Anne's.

"What do you mean?" she asked in a choked voice.

Mrs. Burrell blundered on gaily. "It's nothing more than he should do—he took your husband's money. If it had not been for his bar you would have been comfortably well off by this time, and I am sure he has so much money he will never miss the price of this." She pointed to the tent and its furnishings.

"Do you mean to say—that Sandy Braden—bought this tent—for my little girl?" Mrs. Cavers asked, speaking very slowly.

"Yes, of course," replied the other woman, alarmed at the turn the conversation had taken, "but, dear me, he should make some restitution."

"Restitution?" the other woman repeated, in a voice that cut like thin ice. "Restitution! Does anyone speak to me of restitution? Can anything bring back my poor Will from the grave? Can anything give him back his chance in this world and the next? Can anything make me forget the cold black loneliness of it all? I don't want Sandy Braden's money. Let it perish with him! Can I take the price of my husband's soul?"

Mrs. Cavers and Mrs. Burrell had gone to the farther end of the tent as they spoke, and Pearl, seeing the drift of the conversation, had absorbed Libby Anne's attention with a fascinating story about her new dolls. Yet not one word of the conversation did Pearl miss.

Mrs. Burrell was surprised beyond

she says, and it would give her time to think."

The next time the doctor came, Mrs. Cavers insisted on paying him for the tent and everything that was in it. There was a finality in her manner that made argument useless.

The doctor was distressed, and reluctantly tried to dissuade her.

"Let me pay for it, Mrs. Cavers," he said. "Surely you are willing that I should help you in this manner."

"Aren't you doing enough, doctor?" she said. "You are giving your time, your skill, for nothing. Oh, doctor, don't you think you are humiliating me by refusing to take this money?"

Then the doctor took the money, wondering with a heavy heart how he could tell Mrs. Braden.

### CHAPTER XXXII

#### ANOTHER NEIGHBOUR

How fair a lot to fill  
Is left for each man still.

—Robert Browning.

The early days of March were bright and warm and full of the promise of spring. Mouse ears came up on the willows that bordered the river and a bunch of them was proudly carried by Andy Brown, by Jimmy Brown, who declared that he had laid a meadowlark. One evening, too, as he lay in her tent, Libby Anne had heard the honking of wild geese passing north, and she knew that that came through the canvas and day cheered her wonderfully. Libby Anne always believed that fluid was come home in the spring—he would surely be able to see the big brown tumbling flocks go down the Susquehanna. Nobody could stay any longer in the spring, when the ice was cracking in the sunny yard, and water trickling down the furrows every day may be the day the ice comes. Bud would surely come then and she would get all better, and she and her mother would go to Grandma's, and so Libby Anne beguiled her days and nights with pleasing fancies as she waited for spring.

But although the snow had left the fields in black patches and the sun was bright and warm, the atmosphere delayed their coming and the ice remained solid and tight in the Susquehanna. Instead of the dancing sunshine, there were lead-gray clouds and a whistling wind came down the valley, piercing cold, carrying with sharp little hurrying snowflakes.

Up to this time Libby Anne had made good progress, but with the change in the weather came a change in her. Almost without warning she developed pleurisy.

The doctor's face was white with pain when he told her mother the meaning of the flushed cheeks and laboured breathing. She had been doing so well, too, and seemed so fair way to win, that it was almost too, but now, restlessly tossing on her pillow, with a deadly catch in her breathing, what chance had such frail little spar of weathering so angry billows?

When the doctor went back to his office he saw Sandy Braden pale and called him in. He told him the new danger that threatened Libby Anne.

"What can we do, Clay?" he asked when the doctor had finished. "There anyone that can give her better chance than you? How about that Scotch doctor, MacTavish? He's pretty good, and if there is a chance of an operation being necessary we can wire him."

(Continued next week)

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