



no man need hunt for his mission. His mission comes to him. It is not above; it is not below; it is not far-not to make happy human faces now and then among the children of misery, but to keep happy faces about him all the time.

J. F. W. Ware.



## Sowing Seeds in Danny

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. (Continued from last week)

SYNOPSIS.—The Watson family live in a small town in Manitoba. The family consists of Mr. Watson amaily live in a small town in Manitoba. The family consists of Mr. Watson is an an of few words, who works on the section. and sine children. Pearl Watson is a Gramman of the words, who works on the section. The family consists of Mr. Watson is often employed to wash and work for the Burton Francis, a dreamy woman, who has beautiful theories. "Wee Danny is the idol of Pearl's eye, and is a favorite of Mrs. Francis of the Mrs. Francis loses no chances to install her ideas and theories into poor Mrs. Watson's Drain, whenever they present themselves a musting time in Chapters I and 2, leading Danny presentable for a visit to the Francis home. Dr. Barner, the old doctor of the Village, clever in his profession, but intemporate, has a Missing databler. Mary, who does much dies with the Mrs. Francis home. Dr. Barner, the old daughter, Mary, who does much clies, and she endeavors to get the Watson children interested. Mrs. McGuire, the next door neighbor of the Watson's has a special antipathy for Mr. Watson. A treat was given Pearl and Danny in Chapter 6, when Mrs. Francis gets test and his wife and son live on a farm near the Watson's Mrs. McGuire of the Watson's has a special antipathy for Mr. Watson. A treat was given Pearl and Danny in Chapter 6, when Mrs. Francis continued to the Watson's has a special antipathy for Mr. Watson. A treat was given Pearl and Danny in Chapter 6, when Mrs. Francis continued to the Watson's has a special antipathy for Mr. Watson. A treat was given Pearl and Danny in Chapter 6, when Mrs. Francis continued to the Watson's has a pecial antipathy for Mr. Watson. A treat was given Pearl and Danny in Chapter 6, when Mrs. Francis continued to the Watson's and a demands payment. After much discussion it is deeded that Pearlie watson shall go and work with Mrs. Motherwell and thus "eige out the stabl

THE exhilaration of the air, the glory of the waving grain, PHE exhitaration of the air, the glory of the waving grain, the profusion of wild flow-purple and yellow were like wine to her sympathetic Irish heart as she walked through the grain fields and drank in the beauties that lay around, and it was not until she came it sight of the big stone house, gloomy in sight of the big stone house, gloomy and bare, that she realized with a start of homesickness that she was

and bare, that she realized with a start of homesickness that she was Pearl Watson, aged twelve, away from bome for the first time, and bound to work three months for a woman of reputed ill-temper.

"But I'll do it, Pearl said, swallowing the lump that gathered in her throat, "I can work. Nobody never said that none of the Watsons couldn't work. I'll stay out me time it it kills me."

couldn't work. I'll stay out he circle i'i tk kills me."
So saying, Pearl «nocked timidly at the back door. Myriads of flies buzzed on the screen. From within a tired voice said, "Come in."

Pearl walked in and saw a large bare room, with a long table in the middle. A sewing machine littered with papers stood in front of one win-

dow.

The floor had been painted a dull drab, but the passing of many feet had worn the paint away in places. A stove stoed in one corner. Over the sink a tall, round-shouldered woman bent trying to get wattered woman bent trying to get wattered woman bent styling to get wattered with the state of the s

er from an asthmatic pump.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" she said in a tone so very unpleasant that Pearl thought she must have expected some-

one else.
"Yes'm," Pear said, meekly "Who
were ye expectint?"
Mrs. Motherwell stopped pumping
for a minute and looked at Pearl.
"Why didn't you get here earlier?" she asked.

"Well," Pearl began, "I was late gettin' started by leason of the washin' and the ironin', and Jimmy not gettin' back wid the boots. He went drivin' cattle for Vale the butch went drivin' cat'le for Vale the butcher, and be had to have the boots for
the poison ivy is that bad, and because
the sugar o' lead is all done and anyway ma don't like to keep it in the
house, for wee Danny might eat it—
he's that stirrin' and me not there
to watch him now."

"I'cled but a topung yeep have!

"Lord! what a tongue you have! Put down your things and go out and pick up chips to light the fire with in the morning." morning

Poarl laid her bird-cage on a chair and was back so soon with the chips that Mrs. Motherwell could not think

and was back so soon with the chips that Mrs. Motherwell could not think of anything to say.

"Now go for the cows," she said, "and don't run them home!"

"Where will I run them to then ma'am?" Pearl asked innocently.

"Good land, child, have I to tell you everything? Folks that can't dwithout tellin' can't do much with, I say. Bring the cows to the bars, and don't stand staring at me will be a supply the same than the same that the same will be a supply the same than the s apologetic yawn as she stopped to pat his honest brown head.

A group of red calves stood at the

of a small field plaintively calling their supper. It was not just an for their supper. It was not just an ordinary bawl, but a double-jointed hyphenated appeal, indicating a very exhausted condition indeed.

Pearl looked at them in pity. The

old deg, wrinkling his nose and turn-ing away his head, did not give them a glance. He knew them. Noisy things! Let 'em bawl. Come on! Across the narrow creek they bound-

ed, Pearl and old Nap, and up the ed, Pearl and old Nap, and up the other hill where the silver willows grew so tall they were hidden in them. The goldenrod nodded its plummy head in the breeze, and the tall Gail-lardie, brown and yellow, flickered unsteadily on its atem. The billows of shadow swept over the wheat on each side of the narrow silver willows

the wheat on each side or the narrow pasture; the golden flowers, the gold-en fields, the warm golden sunshine intoxicated Pearl with their luxurious beauty, and in that hour of delight she realized more pleasure from them than Sam Motherwell and his wife had than Sam Motherwell and his wire had in all their long lives of barren sel-fishness. Their souls were of a dull drab dryness in which no flower took root, there was no gold to them but the gold of greed and gain, and with the gold of greed and gain, and with it they had never bought a smile or a gentle hand pressure or a fervid "God bless you!" and so it lost its golden color and turned to lead and

ashes in their hands.
When Pearl and Nap got the cows turned homeward they had to slacken

turned homeward they had to success
their pace.

"I'd don't care how cross she is,"
Pearl said, "if I can come for the
cows every night. Look at that fluffly white cloud! Say, wouldn't that
make a hat trimming that would do
your heart good. The body of the
hat blue like that up there, edged
'round with that cloud over there,
then a blue cape with white fur on it
inst to match. I kin just feel that

tuen a bute cape with white fur on it just to match, I kin just feel that white stuff under my chin."
Then Pearl began to cake-walk and sing a song she had heard Camilla sing. She had forgotten some of the sing. She had forgotten some of the words, but Pearl never was at a loss for words: The wild waves are singing to the

As they were in the happy days of yore,

Pearl could not remember what the wild waves were singing, so she sang what was in her own heart:

She can't take the ripple from the And she can't take the justle from

the trees;
And when I am out of the old girl's sight I can-just-do-as-a-please.

"That's right, I think the same way; and try to act upon it," a man's voice said slowly. "But don't let

her hear you say so."

Pearl started at the sound of the voice and found herself looking into such a good-natured face that she laughed too, with a feeling of good

The old dog ran to the stranger with every delight at seeing him.

with every delight at seeing him.
"I am one of the neighbors," he said, "I live over there"—pointing ta little car-roofed sharty farther up the creek. "Did I frighten you? I am sorry if I did, you see I like the sentiment of your song so much I could not help telling you. You need not think it strange if you find me milking one of these cows occasionally. You see I believe in dealing directly with the manufacturer ing directly with the manufacturer and thus save the middleman profit, and so I just take what milk I need from So-Bossie over there."

"Does she know?" Pearl asked, adding towards the house.

"Who? So-Bossie?"

"No. Mrs. Methawall."

"No, Mrs. Motherwell."
"Well, no," he answer "Well, no," he answered slowly.
"You haven't heard of her having a
fit, have you?"
"No," Pearl answered wondering-

"Then wo're safe in saying that a secret has been kept from her." "Does it hurt her, though?" Pearl

"It would, very much, if she knew it," the young man replied gravely. "Oh, I mean the cow," Pearl said

hastily.

"It doesn't hurt the cow a bit.
What does she care who gets the
milk? When did you come?"

"To-night," Pearl said. "I must hurry. She'll have a rod in steep for me if I'm late. My name is Pearl Watson. What's yours?" "Jim Russell," he said. "I know your brother Teddy."

Watson. What's yourse.
"Jim Russell," he said. "I know
your brother Teddy."
Pearl was speeding down the hill.
She shouted back:
"I know who you are now. Goodbyel" Pearl ran to catch up to the byel" Pearl ran to catch up to the cows, for the sun was throwing long shadows over the pasture, and the plantive lowing of the hungry calves came faintly to her ears.

A blonde young man stood at the bars with four milk pails.

He raised his hat when he spoke to

Pearl.
"Madam says that you are to help "Madam says that you are to help me milk, but I assure you it is quite unnecessary. Really, I would much prefer that you shouldn't."
"Why?" Pearl asked in wonder.
"Oh, by Jove! You see it is not a woman's place to work outside like this, don't you know."
"That's because ye'r English," Pearl said, a undden light breaking on ber. "Ma says when ye git a nice Evelishmen there's nothing nicer and

Englishman there's nothing nicer, and Engissiman there's nothing nicer, and pa knowed one once that was so politic he used to say 'Haw Buck' to the ox and then he'd say, "Oh, I beg yer pardon, I mean gee.' It wasn't you, was it?"
"No," he said smiling. "I have nev-

"No," he said smiling, "I have never driven oxen, but I have done a great many ridiculous things I am

"So have I," Pearl said confident-ly, as she sat down on a little three-legged steel to milk So-Rossie. "You know them fluffy white things all made of lace and truck like that, that is hung over the beds in rich people's houses, over the pillows, I mean?"
"Pillow-shams?" he asked.

"Yes, that's them! Well, when I mean?"

"Pillow-shams?" he asked.
"Yes, that's them! Well, when I stayed with Camilla one night at Mrs. Francis' didn't! I think they were things to pull down to keep the flies off ye'r face. Say, you should have heard Camilla laugh, and ma saw a girl at a pienic once who drank lemonade through her veil, and she et a banana, skin and all."

Pearl laughed heartily, but the Englishman only.

Pearl laughed heartily, but the Englishman only smiled faintly. Can-adian ways were growing stranger all

the time.
"Say." Pearl began after a pan "who does that cow over there will the horns bent down look like? Som one we both know, only the cow looks pleasanter.

ollessanter."
"My word!" the Englishman exclaimed, "geu're a rum one."
Pearl looked disappointed.
"Animels often look like peeple,"
she said. "We have two cows at home,
cne looks like Mrs. White, so good
and gentle, wouldn't say bee to a
goose; the other one looks like Fred
Willer. He works in the mile topl
his mair goes at the mile topl
his mother da it that way with a
least the common of his mother did it that way with a hair-pin too long, I guess, and I know an animal that looks like you; he's a dandy, too, you bet. It is White's dog, and he can jump the fence easy as anything."

"Oh, give over, give over!" the Englishman said stiffly.
Pearl laughed delightedly

"It's lots of fun guessing who peeple are like," she said. "I'm awful smart at it and so is Mary, four years younger!" ne. Once we could not

younger'n me. Once we could not guess who Mrs. Francis was like, and Mary guessed it. Mrs. Francis looks like prayer—big bug eyes lookin away into nothin', but hopin' it's all for the

"I am a rector's son," he answer-

"I am a rector's son," he answeed,
"Oh, I know, minister's son, isn't that lovely? I bet you know prayers and prayers. But it isn't fair to pray in a race is it? When Jimmy Moore and my brother Jimmy an under twelve, Jimmie Moore prayed, and some say got his father to pray, too; he's the Methodist minister, we know, and, of course, he won it; but

our Ji fair re everyth said, u
"Oh,
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