



LET not future things disturb thee, for thou wilt come to them if it shall be necessary, having with thee the same reason which thou ushest for present things.

Marcus Aurelius.

Sowing Seeds in Danny

By Nellie L. McClung.
(Continued from last week.)

MARY Barner took up the burden of caring for her father without question, for she loved him with great and pitying love to which he responded in his best moments. In the winter she went with him on his drives night and day, for the fear of what might happen was always in her heart. She was his housekeeper, his office-girl, his bookkeeper; she endured all things, loneliness, poverty, disgrace, without complaining or bitterness.

One day shortly after Mrs. Barner's death big John Robertson from "the hills" drove furiously down the street to the doctor's house, and rushed into the office without ringing the bell. His little boy had been cut with the mower-knives, and he implored the doctor to come at once. The doctor sat at his desk, just drunk enough to be ugly-tempered, and curtly told Mr. Robertson to go straight to perdition, and as the poor man, wild with excitement, begged him to come and offered him money, he yawned nonchalantly and with some slight variations repeated the injunction.

Mary, hearing the conversation, came in hurriedly. "Mary, my dear," the doctor said, "please leave us. This gentleman is quite forgetting himself and his language is shocking." Mary did not even look at her father. She was packing his little satchel with all that would be needed.

"Now pick him up and take him," she said firmly to big John. "He'll be all right when he sees your little boy, never mind what he says now."

Big John seized the doctor and bore him struggling and protesting to the wagon.

The doctor made an effort to get out. "Put him down in the bottom with this under his head"—handing Big John a cushion—and put your feet on this." Mary commanded.

Big John did as she bid him, none too gently, for he could still hear his little boy's cries and see that cruel jagged wound.

"Oh, don't hurt him," she cried piteously and ran sobbing into the house. Upstairs, in what had been her mother's room, she pressed her face against her mother's knee and that still hung behind the door. "I am not crying for you to come back, mother," she sobbed bitterly. "I am just crying for your little girl!"

The doctor was asleep when John reached his little shanty in the hills. The child still lived, his Highland mother having stopped the blood with rule bandaging and ashes, a remedy learned in her far-off island home.

John shook the doctor roughly and cursed him soundly in both English and Gaelic, without avail, but the child's cry so full of pain and weakness roused him with a start. In a minute Dr. Frederick Barner was himself. He took the child gently from his mother and laid him on the bed.

For two days the doctor stayed in John's dirty little shanty, caring for



Master Harold Orr Hewison, fourth generation of fruit growers at Fruitland, Ont.—a grandson of Mr. W. M. Orr, one of Ontario's best known and most successful fruit growers. The photos were taken by Mr. J. E. Orr.

little Murdock as tenderly as a mother. He cooked for the child, he sang to him, he carried him in his arms for hours, and soothed him with a hundred quaint fancies. He superintended the cleaning of the house and scolded John's wife soundly on her shiftless ways; he showed her how to bake bread and cook little dishes to tempt the child's appetite, winning thereby her undying gratitude. She understood but little of the scolding, but she saw his kindness to her little boy, for kindness is the same in all languages.

On the third day, the little fellow's fever went down, and, peeping over the doctor's shoulder, he smiled and chatted and asked for his "daddy" and his "mother."

Then Big John broke down utterly and tried to speak his gratitude, but the doctor abruptly told him to quit his blabbering and hitch up, for little Murdock would be chasing the hens again in a week or two.

The doctor went faithfully every day and dressed little Murdock's wound until no longer needed his care, remaining perfectly sober

meanwhile. Hope sprang up in Mary's heart—for love believeth all things.

At night when he went to bed and she carefully locked the doors and took the keys to her room, she breathed a sigh of relief. One more day won!

But alas for Mary's hopes! They were built upon the slipping, sliding sands of human desire. One night she found him in the office of the hotel; a red-faced, senseless, gibbering old man, arguing theology with a brother Scotsman, who was in the same condition of mellow exhilaration.

Mary's white face as she guided her father through the door had an effect upon the men who sat around the office. Kind-hearted fellows they were, and they felt sorry for the poor little motherless girl, sorry for "old Doc" too. One after another they went home, feeling just a little ashamed.

The bartender, a new one from across the line, a dapper chap with diamonds, was indignant. "I'll give and take with a straight pointer," he said, "that his girl has to stay out of here. This is no place for women, anyhow!"—which is true, God knows.

Five years went by and Mary Barner lived on in the lonely house and did all that human power could do to stay her father's evil course. But the years told heavily upon him. He had made some fatal mistakes in his prescribing and the people had been compelled to get in another doctor, though a great many of those who had known him in his best days still

When little Danny's arms were thrown around her neck, and he called her his dear, sweet, pink lady, her pseudo-intellectuality broke down before a power which had lain dormant. She had always talked a great deal of the joys of motherhood, and the rapturous delights of mother-love. Not many of the mothers knew as much of the proper care of an infant during the period of detention as she. She had read all papers on mothering, and was as full of health talks as a school physiology.

But it was the touch of Danny's soft cheeks and clinging arms that brought to her the rapture that is so sweet it hurts, and she realized that she had missed the sweetest thing in life. A tiny flame of real love began to glimmer in her heart and feebly shed its beams among the debris of cold theories and second-hand sensations that had filled it hitherto.

She worried Danny with her attentions although he tried hard to put up with them. She was the lady of his dreams, for Pearl's imagination had clothed her with all the virtues and graces.

Here was a strangely inconsistent character, spiritually minded, but selfish; loving humanity when it is spelled with a capital, but knowing not of holiness in her heart. The flower of holiness in her heart and the haughty orchid that blooms in the hot house, untouched by wind or cold, beautiful to behold but uncomfortable to the beauty.

Pearl Watson was like the rugged little anemone, the wind flower that lifts its head from the cheerless prairie. No kind hand softens the heat or the cold, nor tempers the wind, and yet the very winds that blow upon it and the hot sun that beats upon it brings to it a grace, a hardness, a fragrance of good cheer, that gladdens the hearts of all who pass that way.

Mrs. Francis found herself strongly attracted to Pearl, Pearl, the housekeeper, the homemaker, a child with a woman's responsibility, approached to Mrs. Francis. She thought about Pearl very often.

Noticing one day that Pearl was thin and pale, she decided at once that she needed a health talk. Pearl sat like a graven image while Mrs. Francis conscientiously tried to stir up in her the seeds of right living.

"Oh, ma!" Pearl said to her Mother that night, when the children had gone to bed and they were sewing by the fire. "Oh, ma! she told me more to-day about me insides that I would care to remember. Mind ye, ma, there's a string down yer back no bigger'n a knitin' needle, and if ye ever broke it ye'd snuff out before ye know'd what ye was doin', and there's a tin pan in yer ear that if ye got a dinge in it, it wouldn't be vot a dirty postage stamp for hearin' wid, and ye mustn't skip ma, for it would distract yer Lawd's parts, and ye mustn't eat seeds, or ye'll get that thing that pa had—that is it called ma?"

Her mother told her. "Yes, appendicitis, that's what she said. I never knew'd there was so many places inside a person, to go wrong, did ye, ma? I just thought we had liver and lights and a few things like that."

"Don't worry, slannah," her mother said soothingly, as she cut out the other leg of Jimmy's pants. "The Lord made us right, I guess, and he won't let anything happen to us."

(Continued next week.)

An Ontario Cemetery Association

Following our article in the April 15 issue of Farm and Dairy, entitled, "What Some Women Have Done," in which we showed what the women of a little town in one of the northern states have done to beautify their village cemetery, we were pleased to

receive a letter from the cemetery association in Ont. This town-to-date work which is a village. The officer of the below.

"The Cemetery Company, incorporated in Ontario, is located in Rutherford, N. J."

Alberta, was a barrister in the active interest into proper work lately after the the cons. legal status, the appointed a Board at once by-law and regulations, and a general meeting of the proposed plate information the suits, rentals, purchases.

The by-laws adopted, the president the directors with the preparation for use.

The cemetery is the width being the length, and eight acres, prepared and surrounded surface is level, enough to sustain productive coarse grasses.

There are three wide, one on either the centre, running

Neat and W

of the grounds, and ways this dividing large plots and around each and entire grounds. The plots is divided into lots 20 x 12 ft. and space 6 feet wide all lots.

RULES GOVERN

Lots are sold subject of the company and by an owner with the directors. It is the opinion that the enclosure of lots, erecting of trees, monuments and decorations kept under the clarity, order, symmetry preserved.

WITHIN A

The cemetery is a part of the town who wish may visit necessity of a long