PERTH-ON-THE-TAY.

A TALE OF THE TRANSPLANTED HIGHLANDERS.

They Scotia's race amang them share.
—Burns.

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OTTAWA:
—
1901

THE MORTIMER CO., PRINTERS.

PROLOGUE.

Low in a sandy valley spread
An ancient borough rears its head,
Still as in Scottish story read
She boast a race
To every nobler virtue bred
And polished grace.
—*Burns.*

PERTH, county seat of Lanark County, Province of Ontario, is the outgrowth of the dove-tailing of two issues confronting the Secretary of War, and the Secretary for the Colonies, after the hostilities in which England was engaged from 1812 to 1815.

The first, engaging the War Department,—how and where to place the discharged officers and soldiers in a self-sustaining position at the least possible outlay, while securing the comfort of the disbanded troops. The second, a question with which the Colonial Department had to deal,—how to settle as rapidly as might be the Province of Upper Canada with a loyal English-speaking people.

For more than fifty years England had held Canada, yet very little emigration had followed that of the United Empire Loyalists in 1784. The now independent United States of America were rapidly filling with a sturdy, independent, liberty-loving people. A letter of that date says they were "holding out great inducements to agriculturists from Europe." Therefore, it behooved the Home Government to bestir itself if it expected to hold what it had cost much blood and treasure to obtain.

The land was fertile and well watered, with many repetitions of what Captain Justus Sherwood

describes, in a report of a trip from Glengarry to Kingston (or Cataraqui it then was) in 1783, "The very best site for a mill I ever saw."

But the romance and love of adventure which had, during the French regime, induced scions of noble houses, with a desire to add to the glory of La Belle France, to brave the dangers and endure the loneliness and privations incident to a removal from a civilized land to a trackless wilderness, had died out. Nothing now but promises from a responsible source of better homes than those left behind would induce anyone, high or low, to become settlers in Canada, about which very little was known in Great Britain.

So the two heads were "put together" (and two heads are always better than one), and out of the inner consciousness of the War and Colonial Bureaux, Perth was evolved.

Late in the month of May, 1815, three transports, the Atlas, Batiste Merechant, and Dorothy, sailed from Greenock with three ships' loads of Scotchmen, their wives and children. They reached Quebec the middle of September, and had the discomforts of their long voyage added to by the ship going aground before they reached Sorel. Tradition says the ships were chartered by Government at so much per month until they again reached Greenock; those who made the trip stoutly affirmed there was no other reason for the voyage consuming the time it did, than a desire on the part of the owners to make as many months as possible. Too late to proceed to their future homes, they were quartered for the winter at Brockville and at Prescott in a stone building still standing at Buckley's Wharf in Prescott, while a few single men went to Kingston.

The 18th of April, 1816, they were established on their lands; all but the very small children having walked from Brockville over a "blazed" road (that is, notches cut in trees to mark the way).

They set to work clearing—felling the trees and piling up logs—letting the sunlight in on the ground. Then hoed in wheat and oats—a plough would not have had room among the roots and stumps; and if it had, they had no horses to draw it; planted potatoes and made a kitchen garden, living the while in brush tents. Very few had time to get up their log shanties until fall.

In June the Glengarry Light Infantry Regiment of Fencibles, the Canadian Fencibles and the De Watteville Regiments arrived. A town plot was laid out, the Tay was bridged, the woods rang with the sound of the axe and the hammer.

This was the birth of the "Settlement on the Rideau."

The exact population in the fall of 1816 is given in a letter in the Addenda, also other interesting information regarding conditions at that date.

Perth is not all Scotch, many valuable Irish settlers came in 1816. The ships Canning, Duke of Buckingham, and Commerce brought hundreds from both Ireland and Scotland in that year. They settled in Elmsley, Burgess, Drummond, Bathurst and Lanark.

But the first settlers were Scotch, many of them Highlanders; they gave the town its name and character; and one finds many there, proud of their origin in the Emerald Isle, speaking with a Scotch burr. The hail town minds ane o' the tartan.

With two such sponsors to guard its minority, the infant village was bound to grow up a credit to itself and them. Still, from a voluminous corre-

spondence (part of which is appended), there seemed to be occasions when both guardians and ward had their little troubles. It was a Military Settlement under control of the Commander of the Forces, whose headquarters were in Quebec. There was no rapid transit in those early days; in winter a horse and sleigh were the quickest means of locomotion. There seems, from correspondence, to have been strenuous efforts put forth for the comfort of the settlers. But with conditions as above, what wonder is it that minor officers grew to feel that the so-called "Indulgences" proceeded from them personally, and that they acquitted themselves accordingly; forgetting that the forbears of those forming the "Settlement on the Rideau" had been part of the body politic in the old country, and were now simply receiving instalments of a debt owing them.

There were some glaring instances of favoritism, and lots were reserved for absentees, thus retarding cultivation of soil and growth of neighborhood. Then, for certain officials, there were long weary trips for which they received nothing but travelling expenses, no pay whatever being allowed for time. Stores were hauled from Fort Wellington, fifty-four miles away; when there came a time of scarcity those in charge had to suffer with the rest.

But the "hungry time" did not last many years as will be seen from correspondence in 1827 in Addenda. In five years every man had what he came for, a home of his own, his deed in his pocket. The Memorial *re* a member of Parliament brought to hand the wished for proofs of ownership.

In twenty-one years petty mistakes of officials, who were only human and prone to err, were forgotten, the infant had reached his majority, a wide-

awake, earnest, self-assertive man, with resources that made him feel very sure of the future.

That there is mineral wealth there the most superficial observer will remark on trips through the environs, that the manufactures and those of its younger sister, Lanark—also a Military Settlement—are of a high grade of excellence, you may determine by buying a garment made from cloth of their manufacture and finding yourself tire of the pattern long before a thread gives way.

That it is a goodly place in which to spend a week or a lifetime you will say after you have once been there.

Therefore, looking at the Perth of to-day, we cannot but commend the far-sightedness of the Secretaries who stood sponsors for the Settlement, and for the paternal care and attention they gave it, we give them their meed of praise. But the spirit that made Great Britain mistress of the seas came with the settlers. That is what made the Perth of to-day.

J. S.

PERTH-ON-THE-TAY.

CHAPTER I.

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And auld lang syne?"

THE houses stood side by side—I nearly said grew side by side, so much did they seem a part of the landscape.

Stone, a story and a-half, low-pitched roofs, a dormer window in the center, each as like the other as two peas in a pod. Plum trees growing rank, and leaning for support and shelter against the sturdy walls; lilacs hugging the bare stones so closely that the spicy purple and white blooms nod through the open windows of a May morning, and make, underneath their thick-growing branches, an ideal retreat for the wary biddy with cherished hopes of motherhood and an unpleasant recollection of previous hopes frustrated.

Cotton shades at the windows, as white as the virgin snow, tied with cord of twisted candle-wicking, tassels of the same material for decorative purposes. Deep window-seats which are the outgrowth of lavish use of stone and mortar in wall building.

In each sitting-room stood that acme of home comfort in our Canadian by-places, a double stove: the stoves were twins, separated only by a line fence, not always in a state of repair. The floors were painted the clear, bright yellow that sheds a

cheerful radiance and makes glad alike the heart of the housewife and the home-coming gudeman. A new coat each year kept undimmed the brightness. One year the McGregors purchased paint for both, the next the McAlpins—thus, with true Highland thrift, saving some pennies by buying in quantity.

The rags for the carpets were sewed by the girls of the families—first in one house, then in the other —the brothers on both sides pretending to help, but (as this is a truthful tale) hindering not a little by way of tangled threads, untied apron strings, etc.

The coloring of the rags for the stripe, too particular a work to trust to young heads and young hands, was done by the mothers at the same time in the same kettle.

When, during the yet snowy months, the momentous question, "Which will we take?" as seed catalogues (then something very new and not at all the elaborate affairs of to-day) were eagerly scanned, became the question of the hour. Phemie McGregor took blue lupins and Jean McAlpin golden pansies; Jean mixed boquet asters, Phemie best German stock mixed, and each religiously divided with the other.

Douglas McAlpin held the string taut while Rob McGregor fashioned the wondrous shaped parterres that later would hold a wealth of blossoms in Phemie's garden, and in turn Rob held the string for Douglas, the lassies looking on meanwhile and applauding.

Elspeth McGregor and Margaret McAlpin knitted their men's socks, boiled their soap, made their yeast and gathered herbs as if for one family and by one family.

James McAlpin and Sandy McGregor leaned over the line fence, filled, smoked, and refilled their

pipes, it mattered not a whit out of which man's tobacco pouch. If Sandy's shoats got a pound or two the better of Jamie's, Jamie only expressed admiration thereat, and Sandy would be "fair gone wi' pride" over Jamie's yearlings.

All this was at the time when my story commences. Before this the ties had been not less strong.

When Elspeth lay at death's door—Sandy, wild with grief and not daring to leave her—James McAlpin walked forty-two miles to Brockville, through snow sometimes to his armpits, for the nearest doctor. His feet were badly frozen, and he had to stay at Brockville for weeks, the doctor, accompanied by two other men, going on to Perth immediately.

Once, when in the shanties up the Madawaska, in a broil with Shiners, a gun aimed by a drunken, half-crazed *habitant* straight at James McAlpin's breast, was caught by Sandy McGregor, who received an ugly wound in his left arm that permanently crippled it.

They had come from Scotland together, proud and fond of their shy, bonny brides, each thinking that, next to his own, his cronie had gotten the pick of the land.

Margaret and Elspeth had dressed each other's babies, had tended them in croup and measles, had cut tiny garments from the same patterns; each had taken to market the other's butter and eggs—when they could not go to town together—and traded them to equal advantage with their own, and to the entire satisfaction of the other.

Neither family had ever known a joy or sorrow that the other did not share.

In the neighborhood, a "Come over to-night,"

addressed verbally in the unconventional manner of the time and place, to one family was understood to include the other.

Of course there were knowing neighborhood whispers and nods over the intimacy of the families, all unsuspected by those interested. But no one, not even Auntie Hunt, could look far enough into the future to, of a certainty, predict, and not being Highlanders, their probabilities were nowhere near what really did happen.

I have just said their nearest neighbors were not Highlanders. James and Sandy came in the wake of the Military Settlement, and got grants on the Ninth Concession—not on the "Scotch Line"—which, at the time of their arrival, had some good clearings and several crops had been raised. Their neighbors—speaking in a sense of those who lived nearest—were of mixed nationality, more of everything else than Scotch.

CHAPTER II.

"Sae flaxen were her ringlets,
Her eyebrows, of a darker hue,
Bewitchingly o'er-arching
Twa laughing een o' lovely blue."
—*Burns.*

ONE summer eve Jean McAlpin's favorite heifer strayed, and when her other cows were milked she caught her pail, which was like a mirror with much scouring, and went lilting over the braes after the truant.

Jean had "gowden hair, wi' a pickle o' red in't, blue een wi' a glint o' th' sun," milk-white skin, and lips like the red, red rose. "Come ower th' water to Charley" and "Jock o' Hazledean" floated out bravely on the air, while feet and swinging pail kept step and time. By-and-bye words and tune changed to "Co-o-o bos, coo-o-o bos—Come Bess, come Bess."

There was a crackling of dry twigs behind a cedar bush; she quickened her steps; then a crackling further off—a rushing, panting, and Bess bounded past, tail and nostrils in the air, followed close by a strange dog, snapping and snarling at her heels.

Jean whistled on the dog, but all to no purpose; Bess, as though a fiend incarnate were in her wake, went on and on.

Another whistle, unmistakeably a masculine one, sounded out through the summer air; this time the dog obeyed, then, at a word of reproof, returned skulking to his master's side.

Bess, too alarmed to notice that her tormentor had been called off, still with uplifted tail and nostrils distended, careened wildly through the bush.

The man—a not bad-looking fellow in shooting togs—started forward, overwhelmed with remorse at the mischief he had done, or had been an active promoter in, stammered regrets with his tongue, while his eyes looked a not very carefully veiled though entirely respectful gratification at having so fair a picture thus thrust in his line of vision.

"Oh! I say, I am no end sorry," he blurted out; "cannot I do something."

Bess was half way to the line fence by this time—and the boys were going to take Phemie and Jean to the village when the chores were done. Jean, therefore, answered curtly.

"The ony thing ae one can dae is gang to th' cross-roads fence and drive Bess back an' thro' th' bars, an'," returning his admiring, albeit respectful, gaze with a severe look of disapproval, "gin ye'll be gude eneuch t' move oot o' th' way an' keep your dog quiet, I'll juist gang for her mysel'."

"Oh, no, no!" distressedly, "I am sure" (with inward trepidation), "I could drive a cow."

At a "Down, Carlo!" with the spot indicated, the dog obediently hid in a clump of bushes, the gun was laid beside him, and before Jean could think the intruder was taking a man's strides in Bess's direction. The pretty heifer, tired with her mad scamper and perhaps feeling the fiend was sent in judgment for her defection when the milking hour arrived, allowed herself to be driven to and through the bars, whence, a sadder and wiser cow, she wended her way to the milking-yard.

Jean, defeated in her intention of milking in the shady wood—how could she, with a strange dog, man and gun there?—nevertheless repenting of her harshness to one so willing to repair a mischief, waited at the bars and very prettily thanked the

new cow-herd, while he stammered out some more apologies, managing very adroitly meantime to find out just which of the two houses she belonged to; then, raising his hat, he went off in the direction of his dog and his gun.

Jean was not above half an hour late, and the trip to town did not suffer from this unlooked-for advent of a stranger in the maple bush.

Jean said only, "Bess was frighted by a dog 'n' ran awa." In the hurry of milking and donning a muslin gown she even forgot the good-looking stranger.

Rob McGregor drove, and Jean sat beside him; behind, Douglas and Phemie were exchanging confidences of the most commonplace character in a refreshingly interested way.

So it had always been and no one had questioned the arrangement. I doubt if even one of the young people had ever asked themselves why. Douglas had carried Phemie's books from school from their A B C days, and Jean's burdens had been lightened by Rob; when they drove, when they walked, or set apart and talked, it was thus they divided.

And between brother and sister, between the two boys and the four together, there had ever been harmony, with never a discordant note.

There was a good deal to talk about that night. Rob had been drawn on Grand Jury for the first time, and would be in Brockville for several days (North Elmsley was yet in the County of Leeds). Then some prospectors had been over North Burgess way—mica, phosphate, iron were found; this was food for many conjectures. Perhaps some one of the three might be under the deep furrows their own ploughs turned. If anyone found a mine, what would they buy first? The lads said the lassies

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 necessaries 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 nichts" 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 McGregor and McAlpin families that June morning in 1841.

CHAPTER III.

"On Teviot's side in fight they stood,
And tuneful hands were stained with blood,
Where still the thorns white branches wave
Memorial o'er his rival's grave."

—*Scott.*

DOUGLAS should have been hoeing potatoes, but he dawdled over his work, finally brought the hoe back, hung it in its place in the barn, took his gun, and went off to the woods. (There were no game laws in those untrammelled early days.) The lassies ran back and forth until Margaret and Elspeth chided them roundly for idleness, while they themselves found numberless occasions for consultation. Sandy and Jamie needed no excuse for "occupying" a log in one backyard, and discussing the important question arising before the Grand Jury now sitting, and in deciding which their own Rob would play a part.

Only a week ago, just as the sun was sending out a company, with gleaming lances, and banners of purple and crimson, to herald his return, and the opalescent dewdrops made a short-lived carpet of gems for their feet, while the birds overhead were fearlessly singing matins, and the tiny four-footed creatures of the woods and fields were lingering in their way curious and unafraid (the white man's residence among them had been so short, they had not learned his needs and his wickedness), four men went down the fragrant fields, three only came back, and there was blood on the gemmed carpet, and blood on a man's soul.

This had been called the Field of Honor in the old and experienced world. Many a widow, and many a mother, bereft, had cried out, all in vain,

against this legalized crime in the Motherland, where thought moves slow, and what has been will be.

The question was important. Should the monster be allowed to rear its head in this new land to which they had come to "better their conditions." Might the sword never be sheathed, even here? Must it be that here a man when in flush of health and strength could, by taunts and inuendoes, be made accessory to his removal from the path of a rival, in any degree, and any cause? Must scenes, as enacted in the Spanish West Indies, redden the soil and deplete the population of what we had considered our more favored and more Christian country?

And this case right at home had particularly grievous features.

The seconds had loaded with blank cartridges, shots were exchanged, each man had shewn himself willing to die in and for the cause he maintained. This would have been supposed to satisfy any but the veriest fire-eater, appeased their wrath, and satisfied their honor. It did not: someone said, "One must fall"; a consultation between seconds and principals was held; the seconds retired; loaded. Again the principals stood face to face. One, two, three—the handkerchief dropped—two shots rang out simultaneously, one man fell to rise no more, the other turned, scathless, to justify himself before a jury of his peers.

They had carefully refrained from discussion before Rob, for though neither James nor Sandy feared the law, both had a wholesome respect for it, and as Rob was to be an arbiter, he must not be biased. Now their pent-up thoughts found expression.

"Its no that I'd tak th' lee off ony mon mysel," Sandy is saying, "an' happen my fist wad be readier'n my tongue to tell't."

"'Deed an' that same fist wad tak as gude care o' ony man's honor as a pistol-ball could," chuckled Jamie, in gleeful remembrance of some "settlements" in days of auld lang syne. "Aye," he continued, "an' no need for a crowner to tak tent o't neither."

"That's the kernel o' th' nut, Jamie—the need for th' crowner. Is there no t' be room for a mon till he's kilt someone else? An' for why? To fill Heeven wi' those fittest tae gang? Lang before we cam frae Auld Scotia I'll aye noticed it'll not be always the mon wha's richt wha leeved t' tell th' why o't."

"I've minded that mysel'," said Jamie, "an' I've whiles wonnered at. We hae need o' gude people doon here, amang's a'."

"It's the wiles o' th' deevil, Jamie, an' th' honor that taks th' killin' o' ither men t' preserve 't, is ain o' his geefts. A pickle chesteesment 's aiblins gude fer ae body, an' there be words said in haste that nae mon 'll thole wi'out a blow; but when 'tis dune an' ower, ye'll can gie'm your han', an' mony a gude turn ae may do th' ither a' your lives aifter. But tae rid a mon aff th' face o' th' airth because ye'll want his hoose or his gear (or happen the gudewife hersel), sal, mon, Dauvit himsel found th' Laird 'd no staun that."

"Aye," said Jamie, "an sin He's gie's th' pooer, He'll expect us tae warstle wi' th' enemy an' destroy sic plans. We can doo't noo, as yon did in th' beginnin' o't, th' evil o' keepin' men's bodies in bondage."

"Yon did excel't that, Jamie," said Sandy,

"'twas a sair thing tae haud men an' wimmin t' answer t' an airthly maister for a' their doins 'n sayins, till they'r feart t' hae een a thocht feart 't'd slip oot unawares. But thae's warse, f'r th' ither kenned richtly wha was his maister, and wha he maun mind, but at this, a man daurna draw a breath o' air feart some man, he michtent ken wha, shud hae want'd 't, an bein' a better haun wi a gun, or cleverer wi' tricks, micht send him tae Heeven maist before e'en th' Laird himsel' had time t' ken o't."

"It's richtly ye say't, Sandy," said Jamie, "an' oor Rob 'll gie 's word tae the doon-puttin' o' sic sinfa wark, aiblins there'll be ithers wha'll no' want their ain plans interfered wi'."

"Ye ne'er cracked truer nor that, Jamie. It's th' deevil gettin' in high places make a' th' comether."

"Would you be so good as to inform me where Captain Joshua Adams lives?"

The tone was purest English, something rare in this new Scotland. With true Highland impurturbability, Sandy and Jamie merely turned their heads in salutation.

"Ye'll find him doon th' road a mile, a bit wast till ye coom till anither road gaein' north, then win on till ye coom till a wee bit mill, an' thae's he," answered one of the men, "and," expecting a fair return, "what micht ye'r name be?"

"My name," said the stranger, with the utmost frankness, realizing, no doubt, that the desired information merited an exchange, "is Philip Maxwell, and I have come out to look over some mining land in this vicinity. Captain Adams is an interested party, and I am anxious to confer with him."

Neither Sandy nor Jamie were insensible to the

advantages which accrue to a mine owner, therefore, with a desire to learn more of what might prove of personal interest, together with a Highland hospitality which has never been impeached, Jamie, in whose back-yard they were sitting, bid the man with the mining knowledge "Bide an' sup wi's till be past th' houer ere ye'll coom ben at Joshua Adams."

That this was a not unwelcome invitation will be realized when one recognizes the master of poor Bess's enemy of the night before.

CHAPTER IV.

" Then here's to ilka cannie Scot,
Wi' mony gude broths he boils his pot,
But rare hotch-potch beats a' th' lot,
It smells and smacks sae brawly.
For there's carrots intil't, and neeps intil't,
There's peas and beans and beets intil't,
And hearty halesome meats intil't,
That steek the kyte sae brawly."
—*Old Ballad.*

AT table Jamie adroitly turned the conversation mineralogicalwards, and a learned dissertation on Tertiary, Carboniferous and Eozoic formations, on Laurentian and Huronian systems, on crystalline rocks, on magnetite, hematite, apatite, mica schist, and conglomerates ensued. All of it was not clearly intelligible to the listeners, but much native shrewdness gave Jamie and Douglas a good idea of the general drift, and ere long they were able to give some valuable leads as to conditions in their section. Margaret and Jean listened without comment or question as became the women folk.

But Philip Maxwell's scientific enthusiasm waned, and polite attention to his host's choice in a topic of conversation was receiving a severe strain, ere he was able to direct a few words to the ladies of the household. As Jean was not disposed to recognize a previous acquaintance, neither did he allude to the *contretemps* of last night, though he looked sincere penitence for the misadventure.

Barley brose and kail, pigs' feet, potatoes grown on new land (each year a little clearing was done), no later crop is so rich, dry and " mealy," and by-and-bye bannocks and maple syrup, from pure Canadian sap, with its subtle suggestion of ferns

and mosses and all things woodsy, and its sweetness —"sweeter than honey in the honeycomb"—this was the dinner. The table was laid with a profusion of "genuine willow pattern"—then an article of use as well as beauty—that to-day would make a corner in willow pattern, and consume with envy the collector who can only buy, beg, or borrow a single jug or platter.

Jean, too, was in blue, as became her best—no modern dye that fades in white or yellow streaks, but a blue that is blue while two threads of the fabric hold together. It was as simple in its structure as one of Worth's choicest creations, and as crisp and fresh as though it had not been washed as many times as Jean was years old.

She was no whit awed by this wise young man who could tell how many hundred years old the rocks were. In fact, after dinner, she showed quite a disposition to let by-gones be by-gone and to show their guest the hospitalities of the flower-garden and farmyard. At the former, a bunch of grass pinks with feathery "old man" for foliage was tendered him as a boutiniere. I forgot to say the dog was left behind, so when Bess's calf was proudly displayed there were no disastrous consequences; wee chicks, just trying their wings in chase after yet smaller winged creatures; waddling, quacking ducklings, diving and catching bluebottles in their spoonlike bills; and, lastly, some yellow balls called goslings, a late brood, and Jean's very own.

Clear and merry her laugh rang out at her guest's exclamations. As before remarked, I am trying to tell the truth here, therefore am sorry to have to record that sometimes—all unsuspected by the subject of her mirth—she even laughed at him. Not that there was anything about him to excite risibility

in a sober-minded individual; but because Jean was not sober-minded, and could take nothing—not even a young man—seriously, she laughed. And as the young man never for an instant did himself the honor to claim so much attention for himself, in this instance, as in many others, ignorance was bliss.

"Ye'll be fine an' welcome tae cam in an' hae a sup wi's at ony time," said Jamie, at parting.

It might seem that Philip Maxwell's thanks were rather diffusive, as he had not the appearance of lacking either associates or creature comforts; nevertheless he was decidedly grateful for the opportunity offered to soon again discuss barley brose and Silurian rocks, maple syrup and pyrites, posy beds, blue eyes, and a laugh like a silver bell—e'en though an outward and visible sign of mirth was tabooed by social ethics.

CHAPTER V.

"The nicht was still, and o'er the hill
The moon shone on the castle wa',
The mavis sang, while dewdrops hang
Around her on the castle wa'."

—*Burns.*

PHEMIE waited decorously for Jean to go over and tell her who he was and how he happened; which Jean did ere the stranger's broad back was out of sight down the road. She told everything, from the time she left the milking-yard, after Bess, the night before.

"Ye suld hae seen him, Phemie! he gied a real scairt look when he said happen he could drive a coo; ye'd think Bess was a bear."

"'Deed," answered Phemie, at once assuming championship of the stranger at their gates, "it's like he kens naething aboot th' ways o' coos. Ane can see he's frae th' toun."

"Oh, he's frae th' town fast eneuch, but he kens muckle aboot the braes wi' it a'. The very stanes are at his tongue's end wi' their lang-like names. I'll no mind juist a' aboot 't, but Da 'n' Douglas are fair wild wi' 's gab aboot th' mines."

"Ye'll no be feart o' 'im yersel, Jean," said Phemie, just a little hurt over this first adventure unshared. "Ye clacked at 'm like ye was auld friens."

"The 's naething t' be feart ower," answered Jean in a most matter-of-fact tone, "he's ony a mon, t' be sure, an' if he kens gowd an' siller stanes i' th' earth, I ken butter an' eggs, milkin' the kye an' feedin' th' chuckies, necklin' th' flax an' spinnin' th' yarn. Aebody canna ken a' things, an' aething 's as gude's anither t' know."

Such rank heterodoxy as this took Phemie's breath; there having been no previous occasion,

these dangerous sentiments had not before been called forth in her presence.

"Ye'll no ken what ye're saying, Jean. What's t'become of us a'! if wummin's tae ken as much 's the men bodies, whiles" (with fine scorn) "yon'll be doctor 'n lawyer bodies, an' syne even th' Governor himsel'." This last proposition was a trifle mixed, though it graphically expressed Phemie's sentiments.

"An' for why no?" contended Jean; "wull there no be 's mony wummin bodies t' be doctored 'n lawyered 'n governored 's men bodies? Ye'd no mind bein' th' Governor yersel." Phemie held position in greater reverence than did Jean, who was Jeffersonian in democratic principles, so far as her light went.

"Ye'll weel ken, Jean, thae's na wummin but 'd be weel pleased t' be the Governor's lady an' sit up beside 'm on th' throne, an' cairry th' keys o' th' graun kists; but to be himsel, sic a thocht wad ne'er become ane o 's."

"Ye'd be fine an' wullin' t' be th' Governor's lady, wad ye Phemie, na maitter wha th' Governor was or what like man he wad be?" queried Jean.

"I'll no said that, Jean," replied Phemie anxiously, "I'll be na kennin' what I'll dae, an' I'll needna, for I'll needna say ay or na to ane but th' Governor himsel, an belike he'll ne'er spier at me whether I'll wull or no."

"Weel," said Jean, "we'll na ane o's ken what's t' be dune, or what's t' be said; it's no aething a lassie can wark for like pickin' berries 'r scoorin' th' flure: we'll ken the pail 'll be fu' when we tak' so mony berries frae th' bushes, and the flure'll come white when we hae dune rubbin' eneuch, but th' makin' o' a lassie's future she'll canna hae na haun in. It's sair to think o't."

The three days of Rob's absence, so long to look forward to, sped away quickly enough, and they had nearly as much to tell him on his return as he had to relate of things strange seen and heard at the County town.

He had visited the jail in company with the other jurors, reported general condition good and recommended a few needful alterations, had passed on some cases from the southern townships; then this dreadful tragedy from right at home—Jamie and Sandy listened with bated breath for this.

"We brocht in a true bill," said Rob, "an' the trial will coom aff at first term o' Queen's Bench. It's a fearfu' thing t' sit in judgment on a man's life."

"It is that," said Jamie, "but we'll a' hae t' do oor duty as ceetizens. Ither twal' men'll hae harder wark. Ye'll ony said th' prisoner s'uld be tried, whilk na mon could doot; noo, wull yon find it's doonricht murder, or ony an innocent-like plan fer puttin' people awa?"

"Did ye see th' bit picthur 't yon fechted ower?" asked Elspeth, to change the subject.

"I did mind 't. It's hingin' ower th' bench where th' judge sits. It's no that much tae fecht ower, ony but it's th' sign o' authority, 'n' th' Grenville fowk didna want 't tae gang o't o' th' county."

"We'll hae summat tae tell ye oorsel's, lad," said Sandy; "aiblins gude news: ane o' th' prospectors 's bin here."

"Ay, an' he drove home Jean's coo, Bess," said Phemie, wishing to add testimony to his qualifications.

"An' for why shud he drive Bess home?" asked Rob sharply.

"His dog harried her, an' he louped till th'

cross roads so Jean wouldna hae to gang hersel'," calmly responded Phemie.

Rob gave Jean a quick, startled glance, as in fact did each of the rest. This was something new, and Phemie was quite disturbed at its effect.

"Tell's a' aboot it, Jean, lassie," said Jamie.

"Aweel, th' callant 'n' 's dog were in th' bushes 'n' the dog frighted poor Bess till she was fair mad, 'n' Mr. Maxwell bade me bide still 'n' he'd gang 'n' fetch 'er, an' that's a' there's to tell o't; ony I'll weel ken he never druv a coo afore."

"Ye'll ne'er said nowt aboot 't th' nicht," said Rob sternly.

"I'll ne'er thocht on't—'twas naethin' t' mind. I'll canna fash mysel' wi' ilka time a craw flees ower m' heid," said Jean unconcernedly.

"Weel, he'll happen be o' mair account t's than a hale flock o' craws," said Sandy, and then each of the men told Rob of the mineral possibilities.

But the white, set look did not leave Rob's face. The older ones thought that the fitting into place and performing one of the duties falling to men as citizens "had wrought on the lad," and they separated early to "gie 'm a chance t' sleep ower 't."

Before the dim shades of twilight had given place to the young moon, the whip-poor-will's solo found no answering chorus of human voices. But the minds of some of his neighbors of the *genus homo* revelled in dreams of suddenly acquired wealth —one did not close his eyes, and the first streak of daylight found him, as the last streak of twilight had left him, with the whole world for him turned topsy-turvey. One only—Jean—slept as soon as her head touched her pillow, without a thought either backward or forward.

CHAPTER VI.

" I watched the symptoms of the great,
The gentle pride, the lordly state,
The arrogant assuming ;
The fient a pride nae pride had he,
Nor sauce, nor state that I could see,
Mair than an honest pleughman."

—*Burns.*

IN less than a week Philip Maxwell returned to the ninth line of Elmsley. This time a logging-bee was in full swing at Jamie's. Lassies were flitting in and out of the house; savory odors of cooking reminded him that the dinner hour was nigh, and from the cordiality of the invitation of the week previous, he felt that to the gudeman he would be welcome, but it was not alone Jamie's welcome he was craving.

Jean carrying a great bowlful of strawberries to a table set in the shade, saw him come in at the " wee gate."

" An' a vera gude mornin'," she said brightly; " Da 'n' Douglas 'll be weel pleased t' see ye."

This was enough. Philip Maxwell immediately felt there had never been quite such a delightful combination of meteorological conditions as this day possessed.

" Da 'n' Douglas " were not far away, for, though scarcely eleven o'clock, the men were performing their ablutions at a bench in the back yard where some tin wash-basins had been set. As each man finished cleaning up face and hands, with a plentiful sousing of not very closely cropped hair, these were emptied anywhere, filled from a brook which threaded its way through both yards, and set for the next man.

Fresh and happy the men came forth from their wash-up. Young men who had been cradled on cedar boughs with the heavens for a curtain; old men who, from a loom or a shoemaker's bench, had come out, armed only with an axe and energy that, looked at from our fifty years of civilized comforts, seems superhuman.

Laughing and chaffing each other, without an appearance of ceremony, they seat themselves at table. Grace was said, for they were God-fearing men, those hardy first settlers. The table was primitive, set out under the trees; round blocks, sawn from a goodly sized pine tree, formed supports; boards, sawed by hand, resting on these, the table: it was not as firm as was desirable, but a general good feeling made everything all right. Lower blocks supported boards for seats. A table-cloth, home-raised, home-spun, home-woven, and home-bleached, covered the table, and dishes borrowed from more than one gudewife eked out Margaret's own store. On the table was the barley brose we have heard of, a "real Scotch haggis," a sheep's head with dumplings, and many cakes of many kinds; shaved maple sugar, rich and creamy, sweetened the strawberries; the tea alone was of foreign manufacture.

Philip Maxwell was bidden to a seat and duly introduced; each man heartily shook hands with him; ere five minutes the freedom of the Scotch line was tendered him, also that of a goodly portion of the ninth. He gracefully, and presumably gratefully, accepted this, though inwardly chafing at sitting at table and being waited upon by Jean, who, assisted by three or four lassies, was assiduously "passing things."

None of the mothers or daughters had dinner

with their men, they had their reward later in a fresh cup of tea, and a dish of gossip, dear to their hearts, uttered without malice, innocuous. Gossip of apron patterns; of bird's-eye and kersey weaves; of cross-banded and doubled and twisted yarns; of Cochin Chinas and Dorkings; of the virtues of boneset and elecampane, of knitted lace, and petticoat frills.

But to return to the first table. Reminiscences were being exchanged.

"D' ye min' th' bee tree we'll found, Jamie Taylor," asked Peter McPherson.

"Ay, I'll ne'er seen it's like—fu' t' th' top! Losh, mon! 'twas a gift cam frae Heeven itsel'! Leeby 'n th' bairns was fair scunnered wi' suppon, suppon, and na kitchen to 't; 'twas a fair misery t' min' th' puir bit bodies try till stay their hoonger."

"Ay, them was ae times o' hoonger, but ne'er of cauld," said William Rutherford; "fegs, I'll of'n 'n th' winter noo shiver for the muckle blazing fire o' logs in th' auld shanty."

"I'll min' when my Phemie burned a bear's snoot b' stirrin' oop th' auld log fire: th' doors 'n windows was barred, 'n he thocht t' pay a veesit down the chimbley," said Jamie McLaren.

"I'll min' o't mysel'," said Hugh McKay. "I'd wrought wi' ye th' day i' th' back road, 'n we 's juist winnin' thro' th' bush, when th' bear cam tearin' past, bellowin' like mad an' no mindin' 's a stiver. Phemie's allus quick like at th' thocht, 'n a bear 'd hae hard wark t' even himsel t 'r."

"She was that 'n she ae had ways o' turnin' 'n doin' things," said Alex. McFarlane, "'t 'd put maist wummin bodies oot o' their wits t' think o'."

"Ye'll no min' th' Dorothys, Jamie McLaren," queried Jamie McDonald, "'n how she redded oop

y'r bunk 'n mad' wee cupboards 'n traipsins, 'til she cud turn 'n put her haun on aething."

"I'll min' she's a maister haun 't contrivin'," answered Jamie McLaren, "'n there was sair need for something t' mak th' auld ship hamelike, rockin' aboot on yon sea for fower lang months 'n a mon naethin' t' dae wi's hauns, an' naethin' t' dae wi's legs but trample oop an' doon, an' oop an' doon th' deck; an' naethin' t' look at but saut water. Losh! 'gin we had yon captain an' th' owners here th' noo, we'd gie them sic a taste o' saut water 't 'd pit thae frae iver again cheatin' th' King b' keepin' a ship's load of settlers a lang summer on sea legs."

"'Deed so," said John Thompson, "we'd like bind thae oop in th' bush yonner wi' naethin' t' see but trees, 'n feed thae on th' mouldy sea biscuits th' soldiers cuddent eat at Quebec 'n th' Commissary Department, in a' charity 'n luve, shipped aff t' th' settlers on th' Rideau."

"Oh, ay, we's earnt oor fairms 'n th' richt t' oorsel's 'n children for a' generations t' hae wards in th' governin' o' this country," said Jamie McLaren, "'n happen in th' years t' coom they'll hae need o's ower there, we'll no forget they're th' same kin, but we'll tak care o' oor ain commissary department."

At the other end of the table, Philip was being cunningly drawn out on the subject of ores; he had with him a prospector's outfit, hammer, and bag of specimens; these he promised to show them after dinner. In the meantime he told what they were: chips of gneiss rock, with rich traces of magnetic iron, also some fine crystalline magnetite; the first had been found at Glen Tay, the latter farther west and south, near Westport. Mica undoubtedly, clear and probably in large plates. Almost in a whisper, someone asked, "Is there gold."

"Um! well, yes," answered Philip, hesitatingly, "our men have found gold, but farther west. There are detached quartz rocks here that might be gold-bearing, but these are only surface indications, and even did an occasional one contain pockets, there might be nothing more found by mining in the vicinity. I can only say that conditions are favorable, but gold is disposed to be shy and will not always avail itself of favoring conditions."

After dinner he retired (not to the drawing-room, but to the scene of the log-rolling) with the other men, taking with him the bag of specimens, and leaving the ladies in possession of the dining-room, the plan of more conventional dinner parties being modified to suit the occasion. A dance was on the carpet for the evening; they all insisted that he stay and "tak a few steps wi' us."

At the very first opportunity, Philip asked Jean if she would dance the first set with him."

"Ye seem like 's ye could dance 't weel eneuch," said Jean, merrily; "I'll hae na objection tae dance 't wi' ye."

Just as the music was beginning, he sought her side and stood a few minutes, waiting for the dance to be called. As he started to lead her to the set forming, Rob came hurriedly up.

Without recognizing Philip's presence, he simply stated, in a tone that was meant to be decisive:

"Ye'll dance this set wi' me, Jean."

There was a fire-flash in Philip's eye, and he compressed his lips a bit, but waited for Jean to speak.

"Ye'll no speired at me wad I dance 't w' ye, Rob, an' I'll dance 't wi' th' lad wha did," said Jean, composedly, at which they took their places on the floor.

Rob had not asked Jean for this or any other dance; this first dance had always been his; none of the other lads interfered (Rob, like Sandy, was not one to be interfered with for the fun of it), and he had not reckoned on this new element. He did not seek another partner, but went straight home, without a good-night to anybody; this excited no comment—he had taken nearly the brunt of the work that day, and, as the three stood apart, no one else had heard the short, crisp dialogue above reported.

"Was I premature in my request for this dance?" anxiously asked Philip, in a pause between figures, and in his anxiety so far forgetting himself to add, "Is Mr. McGregor entitled to it?"

"He's no entitled to 't, else I'd ha' danced 't wi' him," said Jean, in rebuke for the ill-considered question.

"I sincerely beg your pardon, Miss McAlpin. I shouldn't have spoken so, but I—I——"

"It's no' a great maitter," broke in Jean, somewhat irritated over the whole affair. "Rob micht ha' coom afore, but lads wha think lassies are a fortune-telling women an' can ken a' things a lad's thinkin' o' 'll whiles be disappointed."

She was somewhat disturbed, though she didn't see why Rob shouldn't be glad to have her led out by this most desirable partner, who danced so easily, so truly, "it was a fair pleasure to step wi' 'm."

Phemie echoed this sentiment to Jean next day, but was so quiet when in his presence Philip thought he had incurred the disapproval of the whole McGregor clan.

After another dance with Jean, he departed for Perth, having some letters to get off by an early stage.

CHAPTER VII.

"We twa ha' paidl'd in th' burn,
Frae morning's sun till dine,
But seas between us braid hae rolled
Sin' auld lang syne."
—*Scotch Ballad.*

NEXT morning Rob started for the Lanark Settlement. He had made some ventures in lumbering, and possessed considerable aptitude in that direction. To-day, an excuse to see some of the other men about some rafts which had been sent to Montreal, was sufficient excuse for him going up. Douglas had not joined in these ventures—in fact, he was constitutionally anything but venturesome—though he had always before accompanied Rob on necessary trips. This morning Rob called to him as he passed:

"I'm gaun oop t'Archie's, tae see hoo th' logs went."

Sandy said, at breakfast, Rob had only taken a snack. "He's fair destrakit wi' that jury maitter."

"It's waesome thet oor lads, what's dune na hairm, suld be harried tae death wi' ither bodies' sins," grumbled Elspeth.

"It's ain o' the penalties o' leevin' in a ceevilized country. We's a' o's tae bear oor share o' th' burden. A wrang 's like a peeble thrawn in th' water: it'll happen be no sae muckle in itsel', an' 'ill fa' dune till the sand at th' bottom, an', like th' beginnin' o' a sin, be lost sight o', but the pure water'll be disturb'd, rings 'n rings o't."

Phemie was yet drowsy, from the effects of the festivities the night before, so did not give any heed to Rob's early and hasty departure. The opinion that Sandy had advanced prevailed in the McAlpin

household, and at both houses a week's grace was cheerfully given him for the wearing-off process. There was much surprise felt when, at the end of that time, he announced his intention of going with a gang up the Opeongo. Spring's work was done, and the harvest would not come on for some weeks yet.

Elspeth murmured when this decision was communicated to her, but Sandy said:

"We'll canna allus keep 'm wi' a string. Yon's a muckle warld till see, 'n gin th' lad see's th' half o't he'll hae t' begin soon."

Jean had not forgotten the episode at the logging-bee, but she had attached no importance whatever to it. Rob had treated her exactly as he did the rest since, he had been grave and silent with all, and the one—certainly very plausible—reason was assigned in view of this. Jean was, if possible, a little more sisterly than she had ever been, and at this Rob was—also if possible—a little graver.

Although none of them thought for a moment of being glad when Rob had gone, still there was a relief that he was undergoing supposed efficacious treatment for melancholia, and would return from the shanties restored to his normal mental condition.

The girls were busy evolving a quilt of wondrous pattern from some infinitessimal pieces of red and white cotton, so had occupation for brain and hands, and a week passed in quite a usual way; then Philip Maxwell came again. There was no logging-bee to-day to distract Jean's attention. She and Phemie sat out under the trees with their bits of cloth. His bag of specimens was thrown over his shoulder; the hand that held the bag-string held also the hammer, in the other was a stout walking stick. Not having yet properly introduced him,

we will at once proceed to do so. He had dark, straight hair; eyes, also dark, keen but kindly; clear-cut features, naturally pale, but now browned by some weeks of outdoor life; he was erect as to carriage, and precise rather than otherwise. Lowering his bag of specimens, he lifted his hat to the lassies, and Jean welcomed him with cheery badinage.

"Ye'll be a maister haun t' wark, Mr. Maxwell. I'll wunner whilk 's th' hairdest, cairrying roun' wee bit stanes 'n a pack, or drivin' kye hame frae the braes."

"You seem to hint that the curse of our first parents has fallen lightly on me," quoth Philip. "I can assure you there are times when the dampness on my brow, superinduced by great mental exertion, is all that strictest justice could require. This is my holiday time, and the Fates, who are ever spinning webs for us, have been very kind to me. I think I have found Acadia."

"I'll no ken what like place yon is, but 't will be no muckle better 'n oor Canada," answered Jean.

"I am beginning to think that Canada is Acadia, or Acadia Canada, which in the long run is all the same thing," gravely said Philip.

"Oh! gin ye're spiering riddles at 's, for why did ye no say so, 'n happen we'll wad hae spaed them oorsels."

"I am not asking riddles," said Philip, "and," most incautiously continuing, "I am saying I never was so happy in my life."

"It's a vera gude condeetion tae be in. I'm glad it's naething waesome like th' toothache that ails ye," said Jean, holding a block of her patchwork off to note its effect.

Philip had thrown himself on the ground in

front of the lassies, his head resting on his hand. At Jean's speech he half raised himself, his face flushed a dull red; the compliment—regarded only as a compliment—was rather broad, but in his world beyond the sea, ladies looked for and rewarded these pretty speeches with a tap of a fan, a carefully prepared smile, and playfully called the perpetrator a "naughty man." This little lady, born and reared in the backwoods of Canada, was simply ignoring the gallantry—which, however, as is not always the rule, was sincere—and graciously informing the gallant.

"It'll be a chain o' roses; ye'll can see th' wee bit red pieces mak th' chain, and gin ye don't set them right, 'twould mak the hail wrang."

"I understand, a broken chain," said Philip Maxwell, rather sadly for one who, just a minute before, had announced himself as being perfectly happy. "Do you ever think, Miss McAlpin, how many links are broken in the chain which forms the social part of our lives, how many are lost to us forever? A link in the center of the chain will fail us, a link tried and true, that has helped us pull many a bark freighted with hopes to shore; one pull too many has severed it; again, a new link is added, fresh, and bright, and strong, scarcely yet a part of the chain—a sudden wrench, and it is gone."

"I'll ken it a'," said Jean soberly, "but think ye not that, wi' a Smithy wha unnerstauns His wark, th' auld chain 'll be welded thegither, an' be weel able to haud oor barks frae driftin'; an' happen th' links 'll na be lost—the Maister Smithy 'll hae need for thae in anither chain he's makin'."

"But it will not be our chain!" cried Philip Maxwell, as hearts have always done, and as hearts

will do until "the heavens shall roll back like a scroll."

"Th' Maister Smithy 'll might hae pit back oor ain links, gin he'd no wanted thae an' wanted 's tae do wi'out them. He kens richtly whilk link 'll mak th' best chain for th' pu'ing in o' each bark."

Phemie was getting very restless for a mild-mannered bit wummany, and she could not comprehend how Jean dare sit and calmly cross words with this young man frae th' toun, therefore she was almost demonstrative in her welcome of Douglas' who had just come back from Perth on horseback.

He could hardly wait for a "gude mornin'" to Philip to declare his news.

"Wad ye think 't! His Grace the Duke o' Kilmarnock 's coming tae Perth!"

Philip started, though only slightly.

"Captain Leslie's had ward o't at th' bank. There'll be fine doin's doon toun in 's honor."

"There'll like be a procession, 'n airches built, 'n he'll be in a carriage, 'n graun wi' gold lace!" Phemie is so excited she has to stop.

"Ay there'll be that, 'n speech-makin', 'n he'll get the keys o' th' toun."

"Not if there is any good way of preventing it," Philip Maxwell is saying strictly to himself; aloud he asked,

"You would like to see the Duke, Miss McGregor?"

"'Deed would I! a mon wi' so much pooer in 's hauns, 'n sae mony people lookin' oop tae him, he'll hae a graun coontenance t' do aebody gude juist t' hae a glint at 'm."

"The possession of power does not always induce a kingly countenance, Miss McGregor, nor is it always used that any sort of good may come from

propinquity. Now that the sun is hastening to the place from which he came, my staff and I must hasten our departure. Perhaps I may myself see this lucky individual who has such a staunch unknown friend in this glorious country of yours."

Phemie was quite overcome by the bright, cordial smile she received as he shook hands in parting.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Nae honest worthy man need care
To meet with noble, youthful Dare,
For he but meets a brither."
—*Burns.*

DOUGLAS was feeling a rankling sense of something unpleasant when he thought of Philip Maxwell, and not even the prospect of tons of yellow metal being opened up under his feet through Maxwell's agency could alter the growing wish that "th' callant had gone further wi 's hammer 'n pack o' stanes," but as such views would, if uttered aloud, have been decidedly unpopular in both houses, he wisely kept them to himself. Philip had insensibly become a part of their daily life; in many ways he had really been of material assistance —he seemed to know about everything, even if he had once been doubtful about his practical qualifications as a cow-boy. Letters sent out to Rob by stragglers going up to the shanties were full of Mr. Maxwell's accomplishments.

The Duke of Kilmarnock had failed to arrive. Captain Leslie intimated that the attractions of New York had for the time deflected him. Phemie was not the only disappointed damsel: a score of young ladies in Perth had been practising steps, dressmakers had been driven wild with orders given, countermanded, and given again. The old Beaver had landed boxes small and boxes large at Oliver's Ferry, the contents of which had made, in many a Colonel's and Major's and Captain's purse, holes so large that many an army bad word was said in consequence. Still he came not, and the growing youth of Perth was glad thereat.

They had not been much afraid of Philip Maxwell, though he was "frae th' toun." In fact, he could be scarcely said to have the *entree* of the strictly upper circle. Captain Leslie had been heard to remark, when some one had asked him, "He's a deucedly fine fellow—a gentleman, begad! and may make whatever use he pleases of my house."

But as it was generally supposed that there might be a more or less intimate relationship between the gold yet resting on Nature's breast, and the gold in a bank vault, all this was looked at merely in the line of business on Captain Leslie's part, and not to be taken as a lead in matters social.

Some of the more frivolous youth, remembering the story of the pot of gold at the bottom of Rideau Lake, guarded by his Satanic Majesty; and of the man who came from Kingston with knowledge of another storehouse in the depths of the woods which would reveal itself when the right *hocus pocus* words were said; averred that the bell on the old bank, which the factotum rang to call the banker from the enjoyment of outdoor sylvan delights to the more prosaic employment of handling specie on a salary—gave an extra shirl when Philip Maxwell crossed the threshold. If Philip knew any of this he did not care, and he was not in the village enough of the time to have availed himself of any social function, had the opportunity to do so otherwise been presented. He had rooms at Patterson's, which he locked when he went away and let himself into when he returned; they were littered with the specimens we have met on other occasions on the Scotch line, chemical apparatus, etc., but comfortable enough—the best the house afforded, in fact.

Out the "Line," he was as well received as the

Duke himself would have been. Not a few boxes consigned to him were delivered at the Ferry. "Ony some more o' thae assay stuff;" but there was always space in each box for a book or two, and paper birds' nests filled with sugar eggs—blue, pink, yellow and white—for the bairns; the like was ne'er seen before on the line, and it is many a year since they were last seen.

A new buckboard came for him, and a high-stepping horse. Before going up the Ninth he filled inside the railing at the back of the buckboard with many things of many kinds, till his waggon looked "maist like a pedlar's pack." He did not blunderingly drive up to the houses with these; they were for school prizes. It was Friday, and he drove gaily up the line, reined up at the institution presided over by Mr. John Holiday (who had taught the mothers and fathers of his present pupils in Brockville when they wintered there *en route* to the Settlement in 1815-16), walked up to the Professors' desk, and gravely enquired as to the standing of each pupil for a week past; prizes were then and there distributed for all sorts of proficiency; in fact, it would seem to an impartial observer that in Mr. Holiday's school, special prizes were given for general all-round mischievousness, for the prizes did not bear any relation whatever to the scholar's age or merits; the very worst scholar in the school carried home his arms full; books, weighty in avoirdupois and subject, were given to wee men and women, an admonition to study them well being received with a trembling almost to tears, until the birds' nests aforesaid were produced, and they were bidden—as a second thought—to carry the books home and read them whenever Mr. Holiday bade them do so; they had confidence in their ageing

master to know this would only be when they could read them. The books were read and re-read by the older members of the family, who supposed that, as the master was a Government teacher, the prizes were provided from the same liberal source, perhaps in a spasm of contrition over the mouldy biscuits, and that Maxwell, lately from the "Old Country," was merely disbursing the said Government's "indulgence." When they afterwards came to know the real donor, even these independent, high-spirited Highlanders were proud and pleased that their friend had been so thoughtful for them.

Very patiently he waited, watching, when near her, every line in Jean's mobile face, revelling in her views of life and its problems told in her own way and in the tongue of the motherland. Not at all sure of his position, he could not, even in most sanguine moments, assure himself that Jean had ever encouraged him. She was always frankly pleased to see him, always willing to talk to or listen to him; too much so—he was beginning now to look eagerly for some signs of shyness in Jean's demeanor, such as Phemie displayed; not that Phemie ever turned a thought towards him in particular; to her all men were on a pedestal, to be looked at as a cat looks at a king.

To Jean they were simply *bon camarades*, and a great convenience in case of accidents. But while knowing this, as in the *camaraderie* she furnished her share of *bonhomie*, no one had as yet complained, though Philip was beginning to long for a time when he wouldn't be treated so much like Douglas and her father.

CHAPTER IX.

"Not the bee upon the blossom,
In the pride o' sinny noon;
Not the little sporting fairy,
All beneath the simmer moon;
Not the minstrel, in the moment
Fancy lightens in his e'e,
Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,
That thy presence gies to me."

—*Burns.*

THE next moon after that—in our story first moon—and the last under which the two lassies and two lads ever drove together—Jean and Phemie went with a pail to the edge of the bush for some raspberries. Douglas, missing Rob's companionship, slowly followed them. Margaret called Jean—something had happened one of her goslings; tossing her pail to Douglas, and telling him to pick until she came back, she sped to the scene of the disaster.

"I'll no get a chance at a word wi' ye th' noo," he said to Phemie, after Jean had gone.

"An' for why?" asked Phemie; "I'll be allus here; ye'll can be talkin' at me any time."

"I'll canna, an' ye ken that weel," replied Douglas, "ye're ae listening at that Maxwell chap."

"Aweel, an 's vera gude t' listen at," said Phemie; "aiblins I'll no leave auld friens gin they're wearyin," she continued archly.

"I'll be aye wearyin' for ye, Phemie," returned Douglas, in a tone that drew grave lines on Phemie's forehead. "Phemie," drawing near, "ye'll no like Maxwell better than me?"

Phemie was tender-hearted, and Douglas was feeling very sad indeed, and she did not in any sense care for Maxwell, except, as she said, he was

"gude to listen at"; so, as a mother would comfort a jealous child:

"Na, I'll no like 'm better 'n ye, Douglas. I'll hae kenned ye a' my life, an' I'll couldna like any yin else so weel."

"Douglas drew still nearer. "We'll be marrit, you an' me, Phemie, an' ye'll coom an' live wi' me, 'n mither 'n Jean 'n faither's aye sae fond o' ye! We'll hae braw times, 'n I'll no fash mysel wi' Maxwell; happen he'll tak Jean awa ower th' sea, but ye'll be aye wi' 's."

"Oh! Douglas, ye suldn't hae sic thochts! I'll ne'er can mairry ye, deed an' deed I'll canna," sobbed Phemie. "I'll no want t' gang frae faither 'n mither 'n Rob; we're haeing braw times th' noo. Ye'll no spier at me sic like questions ony mair. I'll juist gang ben th' hoose th' noo."

Douglas walked slowly behind her, not altogether unsatisfied with his "answer." Lassies ne'er say ay at the first "asking," and he knew his wooing had not been conducted after the finished style of heroes in books; but he was glad Phemie knew what his hopes were—'twould be easier to talk to her next time.

Next morning he lingered after Jamie had gone for the team—Jean being in the milk-house—to enlist his mother's sympathy in this, the most important event in his life, expecting her to intercede for him with Phemie.

Glum and dour Margaret listened to her lad's story of his hopes and his plans.

"Sae it's my lad th' huzzie's aifter, is't?" she said at last, in the sternest tones Douglas had ever heard her use. "Weel, she'll no get 'm!"

"Oh, mither! she'll no be aifter me! she's said me nay: aiblins I'll aye thocht 't 'd be a' richt gin we gied her mair time."

"Yon's ony ain o'r wiles. I tell ye, she'll no get ye!"

Alarmed at the burst of fury his tale had called up, Douglas rushed from the house. He did not fear the opposition would prove an insurmountable barrier, but he liked smooth sailing, and this was an unlooked-for shock. Accustomed to open discussion of every subject, he immediately carried his woes to his father.

"I'll no say but she's a bonnie lass," Jamie began diplomatically, "an' I'll hae na faut t' fin' wi' ye fer bein' a wee bit saft wi'r; ony o's men'll whiles be come ower wi' a wee bit bonnie lassie; but merryin' —that's anither tale; they's muckle to be thocht on; they's ither lassies t' be had."

"But, faither, gin we luve ain anither, an' we'll nane o's hae anither body, ye wuldn't hae's live apairt juist fer naething at a'." Douglas, never quick of speech, lost himself completely.

"Im no sayin' that, lad," said Jamie, soothingly, "but ony juist bide awhile."

"An' hoo can I bide? I'll hae spiered at Phemie wad she mairry me, and for why suld I bide? I'll can fend for her th' noo."

"Ay, ay; aiblin's the's be ither things. Noo, yon mon Campbell, he'll hae na lads, an' ony ane lass; for why suldn't ye gang there wi' yer courtin'? He'll hae a fine fairm, weel stockit."

Douglas hardly believed his ears. He would as soon have expected the clouds to fall as that even the slightest opposition would be made to such a union of the two families. Marriage had not occurred to him until within a few weeks (he was only twenty): it was only a few weeks ago that the possibility of a life without Phemie had been presented to him, and the other thought was the

sequence. Eighteen of his twenty years, his life and Phemie's had seemed to him component parts of the same existence. He had not expected Phemie would say yes immediately—it was not a woman's way; but he had counted on aid and comfort from his father and mother. He still hoped that with Phemie he could yet succeed; but he could not now bring her home; he would go away to the "Shanties"; Rob would help him. The thoughts tumbled over one another in his brain; his head felt as though it would burst; turning, he left his father, and strode off into the bush; throwing himself on a cushion of moss, he thought, and thought.

There was something inspiring in the thought of "fending" for Phemie all her life, though, in a way, caring for her was nothing new—hadn't he rocked her when she lay, a helpless baby, in her cradle made from a hollowed log (though then little more than a baby himself); hadn't he watched, and guarded, and helped her ever since, and no one ever objected. This opposition was all very queer. Anyway, he'd have Phemie, and that was really all he wanted of this world. He heard Jean call him, but gave no heed, and by-and-bye brain-weariness superinduced sleep.

In the house there was more disturbance than the four walls had ever before witnessed.

Jean found her mother on the verge of hysterics when she came back from the milk-house. She soon learned the cause of this condition of affairs. Margaret, with hands tightly clasped, was rocking herself back and forth in her chair.

"It's my lad she wants! my bonny, sonsie lad, whilk I'll hae wrought for a' thae years in a strange lan', wi' my hairt sair for a sicht o' th' heather."

"Wha's wantin' ye're lad, mither?" asked Jean, thinking her mother's mind was wandering.

"Wha suld't be, but th' hizzie ower th' fence!" said Margaret, in a manner and tone that assured Jean her mother, however misguided, was "a' there."

"Wha's told ye aething, mither, 'n what hae they tell't ye that ye say sic like things?" asked Jean.

"It's my lad himsel'! he's askit me tae welcoom thae straipshins as his gudewife, an' I'll no dae't till I dee—I'll no dae't," rocking herself back and forth and shaking her head; "she's coom stealin' roun' like a cat, wi'r saft-like ways: I'll ne'er could abide 'r!"

"Why, mither, ye tauld Mr. Maxwell, no aboon a week syne, ye'll no' kenned whilk o's lassies ye'll like best."

"I'll no kenned o'r sly ways then," said Margaret, unabashed.

"But, mither, gin Douglas's set to mairry Phemie, 'n she's wullin'"——

"Ay, she'll be fine an' wullin'," interrupted Margaret.

"An' for why suld ye no be wullin'?"

"Bekase I'll na! I'll hae na strapshins o' a lass t' coom atween me 'n the lad I'll ha' raised mysel'."

"Mither, was Granny McAlpin wullin' ye suld hae her lad?"

But Margaret was non-committal. "I'll no' need to tell ye aething aboot 't," she said perversely, "aiblins yon was my Jamie—'twasn't takin' a strange lad frae th' mither wha bore him."

At another time Jean would have laughed at this strange proposition, but now was no time to laugh; yet it might have been better if she had, for just now, when Margaret's unreasonable anger was at its height, Phemie ran in on some little errand, a thing that occurred hourly between the houses.

Margaret gave her a look full of ire.

"It's you, is 't, you trapsin, feckless hizzie! rinnin' ower here aifter my lad! I'll tell 't t' ye: ye'll no get him!—he'll no gang hinging aifter ye, I'se wairant! 'n ye suld tak shame on ye, 'n ye're mither t' let ye; hae ye na shame on ye, ye feckless, ne'er-do-well hizzie?" She stopped for want of breath.

Phemie's face was a blue-white, a burning red spot on each cheek, and her eyes almost emitted sparks.

"Marget McAlpin, I'll no want yer son: I'll ha' said 'm nay—tho' I'll tell't ye now, th' ony thing wrang aboot the puir lad's his rantin' mither! An' noo, I'll ne'er in my life speak ae word, gude 'r bad, t' yer lad agen. So help me God!" Stepping to the table she reverently raised the Bible that lay thereon and touched it to her lips; then, turning to Margaret, "An', Marget McAlpin, gin ye'll keep oot o' my path, we're ne'er like t' meet ither agen."

Before Jean could think, she was gone.

"Oh! mither, what hae ye dune! the wee, winsome lassie, wha luved ye like her ain mither! Ye've said till her what na lassie 'll thole. She'll ne'er coom back," cried Jean.

"Dinna fash yersel, she'll coom back fast eneuch, 'n the lad 'll be fule eneuch t' gang aifter 'r;" but Margaret went into her room and closed tight the door.

Mechanically Jean prepared dinner. At eleven Jamie came in as usual, asking "Where's th' lad?"

"I'll no ken," said Jean, "he's no coom ben since breakfast," but she could not broach the subject of the morning's trouble.

"'N ye'r mither's awa, too! They'll belike havin' what th' bodies doon toun ca' a picnic," chuckled Jamie.

"I'm feart mither's na weel; she's ben the room, 'n th' door's barred."

Jamie stepped to the door, tried it gently, then shook it. At this Margaret called out:

"Ye'll can gang awa. I'll no want ony dinner. I'll be lyin' doon a bit."

Jamie was hungry from a hard morning's work, so did as he was bid, going back to the field immediately after, leaving Jean alone with her first sorrow. What would come of it she did not dare think; the present was bad enough. She alone could "sense" just what Phemie was feeling: her maiden's pride touched, her maidenly dignity and modesty assailed. Jean knew that, for many long months, Phemie would writhe with the smart of it. Their Phemie, the gentle lassie who had loved them all, who had in many ways been a help and comfort, and always a sunbeam in both houses; who had through long night watches sat by Margaret's bedside and given her the tenderest care through a nearly fatal attack of typhoid. If anyone else had done this thing, how they would all have resented it for her!—yet it had come from them, her life-long friends! The horror was too great for tears.

"They'll happen hang th' mon wha focht th' bit duel an' kill't th' ither mon, aiblins he cud fecht th' duel gin he thocht 't was richt, 'n he gied th' ither mon a chance; but a wumman body can pierce anither wumman's vera hairt wi' wards, an' th' ither 'll can do naething but greet."

CHAPTER X.

" But if, beneath yon southern sky,
A plaided stranger roam,
If loose drooping crest, and stifled sigh,
And sunken cheek, and heavy eye,
Pine for his Highland home.
—*Scott.*

DOUGLAS wakened refreshed and hopeful in the middle of the afternoon, rather abashed when he discovered the sun was past the meridian; but this was an important epoch, and " what was ane day in a body's hail life?"

He had not seen Phemie since last night, and immediately thought he would go up through the fields to Sandy's before going home. How sweet it would be, by-and-bye, to not have to go 'cross lots to see Phemie! As if the thinking of her had brought her before him, he could soon see the flutter of her sun-bonnet, flitting in and out among the plum-trees (for chickens must eat, though hearts break). Quickening his steps, he was beside her before she was aware of it.

" Phemie! Phemie!" he cried, eagerly.

Phemie at first tried to reach the house and a sheltering room, before he caught her; but to no purpose. He came up to and in front of her, looking into the depths of her sun-bonnet. What he saw there staggered him; he stopped to get breath, and to know what to say (we have written he was a lad of few words). She sped past him, and gained the desired shelter.

He still kept on to the house. Elspeth met him at the door.

" Gae back tae Marget McAlpin, an' tell'r we'll hae nane o' her lads or lassies—'n th' grass 'll grow

lang on th' bit path mony a year ere ane o' mine—mon, bairns, or mysel'—'ll set fut on Jeems McAlpin's side o' th' fence agen."

"Elspeth, has my mither been here?"

"Na," answered Elspeth, "aiblins my wee lassie's been there. Ye'll can ask Marget McAlpin th' rest. But Phemie's ta'en an aith on the gude buik t' ne'er cross wards wi' ye agen. She's a Christian lass, 'n she'll keep 't"—and the door was shut.

Douglas staggered home. There he saw from Jean's looks that the matter was as grave as Elspeth had intimated.

"Whaur's mither?" he asked.

"She's ben th' room. Dinna look sae, Douglas—it'll happen coom a' richt." But, even as she said this, she knew better.

"Jean, ye'll ken I'll hae aye been a gude lad t' faither 'n mither; but, when a lad's coom to man's years, he's a richt t' th' lassie he luves fur 's wife, gin she's wullin; 'n shootin' a mon in a duel, 's——(wha faither's sae fierce fur hangin') did, 's na waur nor rendin' a man's soul wi' pairtin' 'm frae th' best o's life; fur what's th' rest, noo she's gaen?"

"Douglas, Douglas! dinna look sae! We'll a' tell't Phemie 'twas na meant," cried Jean.

"Phemie'll ne'er unsay 'r word, Jean." Going to the door of the room he called his mother; there was no answer; then he tried the door—it was, as Jean said, barred. He called again; still no reply. Putting his foot to the door, with a quick burst he opened it. Margaret sat in a rocking chair, knitting; hard lines on her face, and a somewhat triumphant look in her eyes. She looked up, not heeding the unceremoniousness of Douglas' entrance.

"The lassie 'll no' hae ye! she'll 't ne'er speak t' ye agen."

"Mither!" said Douglas, in a tone that shook Margaret. "I'll no say 't I'll ne'er speak t' ye, but I'm gaun awa, 'n ye'll greet fur this day's wark mair nichts than ye ken o' ere ye'll see me again."

Margaret sprang up at this, realizing what she had done, but, changing her mind, sat down again; and Douglas, fearing what he might say if he remained longer, went up to his own room.

Jean followed him. Sitting down—he was too weak to stand—he bowed his head on the table, and shed the tears a man sheds when his heart is wrung past endurance. Jean knelt beside him, and mingled her tears with his.

"Jean, Jean! gin I'll cud ony hope, I'd bide a hunner years! but I've kent Phemie syne she was a bit creepin' lassie. She'll ne'er brak her word. It's a' ower wi' me. I'll canna stay 'n see her 'n no hear 'r speak."

"Dinna greet—dinna greet, Douglas," soothed Jean, as she had done in their not-so-far-past childhood, her own tears falling like rain.

By-and-bye, when they could cry no longer, Jean got Douglas' promise to wait until morning. Many times through the night she slipped in to see how he fared.

At supper-time Jamie had to know. Margaret was going round her housewife duties, tightly compressed lips and rigid face giving no sign of the tumult within. Jean, knowing Jamie must be told that Douglas was upstairs and would not come down, met him on his way from the barn and explained something of the situation. Like most men, Jamie did not like scenes; up to the present time his life had had an unusually even tenor; therefore this was very upsetting. He blamed everybody—first and foremost, the girl for living;

then Douglas, for caring for her; Margaret, for saying what she did when she did; Phemie, for paying any attention to what Margaret had said; Douglas, for taking Phemie at her word; and, lastly, Jean, for not preventing the whole affair.

A United States President once remarked regarding a national matter: "It is a condition, and not a theory, that confronts us." There was a condition, and a serious one, now facing Jamie, and he finally pulled himself together and braced up for it. A look at Margaret's face showed him she did not need comforting: she was glorying in her triumph. As Douglas had not immediately rushed out of the house, she concluded he had thought better of going. She knew Phemie would hold to her word. Matters were turning out very satisfactorily. Therefore, although the medicine was drastic and would cause the patient some inconvenience, yet it was effectual, and she was feeling the pride of a physician successful in a particularly serious case.

When he saw Douglas, Jamie's heart smote him. Perhaps had he come down and talked with Margaret when the lad first spoke to him (this time honestly fixing the blame where it really belonged), all would have been well.

"Lad, lad," he said, "is there naething I'll can dae fur ye?"

"There's naething th' noo, faither!"—at which Jamie winced. "I'll juist hae tae gang awa. Ye'll no hinner me."

"Ye're no' o' age yet, lad; but gin ye'll no can staun' it here—an' I'll no say ye cud," said Jamie, compassionately—"ye'll can gang oop t' Taranta till Aleck Fraser—he'll give ye aething 'r anither t' do i' th' mill."

When this was announced to Margaret, she must

have felt as the above-mentioned physician might when forced to take some of his own medicine in order to induce confidence in his patient. Jamie was firm in his promise that the lad should go if he wished to. She had conquered, but at a heavy cost to herself.

Douglas bade his mother good-bye next morning, but she would almost rather he hadn't—there was so much of reproach, so little trace of the old affection. She was stung to the quick, still she gave no sign, and, after he was gone, for long months she scarcely spoke of him. Yet, though she too had to share the bitter draught, she did not regret having mixed it. "Douglas was her lad still; driven from home he might feel himself; his heart torn with grief, and a deep sense of wrong and of anger against her; yet he was *hers*—this she could roll as a sweet morsel under her tongue: evil might befall him in his exile—this other woman could not be his comforter; he even might die in this land far away—the lassie couldna hae first place at his coffin."

These were comforting thoughts to Margaret, and in all that followed she never made a wry face at the bitterness of her own share from the cup.

Jean, too, who was neither patient nor physician, had to drink. Philip Maxwell came that evening, bringing some chemical apparatus to show an experiment that was interesting him.

"I will just arrange this," he said, "and then wait until your brother comes in; and will we have to send word to Miss McGregor? Perhaps I had better go and fetch her."

Jean could not tell him that Phemie would never come again; she could not say to him, "Do not go for her"; yet it seemed cowardly to leave

Phemie to account for the estrangement. Sandy truly said, the very least wrong has a wide-spreading influence.

The question as to Douglas was answered by Jamie, who just now came in.

"Th' lad's off fur Taranta," said he, quite cheerfully, partly through not sensing the gravity of the situation, and partly through a Highland desire to put the best foot forward.

"Indeed! I believe I had not known of his intention to make the trip," said Philip.

"'Twas juist thocht on, 'n he's awa tae Brockville t' tak th' boat. Things gae fast thae times," answered Jamie.

Philip had noticed Margaret's grim smile when he spoke of Phemie, and drew a conclusion which pleased him very much, and was, in effect, that Douglas had gone out to carve a better future for Phemie to share than apparently offered itself on the Ninth Line. He quickly decided the kindest way was to leave Phemie to her own meditations on this first evening of Douglas' absence. So Jean was granted a respite; he left the apparatus at Jamie's, and thoughtfully took an early leave.

"Hoo's th' brown colt th' morn?" asked Jamie of Sandy next morning. Sandy must have suddenly become deaf, for he made no reply.

"Sandy, mon! d' ye no' hear? Hoo's the colt th' morn?" Still no reply.

"Sandy! . . . Wha's coom ower the mon?" *sotto voce.*

At the third call Sandy turned. "Wad ye be speakin' till me, Jeems McAlpin?"

Jamie nearly fell over. "I'm askin' aifter the brown colt."

Sandy walked slowly toward the fence, of not always even one log high.

"Jeems McAlpin, gin ye'll canna keep ye'r wumman bodies frae onsultin' mine, we'll no be mindin' hoo my brown colt 'r black coo is: it's as weel tae tell't ye noo, an' we'll hae na mair claishin's ower 't."

"Sandy, ye'll no let a bairn's havers pairt you 'n me," wailed Jamie; "th' lad'll sune forget a' aboot 't, 'n what's 't tae you 'n me whativer."

"A bairn's havers!" shouted Sandy; "div ye no ken thet my bonnie wee lassie's as muckle tae me as Marget McAlpin's simple lad's tae her? Gin th' lad 'd haud his ain wi'r, she'd ha daurna said the wards she did tae th' lass he'd askit. Oor Rob's 's gude a lad as e'er leev'd, aiblins Elspeth 'n mysel' 'd daurna cross 'm in 's ain affairs. Th' lass 'd said 'm nay: it's th' lass Jean she'll greet fur, no the lad, though happen she'll miss him too, fur they wus aye thegither. An' noo, Jeems McAlpin, we'll canna live thegither in peace 'n luve, we'll juist pit oop th' fence atween 's, 'n we'll hae na quarrel but th' ain thet's broken frienship 'twixt yours 'n mine."

"I'll no say ye nay in this, Sandy: mine hae broken th' bond o' frienship, 'n till ye spoke, I'd forgotten th' lassie in the haver o' Douglas flittin'. I'd thocht th' trubble was a' oor ain, as it's o' oor ain makin', 'n I ne'er thocht on th' bonnie bit lass I hae dandled on my knee wi' my ain in the days lang syne. Gie 's yer haun, Sandy, mon! we'll pit oop the fence, but we'll hae na mair wards: 't 'll juist be as though ain ud buried th' ither."

Solemnly the two men clasped hands across the log that constituted the line; a lump in each man's throat choked him, and, each fearing to have the other see the moisture under his eyelids, turned and silently walked away.

The fence was put up, each man doing his share

of the work when the other was in the back fields. The summer was getting well worn away. Rob did not come back for the harvest, but wrote his father to get a man for extra work, and he would pay him. The estrangement fell hard on Jean and Phemie; many times in the night each would waken with a sense of some trouble overwhelming them; the first thought on awakening would invariably be to go to the other for comfort, and the sadness would be intensified when fully roused to the situation.

Jamie was the more patient with Margaret in the matter, through feeling that a word from him in time would have set matters right. Jamie, though slow of perception, was the soul of honor, and he felt that, had he done by his lad as he would wish to have been done by, the whole affair might have had a different ending; but his Scotch love of teasing got the better of him, with disastrous consequences to more than one. As if by common consent, the incident—even the existence of the other family—ceased to be mentioned. One thing Jamie insisted on: Sandy should not be driven out of his church. St. Andrew's had been their home for many years. So Margaret, Jamie and Jean went to Smith's Falls; it was a twelve miles drive, but the trips seemed to have a wonderfully soothing effect on his mind: yet, stern Protestant that he was, he would not liked to have had it called doing penance. To Mr. Romaine he told—taking as much blame to himself as possible—what happened, as he must give a satisfactory explanation for leaving St. Andrews. Mr. Wilson also was made a confidant. Jean finally told Mr. Maxwell, because there was no way of getting rid of doing so. Everyone else was left to draw their own conclusions, which, of course, everyone did—no two exactly alike, and no one absolutely correct.

CHAPTER XI.

"With future hope, I oft would gaze
Fond on thy little early ways."
—*Burns.*

GRADUALLY each family drew about it a circle of friends, not new, but never before on terms of intimacy. Phemie's gentle disposition, and her truly orthodox views on relative positions in the various conditions which life presents, had made her a favorite among the people they knew in town; but, as the two families had always seemed sufficient unto themselves, her society had been hard to secure. As soon as a little of the situation was understood, the lads and lassies in other houses became importunate, and Phemie was ofttimes carried away against her will, until presently she came to enjoy this getting "out and away."

Ladies of the exclusive military set began to remark "that rather nice girl of Sandy McGregor's."

The settlers of the "Line" had not mingled with the military set—we might say, had not been received on equal terms—although, in a matter of genealogy, most of them could show a cleaner, longer sheet. With half a dozen exceptions, the military set was as mixed as to quality as it was in nationality. But the glory of the Military Colony was waning. Many, finding a settler's life not to their taste, had departed to take up the profession of arms in the United States, where they were afterwards employed in the war with Mexico. Those who remained were of a better class, given to peace unless duty called them to war. The younger generations were Canadian, with higher aims than

brewing rum punch; new men had come in, bringing with them a fresh, breezy atmosphere from the Canada outside, where men were doing, not merely living. Some choice spirits were growing here that, ere their calling home, would leave an impress on the life of the nation. The Perth of yesterday, which required twelve-foot walls to keep it within bounds and hidden caves in which to store its bread and butter, had given way to a Perth of seemly behaviour and culture. Bright, keen intellects rubbed against each other in legal and political contests; women of gentle manners and high attainments graced the homes. The infancy of this Settlement on the Rideau was troublous and troublesome; but, to those who watched it in its cradle-age, the fair promise of its youth was a guerdon.

Mr. Wilson came to call as soon as he understood the situation at the McGregor's and McAlpine's; he visited both houses, but at Sandy's he broke bread.

"You will have to spare this lassie to us for a week, Mrs. McGregor," he said when leaving, "she has studiously avoided hard work in the Sunday School and we will have to give her a course of training. Let her come to Mrs. Wilson next week, Wednesday; she is a capital recruiting sergeant, and we need just such soldiers as this in our work for and with the bairns," he continued, as he shook hands with Phemie when leaving.

"I'll canna leave mither for sae lang, Mr. Wilson, though I'm glad an' thankfu' t' ye," protested Phemie.

"Tut, tut, lassie," said Mr. Wilson, "you must not say no to your minister; you have a call to the work now and I'll not want to mark you delinquent. Mrs. Wilson will expect you, and remem-

ber," turning to Mrs. McGregor, "it will require at least a week for the drill." Mr. Wilson was not the stern taskmaster the above would seem to imply. The mild benignant gleam in his eyes told of a thought for more than one cause.

"She'll can go," said Elspeth, "happen we'll no hae been mindfu' eneuch o' th' lassie's place in th' battle for the Maister."

Phemie's preparations were not elaborate, but very pretty she looked in her second best, a light brown muslin sprigged with white. The waist was made with long shoulders coming half way to the elbows, the sleeves gathered full at the wrists, and at the arms-eye, finished at the wrists with buttoned bands; the skirt was in two flounces of the same length, one from the waist half way down the skirt, the other beginning just under where the first left off; prunella shoes, the color of the muslin, were seen beneath the last flounce; a leghorn bonnet with a flare, trimmed with a brown gauze ribbon, tied with plain silk strings, completed an attire that was all through like an oak leaf in autumn, for her hair was a sunny brown and her eyes were just like her hair. Elspeth was of Douglas blood (she had given Douglas McAlpin his name) and neither of her children had Scotch blue eyes or the hair that accompanies them.

Mrs. Wilson met her at the door of the manse and kissed her.

"I am very glad to see you, my dear," she said. "Mr. Wilson tells me of a great field of usefulness open for you, and has given me the very pleasing task of enrolling your name and guiding your first steps."

Mr. Wilson greeted her cordially at supper time.

"Has she been a hard task-mistress, Phemie?"

he said, nodding towards Mrs. Wilson, who sat smiling near by, just in her element with this "bit wummany" to lead and help.

"'Deed no, Mr. Wilson; the Maister's wark 's ower easy gin this 's th' hairdest o't."

"Consecrated to it, the Master's work is always easy, Phemie," said Mr. Wilson; "He never forms his soldiers in battle line without giving them weapons, courage, and strength; and the battle is always sure. Walls may have to be scaled, paths made through a tangled forest growth, deep rivers crossed; but through and beyond them all is the Beacon Light, and there, too, is our Prince and Leader, who scaled the walls, brushed aside the thick tangle in the forest, blazing the road for his army to follow, and crossing the deep stream, stands signalling to us that victory is nigh."

"It's a' wunnerfu', Mr. Wilson," said Phemie, a soft light shining in her eyes, "wi' a' th' hairt scaulds o' waitin' when we'll no can even fecht; 'n th' fut-weariness wi' long marches, 'n th' wiles o' th' enemy tae pit's on the wrang road: tae ken, gin we ony look for it, we'll can see th' licht shinin' near us, warnin's o' the pitfa's, cheerin 's in the lang tramples, an' bidin' wi's when we'll can dae naethin' but ony bide."

"Phemie, I thought rightly: you are well and strongly armed already, and, please God, your company will be in the vanguard."

At Mr. Wilson's, there was no turning over for another nap Sunday morning; rather earlier than usual they were stirring, though, so well ordered was the household, there was nothing to do but get breakfast over and dress for church. Phemie carefully and quickly made her preparations, and was downstairs before Mr. Wilson himself. This morn-

ing she wore her best dress, as wss customary. It was of lilac delaine, "poudre" with tiny golden-eyed violets of a darker shade; thread after thread had been run in the skirt from the waist down—these were "quilled"; the tops of the sleeves were treated the same way; the fine, straight, close lines making a dress Quaker-like in its simplicity; a little embroidered collar, fastened with a cameo brooch; a bonnet of Neapolitan braid, lined with lilac silk, a trifle more flare to the brim than the other; this time the gauze ribbon was white, with the palest purple flowers; and the shoes were drab prunella.

Sandy had prospered. The two children were all he had to look forward for; Rob had been laying by for himself these many months. Phemie's wishes—always reasonable—were gratified; she had nimble fingers—taste—and her wardrobe had the best of care, nor was there ever more thought given it than was seemly.

Sunday school was held immediately after church to give the families who came from a distance an opportunity to all go home together. Phemie had a class of little girls, who at first looked askance at their new teacher, then crept nearer, until, finally, all who could came into the same seat. She told them the sweet old story, of the baby cradled in a manger, mild-eyed oxen, meek sheep, patient donkeys, quietly sharing their shelter with the Prince of Peace; of the star which the shepherds saw; of the wise men, who crossed mountain, river and sandy plain with their gifts. The story was not new, even to such wee maidens, and sometimes in their eagerness they helped the teacher.

"I 'member, Jesus was a weenty-teenty baby, like my bruvver," said one.

"'N' He came into the world to save sinners. What's sinners, Miss 'Gregor?" said another, who never missed a sermon.

"Sinners," said their teacher, "will be those wha dae th' things whilk God has forbidden. Ye'll happen dae what your mither tells ye not, an' ye ken 'tis wrang"——

"Yes, I know my mamma told me not to go on the fence, 'n I did, 'n tored my ampern."

"An' what did your mamma say?" asked Phemie, trying hard to curb her Scotch tongue lest these children of English and Irish birth should not understand her.

"She made me wear my tored ampern to Minnie Taylor's party."

"Noo, if ye had an aulder sister, Emily, 'n your mamma said, if someone else would wear th' torn apron, you could have a clean new one, an' your sister would say, 'I'll wear the torn yin, mither, an' Emily may have a bonnie new ane—she's a wee lassie, 'n happen didn't ken eneuch t' keep aff th' fence,' 'n your sister wore the old torn one, 'n you had a new one white as snaw."

"But what for should mamma make Kitty wear a tored ampern when she never tored it?" queried Emily.

Phemie was beginning to fear these small women were going to tax her capabilities as an expounder of Holy Writ, but she quietly said to this:

"Dinna ye think, Emily, that ye 'd mind 't langer, seein' Kitty wearin' th' torn apron, 'n lang whiles aifter thinkin' o' hoo gude she was, 'n hoo sorry you was 't you disobeyed your mither so Kitty had t' wear 't, 'n ye wouldn't do it mair."

Emily looked thoughtful. "I wouldn't, Miss 'Gregor; if Kitty had to wear a tored ampern to a

party 'cause I went on the fence 'n 'sobeyed mamma, I'd never, never go on a fence again."

"A very prompt application of a lesson, Miss McGregor; let me commend your trite way of instilling truths."

Malcolm Cameron was a visitor that day and had stopped at Phemie's seat.

"I'm weel pleased gin ye think I'll can do ony gude i' th' wark; it's my first day wi' a class," said Phemie, simply and earnestly.

Mrs. Malloch came and welcomed Phemie on their teaching staff, and invited her to meet the other teachers at her house the week following on Saturday afternoon. Those Saturday afternoons at Mrs. Malloch's grew to be a feature of the winter, and Phemie to be a valued addition to the circle gathered there.

Her innate piety made the estrangement with the McAlpin family hard to bear. Had the cause been anything else than what it was she would long ago—for her father's and mother's sake, as well as because she wearied for Jean, and because she would be at peace with all—have gone over again and sought for reconciliation, but for this cause she was held back as with a three-fold cord.

"She'd happen flout me again," said Phemie to herself, arguing out what was best to do. "I'll no could staun't an' 'twould mak' a clood 'twixt me an' th' Lord. No ane's hurted, an' we's better leave weel eneuch alane."

CHAPTER XII.

"Will ye gang to the Hielan's, Leezy Lindsay,
Will ye gang to the Hielan's wi' me;
Will ye gang to the Hielan's, Leezy Lindsay,
My bride and my darling to be."

—*Old Ballad.*

IN after days that winter was to Jean a hideous nightmare. Like Douglas she could not have borne to see Phemie and not speak to and with her, and, like Phemie, thought it best to let sleeping giants lie. A feeling had been engendered that kept stirred up might lead to worse things. She and Phemie would never refuse to speak to each other, but what satisfaction would speaking at an occasional meeting outside be; therefore, dreading such meetings Jean stayed at home, the weekly trips to church at Smith's Falls being the only break in the monotony.

That, is the only break since winter had fairly set in.

Early in the winter Philip Maxwell had put his fate to the test and lost, and this was only another grief for Jean to bear.

Philip generously disclaimed any blame being attached to Jean, although long, long ago everyone else had known why he came to James McAlpin's. She had laughed when he laughed, laughed at him when he didn't, had treated him to pages of philosophy and pages of nonsense. But through all she was perfectly independent and did not in the slightest show any effort or even desire to please him; yet she had always seemed glad when he came, took a lively interest in everything that interested him: botony, geology, mineralogy, anthropology, and so on *ad infinitum.* The tomes that found

their way into the back of that buckboard at Perth, and out of it on the Ninth line, could hardly be numbered with two figures. And the pile of "rubbishy stuff" that Jean gathered between whiles and littered the house with, was enough to make Margaret wax sarcastic, which she occasionally did, but on the whole bore it all very patiently. Not being blind she saw what was going on and had no sort of objection; marrying of a son is one thing, marrying of a daughter another story.

It was the day but one before Christmas when he told her; they stood by the wee gate philosphising on decay and resurrection. Jean was stunned when he said his say. White as the snow that should have been here for Christmas but had not yet come, she raised very misty blue eyes to his.

"Oh, Mr. Maxwell, ye'll no' mean't, I'll ne'er kenned; I'll aye liket t' hae ye coom an' syne Douglas' gane, ye'll cheered mither 'n da, but I'll ne'er thocht o' this!"

"I knew you did not, Jean," said Philip, softly, "but at the same time I hoped. I thought your heart was untried, I feared untouched, but hoped when you came to know of my deep love for you, you would sometime give it me to cherish 'till death did us part. Oh, my darling, let me still hope, if you cannot now say yes, let me wait, just let me wait and watch you, I will know when I may claim you."

Jean's quick wit forsook her, her head drooped to the gate post.

With tense muscles and scarcely beating heart Philip stood. Was it his Scotch lassie Jean who stood with him at the gate this gray December day, or——

Then the "gowden" head was raised and the tear-dimmed sad eyes told him before she spoke.

"Is there no hope, Jean," he asked, hoarsely.

She shook her head and again sought support from the silent post; she was trembling. To Philip this was like a stab.

"Jean," he said, trying to steady his voice, "look up, dear, do not grieve for me. I wanted you, oh, so much, for all my life, and it is not to be, but for the boon of having known you I shall always be grateful to the Giver of all good. I accept your decision and treat it as I would any of your wishes. You have honored me by letting me feel that we were good comrades; if you are never to be more to me, let me not lose your friendship in presuming to hope for a closer title."

"Philip Maxwell," said Jean, lifting her head, "we hae been frien's, I'm prood 'n happy to ca' ye that; ye'll hae taught me mony things o' the wunners o' the earth, an' I'll miss ye when ye're gane, but I hae nae hairt t' gie an' I'll be nae mon's wife wi'out my hairt's gane before."

"Yes, Jean, in after months you will remember what I tell you now. I knew that no man could hope to call you his wife unless your heart was wholly his, that wealth and high station would have no more weight than a feather, that if Philip Maxwell failed to win you, had he come as—as—" making a wild flight for comparison, "the Duke of Kilmarnock, he would have been no more successful."

"I'll thank ye for this, Philip Maxwell, the warld's gear 'n high position's a graun thing gin it's made gude use o', aiblins 'tis only a trappin' aifter a' an't will mony times fa' into bad hands; gin I'd ony hairt to gie, I'd muckle raither gie't t' my frien' Philip Maxwell than tae ony duke in th' peerage."

A spasm of pain shook Philip Maxwell, that this girl with soul so white could not walk by his side down the hill of time.

"For Philip Maxwell, for anything and everything else I am, I am grateful to have you tell me this, Jean, though I have studied you until I knew it weeks ago. In pity for my disappointment you have also told me something else, that your heart was another's ere I sought it. It does comfort me to feel that it is because I was too late, not altogether because I am unworthy. That it will be cherished I do not doubt, for it could never have gone to any but worthy keeping. I may not take it with me over the sea, but the memory of its radiance will lighten many a dark hour."

More Philip could not say; he silently clasped the hand Jean held out to him—for shades of night were falling—and swiftly opening the gate, mounted his brown horse Cæsar, which stood, without halter, patiently waiting his master's bidding, and rode out of Jean's sight into the gathering darkness.

Solemn thoughts of broken links were uppermost in Jean's mind as she turned slowly toward the house. It is a simple thing to generalize, to utter wise thoughts which mean anything and nothing, but in the proving poor human nature bends like a reed.

"I'll said to 'm the Maister Smithy kens juist whilk links 'll mak' th' best chains for the pu'in in ilka bark, aiblins I'll whiles wunner why He's ae fittin' 'n changin', addin' 'n takin' awa."

CHAPTER XIII.

"O! a' ye flocks, o'er a' the hills,
By mosses, meadows, moors and fells,
Come, join your council and your skills,
To cowe the lairds."

—*Burns.*

A LESS stern nature than Margaret McAlpin's would have melted at the Christmas she had prepared for her man and her bairns—would, on the anniversary of this bringing of peace and good-will, have built an altar and sacrificed thereon her selfishness. I will not say that, had this occurred to her as the right thing to do, she would not have done it: from the first, had she felt that anyone else but herself should be considered in the matter—had her meagre light told her that she was the one intended for the sacrifice—she would, grimly and stoically, have mounted the pile—have even lighted it herself; but she would not be the "ram caught in the thicket." "Ae lassie was 's gude 's anither," and from time immemorial lads had to serve other seven years, or seek further, but "lads couldna get mithers b' turnin' roun';" therefore it was mete that the lassie should be the "ram caught in the thicket," or the lad, or both; certainly, not she.

A week of lowry sky had told of the coming snow. Christmas day the ground was covered a foot deep, and the air was thick with fine dry particles. Jean helped her father take care of the stock, each one thinking, were Douglas here, this need not be, though neither of them spoke of it. In the house each tried to be cheerful. Jean played checkers with Jamie, while Margaret knit socks for a box she intended sending Douglas, though no one but

herself yet knew it; in fact, Margaret's intentions were quite apt to be of a private character.

In the evening a few neighbors dropped in, the women with knitting, to keep Margaret company (be it remembered, Christmas was not observed as a holy-day).

Much skilful questioning was yet done anent Douglas' departure; but, bless you! Margaret was as skilful in parry as the others were in thrust.

"Douglas 'll b' needin 's winter claes up yon by noo; he'll no' hae taen them wi'm on sic a sudden upstart."

"Oh! ay, he'll ha's great coatie; he'll said, happen Mr. Fraser'd hae need o'm a bit i' th' snawy weather; it's no' muckle t' cairry on th' boat, 'n whiles 't 'll be rail conveenient t' hae 't," said Margaret, composedly.

"Th' lassies 'll miss 'm sair," commented another. "I misdoot, they'll get less ganging tae toun. They'll b' mair used t' th' toun th' noo than th' country. I'll wunner wad Phemie like t' leeve in Taranta."

It was pretty hard for Margaret to give no sign at this; but, on her guard, she was able without betraying anything to say—

"It's for a lass till aye be satisfied wi' whativer 'n whereiver th' Laird sends 'er."

"Ye'll be gaun t' Smith's Falls t' kirk, Mrs. McAlpin. 'S Mr. Romaines soonder 'n Mr. Wilson?"

"We'll hae na faut t' fin' wi' Mr. Wilson's doctrine—he's ay screeptural; aiblins Mr. McAlpin 'll hae reasons o's ain fur likin' t' hear Mr. Romaines," answered Margaret. "It is a great haver tae gang sae far, whiles."

In every carefully considered conversation, Mr.

and Mrs. were invariably used; in common, every-day conversations, Janet and Leeby, Jock and Dooncan answered every purpose.

In the men's corner they were no less inquisitive.

"Th' lad'll be gaun till hear the claishin's oop yonner at Parleeament. We'll be hearin' muckle o' their ways when 's hame. He'll be winnin' hame suue, I'se warrant; he 's aye a lad for 's mither."

"It's an ower lang trip b' laun, 'n I'll no wunner if he'll wait fur a boat t' Kingston. He'll can coom ower frae there fast eneuch," answered Jamie. "I tell't 'm tae gie oor Malcolm a call: he'd be fine 'n glad t' hear frae 's auld hame."

"Fegs, he wad thet! He'll be hammerin' awa b' noo at th' abuses o' pooer o' thae lads in th' Family Compac'. Yon Morris, noo, he'll t' stick in wi' thae 'n b' fillin 's pack wi' plums."

"Ay, he'll ken on whilk side his bread is buttered," said Jamie McLaren; "but for th' rest o's, gin we'll mak aething oot o' this new warld, we'll need tae hae mair t' do wi' th' makin' o't."

"We wull thet," said Peter McPhierson; "we didna coom ower till this wilderness t' fin' th' sam' things we'll groaned unner 't hame—launlairds ownin' a' things 'n an areestocracy makin' laws 'n admeenisterin' them till we'll no can tell what we we hae 'r whaur we are."

"They're no that bad, a'thegither," said Alex. McFarlane; "they gaed 's th' canawl, whilk's a vera great conveenience."

"Sandy, mon, you're surely no' a' there!" said Jamie McLaren, "th' canawl was built by th' Guverment 't hame, no b' th' tories here."

"Weel, till be a' th' same thing, Guverments 's Guverments," said Sandy, no whit abashed, "an'

th' bit water t' run a wee bairge on 's better 'n carrin' a pack on oor backs frae Brockville."

"Mony a pack I'll hae carriet," said Jamie McLaren, accepting the change of subject, "an' no' what t'd be th' noo ower gude roads, but ower sticks an' stanes, n' intil pits o' black water an' oop agen, on till a stump 'n doon, till a mon's banes 'll fair crack wi' th' shakin'."

"'N th' cauld winter o' twenty-two gaed 's oor haunsfu' t' keep things by 's; d' ye min' th' bit hoods John Caldwell's wumman oop by Lanark made fer 'r mens?" asked Peter McPherson.

"I'll weel min'," said Jamie McAlpin, "hoo she sheart th' lammies, cairded 'n spun th' wull, Jock wove 't, 'n she wrought 't intil hoodies a' aifter deener 'n Jock an' th' lads wus awa' tae Brockville afore daylight drawin' their haunsleds wi' a grist on thae, an' th' wee bit hoodies on their heids."

"Ay, th' wumman bodies stood weel by 's," said Peter McPherson; "mony times they wus readier 'n we wus oorselves. Back yon 't Rideau Lake when we cam' first, when Francis Allan's wife stepped on th' log 'n said she'd set first fut on th' lann o' promise 'n show th' rest o' 's th' way ('n she did 'n landed safe 'n sound wi'out wettin' her petticoaties), I'll said till mysel', 'my leddy, its weel sein' ye're juist oot o' th' barracks 'n feel like a wee coltie. Whiles ye'll ken a' th' havers o' settlin' 'n ye'll no be so freesky;' but I was wrang, they'll nane o' 's men bodies mad' better settlers nor the gudewives did."

"Ye're richt, Peter," said Jamie McLaren, "n' they's mony things the puir bodies did wi'out. I'll seed Colin Campbell's wumman comin' 'till kirk in a black silk goon her mither gaed 'r in th' auld coontry 'n her footies wi' naethiug on but their ain skin."

"'Deed so," said Sandy McFarlane, "we'd nane o' 's muckle t' coover oor footies wi' thae days, but what my Meg wearyed maist aifter wus 'r tea; th' rosberry, pepmint, catmint, 'n wintergreen 's weel eneuch in their place, aiblins the're no like a cup o' young Hyson."

Peter McPherson was laughing consumedly.

"Did ye ever hears," he asked, when he could speak, "o' th' trick Thummas Cuddie's wumman played hersel'." Everybody had heard it, but they maintained a polite silence and Peter told the story.

"Tummas had a gude crop th' year 'n 's wife d wrought hard wi' 'm in th' clearin' 'n th' boilin' 'o potash 'n 'twasn't mair 'n richt 'at she suld hae 'r share o' th' profeets. Sae 'n th' first snaw Tummas took th' oxen t' draw th' sled wi' th' barrel o' potash on't tae Brockville 'n Janet mad' 'm some bannocks till his deener on th' road. He juist gied a look roun' th' shanty before he stairted, t' ken what she'd maist like, 'n thocht o' tea. Weel, he bocht hauf a pun 't Billa Flint's 'n 't took a gude bit o' money 'n when he'll cam hame ye'll ken hoo pleased Janet wus. Oop by on a bit cupboard she 'd some wee crocks; she juist took ane doon 'n pit in th' tea an' coovered it doon ticht t' loose nane o' th' flavour. Whiles she'll pit on her hoodie an' awa' she'll gang till Alex. Kidd's 'n Francis Allen's 'n William Olds, tae Ann Holderness 'n Consitts 'n Frasers, 'n gied them ilka ane a bid t' coom ben th' next day 'n hae a sup o' tea wi' 'r—juist th' wumman bodies, no' a mon ava. Weel, they'll cam a' o' them unca snod, 'twas a graun occasion. Janet was walkin' roun' on 'r tippytoes layin' th' cloth 'n pittin' wee bit cakes on th' plates; syne 'twas time th' tea was brewin' she reeched oop an' vera cautiously leefted doon th' crock, dipped her wooden

ladle in, an' ye'll ne'r hae thocht o' 't," he stopped a moment and looked round impressively, "'Twas brewed already, she 'd pit th' tea in a crock o' veenegar."

Expressions of sympathy were plentiful; even in eighteen forty tea was tea, and most of the listeners had gone through the times when it was worth nearly its weight in gold. With the light of modern knowledge and ways, Thomas Cuddie's wife might have made a special brand of Russian tea from the above mixture, but the culinary lore of eighty years ago did not include any methods of using the leaves of the Chinese shrub, other than brewing in clear water, dressing with cream and sugar, when you could get them, and drinking when hot.

While the minds of their men were running on the past, those of the women were much more concerned with the future. Hints delicately put, but clearly understandable, as to Jean's prospects were deftly introduced. To Jean it had seemed wise to keep her own counsel in regard to the interview of last night, therefore Margaret received the hints with more complacency than she would have done had she known the exact situation. She had fully made up her mind to like this "man frae th' toon" as a son-in-law, and so wrapped up was she in her own likings she never once asked herself whether or no his mother was going to be pleased. I am inclined to think that if she had considered the matter from that standpoint, if anyone had submitted the question to her she would have answered, "Lads must aye choose for thersels," and that so far as a mere abstract proposition went she would have been thoroughly honest when thus expressing herself; she would have said so of every lad (save one) on

the Line, let who would have thought differently. "Th' lads suld hae th' lass they wanted;" as for her lad,—well her lad was *hers*, there was really no analogy between the cases.

After the guests had gone, Jean spoke.

"Mither, yon be aye spierin' at 's, an' belike there'd be things said I'll no want 'm t' hear, sae I'll juist tell 't, an' ye'll ken hoo t' answer thae. Mr. Maxwell 'asked' me last nicht, an' I'll said na. He'll no' coom here mair; but happen he'll be oot on th' Line, 'n I'll no want onything said 't 'll vex 'm."

"Ye'll said na!" almost screamed Margaret, in surprise, mixed with disappointment; "wha 'll ye be looking fur? th' Duke o' Kilmarnock? that ye hae said na till a douce decent lad when he's asked ye!" Margaret was fast working herself into a spell.

"Mither," Jean spoke quietly but firmly, "I'm no lookin' for aebody; I'll hae summat else tae dae wi' my e'en; aiblins I'll hae nabody—sh'ld 't be my ain mither—puttin' haun 'r tongue t' what concerns ony me. Ye 'n da marrit t' suit yersels, happen my grandmither didna like 't 'n happen th' wus claishins ower it: that's in th' auld coontry, where ilka body'll hae t' spier at soom ither body higher oop can they please eat th' dinner they've earnt: this is a new laun, 'n ilka ane's free t' dae's they like—gin they dinna tak what belongs to soom ane else—faither 'n mither, lads 'n lassies. I'll be a gude dochter t' ye as lang's ye're a gude mither t' me, 'n na langer. I'll dae juist 's ye did—say na when I'll choose, 'n ay when I'll choose; an', gin I'll like it best, I'll say na a'thegither, an' live my lane. I'll no gang awa, for this 's the hame I was born into, 'n I'll bide in it whiles I'm a single lassie, s'uld it be till I dee; aiblins I'll hae na claishins ower 't, 'n nane 'll do wi' me 's they did wi' Douglas."

Jean calmly walked out of the room. Margaret sank into the nearest chair, speechless. This was a domestic application of the reform Malcolm Cameron was "hammerin' awa at"! It might be a good thing "oop at Taranta," but here on the Ninth Line its desirability was questionable.

Margaret had had her own times in her youth. Granny McAlpin *did* object, and there were hot words and cool treatment. Granny's resentment had hardly worn off when the couple sailed for America—in fact it had something to do with their deciding to come. Scotland was dearer to Margaret than Canada ever could be; the old wound always rankled when she thought of the heath-clad hills. She had never told this to Jean, and Jean did not know she was probing a still open wound; had she, she would never have hurt her mother by the allusion; and the provocation that would make her less a loving daughter than she was would be strong; but in a little corner of her brain there would have been musings over the unaccountable crookedness of human nature.

"Jean was ae fashious, an' gin she'll ken she's richt, would staun oop against th' kirk 'n sessions," was said of her in her childhood. She had opinions, and a freedom in expressing them, far in advance of her time, but somehow this very new young woman succeeded in making her opinions and rights respected, and—also strange—no one loved her less for either holding or expressing such ultra radical views.

Margaret let her go quietly up stairs, and it was the last time she said "ay, yes, or no," in Jean's strictly personal affairs.

Philip came, a week later, to say good-bye. He was going down to Montreal, and in a few days would sail for Scotland.

"If there is a message, or perhaps some token of remembrance, you would like to send the old friends, and will entrust to me, I will see it safely delivered," he said to Margaret.

This was Margaret's opportunity. In material things she was generous almost to a fault; so a big box was packed, that, be it now recorded, was safely delivered, and that long before Philip Maxwell reached auld Scotland.

Philip very quietly said good-bye to Jean in the presence of her father and mother, telling Margaret to have her box at Patterson's early next morning.

He had been calling at Sandy's right along; therefore, on his way back to town, stopped to make his adieux. Phemie he had always liked—quiet little Quaker-like maiden that she was, with a quaint reverence for mankind that spoke volumes for those with whom she had been associated, and was soothing and gratifying, to any who were fortunate enough to be at any time near her. She had a suspicion of what took him, so suddenly and alone, back to Scotland. She was very, very sorry for him, and wondered in a mild way that Jean failed to appreciate such admirable qualities and such evident good looks.

When he shook hands with her, as she raised her eyes, they must have expressed something of this sympathy, and surprise at the occasion for it.

Philip read this: the sympathy was sweet, and in the other thought his self-love was appeased.

CHAPTER XIV.

"His stately mien as well implied
A high-born heart, a martial pride,
As if a Baron's crest he wore,
And, sheathed in crimson, trod the shore."
—*Scott.*

ALL this time Rob was learning his life lesson, though one would watch him closely to guess it.

A fine manly lad he was, head set squarely on his shoulders, step firm, yet springy with the elasticity of youth.

Already he was boss—and over men nearly three times his age, compelling respect and obedience.

Sandy would have marvelled, had he seen him. Where had he learned this woodcraft, and how had he got this knowledge of human nature? for a colonel of a regiment, or a captain at sea, with a crew collected from the four quarters of the globe, have no more need for special qualifications for the office than has a shanty boss, are no more autocratic in their power, nor have they a greater diversity of men to keep at work and at peace. Accidents happen; enmities are bred and nurtured; sides are taken; something very like vendettas are established between factions, and this in the heart of the primeval forest. A cool, steady head—and yet, paradoxical as it may seem, a quick and ready one—was required, besides a practical idea of what a tree standing would make in square or round timber. (Heavy shipments of square timber were made in those days; now, very few rafts of square timber reach Quebec.)

Rob was all of these things. He was good on an emergency, he held out well, and could out-guess

many a man fifty years in the limits on how many feet a tall pine would cut.

Oh! those days in the sweet pine woods, resting on Nature's calm heart; thinking deep, solemn thoughts; gathering strength to wrestle with the many phases of human passion. Is there a living germ of pure, true humanity, it is fed, nourished, developed. But not even the quiet shadows of the vast pine forest can resuscitate a dead germ; and this is why Rob had warring elements to curb in this domain where he was absolute monarch.

Once, and once only, did he have to demonstrate this.

There was everything there—English, Scotch, Irish, French, with two or three Indians: big, brawny red-shirted men, with heads in yellow and red, brown and black, and eyes that in their normal condition were blue, and black, and gray; but Sunday found many of them more noticeable for the red streaks caused by bursted veins, and not over half the men went to work of a Monday morning. All day Sunday cards were played, sometimes harder than wood was chopped through the week.

"Terry Magane, ye spalpeen! ye've an ace up yer sleeve!" started the row which, for as long as he lived established Rob's supremacy in the shanties. He never gave up lumbering until the years crept on him that make all men want to lay aside the axe and take up the staff. After a few years as shanty boss he became boss of the limits—one of Canada's lumber kings, a power in the land, and an employer to whom his men would rather go than to each other.

"Bad cess to yez fer a lyin'——!" a blow followed the sentence, in process of which the cause of the dispute fell from Terry's sleeve to the floor.

At this Terry's friends, mortified at the *exposé*, considered the only way out of it was to "bate" Mike's following until their memory would carry them no further back than to the smart of their bruises. Without waiting for preliminaries, each man set to work on his own account; the shanty floor (this shanty was floored with boards) groaned under their heavy tread as they swayed back and forth, some "in holts" wrestling, some fighting with their fists; the non-combatants, in imminent danger of being trampled under foot, edged away as fast as they could and scrambled up into the bunks. L——'s shanty was all in one, a building seventy-five feet long, the huge fire-place at one end, where the sweetest of bread was baked in big, round, flat-bottomed kettles with iron lids, and where pork and beans that it makes one hungry to think of were cooked, for a Boston *chef* can do no greater justice to this dish than a Canadian shanty cook.

Batiste had finished cleaning up after supper, had ranged his pots and kettles in their corner, and was just now trying to, so far as possible, efface himself, lest evil befal him from the fight now progressing without the slightest regard to army tactics. Squeals were heard from the other Frenchmen, as they were endeavoring to do the same: it was not their fight, and where they could not get in a rap without receiving one in return, they were remaining strictly neutral, though an effort to gain strictly neutral territory took them to the floor on all-fours, away from the fists and brawny arms of the beligerents. The table, a not very secure structure, was upset, the round blocks used as seats were rolling about on the floor; the Indians were in a far corner of the dormitory, sitting on the floor with their knees drawn up to their chins, grunting disapproval

of the whole affair—tomahawks would have settled matters much more satisfactorily.

With the fighting men, the more they fought the harder they fought; bones were broken through ugly falls over the rolling blocks; three or four men were hanging on to their opponents with bull-dog tenacity. Matters had reached a serious stage when Rob arrived. He had been perhaps a quarter of a mile away, thinking over the happy, care-free past, planning for a useful future; even though what his heart cried out for were denied him, he still had a place to fill in the body politic, and, please God, he would fill it as a man should. Sounds of strife reached him: there was need for action immediately —thought could wait. Five minutes brought him to the shanty door. Nearest him was a powerful, maddened Irishman, clutching by the throat, and fast choking the life out of, one of his own countrymen.

"Maguire, ye're killin' yon mon! leave go!" yelled Rob; but Maguire paid not the slightest heed.

Another man, McIntyre, hauled his victim between Rob and Maguire.

"Be jabers! 'tis a foine fight intirely, an' we'll not stop fur that babby! Yez wur all in the shanties whin he was in his cradle!" landing the blows thick and fast—his opponent, blinded from blood-trickling wounds, rarely making a return blow tell. Rob squared himself, planted his left foot firmly forward, caught McIntyre round the waist, bent him over and rested him on his own hip until he secured the right hold, then flung him away among Batiste's kettles, as easy as another man would handle a bag of chaff; turned, with a side rush against Maguire's arm, broke his grip on the other's throat, then

straight from the shoulder he struck him a smart blow on the chest; and Maguire fell, a heap of over two hundred pounds of pretty rough citizenship, jarring the shanty and rattling the pots until McIntyre was roused from his uneven couch.

"Gin there's ony mair fechtin' in this shanty, I'll tak a haun in 't mysel'! Ye're oop here tae work, no' t' murder ane anither. Pick oop yon table ye hae thrawn doon, 'n the bit blocks; wash yersel's 'n sit doon like Christians, an' no be rampin' roun' like wild beasties!"

There was no "if you please" about it, and there was that in Rob's demeanor which showed he intended to be obeyed. He was a bad man to handle as he stood there, thin, lithe, wiry, every muscle firm and hard as steel, and there was a disagreeable look in his eyes, they were Douglas eyes, and monarchs had quailed before them ere now.

Maguire and McIntyre were picking themselves up dazed, and in a muddled fashion were trying to figure out how it all came about. Without a word the men turned to do as they were told. Long years after Rob's performance was talked of as "Th' purtiest thing iver ye see'."

A man was despatched for Dr. Wright, everybody turned in and helped everybody else, the fight was over and ever after that Rob was in every sense the Boss.

When spring came he went to Quebec with some rafts, then on to Boston to confer with a firm of ship-builders. More than a year passed before he saw the Ninth Line again. Letters had been received giving a hint of the estrangement between the families and something of the cause; Sandy said in substance that Margaret had flouted Phemie because Douglas wanted to marry her; but as Sandy

also wrote Phemie did not want the lad, he somehow got the idea it was because Phemie had said no to Douglas that Margaret was incensed. Rob's position in the matter was that of some of our politicians. Phemie was his sister, it was quite natural he should espouse her quarrel, no matter what the cause; but Margaret was Jean's mother, and this so far as Margaret's side of the affair was concerned, was an "extenuating circumstance."

It mattered not that Jean had preferred someone else to him, she was Jean still. How glad he was now that he had never told her of his hopes, her soft woman's heart would have always had this to sorrow over. For there was but one fair woman for him; when he could not have her near him he'd have none. But he'd not waste his life; bye and bye he would like to go to her (happen she'd hae lads o' her ain then)—a choke always accompanied this thought—and she would clasp his hand and say, "Rob, ye hae dune weel." And he knew she would not say this unless he had done well—not in the amassing of wealth or the gain of position and influence, but in living as knowing it is not all of life to live, living that the call might be, "Friend, come up higher."

Among the men there had been no attempt at "preaching," no effort to change their hereditary religious views, no cant. When a Roman Catholic priest came up, as they did several times during the season, every opportunity was given that their ministrations might bear fruit of good behavior. Once Elder Case came; his years were telling on his once robust frame but the downright, positive, abrupt, convincing manner was there—and how the Indians welcomed him.

They each helped Rob himself, and strength-

ened his hands. Insensibly a change came over "the gang." Father McCarthy's practical talks, that never beat about the bush or etherialized earthly sins; Elder Case's sterling livable piety; and Rob McGregor's every-day-in-the-week example had a wholesome active effect—by Spring the place became known as "McGregor's praying shanty." If there was not much praying out loud there was hymn singing, which, done in the proper spirit, has just as Christianizing effect.

Rob had written Douglas, but in his mistaken views of the situation, had said things that hurt Douglas sorely, so his letter was not answered; therefore in a year not a word of any sort relating to Jean had reached him. Early in the golden October of forty-one, he again turned his face for "juist a look in at hame."

CHAPTER XV.

"What lack we here to crown our bliss
While thus the pulse of joy beats high."
—*Scott.*

FROM going to Smith's Falls to kirk the McAlpins came to go to Smith's Falls to market. Being on the Rideau the village had the advantage of the regular mail boats, which Perth had not. Many sunny summer mornings in forty-one found Jean at the wharf, and the steward of either the Beaver or Otter lifting from the queer old buggy in which she came to town, baskets of fresh laid eggs and "prints" of butter with a Scotch thistle in relief on each. At the boat this brought cash—sometimes paid in Yorkers, or York shillings, eight of which made a dollar. The money was deposited in the bank, presided over by Captain Leslie when he had nothing else to do—half to Margaret's credit, half to Jean's. On acquaintance, Jean grew to like Mr. Clark and Mr. Clark's business ways better than she did Mr. Meighen. Mr. Clark was courteous, obliging, and a dollar would go half as far again in his store than it did at the other. Nice questions as to patronizing home institutions had not then arisen. Where each individual could buy cheapest there they bought, if such place were within reach; and where they could sell best, there they sold if they could get to such market.

Jean found she could do both best in Smith's Falls.

There was a reasonable cause for this. Perth was born with a silver spoon in her mouth. No town in Canada that was not a garrison town handled as much English money; what with officers on

half pay, and soldiers receiving pensions, the military chest was filled and emptied pretty often. Men receiving fat salaries to superintend and distribute Government "indulgences" resided there and spent liberally; the ministers and school masters were paid by the Crown, few of the expenses of ordinary mortals fell on them, so "what would ail" their caterer to get all he could.

But domestic products had no place in the high priced list, therefore who shall blame those beyond the pale of this El Dorado for driving their pigs to a better market.

Then, Smith's Falls was a "toun o' pairts," aside from its commercial advantages; a town where they got a great deal of good out of life, and got it to-day. To be sure the magnificent water power was affected with chronic litigation; but undesirable as this was, it did not seem to have a very depressing effect on either the water power, the litigants, or the general public.

The law couldn't do much with either the water or the fall of land; those who finally made good their claims were not men to cry over spilt milk; they had energy enough to start out after breakfast and hunt up another water power before dinner; the general public felt there were resources here which someone would make use of, their lines were cast in pleasant places and all they had to do was to keep a firm grip.

Thus it was that the water tumbled over one set of rocks, dashed itself against another, got cut up into yeast-like foam, tossed into the air in bubbles, but it was having its own way, and had a right royal time all the day long.

As for the men who established their claims, they were, as we have said, men whom the losing

of one location would not daunt; therefore they had no anxieties for the morrow, and men with no anxieties for the morrow are charming people to meet, in either a business or a social way; they enjoyed themselves after a commendable fashion, thus contributing in no small degree to the rational enjoyment of the community.

While, as we have also already said, the general public was pretty sure to fall on his feet whichever way the Lord High Chancellor jumped; he also made life pleasant for himself and everyone else.

The greater number of the people which made up the then village of Smith's Falls—which up to a matter of five years before was called Wardsville—were either of United Empire Loyalist descent or of later immigration from the United States; they had newer views of life and newer ways of living than the Perth people; there was less of ceremony, and more of progress; not the slightest disposition was evinced to hang on to the skirts of the past. In fact the "pasts" of its settlers had been so diverse, an endeavour of each to preserve the traditions of his ancestors would have resulted in a municipal and social *pot-pourri*.

The picturesqueness of Perth and its truly Old World solidity was wanting; Perth was built of rock. Houses are there on which the sun may shine one hundred years hence and find them no whit altered; and comfortable ones—the military settlement was not long without the "flesh-pots."

But Smith's Falls had no leisure for posing, she went to church and singing school, spelling bees, soirees and picnics; grew in grace and a knowledge of *me, fa, sol;* learned to spell in Queen's English and to make coffee that was not picnic coffee, cakes and pies that were pleasant to the eye and of a kind that never induces dyspepsia.

In September they had a picnic, and Jean was bidden. Mrs. Ward invited her to remain with them over night, as they would stay in the woods too late to drive home. It was an all day affair and everyone went, from the grandfathers and grandmothers to the babies who were carried by the nurses. Abel Ward was there, keen-eyed, square of shoulder, full of the neighborly qualities that gave *bon homme* Tom Fraser his title; Jason Gould, big, bluff, hearty, with a rich bass voice, that was heard many, many Sundays in St. Andrew's, and as many week evenings at Mr. Curry's singing school; James Shaw and Robert Romaines, Dr. Burritt and Dr. Aitcheson—bye and bye we may think of others, whose wives and daughters Jean found such good company that delightful day in the grove.

They brought both dinner and supper, and such a dinner and supper! Chicken pie made in deep yellow earthen dishes that held plenty of gravy; quarters of lamb roasted; home-cured boiled ham; and that most delicious morsel, dressed roast pig; big rice puddings, baked in twins of the chicken pie dishes, filled with puffed up brown raisins big as a robin's egg; baked custards, shaky and tender; pumpkin pies, raspberry pies, currant and strawberry pies, made of home-dried fruit—berries were then to be had for the picking. No one who has not tried it knows what a rich confection is made from small fruit spread on earthen platters, sprinkled plentifully with sugar and dried in the sun, being carefully screened from insects by netting.

The supper table groaned with cake, some very elaborate affairs trimmed with caraways and corianders, red and white; pound cake that few housekeepers of to-day would care to undertake—ten eggs to the pound of sugar, butter and flour, no leaven

but the eggs, and the whole beaten an hour; 'lection cake—Mrs. Frost made that, and she knew how; Mrs. Bartlett brought crullers made of cream. And the preserves; no wishy-washy canned stuff, but pound for pound, sugar and fruit, and cooked until the compound acquired a new flavour that was very rich and very good.

And how they worked, husbands and wives both, harder than they ever did on a business day; got in each other's way, their fingers burned and faces smudged, occasionally emptied a coffee pot into the fire, and a custard over the boiled ham; but what of it, that was a part of the picnic.

"What do you think of us, Miss McAlpin, looking at us from a Perth standpoint?" asked John Milburn, as they were "reddin'" up after dinner.

"I'm no sure that I'll be able to judge ye frae a Perth standpoint, Mr. Milburn, for mysel' I'll ay like the new ways i' th' new coontry; we'll canna mak' an auld coontry here wi' a haundfu' o' people in a muckle bush. No but that the're gude people an' happen graun people in Pairth, aiblins I'll whiles think we're unca happed oop."

"I'm afraid you're a Yankee too, Miss McAlpin; here we're expecting you to contribute enough sound British principle for the crowd to-day, and you are the worst Radical among us. I would offer a suggestion that you and Grace Fraser settle the question as to which country we'll belong to, with a broom contest—say, whoever sweeps her floor quickest and cleanest to be declared victor, entitled to tack her flag to the broomstick and lead us all whither she will."

"Ye'll needna hae ony sic notion," dryly remarked Jean; "gin ye'll pit flure sweepin' 's a trial I'd gang mysel' 'n helpit Grace Fraser wi' hers gin

she'd no' like hae strength eneuch hersel'. Yon was a graun thing 't Grace did tae walk oot 'n th' sicht o' th' enemy 'n warn oor troops. I'm no' for ony flag but the auld flag 'r ony ruler but th' Queen, God bless 'r, aiblins I'll think we'll can do oor ain hoosekeepin' wi'out muckle clack frae thae fowk ower hame."

"It relieves me very much to hear this, Miss McAlpin," said Mr. Milburn. "I was beginning to be very anxious as to what we might have to do with you. We have to be awful careful here. We assessed Mr. Bartlett two dollars (no Yorkers accepted—straight English shillings only) for defences, and made him stay at home from that neat little squabble out at Prescott; he might have had an absent-minded fit, and got in the wrong ranks." Mr. Bartlett was carrying away the dishes Jean and Mr. Milburn were washing, and arrived just in time to hear this.

"I'm thinkin' Mr. Bartlett's heid 's a' richt; happen ye were needin' th' twa dollars," said Jean.

"They did come handy," remarked Mr. Milburn, "we bought fire-crackers with them, and celebrated the capture of the rebels and the driving of the foe from our shores. No one could doubt us while those crackers were going off, and—two whole dollars' worth!—you have no idea how imposing and impressing it was! When you get to be an old fellow like me, Miss McAlpin, you'll get to know there is nothing like noise to make people believe in you."

"I'd whiles weary gangin' roun' th' warld wi' my pockets filled wi' fire-crackers," said Jean.

Little Russell Ward came up at this juncture.

"Did you ever see a California swing, Miss McAlpin?"

"I'll no mind, laddie. What's it like?" answered Jean.

"Just a big square seat, with a rope at each corner, and ever so many people can swing together. Come and see."

Away they went, and Jean not only saw, but swung, away up among the tree tops, and forgot for the moment all earthly care.

"Miss McAlpin, a little bird has told me you can sing," said Mrs. Collins, coming up, breathless. "You must help our side; please come—there's more bass than treble—the men are having the singing all their own way."

"I'll be fine and glad to help ye; aiblins I'm feart I'll no' ken yer tunes," said Jean, always ready to oblige.

"You'll soon pick them up," said Mrs. Collins, catching her by the hand and racing off to the platform, where, to be sure, there was more broadcloth than muslin. However, when they began to sing, it was found that these two counted for more than one apiece. Mrs. Collins had a trained contralto voice, and Jean sang treble, clear and free as a bird. Song after song wakened the echoes: "Star of the Evening," "Gentle Annie," "Nellie was a Lady;" beside "Coronation," and "Christian, arise! the morn breaks o'er thee." A male sextette—Gould, Romaines, Curry, Milburn, Foster, Maitland—sang "The Red, White and Blue," as it is not often sung. Jean found her heart beating fast with enthusiasm. When she could get speech with Mr. Milburn, she said:

"Ye're richt, Mr. Milburn, noise will mak people b'lieve in ye, 'n a' noise 'll no' be fire-crackers. Naebody 'll can aye say, after hearin' yon, that Smith's Falls 's aething but British as the Queen hersel'."

"It did ring true, didn't it?" answered Milburn. "It warmed up the cockles of all our hearts. Great thing to have a country! it's the only thing a man can brag about without being a cad!"

The day wore to an end, as days will, be they fraught with happiness or misery. Some of the young people went up the river, which spread out like a sea of golden glass, from the reflection of a September sunset; but Jean preferred going home with Mrs. Ward and the children.

"We are going down to father's for a week in October, Miss McAlpin; cannot you persuade your mother to let you go too?" said Mrs. Ward, next morning at breakfast, and the children clamored, "Oh! do, do, do!"

"I'd weel like tae gang wi' ye," answered Jean; "th' picnic's a pleasure I'll mind mony a lang day; but I'll no ken what mither 'd think o't."

"I'll drive out and ask her in a few days," said Mrs. Ward.

CHAPTER XVI.

"We twa hae run aboot the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine,
But we've wandered many a weary mile
Sin auld lang syne."
—*Scotch Ballad.*

ROB wrote he would be able to spend a few days at home on his way up from Montreal, and Elspeth and Phemie made elaborate preparations in his honor. All his boyish likes were to be indulged. It is sometimes worth going away for, this finding out how much our nearest of kin do remember us and our *penchants*.

Sandy went to Oliver's Ferry for him—he came from Montreal to Bytown, thence up on the Beaver. Only one man, whom Sandy did not know, got off at the Ferry. Sandy was turning away, disappointed, when a manly voice called "Faither!"

"Rob, lad!" cried Sandy, turning with outstretched hand; "I'll ne'er kenned 't was ye, 'n I was weary t' think o' ganging back till yer mither 'n th' lass wi'out ye."

"Hoo 'r they a'?" asked Rob.

"Th' lass 'n yer mither's weel," answered Sandy; "aiblins fer a mon till eat a' the wee bit cakes they've wrought oot o' butter 'n sugar 'n floor 'd happen mak 'm wish he'd ne'er set foot t' hame."

"Ne'er be feart fer me wi' thae, faither," said Rob, laughing, "ye'll ken the shanty gies a mon na fears o' dyspepsy."

He wanted to ask after the other family, but someway the words stuck in his throat. Presently Sandy said,—

"Jamie's lass 's awa till Merrickville wi' Abel Ward's gudewife; puir bit body, she's nane t' blame

fer her mither's whimmies. That lad Maxwell suld hae ta'en her awa wi' 'im."

"He'll be gaun awa?" asked Rob.

"'Deed ay, near by the year last Januar'. Did we no write ye?"

"Ye'll did no', in any letter that reached me," said Rob, who was feeling his fingers clinch;—had Maxwell stood between him and Jean, only to leave her when the fit took him? But he couldn't talk to his father of this, so put his troubles away until alone, and interested himself in what Sandy was saying.

"Ye'll no ken th' lass Phemie, ony mair 'n I did yersel'," said Sandy; "she's aye got sae Englishy, yer mither 'n I hae wark to keep track o' 'r."

And it was so. Phemie, always gentle and winning, had quickly assumed the dignity of years and the graciousness of a "fine lady," which really was hers by hereditary right.

"I am very glad to see you brother," she greeted Rob with offering her cheek for a kiss.

"Why Phemie, lass, whaur's yer ain tongue gane?" asked Rob, as he kissed her with an energy that long lost brothers feel privileged to.

"Yon's richt, lad! th's aye times when I'm feart she'll be t' no' unnerstaun her mither 'n me," said Sandy.

"You know better, father," said Phemie, smiling affectionately on Sandy; "but why should I try to be different from everyone else? I love the auld tongue, so did you the auld land—but you left it."

"Ay, lass," said Sandy, "ye're maist sure t' be richt. I'll no fash ye gin ye talk Spaneesh."

Rob went one day to Perth, and there surprised those who had known him a year and a half ago more than he had surprised his father. He was not

a shy, growing country lad, making an infrequent visit to town, and not all sure of the board-walks; but a man who was confident both the walks and limbs would be equal to the occasion; a man master of the situation, whatever the situation might be. He was really well received, and obliged to decline several invitations to "call at the house," given by men of weight.

He had thought himself stronger than he was: the town stifled him—Jean was with him the last trip he made to Perth (except through on his way to Lanark the morning after the logging-bee). He got away as soon as he could, and back home.

Had Phemie only told him what she knew, that Jean had sent Philip Maxwell away. But this was Jean's secret and Philip's secret, she felt she had no more right to disclose what had thus come to her by intuition than if it had been confided to her. Then not the faintest suspicion dawned on her that Rob cared, beyond a brotherly liking for Jean, and had that sort of an interest in her welfare.

In Rob's disappointment—and he was disappointed in spite of having spent months schooling himself to manfully bear what he had felt sure since the night of the logging bee would take place—he did not stop to consider the chances were not good for Jean knowing of his expected return; he tormented himself thinking she did know and had gone away to avoid giving him pain. For one thing Phemie did tell him, speaking of mining operations, Philip Maxwell would return again some time. Then, and notwithstanding the stern task-taking of the past months, not till then, did he give up hope, and repeat to himself, with emphasis, that he must give this up and begin forgetting, not Jean, but himself.

Yet Jean had stood on the river-front gallery of the old Mirick house when the Beaver steamed past and turned off to enter the locks; and Jean had told Philip Maxwell she "had na hairt t' gie him." The links were needed "tae keep ither barks frae driftin'."

In a day or two Rob said good-bye; he could not tell how long he would be away, he would go to Boston again in the spring.

Elspeth was "sair t' pairt wi' 'm." "Ay," she said, "a lad bairn 'll whiles bring sorrow t' ye're hairt gin they're like gauld tried in th' fire wi' gudeness, e'en th' man Jesus caused his mither tae greet; I'll whiles wunner 'll th' be oors in th' laun ayont thae bit cloods, where th'se na pairtin', 'r will a' o' 's, mithers 'n lads, juist be th' Laird's."

"We will surely know each other, mither, when this body is raised 'an incorruptible body,' but I think earthly affections will have no place, we will all be 'as the angels'," said Phemie.

"I'll no thocht th' Laird 'd dae that wi' 's, gie's oor bairns juist lang eneuch tae twine roun' oor hairts 'n then snatch them awa' for baith time and eternity," said Elspeth, rather rebelliously.

"Don't you think, mither, that'll be the way we bear the sins o' oor first parents; change came into the world when death came and it fell on all alike, father, mother, son, and daughter. Did you ever think how sair 't is for the care-free happy bairn to assume the responsibilities of manhood and womanhood."

"I'll no can see hoo ye'll think o' a' these things; is't at th' toun ye learn them?" said Elspeth, half grumbling, yet wholly proud of Phemie's acquirements.

"I have learned much from Mr. and Mrs. Wil-

son, and in the teachers' meetings," replied Phemie, "an' now I must tell you the word from town—Mr. Wilson's called before the Presbytery for his sermon of two weeks ago."

"I'll see naething in thae sermon t' ca' 'm before th' Presbytery," said Elspeth in surprise, "happen there'll be those whilk 'r wantin' tae get awa' frae th' kirk.

"No one here can charge Mr. Wilson with being a stumbling block very long," said Phemie; "he's had a call back to Scotland and he's for going hame."

"Ye'll miss them sair, lass," said Elspeth, "an' I'll be fu' weary tae hae them gang awa' frae ye, the've aye been like a brither 'n sister till ye."

"Yes, mither, I'll miss them, and I'll miss the lessons, and the long talks; I seemed to have lived half a lifetime in the short two years I have known Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, but after all, mither, they are not Jean, nobody else is Jean."

"Phemie, lass, hae ye no' got ower yon?" said Elspeth in anxious surprise; "I'll no' kenned ye'll thocht so much on it."

But Phemie had slipped away to hide the tears that would fall in spite of efforts to restrain them.

"It's vera strange th' whimsies we'll hae, noo a' day: I hae been thinkin' o' Marget Cameron, 'n I soomway forgi'e a' she'll said tae my wee lass, 'n I'd like weel tae tell her soom things I ken o'," commented Elspeth when she found herself alone.

CHAPTER XVII.

"Breathes there a man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land;
Whose heart within him ne'er hath burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned."

—*Scott.*

THE fall set in early, cold and rainy. Help was scarce; laborers sought fields of steady employment. Nearly everyone on the line did their own work, especially during winter; much was done by bees, but these did not arrange for the regular routine of farm work, housing and feeding cattle, milking, and getting out wood; yet these were among the most important items in farming, and branches that could not be left in abeyance waiting for suitable weather.

Jamie missed Douglas this fall, more than he had last; he had gone through a hard summer, did not seem to have as much strength, and tired easier. Jean helped all she could. They were "packing" butter in firkins now for the Montreal market; the hens had ceased laying, and Jean did not have to go to town semi-weekly, as she had done during the summer. Still, she had to "make" the time she spent out of doors; there was spinning of both wool and flax, keeping the house clean, and the fires burning, and getting the meals, besides churning and packing the butter.

Always, in the years now gone forever, on extra occasions the "chores" of the two families were divided up, and shared by whichever of the men was left at home, as, after the boys grew old enough to help, it was always possible to do. Now, with the boys gone, and each household depending solely

on itself, the lack of the old neighborliness was at times keenly felt. So high had the fence been built, and so strictly had the families persevered in their determination to live apart, neither family had known anything of the movements or affairs of the other, unless from an observation dropped by one of the more distant neighbors.

After "butchering"—which means getting the pigs killed and ready for market—Jamie went to Brockville with the pork, under contract with Mr. Flint. With such a load the trip could not be made inside of four days. The overnight stop was made at Franktown, the route from Perth being over the road Captain Fowler, first Superintendent of Settlers in Upper Canada, had had cut in eighteen sixteen. Jamie tried, ineffectually, to get someone to stay at the house with the "wumman bodies," and do the outside work. Most of the other settlers were also under contract with Mr. Flint to deliver pork at the same date (when they were under headway, quite a procession filed along the old road), and no one could be spared from the other houses. Sandy had gone the day before; but Rob had insisted on furnishing a man in his place, so Elspeth and Phemie were well cared for, the man being thoroughly trusty, and employed by the year.

With many misgivings, Jamie drove away. "If the lad were only here!" he had said to himself more than once that raw morning, as, long before daylight, he went round with a lantern and made sure everything was, then, all right. His load had been made up the night before, and the first faint glimmer of light was chasing away the shadows as he drove through the gate. He turned and looked back until Margaret called sharply to him to "win on," and not bring bad luck on them all by "gapin' ike a gowk."

The last summer Margaret, "wearying" for Elspeth—though never a word of this did anyone hear—amused herself raising some fine calves, half a dozen of them; many an hour—which would otherwise have been so lonely, even she, Spartan though she was, could not have borne it—was whiled away tending them and watching their gambols. At last they proved an expensive luxury.

The first day everything went well; the sun came out, and Margaret thoroughly enjoyed having once more the responsibility of the byre. Many little extra touches were given the work, which the kye duly appreciated.

It took Margaret back to the days when her bairns *were* bairns; to the times when, with a blazing pine knot, she drove the wolves from the sheep-pen; when, through fear of wolverines, she dare not let the lad and lass out of her sight from the log shanty to the barn. But these were happy times. The four children played together while she and Elspeth did the work at both barns when the men had to be away. It did not take as long then; they were rich when they had their second cow tied in her stall, two or three piggies, and half a dozen sheep filled their byre.

After the "chores" were done the wheels were brought, sometimes to Margaret's kitchen, sometimes to Elspeth's. When we say "kitchen," we simply mean "ben the hoose," for there was only one room, lighted by three windows two feet square —but it was their own.

Margaret was thinking of this home to-day, and of the companionship, then she thought of Jamie: "supposing she had to live without him, would she have been just as happy with some one else; would some one else have made Jamie as happy; would

some one else have caused Jamie as much sorrow?" It had to come, though months had rolled by ere the still small voice was heard.

Retrospection and introspection are two great formative agents; for if we look not on the mistakes of the past, how can we know how to avoid perhaps more serious ones of a like nature in the future? One of the greatest of life's lessons is the learning what not to do, and one of the greatest benefits we can bestow on our surroundings is the study of how we can make the most of ourselves, for the nearer we come to individual perfection the more valuable a member of a community we will be.

"Lord forgie me, hae I'll bin haird wi' the bairns?"

Save He who hears the faintest cry, there was no one but the cattle—who were contentedly ruminating—near to hear or answer. Jean had gone back to her spinning; the work had all been done and Margaret was just looking round—

The awakening had come, and with Margaret to be aroused was to act. Still she had her own way of acting, which was different from some other people's way of acting. She did not go to the girl whose *amour propre* she had wounded so sorely, nor to the mother whose daughter she had offended; there was another way to undo the past.

The first was as direct and straightforward as turning back a wheel—she had times out of mind turned back her wheel to take the kinks out of her yarn—but that was not the way she thought of doing. Could she go to the lassie, acknowledge herself wrong and humbly sue for forgiveness? That way, to a Highlander, was entirely out of the question.

"Jean, lass," she said, five minutes after confes-

sion had been made to her Creator and herself, "wad ye think th' lad 'd coom hame gin's faither shud write a letter till 'm?" She was busying herself hanging up her hood, and with her back turned Jean did not see her face, and if there was a wistfulness in her voice Jean misinterpreted it.

"I'll no' ken, mither, he'll b' getting on fine wi' Alek Frazer, he'll happen no' want t' leave; faither 'll no' likely hae t' gang t' Brockville mair till spring, an' we'll can min' the chores fer ance." She thought her mother bothered over the extra work.

Margaret was disappointed; this was not at all what she expected, and made saying anything further very hard, yet she could not wait until Jamie came home.

"Belike 's faither 'd do 's weel by 'm 's Alek Fraser." The tone was not sharp and Jean began to understand there was something more than the "haver o' th' chores," but wise lassie, she did not press for particulars.

"Faither 'll can write 'm 'n happen he'll be gey pleased wi' 'n inveetation till mak' 's a veesit ony way," she said, as though this was an ordinary every-day matter, though to her it meant more than Margaret dreamed of.

"I'll hae 'm write we's a' like t' see th' lad," said Margaret, as though nothing had happened and the invitation might have been given at any previous time had it been thought of, and with no existing reason for it being declined.

All day Margaret was abnormally happy, she and Jean talked together over the far away past like old friends long absent from each other. Of course Douglas would marry—she wanted him to marry, and she would have no one here but Phemie.

She remembered Phemie's soft, cool touch when the fire of fever seemed consuming her; yes, Phemie should live here and bye-and-bye in the years to come—well, there were many possibilities. There would be no sacrifice in this, all of these things would transpire because she was not only willing, but aided and abetted the "power that shapes our ends" in bringing them about.

In the evening she told Jean stories of Scotland as she used when the lassie was in pinafores; of the braes with grass so green; the rippling burns; of the snowy hawthorn hedges; the hills where the purple heather grows; of the stately castles with their ramparts and battlements, moats and drawbridges; of ruins centuries old; tales of border chivalry; of Wallace and of Bruce; of the Douglas who carried to the Holy Land the heart of his King according to a promise made to his beloved monarch while he yet lived.

Jean had never been much impressed with tales of the banks and braes in her childhood, and in the gorse and the gowan could see no superiority to our own "daisies" and clover fields. Scotland had nothing sweeter than hepaticas, more luxurious than trilliums, daintier than babes-in-the-woods. Jean had been to Westport and had viewed the "Hill;" had rowed on Rideau Lake when there was just wind enough to wrinkle its surface, as heat does that of a pan of far-famed Devonshire cream; had sat on the bank and watched while storm clouds gathered, watched the changing shades of yellow, gray, blue, black and green, rolling together and away, mingling and separating; the water meanwhile growing blacker and blacker in resentment at being disturbed—it quivered too in righteous anger; then white crests appeared and were blown back and

forth, and the water dashed itself against the rocky shores,—of shores there were many for the lake is island dotted. With a sound of moaning, a gray atmosphere settled over land and sea and it was time to go indoors,—then the water of the lake, rushing wildly back and forth, seemed to rise up and meet half way the water that tumbled from the sky, and the whole grew white.

Jean knew Scotland produced nothing grander than this, so she smiled indulgently while her mother talked of Loch Lomond and the heather. It was natural and right that one born in Scotland should love the old land best, but she had a strong feeling of commiseration for anyone who was born anywhere else than in Canada.

But to tales of men of "kingly name, and knightly fame, and chivalrous degree," she listened as became one whose line went back beyond the days of the "Bruce." She sang the "March of the Cameron Men," and "Blue Bonnets," with a fire worthy any Hieland heroine of them a'. And not less than did Cameronian legends stir her, was she roused by tales of the black Douglas, even to that of the taking of Edinburgh Castle, and the mother hushing her babe "or th' Douglas would tak it."

Margaret was a good story-teller—as what Scotch woman is not? She had also been "an unca bonnie lassie" (Jean was her counterpart) and much sought after, which was the reason James McAlpin's mother objected to her son making her his wife. She had said of her just what Margaret had said of Phemie, and with just as little reason—for, whatever else Margaret was, she was not that—"she's a feckless body."

She had made Jamie a good wife and the bairns a good mother; she was supreme in her own realm,

n this backwoods of Canada, up to its invasion by he lass whom she had watched grow up, and it vas against this—from her standpoint—invasion hat she took up arms; the time when she had felt hat lassies had rights was too far in the past for her o apply the opinions she then held to the case at ssue in her own family circle.

But she had experienced a change of heart, *i. e.* change of inclination, and at the moment of vhich we write, nothing would have given her greater pleasure than to look up and see Phemie in oridal robes leaning on Douglas' arm, and no little mount of family pride in prospective was incorporated in tales—true and legendary—of the Douglas.

When Jean's enthusiasm was sufficiently marked he thus abruptly shifted the scene, and made a ong jump in dates from the thirteenth to the nineeenth century, without pause or due notice.

"Your faither aye promised till tak' me back in wenty years. It'll be past thae th' noo; th' fairm's no' so bad cleared; we hae a bit in th' bank doon ronner 't Pairth, oor bairns 'r growed oop, 'n th's naething 't hinner's tae gang ae time," she said in an ordinary tone, though if a bomb shell had exploded nder Jean's feet it would not have startled her nore.

But Jean did not read all that was transpiring n Margaret's mind; this is the plan which—from ts completeness and the rapidity with which it was ormulated—shows Margaret's executive ability to nave been of a high order.

She and Jamie would go on a visit to Scotland —Douglas would first come home,—he and Jean could very well take care of house and farm. What nore likely to happen than the lassie and Douglas taking matters into their own hands while she and

Jamie were away? Then she would have only to forgive and bestow her blessing; any awkward situations would thus be avoided. It was really a brilliant strategical move, and looking at it as Margaret did, the only doubtful element was the acceptance or rejection by Douglas of the invitation or request to return.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"And much of wild and wonderful
In these rude isles might fancy call;
For thither came in times afar
Stern Lochlin's sons of roving war."
—*Scott.*

THE procession of wagons laden with dressed pork, the horses, good stout roadsters—and they had need to be, for neither they nor their drivers had a sinecure in this annual trip to Brockville; it had to be made when the roads, always bad, were at their worst. They crossed at Oliver's Ferry, by ferry, early in the forenoon; ate dinner at Lumsdar's; rested a couple of hours, then pushed on to Franktown, and nightfall had overtaken them before they reached the village. Stiff from the day's ride and the chill November air, they were glad to leave their wagons for a seat at the supper table, and the open air for the warm kitchen. Steaming "rye and injun" bread in generous chunks was soon cleared from the plates, and bowls of buttermilk pop drank,—perhaps I had better say now what buttermilk pop is: Boiled buttermilk thickened with Indian meal or flour—it tastes good, and is good; a little better, sweetened with maple sugar, and this was the way the men had it that night.

When supper was over they pushed back the long benches that the women might clear the table, and, lighting their pipes, prepared for a "crack wi' each ither," and many were the yarns told before the fire that night, ghost stories, too, some of them of the most blood curdling sort.

"What's become of your Duke of Kilmarnock that you Perth people were so much set up about?" asked Bill Jarvis, mine host, while cutting a fresh

chew from a plug someone had handed him by way of courtesy.

"We'll ken naething whatever aboot 'm," answered Jamie McAlpin; "we'll juist ken he'll didna coom next or near us."

"It's afraid of his neck he is, some of you hot heads out there might challenge him to a duel, get shot, and then have the poor man off to Brockville to get tried for manslaughter. Chances are another man mightn't get off as easy as —— did."

"'Twas quare, too," said Pat. Copeland from the Ninth Line, "ayther th' man shuddent 'a ben arristed at all, at all, 'r they shud 'a hung him; shure if it wusn't agin th' law they shuddent 'a arristed him, an' I'm thinkin' th' sheriff 'd mabbe be in a box if —— shud take it up, an' if it wor agin th' law, how cud thim twilve min say he worn't guilty whin he sed himself he kilt th' man."

It's ane o' th' things we'll no can tell th' why o'," said Jamie Taylor, "'t 'll no seem juist recht t' hang a mon for killing anither wha was willin' t' staun 'n be shot at, an' wha was pointing a gun at ye're ain heid, but gin a mon escapes th' tree he'll hae 't on his min' till he gets into eternity, 'n happen 't 'll be waur then iver ower yon."

"Ay, he'll be cairryin' th' thocht roun' wi' 'm till he'll no' daur look ower his shouther," said Peter McPherson.

"You Scotchies see some queer things over there at Perth, don't you?" said Elias Soper, a U.E. who was also Bill's guest for the night.

After mature deliberation they each mentally decided to take this as a compliment.

"Th'll whiles be things happen 't 'll mak' a mon think th' ither warld's no' far awa' after a'," said Peter McPherson.

"Ay, the's Jock McMillan noo," said Jamie Taylor; "ye'll min' hoo he'll wrought 'n 's hoose 'n said it's th' first ane iver he'll owned, 'n ilka mon wha helpit 'm 'n b' fair worrit till death, fer the'd be naething dune richt. Ane day he'll wrought all day 'n th' rain 'n got a cold 'n 't carried 'm awa', afore th' ruff's feenished, so 's 't he'll ne'er bided a nicht in's ain hoose." Jamie took two or three puffs at his pipe to steady his nerves for the recital of the sequel. "Th' wumman cuddent do wi' th' fairm, sae sh'll gang awa' oop till Kingston, 'n th' plaice 's fer rent. Jeems Cawmall got 't; first he pit a ruff 'n th' wee hoose 'n moved in wi' 's wumman 'n three bairns; sic a like racket ye'll ne'er heerd 'o wus throo th' hoose a' nicht, windys wus rattlin', doors shakin', 'n whiles the'd be greetin'; Jeems got oop 'n he looked roun' 'n naething cud he see but th' bit hoose juist 's he'll left 't th' nicht afore, 'n th' wumman's too frighted till gang t' sleep 'n they juist sat oop n' keepit th' fire burnin' a' nicht till gie them licht."

"'N that's ne'er the warst o' 't," said William McLaren, when Jamie Taylor stopped, 'till hae another pull at th' pipe.' William was one of the second generation and had heard the story when young enough for ghost stories to have had a hair-raising effect—not exactly from eye-witnesses but from those who had seen people, who had heard others tell,—so it was nearly as good, or as bad, as seeing a ghost himself.

"Jeems said 'at he'd pit a ruff on th' hoose an' h'd 's gude richt to 't 's Jock McMillan an' h'd no' leave; 'n they had till sit oop anither nicht 'n by mornin' Jock belike thocht they's deuce decent people 'n 'd pay th' rint so he gaed awa' 'n th' was nae mair clatter—"

"That's no' a' o't," broke in Jamie Taylor, whose story it really was.

"I'll ken that weel eneuch, I'll be juist gettin' 't th' ither pairt," said William; "you'll hae rested th' noo, tell 't yersel."

"I'd suner smoke, gae on wi' 't," answered Jamie.

As those gathered there from the "Front" seemed interested, William McLaren proceeded.

"Weel, things went a' richt till ae day in th' evenin' Jeems' wumman 'd t' gang oot fer a pail o' water; she'll left no ain in th' hoose on'y th' wee bairn 'n th' cradle, 'n oot doors the's no ain in sicht; she'll drawed her pail fu' o' water 'n coom ben th' hoose 'n there was Jock 'n 's best claes sittin' in Jeems' chair b' th' fire; when she'll coom ben he'll juist riz 'n walked oot wi' never a word. Aifter that whinever they'd be oot he'd be in, whiles the'd see 'm thro' the windy rockin' th' bairn in th' cradle, sae they juist like that halved oop th' hoose atween them."

The listeners from the Front looked incredulous at first, but as the Perthites seemed to have no doubts—hadn't they seen the house?—they began to feel chagrined at not having any "manifestations" to relate of their own particular neighborhood.

After a severe mental struggle Elias Soper called to mind an occasion that had not just come under his observation, but it was as true as—well, there was no doubt at all about it—it happened to his grandmother in fact.

"She'd bin a gatherin' cream fur a churnin' quite a spell; bein's 'twas in the fall o' the year, grass gone an' cows not milkin' 's much as they did; bimeby she thought she'd enough sight to make a roll of butter, she slapped her into the churn an'

my brother Ike—Ike's older 'n me—went to sloppin' the dash up and down an' the blamed thing began to froth, up over the dash an' spatterin' the floor, an' he churned an' churned, and when the whole thing had gone into froth, an' half o' it on the floor at that, he had to stop an' eat his dinner, but he was gritty, an' soon 's he got barely enough to eat, he went at that old churning again. Bimeby Miles McGuigan came in an' wanted Ike to go for beech-nuts, an' he couldn't leave that dratted old churn."

"Why don't yon put in a horse-shoe?" says he, "that churnin's witched."

"Pshaw!" says Ike, "what good would a horse-shoe do a blamed cantankerous old churning? It's pounding it wants," an' he kept battering away. Miles he slipped out meanwhile and got a horse-shoe out at the barn, and 'thout washin' or anythin' plumped it into the churn; now, maybe ye'll think this yer a little stretched, but the old churn stands in the back kitchen yet fer any one to see who wants to—well, as I was sayin', before you could say Jack Robinson, along comes old Granny Vaughan."

"'Let me in, let me in,' says she at the door; 'Im bur-r-r-nin'.' Miles says: 'Keep her out, it is good for her,' but he had not been churnin' all day an' Ike had, so Ike he opened the door an' Granny hobbled straight as a bee-line to the churn an' took hold of the dash. 'O-o-o-o-h!' said she, 'give me some hot water, quick.' Grandmother Soper had gone off, and there was no one but Ike in the house. Ike he brought the kettle full of bilin' water, and the way Granny danced round and round that churn, pourin' the water in and sayin' things over to herself the way them witches in Macbeth do. But in five minutes there was butter in that churn—not very much, because most of the

cream was on the floor, and not very good on account of the horseshoe not being washed, but 'twas butter. Ike he said it was a caution to see Granny dancing round and blowing on her fingers, all the while she was churnin', but he couldn't make out what words she said; however, next churnin' he had to do he tried the hot water and blowin' on his fingers, and cricky! if it didn't go without any words at all."

The "settlers" from the "Line" loudly applauded the story from the "Front," as was courteous.

"I'll no' ken muckle aboot weetches, aiblins I'll hae seen Alloway Kirk 'n the bit brig ower whilk Tam o' Shanter 'n 's mair Meg wan ower 'n awa' frae a hail string o' thae," said Peter McPherson, thus considerately settling any question as to the reliability of Elias' story.

"Th' McWhinney lass was no' a weetch, aiblins she'll kenned muckle things 'twas quare," ventured Jamie Taylor, who had now finished his pipe.

"She did that," said William McLaren; "Clergy Bill," the town folk distinguished him by, he having bought a clergy reserve.

"I'll mind aince we's winnin' hame frae school, and there 's naething in sight on th' road fur 's ye could see; she'll called me, 'Coom awa' ower th' fence, the's a funer'l coomin',' 'n tae pleese 'r I'll jumped ower the fence 'n looked thro' the craiks atween th' logs 'n could see naething; 'wheest,' she'll said, 'it's coomin,' 'n the's a braw new sleigh wi' muckle red on 't, wow! but it's fine—'n it's yer uncle drivin'.' Sure eneuch, in no' mair 'n a month m' uncle had 's sleigh hame, 'n 'twas a bonnie red, 'n Donald McDonald's wumman died 'n he drove her t' th' burying."

"Ay, she'd tell funer'ls weel eneuch, 'n she cud

tell mairrages 's weel, she'll seen me 'n Leeby staunin' afore th' meenister afore I'd asked her," said Jamie Taylor.

"Onless we'll be after goin' to bed, somebody will see us stuck at Unionville," remarked Pat. Copeland, who was eminently practical, albeit of a somnolent temperament; the other men declared he slept most of the trip, the man behind having to mind his horses. However, the above advice was good enough to be immediately acted on.

Next day the men dined at Unionville, and before supper unloaded their pork at Flint's.

CHAPTER XIX.

"But here, alas! for me nae mair
Shall birdie charm, or floweret smile;
Farewell, the bonny banks o' Ayr,
Farewell, farewell! sweet Ballochmyle."
—*Old Ballad.*

PERHAPS never in Margaret's life had the future looked brighter to her than it did that night. She had thought everything out to her own satisfaction, and the future she had arranged for everybody was all that anyone could ask for; she was pleased with herself, and was thoroughly imbued with the comfortable glow that people feel after doing a good action. Jean slept with her, and she talked far into the night—long afterwards Jean remembered this, and how busy her mother was that day, doing all sorts of odd work, arranging for Jean's comfort while she was away. The more she thought of it, the more feasible her plan appeared, until she could almost smell the heather. Jean, rejoicing at anything that brought back the old happy conditions, encouraged her mother by a lively interest in the project. It was in the "wee sma' hours ayont the twal'" ere she closed her eyes.

There was the faintest glimmer of light when she awoke, with a strange feeling; she thought someone was calling her; her feet were on the floor ere she was half awake; she looked to see if Margaret was asleep, and she was not in bed. Donning her dress with trembling hands, she ran into the outer room, calling "Mither, mither!" There was no reply. The back door stood ajar, through it and down to the barn she ran, still calling, and still getting no answer; the calves were huddled in one corner of the byre—Jean just glanced over the big

fence at them—something on the ground attracted her attention. Her heart stood still: Margaret lay motionless, the calves gathered round gazing wonderingly at her. In less time than we are telling it, Jean was over the fence and beside her mother; stooping, she laid her hand over Margaret's heart.

"Thank th' gude Laird, it's ae beatin'," she said; "mither, mither, canna ye speak till me?"

Running to the brook, which was only a few steps away, she filled a dipper always kept there, and returning dashed the water in Margaret's face. In a moment she slowly opened her eyes.

"Oh, mither, what'll be the maitter? Are ye sair hurted?" cried Jean.

"I'll feel 's I'll be broken in twa," said Margaret. "I'll canna move."

"Can ye bide a bit 'n I'll rin ower till Sandy's 'n get some one till helpit me cairry ye ben th' hoose?"

"Na, na," said Margaret, in as near a scream as her physical condition permitted. "Ye'll no bring Elspeth Douglas 'n th' lass till me noo I'll be wantin' help. I'll sent them awa' when I's weel."

"Mither," reassured Jean, "you'll canna lie here, 'n the's no' ane near but thae."

"I'll no' hae ony o' Elspeth Douglas' till coom an' keek at me; ye'll no' bring ane o' thae." Margaret tried to rise, but fell with a groan.

Jean screamed at this, but there was no one near to heed her. She was afraid of the effect on her mother if she disobeyed her. She was nearly beside herself; finally she asked:

"Mither, can I'll go till Pat. Copeland's, his wumman'll happen cud help me?"

"Ay, ye'll can gae an' dinna be lang."

There was no need to have given this last cau-

tion; Jean ran like a deer to the house first, and fetched a warm shawl and a pillow; after making Margaret easier with these she was off again. In less than half an hour she and Pat. Copeland's stout good-natured wife had let down the fence, carried Margaret into the house, and laid her on her own bed.

Saving a low moan as they lifted her, Margaret did not utter a sound, but perspiration stood in great drops on her forehead, showing that she was suffering keenest agony. Jean had to tell Mrs. Copeland her mother's positive commands that none of Sandy's family were to be called on for aid. Mrs. Copeland understood and appreciated this feeling, and as she lived nearest the McAlpin's, and had had many a good turn from them, she was very willing to help at such a time as this.

The doctor must be brought; the horse Jean always drove to Smith's Falls was in the stable; between them they harnessed this, and Mrs. Copeland drove off as fast as the horse was capable of travelling, coming back with the doctor in less than two hours.

The doctor looked grave, after making an examination. There was a compound fracture of the femur, with possibilities of spinal concussion. He reduced the fracture, moved Margaret while the feather bed was taken off, left medicine to correct feverish tendencies; told Jean to keep the patient perfectly quiet as to both mind and body—particularly to not allow any mental excitement.

"And Jamie's away! that's it, never knew a man to be at home when he was wanted," he grumbled, while deftly arranging around the bed for the patient's comfort; "here, you're going to be cross as two sticks, and you'll wear this girl out. Sandy's"

—he started to say Sandy's wife had better be sent for, when, noticing the flush creeping over Margaret's face, he remembered in time the estrangement between the families and changed to—"Campbell's wife is getting along famously now; I will drive old Dobbin back, and send Granny McCulloch up to you; she'll keep you where you belong, and I will come up again to-night myself."

Mrs. Copeland stayed until Granny came—not that there was much to be done, for Margaret had been slandered when the doctor said she would be cross; she just lay there, quietly thinking, and making no plaint whatever; little by little she told Jean how it happened. There was a great bawling among the calves in the byre; she dressed hastily and went out with a lantern to see what was the trouble; what was annoying the pets must have left at sight of the lantern, for there was nothing in the byre but the calves themselves when she reached there. Coming out again, the board which was placed, one end on the ground, the other on the next to the top log, must have slipped, for just as she got to the top she fell, and how long she had been there she had not the faintest idea.

Granny McCulloch, as everyone knows, was a past-master in nursing; this was before the days of the "trained nurse." When she arrived Jean found her occupation gone, but this only left her time to look the whole situation squarely in the face.

She went up-stairs and threw herself on her bed in an agony of sobs, it was so dreadful; how happy her mother had been yesterday, with hopes and plans for the future; and Jean knew, by the grave, sympathetic look on the doctor's face Margaret would never see Scotland again. The estrangement with the McGregor's was nothing to this, but just

now Jean would have given a great deal could Phemie have knelt by her bedside and comforted her. Rob she did not dare think of, this sorrow was too great for one selfish thought, but "if Margaret could only have Elspeth beside her." Jean hoped Elspeth would come to them when she knew their terrible trouble.

What a shock all this was going to be for Jamie; there was no way of reaching him, or getting him home any sooner than the day after to-morrow, the day he had intended returning. There was no immediate danger, that was as far as Jean dared hope. She knew that trouble came to all, that sorrow and death entered every family, but that thought never made grief the less poignant. Yesterday had been so full of bright promise, to-day the cup of sorrow was flowing over.

She could not stay long upstairs, neither could she work; she crept down and sitting close beside her mother, took her hand and held it as though she could keep her that way.

"Dinna be frighted, lassie," said Margaret to comfort her; "I'll no' be that bad, baynes 'll oft get splintered but th' aye mend."

"If 't d' ony been me, mither," wailed Jean.

"Na, na, lassie, it 's no' for th' bairns t' be lyin' here. I'll be auld, happen I'll could dae wi' a rest; aiblins I'll be unca sorry for your faither; tae think that my bonnie bossies suld hae dune this!"

It was bad enough in the day-time, but through the long dreary hours of the night it was the keenest torture; how the hours dragged, every one seemed a week long. Granny dozed, but wakened and was alert enough on the slightest stir. At midnight she had her cup of tea and vainly tried to persuade Jean to join her; Jean thought she would never eat again, she was choking now.

Next day the neighbours began to come in; this in one way dulled the keenness of Jean's grief. She had to tell, over and over again, how it happened. Margaret couldn't be talked to; feverish symptoms had begun, and Granny excluded everyone from the room unless for just a look. Jessie McLaren insisted on remaining all night, and she really was very good company, and comforted Jean not a little.

Jean had plenty to do, for most who came had either dinner or supper (to enter a neighbour's house and go away without eating was a thing unheard of). The byre was to mind and the butter to make, and every fifteen minutes she had to run in and ask her mother how she felt.

Some one told Jamie before he got to his own gate, and the first shock was over before he came in the house; but the lines of sorrow on his face told of a depth of feeling, quiet easy-going Jamie might not have been deemed capable of.

Granny came out to caution him against exciting her patient, but she needn't have done it; Jamie might tease a "well body," but, though his experience was limited, he knew just as well what to do in a sick room as Granny did.

He hushed Margaret and would not let her talk —told her it was no' so bad a way to keep her in the house, that now he would have a chance to show her how he could mind bossies. Jean brought his supper, and he ate it by the bedside—he made great pretences at eating, but the dishes were carried away nearly as they came. Jean told him, in the course of the evening, how her mother felt about Sandy's family, but adding her hopes that Elspeth would come of her own accord.

It was not because Elspeth did not think of it

that she did not go, or that her heart did not long to be with the friend of her girlhood and to comfort Jean,—just as Jean was hoping she would come, she was hoping they would send for her.

"Oh, mither, it is so sad!" exclaimed Phemie; "what shall we do?"

"We'll can do naething, lass," answered Elspeth. "I would gie Margaret McAlpin th' half o' what I'll hae this meenit; but till gang ower 'n hae 'r think I'll was sae muckle peart t' get rid o' my lassie I'll took th' chance when she's on her bed 'n needin' help tae mak oop till her—we'll canna gae near 'r, 'n I'm sick 'n sair at th' thocht o't."

When Sandy came home he commended Elspeth's position.

"I'll gied my left haun till help Jeems McAlpin, 'n I'd maist gie my richt th' noo, aiblins I'll no' hae 'm think I'll took th' time o's trubble t' thrust my family on 'm."

As soon as Jamie recovered sufficiently from the shock to discuss Margaret's condition, the doctor told him she must be taken to a larger place, and where there would be greater conveniences for treating trouble that was going to result from her striking against a sharp edge of something—probably the board—as she fell. Proper treatment now—or as soon as the fracture was sufficiently repaired to admit of her being moved—might be beneficial; did she not receive it, she was in a serious condition.

"She wull gang whaure'er ye'll tell me," said Jamie; "gin ye'll ken what'll save her, dinna be feart t' speak o't. I wad leev on a crust mysel t' keep her wi' me."

"Jamie, I am sorry for you," said the doctor, extending his hand; "but don't give up hope—she may be with you many a year yet; and we will

arrange about the change as soon as she can be moved."

Jamie wrung the doctor's hand in silence and then turned back to the house, which was so forlorn, feeling that the sun of his life had set.

CHAPTER XX.

"We twa hae run aboot the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine,
But we've wandered mony a weary fit
Sin' auld lang syne."

—*Ballad.*

"THERE is nothing so strange in life as living!" That we must live when we do not want to, and cannot when we do! Our cherished plans are as naught in the eyes of the Master; just while we are pluming ourselves in anticipation of much pleasure and profit resulting from a well-laid plan, He draws a line clear across the face of it, and we must begin anew. It is hard to see our work defaced: to have to begin at the beginning, on a new sheet, this time fearful of the result. Yet, as we work on, and on, the work is easier, the lines are truer, firmer, and the design is purer: it is not so much of the earth, earthy: until many plans have been destroyed, and many new ones made, and thought is given to the character of each, as well as to the symmetry; then, and then only, will the Master say "Well done." We look backward and see how crude the work of our apprentice days was; we have climbed, step by step; we are nearer the Master.

As Margaret lay and thought, when it was all she could do, for the doctor had forbidden her to knit—which was the only thing she could do lying in bed—many strange fancies flitted through her brain. With all of Jamie's and Jean's enforced cheerfulness she realized that her condition was a serious one. She looked around on her household gods and felt that the time was short until they—those treasures that she had gathered and cared for

—would have passed by right into other keeping. More than ever she felt that the lassie whose tottering steps she had guided should be her heir. Jean, in spite of her independence, would some day marry and awa', then none but Phemie should reign here as she (Margaret) had done. Her first plan had gone "aglee," but she began over again, this time with less thinking of self. Now, in "her mind's eye," she could see Phemie tripping through the house, adding deft, dainty touches, as Margaret knew Jean could, if she would let her—which she wouldn't—and Douglas happy, and contented to stay in the home she had helped build for him. For herself there was now no thought of earth, save a grassy mound on which the dews of heaven would fall; and yonder, a seat, if might be, at the foot of the Lord's table.

"Jean, lass," said Jamie, a few days after the doctor had spoken to him of the necessity for more than ordinary surgical skill in the treatment of Margaret's injuries; "th' doctor wull hae 's tak' your mither awa' till ither doctors."

"I'll ha' been waitin' for you to say 't, faither," said Jean, in a hushed voice; "I'll kenned she's been waur than she'll telt us o'."

"Th' doctor says 'at th' ither doctors 'll ken mair than him, an' will hae better ways o' workin', an' can dae 'r gude," said Jamie; "but I'll no ken hoo we're tae get 'r awa' an' whatever t' dae wi' th' fairm 'n th' beasties; she'll no' hae things gang wrang, 'n we'll daurna cross 'r."

"Did you think tae gang wi' 'er yer lane, faither?" asked Jean.

"Na, na, lass," said Jamie in affright. "Ye'll nae leave 's; I'll couldna care her alane; she'd weary for a lassie's hauns 'round her."

"I'll no' leave you, faither, whiles ye'll need me," answered Jean.

"Ye're aye a comfort t' me, Jeanie, lass," Jamie replied, stroking her hair, "'n noo ye'll hae tae tak' your mither's place 'n tell me hoo we'll can get a' things best dune; I'll no' ken when we's tae gang, 'r where, 'r hoo lang we'll be tae bide 'till th' doctor has his say."

"Wad ye no' like Douglas tae coom hame, faither?" asked Jean.

"Ay, lass, I'll thocht on 't, but I'm maist feared till ask him, feart he'll say na," said Jamie.

Then Jean told him of Margaret's well arranged plan, so sadly broken in on. There were tears in Jamie's eyes when she ended.

"Puir lassie," he said, "she'll left th' heather for me; she'll could hae had ither lads an' bided at hame; gin I'll could gie 'r my ain life, I'd dae it wullin'."

"Gin th' docthers can help 'r wi' 's, faither, happen we'll tak' her ower th' sea yet," Jean said, in cheery tones of comfort, though her own heart was like lead.

A few days later the doctor said: "Can you fix a sleigh comfortable enough to drive by easy stages to Montreal."

"I'll can fix th' sleigh so there'll be no' much joltin'," answered Jamie, "aiblins 'twould tak' a week; could she staun th' trip?"

"She had a wonderful constitution to begin with, which is greatly in her favor," replied the doctor; "with the care that you will know how to give her, she can make the trip without additional injury. I have written Dr. Powell, and expect to hear from him next week; then, if you can get affairs here in shape to leave, you might go in two weeks."

"We'll gang whenever you say 't Marget can be moved, doctor," answered Jamie, "gin we'll hae t' leave th' hoose 'n byre tae care itsel'."

The doctor broke the news to Margaret.

"Jamie and I are talking of treating you to a trip to Montreal, Mrs. McAlpin, as soon as those bones are knit so there will be no danger of their shaking apart again. Would you like to go on a junketing tour?"

"Gin 's faither 'll write for th' lad till coom hame, I'll gang, gin ye'll think I'se better," Margaret answered.

It was easy, after all. Jamie wrote Douglas, but as letters did not travel by steam in Ontario in forty-three, the two weeks were up before Douglas answered—as he did—in person.

Margaret knew his step, and forgetting, in her joy, that the hand of affliction had been laid on her, she started to rise and meet him; but, almost as soon as the effort was made, her head was on the pillow again, and she was compressing her lips to keep from an expression of pain. Highland women are not, as a rule, demonstrative, but this was what official correspondence termed an "extraordinary" occasion. Douglas realized now, as he never had before, how deeply his mother loved him, and that a certain unreasoning jealousy, born of this love, was the ruling cause in the deed that had blighted his life.

Margaret did not say, as many mothers would have done:

"Forgive me, lad, I have caused you sorrow. I see everything clearer now, and will do what I can to make amends."

In fact, she carefully avoided any reference to the past, but of the present and the future she

chatted gaily, thus very much relieving Douglas' mind as to her condition.

"Did yer faither write ye 'at the're tae gie me a trip tae Montreal, that I'll haena seen sin' the day I'll cam thro', juist aff the 'Commerce'," she said, in as light-hearted a tone as though the proposed trip was purely a pleasure jaunt.

Douglas could not so easily recover himself. The year and a half, in which we have wholly lost sight of him, had worked far greater changes with him than with any one of the other three; with them, only the "to be expected" had happened. To Rob self-reliant young manhood, to the girls added grace and dignity, had come. Douglas had aged; there was a reserve and gentle dignity in his manner which compelled even Margaret's respect. The lad she sent away was gone forever: had she seen him buried she could not have realized this more keenly. But the mild, grave, seemingly middle-aged man who had come in his place endeared himself to her in the few days that elapsed between his coming and her departure for Montreal.

He knew just how to arrange for her comfort and safety during the trip that was either to help her or to assure her that her work here was finished.

Jamie, too, was somewhat in awe of this man who had come back in place of his lad, and deferred to him in every arrangement.

"If we'll could ony hae a kiver tae pit awa' oop ower her heid, like thae gipsy lads," Jamie said; "do ye no' think, Douglas, we'll could fashion ane?"

"I'll gang doon 'n spier at William Rutherford," replied Douglas; "gin he'll could mak' me soom hoops, I'll soomway think I'll could fix a bonnie wee hoosie, 'n sae warm she'll ne'er ken she's awa' frae hame."

William Rutherford stared at him, when he entered the shop and extended his hand.

"'N wha's this?" he said, "it'll seem I's ought tae mind ye?"

"It'll be a puir welcome hame, William, wi' naebody till mind ane; mony a stoot ash I'll hae helpit ye choppit."

"Gude save 's, it's Douglas McAlpin! gie 's yer haun, Douglas, lad,—'r happen I suld say mon; fegs, I's hairdly believe ye yet."

"Sae lang a time awa' 'ill be makin' a differ'," replied Douglas.

"Ay, it'll hae mad' a differ', aiblins th' time 's no' sae muckle lang either, 'n ye're aulder noo 'n yer faither," grunted William Rutherford; "ye were a bonnie lad, wi' a skin like a lassie's, yer hair in gowden rings, an' yer een sae bright; noo, th' rosies hae left yer cheeks, 'n th' gowd's faded frae yer hair. Oh! aiblins lads hae tae grow oop men, no' wumman bodies. What'll ye hae me dae for ye th' day?"

"Ye'll ken we're till tak' mither till Montreal; I'll want a braw kiver mad' ower th' sleigh, sae she'll no' feel th' cauld blasts," replied Douglas.

"Mon, 't wad tak' a month till mak' 't richt," answered William.

"It would no'," Douglas said; "I'll ken whaur th's soom ribs o' a tent, gin Captain McMillan 'll sell them tae me; 'n the's piles o' gude, stoot tent-claith doon 't th' auld store in a muckle box; faither helpit William Pitt pack 't awa' himsel'; I'll bring th' sleigh doon aifter dine 'n thegither we'll mak' 't."

"You can have the sticks, and right welcome, Douglas," said Captain McMillan; "your father paid for them in many ways long ago, and your

mother was always a good neighbour. I will come down and see how you are getting the sleigh fixed."

Col. Taylor had charge of the unused implements, etc., and was very glad to exchange so many pounds of tent-cloth for an adequate sum in currency. Douglas then went to a blacksmith's shop and had wire coiled into five springs. Early in the afternoon they began construction, everything having been gathered at William Rutherford's. The springs were fastened firmly to the bottom of the sleigh, on these a home-made mattrass was to be spread; the corner was made with the back end loose, to be raised or lowered at pleasure; blankets were tacked up inside the tent cloth, caught every few inches as comforters are tacked. On one side the two centre ribs were sawn in two and fastened again with a leather hinge, and the canvas loose—fastened, when closed, with buttons—this for convenience in lifting the patient in and out. When completed you could not fancy a cosier carryall for a winter journey.

The whole town gathered to see it.

"Gadsooks, sir!" Doctor Thom said; "I never saw a finer ambulance. If ever I see service again you shall command an emergency corps."

Rev. William Bell commended it. "It is an exceedingly well contrived cairriage for an eenvalid."

Mr. Bell was an especial friend of the young men, and they all held him in high esteem.

When Douglas drove away up the Line with it next day, the town was pretty well represented in the street on which William Rutherford's shop was built, and when he was out of sight a few who were not needed at home remained in the shop to exchange opinions on matters of importance.

CHAPTER XXI.

"To see her is to love her,
And love but her forever,
For Nature made her what she is,
And never made anither."
—*Burns.*

JAMIE thought he recognized the horses coming up the road, but so much did the completed work surpass his wildest expectations, he was beginning to think they had been "pressed" into Her Majesty's service; one little thought of the Duke of Kilmarnock popped into his head and popped out again just as quick, for now the horses were turning into the yard.

"Wow, lad! but ye did weel!" he ejaculated.

Jean came out to see it. "Ye'll hae mad' a paillace oot o't," she said, peeping inside. "Mither 'll be gey pleased wi't."

Next morning was clear and crisp. The doctor came out and helped fix the bed inside, and he, too, was loud in its praises.

"She could stand fifty miles a day in this better than the often lifting out and in," he said; "could not you get relays of horses and drive through in three days, making only two nights' halt, at Iroquois and Cornwall?"

"I'll thocht on 't, aiblins was feart 'twouldna be richt," answered Jamie.

"With a bed like that to lie on, she's as well travelling as in a house, and a deal more comfortable than she would be in some," said the doctor; "drive right through, if you can get the horses; we are sure of three days of good weather, and we might not be of more."

While the doctor and Jamie were talking, Jean and Douglas were having a few parting words.

"Tell me summat aboot Phemie afore ye gang, Jeanie lass; I'll hae 't till think ower th' lang winter whiles ye're awa'," Douglas said, quietly.

Jean looked at him sadly. "Wull ye no' try till see her yersel', Douglas?" she asked.

"Na," answered Douglas, "'twould ony fash 'r, 'n I'd no' dae that. She'll said me nay; whiles she'll micht hae minded me, gin aething 'd been a' richt; noo 't 'll ne'er be. I'll hae pit it a' past me, an' I'll be content gin she's no' wearyin' for aething." This was said in the tone of a man to whom hope would no more return.

Jean, looking at him as he spoke, felt that for him there was nothing to look forward to; but she saw, too, that the struggle was over—he had ceased to care for a future for himself: he would never make a future for himself: he would not bend to the blast and "rise again to greater heights": the spirit was broken like a reed. He had not Rob's recuperative powers, or earnest, sanguine temperament, which could through disappointment yet make something worth living for. In the past twenty months his own entity had been completely effaced; he answered to the name Douglas McAlpin, and felt in a sort of half-dazed way that he was responsible for that individual, but where or in what company Douglas McAlpin might find himself next year did not concern him. He would never take a downward path; the spirit of his covenanting ancestors was too strong in him for that; neither would his love for Phemie let him do anything that she would condemn. The kind, loving heart was yet there, and the devotion that would only expire with his last sigh.

It cut Jean to the quick to note this—to see how ready he was to do for others, and how skilful; and

to know that for himself the story had been told. There was no good speaking a word of hope; it would fall on deaf ears; so, choking back her sobs, she told him what to do about the house, where to find everything to make himself comfortable, advised him to have one or another of the neighbor boys with him whenever he could get them to come, told him about the books Philip Maxwell had brought, and that he must go down every week for a letter from her.

Margaret threw her arms round his neck and kissed him, over and over again, when he stooped to bid her good-bye, as she lay in the sleigh.

"Ye'll no' be wearyin', Douglas," she said; "ye 'll gang oot; ye'll find gude company no' sae far awa'."

"Ay, mither, dinna be fretted," he replied; "I'll find muckle tae please me no' far frae hame."

Margaret smiled in perfect content as they drove off. The Rideau was frozen over, so they crossed the ice at the Ferry. At Toledo they offered to help carry Margaret in, but Jean and Jamie understood how best to work together and not hurt her. At Unionville, Jamie got a relay of horses, again at Iroquois, Cornwall, and Lancaster; the evening of the third day they were at Montreal.

Douglas went quietly back into the house, freshened up the fires, and, leaving everything safe, went down to the bush to chop. Phemie could see him from her window, and the bent head and drooping shoulders told her a story of suffering that hurt her cruelly. This was the first time she had seen him; she had purposely kept out of the way, lest it would seem that she was watching for him. Her eyes showed traces of tears when she came down, leading to anxious inquiry by Elspeth.

"What'll be the maitter, lassie, that ye'll hae been greetin'; is 't the lass gaun awa'?"

"I'm sorry for all of them, mither; if, after all, they should be disappointed, and the doctors in Montreal not be able to help Margaret, what a blow it will be to them, they were so hopeful. But that is not all, mither, have you seen Douglas?"

"Ay, your faither 'n I saw 'm yest'reen," replied Elspeth; "he's no' the same lad at a'; his head 'll be a wee affeckit wi' th' shock he got that ither morn."

"Mither, he will no' lose his mind?" cried Phemie.

"Na, lassie, na fear o' that th' noo," answered Elspeth; "ye're faither speired at Dr. Thom; the's a' clackin' aboot 'm doon 't William Rutherfords' shop, 'n aboot th' differ' in 'm, an' nane o' them kenned what for; yer faither speired at Dr. Thom wad 's heid be ganging awa' frae 'm."

"'Losing 's mind?' sed Dr. Thom, sharp-like, 'na, the's na fear o' thae, he's got mair gude common sense 'n his heid than hauf o' th' village a' pit thegither, aiblins there'll be something wrang wi' 'm 't I'll canna mak' oot.'"

"I wish I had not said I would never speak to him," said Phemie.

"Lassie!" cried Elspeth, in alarm, "you would n't——"

"Na, mither, I said in the beginning what I meant, and if there had been nothing more said, Douglas would have gotten over it. I have prayed for it this morning, but I cannot yet feel the sympathy for Marget I would like to."

"Dinna be too haird, lassie, a mither 'll hae feelings ye'll no understaun', an' 't 'ill aye coom haird till 'r t' fin' th' bairn she'll raised hae'n a wull o' 's ain. Marget Cameron was as bonnie a lassie as ere

crumpled th' heather wi' 'r fut, aiblins Jeems McAlpins mither wrought wi' a' 'r might tae keepit Jeems awa' frae Marget; it'll happen mad' 'r no' sae tender 'n th' hairt."

"Oh, mither, was I too hasty?" asked Phemie.

"Na, lassie, ye couldna hae dune differ; gin ye'd lo'ed th' lad, ye'd been richt t' bide wi' 'm agen a' Scotland; an' ye didna, na lassie suld thole bein' flouted ower a lad. Th' hairm that's coom 's Marget's ain wark, 'n 't 'ill fa' th' hairdest on her, aiblins I mysel' 'll greet mony times for 'r an' th' sorra' she'll wrought hersel'."

"Here are Mr. and Mrs. Wilson," exclaimed Phemie, who stood near the window.

Not until dinner was over did the guests broach the particular errand on which they came.

"Mrs. Wilson has a request to prefer, Mrs. McGregor; she sits there in fear and trembling lest it be denied, and trying by delays and in divers other mischievous ways to make me spokesman."

"I'm not at all afraid," retorted Mrs. Wilson, "I was waiting for a propitious hour, and as I find with you this is always just after you have dined, I have applied the same rule to Mr. McGregor's case, and, like any canny Scot, have bided my time."

"What is 't that 'll need sae muckle care in th' tellin' o' 't?" asked Sandy jocosely; "will ye be wantin' t' tak' th' lassie back tae Scotland wi' ye?"

"How did you guess it, Mr. McGregor?" exclaimed Mrs. Wilson in surprise. "You must have the Highland gift of second sight." Mrs. Wilson was lowland Scotch.

To tell the truth Sandy had not guessed it, in fact he had picked that—as the most unlikely thing to happen—to make a joke of; now, being too polite to tell Mrs. Wilson that he was making a joke of a

pet project of her building, he accepted credit for the Highland attribute, though he confessed to Elspeth that night that he was fair "dunnered" when Mrs. Wilson announced the correctness of his guess.

So the project was launched, and with rather favoring winds.

Phemie sat hushed; this was something she had never dreamed of in her wildest flights of fancy, and she was addicted to "biggin' castles in the air." Of a harmless sort was this foolishness she indulged in, and since she had been so much alone, much gratification of an ephemeral sort had come from those "Chateaux d'Espagne," peopled with all who were near and dear to her.

Elspeth spoke first: "We'll thank you both for sae kin' a thought, but it's a muckle road for a lassie tae gang frae her faither 'n mither."

"I will admit that, Mrs. McGregor," said Mr. Wilson, "and it is something that, as a rule, I am opposed to, but Mrs. Wilson has set her heart on this. I would very much like to have Phemie go myself, there would be a fine opportunity for study during the voyage; I would like to act as her cicerone through the classics."

"I would like to show the folk in Perthshire a lassie from the Line," Mrs. Wilson said.

This was one of Elspeth's weak points: she was as thoroughly Canadian as Rob and Jean. She was also proud of her lassie, she would willingly endure a year of loneliness for the sake of giving this object lesson. Phemie was beginning to look eager, and this had its effect on Sandy; neither was Elspeth loath—if the lassie wanted to go—to pleasure her.

The whole arrangements were discussed, and the more they thought of it, the simpler it all

seemed. Phemie demurred at leaving her father and mother alone, but Sandy, seeing the self-sacrifice which lay behind the objection, thus waived it: This was just the opportunity he and Elspeth needed to get acquainted with each other; the first few years of their married life had been spent in keeping the wolf from the door, both literally and figuratively; since then there was a house full of bairns.

"Wi' thae a' awa' th' gudewife 'n me 'll juist sit by th' aise 'n get acquaint a' ower again." Everybody laughed at this, and everybody saw through the ruse, but this way of looking at the matter settled it. Phemie would go with Mrs. and Mr. Wilson.

That night Sandy and Elspeth discussed the necessary preparations; Sandy felt with Elspeth that Phemie must go well gowned, the object lesson must be given in the choicest tints. This was the last of January; the first boat that came down the Rideau must find them in readiness. The "kist" that Elspeth brought over wouldna do at all, at all, to carry Phemie's wardrobe. Mr. Meighen had once in a heedless moment "stocked up" with a huge hair trunk. We say heedless, because people had come to Perth to remain, and there were many things more saleable than trunks, but—more by good luck than good management—this purchase found an appreciative customer. Then the rest of the stock was taxed to fill in. And the girls in town and on the Line invited themselves out to sewing bees, which furnished an excuse for the lads to come in the evening. Many a staid elderly couple of the seventies were proud to point to that winter, and Sandy's house, as the time and place when they got "first acquaint". It was, in truth, the first introduction of the Line to the town.

In April there came a box, by stage from Brockville, to Phemie. It was not very large—but "Valuable, handle with care," was marked on it. Sandy could hardly wait until he got it home to have its contents investigated. At the post office they said it came from Toronto. When the cover was thrown back, the contents almost took their breath away.

In folds and folds of tissue paper lay a dress, the palest blush rose and pearly white "changeable" soft, lustrous silk; with it a "bertha" of Duchesse point; when these were, amid wondrous exclamations, lifted, in one corner lay a jewel case. With fingers trembling with delight, Phemie touched the spring: they were pearls—a necklace, bracelets, and bands to fasten on the shoulders the loops in her sleeves.

Phemie at once taxed her father with being the fairy godmother; he stoutly denied it, and when she saw he was as much surprised and delighted as she was, she saw it must have been Rob, but how could he have known just exactly what would fit her, and how well he remembered that pearls were her favorite gems—but could he afford it? for she knew these had cost no small sum.

Everyone in Perth knew of the arrival of the box, so all who came had to see its contents, and many sighs from many maidens' hearts were uttered in consequence; not that anyone would have deprived Phemie of her gift or the pleasure it gave her, but they would have liked a shower of fairy benefits to fall on their heads.

Phemie was surprised to receive, in the first mail after she reached Strathkennis, a letter from Rob, enclosing a draft for fifty pounds, saying as he was not where he could purchase anything, and did not know what would please her best, he sent the money,

and she could make her own selection. She replied by return mail:

"DEAR BROTHER,—

"Nothing could have pleased me better than the selection you did make; and, while I am very grateful, I am afraid I am receiving more than my deserts."

The limit of her sojourn in Scotland had been extended from a year to fifteen months, and she had worn more than once her beautiful fairy gifts, ere she learned that Rob knew no more about the sending of them than she and Elspeth and Sandy had.

Years afterwards, one of the village boys, then grown to manhood and married, told his wife how "That quare Mr. McAlpin once gimme a dollar to go over to Mr. McGregor's and stale a dress belonging to the young leddy; he tould me, 'fore I'd go, he just wanted to look at it; so I got two and sixpence for getting it, and two an' sixpence for lavin' it back. Thim Highlanders is quare people."

CHAPTER XXII.

"A whispering throb did witness bear
Of kindred sweet,
When, with an elder sister's air,
She did me greet."
—*Burns.*

DR. POWELL had spoken to a house agent about quarters for Jamie and family. On making inquiry the agent learned that Lieut. Meldrum, formerly of the Canadian Fencibles, who had been at Perth a year or two in its early days, had recently been ordered to Halifax, and would be very glad to lease his house, furnished, to Mr. McAlpin. Therefore, the second day of their arrival found them settled in the house that was to be their home for many months.

Margaret had borne the journey as well as could be expected of an invalid; still, the changing about and the novelty of the surroundings in the place she was to call home, was all conducive to feverishness. Dr. Powell came to see her, the morning after her arrival, and prescribed with a view to relieving this, and also gave her a mild tonic; then left her to rest and get accustomed to her surroundings before making an examination.

When he did make an examination, he found, as Dr. Weekes in Perth had feared, that a tumorous growth had begun. This he gave a Latin name of several syllables, which we do not remember, so, if we thought it necessary—which we do not—to tell our readers, we could not do so. This, however, has not slipped our mind. When the proper time came it would be removed by an operation. With all conditions just right, this could be successfully done. Should complications set in—as might hap-

pen—the result would be serious; he would carefully watch every phase and variation of the case himself, and what medical skill could do should be done.

Then began for Jean duties and responsibilities that would have told severely on a less buoyant nature, and a less determined nature. The doctor had said it was possible, unless certain unfavorable conditions arose, to save her mother; it was his business and her business to see that these conditions did not arise: it was, to use her own words, "something one could work for." Thus, between watching her mother, as a cat would a mouse, lest the drooping of an eyelid should escape her; minding the house, and fixing up Scotch dainties to tempt her father's appetite that his strength might not fail, there was no fear of the days dragging.

In a few weeks Margaret was able to sit in an invalid's chair nearly all day, but there was nothing she could do to amuse herself, and the extra burden of finding entertainment fell on Jean. The chair could be moved to a front window, and, until her eyes tired, the passers-by afforded some occupation for the mind. Jean brought books of plates and engravings from the library—to which Dr. Powell had secured admission for her—and Jamie patiently turned these over for her by the hour, and read to her until she would fall asleep.

But the change from an active to a sedentary life was telling on him, and soon Jean had to manufacture all sorts of errands to get him out of doors. Then she must write long weekly letters to Douglas; these were in great part written by Margaret's chair, that she might dictate, and these one-sided chats with Douglas were a great pleasure to Margaret. She gave minute descriptions of the quaint pan-

orama that moved steadily past her window: of the officers, in their gay uniforms; the *habitants*, in blue or red tuques, sashed jerkins, short *culottes*, parti-colored long hose, and moccasins; and of monks and nuns, in the different habits of their orders. Each day she watched diligently for something new to tell "the lad."

At home, Douglas was pleased with these descriptions, because it pleased "mither" to give them. He was best pleased, though, with the encouraging postscript which Jean always added. He wanted his mother to get well again; although she had never hinted it by word, he someway knew she was sorry for the irrevocable past. He thought she must have spent some very sad months; he would like to have all those months forgotten, and everything return to the status of the old happy days, as might be—all but his past, and that did not matter.

When the boats started, they had many familiar callers; merchants then went to Montreal for goods, spring and fall, and it was quite usual for their wives to accompany them. Jean was pleasantly surprised many times that spring, on opening the door, to find a familiar face. Mr. and Mrs. Meighen and Mr. and Mrs. Clark called, Mr. Romaines and Mr. Milburn. They each knew of the cessation of friendly relations between the McAlpin and McGregor families, and thoughtfully avoided any mention of Phemie's journey. Douglas had, on a private sheet, written Jean of this as soon as it had been announced, and she was in dread lest her mother should someway learn of it, knowing it would have a disturbing effect. But the callers were all discreet, and nothing but good came of their visits. Mr. Milburn took Jamie on a long

jaunt up the mountain, which—tramp and visit together—livened him up wonderfully.

Then the summer had set in, and Margaret had begun to suffer a great deal of pain from the growing tumor. She longed for her fields and woods, and wimplin' burn; she struggled hard against irritability of temper, but stretched on a bed of pain, with the thermometer at ninety, the most amiable disposition will turn. The all-compelling disposition, which Margaret had made such bad use of, stood Jean in good stead. She meant to take her mother back to Perth, if not restored to perfect health, at least so far recovered that she might hope for many years of useful life. Nothing discouraged her, nothing caused her to abate for one half hour the close, careful, intelligent watching of the case. They had changed places, Jean was the mother now and Margaret the child, and no parent was ever looked up to with greater reverence than both Jamie and Margaret had for Jean.

When September's mellow, golden days came, —fulfilling the promise of the blossoming time,— Dr. Powell told Jean that, so far, all was well, and they would begin now to prepare themselves and patient for the ordeal.

Margaret took the announcement quietly, in fact expressed her satisfaction that the long anxious time was drawing near a close. When the doctor had gone she said to Jean:

"Jean, lassie, whiles I'm thinkin' o' Douglas 'n th' lass Phemie. I was ower quick tae speak till th' bit lassie. I'll no kenned till he cam' frae Taranta, sic a quiet like auld mon, 'at laddies 'll no' aye be bairns; tae hae the wee, sonsie weans grow oop and gang awa' frae them 'll aye tear a mither's hairt; but I'll hae learnt syne th' doonfa' I'll got that oor

hairts 'r mad' t' be rended, an' gin we juist tak' 't as the Laird's wull, an' no' fash oorsel's wi' 't, 't 'ill a' be richt. Gin I leeve, I'll tell this tae Douglas 'n th' lass myself'; gin it's th' Laird's wull that I dee, when they pit me tae sleep ye maun tell them for me, tell them I'll no' hae kenned it a' till I'm lyin' here awa' frae hame, and I'll thocht hoo lang my puir laddie was awa', wi' no' ain o' kin to say aught to 'm, an' th' bonnie lassie whilk was ae sae kind ——"

"Hush, hush, mither, ye're talking ower much; ye'll can tell them a' you like yoursel' when you'll gang back tae Perth: ony this I'll ask, do you want a' th' auld times back?"

"Ay, lassie, gin Elspeth Douglas an' th' lassie 'll forgie me a', Douglas an' th' lass may hae th' hoose 'n gear, an' I'll sit by th' fire an' knit for th' bairns."

"That's richt, mither," said Jean, stooping and kissing her; "keep oop a gude hairt; ye'll win through, an' a' will be happy yet."

Now was no time to tell her that her happy dreams of complete restoration could never be fulfilled, and, as Elspeth said, she (Margaret) would be the keenest sufferer, in and through just the sentiments which had caused so many months of sorrow to them all, her mother love and her mother pride.

The dread day came and passed and Margaret still lived. To Dr. Powell's manifest delight the operation was successful; a week after, he told her "unless she fell in the river and got drowned—in which case he could do nothing for her—she would outlive many a younger woman, but she would have to remain very quiet and under his charge for some months yet, that he might guard against a recurrence of the growth."

Jean, relieved of anxiety, was beginning to feel

the physical strain, and the doctor insisted on her going for short walks. Margaret would sleep more, now the trouble was removed, and might be safely left more to herself; and, fearful of being laid up before she completed her work, Jean began short rambles round the quaint old streets, enjoying it all, but feeling lost among so many strange faces; sometimes she forgot her surroundings entirely, her "hairt was in the Hielans." She smiled to herself when, in such a reverie one day, she heard her name spoken. She was sauntering along, wholly absorbed in her dreams of the past, and thought the voice part of the dream at first; at a repetition she said to herself: "I'll no' be th' ony Jean in Montreal, th'll be ither Scotch lassies here." At the third call she looked around and found herself looking into Rob McGregor's eyes.

"Jean," he said again, "did I frighten ye, lassie?"

"Rob," said Jean, holding out her hand with her old saucy manner, "I'se be fine an' glad tae be frichted thae fashion a dizen times a day," but the next minute there were tears in her eyes, reaction had set in. All those long, weary months she had been bearing others woes, there had been no one to whom she dare breathe her own sorrows and fears.

Rob looked at her compassionately; her face was thin, the color had left her cheeks, and her eyes were big and hollow.

"Puir lassie, ye'll hae had your ain times; coom awa' till thae bit pairk an' tell me a' aboot 't an' hoo ye're mither is th' noo. I'll no hae had a letter frae hame these many weeks, an' ken naething aboot aebody."

Rob led her to a nice shady seat, thinking all the time what a poor, pitiful chap Maxwell was to leave the lassie he loved to bear all this trouble

alone, but he finally said to himself sternly that was not his business; Jean had shown by her eyes and in her voice that she was glad to see him (Rob), as glad as Phemie would have been; if in any way he could help her now he was going to do it. Who had a better right, "weren't they bairns thegither?"

"Noo, Jean, what'll be th' maitter?" Rob asked, when he had seated himself beside her; "'ll yer mither be waur?"

"Na, Rob, it's no' that, th' doctor says she'll get weel, aiblins I'll hae feart sae lang I'll greet noo for joy."

"Juist greet then, Jeanie, happen it 'll dae ye gude."

With the contrariness of her sex, Jean wouldn't cry when told to, but looked up at him archly and moved to the other side of the seat.

"I'm no' sure that it's you," she said; "still, ye look as ye micht be soom relation." She looked at him intently, and Rob said nothing.

"Can ye tell me hoo far doon th' burn is th' wee folk's aik?" she asked, her eyes twinkling.

"Ay," Rob said, as though repeating a "task" in geography to the schoolmaster, "ye'll pass ane beech-tree, twal' maples, a muckle stane wi' a loof on 't, twa basswoods, four-and-twenty muckle cedars, 'n ye'll see 't staunnin' alane."

Jean laughed merrily, "It 'll be Rob, sure eneuch!" For a moment, in the joy and the suddenness of the chance meeting, she had forgotten the miserable two years last past—forgotten even that she had said to Philip Maxwell, "she had no hairt to gie"—forgotten everything except here was the Rob McGregor of her childhood, changed in looks, but still Rob. It was with the *camarad-*

arie of old days that she had met him. This was piling the earth on his buried hopes; yet there was a crumb of comfort in being thus assured that she had all the old sisterly feeling for him. He sat watching her until she spoke again, fearful of the announcement he might have to listen to.

"Rob, I'll maist wunner 'at you'll speak till me," she said, at last, "aifter a' that's gane."

"For why suld I nae speak t' you, Jean?" Rob asked.

"Hae they at hame ne'er tauld ye 'at mither flouted Phemie acause Douglas asked 'r?" said Jean, in her direct way.

"They'll said summat aboot 't, aiblins I'll no' thocht 'twas aething t' pit you an' me frae speakin' till ither," answered Rob.

"Mither 's sorra noo, an' bid me tell yer mither 'n Phemie, gin she'll no get better, 'at she'll be wullin' an' glad tae hae Phemie mairry Douglas 'n hae a' she'll laid by; but that canna be: Phemie 'll ne'er wanted Douglas, 'an noo Douglas is—oh! Rob, you suld see 'm!—Douglas is an auld mon; his mind's no' gane, but ye'd think he's aulder 'n faither!" now, without restraint, the tears did flow.

Rob's own sorrow, just then, was like a dagger piercing his heart. Many times, in her childhood griefs, had he wiped Jean's tears away; now, to comfort her was the province of another. There was little he could do, but this little he offered, putting away his own sorrow.

"Jeanie, ye'll hae had muckle sorra in th' years whilk I'll thocht brocht ye ony gladness, an' it seems like ye'll had tae thole it alane. Gin mither 'd coom doon tae see yer mither, wad it help ye?"

"Oh, Rob! wad she?" cried Jean, "I'll thocht on 't, an' thocht on 't, an' I 'm wearyin' tae see 'r mysel'."

"Ay she'll coom, Jeanie, gin 'twill dae ye gude till hae 'r," Rob said. "Th'll be a boat gangin oop in an hooer: wull I tak 't and gae hame, 'r send mither richt awa,' 'r wull I'll gang oop wi' ye tae see Jamie?"

"Gang awa oop 'n send yer mither doon: tae see 'r agen would be maist like a taste o' Heeven," said Jean, eagerly.

In spite of his better judgment, Rob wanted an excuse to stay longer ('twas the old story of the moth and the candle); but in Jean's sorrow he knew no law but Jean's wishes; therefore, swallowing his disappointment and chagrin at having everyone preferred before him, he quietly said:

"I'll leave ye hame first—th'll be time."

By the time they reached the door, Jean began to remember herself and what she had said to Philip Maxwell. When Rob shook hands good-bye, if there had been leads attached to her eyelids they wouldn't more persistently have remained down. And foolish Rob augured ill from this, and went away very sorrowful.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"I knew his heart, I knew his hand,
Have shared his cheer, and proved his brand;
My fairest earldom would I give
To bid Clan Alpin's chieftain live."

—*Scott.*

NO more welcome summons was ever received than the one which called Elspeth McGregor to Margaret's bedside, and no infant was ever crooned over with more fondness than Margaret was when Elspeth reached her bedside. All bitterness was forgotten, the past of twenty years syne was resurrected, and, further back still, the auld days in Scotland. Elspeth told Margaret that Phemie was there, under the shadow of Ben Venue, and Margaret, too weak to be surprised at anything, was, like a child, pleased at the prospects of word direct.

Elspeth stayed a week and left Margaret progressing rapidly towards recovery, but her visit was really more of a God-send to Jean and Jamie; the latter was noticeably failing. When he escorted her to the boat she promised to send Sandy down directly after potato digging.

Rob had reached home in the evening, and a boat for Montreal called at Oliver's Ferry next morning. He insisted Elspeth should go on this, leaving no time for conversation. Thus there were few questions asked by either Rob or the folk at home; that Margaret was sick and wanted Elspeth was enough for everybody. Rob drove his mother to the Ferry, bought her ticket, secured a comfortable state-room and saw her safely established therein, then watched the boat steam off toward Poonamalie.

Directly he had his horse "put up" at home, he sought Douglas, and could not "believe his eyes" when he found him; that bent old man with the long, straggling faded hair, the scant beard, the drooping mouth (so like a tearful child's), and colorless eyes—that Douglas McAlpin! Had Rob McGregor been less a gentleman than he was, or had this been in the days of our forbears, there might have been words uttered which are always best left unsaid; but he was a gentleman, and they who had done this were near of kin to them both. Rob's own heart was aching, no one could feel for Douglas as he could; not Margaret and Jamie, they had not been disappointed; nor Elspeth and Sandy; neither could his sister Jean, or Phemie, what knew they of this? the one had found her *alter ego*, the other was not caring. But he (Rob) knew what it was to have the light of one's life go out just at the beginning of it.

He held Douglas' hand in the strong clasp that from man to man means so much. Douglas was glad to see Rob, and returned the clasp in a mild way. He was no way surprised that Rob had seen and talked with Jean in Montreal, and was pleased that Elspeth had gone down to see his mother. The two walked on, following the burn.

"D' ye mind th' nicht, twa year last June, 'at we fower druv tae Pairth, Douglas?" asked Rob, trying to lead up to where Douglas might talk of his life during the months which had passed since then.

"Ay, I'll mind o' 't," replied Douglas; "it 's th' last time we a' went thegither."

"An' we'll hae traivelled mony a weary fit sin', you an' me, Douglas," said Rob.

"We hae, Rob, an' the's mony things coom 'n

gane; aiblins we'll canna a' be pleased wi' this warld; happen it's best so, we'll no' ken a' things."

"Na, Douglas, we'll canna a' hae aething we'll want, but th'll be mony ither things,"—Rob unconsciously echoed Jamie's words of that morning many months ago.

"No' for me, Rob," answered Douglas, interrupting; "I'll ken weel a' you'd say,—other men maun hae a' these things, but no' me; wi' naebody t' fend f'r but mysel' I'll care naething hoo th' warld gangs."

"Tut, tut, mon," Rob said, laying his hand on Douglas' shoulder, "we'll can carry mony an ache in oor hairts; aiblins th'll be bricht spots, t'll no' be a' dairkness: I'll ken that mysel'."

"Rob, ye'll ken naething aboot 't," replied Douglas; "ye'll ne'er had th' lassie ye lo'ed, an' faither 'n mither, an' the mither o' th' lassie wha was like th' aipple o' yer eye, a' turn agen ye, juist when ye'r hairt 's fu' o' joy, an' a' things looked like th' rosy mornin'; ye'll ne'er seen th' lassie, wha's wee steps ye'll hae guided, turn frae ye like 's ye was th' plague."

"Na, Douglas, I'll haena an' I'll say it noo:—'twas waur than th' heathen, whilk they're sae fierce tae Christianize; it's the queer auld warld ways 'at 'll stick tae them yet. But, lad, ye'll no' be wearyin' ower this mair; coom awa oop tae th' bush wi' me, an' in th' Spring we'll gae doon to Boston thegither; th's muckle tae see, an' mony men tae meet wha 'll hae dune graun things wi' their lives."

"Ay, Rob, I'll ken that; an' aince, lang years ago, seems like it micht be a hunner, I'll thocht o' th' graun things I'll dae mysel, aiblins I'll no' care noo, th's no ane till wrought f'r; a lad 'll coom an' tak Jeanie awa syne; faither 'n mither 's had sair sorra—th'll need me, an' it's a' I'll can dae, Rob."

More from the tone and the look than the words, Rob realized that what Douglas said was true; there was no strength of purpose left to wrestle with outside problems.

"Douglas, a mon being sorra f'r anither canna help th' ither muckle, but gin I'll could dae mair, ye suld ony say what 't 'd be, it couldna be too muckle —gin I'll could gie ye hauf my years, an' we could gang awa thegither, haun in haun, ye suld hae them; th'll be naebody f'r ane o's t' fend f'r; happen oop yonner thae'll be summat f'r 's t' dae," Rob said in a choked voice, and, turning, strode home, clearing the well kept line fence at one bound.

"Hae ye ne'er bin ower tae see hoo Douglas fared, faither?" asked Rob, that evening.

"Na," said Sandy, "I'll bin sorra f'r th' lad, aiblins I'll couldna let Marget Cameron think we's wantin' 'm."

"Faither! 'n ye'll let the lad, wha near did ye hairm, be crushed till th' life's gang frae 'm, f'r summat anither body'll said!"

"I'd no' hae dune 't f'r anither reason," Sandy said, rather shamefacedly; "it'll been haird on 's a', yer mither 'n me, 'n Jamie, aiblins ye'd no' ken 't 'd hurt Marget any till th' noo. Happen th' lassie was ower quick tae tak it oop, but what could a lassie dae?"

"Gin she'd lo'ed the lad, she'd no' 'a been sae quick," said Rob, rather bitterly for him.

"Na," Sandy said, "happen 'twas that she'd been wrangly accused, an' she'd no staun 't; but she's ony a wee lassie then; she'd tak mair time till think noo;—an' happen it's the Laird's wull."

"I'll noticed, faither, th'll be mony times when th' Laird get's blamed f'r doin's 'at anither, no' sae near Heevin, 's had th' biggest haun in," dryly remarked Rob.

Rob went over, after that, and tried to induce Douglas to return with him, but all to no purpose.

"I'll canna gae, Rob. Dinna think it'll be through ony haird feelings: I'll hae lang syne gotten over thae; aiblins I'll ne'er could gang t' th' door again."

Rob noticed a blue, pinched look, and something of—well, more dread than fear—as the memory of that terrible morning, when, hoping so much, all at once every door seemed closed against him.

"May I coom an' see you, then, Douglas?" asked Rob; "I'll no' blame you, gin ye'll no' care t see ane o's."

"Ay, coom, Rob," Douglas said, "'n bring yer faither, gin ye'll wull, ae time ye'll like; but I'll ne'er could gang ower the bit path again."

Rob could scarcely give Douglas up; he was Jean's brother, and it was his (Rob's) sister for whom —to Douglas—"the world was lost;" but he felt himself utterly helpless: what he couldn't do was, recall the past, and what he was able and willing to do was of no avail.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"November's sky is chill and drear,
November's leaf is red and sere;
Late gazing down the steepy linn,
That hems our little garden in."

—*Scott.*

ONE letter from Phemie had been received at Sandy's and one from them had gone to her. The voyage was safely and pleasantly made; she had only just landed, and had not much to tell of Scotland, for she had not yet seen much; the next letter would be like a tourist's guide book, so full would it be of sights seen and to see. Rob had gone back to the shanties; the McAlpins were yet in Montreal, all of course save Douglas, who was still alone, managing the farm, Pat. Copeland's wife making the butter for him and baking the bread. Before going away Rob had taken his mother over to see Douglas,—Sandy was over now three or four times a day,—and with very little said, friendly relations between them were soon established, and Rob went away feeling that he had done what he could.

And the people from the "Line" came over, now the last of the crop was in, partly to hear about "Taranta, an' th' doin's in Parleement," and partly through a neighborly desire to show their sympathy in the trouble that had fallen on Jamie's family.

"Th' auld chief's doon again," said Jamie Taylor, at one of these gatherings.

"Ay, he'll be a pretty mon yon," Peter McPherson said; "aiblins he'll no' be a saft chiel tae deal wi'."

"He wull no'," said Jamie McLaren; "I'll peety th' lads wha cam' oot wi' 'm."

"I'll no' min'," said Alex. McFarlane, "juist hoo he got 's laun."

"I'll no ken a' th' way o' 't mysel'," said Peter McPherson; "aiblins it'll begun this way: he'll got a toonship frae th' Guverment, whilk he could get nae money oot o', lest soom fule bodies 'd coom an' wrought on 't f'r him; weel he coom awa' oot wi' maybe thretty or mair families, whilk he took to be fule bodies 'til they got here, 'n whiles he'll foond oot he'll be th' fule body himsel', f'r they'd na stay wi' 'm."

"Did he no' want tae cairry on th' auld ways oop yon?" asked Jamie Taylor.

"He'll did that," replied Peter McPherson; "he'll wanted tithes o' everything, gin a hauf 'd no' dae 'm, he'd tak' a'; 'n he'd drive intil a mon's yaird wi' 's gillies, tak' th' last wisp o' straw frae th' rick, 'r happen th' ony coo in th' byre, an' awa' wi' 't; syne th' lads foond oot 'at they didna hae tae min' MacNab's, he ca'd himsel'; soom gaed awa' tae ither townships, an' soom juist defied 'm on th' laun th' Guverment gie 'm. He'll be doon noo at th' coort."

"He'll happen be nane sae guid a mon t' hae dealin's wi," said Jamie Taylor; "aiblins 't 'ill brichten oop th' toon tae hae th' tartan coom intil 't."

"It will that," Jamie McLaren said; "th' last time we'll saw 't, ony on a lane chiel 'r twa, 's at Quebec when th' auld Dorothy cam' in, an' thae lads were celebrating th' veectory at Waterloo; mon, thae lads stepped brawly."

"I'll whiles weary for yon chiels in th' kilts," said Alex. McFarlane; "aiblins a fairm 'n hoose o' 's ain 'll mak' oop f'r mair than men in petticoaties t' ae mon."

"Did ye iver see yon oop by 't Taranta, Douglas?" asked John Holliday.

"I did," answered Douglas; "afore th' wing o' yon Parleement was burned, th'll be oop twa times a week mairchin'; th' was wild times in th' rebellion an' thae lads was needed; I'll seen where they'll throwed Mackenzie's type intil th' river; they'll said he was a rebel, 'n 't hurted 'm sair; he'll said nae Scot was e'er a rebel."

"Ribel, is 't? shure ye're all ribels, ivery mother's son o' ye," said Michael Doyle, from the "Ninth;" "what's to hinder ye lettin' the Quane app'int the min she thinks most av to be mindin' things up beyant there, an' doin' it quiet and dacent like, an' lavin' thim in whin they're knowin' where things is; shure no business man wid anny since in his head 'll be after changin' his clerks ivery time the moon changes."

"Noo, Peter," said Alex. McFarlane, "hae I'll no' been telling ye 'at thae 's no sic sinfu' chiels 's th're makin' oot."

Alexander was often sat on by some of the other Settlers on the Line, therefore unexpected assistance from the Ninth was appreciated.

"Th'll be twa sides tae ilka question," Douglas said. "Malcolm Cameron gied me an inveetation t' gang oop tae th' Hoose 'n hear a' th' big men at thae deebates, an' ane side 'll tell as guid a story 's th' ither."

"'N th'll be no' so bad men tae meet," Jamie Taylor said. "I'll hae seen Jonas Jones yonner at Brockville mysel', 'n he's a saft-spoken lad eneuch; 'n gin ye'll think o't, 't 'll be no' so easy makin' laws f'r a new coontry."

"It'll no' be th' men a'thegither," Peter McPherson said; "an' no' that th' hasna been soom vera guid laws made; aiblins th's no' mair 'n twal' o' thae lads has th' hail o' the Ooper Proveence."

"It's th' pickin's ye're wantin', Payther," said Michael. "I'm thinkin', shud ye be thrampin' alang th' road, kickin' up th' dust wid yer toes, an' the Quane 'd come by, an' shtop, an' ax ye this: "Oi'm lookin' fer a broth av a boy till sit on the lid av the box av goold beyant at muddy Yorrk; Oi'm not nadin' anny great shakes, an' there's afther bein' a crack in the lid where—so 's he shuddent get lonesome—he cud pick out a few coppers, now an' agin —nobody'll meddle him, shure he cud shtay till he died and fell off'—ye'd be sayin', 'There's a foine bye down the road there, Payther McPherson's his name; ye moight thry him'."

"Weel dune, Mike," said Jamie McLaren, when the laugh had subsided; "ye'd mak a better Reform campaigner than Malcolm himsel'."

"Things 'll no' be settled in a meenute," Sandy McGregor said; "we'll want tae govern th' coontry oorsels. We'll cam awa' ower here because ae bit o' laun was ta'en oop in th' auld coontry; gin we'd stayed there a hunner years, we'll had nae mair 'n a leevin' frae haun till mou'. The laun here suld belang to nane 'less he cooms an' tills it. Th' coontry suld ony be governed by men wha hae a working interest in her ——"

"'Deed so," broke in Peter McPherson, "we'll micht juist as weel stayed i' th' auld laun, where we's acquaint—gin we'll hae tae tak things th' same way—'s tae coom awa ower the sea tae a wild woods, wi' bears wantin' to share yer pot o' suppon, wolves 'n wolverines dividin' oop wi' themsel's yer cattle in th' byre; minks, 'n weasels, 'n hawks, tae say naething o' foxes, haeing a Christmas a' th' year roun' on yer poultry; th' black flies 'n mosquitoes drawin' hauf th' bluid in yer body; an' whiles ye'll be shakin' wi' ague till ye'll near fa' intae bits."

"Yon's th' truth o't, Peter," Sandy McGregor said; "it's the mon wha haunels th' axe 'n th' pleugh, th' hammer 'n th' loom, wha kens mair things 'n killin' ither men 'r mixin' rum punches, 't 'll be needed tae mak Canada haud her ain wi' th' States ower yon. I'll no' care a stiver mysel' if the mon wha hauds th' strings ca's himsel' a Reformer or a Tory; gin so be we dinna like 'm, we'll can pit 'm oot."

"Ay, th'll hae tae be twa pairties, ane tae watch th' ither, an' what ane dinna ken th' ither wull; ane 'll be stirrin' th' ither oop in th' debates, an' we'll fin' oot a' th' guid there is 'n can pick oot th' th' best o't tae use."

"Whiles ye was speaking o' ague, Peter, it'll minded me o' th' time William Rutherford 'll had it," said Alex. McFarlane. "We'll nane o's kenned what iver could be the maitter wi'm. We was pittin oop the auld kirk; he was haudin' ane end o' a log; a' at aince he'll said, 'Lads, I'll feel queer like, I'll must git doon.' 'Tut, mon!' says ane, 'haud on till yer log till we'll get it oop.' 'I'll canna haud on,' says he; wi' that he fell a shakin', his face was whiter 'n the snaw 'n his lips drawn tight ower 's teeth. Losh! we'll thocht he's gane; we'll took him doon till th' blacksmith's shop—th' nearest place by—'n laid 'm on th' flure, an' ane tauld ane thing, anither tauld summat else: we'll gied 'm aething 'twas said, e'en tae gunpooder. Dr. Thom 'll get doon juist in time till stop 's frae gieing 'm maitches on top o't."

They all laughed at the recollection, William being still hearty; twenty years after, the humorous side could be appreciated.

"Ay, we's lucky in oor hoose thae times—Leeby 'd shake ane day, 'n me th' next. I'll seen

ilka ane in your hoose, Jamie McLaren, a' shaking at aince."

"We was that," Jamie said; "I'll seen 's when the's no' ane o's could haud a stick till pit 't on th' fire f'r shakin'; then the fever 'd begin, 'n ye'll no' could tell whilk 's th' waur."

CHAPTER XXV.

"Amang the bonnie winding banks,
Where Doon rins wimplin' clear,
Where Bruce aince ruled the martial ranks,
An' shook his Carrick spear."

—*Burns.*

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,—Mr. Wilson has just told me a mail will leave to-day, catching an outgoing ship, and I hasten to write you in time for it.

I have seen the Highlands, and now I do not wonder at a Highlander's love for them. Aunt Janet came down for me, driving her shaggy little Highland pony, a beastie that I must confess I did not think much of on first sight; his external was fierce, and I got the impression he must be fashioned alike all the way through, therefore his temper would be none of the mildest. I was really glad I had not uttered my thoughts aloud, for by the time we had travelled twenty out of the forty miles from Straitheldy to Dunblane, I found I had —to myself—much maligned the puir beastie. He travelled on and on with a steady, determined little trot that needed no urging, leaving us plenty of time to look about us. You will know all the places; we skirted Stirling, but I saw her towers, and the gate through which King James rode, fresh from the iron embrace of Roderick Dhu. I thought of Jean who, with nothing of her chieftain's looks, has much of his bold spirit; and of our poor Douglas, whom among us, mother, we treated badly; I see it more every day. We went over the Bridge of Allan, and round the Woods of Kier; Jean would say our maple bush surpassed the one, and the bridge to be built over the narrows at Oliver's Ferry

would be much finer than the other. Jean is a right loyal Canadian; but could she have been with us a day or two later, when we went through Doune, Callander, and on to Coilantogle Ford, where there are yet pine trees that might have been singing a requiem as Roderick Dhu lay stretched on the gorse, his life blood ebbing fast, she could not have helped being touched.

I send you a bit of pine, knowing you will treasure it for auld lang syne. We did not stop to see the castle at Doune; that is for another day, also the battlefields of Bannockburn and Sheriffmuir.

While I was at Aunt Janet's, Mr. Wilson was in Oban, and who do you think he met? You would never guess, so I must tell you—none other than Mr. Maxwell. Mr. Wilson said he seemed much pleased at meeting him, and asked permission to call, as he would be in the vicinity of Straitheldy when grouse shooting begins. Mrs. Wilson is pleased at the prospect of having someone with whom to talk about Perth; she says she has exhausted all Mr. Wilson and I know on the subject.

Donald will be waiting to take this to the post. With many loving remembrances, I am,

Your dutiful and affectionate daughter,

EUPHEMIA.

The wafer was hardly dry on the letter when Catty, the Highland maid, came to summon Phemie to the drawing-room. "Mrs. Wilson said would she please come down—a gentleman, whom she would remember, had called."

Phemie knew immediately who it was, and feeling this was quite a strong link between her and home, hastened to greet "th' man frae th' toun."

Philip, with the bronze worn off his face, and

an appearance of ennui that had never been visible during his calls at the "Ninth," rose to meet Phemie, and as she approached was almost surprised into an exclamation—a very graceful, gracious young lady was coming to shake hands with him. As he crossed the room to meet her, he noted—with the pleasure we feel at having a young relative turn out a credit to us—Phemie's graceful poise and self-possession. What a sweet, dainty maiden she was, and how genuine was the spirit in which she greeted him.

"Miss McGregor, you are as welcome to Scotland as sunshine at Scaur," said Philip, as he clasped the little brown hand.

"Forgetting that this is your native country, Mr. Maxwell, I was just going to assure you that *you* are welcome," returned Phemie, smiling.

"Having you meet me with a smile of welcome, Miss McGregor, gars me feel that I might return to Canada again and find my old friends glad to see me," said Philip.

"Oh! yes, indeed, Mr. Maxwell, father often speaks of you, and so do the other men on the Line; they all derived a great deal of pleasure, and I am sure much substantial benefit, from your sojourn among us; they often speak of the valuable hints you gave them as to their farms and stock."

"It is kind of you to say this, Miss McGregor; it makes a man feel that he is of some use in the world," returned Philip, a faint flush of pleasure creeping over his face, as might on that of a lassie.

"Are you still interested in mining operations, Mr. Maxwell?" asked Mr. Wilson.

Philip had gotten into a brown study for a second; when he caught the question, he smiled in rather an incomprehensible manner.

"Yes, to a certain extent; have some thought of returning to Canada on that account next year. I must ask you to pardon me—for a moment, my wits were wool-gathering. I was thinking how we were going to arrange about substantially conveying to this young lady from Canada an appreciation of her visit. For myself, I shall never forget the kind, hospitable reception I received in Canada, and would like to make the most of this opportunity to evince it."

"I would not object to being relieved of the task of acting as guide to all the places of interest, Maxwell," said Mr. Wilson. "Mrs. Wilson has been away so long, she is as bad as Phemie, and they are both voracious relic hunters."

"Mr. Wilson's years are telling on him," said Mrs. Wilson, in playful maliciousness; "but the first day there is prospect of a measure of sunshine we are going to make a pilgrimage to Kilchurn Castle, and if we could prevail on you to accompany us, it would afford to Mr. Wilson great relief of mind from now to the first pleasant day, and great relief of body during the day in question."

"I feel very much flattered at being invited to act as Mr. Wilson's proxy," replied Philip; "suppose I begin now, and make some suggestions—may I?"

"Certainly, Mr. Maxwell," said Mrs. Wilson; "it really is refreshing to find one taking an interest, and showing they are a bit pleased. Mr. Wilson only says 'Umphm! umph!' to everything I say—don't you, James?" appealing to him to condemn himself.

"Umphm!" replied Mr. Wilson, at which they all laughed.

"Now," said Philip, when the mirth had sub-

sided, "how are you going to get over there? It's a longish drive."

"We are going in the pony-chaise," replied Mrs. Wilson; "it is our one and only vehicle, and we will expect you to escort us as a mounted groom."

Philip smiled. "I think I can offer a suggestion here. A pony chaise is well enough for short distances, and the trip over could be made in it without discomfort; but returning you would want something more luxurious than the chaise, and swifter than the ponies, else the weariness incurred would rob your day of its pleasure. My friend over at the shooting-box, who has kindly put me up for a few days, has a big affair with some high-backed seats, and any amount of room in which to store away hampers; he will also give me a team that, should we be caught in a storm, will bring us home faster than the ponies would."

"And you will drive!" said Mrs. Wilson, delightedly; "it makes Mr. Wilson almost cross to ask him to drive; and always, coming home, both the children are so sleepy, it gives me all I can do to take care of them."

"Then it is settled," Philip said, "and I think we would better go to-morrow."

"I'll have to object to the date, my lad," said Mr. Wilson; "my good offices are already secured for that date: two of my young people are about to embark on that perilous voyage called matrimony."

"Could you go the next day, Mr. Maxwell?" asked Mrs. Wilson.

"At any time, Mrs. Wilson, when it suits yourself and Mr. Wilson best," replied Philip.

"Wednesday, then," said Mrs. Wilson, "and I so much hope we will have a fine day. I do not want Phemie to think Scotland's sky is always in tears."

Very shortly after Philip took leave. They all went to the door, which opened on a pretty garden, whose sweet rose-scent was filling the room in which they sat. There stood Cæsar, just outside the little rustic gate; the children raced back to Catty for lumps of sugar to feed him; they both remembered him quite well. Phemie, too, went down and stroked his glossy arched neck.

"Do you ride, Miss McGregor? I do not remember having seen you on horseback," asked Philip.

"Oh, yes!" answered Phemie, "that is, I used to when Rob was at home." Phemie did not add that it was Douglas who always rode with her, Rob and Jean being either in front or behind.

"I dare say McKay will have a passable mount for a lady," Philip is saying to himself; aloud he said, "Bespeak a fair day for Wednesday, Mr. Wilson."

CHAPTER XXVI.

"Time rolls his ceaseless course. The race of yore,
Who danced our infancy upon their knee,
And told our wondering boyhood legends store
Of their strange ventures happ'd by land and sea;
How are they blotted from the things that be!"

—*Scott.*

MR. WILSON certainly seemed to have some influence with the clerk of the weather, for there was not a speck in the sky when Philip drove up. The carryall was a big, awkward looking affair, but a peep inside showed many possibilities of comfort; then the top could be folded back, and let down until it did not offer the least obstruction to the vision, while spread out and with curtains closed, it afforded a most complete shelter against a storm. Mrs. Wilson stared as a groom dismounted from a big black horse and respectfully stepped to the horses' heads, when Philip clambered down from his high seat to help arrange the sittings in the carriage.

"You made a point of a groom, Mrs. Wilson," said Philip, "and as I changed my office to that of coachman, I brought along a substitute."

Mr. Wilson preferred a seat inside to one on the box beside Philip, in fact the soft cushions seemed to have attractions for everyone.

Philip turned to Phemie: "Would you mind a seat on the box, Miss McGregor? You would be a few inches nearer the sky, and your counsel might keep me out of some awkward situations with the horses."

"I think I would like riding up there very much; it would be my first experience in such an exalted position."

They drove over slowly, and Philip pointed out all the interesting spots.

"I suppose Mrs. Wilson has told you the history of the building of Kilchurn Castle, Miss McGregor?" he said.

"Only that it was built by a noble lady, whose husband was fighting the Saracens in one of the Crusades. She said it were better to reserve the traditions until there, and under the glamour of its beauty, as I would then more readily believe them."

"She is right," said Philip, "and I will not spoil the effect by any untimely narrative, but the ground over which we are driving is historic enough to form a basis for many a winter night's tale. Just across where my whip is pointing, a monastery stood, one of the first built in Scotland; the monks waxed fat and lazy; the soil is fertile, and they owned the land for miles around; cattle, sheep and goats grazed here, hundreds of them; fields of grain yellowed under the summer sun, and the same agent reddened the plums and purpled the grapes over many acres of ground; bees flitted to and fro, filling with honey hives innumerable." Phemie was so quiet, Philip stopped a minute; "am I tiring you, Miss McGregor?"

"Oh, no," Phemie said, "do go on, please; what happened? There is nothing of the building, unless those irregular piles of stones had something to do with it."

"Individually they had," said Philip, "but not as piled now. This is what happened: Up in the hills where lived your ancestors, Miss McGregor, and mine, for I am half Highland, there was famine. Your father would tell you there was not much to be gotten by tilling the soil, principally because there is not much soil to till; and this time a total

failure of what crop they had planted, and a severe winter, had left them gaunt and maddened. First they tried to buy from the monks, but the prices asked were what the people from the hill country could not pay, and they were starving, while the monks were growing fatter and jollier day by day. One night strange noises smote their ears; they looked out, hordes of men from the hills were swarming around their granaries and storehouses; a breach had been made in their walls, they themselves were driven out and told to find shelter where they could; beeves and sheep were killed and roasted; casks of ale and wine broached; cakes of the fine flour baked. For two or three days they stayed and feasted; then they carried everything outside the walls, set fire to the buildings, and, driving sheep and cattle before them, carrying everything good for food, they marched back to the Highlands."

"It does not sound so bad when you tell it," Phemie said; "but from occasional words dropped by the people in Perth and on the 'Ninth,' the prevailing impression seems to be that Highlanders were always lawless."

"Not any more so, Miss McGregor, than was everyone else of that date, or for that matter than is the majority at this date. All war is the infraction of the Divine law, and yet we of a Christian country will declare war against a neighboring people, and, further, have our arms blessed, and our cause prayed for by our bishops and clergy. We claim now that might guards right, but for my own part I think the old version, 'might makes right,' the truest, that is, might makes laws for itself and everyone else to follow; while any law, no matter how vicious, is in operation, it is right, and any in-

fringement of it lawless. Government, speaking in the abstract, was not then concentrated as we now have it; there were more rulers, each absolute, each paternal to the extent that they were morally responsible for the well being of their subjects, but—"

He stopped and looked down at the quiet little figure at his side; Jean would not have allowed him to say half as much, indeed he had talked to Jean for the sake of hearing her replies; here he was spoiling this little lady's day with a lot of stuff that would only do to talk to empty benches.

"Miss McGregor, pardon me," he said, contritely. "I am forgetting this is a holiday, and not a debate on Home Rule. I will not say another word for two minutes. In the meantime, tell me how is everyone on the Line?"

"I am enjoying your way of entertaining me very much, Mr. Maxwell," replied Phemie, in a tone that showed it was not through mere politeness she spoke.

Philip only replied, "It is very good of you to say so," but he was more pleased with Phemie's appreciation than he admitted even to himself.

On the whole, the drive over was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone. Mr. Wilson was glad to be relieved of any responsibility, and this carriage was certainly more comfortable than the pony-chaise. The day was all the most difficult pic-nicker could have desired. The ruins were explored; to break any possible monotony, the children had to be rescued by Mr. Maxwell from several "extremely" perilous situations; its traditions were told Phemie in the "highest, the lowest, and the loneliest" spots. The secret chamber was there, and the tower in which the refractory daughter was locked because she had bestowed her affections on the son

of a rival house; also the staircase—what remained of it, which was but little—down which she slipped to be carried "ower th' borders and awa," to return many years after with her son, who was heir to both houses, for she was an only child.

Once more in the carriage, with their horses' heads turned toward home, there was many a sigh from the little party for a pleasant day gone into the annals of the past. Philip, however, was looking grave, for other and less sentimental reasons; an hour past clouds began to gather; he was too well acquainted with weather signs in this locality to be quite at ease about the homeward trip. Hints thrown out by himself, and respectfully tendered by the groom, were not heeded. As Mr. Wilson had said, Mrs. Wilson and Phemie were enthusiastic *dilletante* antiquarians; they saw everything but the weather.

At last, however, just as they were settling into their places, Mrs. Wilson remarked,—

"It is very well we came to-day: see that black cloud over there! We will have a rainy day to-morrow."

"I do not wish to alarm you, Mrs. Wilson, but I am afraid you will have to prepare for a touch of that cloud before we get home," said Philip; "when we reach the Glen, I will have Briggs put up the top."

And this was done none too soon.

"You would better go inside, Miss McGregor," Philip said, and both Mrs. and Mr. Wilson also insisted on this; but Phemie protested, she was not afraid of either lightning or rain, and wanted to watch the shower from the outside. A hood projected over the coachman's box, having side-curtains, and Philip wrapped a plaid, that had been stowed

away somewhere inside, around Phemie, and she stayed on the box, watching the storm and his masterly handling of the spirited pair.

There was little chance for conversation. The horses were rearing and plunging; as the bright flashes shot across the road in front of them, and branches twisted from trees hit them smart raps. Still as a mouse, Phemie sat through it all. When home was finally reached, and Philip had lifted her to the ground, there was not much time for leave-taking—the storm was still raging; but Philip took time to say:

"Nature's fireworks have no terrors for you, Miss McGregor; you are a true Highlander."

The truth is, Phemie *was* afraid; but, thinking it would be ungrateful of them to all creep inside and leave Philip to weather the storm alone, she curbed her fears and remained at her post. And we might infer from the above that her presence had cheered the way.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"The powers aboon will tent thee,
Misfortune shanna steer thee;
Thou'rt themselves sae lovely,
That ill they'll not let near thee."
—*Burns.*

FOR many weeks in Strathleldy a coming event of more than usual importance had occupied all the spare time, and some that was not spare, of the younger members of the county set. Lord Kinburn reached his majority on an August day; it was half a century since the last "coming of age," making all who participated in the festivities of that date now staid middle aged and elderly men and matrons. Over and over again the story was being told of the wonderful doings on the "auld Laird's day," while conjecture was rife as to what character the celebration would take this time. There would be a ball, *that* of course; marquees on the lawn, where refreshments would be dispensed all day long, and games—also of course; but, what else? Dandy Dinmont might have these, on a less magnificent scale, but still a ball, marquees and games: and *this* was Lord Kinburn. The officers of Lord Kinburn's regiment would be there; this was something Dandy could not have, but for Lord Kinburn it was only another of course. Finally—because the elephant could not be steered through the village without being seen—the day before the "great day," the whole gorgeous truth leaked out, "it" was to be a circus, a real, live circus. Their wildest flights had not carried them half so far; they might have thought of a Punch and Judy, or even a dancing bear, but this!—why, it was like the stories in the Arabian Nights. The younger mem-

bers of the community slept with one eye open that night, lest his elephantship should take French leave, trusting thereby to catch him at it. They were much relieved when just at daybreak a faint, half-hearted "trumpet" assured them that he was still there.

Philip was at the manse the day before and announced himself one of the bidden guests.

"My father and the old lord were very warm friends," he said; "I am glad to be here when the young lord makes his bow to the world."

Phemie was feeling a slight flutter of excitement; like the lads and lassies and the circus, this ball far exceeded her wildest expectations of pleasures this visit to Scotland might have in store for her. And she was not—like Flora McFlimsey—troubled about something to wear; had she not the lovely gown Rob had thoughtfully sent her? Mrs. Wilson was revelling in the prospect of chaperoning this gown. In the daytime she wore her favorite shade of brown, and looked quietly pretty.

Philip attached himself to the party from the Manse immediately he caught sight of them. Phemie had already met Lord Kinburn, whom she spoke of to Philip as a very "fresh, pleasant young gentleman;" her awe of lords was wearing off in this country where they grow.

"Did the Duke of Kilmarnock pay Perth the promised visit, Miss McGregor?" Philip asked.

"Oh! no, Mr. Maxwell; he slighted us, after leading us to expect him, too," answered Phemie.

"This was certainly very reprehensible in a peer of the realm," said Philip, solemnly, "but we must not be too severe in our judgments; you know even peers are sometimes disappointed themselves."

"Yes, I doubt not there will be many things money and influence cannot obtain," Phemie said.

"That is very true, Miss McGregor. I have seen the Duke since returning, and can speak authoritatively when I say, what he wanted most of anything on earth was denied him."

"I am very sorry for him," Phemie said, feeling that health was what he was deprived of, as surely there couldn't, after all—though she had just said "many things"—be anything else out of reach of the wearer of a coronet. "Someway, because we talked of him so much, he almost seems like an old friend—or," correcting herself, "at least, that we feel an especial interest in all that concerns him."

"I think he would be pleased to hear your first expression, Miss McGregor. Friends are not so plentiful in this world but that a man would deeply appreciate finding a village full of them," Philip said, earnestly.

He took them to see the circus, and, as at the castle, the children made numerous diversions by way of thrusting themselves into places never intended for children. Mrs. Wilson, good soul, enjoyed herself so much that, without realizing it, she left the care of them to Phemie—or, rather, she left them without care, trusting to someone else looking after them, as they always had in Perth—and Phemie assumed the responsibility, while Philip, seeing Phemie thus handicapped, took upon himself to share this.

The duties, however, did not prove so onerous but that both Phemie and Philip extracted no little entertainment for themselves, while the children were loud in their commendations of the jolly times Miss McGregor and Mr. Maxwell had helped them have.

They went home at five o'clock, to rest before the ball—which, for Phemie's sake, we are glad to say, the children did not attend.

"It has been a perfect day, Kinburn," Philip said, shortly after the Manse party had gone. "If it be a sample day, you are truly to be congratulated; you have made many people very happy."

Lord Kinburn looked at him searchingly a moment, then said audaciously:

"I never realized before how entertaining juvenile society can be."

Philip did not catch the full drift of this, which was, perhaps, as well, as untimely observations are often provocative of mischief.

When the Manse party arrived at night, Philip looked for Phemie, and missed her, but saw instead a radiant maiden in a dainty gown that was like the first pale rose-and-pearl tints of sunrise. Crossing to inquire of Mrs. Wilson why Miss McGregor had not come, he found her he sought. A trifle pale she was, from the day's cares and pleasures, but with a smile for her co-laborer of the afternoon.

"Is it too much to ask for the first dance, Miss McGregor?" he said. "Then I would like to bring you, if I may, some of those young sons of Mars, who are now looking daggers at me."

There was no occasion for Phemie consulting her tablets—she had only just came in; but Philip took them and wrote opposite two others beside the first dance, then returned them. "I am as much a stranger here as yourself, Miss McGregor, therefore I shall expect a fellow feeling will make you especially kind. Do not let those youngsters monopolize you."

"I am not at all sure that they have any such intention, Mr. Maxwell; in fact, four or five dances are quite as many as I expect."

Philip looked and was pleased at this self-unconsciousness. She did not in the least realize

that she was the cynosure of all eyes; even Lord Kinburn was scowling good-naturedly at him, while the ladies were looking at her gown, then each at the other's, and mentally drawing comparisons. Elspeth's object-lesson was proving instructive.

"She is a Canadian, but a daughter of Elspeth Douglas, of Lanarkshire," the Honorable Claudia Herries is saying,—the Honorable Claudia knows everyone.

"But McGregor?" said old Lady Menteith; "I knew a Col. McGregor when I was a lassie, a very proper man, my dears; he was all through the war with the colonies——"

"This is his granddaughter," broke in Claudia Herries, impatient of reminiscences.

"Then I must ask Mr. Wilson to introduce her," said Lady Menteith; "Col. McGregor and my brother were in the same regiment, and very warm friends—and that nice Mr. Maxwell, who is dancing with her?—I seem to be very well acquainted with him, yet I cannot tell where I may have seen him before."

"I have been trying very hard to place him myself, and cannot. His face seems as familiar as one I would meet every day, yet I cannot say I have ever met him; in fact, I am sure I have not," Claudia said.

Lord Kinburn came up as Philip led Phemie to a seat. He, too, claimed three dances, because—"It is my birthday, you know, Miss McGregor, and I will never be twenty-one again as long as I live."

After one dance he led her away to look at his conservatories. He was a daring youngster, and I fancy would have liked could he have kept her past one of Philip's dances; but Philip had watched the conservatory from the time they entered it,

and the minute he could, with propriety, he went to establish his claim to the next dance.

Lord Kinburn was down for one after this, so was Jack Herries and Willie Rintoul. Philip felt that the length of his acquaintance warranted him in assuming a sort of elder brother position, and elder brothers are never willing that their sisters should overtax their strength in a ball room or on a tennis court, therefore we presume that brother Philip was not unlike other brothers, for a pucker was visible on his brow when—as brothers will—he glanced over Phemie's tablets as they stood in a pause between figures.

"Are you enjoying all this, Miss McGregor?" he asked.

"Very much," replied Phemie, beaming; "it is a delightful party, and every one is so kind."

"They could not help being kind," said Philip, looking down on her with a brother's satisfaction; "is Scotland better than Canada?"

"I would not like to say that," replied Phemie, "and yet I am not sure but, if they were all here, I would prefer it. I am afraid I would not have made as good a pioneer as mither did." Phemie had laid aside all of her Scotch speech but this: she still said "faither" and "mither" in the auld tongue.

Philip scarcely knew why he asked her this question, or why he was pleased with her reply. Later, after she had danced again with Lord Kinburn and Jack Herries and Willie Rintoul, a brother's solicitude was not misplaced; she was beginning to show that even pleasure, when taken in allopathic doses, is apt to have a depressing effect, visible both physically and mentally.

Philip looked closely at Phemie as she rose when he came for his dance.

"You are too tired to dance any more," he said; "there is a cosy corner under those palms; would you rather sit over there while I regale you with some gossip about our neighbors, and wait for the next dance?"

"Very much rather, Mr. Maxwell, thank you. I will not dance any more," she said; "I am beginning to feel a little fatigued, and I must confess to being curious as to the names and histories of all those people."

Mr. Wilson came to say that Mrs. Wilson thought of going home while Philip was relating a very interesting legend of Kinburn Castle. He was sorry for the interruption, Phemie was quite interested; but there was no help for it, all he could do was escort her to the chaise. However, it was a bit of satisfaction to come back and find the other fellows looking disappointed.

When he returned Lady Menteith sent for him, and he was closely questioned as to Canada in general and Perth in particular.

"There must be something by ordinar there to produce sic lassies," she said; "blood will tell, I know, but there are her cousins, the Fairbairns, weel eneuch lassies, but not to be compared with her."

"It is the influence of the new surroundings on the old blood," answered Philip; "roaming in the shadows of the primeval forest, clambering over the outcropping Laurentian rocks, sailing in a skiff on the broad, blue St. Lawrence, lifts one above the commonplace." He looked around the room; "Scotland's lassies are no' to be despised," he said, smilingly dropping into his native tongue, "and Scotland's lassies raised in the new land, where they are not cramped by modelling after worn-out

traditions, but develop in natural lines all that made Scotland's womanhood a boast centuries ago —well, earth produces nothing fairer."

"You are a true Scot, yourself, Mr. Maxwell. I seem to know you very well, and yet I cannot bring to mind any occasion when I might have seen you before," Lady Menteith said.

"You have not seen me before, Lady Mentieth," replied Philip, "it is a fancied resemblance that deceives you; since my Oxford days I have spent most of my time in America, between the United States and our own Colony."

She would like to have questioned him further, but Lord Kinburn just then came to speak to him, and she had no further opportunity.

On inquiry, he found a pretty brown mare in McKay's stables; then he rode over to ask if Phemie would ride the next excursion they made, he promising to provide a coachman for the rest of the party. These people who had been in Canada were forming a clique by themselves; a little less conventional they were, and they seemed to gather honey all the day from many opening flowers.

Philip and Mr. Wilson's family had been very good friends in Perth, and he had known Phemie so well at her home, where he was always well received by her father and mother, that at first there did not seem to be anything to be commented on when he was constituted a sort of official escort-in-chief for the Manse party, Mr. Wilson included. Mr. Wilson was much disinclined to extended physical exertion, or such mental exertion as is required in organizing and carrying through sight-seeing expeditions. Philip planned and successfully carried through many excursions into the surrounding country. Sometimes Lord Kinburn

and Claudia and Jack Herries accompanied them, "those who knew" expected to next year address the Honorable Claudia as Lady Kinburn, though neither of the above-mentioned principals had any such step in contemplation.

In fact, the escort-in-chief was very often nettled at the persistency with which Lord Kinburn, before-mentioned, upset his arrangements, and left him (the escort-in-chief) to see that the Honorable Claudia was entertained; it was really quite insufferable the way that youth behaved.

And the time of Phemie's visit with Mrs. Wilson was drawing to a close; Christmas was to be spent with her Aunt Janet, who was a Douglas; in January she would go to Edinburgh, where lived Robert McGregor, her father's brother, a well-to-do canny Scot; in April she would sail for Canada.

At none of these places was Philip acquainted. His mind was running on this a good deal of late, how would it be with him when Phemie had gone? The more he thought of it the less cheerful the prospect looked, until presently it came to look gloomy. Since coming from Canada he had wandered to and fro, finding little worth living for, and had been making up his mind to another extended tour of America. But the late summer and autumn of this year had brought a pleasure in living, and this, too, would soon be removed.

One day this had been very strongly impressed on him, and, too, Lord Kinburn had been particularly aggravating; it was very strange this whim of his to break up the plans Philip had lain awake to evolve.

That night Philip paced the floor until the wee sma' hours, and the next morning he went down to the Manse, and was closeted an hour with Mr.

Wilson in an interview from which even the children were excluded.

When Mr. Wilson came out he looked as though he had seen a vision. Coming into the pleasant morning-room, where the ladies were sitting, he announced that Mr. Maxwell had come to make his adieux, as he was going up to London for an indefinite period. Everybody was sorry. Phemie was a trifle pale when her turn came to wish him bon voyage, which she did very quietly and very earnestly. As for the unusual pallor, I am afraid he was wicked enough to secretly rejoice at that; association with Lord Kinburn and Jack Herries was evidently souring his once very amiable disposition.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Preserve the dignity of man
With soul erect,
And trust the universal plan
Will all protect."
—*Burns.*

IN January, 1844, Sandy McGregor received the following letter:—

DEAR SIR,—I address you with some diffidence, notwithstanding a pleasant recollection of a very kind and hospitable reception tendered me when in Canada two years ago, for I feel it is one thing to extend the hospitality which may be tendered any guest and another to grant the boon for which I am about to pray.

I love your daughter, Sir, and crave your permission to address her. Personally you are not unacquainted with me, and I dare to hope that what you know is in my favour. Mr. Wilson will write you that from inquiries he has made he can state that I am able to comfortably provide for a wife, and that I come of a race whose wives and daughters are cherished, and guarded from the cauld blasts.

I have as yet addressed no word of affection to your daughter, feeling that away from home as she is, it would be taking an unfair advantage and having—as I have just acknowledged—been hospitably treated by you, I do as I would wish to done by, and anxiously wait your reply.

I am, Sir,
Your very humble servant,
PHILIP MAXWELL."

Also this:—

"DEAR SIR,—I was waited on this morning by Mr. Philip Maxwell, whom you will remember having been in Perth two years ago. He has been stopping in the neighborhood, and Mrs. Wilson and myself have made him welcome at the Manse. In many ways he has assisted in our efforts to make Phemie's visit pleasant, in fact Mrs. Wilson and myself are indebted to him for valuable aid to this end.

This morning he astonished me much by preferring a request that I would write you, favoring an affirmative reply to his own letter to you. Knowing what I do of Mr. Maxwell I could not—nor would I wish to—refuse his request. Personally I have found him here all that you knew of him while in Perth. As to his means and social standing, he has demonstrated to me that they are all the most exacting parents could ask.

What Phemie will think of it, of course I do not know; the secrets of a maiden's heart are well guarded, nor would we wish to pry. Lord Kinburn has also been calling here, and the Honorable Jack Herries, who will be Lord Jedburg. If ever again I undertake the guardianship of a Canadian young lady I shall build the same kind of a wall round the Manse Mr. Radenhurst built round his grounds, and engage an Argus to watch the gate.

Now, my dear Sir, having unburdened myself, I will hope to hear from you by return ship, as I shall rest on nettles until I do. I do not urge the acceptance of Mr. Maxwell's proposal; I have done all I can conscientiously, and that is to tell you from every inquiry I have made I cannot find the slightest thing to object to.

Mrs. Wilson and bairns send love to Mrs. McGregor,

And I remain, etc.,

"Weel, Elspeth, what'll ye think o' 't?" asked Sandy, when both letters had been read.

"I'll aye kenned Phemie wad no' mak' 's ashamed," said Elspeth, which is really the highest form of praise a Highlander ever gives anything belonging to themselves.

"We'll hae t' say aye or nay till yon Maxwell lad b' th' nex' mail ganging oot; what'll it be?" asked Sandy.

"What'll ye think, Sandy?" questioned Elspeth.

"Nay, lass, I'll left 't t' yersel'; th' mither suld ken best what's f'r a lassie's guid," Sandy said; "there's th' twa lairds, what 'll ye think o' thae?"

"You'll say th' first say, Sandy, gin I'll no' agree wi' ye, I'll quick tell ye," said Elspeth.

"Weel, I'll say 't whilk ever ane th' lassie hersel' 'll say aye to 'll please me. Mr. Wilson 'll no' say what like lads yon Herries and Laird Kinburn 'll be, aiblins we'll no' hae t' hae dealin's wi' thae 'till th'll ask. I'll wad say 't th' Maxwell lad, wha we'll ken, 's a douce, decent, sober chiel, gin th' lassie says aye, we'll no' object."

"It's what I'll thocht o', Sandy," said Elspeth; "a lassie 'll hae na coomfort oot o' a leddyship gin her hairt 's deid, 'n Philip Maxwell 's a braw lad,

gin th' lassie 'll hae a fancy f'r 'm, aiblins I'll thocht 'twas Jean he'll wanted."

"It'll be haird t' tell; th' be canny fowk thae lads whiles th're coortin'; th'll be near 's haird t' guess at as th' lassies themsels, an' ye'll ken, gude-wife, a mon 'll no' ever ken whaur till fin' your kin'."

To hide a smile at this, Elspeth arose, got the pen, ink and paper, and a letter was written the receipt of which gladdened Philp Maxwell.

Then a letter inclosing Philip's was despatched to Rob; this I am sorry to relate did not reach him, the *courier-de-bois*, who had the mail in charge, drank too much "whiskey blanc," and when lighting his pipe let a match fall on the canvas mail sack with fatal results. And this was just as well, for it was something Rob would not have understood, and in eighteen hundred and forty-four it was more difficult than now—in the dawn of the twentieth century—to ask a man what he meant, across a thousand miles of ocean. So Rob went from the shanty to Boston with nothing more disturbing on his mind than what we already know, to be sure this is enough.

But Rob was under his own tuition, and he was an excellent schoolmaster. This compulsory renunciation was doing him good; he was throwing all his energies into the busiest sort of an outside life, he was seeing and hearing everything within sight and hearing. He had schemes for extending and developing many industrial branches, had interests in mills manufacturing wooden articles of different sorts, from doors and shutters to toothpicks; and had talked with John Roach of a shipyard at Quebec.

Small business tricks found no place in his plans, men who had been years in the business

world and who considered everything that succeeded (that is, that lined their pockets) right, quailed before a few words from McGregor, who, though little more than a boy in years, had a curt way of expressing himself when a questionable transaction was broached, that caused the proposer to shrink into such insignificance, that those listening—perhaps having started out to endorse the scheme—dropped it very quickly, at least so far as McGregor was concerned.

By questionable transactions we do not mean robbing hen roosts or issuing counterfeit coin; uttering a counterfeit sixpence and stealing chickens are mild forms of crime compared with some of the schemes floated in the forties, as centuries ago, and as now. We of Upper Canada, in the instance of the Bank of Upper Canada, had a taste of what Canadians are capable of formulating and executing in this line, and of how far they will go without any sort of punishment being meted out to them.

It was this sort of thing that Rob McGregor discountenanced. His name could not be dragged through the mire of a business transaction, the blocking out of which had a Mephistophilean aroma. Very soon the class of men around whom there is an all-pervading odor of brimstone went elsewhere with their conspiracies, while many who had been dupes or careless about their names and associates, dropped objectionable associates—even though they *were* "good fellows"—and began to demand that the spirit of the law should be obeyed. As a little leaven will in time leaven the whole lump, so the influence of one righteous man will in time purify a wide business circle.

Rob's word was as good as his bond; he was of the lineage of the "Bleeding Heart," and as Lord

James Douglas carried over land and over flood, and into the thick of battle, the heart of his dead King, because he had so promised, so personal considerations weighed nothing with Rob in a scale where a promise was in the balance.

In Boston he was urged to become an American citizen, and many very flattering and alluring prospects were held out. In a country where the Chief Magistracy is in the gift of the people, a man has many chances to distinguish himself, and there were certainly inducements that demanded consideration.

And Rob did consider the case on its merits; for himself he might do well to go, for Canada it was possible for him to do well by staying. Suppose half of her lads deserted her, where in one hundred years would she be, this mother of stalwart sons? Sitting in the ashes of hopes that had had no fruition. She, the mother, had given of her best; she had nurtured them, from her they had drawn sustenance. Should they act the part of ingrate and carry away to an alien land this the mother had given them—sturdy robust manhood?—leaving the mother to fill the old home with adopted children, who by-and-bye might do what they would with her.

Others might, but no' oor Rob, he said to those who talked to him.

"Th'll be wark eneuch 't hame, an' th'll be places in Canada f'r a mon gin he'll hae ability, aiblins we'll be gude friens. I like your country, an' I like your people, tho'—exceptin' th' trips I'll mak doon till see hoo a' things 'll gang—I'll bide at hame."

And this decision in no wise decreased their respect for Robert McGregor.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"Nor less," he said, "when looking forth,
I view yon Empress of the North
Sit on her hilly throne."
—*Scott.*

AS Margaret began to mend, Dr. Powell insisted more and more on Jean and Jamie getting out in turn; they had had a long, weary, anxious vigil, and it had told on them. Mrs. Powell had called when they first came, and now that it was possible for Jean to be spared an hour or two a day she often came for her to accompany them on drives. Then she brought other ladies to call until Jean was in danger of having social duties consume what strength she had left from attendance at her mother's bedside. But Jean was young and had a good constitution, so she not only survived these added cares, but recovered her natural color.

After Christmas Lieut. Meldrum wanted his house again, and Margaret was so far recovered that Dr. Powell consented to her being removed to Bytown (now Ottawa). That this was welcome news only those who have been exiles can fully appreciate; they knew so many there, it was next best to being at home. Dr. Powell had to make a couple of trips during the winter to Bytown was the reason he wished them to stop there, he wanted Margaret under his care until April; if there were no drawbacks at that time, he would pronounce her cured, at least past danger of a recurrence of the malignant growth. But it would be months before she would be able to walk, and then never without a cane; she was never to be allowed to forget that, because she sent her laddie away, she had to mind the byre herself, and what came of it.

We just said Bytown is now Ottawa. In the strictest sense this is not correct. Bytown entered on a bright promising existence in 1826, and in 1860 it was not, for Parliament took it; then Ottawa came to reign in its room and stead.

As wars that had been were responsible for Perth, so wars that might be were responsible for Bytown. The Home Government wanted an interior water route between the East and West. A canal following the line of the King's road—which paralleled the St. Lawrence, most of its length being within sight of the river—was first spoken of, but this route seeming to not offer the security desired, Mr. Philemon Wright who, official correspondence in 1817 states, "farmed largely at the mouth of the Rideau" (on the north shore of the Ottawa) suggested connecting the Ottawa river with Lake Ontario by means of a canal, or series of canals joining together and making continuous navigation through Rideau River, Rideau lakes, (big and little), Cranberry Lake, Mud Lake, etc., ending at Kingston. This proposition was approved, and a corps of Royal Engineers sent out to survey the route. Col. By, a gentleman of the old school,—in parenthesis we would remark pity 'tis that some of our modern fads in so-called "education" have replaced the carefully inculcated lessons of a century ago, which taught boys first of all there are "things no man should do." But we were speaking of Col. By. On the bluff now called Major's Hill (after Major Boulton, who later lived there) he built a pretty cottage, only a few hundred yards from where the canal was begun. There he lived during the years in which the canal was in process of construction. When the work was completed he returned to England and died there about 1840, before the little

burg in which he had taken such a lively interest was removed, to give place to a larger congregation of houses and people, a city that would in the coming years take on itself the airs and graces suitable to the capital of a nation.

From 1824 to 1840, Bytown, with the County of Carleton, which then—with the exception of the townships of North Elmsley, North Burgess, and North Crosby, then in Leeds, and Montague, Marlborough, North Gower and Nepean, then in Grenville—included the townships now in Lanark (Carleton having been the first named of the second tier of counties in Upper Canada) was in the Bathurst District, of which Perth was the seat of government. This district was comprised of what is now Lanark, Renfrew and Carleton. Prior to 1824 these counties were with Leeds and Grenville, in the Johnstown District, with official headquarters at or near Prescott, a suburb of which, Johnstown, was the first seat of civil government in Ontario.

To Perth, therefore, came all the legal lights of By-town: J. B. Lewis, Alex. Gibb, J. B. Monk and Robt. Harvey. Other business of various kinds requiring to be transacted at the county seat, brought many other men to Perth, and because they went their wives and daughters went, thus a warm neighborly feeling existed between the two young towns. Our exiles had this in mind,—four years had passed since Bytown had been made the judicial seat for the Dalhousie District, and there had been no occasion for quarterly journeyings to Perth to court, but the old friendliness was kept fresh,—and they felt the remainder of their enforced absence would be shortened by visits with friends of early days, and so it was.

Dr. Powell had written Dr. Christie, commend-

ing Margaret to his care, leaving Jean and Jamie easy on that score. They did not try to keep house here; Jamie found a quiet boarding place, thus relieving their minds of this care. Margaret was well enough to "receive" all day if necessary, therefore "what would ail them to enjoy themselves?"

There were some very pleasant evening gatherings in the little parlor assigned to their use. One evening they were talking of the building of the canal.

"It is a stupendous piece of work," said Robert Lees. Mr. Lees was from Perth, and Mrs. Lees was a daughter of Sheriff Dickson. "We of this generation who have seen the work done will not appreciate it as will those who come after us."

"There is no doubt of that," said Dr. Christie; "familiarity is apt to breed contempt even with the building of stone walls, but one thing they will not appreciate as we do, the cost of human life and strength at which the work was accomplished."

"That is very true," Mr. Lees said; "of course there is bound to be a higher rate of mortality in a new country, but there were times during the building of the canal when it was carnage and plague combined, for they who escaped accident died with fever, and those who were not smitten with fever were killed by accidents."

"I remember an occasion up at Cranberry Lake when Col. By nearly lost his life," remarked Dr. Christie; "he was paddling close in and some men in another canoe stepped out on what they supposed was solid surface; in an instant they went down into a blue mire that emitted a most noisome odor; several of the men died—and we had hard work to save Col. By—from a pestilence that seized them."

"I'll mind aince at Jones' Falls there's no' a mon till gie anither a drop o' water," said Jamie, "ilka ane o' them 's shakin' wi' ague."

"I remember that well," Dr. Christie said, "even the doctors were down; none of us had easy berths those days; it is to be hoped the rising generation will sometimes give us old chaps a passing thought when we've gone to that bourne from which no traveller ever returns."

"I am afraid they are far more likely to accept everything as either a matter of course or as their just due, and find no occasion whatever to reflect on its origin," remarked J. B. Lewis, who had just come in.

Each of the men had thought to himself: "It is going to be lonesome for McAlpin down there with a sick wife, I will just drop in and cheer him up a bit," and here they were three of them; the others laughed when Mr. Lewis came in, and each told of his neighborly efforts. Jean was sitting upstairs with Margaret, leaving the men to a quiet chat over their pipes. Their neighborly forethought was certainly not misplaced, Jamie was feeling the strain of the last year's anxiety, and the change in mode of living; he would be glad enough to have the reins over his shoulders and the plough handles in his hands once more. As to how much of the solicitude for Jamie's well-being was due to unadulterated neighborliness, and how much to the fact that he was a freeholder, a free and independent elector, we will not inquire; if the pudding taste good, that is sufficient for the consumer; it is unwise to be too particular as to what's intil't.

Naturally the conversation drifted into recollections of the days when barristers and litigants had to betake themselves to Perth when disputes

could only be settled by that mysterious process called law. It was—in the thirties—a trip not easily or quickly made, nearer sixty than fifty miles, over the road cut by the Ninety-ninth Regiment in eighteen hundred and eighteen from Richmond Landing (now the Ottawa Navigation Company's wharf) to the Second Military Settlement, now the Village of Richmond, thence to Franktown (where there was from 1818 to 1824 a Government Store), and to Perth; and halting as the narrative is, it is smoother than was the road over which they had to travel. Yet many trips were made; wives accompanying their husbands, oftener on horseback than in vehicles; instances are on record where one horse carried both, the wives riding on pillows behind their lords. And still other instances where prospective benedicts took the lady of their choice "up behind" after the manner of Jock o' Hazeldean and galloped away a day's journey after a priest's blessing.

Need we wonder then that those who had lived through this should at the dawn of another day which promised better things, look backward lingeringly, lovingly at the past in which they had conquered nature and controlled circumstances.

"One hundred years from now Perth will be a town of many memories," Mr. Lewis is saying, "men who have done yeoman service in the building up of a thousand square miles of territory have met there, in the years to come when the three counties become populous, and the descendants of the pioneers numerous as the sand on the sea shore the notable gatherings that took place there will be something for those then living in Perth to speak of with pride."

"Perth has played an important part in the

history of the Ottawa Valley," said Dr. Christie, "and rough as the road was, we were none of us sorry when an occasion there demanded our presence."

"My father often used to tell of the gathering the first day Court was held in Perth—E. G. Mallock, Judge; James H. Powell, Sheriff; George Hume Reade, Clerk of the Peace; John Watson, Treasurer; C. H. Sache, Registrar; E. J. Hubbell, Surrogate Judge; and some minor officials—there was a constable named Thornton, a good man who had some hard work at various times——"

"Excuse me a minute, Lees," Mr. Lewis said, "I remember hearing a funny incident in connection with Thornton's duties. He was sent over into Sherbrooke after a man; there was no wagon road, and Thornton had to go on horseback, and coming back had to take his man on the horse with him. Night overtook them; the horse got mired, and the prisoner dismounted and helped extricate the animal; in groping round to try and find a firmer road they either lost the horse or themselves, and had to stay in the swamp all night. At daybreak they proceeded, but the officer had become so cramped by the all-night exposure in the wet he could not walk without assistance. This the prisoner cheerfully rendered. The offender was so impressed with the majesty of the law, and the strong personality of the constable, he never once thought of doing other than the way he did, supporting his custodian all the way until they reached town, where they could both be taken care of."

"I'll mind th' time," Jamie said, "'twas a wee bit mistake th' mon 'd mad' b' no' unerstaunin' th' law. I was in toun mysel' when they cam' in; hoo aebody stared; we'll a' pit thegither 'n paid th'

mon's fine, Duer's his name, 'n Thornton ne'er chairged f'r th' trip."

"I was going to remark," began Mr. Lees again, "when all these officials were sworn into office, and the settlers on the Rideau, instead of having to go abroad to transact business would have others from less favored communities come to them, there is no doubt but 'pride of place' (with apologies to William Shakespeare) 'nearly desthroyed thim,' as one of the passengers of the Duke of Buckingham forcibly remarked."

"Coming from bailiwicks, whose records reached back to the ninth century, it is a matter of no surprise that simply "setting eyes" on the men who first administered the statutes made and provided in any one district, should be a distinction not to be spoken of lightly, but by-and-bye to be handed down in story to future generations," Dr. Christie said.

"Ye'll hae a braw toun yersels," said Jamie.

Ah! this was a theme either one of the three visitors could enlarge on, a theme that had a present interest for them.

"I doubt if on the continent there is another such a spot," said J. B. Lewis; "it was designed by nature for the capital of a great nation. It is far enough inland to be comparatively safe from attack; from the north it is impregnable for a mile stretch."

"Yon lads 't Taranta 'n Montreal 'll no' let ye hae 't," remarked Jamie.

"That is one point in our favor; both Toronto and Montreal will work so hard the choice between them will not be easily made," said Mr. Lees.

"Ye'll hae th' makin' o' a ceety wi' yon water power gin th' Queen 'll no' let ye have th' Guvernment here," Jamie said.

"That is good of you, McAlpin," said Mr. Lewis; "that is the point we want to make. We are only in our swaddling clothes yet, but what we are trying to establish is that we are going to be the London of America. We have not a Governor Simcoe to lay out and foster a town for us as Toronto had, but we claim to have natural advantages that cannot be suppressed."

"You ought to be able to peer into the future, McAlpin," said Mr. Lees; "you are a Highlander; cannot you see something of what Bytown is going to be?"

"I'll ne'er claimed ony geeft o' second sicht," said Jamie; "aiblins sin' I'll be awa' frae hame, wi' naething till tak' my mind ony wearyin' ower th' gudewife's sorra; whiles tryin' till keep my mind so 't Marget 'll no' ken I'm wearyin', I'll hae sort o' dreams, wi' thinkin' an' thinkin' o' things roun' whaur I'll be wanderin' in thae bit walks I'll tak' awa' ower th' banks 'n braes."

"Tell us some of them, McAlpin," said Dr. Christie.

"They're ony juist bit fancies," said Jamie, disclaiming any "pooer."

"Never mind," Mr. Lees said, "you may have a prophetic eye without knowing it."

"Yes, let us have them, providing they are good," said Mr. Lewis; "they will give us some encouragement."

Jamie was wishing he had been more reticent, but there was no help for it now, some of the story at least must be told.

"Weel," Jamie began, "gin I'll maun tell 't, th' first walk I'll took I'll cam' awa' oop by ower th' brig ye'll ca' Sappers' 'n gaed doon th' road ye'll ca' Wellington till the brig ower yon fa' o' watter;

I'll be lookin' at 't a' th' whiles 's I'll gang doon th' road; before ere I'll got t' th' brig I'll hear th' whizz o' macheenery, saws buzzin' 'n looms gaein' click-ety-click, 'n I'll thocht till mysel' thae's gude, 't 'll be maist like Glesca; thae lads 'r dooin' weel ower there, an' I wus no' mindin' aething else; whiles I'll gie m' eyes 'n oop lift 'n there wus ships frae th' ocean, ships staunin', an' ships coomin' in 'n ships ganging oot; the's loadin' 'n unloadin' at th' muckle wharfs like's they did at Greenock. I'll said till mysel' 'hoo did ye get here?'——" Jamie stopped for breath.

"Go on, go on, McAlpin, you are doing well yourself," said the others in chorus.

"I'll no' ken if I'll ought till tell ye mair, happen 't 'll be ony foolishness," Jamie said.

"It is good enough to believe, go on."

"Weel, th' next time I'll cam' ower th' Sappers' brig I'll gang oop on till th' barrack hill. Th's no' ony body roond 'n the's plenty o' tree stumps, so I'll sit doon a bit; I'll happen wus thinkin' o' th' castle at Edenboro', for whiles buildin's sprang oop a' aroun' 'n men wi' grave faces 'n lang black coat-ies walked oop th' fine path, whiles cairrages cam' by; no' sae mony men an' no' sae mony cairrages at first, an' no' sae graun'; aiblins I'll bide a wee 'n watch, whiles they'll cam' thicker 'n graunder, frae whaur th' sun 'll rise 'n frae whaur th' sun 'll set, 'n frae th' far frozen north; a bit whiles langer I'll bided 'n I'll see thae coom frae th' orange groves; a braw chiel stood on a high oop place 'n said alood 'we'll be a' here,' an' like ane mon speakin' in a michty voice I'll could hear 'Canada, Canada, Canada.'"

CHAPTER XXX.

"What though upon her speech there hung
The accents of her mountain tongue,
Those silvery sounds, so soft, so dear,
The listener held his breath to hear."
—*Scott.*

THE three men were impressed by Jamie's dream.

"You *have* given us encouragement, McAlpin," said Lewis, as they were saying good-night.

"It may be only a day-dream, as you say, McAlpin, but even the thought of it will pay a man for many 'days of toil and nights of waking'," Dr. Christie said.

"Keep on 'dreaming,' Jamie," said Mr. Lees, "it will give us heart to work."

Jean and the Misses Fitzgibbon entered on a pleasant and instructive interchange of civilities. They had a slight previous acquaintance, through purchase of floss and Berlin wools made for Jean—from a carefully prepared memorandum—by someone going and returning via the canal, which was only a couple of blocks from the store kept by these ladies, at the corner of Rideau and Sussex. This was in the days when the outside of letters (there were no envelopes, letters were neatly folded and sealed with wax) bore, besides the address, more often "By kindness of ——" than a Government stamp. Jean had not been idle while in Montreal; that is, she had made the most of her opportunities while there, and had mastered not a few new stitches, which were exchanged with Miss Fitzgibbon for other few of a different kind, to the profit of both parties. And she revelled in the pretty things with which the store was filled, goods devoted exclusively

to women's and children's use. Beautiful sheeny ribbons, in pale shades, with knots of flowers in color and form so natural you would want to pick a bunch for a nosegay; chenilles in rainbow tints and dainty fluffiness, gorgeous patterns for "Berlin wool work," dogs, cats, lions and birds, that were to have yellow beads for eyes. Godey's Lady's Book and Peterson's Magazine were also kept, and many more things that we will never think of again.

Jean had many commissions to execute for people on the Line, and great care must be taken in the selection and matching; this gave her more than one hour in this attractive spot, the exclusiveness of which was one of its principal attractions.

But the hours that pleased Jean most of all were those spent with Mrs. Stewart, when Mrs. Stewart called to see Margaret, and when Jean went to see her in her pretty cottage on Wellington street at the bend of Lyon. Mrs. Stewart was "frae th' Hielan's," and a Presbyterian—the bonds of sympathy were strong; and with Mrs. Thomas McKay—both gentle, gracious ladies whom it was a pleasure to meet. At their request Jean sang in St. Andrew's Church.

"I wish we could keep you here, lassie," Mrs. McKay said, after the first Sunday.

"I would like 't mysel," answered Jean. "I'll ne'er thocht I'll could like ony place that wisna hame sae weel."

Mr. Cruickshank came next day to personally thank her. He had several times assisted Mr. Wilson on Communion Sundays, so was quite well acquainted.

"You gave us a treat, Miss McAlpin, that we will remember a long time," he said. "It is a Divine gift, this gift of song, and brings us very

close to the Great White Throne, and the harpers' harping."

"I'll ae feel better mysel' when I'll hae sung th' Psalms on th' Lord's Day," responded Jean.

"You are a true worshipper, and I almost envy Mr. Bayne. You must sing for us as long as you are here," Mr. Cruickshank said.

"I'll sing in St. Andrews 's lang 's I'll be near you, wi' pleesure; it's no muckle t' dae f'r th' Laird."

Jean was a beautiful woman, tall and slender, with a crown of golden hair, and clear, true, blue eyes; softest and whitest skin, and the old ready, merry smile. More than one turned to look after her as she came out of church, and more than one, in their mind's eye, looked after her when at last the day came when the homesick wanderers could feel, as they stepped on board the Beaver, that the last stage of their journey was begun.

Douglas, Sandy and Elspeth met them at Oliver's Ferry, and they were borne in triumph back to dear familiar scenes. It was May-Day when they left Bytown, and at daybreak next morning they were shaking hands "wi' th' fowk frae hame." They all rode in the one wagon, three women in one seat and three men in another.

And what a "clattering" there was, all—save Douglas—talking at the same time. Elspeth told Margaret all about the hoose 'n byre.

"Ye'r bossies 'r fine growed oop kye th' noo," she said. "I'll wunner 'll th' knaw ye? Douglas 'll hae dune weel wi' th' chuckies. He'll hae soom o' thae Shanghai's 't 'll hae nae need till fly, th' 'll can juist step ower a fence."

The fence that had with so many heartaches been put up had again been razed, a log at a time,

until an ordinary barnyard fowl would have found little difficulty in stepping over.

The branches of the trees as they drove along looked like huge green marabout feathers, so flimsy and dainty was the new leafage, and the air quivered with the songs of birds, that, since the advent of the English sparrow, have gone from us. Bees were busy—as they proverbially are—and more than once the men pointed out a "tree" to each other; hepaticas, the sweet blossoms that come before old winter is quite away and bid us hope, were gone now the spring they had come to herald was herself speaking to us, but trilliums ran riot in great banks of red and white. The three who had missed one year of this drew in great draughts of it as they drove along.

"Phemie 'll see naething like this," said Jean. "Wull she no' be hame 'till th' spring's gane?"

"She's tae sail th' first ship in April," said Elspeth, with a note of joyful expectancy in her voice, "aiblins I'll no' ken th' noo hoo 't 'll be."

She did not say any more; she and Sandy had discussed the question of announcing the contents of Philip Maxwell's letter, and decided, as Phemie might not consider the matter favorably, they had better wait until a letter came from her, and, if there was to be nothing more to tell, they would never speak of the receipt of the letter.

Before nightfall Jamie had been over every cultivated field of his farm; he was proud of Douglas' farming as he had been of his ambulance building. Philip had put him up to a good many clever ways of doing things, these he had been making use of during the year he had been in charge, and Jamie noticed many marked improvements. Crop rotations, new ways of caring for

stock, mulcting with wood ashes, and many other new kinks. Douglas had tried everything with such good results that last year's crop astonished Jamie, while Margaret was like a child over the byre. But what best pleased Jamie was to once more see Margaret walking about the kitchen, slow and limping her movements were, but she had eyes for everything, and—must we say it—her tongue was not much tempered, and this Jamie found no fault with, indeed, he seemed to derive much comfort from a round rating.

Margaret began very cannily to find out how matters stood between Douglas and Phemie, and experienced no little disappointment when she learned, from Douglas himself, that he had not spoken to her; in fact, had made no effort to meet her since coming home. Margaret did not like this, but was cheered by the thought that Phemie was coming home soon; and with the old relations re-established, there would be nothing to hinder a speedy and satisfactory arrangement. Douglas was changed she knew, but this would only dispose the lassie's heart towards him.

So she went very contentedly to work re-adjusting her household, for Douglas had also introduced innovations here of which she did not fully approve, though they might be well enough for the kind of housekeeping a man would do; and Douglas was very glad to resign his post as housekeeper and now be able to spend all of his time on the farm.

Mr. Romaines came out to see them, and was rejoiced at the reconciliation, though regretting the losing them from Smith's Falls; they would all go to St. Andrews together again. In Smith's Falls they would miss Jean's singing, and Jamie had been a tower of strength financially; this, however, they

could yet depend on, for Jamie would never forget the welcome extended to them in the Smith's Falls St. Andrews, and the Smith's Falls people never forgot them. As soon as the McAlpins had had time to rest from their journey, and get settled down to routine living, they all came out.

One came whom Jean was sorry to see—though she could not refuse him a welcome—and he came alone. When in Montreal he had called on them, Jean had, with a woman's intuition, noticed something that grieved her. She was growing wise in her generation; to-day she knew she would have to say "no" to John Milburn.

He tied his horse outside the gate and came up the path, lightly swinging a whip and humming in a musical tenor, "Home again, home again from a foreign shore."

"A thousand welcomes, Mrs. McAlpin," he said cheerily, meeting Margaret first.

Jean had slipped out of sight in a vain endeavor to put off the evil day. Not seeing Jean, he asked a little anxiously:

"Miss McAlpin has not given us up and returned to the greater attractions of the mountain city, has she?"

"Na, na, Jeanie 'll be as glad till get hame 's ony o's; she 'll be no' far awa," answered Margaret.

Jean would not give her mother needless steps in searching for her, so made her appearance.

"Here she is," he cried, joyfully, as she opened a door. "I had quite a turn, Miss McAlpin, at not finding you; I feared you had deserted us and gone back to the attractions of the city."

"I'll be aye sittin' on a bit bench b' th' dure so 't aebody wha'll want till see me 'll no' hae till speir whaur I'll be," quickly responded Jean with

her old sauciness, wishing, at the same time, she could say enough to "pit him frae thinkin' o'r."

"Montreal has not spoiled you; I was afraid I should find someone else whom I would have to get acquainted with all over again," replied Mr. Milburn, laughing happily.

"Happen 't would be juist 's weel; variety 's th' spice o' life," Jean said, precipitating what she would have liked to avoid.

"No, it would not have been as well, for me, at least; it is the bonnie Scotch lassie I love, and to have found her speaking in another tongue would have disappointed me sorely." He was not looking at Jean as he spoke, else he would have seen how useless all this was.

Jean had been trying to signal Margaret to remain in the room, but Margaret seemed both blind and deaf, for she walked out without paying the slightest attention.

"You must have seen how much I care for you, Miss McAlpin, Jean, I have loved you since the day we washed dishes together at the pic-nic. Your mother will not need you now, Jean; will you be my wife?"

Poor honest John Milburn. It was too bad, but I am afraid the uppermost sentiment in Jean's heart towards him that minute was a feeling of irritation—not for publication; she will guard it as carefully as the editor-in-chief does *pro bonum publico's* every-day name—still, it was there, and she had to wait a second to prevent her voice betraying it.

"I'll appreciate th' honor ye'll hae dune me, Mr. Milburn, but I'll ne'er could mairry you. I'm sorry you'll thocht on me as aething but a frien'." She was relenting as she saw his downcast looks.

"I knew I was not worthy of you, Miss McAlpin, but if love would make up for many deficiencies, you have my whole heart and might command me to all of my kingdom. I never knew anyone to be compared to you in the least, and the Scotch tongue, which has been the sweetest music to me, will now always seem to be chanting a requiem."

"Dinna say that, Mr. Milburn; th'll be ither lassies bonnier far than me; whiles you'll forget me and be happier wi' some ane else," she said, kindly, beginning to feel very sorry for him; perhaps, after all, he couldn't help it—Douglas could not help loving Phemie.

"I will never forget you," he said huskily; "I am sorry I——no, I am not," he added, correcting himself; "it has been a relief to tell you this—and why shouldn't I tell you I love you? I am glad to love you, and glad to have you know it; but I will not weary you any more."

He turned to go, as Margaret re-entered the room and hospitably urged him to remain to supper.

"Thank you very much, Mrs. McAlpin, but duty beckons me in another direction. Remember me to Mr. McAlpin, and say we will be glad to see him at the Falls again," and he was gone.

"A fine lad, yon; he'll mak a mark in th' warld soom o' thae times," was Margaret's only comment.

Jean had a great deal to say to herself on the subject, but what it was we cannot record.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"Where ne'er was spoke a Scottish word
And ne'er the name of Douglas heard;
An outcast pilgrim will she rove
Than wed the man she cannot love."

—*Scott.*

EPHEMIE went over to Dunblane behind the shaggy pony again. This time she started with a better feeling towards the little animal, but with a less comfortable one herself. She had said good-bye, it might be forever, to Mrs. Wilson and family, and she was sad as she thought of this. Her uncle would see her safe on the ship at Greenock, but she was not at all acquainted with her uncle's family and she was with Mr. Wilson's. Except at her Aunt Fairbairn's, where she had been before, the rest of her stay in Scotland would be among those who, though they might be kin, were yet strangers to her.

She had a score of calls to make on people who had friends on the "Line" and in Lanark. She had promised to take "word" back from "th' fowk 't hame" to those who—because home was not big enough for all—had left scenes and associations that were familiar and had gone away to a new land to make room for the rest. Those who belonged to the "Bridgton Transatlantic," "Muslin Street," "Lesmahago," and "Abercrombie Street" Societies, came in either of the following ships: "George Canning," "Duke of Buckingham," "Commerce," "David." McMillan, Walker, Somerville, Donald, Starke, Caldwell, Armour, Wylie, Galbraith, Munro and Robertson were some of the family names. The families left at home lived not far apart; a few minutes could be spent with each

in a day's time, and it was something she could not refuse to do for neighbors. The people on the Line came from Perthshire, all near enough Dunblane for her to have no trouble in finding them. Rev. William Bell came from Airdrie, through which they pass on the route to Lesmahago.

Thus was the remainder of her allotted time laid out, and there would not be many hours requiring to be "killed."

Perhaps all this work was wearing on her spirits; she certainly was very pale and quiet. But her cousins, the Fairbairns, were cheery lassies, and they meant to make the most of this wonderful cousin from Canada. Therefore she was driven here and walked there until she was beginning to long for home and quiet, and faither and mither.

Her uncle Fairbairn was a landowner. Fairbraes had been in the family for generations, in fact they were apt to look patronizingly on peerages of last century's creation. They had a wide circle of acquaintance, so it was with no surprise whatever that Mr. Fairbairn received the announcement that Lord Kinburn, the Hon. Mr. Herries and Lieut. Greenshields had called. Now, Lieut. Greenshields was the son of an old friend of Mr. Fairbairn, and all three had come on some county matter—Lord Kinburn had an estate in Perthshire. It was quite natural for Mr. Fairbairn to ask them to stay for lunch, which proceeding was vastly more satisfactory to the ladies of the house than to Phemie. She had hoped for a cessation of festivities, and the enemy was recruiting.

"Where have you taken Miss McGregor, Mrs. Fairbairn?" asked Lord Kinburn. "You must pardon me if I seem inquisitive, but I am ex-officio a member of the reception committee; a lad named

Maxwell is chief, and although he forgot to recommend me as his deputy, having been a sort of attache, I some way, you know, feel responsible."

"I'm sure you'd mak' a very gude guide, aiblins th' lassie 'll no' hae mentioned 't you were in th' pairty," said Mrs. Fairbairn.

"Did she not? That was extremely unkind of her," said Lord Kinburn, giving Phemie a comical glance of reproach. "But I think if you ask her she will tell you I certainly did play an humble part in the deep scientific researches in which Mrs. Wilson engaged us."

Thus appealed to, Phemie said politely: "It was not because I had forgotten that on Mrs. Wilson's invitation you frequently made a valuable member of our antiquarian excursions, but because aunt and the girls have found so much for me to see that the present is talked of until I have found no time for reverting to the past."

"I accept your apology Miss McGregor," said Lord Kinburn. "Mrs. Fairbairn must be a capital entertainer. What I was thinking is this: possibly Mrs. Fairbairn would include us, that is, Herries and myself, in her arrangements if she fully understood how well we are up in those things, if she knew what a martinet we had been serving under—that fellow Maxwell I mean—he must be as old as Methuselah, for he knows everything, and he does nag a fellow so."

"What has this Mr. Maxwell done to so offend your lordship," mischievously inquired Jessie Fairbairn, whom he had taken in to dinner.

"It is not what he has done, but what he has not done; that is, leave me to my own devices," answered Lord Kinburn. "I would not ask the smallest thing of him if he would only keep away from where I am enjoying myself."

"Poor child," said Jessie, who, as the eldest in the family, was inclined to give herself motherly airs, though she had only seen eighteen summers with somewhere near the same number of winters, "can I be of any service to you in securing justice against this cruel superior officer."

"Dear me, yes," said Lord Kinburn, thinking what a jolly little girl this was, and not half bad looking either, "it would be just reprisals for him to hear by and bye that I had had a skeleton party of my very own."

Jessie was looking mystified, not to say horrified, at this gruesome name for a pleasure excursion, so he hastened to explain.

"If you do not like the name we can change it; it seems very appropriate to me, a party gotten up for the express purpose of digging up the old dried bones of the past."

"I cannot say musty old traditions have much interest for me," remarked Jessie, "but I like the going well enough."

"If you will not tell Maxwell or Mrs. Wilson or Miss McGregor, I wouldn't mind confiding in you that I do not in the least care about them myself," said Lord Kinburn, in a stage whisper, "and, also, that I do very much like the going."

"Lieut. Greenshields had been deputed to take Phemie in to dinner.

"Ye wull, like a' Scotsmen, be prood o' Edinboro', Miss McGregor," he said.

"I am, and I think of all places of interest Queen Margaret's Chapel interests me most," said Phemie.

"I'll like best till see th' Castle," Lieut. Greenshilds said; "then th'll be th' Paillace o' Holyrood whilk King James built in fifteen hunner, th' castle

'll be fower hunner years aulder." He had not spent half his years in England, as Lord Kinburn and the Fairbairn lassies had, so had a "braider speech."

"What a strange name for a street, the Cowgate, and High is not much better. I do not mean to be critical, but there were so many pretty Scotch names to select from," said Phemie.

"When 't 'll began back yon in sax hunner 'n something th' wus no' much thinkin' o' beauty; happen when th' King o' Northumbria 'll mad 't his capital, he'll be expectin' a notice to leave frae th' King o' Cambria 'r soom ither chiel, 'n he 'll thocht ony name 'd dae f'r the wee while he'll hae t' bide."

"And out of compliment to him later generations continued the title," commented Phemie. "I think often, too, about the men of letters who found a home there: Allan Ramsay, David Hume, Adam Smith, John Playfair, and Robert Ferguson. It is a privilege to live in an atmosphere surcharged with high and noble aims and such a wealth of knowledge."

"'T 'll be vera gude, nae doot," agreed Lieut. Greenshields; "aiblins I'll forgot th' Latin mysel' sune's I'll got awa frae th' maister—th'll be muckle else t' tak oop a mon's time."

Phemie had no chance to reply, for Mrs. Fairbairn had given the signal to rise.

When the ladies were alone, Jessie interceded for the including of Lord Kinburn, Mr. Herries and Lieut. Greenshields in their party to visit Bannockburn. Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Ferguson were going, and the three gentlemen would make a desirable addition. Mrs. Fairbairn was quite amenable to persuasion; either of the three would be a desir-

able addition to her circle for a longer time than a a three days' outing.

Lord Kinburn was made happy in anticipation of a whole day's outing with no "Mr. Maxwell" to interfere, and when the day arrived he constituted himself Phemie's cavalier. Phemie vainly tried to escape this; the youth was irrepressible, and he was so good-natured and was enjoying himself so thoroughly, what could anyone do.

"You knew, didn't you, that I did not in the least care who was member for Cronmarie?" he said to her when he had induced her to climb a steep rock for the sake of the view.

"I am afraid I did not know enough about Cronmarie to have an opinion," answered Phemie, looking for the view.

"Well, I did not. It was this," gleefully responded Lord Kinburn; "of course I knew you were over here, and I came with the express intention of having just such a good time as this."

"I really do not see——" began Phemie, rather severely for a young person.

"This may not be the point, after all," quickly returned Lord Kinburn, catching the drift and wilfully misinterpreting; "here are Jack Herries and Miss Fairbairn—perhaps they know."

He was subdued for only about five minutes, however. He was the life of the party, and, after reaching home, everyone voted the day a success—everyone but Phemie, and she was growing so homesick she felt, along at the latter part of the day, that she must see her mother, and sob out a world of unknown grief on her shoulder.

As soon as Mrs. Fairbairn had noticed Lord Kinburn's preference, she had adroitly managed to steer everyone else away. Mr. Ferguson, who was

a second edition of Dominie Samson, and knew everything that could be learned from books; Lieut. Greenshield, who, as a soldier, was supposed to know all about battles; the Misses Ferguson, who had taken a fancy to study Phemie as they would a rare plant; Mr. Fairbairn, and Mrs. Ferguson, who both liked to be with the popular party; her own two lassies, and Mr. Herries, were the only people she did not have to watch. It might be supposed from this that her day was a weariness to the flesh. Not so, however; indeed, in exercising her powers of *finesse*, she entirely forgot that the material part of her consisted in a measure of nerves and muscles subject to aches and pains.

Everyone else was too tired for conversation that night, but, after breakfast, she called Phemie into her boudoir, and bade her sit in a very cosy "easy chair," while she herself occupied another as comfortable.

"Noo, lassie, I'll hae tae congratulate ye," she said.

"For what, Aunt?" asked Phemie, in surprise.

"It's weel tae no' ken," said her aunt; "lassies suldna be ower easy won, aiblins I'll tell ye: ye'll soom day be my Lady Kinburn."

Phemie's face flushed scarlet. "Aunt Janet!" she cried; "how can you say such a thing to me?"

"An' why suld I no' say it till my ain sister's lassie?" queried Aunt Janet. "Th's ben times when a Douglas micht a had th' King's son, aye 'n times when thae did mairry with ither; ye'll needna look sae rosy; he'll be a Laird, aiblins ye're as gude bluid 's ony Laird o' them a', yet coomin' frae yon wild coontry 't 'll be a gude maitch f'r ye."

"But, Aunt Janet, Lord Kinburn has not asked me to marry him," expostulated Phemie.

"Wha said he'll had," Aunt Janet said; "aiblins he wull, I'm thinkin' he'll happen be ower tae see ye're uncle th' morn."

"I do not think he will be, Aunt Janet, and I hope not, for I would not like to give him pain and I will not marry him."

"Not mairry him!" said Aunt Janet, in the utmost astonishment; "that'll be na way f'r a lassie till talk; your mither's ain sister 'll hae summat till say 'n her mon 'n your faither's brither; tut, tut, lassie, dinna be sae fashious, th' be ithers 'll ken what's best."

"Aunt Janet, when I say I will not marry Lord Kinburn, I mean it. I am sorry to disappoint you, and very sorry to have anything happen to make you think I have not appreciated the welcome you gave me, but I do not care for Lord Kinburn and the Black Douglas himself could not induce me to say yes when my heart says no."

"I'll thocht ye'd been weel pleased 't ye'r ain mither's sister 'd dune sae weel by ye, aiblins 't 'll be th' wildness frae th' new coontry 'n ye'll na can help 't," said Mrs. Fairbairn, rising in offended dignity and leaving Phemie to slip away to her room, wishing more than ever for faither 'n mither 'n hame.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"Time and tide had thus their sway,
Yielding like an April day;
Smiling noon for sullen morrow,
Years of joy for hours of sorrow."

—*Scott.*

JEAN did not have time to reach dreamland that night, when the clatter of horse's hoofs aroused her and startled her. Hastily throwing on a wrapper she raised the blind and looked out into the moonlight; someone was coming in at Sandy's gate; it looked like—could it be—yes, it was Rob.

It would be three years in raspberry time since Jean had dared think that the future might hold some happiness in store for her; now that she was "no' so bad needed," would it be wrong for her to think for a moment of herself? Although no word had passed between them she had never doubted Rob, nor did she think anything else than that he understood her as well. She waited at the window to hear if anything was wrong. In the still summer air and with windows open voices in each house could be easily distinguished in the other. She heard Rob say he had come up on the Otter to the Ferry—having a week he could spare—and had borrowed a horse from Duncan Campbell to ride home. Then she went back to sleep and had dreams that for brightness were like noonday in mid-summer.

But Rob had no hopes to lull him to slumber; he came home because he could not, like a coward, desert his father and mother, not because he looked forward to anything for himself coming from such visits. Of course he looked over at the house, he could not prevent himself doing that, and he had asked his father if they were well and gladly heard

that they were; then he went upstairs to not break his father's and mother's night's rest.

"What did ye think o' th' lad Maxwell's letter?" asked Sandy at breakfast.

"I'll no' seen a letter frae Maxwell; wha was 't till?" asked Rob, in surprise.

"Ye'r faither 'n me," answered Elspeth.

"What's 't about?" asked Bob again.

"He'll want ye'r faither's consent till 's askin' Phemie," said Elspeth.

Rob laid down his knife and fork and looked at his mother a minute, as though he thought she was not quite awake.

"Did you say, mither, that Maxwell had asked faither's consent to Phemie marrying him?" he said, slowly and deliberately.

"Ay," said Elspeth, "'n he'll sent a vera gude letter; we'll pit it in wi' ane we'll sent ye; did ye no' get 't?"

"Na," said Rob, with the calmness that is like a calm before a storm; "when 'll a' this be?"

"Th' first o' th' year," answered Sandy, "an' we'll wrote till 'm that, gin th' lassie 'll want 'm, we'll no' say na."

Rob pushed his chair back, not very quietly. "I'll gang oot tae Scotland mysel' on th' next ship," he spoke quietly, though the quietness did not deceive his father.

"What is it, lad?" asked Sandy, laying his hand on Rob's shoulder.

"Faither, I'll canna tell ye," said Rob; "'t will be between that mon an' me."

Rob drove over to the ferry, leading Duncan Campbell's horse, and inquired about the sailing of a ship. Mr. Campbell always knew the dates. "There might be one in at any time now, but there

would not be one out for three weeks," he said. Three whole weeks to wait, and from six to eight on the ocean; it seemed an eternity, and what might not happen in that time. With the father's and mother's consent they might be married there, and Phemie not come home at all; Phemie, his gentle little sister, bound for life to this man who could so ruthlessly win the affections of her girlhood friend and cast them aside like a broken toy. How could anyone turn from Jean? Jean who was peerless; and how could Jean, with her clear intuition, care for a man so base? But he knew this, that many a good woman's life had been joined with that of a scoundrel. He stayed at the lake all day. In the wild storm of passion that had taken possession of him, he could not meet even his father or mother; he had no dinner or supper, and did not return until as late in the night as he came home the night before.

Late as it was, Elspeth sat up watching for him. It was the first time in his life he had caused her anxiety through remaining away when expected.

"Oh, lad," she said, as he came in, "I'll be feart ye'll ne'er coom back."

"Dinna be frichted f'r me, mither," he said, passing his hand gently over her once dark hair, which now shewed two silver threads to one of brown; "we'll a' hae muckle sorra till bear in this warld."

Jean was surprised when Rob drove away next morning without coming over, now that everything was at peace; and more so than at first, when the day wore away and he did not return. As Elspeth could not make a confidant of Margaret in the matter of the letter, she could get no comfort in going over, so remained at home all day, a very unusual

thing now; Margaret remarked it, but as it was not Phemie who had come home, she was not specially interested, and concluded Elspeth had been engaged in some unusual household task.

Jean went to bed very much hurt, and with a vague feeling that it might mean the existence of an immovable barrier; the gloom of darkest midnight overshadowed her dreams this night.

"I'm fine an' glad tae see ye sae weel."

Jean looked up from the bread she was kneading; Rob was shaking hands with her mother, but he looked white and stern; something was wrong. He could not shake hands with her, but he came over and stood a minute talking to her, and then asked for Douglas.

"Ye'd think th' lad 'd seen a ghaist," said Margaret; "sic tramplin' roun' 'll no' be gude f'r 'm."

The lads were away all day; they told Jamie they were going, so no one was alarmed. They went over to Glen Tay, stopped at Willian Olds a while, and followed a mile or two west the creek running through his farm; came back and followed their own burn to "th' muckle rock wi' a loof." This they broke; they had taken a couple of iron mallets with them.

"Th'll be here," said Rob. He had been looking over the splinters that lay on the ground, had risen and was turning over something in the palm of one hand, very small, irregular crystals, rhombohedral, a dark, rich red; Douglas had some, too, and the newly exposed portion of the rock showed a smoky, semi-transparent, satiny surface—rubies. Philip Maxwell had searched in vain, and Rob had found them.

"I was sure o' 't," said Rob; "I'll hae followed thae rock frae th' head waters o' th' Madawaska;

I'll hae soom blue anes, blue as th' sky in spots, aiblins nane o' them 's perfect, th'll be in streaks like thae red anes, aiblins wi' better tools we'll happen find ane that's perfect."

Tired and hungry they returned; Rob went directly home. Jean had had but little to say in the morning. She must know of Maxwell's perfidy; he could not see her much until he had settled with Maxwell, then, if—but, no, there was no use hoping, as he had not won her heart up to now, and it had gone to another while he was by, it would never return, still—but how was it that Maxwell had preferred Phemie, who was a bonnie lassie and a dear good sister, but no' like Jean—stop a bit, the 'stane wi' a loof' was on their side the burn; had Maxwell found something and never told? Who was Maxwell, anyway? Mr. Wilson had said he was a desirable acquisition to a family, but Maxwell might have imposed on him.

Douglas showed his treasures to Margaret, Jamie and Jean.

"Why did ye no' bi l th' lad bide 'n hae tea wi' ye?" asked Margaret.

"I'll did, aiblins he'll said he'll hae tae gang hame," said Douglas.

It was just such a night as that on which the four, lads and lassies, came round by Glen Tay because the straight road was too short, "no' but three years syne," yet to-night it seemed to Jean that a lifetime of sorrow had been crowded into those three years.

"I'll no' ken what I'll hae dune," she said to herself; "happen 't 'll be soom ither lass; gin it is, Rob suld ken he'll micht coom 'n tell me; he suld ken I'll aye be happy till see him happy," but she was weeping silently, softly.

The days dragged their slow length along until it wanted just a week of the sailing of the India. The other family knew Rob was going to Scotland, but he was such a man of affairs now no one wondered. Rob somewhat eased Sandy and Elspeth's anxiety by saying he wished to learn more about this man who wanted to be his brother-in-law.

Hammering the rocks down in the "Ruby Mine" offered some relief, and as spring's work was done Rob and Douglas spent a good deal of time down there. One evening they were bringing home a very fair specimen about the size of a small pea and had gotten quite close to the houses before they noticed a livery conveyance from Smith's Falls standing at Sandy's door.

"They'll hae coompany at th' hoose," said Rob.

"'T 'll be Phemie," said Douglas quietly, with ready intuition.

It was Phemie, Uncle Robert McGregor, Aunt Jessie, and Philip Maxwell.

Rob embraced Phemie and made the acquaintance of his relatives before seeing Philip. When Philip stepped forward to meet his prospective brother-in-law, Rob said shortly:

"I'll hae summat I'll say tae ye; coom outside."

Phemie looked surprised and hurt at Rob's tone, but Philip followed readily enough, though wondering all the while how he was going to appease such a peppery relative.

"Noo," said Rob, when he had wiled him away out of sight behind a magnificent clump of cedars, "you'll hae to tell why you coom askin' tae be trusted wi' my sister when ye'll hae broken the hairt o' th' bonniest lassie th' sun ere shone on."

"You will have to speak plainer than that, McGregor," answered Philip; "I am only conscious

of possessing one lassie's heart, and please God no deed of mine will ever cause her a tear."

"Ye'll canna get awa wi' words," said Rob, growing wrathier every minute at Philip's cool demeanor: that this man should stand there, half smiling, on the anniversary of the day when he had come into their lives to leave two desolate! Rob had noticed there was no wedding ring on Phemie's finger—he was in time to save her.

"Ye'll weel ken th' lass I'll mean," he continued, nodding, half unconsciously, toward Jamie's, "an' ye'll answer tae me for it." He had picked up a riding-glove as he passed the hall table. That he was very much in earnest Philip could now see—also that he (Philip) had a man, not a boy, to deal with; but not until Rob's unconscious inclination in the direction of Jamie's did he catch the meaning of it all.

"Stop a minute, McGregor," he said, "and do you come with me," and he started down the "bit path," on which there was little grass this summer. Rob was constrained to follow, not knowing in the least what to expect. Straight to the bleaching-yard, where Jean was turning some linen, Philip went; without waiting for more than a courteous salutation, he said:

"Miss McAlpin, will you tell this irascible young gentleman that I begged of you to share my life and to let me try and make yours happy, and that you kindly, but firmly, refused to become my wife; also," turning away, while Rob stood spell-bound, "you might mention to him something else you told me," and he quickly followed the path back to the other house.

Jean's face was scarlet. Rob looked at her flushed cheeks and downcast eyes a minute; he

knew now this was for him, not for Maxwell; she had looked at Maxwell fearlessly enough. For a moment he stood, in silent enjoyment, then said only:

"Jean!"

Jean raised her eyes. Rob had taken a step forward, and his arms were outstretched. In that one moment all the sorrows of the past were atoned for.

Rob's lips pressed the gowden head many times, and he murmured fond, foolish words in a delirium of joy.

Presently Jean raised her head from it's resting-place, and, stepping back, looked at him.

"What is 't, Jeanie?" asked Rob.

"Hoo graun ye'll be," she said, admiringly, "tae hae a lad clear frae Scotland till 'ask' a lassie f'r you!"

Rob could laugh now, and laugh he did, until those in the houses smiled in sympathy; then hand in hand they went, first to Jamie and Marget, then to Elspeth and Sandy, for a blessing that was gladly bestowed.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"Me lists not at this tide declare,
The splendors of the spousal rite;
How mustered in the chapel fair,
Both maid and matron, squire and knight."
—*Scott.*

PHEMIE had much to tell Jean of her griefs the last few days at her Aunt Janet's. Lord Kinburn came and departed, seemingly not very deeply affected, from the cheerful manner in which he whistled to his dogs as he cantered through the park gates. But Aunt Janet felt aggrieved; after all her *finesse*, the bird had flown, and as being responsible for opening the door of the cage, Phemie was treated by her aunt as culprits always are treated, though the cousins sympathized with her, particularly Jessie, and this made life a bit easier.

"It is outrageous; as if every man has a right to a lassie just because he wants her," Jessie said.

Then just as she was feeling she could bear it no longer, Uncle Robert came, and Philip.

"He told me that he loved you first, Jean," Phemie said, "and that you had said 'no' to his pleadings, but I do not mind it in the least, dear. I know he loves me now, and I shall never feel hurt at the reverence he will always feel for you."

What of Douglas? Philip and Mr. Wilson, whom they had gone over to see before sailing, advised Phemie that even as solemn a promise as the one to never again speak to Douglas, when made by one only yet a child, and under such circumstances, were better broken than kept. And Phemie did go to see Douglas, and they had a long talk, the tenor of which even Philip never knew, nor did he ever question; it comforted Douglas. In

after life he went but rarely from home, and never mingled with the outside world; but while having no joys, he yet had no sorrows—a negative existence, but a not unhappy one.

Uncle Robert McGregor was much interested in the ruby mine. He had come out to Canada at Philip's request, that Philip might accompany Phemie. Philip had made some statements to him that entirely satisfied him as to his position, but now he was here he was prepared to acquire all the knowledge possible as to the resources of the country in which his brother had done so well. Philip, too, was interested, and the men all went down piloted by Douglas and Rob. There was—is—a vein of corundum running through the county of Hastings, the townships of Crosby, Burgess, Elmsley and Bastard, in Leeds and Lanark. Both sides of the burn showed it in sufficient quantities to be worth mining. Up to date they have found a few flawless stones, pigeon's blood, and very brilliant. As to the depth of the deposit, no one, at this time, can speak.

Preparations went merrily on for the wedding. Neither man would listen to delay; there had been enough of that. Now, no longer than the shortest time in which the things brides think they must have could be prepared, would they wait. The long ago expected visit of the Duke of Kilmarnock had not caused half the excitement among dressmakers and haberdashers this did. It was to be a double wedding, and everyone on the Line, beside half of Perth, was "bid." It would be barely a June wedding—the thirtieth—but yet in the month of roses. Even the grandmothers were discussing what they should wear, and many a rare old bit of lace that had scarcely seen the light of day since it

left Scotland, was brought out to furbish up a gown for the occasion.

Between Rob and Philip there was the best sort of feeling. Philip deeply regretted that his own unavailing hopes had given Rob so many hours of pain. Having a vivid recollection of Lord Kinburn's rivalry, he could understand and he could appreciate what such meant.

"But it did you good in the long run, McGregor," he said to Bob, of whom he was very proud.

To Phemie he had said, after returning to the house and leaving Bob and Jean: "He gars me think of Scott's lines—

> "That stately form and step I knew,
> Like form in Scotland is not seen;
> Treads not such step on Scottish green,
> 'Tis James of Douglas by Saint Serle."

If, on turning to leave Rob and Jean, a pang of mingled envy and wounded pride had smote Philip's heart, it was gone now; he could see in Rob and Jean's attachment an exemplification of the eternal fitness, and as he looked at the sweet lassie beside him, he could, in his own case, read it also. His (Philip's) life was blocked out for him; there was nothing to do but travel quietly along in a beaten path, and what a soothing, gentle, gracious help-meet Phemie would be, never questioning the why of things, but accepting them because they were, or because he thought them right.

But Jean, with the fiery impatience of authority that might be usurped, deeply indyed in the Clan Alpin blood, with her free and fearless nature, what might she not cheer a man of deeds, like Rob McGregor, forward to in this grand new country? Though once it seemed very hard to him, everything had been wisely ordered.

Two carriages came up from Montreal, carefully swathed in canvas; one was left at Patterson's, the other Rob took home. In this the brides, with Sandy and Jamie, would drive to the church, and in it Jean would come back with him. The other—exactly like it, save in one particular, and this Rob did not know of—would wait at the church door for Phemie and Philip.

Margaret, in her bitter, bitter disappointment, had the only sad heart in this harvest of happiness. She knew now that she would have her lad with her always, and it was not as she had hoped. They were all tender with her—Phemie and Philip not the least so.

A letter came from Jessie Fairbairn, saying she had decided to console Lord Kinburn, poor fellow; while Ellen and Jack Herries had also arranged to bear each other's foibles patiently as might be.

John Milburn rode out to congratulate Rob. To Jean he said:

"I did not resign you willingly, even at your own command, though I knew I had no rights that should be respected, but now that I see I step one side for a better man, I am consoled. May every happiness that Heaven can send attend you."

Rob and Philip turned at the altar and watched their brides as they walked slowly and gracefully up the aisle, each with a tremor in his heart lest it was too good to be true—they would only feel quite safe when the minister had pronounced the last words of the ceremony.

The Rev. William Bell stood at the altar. He had baptized three of the four who stood before him, and had received them into the church. The solemn words were spoken, Rob and Jean plighting

their troth first, and remaining at the altar until Philip and Phemie had been pronounced man and wife; then the four turned for congratulations. Coming from the vestry, they entered the waiting carriages and were quickly driven home, but not before the "small boy" assembled outside had noticed something peculiar about Philip's carriage which passed from tongue to tongue as rapidly as Philip's horses travelled, and the story brought back by the guests that night surprised no one in Perth.

Margaret had insisted that the breakfast should be laid in her house, Elspeth's house being used for reception rooms. A light awning was stretched "ower the bit path," and what a gathering was there! Dr. and Mrs. Thom; Captains McMillan and Leslie and their wives; Judge and Mrs. Mallock; Rev. William Bell and Mrs. Bell; Mr. and Mrs. McMartin; Mr. and Mrs. Morris, and the Hon. Roderick and Mrs. Matheson. Of the "Settlers" on the Line not one was missing, and from Smith's Falls all those whom we know.

The occasion brought out all that was best of everything. Speeches were made which astonished the people who made them, and the hours were all too short. Philip and Phemie were going to Kingston, thence to Toronto by boat; Rob and Jean to Quebec. The boats crossed at the Ferry; a number of the guests were prepared to escort them to the boat, and wish them "good luck" with the traditional slipper.

Crossing from Jamie's to Sandy's, the foremost of the guests were surprised to note the same peculiarity about Philip's carriage the small boy in Perth had discovered; Rob did not notice it—he had Jean to look at. They also had time to now see that the coachman was in livery—subdued, but unmistake-

able livery. Dr. Thom turned to Capt. Leslie, who was smiling knowingly at the group of guests standing, stock still, looking, almost surprised into a breach of decorum.

"Leslie, what does this mean?" he demanded, pointing to the carriage; "is Maxwell the——"

"Come into the house," said Captain Leslie.

Philip and Phemie stood just inside the parlor door, while Rob and Jean were only a few steps away. Mr. Bell was coming up to speak to them, Captain Leslie having whispered a word in his ear. And this is what Mr. Bell said:

"Your Grace, the guests crave permission to greet the Duchess of Kilmarnock by her rightful title before you carry her away from us."

Phemie looked up at Philip, a world of anxious inquiry in her eyes. Mr. Bell was much too dignified to be guilty of a practical joke: what did this mean?

Philip was smiling down on her. He bent and whispered:

"Yes, dearest, you are the Duchess of Kilmarnock. Can you forgive me, and trust me?"

Phemie looked into his eyes again, and slipping her hand into his, said soberly:

"Whatever your life is, Philip, I am content to share it."

And what a commotion there was! Everybody could now remember many things they had not given heed to while Philip Maxwell was among them—straws they were, but they might have shown which way the wind blew, had anyone been watching them. Capt. Leslie had known from the first; later Mr. Bell and Dr. Reade, from whom the marriage license was procured.

Philip apologized to Sandy and Elspeth; he

should not have deceived them, he knew, but having once entered that path, it was hard to find a turning-off place. He also said:

"You will have to be father and mother to me, as well as to Phemie; my own father and mother died in my infancy, and, as you know, I have neither brother or sister."

Rob was not hard to placate, and he now felt so sure of his own position he never once looked to see whether Jean's face showed any regrets. That she had no regrets might be gathered from a whisper we caught ere it reached Phemie:

"He'll seems like he'd be easy till manage; you'll happen be th' governor yersel', aifter a'."

Phemie smilingly returned Jean's merry glance, as she recalled the conversation of many months ago.

There is little more to tell. Phemie dwells in a castle in the Highlands when it pleases her, and a castle in the Lowlands when she is so disposed, with a house in London for the London season. The heir's (the Marquis of Rutherglen) first name is Douglas, which society considers very natural, but which two families back in the loved Canadian home appreciate, for reasons society knows not of.

And Jean and Rob, who are they and what are they now? You would know if we told you, you may guess if we do not. Many times has Rob's voice been heard in the council of the nation, since a part of Jamie's "dream" has been fulfilled. And Jean? From Quebec to Vancouver, her name is known and her influence felt. Rob does not now think of Jean's sons with a heartache, for Jean's sons bear his likeness, are walking in his footsteps,

he will lean on them when his own strength fails; and will leave them, when he and Jean are called away, as the richest legacy to our land—men who are proud of Canada, and of whom Canada has reason to be proud.

THE END.

PREFACE TO ADDENDA.

THE letters and other matter in the Addenda are copied from original correspondence and other official documents in the Canadian Archives; for that reason everything therein contained can be depended on as authentic. They are each worth reading, telling truly the story of long ago, and more vividly than any historian of to-day could write it.

The collecting, arranging and caring for the precious historical matter in the Archives is one of the most important branches of our Civil Service. Dr. Brymner is an ideal archivist, being thoroughly conversant with all points of Canadian history, and devoted to the office. Mr. Duff, assistant, and Miss Casey, are genial and helpful, and can offer many valuable suggestions to the seeker after knowledge of men and manners of the far away past. It cannot but be gratifying to every Canadian to have our history so well guarded, and find the lively interest in and affection for it evinced by all connected with the Archives.

J. S.

ADDENDA.

[*Copy.*]

KINGSTON, 29th September, 1815.

SIR,—I have the honor to acquaint Your Excellency that Staff Surgeon Thom, who is proceeding to the Settlement on the Rideau, has represented that Dr. Keating, the principal medical officer in this Province, does not feel himself authorized to issue, for the use of the Settlers, medical stores from the depots under his charge.

I beg leave to suggest to Your Excellency the expediency of a supply being immediately sent from Montreal for that service.

I have the honor to be, Sir,
Your Excellency's most obedient
and humble servant,
(Signed) F. P. ROBINSON,
Major Lieut. Comm.

To His Excellency
Lieut.-General
Sir Gordon Drummond, K.C.B.

[*Copy.*]

TRANSPORT "DOROTHY," No. 383,
QUEBEC, October 23rd, 1815.

YOUR EXCELLENCY,—In addressing Your Excellency, I beg leave most respectfully to state that I was appointed Assistant Surgeon from the list of the Navy to attend Settlers embarked for Canada on board this transport and return to England by

the same conveyance; and that, on proceeding to Sorel, the ship unfortunately grounded near Three Rivers.

Such of the Settlers as could not be transhipped to the steamboat I remained with till an opportunity offered of attending them to Sorel in a schooner. On my return to Three Rivers, I was detained by Lieut. and Adjutant Smith, Superintendent, to attend the sick remaining on board the "Atlas," in the absence of the medical officer, who was ordered to Montreal. Having executed that service, I returned to Quebec on the 21st of September.

I was then informed by Captain Fowler, Dep. Asst. Quartermaster-General, that Sir Sidney Beckwith wished to see me. In compliance with his wish, I waited on Sir Sidney, at La Chine, by whom I was ordered to remain with the Settlers and assured that the pay and allowance for officers of my rank in the Colonial Department would be granted. After experiencing a series of difficulties, I arrived at Cornwall with the division to which I was attached, where I remained till I was recalled by Lieutenant Champion, Agent of Transports, on the 17th instant, and arrived here this day in the steamboat.

It is not my intention to trespass on Your Excellency's time further by enumerating the hardships I have experienced, in common with my brother officers in this employ, which have been without equal during a long period of service in His Majesty's Navy.

Having been allowed subsistence money by the Transport Board when travelling under their directions, and not receiving any of the allowances that I expected would be granted for the time employed in this arduous service, induces me to submit this

statement for Your Excellency's gracious consideration.

I have the honor to be, Your Excellency,
Your Excellency's most obedient
and very humble servant,
(Signed) THOMAS MITCHELL,
Asst. Surgeon, R.N.

To His Excellency
Sir Gordon Drummond, K.B.

[*Copy.*]

TRANSPORT OFFICE,
QUEBEC, Oct. 26th, 1815.

SIR,—I have the honor to inclose for your information, at the desire of His Excellency Sir Gordon Drummond, documents soliciting His Excellency would be pleased to consider the expenses incurred by the three assistant surgeons of the Navy, when attending the Settlers lately arrived to the Upper Province, at the request of Major-General Sir Sidney Beckwith, Quartermaster-General.

I have the honor to be, Sir,
Your most obedient humble servant,
(Signed) DAN. JAS. WOODRIFF.

To Col. Foster.

	£	s.	d.
AMOUNT of Expenses incurred when employed with the Settlers in Canada, including conveyance from Cornwall to Montreal	17	10	0

I do hereby certify, on honor and the word of a gentleman, that the above expenses of seventeen

pounds ten shillings were actually incurred during the time I was employed, by order of Sir Sidney Beckwith, attending Settlers to the Upper Province.

Given under my hand on board the "Dorothy," Transport No. 383, Quebec, this 25th day of October, 1815.

(Signed) THOS. MITCHELL,
Asst. Surgeon, R.N.

Approved by

DAN. JAS. WOODRIFF,
L.R.N., P.A.P.

[*Copy.*]

QUEBEC, Nov. 21, 1815.

SIR,—I have the honor to report to His Excellency that, of the Settlers recently arrived from Scotland in the Transports "Dorothy," "Atlas" and "Baptiste Merechant," and since forwarded to the Upper Province, eight or nine unmarried men have proceeded to Kingston, and are there employed by the Engineer Department on the King's works. At Brockville thirty large families are accommodated in the Barracks, in some adjoining huts, and in the neighboring farm houses, where most of them have procured employment. This station being considered the principal depot of the Settlement about to be formed under the superintendence of Alex. McDonell, Esq.; the Staff Surgeon, Mr. Thom; the Deputy Adjutant Commissary-General, Mr. Greig; and Lieut. McTier, Act. Deputy Superintendent, are paid for the present. The Barracks are comfortable and in good order, under the charge of ——, whom I have ordered to furnish such a proportion of fuel during the winter as may be deemed

necessary for the cooking and comfort of the Settlers' families, subject to the recommendation of Mr. Thom, and the approval of the Superintendent.

At Fort Wellington there are a few families whom it is contemplated to settle on the Rideau. These are accommodated in a stone building on the wharf. I found it necessary to direct some slight repairs being made upon the building, which was used during the late war as a barrack and store. It is, I understand, the property of an American now in the United States, but a claim is made to the disposal or letting of it by Col. Hagerman.

The Settlers at this station are under the charge of Acting Lieutenant at Fort, Adjutant Foort, who has been authorized by Major-General Sir Frederick Robinson to perform the duties of the Quartermaster General's department, and whom I therefore take the liberty of recommending to Your Excellency's favourable consideration for a small increase of allowance. A trifling repair has been made in the Barrack at Johnstown, which is now in a tolerable state for the accommodation of Settlers and their families.

At Montreal are a few families whom the confinement of the wives or the sickness of the children rendered unable to proceed.

I beg leave to state, for Your Excellency's information, that as the Major-General, Sir Frederick Robinson, had directed the Superintendent to submit the name of a proper person to fill the situation of secretary and storekeeper, no one has yet been named to that important duty. I therefore, with the concurrence of Mr. McDonell, submit for your approbation the name of Mr. Daniel Daverne, senior clerk of the Quartermaster-General's Department in Upper Canada, as a person well versed in accounts

and of a good general information; and recommend at the same time his being allowed ten shillings per diem and Captain's lodging money.

(Signed) SIDNEY BECKWITH,
Q.-M. General.

To His Excellency
Sir Gordon Drummond.

[*Copy.*]

QUARTERMASTER-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
QUEBEC, 29th December, 1815.

Required to be issued by the Commissariat Department and forwarded for service of the Settlers at the undermentioned posts, viz.:—

Serge drawers - - - -	Pairs	400
Waistcoats - - - - -	W.	400

To be addressed and forwarded to the Superintendent of Settlers at Brockville.

Approved.

By His Excellency's command,
(Signed) SIDNEY BECKWITH,
Quartermaster-General.

To Wm. Henry Robinson, Esq.,
Commissary-General.

[*Copy.*]

COMMISSARY-GEN'L'S OFFICE,
QUEBEC, 27th April, 1816.

SIR,—As the period will shortly arrive when the Settlers who came out last year from Scotland, and the soldiers who were discharged in this country, will have received a year's provisions, I request

you will do me the honor to acquaint me with the intentions of His Excellency Lieut.-Gen'l Sir Gordon Drummond, in regard to a continuance of that indulgence.

I also take the liberty of requesting to be informed, for my future guidance, who is to approve of the requisitions of the several Superintendents for provisions, stores, etc., as it would appear by the General Order of the 24th inst. that the functions of Sir Sidney Beckwith have ceased as Quartermaster-Gen'l.

(Signed) W. H. ROBINSON,
Commissary-Gen'l.

To Major Foster,
Military Secretary, Quebec.

[*Copy.*]

PERTH-ON-THE-RIVER-TAY,
June 18th, 1816.

SIR,—I found myself placed in a most unpleasant predicament from the not having in my power to place the men from the De Watteville Regiment on their lands. All that has been surveyed in Township No. 1 has been located on the 13th inst.

I called on Capt. Sherwood and requested to know what lands had been surveyed in No. 2. I enclose his answer and field sketch. He informed me that what he had surveyed was very wet, and I have since been informed, from good authority, that it is unfit for location. Had the time which has been employed in the survey of this township been devoted to No. 1, the whole of the DeWattevilles might have been placed on their lands; and you will, in consequence, on your arrival here, find yourself at a loss where to place the located men.

I must apprise you that the spirit of the De-Wattevilles on their first arrival has evaporated in consequence of their not being placed on their lands, and that some have already quitted the Settlement, and others have notified their intention to quit.

(Signed) A. McDONELL,
Superintendent.

[*Copy.*]

QUEBEC, 24th Sept., 1816.

SIR,—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 20th inst., covering an extract of a despatch from the Right Hon. Lord Bathurst to His Excellency the Commander of the Forces on the subject of discontinuing the indulgence of rations to emigrant Settlers.

I beg to inform you, in reply, that immediate measures shall be adopted for conveying the instructions of His Majesty's Government and His Excellency the Commander of the Forces into effect, as far as they relate to the Settlers in Upper Canada.

The emigrants recently arrived have already been acquainted that they are not to receive any assistance, beyond what their own means afford, in addition to the indulgence of a grant of land.

I have also formed my requisitions for provisions for such discharged soldiers and emigrants fixed on their lands, and whom the Government have deemed it necessary to afford assistance to for a certain period, agreeable to His Excellency's instructions, by reducing the expense to a military field-ration, which heretofore it has much exceeded.

I herewith inclose a requisition for provisions, for His Excellency's approval, to be in readiness at

Fort Wellington, that advantage may be taken of the winter roads for the transport to the Settlements; also another requisition for ninety days' fresh beef to be issued during the winter, and which I have directed, as you will perceive from the general requisition, by both of which the saving will be considerable.

(Signed) GEORGE FOWLER,
Superintendent U.C.

Lieut.-Col. Addison,
Military Secretary.

[*Copy.*]

QUEBEC, 15th October, 1816.

To His Excellency
Lieut.-Gen'l Sir J. C. Sherbrooke, G.C.B.

SIR,—When I had the honor of an interview with Your Excellency at York you were pleased to express a desire that I should visit the New Settlement in the vicinity of the River Rideau, and being anxious to meet your wishes on every subject connected with the public service, I left Kingston on the 4th inst., accompanied by Major-General Wilson and Lieut.-Col. Cockburn, Assistant Quartermaster-General, and arrived at the Settlements on the 7th.

I found that a considerable delay had taken place last year in fixing upon a situation for the Settlers, and a great difficulty in procuring surveyors to lay out the several allotments of land, in consequence of which the Settlement cannot be considered to have commenced till late last spring. Although the Settlers were suffering many privations, I found a good disposition in them to exert themselves and cultivate their lands, but a general

alarm prevailed throughout the Settlement that the assistance afforded by Government in the supply of provisions until the Settlers were enabled to support themselves was to be withdrawn. Several families were preparing to leave the Settlement and seek an asylum on the American side of the St. Lawrence, on some lands belonging to a Mr. Parish, who, I understand, holds very tempting offers to agriculturists from Europe. I ventured to assure the Settlers that were already on their lands that Government would continue its assistance for some time longer, and that I would confer with Your Excellency on the subject.

Your Excellency must be aware that, placed in a wilderness many miles distant from any town or village, the Settlers, if they possess the means of purchasing provisions, could not be supplied without the aid of Government. The emigrants from Europe, however, have expended what small sums they possessed in fitting themselves out and defraying certain necessary charges in transporting themselves and families to this country.

The small crops at the Settlement have been unproductive, and the Settlers already begin to feel the severity of this climate, living under canvas and in small huts, and it is to be regretted that some temporary building has not been provided to shelter them on their first arrival.

I take the liberty most earnestly to request that Your Excellency will be pleased to authorize the continuance of the issue of rations to the Settlers arriving from Europe in Upper Canada, as they have been encouraged to proceed to that Province in an understanding that they were to receive the assistance of Government until they could subsist themselves. I can have no hesitation in assuring

Your Excellency that, should the provisions be now withheld, certain starvation will ensue, in which opinion Major-General Wilson has permitted me to say he fully concurs.

There are several other points connected with the Settlement which I shall reserve for a personal communication with Your Excellency.

I have, etc.

(Signed) FRANCIS GORE.

[*Copy.*]

DEP. QUARTERMASTER-GEN'L'S OFFICE,
QUEBEC, 13rd October, 1816.

SIR,—In conformity with the order received from Your Excellency, I have visited the new Settlements on the Rideau in Upper Canada and on the River St. Francis in the Lower Province, and I have now the honor to communicate to you the result of my observations upon these establishments.

Rideau.—This Settlement was commenced on the 18th April, 1816. The new village of Perth is situated on a small river, now called the Tay, formerly the Pike, which empties itself into the Rideau Lake at about 5½ miles below; it is distant from Brockville 42 miles, 21 of which is an old established and good road; the remainder is a road recently cut through the woods, and is good for the passage of waggons. Much praise is due to Captain Fowler for his exertions in opening this communication, by which a very great saving in transportation has taken place.

In the village there are twenty houses, and in its immediate vicinity there are 250 habitations,

which will be in readiness for occupation before the winter. Amongst the Settlers are about eighty head of cattle, and there are 800 bushels of fall wheat now in the ground. At present there are 840 men, 207 women, and 458 children, equal to 1,100 military rations of provisions per diem. The Settlement generally is provisioned to the 24th October; about fifty families of Scotch to the 24th December, and provisions for the whole are at the depot till the 24th January next. The Settlers recently gone up are not included in this statement. Their numbers, as far as I can form a judgment, will not exceed 200 rations per day. Of the number of Settlers from the United States, and who had emigrated from home to that country, it is not possible to speak with any degree of certainty.

I am of opinion that none of the Settlers of Perth and in its immediate neighborhood are in a state to provide for themselves during the winter; the earliest of them only commenced on clearing their land in April last. I would, therefore, beg to recommend that rations of provisions be issued to them until next June. Further indulgence will, I think, be absolutely necessary. Those in the Townships of Wolford, Kitley, Bastard, Montague, and Oxford, being in a country tolerably well settled, and who will have been a year on their lands the 24th December next, may be struck off at that time; their numbers will be about equal to 150 rations per day.

* * * * *

(Signed) C. Myers,
Col. Dep. Quarter-M.-Gen'l.

[*Copy.*]

DEPUTY QUARTERMASTER-GEN'L'S OFFICE,
QUEBEC, 4th May, 1817.

SIR,—Having taken every pains in my power to ascertain how far the description of axe produced by the Dept. Storekeeper-General from those in his charge might be serviceable to the Settlers, I am convinced that they will be no service to them. They were made in England, and although the shape and weight comes near to that of the felling axe of Upper Canada, yet the manufacture is different, and axes of the same kind have been tried and found to open out and give way at the eye when the handle is fixed. When it is considered how much the very existence of a Settler depends upon a good and proper axe, I trust His Excellency the Commander of the Forces will be pleased to order that the two hundred axes for which a Requisition was lately made by me for the service of the Settlers may be complied with by having that number made here agreeable to a pattern which is in the office.

I have the honor to be, Sir,
Your most obedient humble servant,
(Signed) CHRIST. MYERS.

[*Copy.*]

MONTREAL, 20th May, 1819.

Sir,—I have the honor to transmit, in triplicate, the proceedings of a Board of Inquiry directed to report upon the state of some axes furnished for the use of Settlers.

I have the honor, etc.
(Signed) W. MACBEAN.

To Col. Addison,
Military Secretary.

[*Copy.*]

The Board having assembled, examined the axes in the Storekeeper General's Magazine and found them of several descriptions, as follows:

Nine thousand eight hundred and eighty-one common English axes that were sent out for Settlers. These are not fit for Settlers, being too narrow and too long and not of sufficient weight. In the opinion of the Board they will serve for no other use than for splitting wood.

Considering that so great a number of these may not be called into use for the troops in barracks for a long time, they recommend that a portion of them be allotted for the Service, and that the remainder be returned to England; as if sold in this country they would only bring the price of old iron.

(Signed) SAML. ROMILLY,
Capt. R. Engineers.
J. W. CLARKE,
Dep. Com. Gen'l.
JNO. HARE,
Assistant Storekeeper.

[*Copy.*]

The Deputy Storekeeper General is directed to conform with the recommendations of the Board of Survey in the appropriation of the different descriptions of felling axes, with the exception of that part alluding to 9881 which were sent out for the Settlers, and taking into consideration the expense of moving them to Quebec for shipment to England, and the little possibility of their being required for service on account of their general unfitness, the Deputy Storekeeper General is further

directed to cause nine thousand of them to be disposed of by public sale at Montreal, and to place the proceeds to the credit of the public in his accounts.

The remaining 881 can remain in store to be issued from time to time for any service to which they can be appropriated.

By His Excellency's Command.
(Signed) J. N. ADDISON,
Military Secretary.

[*Copy.*]

D. QUARTERMASTER-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
HEADQUARTERS,
QUEBEC, July 4, 1818.

SIR,—I beg leave to inform Your Excellency that by account from Captain Fowler I find there are still many cases of great distress in the New Settlement, and that the damaged provisions lately placed at my disposal for the relief of Settlers is exhausted; under the circumstances I take leave to solicit Your Excellency will be pleased to direct that such further proportion of provisions as may from long keeping or other cause be deemed unfit for the use of the troops, may be placed at my disposal, to be employed by me for the relief of those unfortunate people.

I have the honor to be,
Your Excellency's
Obedient and very humble servant,
(Signed) FRANCIS COCKBURN,
Dep. Q. M. Genl.

To His Excellency,
Sir J. C. Sherbrooke,
G.C.B.

[*Copy.*]

STOREKEEPER GENL'S OFFICE,
QUEBEC, 2nd Jan., 1818.

SIR,—I have the honor to request you will be pleased to instruct the Commissary Genl. to direct the officers of his Department at Fort Wellington to furnish such transport as may from time to time be required by the Clerk of the Department in charge at this station, to enable him to forward stores to the Perth Settlement in compliance with such approved requisition as may be transmitted from Headquarters to him or to the officer in charge of this Department at Kingston.

(Signed) W. ROBERTSON, Esq.,
Dept. Storekeeper Genl.

[*Copy.*]

DEPUTY QUARTERMASTER GENLS. OFFICE,
QUEBEC, July 25, 1818.

SIR,—The numerous emigrant families who arrived in Canada last year, and who received authority for land at the Rideau settlement, rendered it impracticable for the Secretary to place them on their several allotments without the assistance of persons acquainted with the country and the manner in which the allotments are laid out ; by the employment of whom an expense was incurred amounting to £43 12s. 6d. currency, which expenditure is supported by vouchers and receipts from the individuals employed on this duty. I have therefore to request you will be pleased to submit this circumstance to His Excellency the Commander of the Forces, trusting His Excellency will be pleased to

allow the sum mentioned as a charge in the disbursements of the Settlements.

(Signed) FRANCIS COCKBURN,
Lieut.-Col. and Dept. Q. M. Genl.

SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE,
PERTH, 17 October, 1818.

SIR,—I have the honor to inclose herewith a general abstract of monies received and expended by me on account of the Settlers Department at Perth, between the 25th June, 1817, and the 24th September, 1818, the vouchers for which have been transmitted to Capt. Fowler, Dept. Assist. Quarter-master-General, by this day's post, to be laid before you as soon as convenient. By the inclosed you will perceive that I have no public money in my hands. I therefore beg leave to request that the sum of two hundred pounds currency may, as soon as possible, be transmitted to me for the purpose of defraying the authorized disbursements of the Settling Department.

I have the honor to be, Sir,
Your most obedient humble servant,
(Signed) D. DAVERNE,
Secy. Settling Dept.

To Francis Cockburn,
Lieut.-Col., Dep. Q.-M.-Genl.

[*Copy.*]

SCOTCH SETTLEMENT,
PERTH, August 10, 1818.

We, the undersigned Scotch Emigrants, do hereby certify that Mr. John Holiday, who accompanied us from Scotland as our Schoolmaster, taught

our children in Brockville Barracks from Martinmas, 1815, to Whitsunday, 1816, for which he received no fee whatever, nor did we ever hear Mr. Holiday express an idea of making a charge for the same.

(Signed) JOHN TOMPSON, JOHN FURRIER,
" JAMES TAYLOR, WM. MCGILLIVRAY,
" JAMES MCLAREN, JAMES MCDONALD,
" JAMES MILLAR, ALEX. MCFARLANE,
" ANN HOLDNESS, THOS. BARRIE,
" HUGH MCKAY, JOHN BRASK,
" ABRAHAM TONER, ALEXANDER KIDD,
" THOMAS BARKER, GEORGE WILSON,
" JOHN FERGUSON, WM. JOHNSTOWN.
" JAMES FRASER,

HARDWARE SUPPLIES FURNISHED SETTLERS.

Paillises
Blankets
Bill hooks
Flanders kettles
Axes: Broad, Felling, Pick
Spades
Shovels
Mattocks
Hoes: Broad, Narrow
Iron rakes
Pitchforks
Rivets
Ferrules
Reaping-hooks
Scythes (complete)
Snaithes
Files: Crosscut saw-, Hand "
Socket chisels
Carpenter's adzes
saws: Hand, Crosscut
Pit
Saw-sets
Augers
Grindstones
locks: Iron rimmed, Stock (various), Pad- (strong), Hook-strap
H. H. T. hinges
Iron ball
Latches and catches
Bails for pots
Harrow teeth
Nails: 40, 32, 30, 20, 10, 6, 4
Tacks: 3, 2
Shingle nails: 6, 4
Brads, iron wedges

[*Copy.*]

DEP. QUA'RMASTER-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
QUEBEC, April, 1825.

SIR,—I beg to inclose you an account of a balance due to the naval artificers employed in the construction of boats at the Rideau Settlement, the amount of which His Excellency the Commander of the Forces has been pleased to direct shall be transmitted to Kingston.

I have the honor to be, Sir,
Your most obedient humble servant,
GEORGE FOWLER.

To Col. Addison,
Military Secretary.

To HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF RICHMOND, K.G.,
General and Governor-in-Chief of British North America, Etc., Etc.

The Petition of Robert Jameson, Emigrant from Scotland, most humbly sheweth:

That petitioner landed in Quebec, Sept., 1816, and received 100 acres of land in this Settlement, upon which he has been industriously employed ever since, and has got a sufficient clearance and crop in the ground for the support of his family. That petitioner, having a wife and two children in the City of Aberdeen, in Scotland, and he being a poor man and not possessed of means to bring them out, which grieves him very much—and how he is to get them here God only knows—and having none else under heaven to look up to except Your Grace, urges him to the necessity of addressing you, humbly soliciting you would in your humanity be pleased to point out some method or use your kind

influence for their passage to this country, which would alleviate the distress of mind he labors under owing to their absence. He further begs leave to state that when he left home he was not possessed of as much money as would pay their passage, but being led to suppose he could procure as much in a short time from the product of his land, which, he is sorry to say, has proved abortive to him.

Petitioner therefore, humbly laying his distressed state before Your Grace for your kind consideration, hopes you will, in your goodness, be graciously pleased to use your kind interest, so as to mitigate the grief, and be the means of restoring his family to him once more. And may the Rewarder of all good shower down everlasting blessings upon Your Grace, which ever shall be the unfeigned prayer of your petitioner.

(Signed) ROBT. JAMESON.

Perth, 12th Dec., 1818.

The petitioner is a hard-working, industrious man, and reports that he has means to support his family should they be sent out.

(Signed) D. DAVERNE,
Secy. Settlers Dept.

Perth, 12th Dec., 1818.

Witness that the petitioner, Robt. Jameson has been an industrious Settler since his arrival in this Settlement. He is a man of good character, and has sufficient from his crop to maintain his family should they be sent out to him.

(Signed) W. MARSHALL, J.P.
AL. THOM, J.P.

Perth, 5 Dec., 1818.

To Lieut.-Col. Cockburn,
Dep. Q.-M.-General, Etc., Etc., Etc.

The petition of the undersigned inhabitants of the Perth Settlement sheweth :

That your petitioners feel much regret at the removal of the Rev. Mr. Wm. Bell from the public school at this place, having the highest opinion of his abilities as a teacher, as well as of his moral and religious character.

Your petitioners were led to believe that the money raised by private subscription for the building of the public schoolhouse was contributed for the purpose of placing a person of their own choice as teacher in the same ; and as there can be no person as much interested in an affair of this kind as the parents of children themselves, it was but natural for them to have concluded that they were to be allowed that privilege. Your petitioners, after having observed with pleasure the progress made by their children under the tuition of the Rev. Mr. Wm. Bell, cannot but regret his removal ; but as it appears the school building in question was, without their knowledge or concurrence, built on ground reserved by Government, and, as they have since heard, without your approval, they must submit to the loss they have sustained in their teacher and, what they considered they had still a greater right in, the schoolhouse. At the same time, being fully aware of the liberal intentions of Government, which have been so strongly and so repeatedly evinced, they are led to hope that Mr. Bell may still be allowed the privilege of teaching, as before, with the former assistance bestowed by Government.

Your petitioners cannot but consider that they have a claim for the amount raised by private sub-

scription and laid out on the schoolhouse which they have recently been deprived of; and they have been informed that it appears evident by
of your letter to Major Powell, of the 8th inst., that you attach the entire blame to Mr. Bell for not having immediately complied with the demand made by the Rev. Wm. Harris in giving him up possession of the schoolhouse. We consider it our duty, in justification of Mr. Bell, to say that he was in this by the opinion of a great portion of the inhabitants of this place.

Which is most humbly submitted.

(Signed)

John Alston,	James Bows,	Donald Gillies,
Jos. Taylor,	Wm. McPherson,	Alex. Kidd,
A. Fraser,	James Barrie,	E. C. Malloch,
Wm. McKay	James Bryce,	John Hay,
J. Watson,	John Fletcher,	Alex. McDonald,
Jas. O'Hare,	Hugh Scott,	Rich. Jamieson,
John Adamson,	Edward Harkness,	Henry Courtnay,
James McLean,	James Roberts,	Edward Donnely,
James Ferguson,	James Scott,	James McIntosh,
John Campbell,	John McLaren,	Francis Allen,
N. B. Tommas,	John McLeod,	John McNee,
Wm. Browne,	Austin Allen,	Duncan Cameron,
James Robinson,	George Wilson,	Wm. McGillivray,
Angus Cameron,	John Allan,	James McDonald,
Peter McPherson,	Abraham Ferrier,	John Holliday,
John Ferguson,	John Ferrier,	Wm. Rutherford,
John Paterson,	James Fraser,	John McNie,
Robert Smith,	Samuel McEachran,	Colin Campbell.
Charles Jamieson,	James McCraken,	

PERTH, 27 Dec., 1820.

Major J. H. POWELL, *Secretary-Storekeeper.*
WM. PITT, - - - *Clerk Issuer.*
Rev. WM. HARRIS, *Schoolmaster.*
JOHN HOLLIDAY, - "

Scotch Settlement.

[*Extract.*]

DEPT. QUARTER-MASTER-GENL'S. OFFICE,
QUEBEC, Aug. 25th, 1820.

SIR,—I have the honor to transmit herewith provision accounts from the Military Settlement, Perth, also the proceedings of a Board of Survey for approval; requesting, at the same time, to be allowed to recommend that the 1239 lbs. of flour, stated therein to be damaged, should be given to distressed families in the Settlement.

(Signed) GEO. FOWLER.

To Col. Darling,
Military Sec.,
Quebec.

PERTH, U. CANADA,
26 March, 1820.

May it please Your Excellency,

We, the undersigned inhabitants of the Perth Settlement, beg leave most humbly to represent to Your Excellency that in consequence of a late Act of the Provincial Parliament of Upper Canada we became entitled to that long wished for privilege of sending a member or members to represent us in the Commons House of Assembly, which privilege, however, we are sorry to observe is (under existing circumstances) likely to prove more injurious and annoying than beneficial or agreeable to us. As in consequence of no deeds having as yet been issued, there are no electors in this county with the exception of a few in the old township of Nepean. Taking advantage of this circumstance, candidates are offering themselves who are not residents in this county, who have already secured the influence of

these, and who must undoubtedly succeed unless measures are taken to enable those to vote who from the length of time and fulfillment of the settling duties are now entitled to their deeds. On a subject of such importance to every individual in this Settlement, we are induced to lay these circumstances before Your Excellency, humbly praying that Your Excellency would be pleased to take such steps as may place these persons last alluded to in possession of their deeds in time to enable them to elect a person from among themselves to represent them in the next ensuing Parliament.

We beg leave to assure Your Excellency that nothing less than the present threatened evil could have induced us to remind Government of the promise held out to us of being placed in possession of our deeds of our lands in three years from the date of location; the failure in which, we are convinced, has arisen from some unavoidable and unforseen cause. Resting assured Your Excellency will do everything possible for the general interest of the Infant Settlement,

We have the honor to remain, etc.,

(Signed)

Al. Thom, J.P.,
A. McMillan, J.P.
R. Matheson,
Wm. Bell,
Josh. Taylor,
J. Watson,
Alex. Matheson,
John Jackson,
Josh. Holesworth,
Robt. Winchworth,
Thos. Consitt,
Lieut. R.N.
John Ferguson,
W. Morris,
G. H. Reade,
Wm. Baily.
N. B. Townes,
John Alston,
James Young,
Wm. Matheson,
H. Graham,
David Bay,
A. Fraser.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE,

YORK, 14 November, 1821.

MY LORD,—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your Lordship's letter of the 1st inst.,

and to thank you for placing at Perth, Richmond and Glengarry, the field pieces and small arms which, from the conversation I had the honor of holding with your Lordship at this place, I had been in expectation of. I shall hasten to comply with your Lordship's wish in directing the Commissary Officers of the Regiments of Militia nearest to those points to receive and take charge of the arms, etc., and I shall not fail to communicate your Lordship's pleasure to the Commanding Officer of the Royal Artillery at Kingston.

I have the honor, etc.,

(Signed) P. MAITLAND.

To His Excellency,
Lieut. Genl.
The Earl of Dalhousie, G.C.B.

[*Copy.*]

SIR,—I am commanded by the Lords Commissioners of His Majesty's Treasury to acquaint you that, in an estimate transmitted to their Lordships, from this office, in charge of the Commissariat in Canada, of sums required for the extraordinary services of the Army between the 25th of July and 25th of August last, my Lords have noticed an item amounting to two thousand seven hundred pounds, for advance to Major Powell on account of Settlers; and I am to desire you will inform my Lords under what authority and regulations this money is to be appropriated, and in what manner it is to be accounted for.

I am, etc.

(Signed) GEORGE HARRISON.

Treasury Chambers, 13th January, 1821.

To the Officer Commanding
H. M. Forces in Canada.

Stores at Perth.	Lbs.
Biscuit	1,150
Flour	41,900
Fresh meat	1,344
Salt pork	57,400
Rice	504
Oatmeal	2,541
Pease	(bush.) 1
Rum	4 gall., 7 butts

Price of Grain, etc., in Perth, 1827.	s. d.
Wheat, per 60 lbs.	3 –
Flour, " 196 "	20 –
Pork, " 100 "	22 6
Oats	1 3
Barley	2 6
Beef, per lb.	3 4
Mutton, veal	3 4

Annual Salaries.	—	*Lodging.*
Asst. Supt. and Storekeeper, Daniel Daverne	£182 10	£36 0
Issuer	63 17	20 0
Asst. Issuer	36 10	10 0
Clerk	91 5	20 0
Schoolmaster	50 0	—

Proposed Establishment of Settlers, 1821, Perth.

One Clerk	£91 5 0	Annual.
Asst. Issuer	36 10 0	
Forest Guide	63 17 6	

[*Copy.*]

PERTH, 6th July, 1827.

SIR,—To your question, "Whether Settlers would be able to repay the Government the sums advanced on their account at the end of five years, at five pounds per year?" I answer, that it is my opinion they would; and, as a proof, I beg leave to

state, for your further information, that I was discharged from the late 103rd Regiment previous to that corps leaving this country, and was sent by the Quartermaster-Gen'l's Department to this Settlement, where I received a grant of land with a year's provisions and implements. I had not a shilling at the time of settling upon my land; but at the end of five years my property was worth £100, having a yoke of oxen, two cows, a house and barn, with upwards of twenty acres cleared.

I am, etc.

(Signed) WM. WATSON,
Sergeant late 103rd Regiment.

[*Copy.*]

PERTH, 9th July, 1827.

SIR,—In answer to your question, I beg leave to state, that I have been one of the first of the Perth Settlers, and from the way that I have got on myself, I have not the least hesitation in saying that an industrious man, placed on a lot of land with the same advantages which we have had, will be able at the end of five years to commence paying back the amount advanced on his account at the rate of five pounds per annum in produce.

My property at the end of five years was worth £200.

I am, etc.

(Signed) WILLIAM MCPHERSON.

[*Copy.*]

PERTH, UPPER CANADA, 9th July, 1827.

SIR,—In answer to your question, I beg leave to state that I have been a constant observer of the

manner that the Settlers of the Perth Settlement have got on from almost the commencement of the Settlement; and from what has come under my own knowledge, I have not the slightest hesitation to give it as my opinion that a man placed on a lot of land with the same advantages as enjoyed by the above-mentioned Settlers will, at the end of five years, be able to begin to pay back the amount advanced on his account at the rate of five pounds a year, payable in products.

I also beg leave to state that at the end of five years, if the Settler is industrious, he can make his property worth from £100 to £130. I know many farmers in my neighborhood whose property was worth £200 at the end of five years, that would not take £300 for their present property; and many have purchased second lots who had not five shillings when located. Of this I have a full knowledge on account of being Registrar of the County.

I have, etc.,

(Signed) ALEXANDER MCMILLAN,
Captain H. P. Glengarry Light Infantry.

[*Copy.*]

PERTH, 7 July, 1827.

SIR,—I beg leave to forward you a return of the births, etc., that have taken place in this part of the Military Settlements from the year 1816 up to the present period. I should have wished to have forwarded a more accurate statement, but the shortness of the time prevented me from so doing. I would, however, remark that the list I now send includes only that part of the Settlement that comes

under the immediate observation of the ministers of the different denominations residing in Perth.

On the subject of your inquiry whether I think that emigrants being sent out at the expense of Government and receiving further assistance from them will be able to refund in annual payments of five pounds after the expiration of five years from the time they are located, I have no hesitation in giving my opinion that I think they could, providing they are industrious and situated on good land. As one of the ministers of the Established Church in this country, I have had many opportunities of remarking the gradual improvement of the emigrants residing in this quarter, and I have no doubt that the greater number of them would willingly have complied if such terms were held out to them upon their coming out to Canada, if I may judge from the prosperous condition they are now in.

I remain, etc.,

(Signed) M. HARRIS.

—	Baptisms.	Marriages	Deaths.	—
Episcopalians...	1030	273	53	From 18th October, 1819, to July 7th, 1827.
Presbyterians...	494	157	.....	From 18th October, 1817, to July 7th 1827.
Roman Catholic	373	72	36	From 16th April, 1823, to July 7th, 1817.

GENERAL RETURN of the Population of the Bathurst District for the Year 1827.

TOWNSHIPS.	NUMBER IN EACH.					
	Heads of Families.	Males under 16.	Females under 16.	Males above 16.	Females above 16.	Total.
Drummond	356	441	419	127	394	1,737
Bathurst	318	351	422	118	419	1,638
Beckwith	309	332	350	52	288	1,328
Lanark	313	418	383	99	313	1,526
Ramsay	267	342	337	84	265	1,295
North Sherbrooke	37	45	53	28	38	201
Dalhousie	187	244	288	60	184	903
Goulbourn	328	416	404	94	337	1,579
March	61	99	117	27	71	365
Nepean	76	62	90	263	89	580
Fitzroy	49	39	33	30	45	196
Huntley	140	136	119	33	124	552
Pakenham	67	70	66	28	76	307
Totals	2,515	2,995	3,011	1,043	2,643	12,207

Torbolton, McNab, South Sherbrooke, Darling, Levant, not included in this return; Torbolton not assessed this year, and McNab containing population of more than 200.

(Signed) G. H. READE,
Clerk of the Peace, B.D.

Aggregate Account of the Rateable Property.

Townships.	Acres of Land.		Houses.									
	Uncultivated.	Cultivated.	Square or hewn timber, 2 sides, 1 story.	Additional Fireplaces.	Framed, under 2 stories.	Additional Fireplaces.	Square timber, 2 stories.	Additional Fireplaces.	Brick or stone, 2 fireplcs.	Additional Fireplaces.	Frame, brick, or stone, 2 stories.	
Drummond....	32,705	4,408¾	9	..	29	1	3	1	5	7		9
Bathurst.....	31,326½	4,632½	10	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..
Beckwith.....	31,159	3,413	3	..	1	..	2	..	..	..	..	..
Lanark	32,014	2,939	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..
Ramsay	25,718	2,095	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
N. Sherbrooke.	51,085	321	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dalhousie	18,177	1,803	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Goulbourn	37,233	3,181	22	9	1	..	..	..	..	..		2
March	16,884	916	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1
Nepean	9,789	909	16	..	4	..	..	..	2	..	..	1
Huntley.....	16,472	858	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Pakenham	5,764	330	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Fitzroy	12,321	449	6	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Total.....	274,647½	26,355¼	66	12	35	9	5	1	9	4		13

Torbolton, McNab, South Sherbrooke, Horton, Darling and Levant have not been assessed; the Township of Torbolton was last year, and McNab, that contains a population of more than 200 souls, has been neglected.

(Signed) G. H. Reade,
Clerk of the Peace, Bt. Dt.

AGGREGATE RETURN of Rateable Property in the Bathurst District for the Year 1827.

TOWNSHIPS.	MILLS.										
	Wrought by water with 1 pr. stones	Additional pr. of stones	New Mills	Merchant Shops.	Storehouses.	Horses 3 years old and upward.	Oxen 4 years and upward.	Milch Cows.	Horned Cattle, 2 to 4 years.	Wagons for pleasure.
Drummond	1	....	1	9	..	79	286	583	328	3
Bathurst	4	....	2	2	..	58	274	546	327	....
Beckwith	1	....	..	4	..	24	323	425	183	....
Lanark	3	....	1	1	..	9	213	395	275	....
Ramsay	2	1	1	3	..	9	155	293	224	....
North Sherbrooke	.....	....	..	..	..	....	32	53	40	....
Dalhousie	1	....	..	..	..	3	112	224	199	....
Goulbourn	1	1	1	6	..	45	223	421	169	....
March	1	....	..	..	..	15	57	82	31	....
Nepean	.....	....	2	9	1	30	83	102	34	....
Huntley	1	....	..	..	..	16	71	154	65	....
Pakenham	1	....	..	..	..	2	27	62	34	....
Fitzroy	1	....	..	..	..	15	65	52	44	....
Totals	17	2	11	34	1	305	1,921	....	....	....

Certified to be correct, and agreeing with the assessor's returns filed in my office.

(Signed) G. H. READE,
Clerk of the Peace, Bt. Dt.

[*Copy.*]

PERTH, UPPER CANADA.

SIR,—It is my intention to inform you I entered this Settlement on its commencement, say 1816, with my wife and family of eight children, the eldest being then but twelve years of age, and but the small sum of four shillings and sixpence was I possessed of. By the assistance of Government in serving me with rations, implements, etc., I contrived, with industry, to live, so that at the termination of five years I had thirty acres of land under cultivation, a yoke of oxen, four milch cows and several head of young cattle, with twelve sheep, hogs, etc., etc., the whole of which I at that time valued at £125; and at present having increased my stock to two yoke of oxen and nineteen head of other horned cattle, thirty sheep, forty hogs, etc. My family being likewise increased to twelve children, with my father and mother in the house; that I, therefore, value my property, stock, etc., etc., etc., at the lowest estimation, this day to be £300 currency.

I have, etc.,

(Signed) JOHN TATLOCK.

I do not hesitate to state that any industrious person would have it in his power to be alike independent in the space of five years, and have it in his power to pay five pounds without any inconvenience.

To Col. Cockburn, etc., etc.

RANGE OF PRICES on Staples in 1831.

ARTICLE.	EASTERN DISTRICT.			JOHNSTOWN DISTRICT		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Wheat.....bush.	5	1		5	6	
Maize..... "	2	6		3	6	
Oats..... "	1	3		1	8	
Barley..... "	2	6		2	6	
Potatoes .... "	1	3		1	6	
Butter, fresh....lb.		7½			9	
" salt..... "		7½			7½	
Cheese..... "		6			6	
Eggs.....doz.		5			9	
Ducks.....	1	8		1	8	
Fowls.....	1	4		1	6	
Geese.....	4	0		5	0	
Turkeys.....	5	0		6	0	
Hay.....	1	15	0	2	5	0
Straw.....		16	8		16	8
Bread.....4 lb.		9			10	
Beef.....lb.		2½			3½	
Mutton.....		3			4	
Pork.....		4			5	
Veal.....		3			3	
Flour.....100 lb.	15	0		17	6	
Fine 2nd....100 "	12	6		12	6	

ARTICLE.	JOHNSTOWN DISTRICT.					
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Wheat.....	5	6		6	9	
Maize.....	1	9		2	3	
Oats.....	1	3		2	6	
Barley.....	1	9		4	0	
Potatoes	1	3		1	9	
Butter, fresh....lb.		6			9	
" salt.....		7½			10	
Cheese.....		4			6	
Eggs.....		6			10	
Ducks.....	1	6		2	0	
Fowls.....	1	0		1	3	
Geese.....	2	4		2	6	
Turkeys.....	3	6		4	0	
Hay.....	1	10	0	2	10	0
Straw.....	5	0		10	0	
Bread.....4 lb.		6			8	
Beef.....lb.		2½			4	
Mutton.....		2½			4	
Pork.....		4			6	
Veal.....		2½			3	
Flour.....100 lb.	15	0		17	0	
Fine 2nd....100 "	12	6		15	0	

Wages, $12.00 per month.

BATHURST DISTRICT.

ARTICLE.	Lowest.			Highest.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Wheat ...	5	0		5	0	
Maize	2	6		3	0	
Oats	1	6		2	0	
Barley....	3	0		3	6	
Potatoes .	1	3		1	9	
Butter....		6			8	
" salt.		7½			7½	
Cheese ...		6			6	
Eggs.....		4			8	
Ducks....	2	6		3	0	

ARTICLE.	Lowest.			Highest.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Fowl.....	1	8		2	3	
Geese	4	0		4	0	
Turkeys ..	4	0		4	0	
Hay.....	2	0	0	2	10	0
Straw	7	6		7	6	
Bread		10			10	
Beef.....		4			4	
Mutton ...		4			4	
Pork		3			3	
Veal		4			4	

Copy of letter from Mr. E. Cushing of the Ottawa Forwarding Company.

MONTREAL, 16 June, 1834.

SIR,—The following are the lowest rates the Ottaway Steamboat Company could undertake to convey emigrants and baggage during the present season via the Rideau Canal to Kingston:

For each adult.....	10s. 0d.
Children between 7-14.....	5s. 0d.
Ditto 3-7.....	3s. 4d.
Ditto under 3.....	Gratis

Luggage 2s. 9d. per cwt. and none allowed.

The company have decked barges leaving every day and arrive in Bytown in two days and Kingston in five days without any transhipping of baggage.

(Signed) E. CUSHING.

To A. C. Buchanan, Esq.,
Chief Agent.

A CANADIAN HEROINE.

On the day of the Battle of the Windmill, Grace Fraser of Johnstown—whose home was near the scene of action—calmly walked over to where she could signal the British troops, and advised them of the position of the enemy, then—without let or hindrance, and without abating one jot of the dignity of a Highland gentlewoman—as calmly retraced her steps.

Miss Fraser's father, Captain Thomas Fraser, was known far and wide as Bon Homme Tom, which title explains itself. Descending from Capt.

Fraser of the Fraser Regiment, which served in 1759 under Lord Amherst, and again through the war with the Colonies they were essentially a military family. Col. Simon Fraser was a relative, Mrs. Hurdman, of Hurdman's Bridge, Ottawa, a niece, and not a few families more or less closely related are yet living at Johnstown.—[Ed.]

The Parliament of 1841 sat in Kingston. With a story-writer's license we have convened it in Toronto.—[Ed.]

CANADIAN FENCIBLES, 1816.

COL. THOS. PETER.

LIEUT.-COLS.

David Shank — Geo. Robertson

MAJORS.

Wm. De Harren — J. F. Fulton

CAPTAINS.

E. Cartwright	John Hall	Wm. Marshall
G. R. Ferguson	G. S. Peach	Josias Taylor
Alex. McQueen	W. H. Henlet	Wm. Radenhurst
James Penty		

LIEUTENANTS.

Henry Weatherston	Benj. DeLisle	J. C. Peach
John Johnston	Ulysses Fitzmorris	J. McKenzie
Alex. Grant	G. De Hertel	Saml. Brampton
Patrick Nowlan	B. Gugy	John Richardson

ENSIGNS.

A. Wilkinson	Wm. Taylor	J. H. Kerr
Walter Davidson	Benj. Holmes	James De Hery
Louis Dufresne	Wm. Mitchell	

ADJUTANT.

Patrick Nowlan

QUARTERMASTER.

Alex. Fraser

SURGEON.

Wm. Daunt — T. Robertson

GLENGARRY LIGHT INFANTRY FENCIBLES, 1816.

From Army List.

COLONEL.

Ed. Baynes

LIEUT.-COL.

Francis Battersby

MAJORS.

Robt. McDonell — Alex. Clark

CAPTAINS.

John Jenkins — W. Roxburg — James Fitzgibbon
Thos. Fitzgerald — Thos. Powell — Wm. Campbell
R. M. Cochrane — Alex. McMillan — W. Coates
Foster Weeks

LIEUTENANTS.

James Stewart — Wm. Kemble — Angus McDonell
Anthony Leslie — James McCaulay — Robt. Kerr
H. S. Hughes — Roderick Matheson — John McKay
Walter Kerr

ENSIGNS.

Joseph Frobisher — Thos. Gugy — John Moorhead
Alex. McDonell — John Fraser — John Wright
Alex. McDonald

PAYMASTER.

Roderick Matheson

ADJUTANT.

Wm. Blair

QUARTERMASTER.

John Watts

SURGEON.

Alex. Cunningham

ASSISTANT SURGEON.

Robt. C. Horne