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so I got three yials, and after taking them I have never been troubled since with constination." Put up only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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Fromot delivery

County people in many maris of G7. Exclamation England still believe in which say

WILD GEES

By Martha Ostenso.

behind Bjorn, who was untying his horses from the hitching post.

"See you have some Jerseys." he said, tapping the young man on the shoulder. Bjorn started. Caleb

"Ya-a, sure," said Bjorn.

"Get.'em at the Siding?" "Naa-ow. Bought from Klovacz. He needed the money, before goes avay," Bjorn said. His traveled down the road. Caleb smiled again, balancing back on his heels thoughtfully. Bjorn got into his wagon and drove down toward Yellow Post proper, giving his horses

est Oeland took it that good blood ran all the way through the family. There they made their little mistake, Caleb thought, congratulating himself upon having discovered a stain upon the Aronson escutcheon which he might with ease lay his tween the road and the Klovacz finger on. No, he had long known farm. He heard the voices of two that Bjorn was not the boy his bro- men who were approaching on the ther was. Bjorn had not even opposite side of the fence. One voice troubled to learn English with the was reedy and high as a child's, al pains that Fusi had given to Caleb would pay a little visit to a chimney; the other was rich and

the Klovacz homestead. The day tion with his feet on government was pleasant and Caleb was in an soil upon his own fields, already green coming to this morose patch of land, feared—things out of man's conall that Anton Klovacz, with rarest good luck pending upon the granting of the government title, would leave in his will a few short months Mark Jordan until his eyes ached

Caleb turned into the narrow, in frequently-used wood road that led past Anton Klovacz's outbuildings. He drove slowly, and let the wheels run on the grass alongside, so that there should be as little sound possible from them. He craned his neck to see all that he could of the Klovacz place.

It was months since he had talked with Anton, but he had heard at Yellow Post that the man was failing fast and was leaving very soon for the city where a great specialist was to examine him. But that news only corroborated the statement of Bart Nugent, who in his last letter had told Caleb that Mark Jordan was leaving at once to tend to Klovacz's homestead during his absence. Bart was a clever man, and he had done Caleb a life-long service, never suspecting to what purpose. Bart had fondly thought that Caleb had Mark's interest at heart because of Amelia. A veterinary surgeon and a keeper of stables, Bart had managed to continue his acquaintance with Mark Jordan in friendly fashion even after the war, and had faithfully reported every move that the young man

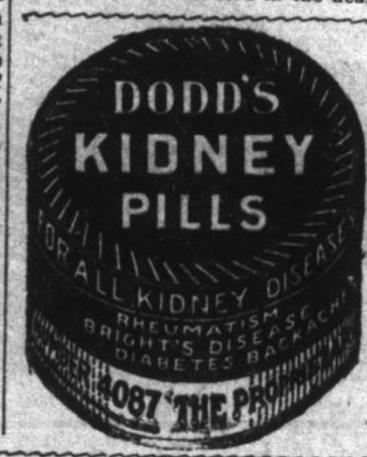
when he reviewed the situation Bart had been a good sort. But

Caleb removed his last letter from his vest pocket, together with the one from the hospital which had forwarded it to him. He shook his head, and a look came into his eyes that was seldom seen there. It was the look of the old when they hear of the passing of the old. Amelia must never learn that Bart Nugent was gone. For it was Bart and his assiduous reporting on Mark that she feared. Bart was Caleb's only connection with the outer world. Even if Amelia did learn of Mark's presence on the Klovacz farm, she must never know that Bart Nugent Bjorn was not the man his bro- was dead. Mark Jordan would rether was, but because Fusi was hon- turn to the city, and Caleb would lose all trace of him, but that Amelia must never know. For that

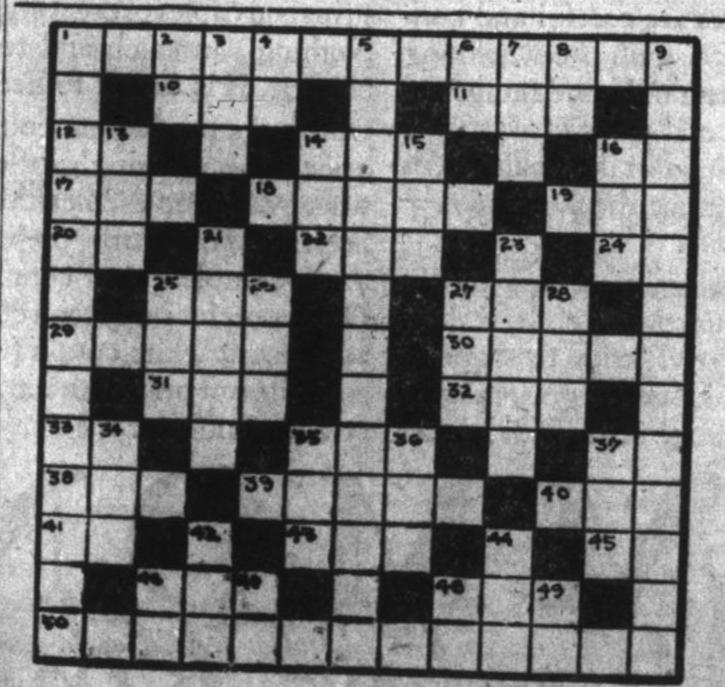
would mean an end to Amelia's fear. Caleb skulked along in the cart close to the alder bushes that were flowering like creamy curds be most with the thin wail of wind in Fusi on the way home, he decided. | controlled, full of another kind There was another little matter youth. Caleb at once hated the deep that Caleb thought it would be ad- assurance in the second voice. He vantageous to attend to. He got knew by instinct that it was Mark into his cart, clucked to the horse Jordan's. The other was that of and headed him in the direction of Anton Klovacz, dying of consump-

exceedingly good humor. By turn- Through the thick weave of the ing his head westward he could look bushes, Caleb caught a glimpse of the two men. Jordan was tall and and promising. On the east lay the broad, Anton Klovacz were scoopstraggling, stony land of Anton shaped, his face all gone to cheek LIABILITY, PROPERTY DAMAGE, Klovacz, with his few acres of mis- bones and hollows. "God, how he erable timothy. He laughed at the looks!" said Caleb to himself. Diirony that lay in Mark Jordan's sease-destruction-things that he

> As the men passed, Caleb turned his head and followed the form of from the strain. Pah, how like his father he was-walking like he was God Almighty! The furious 'sealousy of Caleb's earlier years came into his heart again like a ravaging disease long checked and broken out more violently than ever. Bareheaded, he sat in the cart with his long arms stretched rigid down between his knees, his hands clasped together. The reins hung loose, the horse pawed impatiently at the ground. A cat-bird in the near-



CROSS-WORD PUZZLE



138. Old wagon track.

10. Money of account

England.

hair cloth.

39. Fright.

11. Within.

43. Striped

Horizontal. 1. Copies. To. Male child. 11: To annoy.

12. Father. 14. Tatter. 16. You.

18. Cut into small 48. Blue grass. 19. Digit of the foot.

22. To perform. 24. Above. 25. To make a mistake. 27. Battering machine. 29. To vex.

30. To idolize. 31. Owed as a debt. 32. Long beach in 33. Correlative of etth-

. Levoured.

prev. 3. Wand. 4. Upon. 5. Inexplicable.

tions given off by 16. Age.

camel's

3. Past. 4. Inlet. 5. To secur 6. Seventh 7. Anger.

21. Fish belonging connected 25. To finish. by lattice-work web 26. Cereal grass.

a bridge 27. To knock. with a scythe. 34. To hasten. 1. Repellent as secre- 35. Wing part of a seed. 37. Silk worm. 44. Drone bee.

46. Preposition of place. 8. 3.1416. cross-country race. 49. Paid publicity.

8. All right.

28. To cut down grass

47. Third note in scale

est alder-bush made a querying little sound. But Caleb sat on, oblivious to an about him. Not his son, not his son, that handsome lad! The son of Amelia and big Del Jordan, who was gored by a bull. Caleb's sons-Caleb's children, what were they? Well born, it was true, and not out of wedlock. But twisted and gnarled and stunted as the growth on the bush land he owned, and barren as had been his acres before he had put his own life's blood into them for a meager yield. Caleb's head slipped down until his chin touched his chest. The soft wind moved in his scrag of hair, and in the invisible touch was a zesture of in

Caleb turned into the farmyard of Fusi Aronson. His face was lined with hard mirth. He had come upor a choice errand. The great Icelander strode down to meet him, and bade him a stiff good day.

"I hear Bjorn has bought some cattle from Klovacz," Caleb began smoothly, dismounting from the cart. "He must be well off

"It was in settlement of a debt Klovacz owed him," Fusi replied Caleb laughed. "Oh, no, it was-

n't, Fusi. Klovacz got good money in return for those same Jerseys." Fusi started. "What do you mean Mr. Gare?"

Caleb stepped closer to the Icelander and lifted his eyebrows meaningly.

"Of course he'll put the money back in the strong box, Fusi. The church needs it, you know," he said gently, laying his finger on the bib of the big man's overalls. He turned

"Of course," he added, "you need n't fear that I'm goin' to squeal." Fusi, in his heavy way, was looking at him uncertainly, not quite grasping the thing. Then the slow red surged up into his face. He knotted his huge fists and plunged toward Caleb.

"Take your time, Fusi, take your time," Caleb mocked. "Look in the strong box first. And by the way, when you are ready to deal with me about that timber down there between my hayfields, let me know. The sooner the better for me." He mounted the car and drove

Chapter IV.

and violets to Lind on the May mornings. Their father, Anton Klovacz, was seriously ill, Lind was told. And because there was no mother in the family, all the children left with him in the covered wagon for the city in the south, where a great physician would be called into attendance. Anton's savings would go, of course.

He had hired a man to look after his live-stock during his absence, the children informed Lind on their last day at school. He was a very nice, strong man, they said, who had brought them candy from the city and had let them search his pockets and keep all the silver they found there. On the very first day they had got so well acquainted with him that the younger of them had scrambled all over him in free-for-all tumble, until they finally got him on his back on the ground

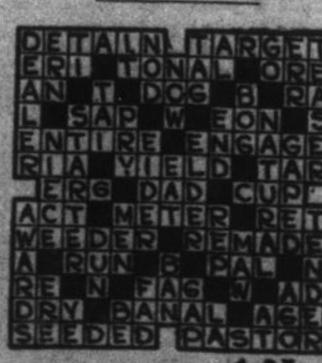
where he lay laughing heartily. A few days later he had gone to Yellow Post and had brought back, a box that sang and made music. It had been sent to him from the city from which he had come. A number of books with shiny leather covers had come, too, but the children couldn't make out a word of them, or at least not a whole line anywhere. Whoever the man was, it was plain that the children had been won over by him completely.

The evenings were now so marvelously tender that Lind could not tolerate the imprisoned feeling on the Gare farm. She made a habit of going on long cross-country tramps alone, after school, returning barely in time for supper. She rarely met anyone, either driving or on foot, to detract from the lonely charm of her jaunts. Wondering little about the man from the city who had come to the Klovacz place she had several times been tempted to walk over that way. Of course he would be only a laborer, and would doubtless not be bothered with talking to her, but merely a glimpse of him would restore her confidence that the world she had come from was still in existence.

One day the Sandbo children left their pony for her to ride, The evening set in with a fine gray web of rain, and Lind dressed in rough clothes, mounted the pony and rode southeast, toward the Glovacz homestead. She took the narrow, winding trail that Caleb had driven on not long before. She passed the alder bushes and came to a stretch where the chokecherry trees on either side bowed toward each other and most shut out the sky.

On the road Lind met a man. walking bareheaded with his hat in his hand in the gray half-light. She recognized him as the man she had seen from the top of the ridge on her way from the Thorvaldsons'.

(To Be Continued).



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DEATH AT ATHENS.

Miss Edith Chamberlain Was Beloved By Large Circle of Friends. Athens, April 21 .- The death occurred on April 15th of Miss Edith from here attended the Aid at Mrs. Chamberlain, Main Street East. De- Kent's, Latimer, yesterday. William ceased lived alone, and had assisted Duff, Kingston, has taken over Mrs. at a reception on Wednesday after- Joanna Gummer's farm. noon, following which she complain- Knapp, Sydenham, is visiting at W. The three black-eyed Klovacz chil- ed of a pain, which she refused to S. Aykroyd's. Mrs. Irene Tolls is with his brother, William Lindsay. dren no longer brought crocuses consider serious, not allowing friends with her daughter, Mrs. Fred Por- Miss Hester Gibson entertained the

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ing, the condition of her heart was such that a physician was hastily summoned, but the end came despite all that could be done. Bereaved of their mother in childhood, she and her sister, the late Mrs. Richard Henderson, a former Athenian, had been carefully reared by their father, the late Mr. John Chamberlain, Lake Eloida, who passed away several years ago. With the passing of her sister, Miss Chamberlain was left without near relatives, but, by her optimistic spirit, and kindly disposition, she made many friends, who will greatly miss her. Her home was crowded on Sabbath fast, for the obsequies, which were conducted by her pastor, Rev. H. E. Warren. Rev. Dr. C. J. Curtis, of this place, paying a tender tribute to the sterling quali-

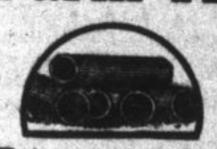
ties of the deceased. The remains

were interred in the local cemetery.

Entertained Class. Inverary, April 23 -A number to inconvenience themselves by re- ter, Elginburg. John Lindsay, Syd- members of her Sunday school class maining with her. By Friday morn-lenham, spent one day last week at her home last night.

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