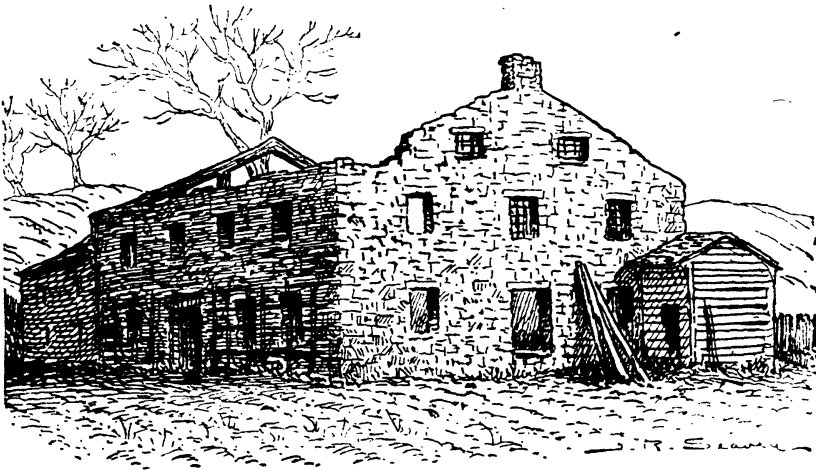


lessly: "Oh, Aunt Andruss, the devil is in Aunt Phoebe's house!" "Why, dear me, what makes you think so?" cries Aunt Andruss, all in a twitter. "Oh, I know, I know he is, for I saw his feet sticking down the chimney."

* * *

Ancaster saw plenty of life during the rebellion of 1837, when it was quite a frequent thing for all the inns, five in number, and many of the private houses, to be full over night of red-coats passing towards the west. The old spinnet played a part in the rebellion itself, when on one occasion a wing of militia, 500 strong, under Col.

Dennistown, bivouacked over night in the village on their march through the country. The soldiers were billeted throughout the village, while the colonel and some of his officers judiciously selected the Loder house as likely to offer good cheer. During the evening the colonel discoursed sweet music on the spinnet, listened to intently by the small son of the house, who, on the principle before referred to, still has the incident hanging fresh and bright in his mental picture gallery. Heigh-ho! shall we ever hear the jingle of the spurs again through our old streets? ALMA DICK LAUDER.



THE RUINED TANNERY.