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films in the forward part of a cessors, and the patronne prayer hourly for the safety of her soldier steamship in dock. The flames bad- | boy

THE PATRONNE

(By Patrick McGill.)

The morning was beautifully clear, the sun rising over the Eastward firing line lit up wood and field, river and pond. Here in the farmyarfl a mist rose from the recking mf dden where the noisy herts were serraping with their claws in the dung. On the top of the pump, a little bird with salmon pink breast, white tipped tail and crimsoned head, was preental air of resignation which showed on the faces of the worshippers from

ope while the grooms we're busy cafe, her head low down on her brushing the animals' legs and flanks breast and her rosary slipping slipbrushing the animals' legs and flanks and a slight dust rose into the air as the work was carried on.

It was good to be there, lying prone on the straw near the barn door. I had learned to love the farm house. Bazin and Dapudet nfust have known it. Balzac and Marie Claire know

ing their faces at the pump. The men knew a little French and asked the patronne about her son in the trenches. She had heard from him the day before, she told them. He was quite well and hoped to come home on leave shortly, when he located tears in her eves.

But now, somewhere 'out there' where the gins were incessantly booming, a hastily dug grave held the nefit garcon, the son of the gentle natronne. Next Synday another matter, and beets and corn, because the son morrner would join with the many in the village church and bray to the morning the gun that killed the Hun who lay in the trench that Fritz coming, for he had bleen away from her for ever so long, eight whole months. What happiness would be hers when she had him back again. She waved her hand to the men as she went off, walking ligthly across the roadway and disappearing into the cafe. She would go to church Bordeaux, July 6-A fire broke out presently; it was Holy Week when to-day among some moving picture the Virgin listened to special intercessors, and the patronne prayed

ly damaged the upper structure of the ship and spread to the merchan-marching down the crooked village

the shade, where our learn billet and the byre formed an single, a stout splendid rush of men maddened by the byre formed an ringle, a stout maid was scrubbing wooden milk pails. The horse-lines to rear of the yard were full of movement. Horses great bravery, the bravery of women strained at their tethers etager to who remain at home.

Opposite us sat the lady of the break away from the captivity of the

ners, the soldiers from England, the want, of famine and starvation and men who sing in the trenches, in the say our hanner soon will flaunt hair from golden rolls of butter. I hillet, on the march—the men who shove a ruined nation. I hate to haven't time to naw the air or mone Over the red-brick houses of the billet, on the march—the men who shove a ruined nation. I hate to haven't time to naw the air or more from my barn I could see the spire long killing journey in full march. Their diameters and mean. I hate to haven't time to naw the air or more than the blue of long killing journey in full march. rom my barn I could see the spire song on the last lan of a hear them sigh and moan. I hate ground and mutter. We'll whip the harply defined against the blue of long killing journey in full march-their dismal selly. I take each by his foe, without a doubt, our arms will be should be sh sharply defined against the blue of the sky. Up by the church shells ing order. A hymn well known and their smoke rose loved, the clarion call of the Faith, alley. I hate the man who makes grouply scout—I do, doggone his was started by the choir, and as one parade of all his dolern dreaming, pictur.

The door of the Cafe across the man the soldiers ioined in the cingroad opened and the patronne, a the building. The civilians tooked news came," my mate told me "Her Hun, who lay in the trench that merry-faced woman, came across to the farm house. She purchased some after another, they too began to sing linest about it and no wonder. She conversation with a in the place was aiding the chair sarcon and he was to be home on the conversation with a conversation w newly-laid eggs 101 breaklast and in a moment nearly everybody entered into a conversation with a in the place was siding the choir. One was silent however, the woman The of the cafe: atill deen in prayer che

> the priest thanked the soldiers and beloved bov. through them their nation, for that was being done to bein France in the war. Prevers were said for the men at the front, those who were still alive as well as those who had oiven un their lives for their countru's sake. At the and of the service "God Save the Kine" was suns. nriest, choir and congregation all joining in the hymn.

With our niners playing in front and an admiring crowd of hove folthe ship and spread to the merchandise on the wharf. The conflagration was extinguished after considerable loss. An official inquiry has been opened into the causes of the fire. The soldiers occupied the larger part of the building, only three able-bodied male civilians were marching down the crooked village streets, our Irish pipers in front. We entered the church and knelt down in prayer. The soldiers occupied the larger part of the building, only three able-bodied male civilians were streets, our Irish pipers in front. We entered the church and knelt down in prayer. The soldiers occupied the larger part of the building, only three able-bodied male civilians were "Saw her crying?" "I weary and worn, 'tis she to whom the son was born, who in the front of the battle, all tattered and torn, still mans the gun, that killed the office in Church?" has been larger part of the building, only three able-bodied male civilians were owing, we took our way back to our



PORTLY PA TRIOTISM.

I'm hoping I may serve the state, forward to the day (may heaven before the mighty scrap is done; I'm speed he happy morn!) when, slim trying to reduce my weight, so I'll be and debonair and gay, I tread on salmon pink breast, white tipped eral air of resignation which showed tail and crimsoned he ad, was preening its feathers in the sunshine. In the village. The whole place breathproducing eats, forsaken all the gourthey are called to fight whole shows a called to fight whole shows are c met's ways; I'm living now on pickled the greatest of all scraps, though they are called to fight, who'd shun beets, and lose an ounce in seven knowing that the cause is right. Oh days. I trot all day around the it is good to go. I sav /e'en though town—by exercise some weight we some day one may return, with legs lose; I hope to cut my waistline and larvny shot away) a nation's down so I can see my shanely shoes. gratitude to earn. And so, to shake It gives my soul a hitter wrench, that a my weight of lard. I live on heets and not allowed to sail for France, and notted hav, and do gymnastics in

buckle down and stick to biz, and do like the dickens. I give the hogs with his long pipe, the diligent housewife, the Millet Servant girl are types which abound in French fiction. All were busy at work though the day was Sunday. Even the Sabbath has sunday the Church had now worshing to day the Church had now worshing and sunday. Even the Sabbath has sunday the church had now worshing long. The soldiers from England the want, of famine and starvation and one of the control was for a France at war.

When the service was concluded Virgin Mother for the soul of her hun who lay in the trench that Fritz

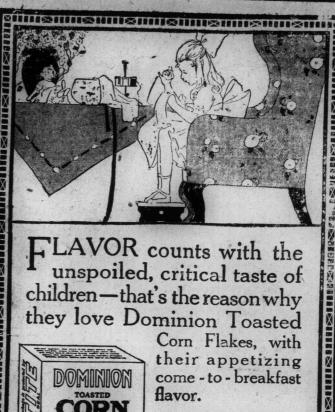
This is the slacker, all shaven and sarcon and he was to be home on shorn, who drives a car with a tooting horn, and laughs at the farmer

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This is the trench that Fritz built. and shorn, and his shining car with the tooting horn, but honors the farmer, weary and worn, and his wife who helps him to hoe the corn, and This is the gun that killed the Hun who helps him to hoe the corn, and who lay in the trench that Fritz built.

This is the farmer's only son who mans the gun that killed the Hun, who lay in the trench that Fritz built.

This is the farmer weary and worn, who raised the son who mans the gun that killed the Hun, who lay in the trench that Fritz built.



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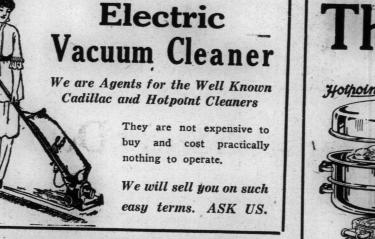


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