GOING WEST

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CANADIAN PACIFIC

GRA-D TRUMP

Corrected June 3rd 1901.

ad Nov. 8th, 1900

# пинанининини Our -Story Teller विससमस्तरमस्तरम्

JOE'S WIFE.

Dr. Ford was travelling home in the twilight after working hard all day, tired and anxious as to the result of an important operation performed that morning. The mud separated up from the streets as he rolled along, and the chilly November drizzle gave to the trees a forlorn, al-most ghastly aspect. His heart warmed as he pictured to himself a wife watching for him with a welcome smile from their cozy parlor. dinner ready, and a long, restful evening before them. But as he drew near home no

cheerful light streamed from door or window. All seemed as dark and deserted as the dripping street. He duty it was to hold the horse on his professional rounds, and flung open the door with an irritated, injured

tender smile; no sympathetic voice; no firelight; no dinner ap-

parently. Elinor! he called. No answer.

Elinor! This time a voice spoke out of the darkness-a tired voice:

Do be more quiet, John; the baby

is just going to sleep.
Confound it! Why isn't there a light here? And why isn't the baby asleep before this time of night?

He has been fretful all day with his teeth, and I have not had a chance to change my dress.

A wailing voice from the nursery sent the voice hurrying thither, and the doctor, with some inaudible words, proceeded to light the gas and take off his wet overcoat. The house was cold; the parlor had evidently been arranged by Hiberman hands; an odor of something burning stole in from the kitchen. A pleasant recep-tion for a man after a long day's

He ran up stairs with no gentle His wife sat by the nursery fire; her face wore a weary expres-sion, and she had on the same blue gown which she had donned for break-The baby at length slept in her arms. She held up a warning finger as her husband came blundering in, but already baby's light slumcess of soothing and singing had to be repeated for the fifteenth time. It seemed to the young mother as if

It was provoking to have the little one started from his uneasy dreams again. She knew Bridget would spoil the dinner. . She had been tryng all day to get down stairs to nake the home pleasant with a magic ough here and there. She longed to get anto a fresh gown and brush her hair, but there had been no time for her to do one of these things. Nurse was away with a sick sister, an babies always demanded more from their mothers than from any one else. They are tyrannical and know and seize every opportunity to prove their power over the anxious, half ignorant young mothers, who are

happy after all to be their slaves. When at last the dinner bell rang Mrs. Ford laid the baby in his crib, sound asleep this time, warm and lovely in his utter repose. She gave a hurried dab at her wavy hair, caught up a fresh handkerchief and ran down to join her husband, who sat at the table with a decidedly cross look on his face. He barely tasted the soup, then pushed it away in disgust.

Burned ? asked his wife. Of course. Can't you smell it all over the house? Why don't you look after Bridget a little? Why, John, I have hardly been down stairs to-day.

Where's Hannah? She went to her sister's last night. Oh yes; I forgot. What's this? Cold corned beef. Really, Elinor, have you nothing else to offer?

Would you like an omelet?

A beefsteak, if you have one. Mrs. Ford rose and went to the kitchen. The girl of course had just filled up the range with fresh coal, so there was nothing to be done but make the best of the cold meat, potatoes and macaroni, followed by a dessert of apple pudding and cheese. Dr. Ford found fault with potatoes and said he was tired of macaroni; the bread was dry and the butter not perfect. As to the pud-

My mother always had mince pies at this season, said he.
This was the last straw, and his

wife, unusually sensitive to straws tonight, could bear no more.

It is a pity you ever left your I think so, too, he responded, pushing his chair back.

His wife hesitated a moment

whether to run around the table and burst into tears upon her husband's shoulder or to rush up stairs and have a good cry by baby's side. She de-cided upon the latter course, and with quivering lip left the room and shut herself up in the nursery, where the fire was dying on the hearth and the baby breathing softly in strange contrast to her overwrought condition. Well it is provoking. Women always

must cry and fly into a passion about trifles.

But her husband, even as he thought But her husband, even as he thought these words, began to feel repentant. He remembered the teething baby and the long day at home alone. In another moment he would have followed his wife upstairs and apologized for the pain he had given her. But the doorbell rang and a summons to visit a sick man at a distance sent him at once out into the wet night. And all



domestic grievances were forgotten before he had driven 200 yards. The patient lived in a squalid part of the town by the river. The dark-ness seemed deeper in this poor neigh-borhood, the rain more soaking and the wind keener. The wind swept sullenly by, a black, swollen tide, re-flecting the flaring lights on the bridge. But the doctor minded this discomfort very little. He was in leve with his profession, ardent and love with his profession, ardent and young. Besides the despised dinner had given him new courage to fight

pain and death. He entered the one room of the low house which he had been directed with a face quite free from impa-tience a woman opened the door for him—a lean, miserable creature, with pale eyes void of expression. Her thin hair hung over her neck, her calico dress fell limpy from her sharp shoulders., She started at the doctor as he entered, and he could see there was tears in her childlike eyes. Joe's sick, she said slowly, gazing

into his face. What's the matter? He-he's going to die maybe, she No, I hope not.

Joe's sick, she repeated in a whisp-er, shaking her head. Who's come? asked a voice from the bed in a corner of the room. Nellie, girl, who are you talkin' with? It is Dr. Ford, whom you sent for, said the physician, approaching the

One candle lighted dimly the untidy, comfortless place, showing a stove and a man with tumbled hair and rough beard lying among the pillows of his bed. Oh, the doctor, said he, with fever-

sh eyes staring from under shaggy How long have you been ill? asked Dr. Ford, sitting down on a rickety chair. It's a week since I give up, but I've

been feeling bad for a long time.

The doctor placed his little thermometer under the patient's tongue and waited silently. Joe's sick, mouned the girl, peer-

ing out of the shadows.

The sufferer seemed to be irritated by the repetition of these words and made an impatient gesture, but as he did so glanced pitifully at the slouching figure.

What you need most is good nurs-ing, said the doctor after examining

patient. The man's face darkened. The wonan hovered aimlessly over the stove. She's my wife, said the sick man hoarsely. I know she ain't quite like other folks. But she's peaceable and good; not bold and noisy like some women. I pitied her first off; then I got kind o' fond of her. And she— The girl had crept to the bedside and stood there with her vacant, troubled face, fumbling with the pil-

Joe, she said, much as a mother might speak her baby's name. She can't do nothing more for me nor for herself, whispered the man as he clasped one of the fluttering hands in his.

Poor thing, murmured the doctor I can earn good wages when I am well, went on the invalid, and I did the cooking and kept the house tidy then. Now everything's going wrong. She spoils all the victuals, but she don't mean to.

At this moment something on the stove boiled over with a loud hiss and filled the room with the odor of scorching milk. then moved toward the ruined mess. Oh, dear me! said the sick man under his breath. Don't burn yourself, Nellie, he called as if to a It's scorched, Joe, she said, the tears overflowing at last.

Never mind, my girl, throw it away. We can get plenty more. You see, doctor, he said in his hoarse voice, I can't speak rough to her. She's my

The doctor sat with bent head, speechless.

I'll send you a nurse, my man, he said after a pause. What you need is good care. I will come again tomorrow. And with a low bow to man and wife, now clinging together hand in hand the dector said good. hand in hand, the doctor said good night and went on his way.

Thank you sir, called out the sick

man, much moved. The girl started and wiped the last ear from her tashes. Two hours later a capable, kind hearted woman was installed as purse in the little home by the river. She brought with her food in abundance

and comforts of all kinds. Dr, Ford drove slowly homeward. Though it was late a bright light shone from the parlor window as he stopped. The glow of a wood fire illuminated the room as he entered. But no one came to meet him. His wife sat in her rocker fast asleep. The lamp shed a radiance over her brown hair and one delicate cheek as she slept with head against the crimson back of the chair. Her face wore a sweet, childlike expression, with a touch of pathos about the lips, and her hands lay closely clasped in the lap of her gown of soft dove

olor.

Near the fire stood a white draped table holding a tempting little re-past, carefully arranged. From a slender glass in the midst hung one red rose. The doctor knew she had cut it for him from her favorite plant.
On a pretty plate reposed the flakiest and most delicate mince pies.
Dr. Ford stooped and kissed his wife's fair cheek reverently. She stirred, then opened her large eyes

Slowly.
Oh, you have come. I am sorry I was not awake to meet you. But here's a mince pie, I sent over to

here's a mince pie, I sent over to your mother for one.

Hang the pie! cried John Ford.
Elinor, I am a brute!

Oh, no dear—only a man instead of an archangel, as I once believed you to be. But never mind. How do you like my dress, John?

It is divine and you are an angel, Elinor. But, dearest, come and sit by ms. I have just been to see a gentleman. I want to tell you all about it.

APPEALING TO PRES. ROOSEVELT.

Len ion, Sept. 20 .- Mr. Kruger, ac Mail from Brussels, is preparing a memorial to President Roosevelt, so-liciting the intervention of the United

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FAVORS EXPELLING THEM.

New York, Sept. 19 .- Governor Odell who left for his home at Newburg yes-terday, said before leaving that in his next message to the legislature he would strongly urge the enactment of measures to wipe out anarchy, and expel anarchists from the state.

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Sold by J. W. McLaren, Chatham.

KILLED ON CENTRAL TRACKS. Utica, N. Y., Sept. 19 -- Two unknown men were found dead in the Central Railroad yards this morning. They were close together, and were badly mangled. It is supposed they were walking along the tracks, became confused, and were run down by a freight

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