

Back Home With Abe

By C. B. LEWIS

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In the country, when a young man and a young woman are courting, it is referred to as "settling up together."

Abe Wright and Polly Andrews had "set up" a hundred nights in her father's farmhouse kitchen before they became engaged. The son of a farmer, he was not at all a rustic in love and matrimony as a young man settling in a town. There may not be as much formality between them, but they took upon matrimony more seriously.

There are a score of object lessons daily before their eyes. A farmer, to succeed, must be ever rising early and toiling late. His horses or his oxen get more rest than he does. He can know very little of the comforts and pleasures of life and see to his acres as well.

And if he works long hours his wife will be a partner. Her work must be done on time as well as his. She may live within five miles of a village and yet not enter it once a year. He may be a subscriber to a county paper, and yet she cannot spare the time to read its contents.

The two young folks were and experienced all this and much more, and yet the instincts and sentiments of humanity brought them together. They would marry, as thousands of others in their situation had done, and hope that their future might work out better.

Miss Polly said "yes" to the proposal of marriage, but the very next day she admitted to her mother that sometimes she thought she had said "no" and sometimes she thought she didn't. She had never been ten miles away from home. The only man she had ever come in contact with had been of her class or equals or peddlers. She knew there was a big world outside of hers, but she had never peeped at it. She had a bit of romance about her, and sometimes she longed to see the better men and fair women that she books told her about.

Abe Wright was going to marry and acquire a farm of his own. Therefore, he visited as he went about his work. He had heard that a girl sometimes went back on her pledges, but he was as sure of Polly Andrews as he was of the sun.

One day the girl ran over to Farmer Waldron's on an errand. She found a strange young man there, who was introduced to her as Brian Montgomery. Even if he hadn't been good-looking and had taken away with him, his name would have won her favor.

How did the name of Abe Wright compare with that of Brian Montgomery?

The one belonged to the drudger of the soil, the other to a gentleman of the world, who had got filling in his teeth—was more crass in his trousers—who handled paper collars, and socks at ten cents a pair were not for him. Mr. Brian Montgomery, from New York, Chicago and Boston, as he announced, must surely be one of those brave and gallant men she had read and dreamed of.

When Miss Polly had departed for home, Mrs. Waldron said to the cousin: "Now, Brian, you must not set out to turn that girl's head. She is engaged to a steady young farmer, and you mustn't be the cause of a quarrel between them."

"Oh, it will be a mild—a very mild flirtation," he laughed in reply. "How can I put in a month here and not flirt with the only girl for a mile around?" And a day or two later the young man came over to the house of Farmer Andrews and introduced himself and made himself very much at home.

"Do you like him, mother?" some what anxiously queried Polly, after their caller had departed.

"Isn't he what they call fresh?" was asked in reply.

"Why, how can you say that? It is simply that he has self-confidence."

"One would think that he had known us for a year."

"But he was trying to get us at our ease."

"Well, I dunno how Abe will take it."

"But I don't see where he can find any fault? He might talk with a dozen girls and I shouldn't raise a row with him about it."

Abe heard that there was a young man visiting the Waldrons, but he hadn't seen him. Neither had he learned that the said young man was making himself very much at home at the Andrews farmhouse. The mother had said to Polly:

"I don't believe that Abe knows that Mr. Montgomery is hanging around here, and you'd better mention it."

"Why do you call it hanging around?" was demanded.

"Because it looks like it to me. Mrs. Waldron must have told him you were engaged to Abe."

"Mr. Montgomery comes here to help pass the time away. He is an interesting talker, and has traveled all over the world, and I am glad to listen to him. Yes, I suppose he knows that I am engaged, and that will prevent him from talking any nonsense to me."

"But if you don't tell Abe he'll think there is something wrong about it."

"Oh, I've got to be afraid of Abe Wright I'll break the engagement."

Two days later Abe was working in

a field along the highway, when a sewing machine agent that he had known for a year or two halted his outfit and came to the fence and said:

"Abe, it's not my play to meddle with what does not concern me, but if you would take a hint from me and not get mad I would give it to you."

"Oh, I won't get mad," was the reply.

"You know how news flies around here in the country?"

"Gosh, yes!"

"Well, I've heard that you and Polly Andrews were engaged."

"Yes, we are."

"And I've heard that a young fellow—a cousin to Waldron—is there a-wise fella?"

"Yes."

"Is he a visiting the Waldrons or the Andrews? It seems that he divides his time between the two houses. Better look out, Abe. The fellow don't look good to me. And with that he drove on and Abe looked after him in a dazed way and whispered:

"He means that the fellow is trying to win Polly away from me. I thought she had been acting rather queer of late. I must look into this thing a bit."

When he made his appearance that evening, Polly had a feeling that he had heard things, and intended to "lay the law down to her." This feeling had quickly been another—that of defiance—and she was ready for the quarrel.

To her surprise, no quarrel came. Abe was a bit more serious than usual, but he was clear of humor, as he asked:

"Is that young man Montgomery a nice fellow?"

"Very nice," was the reply.

"He has been around the world a good bit, I suppose?"

"He has been everywhere, and it's very interesting to hear him talk of what he has seen."

"Yes, it must be."

"He has been in London and Paris, Abe. He was a captain in a Canadian regiment in the first of the war. He has killed over a dozen Germans. He has helped Lynch a murderer. He was once captured by brigands. He is going to be elected to congress next year."

"Y—y—y," drawled Abe.

"And he can sing and dance and play the piano," continued the foolish fellow.

"Yes, and he can play golf and shoot and ride horseback. And he owns an auto that cost five thousand dollars. And after he is elected to congress we are to live in Washington."

In her excitement and enthusiasm she had said "Yes." Her chagrin over it was intense for a moment, and then relief came as she saw that Abe hadn't noticed it. Hadn't he, though? But there were no criticisms—no quarreling—the same kindly "Good-night," as Abe left for home.

"There will be an elopement," he said to himself as he walked along.

Half an hour later, as he lay in bed staring at the darkness, he added:

"That is, there will be an attempted elopement."

Perhaps it was Polly's mother that gave him the date, the hour and the starting point. You must agree that it would be her duty if she knew that there was no school at the district schoolhouse a mile away. It was an excellent meeting place. Abe had been there an hour when Mr. Brian Montgomery drove up with a horse and buggy from the nearest village. He was there half an hour later when Polly Andrews and her bundle appeared.

"Thank heaven!" whispered Mr. Montgomery, as he jumped down and extended his hand.

"Y—y—y," drawled Abe, as he suddenly appeared and got a secure hold on the man's coat collar.

"What is the meaning of this?"

"It means this—and some more!" answered Abe, as he batted the fellow between the eyes and shook him about until his teeth rattled. "Mr. Montgomery, have you been in Yurp?"

"No."

"Then here's another one for you to try to Polly! Have you been to war?"

"No, but don't hit me!"

"Right on the nose for lying to Polly! Have you killed Germans?"

"Let me go!"

"Another lie to Polly, and this one on the jaw to pay for 'I Goin' to congress next year'!"

"No! Not No!"

"Better go, and take this along with you. Now then, have you been captured by brigands?"

"No."

Abe turned the coward around and kicked him three times, and then said to the sobbing girl:

"Take a seat in the buggy, Polly, dear, and I'll drive you back home!"

And all she could reply was: "Abe—oh, Abe!"

The "War Chauffeuse."

Many enthusiastic reports have come from the other side about the excellent work that women are doing as drivers of motorcars, but that there is another side to the picture is suggested by a testimonial recently incorporated in an advertisement of a British automobile manufacturer. This testimonial is from a doctor, who is something more than the typical British humorist when he says of the car in question: "Anything which will stand up to the efforts of my late chauffeuse for seven days each week for months on end must be passably good stuff."

Suggestion.

"I have named my new car 'The Luan.'"

"Why have you given it such a name as that?"

"Because nobody can blame you then for speeding it up."

PRACTICAL HEALTH HINT.

Catarrh.

Warm houses and foul air are often the causes of catarrh, and there is only one protection against them, and that is the gods of the fields and the woods. Spend as much of your time as possible out of doors, and that ought always to be two-thirds of it in childhood, and resolutely banish the outdoors indoors at every hour of your working and sleeping day.

GIBRALTAR OF THE PACIFIC.

Under Sam's Steel-Clad Sentinel, the Island of Oahu.

Oahu today is the greatest armed military camp under the American flag. It is the steel-clad sentinel of the Pacific, a lone vidette on an everlastingly picket day and night, year in and year out, guarding the approach to the Pacific coast. It is a sentinel that carries a long host for, with its lightning flashes of battleships and cruisers, another Jovellite from Pearl Harbor, designed to be the greatest naval base of the United States for 1918, and with the fringe of steel which is to be built coast line, it bars the approach of a hostile fleet from the far east.

It is a steel-clad sentinel, for the island of Oahu, known militarily as the Hawaiian Department of the United States army, maintains six military posts, of which four are coast defense fortresses and the other two are garrison posts in which every branch of the service is represented.

Oahu is a vast armed camp, and the ground trembles with the tread of infantry, the rumble of artillery and the thud of cavalry hoofs. From 1898, when the first garrison of United States troops was stationed on the island, and with 100 men on duty, the military establishment has grown to 7,000, with 4,000 men yet to be assigned to duty this year. No mainland coast line has so many coast artillery companies massed along the shores as Oahu. No area of the size of Oahu contains so many army posts or so many armed men.—Leads.

LIPTON'S NEW SHAMROCK.

The Yacht With Which He Will Again Try to "Lift That Cup."

Shamrock IV, whose keel was recently cast, will be the first yacht ever built in England under the American role of measurement. With this sea bird Sir Thomas Lipton will make a final effort to win the America's cup. Charles Nicholson, the designer of the Shamrock IV, said today most successfully under the European rules. His yacht, in the fifteen meter class, the Jarrin, the Pamela and the Paula III, are exemplifications of this, but these craft are sometimes called freaks. Nevertheless they win races. Consequently one has to look for a so-called freak in the Shamrock IV.

All the previous Shamrock cup challenges were misadventures. The new yacht will be a seventy-five footer, and when she makes her appearance under canvas next spring she will undoubtedly be regarded with a feeling of wonderment by many seasoned yachtsmen. The Britannia, one of the most successful of English ninety footers, carried a little over 10,000 feet of canvas. Since the Britannia's palmy days something has been done in the way of crowding on a craft hence there is much curiosity as to the amount the Shamrock IV will hold.

Apart from the design, interest centers in the fact that the Shamrock IV will be sailed by an amateur, N. P. Burton, who has for many years been recognized as one of the cleverest helmsmen in England.—Argonaut.

Speech Following Fashions.

"While we are seeking the purity in the written and spoken English language, we seem to be going backward with the fashions," said Thomas Nelson Page, "hor. traveler and diplomat, but a inconsistent. Why most the women who wear diaphanous gowns and parade in the strong sunlight insist on a D and dash for a common word that is not a blasphemy and an H and dash is to describe a place abundantly described in the Bible, and why must they avoid the expression 'baked truth' and call it the 'undraped actuality'?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Alaska's Tin.

Tin of good quality is regarded as a nuisance in some parts of Alaska, where it is thrown aside by the gold miners. In the richest spots as much as half a pound of tin to the pan is reported, which at the present price of the ore would give the grvels a value, not allowing for costs of mining or transportation, of \$18 to \$20 a yard, according to assay.

Low Cost of Living.

Prairie chickens have gone up to \$2 and quail to 75 cents a dozen, but you can get plenty of buffalo meat at 8 to 5 cents, antelope at 6 to 7 cents and venison at 6 to 8 cents a pound, as well as wild ducks at \$1 to \$1.50 a dozen and wild geese at 50 to 60 cents a dozen.—"Forty Years Ago Today" in Kansas City Times.

A Bath Without Water.

To have a bath without water is one of the latest novelties. A thick robe is entwined with wires, and when put on a current of electricity is passed through the wires. The wearer of the robe soon finds his body getting warmer until in a little while he perspires as freely as if he were in a Turkish bath.

THE THRIFT OF GENIUS.

A Famous Violinist Who Was Keen on a Trade.

There is a certain famous violinist who frequently visits this country and who among his acquaintances is almost as noted for his parsimony as for his genius. Among this musician's admirers was a young woman who was determined, if possible, to procure some souvenir of the great man. Her opportunity came one rainy day when she chanced to encounter the musician on Broadway. He was provided with an old cotton umbrella, green with age, while the young woman carried a nice new silk one.

She stopped him for a moment, exclaiming:

"Oh, if you would only give me some slight remembrance of yourself—no matter how small!"

The great man surveyed her keenly and then gave a glance at the old cotton umbrella that covered him. This he thrust in her hands, saying:

"Certainly, my dear young lady. I shall be delighted. We will exchange umbrellas."—Lippincott's.

Making Ready For the Encounter.

She spent the entire morning in a beauty parlor. She paid a young woman \$1 extra to do up her hair in the most becoming way. She had her lashes and her eyebrows penciled; she had her nails manicured; she reddened her lips and administered a dash of color to her cheeks.

It took her nearly three hours to get dressed. She put on the best clothes she possessed and borrowed a beautiful ring from her sister. When she was ready at last she stood for a long time before her mirror and subjected herself to a critical examination.

One might have supposed that she was about to be presented at court or at least to stand in the receiving line at a White House reception, but it was nothing like that.

She was merely going to meet a woman who had once been engaged to her husband.—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Pointed Glow.

The audience was rather tardy in gathering, and the lecturer, who the chairman of the meeting was conversing comfortably on the platform about something and another.

"Well," remarked the speaker, "I am to have an intellectual audience. That was a schoolmaster who just took his place in the third row on the aisle."

"How do you know that?" inquired the chairman.

"Didn't you see him try his hand on the seat of the chair before he sat down?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Water Everywhere.

The man of whom the temperance advocates despaired was visibly exasperated.

"Even right alongside the bar!" he said. "A gentleman cannot escape annoyance. Yesterday there was a fellow stood at my left elbow and drank a lemonade, and today it was a sailor and the place next to me.—New York Post.

Her Chance.

Patience: To fold letters and insert them in envelopes I see is the purpose of a simple hand-operated machine patented by George H. Jones.

Patience: But you never hear of any man patenting any device to remind 'em to mail 'em.—Yonkers Statesman.

Only Two Classes.

"And so she is married! What class husband did she get?"

"What do you mean?"

"Is he big enough to help her people, or do they have to help him?"—Kansas City Journal.

The New Requirements.

The Youth.—Mr. Jones, I want to marry your daughter.

Mr. Jones.—Can you run a car and buy gasoline in the manner to which she has been accustomed?—Omaha World-Herald.

Explained.



Professor.—When your father attended this college he stood far higher than the other scholars.

Young Man.—But, you see, I'm not as tall as father was.—Boston Globe.

Couldn't Stand It.

Mistress.—Why did you leave your last place?

Bridget.—I couldn't stand it, mum. The missus was always wearin' me best gowns.—Pall Mall Record.

Blind Deaf.

Counsel.—Now, tell me and gentlemen of the jury what was the defendant's condition when in your bar.

Witness.—Well, sir, I should say "fresh, but servable."—Punch.

Inexperienced.

Flubdub.—Do you believe second thoughts are best?

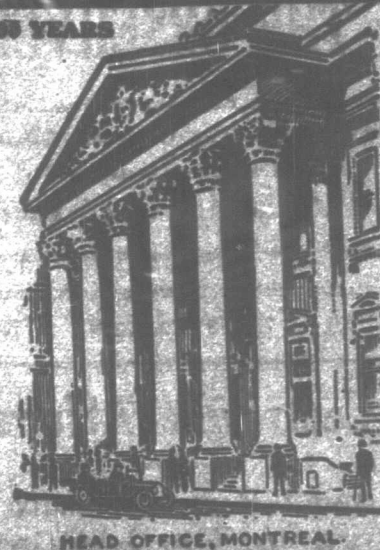
Henpeckke.—I don't know. I've only been married once.—New York Times.

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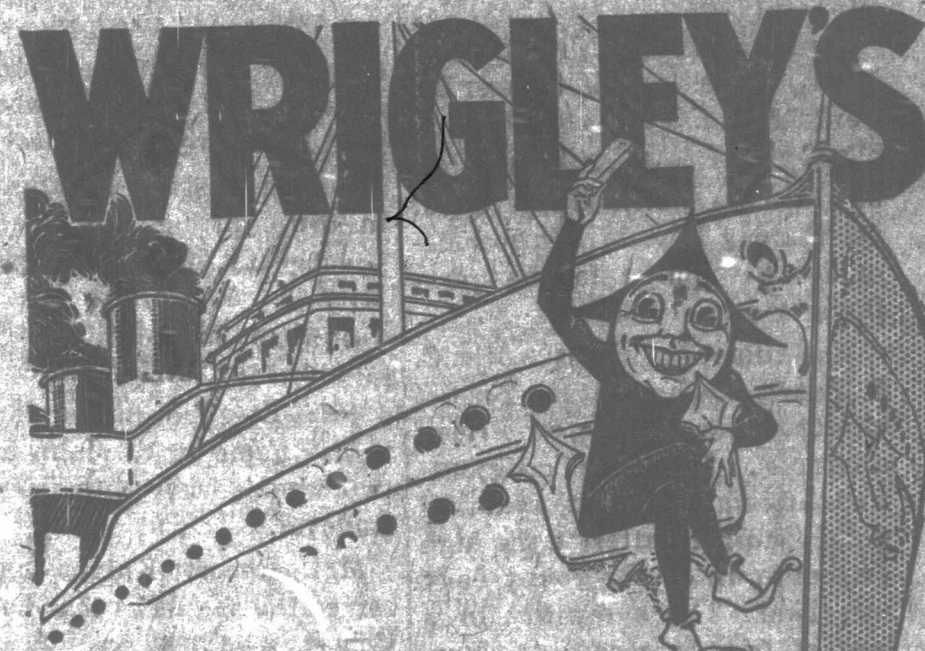
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