

beer and they smoked their pipes, and called for more pots of beer and smoked more pipes, and they talked about a man's rights, and they said that Government ought to be done away with, and that Master Wallop shouldn't be made M.P. again nohow. And as the day wore on more men came and just a few women, who were soon quite as noisy as and a trifle more talkative than the men. And Bill Duckett brought his fiddle, and Reuben

late in getting up, and things went awkwardly with him all day long, and no one heard him say one word as to how he had enjoyed his Easter Monday holiday.

Alf Hickling agreed with Reuben that "a man's a man and a holiday's a holiday," but he went beyond this; for he believed that "a horse is a horse"; so in the afternoon of Easter Monday he made his way to the farm, took the two



AT THE BEND OF THE ROAD.

danced a jig; but whether it was the music or the pots of beer, or the smokes, or the general mixture of the lot nobody knows, not even Reuben himself—but something caused his legs to give way, and the jig came to a swift finish, and Reuben had to be helped up again and be put on the settle, where he soon fell into a sound sleep, from which he did not wake until closing time, when poor patient Sarah came for him, and got him home somehow. Next morning Reuben felt as if he had more head than body. He was

horses for a walk to the bend of the road where the river overflows its banks, and gave them such a refreshing drink, and talked to them as pleasantly as if they understood every word he said. The rest of the day he "did up" his garden, filling up the time by doing a few odd carpentering jobs, which his wife Martha had saved up for him to attend to on the holiday. So passed Alf Hickling's Easter Monday; and the next day he was out and about in good time, and said to his wife, "These holidays make such a nice