



Winnipeg Police and Public pay the last tribute of respect to a popular Officer, Inspector Blair, March 10th, 1912.

trously at the quality of the firewood, and as this lay in his department he took it as a reflection upon himself, and retorted that "he was a blamed sight too busy to bother about wood these days." Selina fired up at this, and replied sharply that she was busy too, and if he couldn't provide wood fit to cook with he needn't look for meals on time."

Thus a wrangle began, which led up to Joe's remark at the commencement of the story.

"Yes, the women sure have a snap," he repeated as his wife did not answer. "I'd like to see 'em tackle my job, so I would."

As a matter of fact Selina was thinking hard. Suddenly she spoke:—"Then suppose we trade work to-day?"

This appeared to Joe such a very silly remark that he did not deign to treat it seriously, and went on eating in sulky superiority.

"Suppose we trade work to-day?"

The tones were louder and more insistent. There was a note of defiance in them which, had her husband been in his sober five senses, would have warned him to be cautious. He considered for a moment, and then smiled grimly at his thoughts. All right, then, he would take her at her word. Ten hours on the dusty summer-fallow would teach her a lesson at any rate. Ten hours! He'd bet his bottom dollar she'd never last out two!

Aloud he snapped:—"All right then, since you seem so set on it we will trade jobs. About time I had a day off anyway!"

Beyond a contemptuous toss of the head, Selina ignored the delicate sarcasm conveyed in the last remark, and as soon as the meal was over disappeared upstairs, leaving her husband supporting his chin in his palms, and gazing moodily into space. He was still in this graceful position when she came down a few minutes later, clad in an old blue serge tailor-made coat and skirt and wearing a pair of stout walking boots. Upon her head was pinned one of her husband's old fifteen cent straws, improved out of recognition by a gaily-colored sash twisted cunningly round it.

In spite of himself Joe could not help admiring the picture she made, as she stood by the stove pulling on a pair of strong working-gloves with quick little jerks. Anger had brought just the right dash of colour to her cheeks, and the contrast caused him to realise for the first time how pale she had been getting. Stooping down she kissed little Lena and Mary good-bye, whispering to them to "be good girls and do what Daddy tells you, and be sure and take care of baby, 'cause Mummy's got to go away to-day."

At the door she turned, and facing her husband, said:—"To-day's Wednesday, so there'll only be just the ordinary housework. Monday was washing-day, and yesterday I baked, so you'll find bread and biscuits and pies all ready in the larder. You'll need to go to the well for the steak, and the potatoes are in the garden—they're small yet so they'll only need scraping. Don't forget the salt, and be sure the water's boiling. Little Joe 'll want his breakfast in a few minutes—it's on the stove here. Don't make his bath too hot, nor too cold neither—try the water with your elbow first. His clean clothes are ready laid out. Lena 'll show you how they go on," she added with a slight curl of her lip. "Be sure and turn the mattress when you make the bed, and don't miss the corners in the sweeping."

In the afternoon there's the churning of course—the kitchen floor to wash over, and the girls new dresses to run together on the machine. They're all ready basted—but p'raps you'd better leave them alone. I guess that's pretty near everything—at least all you can

do. Oh! Don't forget the hens nor the lamps, and be careful when you're dusting the parlour."

She was gone, and from the shelter of the window-curtain Joe watched her disappear into the barn. Quickly she led out the horses, which were all ready harnessed, and deftly hooking them together, drove them smartly before her along the trail that led to the distant field that Joe was ploughing.

He glanced at the clock. It was just eight the lateness of the hour being due to the delayed breakfast. Well, he

would smoke till half-past, which allowing a couple of hours to polish off the morning's work—and ample time he considered it—would get him through about the time of Selina's expected return.

So lighting his pipe he picked up a farmer's magazine, and settled himself comfortably in an easy chair. He was in the middle of an interesting article on "Alfalfa Growing" when Lena appeared from the inner room.

"Mummy always gives Joe breakfast now," she said precisely.

"Oh, does she!" he answered shortly, and turned again to his reading.

For a moment Lena stood stock still with astonishment, then sidled off biting the corner of her pinafore. Joe heard her go slowly upstairs.

"It sure beats all the way the women pampers the kids," he reflected indignantly.

Presently a protesting wail from above broke upon his ears. In a few moments it was repeated, and gradually increasing in volume and intensity, soon became continuous.

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