

MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

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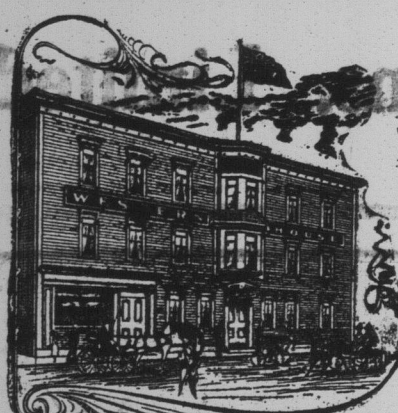
On and after Monday, Dec. 2nd, 1907,
trains will run daily (Sunday excepted)
as follows:

Leave St. Stephen 7.00 a.m.
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RODNEY STREET,
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The Transform- ation.

By WILLIAM BELL.

Charles Jackson of the Cophall
Crescent was a stockbroker. He was
only 35 years of age, though one would
have taken him to have been older. His
thin hair was parted in the middle, and
his face was wrinkled and careworn
as the face of one who was subject to
worry. The stockbroker, by the very
nature of his calling, was a man without
feeling. If he had any sentiment in
him, he forbore from showing it. His
general air was that of cynicism.

The presence of a lady was to him dis-
tasteful, and thus one day, when a
young person came into his office with
the stockbroker, proceeded to fill up the
remaining chairs at that particular table
by depositing her umbrella, her coat,
and her bag on them, he was exceed-
ingly displeased. The stockbroker was
put out, his lunch was not quite the
same that day.

Whenever a man advanced near to the
table at which she was sitting, she
glanced up with a challenge which
clearly told the person he was not
wanted in that particular part of the ten
shop. The man generally marveling at
the sight of a lady in that room, sur-
rendered. But suddenly Jackson saw
the regular features of the girl radiate
in a smile. Her lips opened, her dark
eyes flashed, and she showed at once
that some supreme moment was at hand.
A man came in and accomplished what
we were told in our youth could not be
done properly—two things at once.

He lifted his hat to the girl and placed
it on the rack with the same action.

Then she forgot to smile, forgot even
the haughty, cynical stare of Jackson.

The Elysian Fields had been brought to
this underground and well appointed
cellar. The couple forgot they were
within three hundred yards of the bank;
one might have imagined the scene was
the towing path at Richmond.

Jackson was up set all day. But
worse was to come. This was merely
the beginning. Day after day the stock-
broker was the unwilling witness of
what he described as "rotten love mak-
ing." The thing had one good result
it softened the stockbroker's heart to the
extent that he saw women differently.
He even, after a special joke he and the
waitress had together, said to himself,
"That is a very sensible girl, even
though she is a waitress," which for
him, was wonderful.

As time went on, and the couple pro-
vided the customers of the depot of the
City Bread Company with a daily display
of fragrant love-making, so Jackson, the
cynic and the hater of the fair, became
more and more drawn to the waitress.

One luncheon time a thing happened
which raised the ire of the stockbroker
to boiling pitch. The light, which was
never steady, failed altogether. There
was consternation in the tea-shop,
nearly all left their tables and stumbled
towards the stairs which led to the
street and the sunlight. Jackson
remained still; he was sitting op-
posite the "cooing couple," as they had
become to be known, and waited a few
minutes while the gas was lighted. As
the first few gleams made their way in
the darkness, he could discern the lovers
locked in each other's arms, and he
could hear them kissing. Jackson was
beside himself; if he had been asked the
reason of his anger he could not have
given a proper reply.

Just before the stockbroker left, the
waitress came up to him to give him pay-
ment, and he remarked quite loudly to
her: "Turn out the gas, the couple
over there like the dark."

Both the waitress and the girl flushed
and the man replied to Jackson:—
"Mind your own business! What has it
to do with you?"

Jackson could think of no effective
answer so smiling at the waitress he
left, and the couple soon followed him.

The next day Lily Wilson (the wait-
ress) was a little perturbed as she saw
that Jackson was again seated opposite
the couple, but this time he had his back
to them. He could see what was going
on behind him by the reason of the
mirror, and his annoyance was not
abated as the couple determined to pay
back yesterday's insult. For many
remarks were aimed at him. He

listened patiently from an outward point
of view, but inwardly he was getting
frantic. At last he could control his
temper no longer, and as Lily came up
her tray loaded with tea and coffee and
bread and ham, he accidentally leaned
back in his chair and collided with her,
knocking the tray and its contents from
her hands on to the clothes of the lovers
at the table behind him.

Then, to quote his classic account
afterwards, "the land played."

"The lady, red with rage and brown
with coffee, raised herself from the
wreckage and cried to Jackson:—
"Look what you have done!" Her
light summer dress was marked with
mingled stains of coffee and tea.

Meanwhile, the man was dislodging a
piece of bread and butter that was
adhering to his shirt front.

Lily looked on in horror.

Jackson's reply to the girl was a mere
inclination of the head. He offered no
apology, for he was honest.

"You said!" was the remark of the
gentlemen, made with heat.

Jackson adjusted his eyeglasses with
that expiring manner, and
gazed at the speaker.

"I said!" went on the man, flun-
ging Jackson did not comprehend.

"I heard what you said! Perhaps you
will reserve it all for addressing your
equals. Go and say your sweet nothing
somewhere else."

Then, looking at the broken bread, he
continued: "I'll pay for all that."

"But you will not be able to pay
my wages for the next year or
so," continued Lily.

"I do not understand," said Jack-
son.

"I shall have to lose my place be-
cause of this."

"Rubbish—rubbish! I'll see the man-
ageress."

Somewhat appeased, the girl collected
the fragments that remained, and after a
hasty and rather unskillful toilet, the
couple launched.

Jackson interviewed the manageress
and made things all right for the girl.

Days passed and the lovers never
returned. They had gone to pasture
new. And Jackson, fast losing all his
old ideas concerning love and romance,
was making much headway with his
friendship with the waitress. He was
undergoing a transformation. But it
was only friendship, he argued, "One
certain day he asked the girl to go out
for the afternoon with him. Lily
acquiesced, and so a fine summer after-
noon saw them in the region of the
Thames. After a row they took tea in
the open air, with the river in all its
summer beauty shimmering past
them. Jackson had yielded to the
sensuousness of the place, the romance
of the river had found its way into his
heart, and his gentle manner and his
soft speeches to the girl even surprised
himself. He did not think himself
capable of such sentiment. In the same
tone that he was wont to use when
asking for his coffee he questioned:
"Is it not grand—this place?"

She nodded; the view was too splendid
for words. But Jackson was
impatient. "So different to the C. B. C.
in Cophall Crescent, eh?"

The girl shivered, but did not reply.

"Would you like to leave the C. B.
C.?"

Lily did not understand, and said
no.

"Well, would you like to look after a
man who is not young, but who needs—
He stopped. The girl had raised her
head, showing an astonishment in her
eyes she could not conceal. He
continued in a husky voice as he took
her hands:

"Would you like to—would you—
would you like to be my wife?" Then
the excitement departed, and he was the
same old financier, and he was desirous
of pressing his suit in the same way as
he would drive a bargain on "Change";
but it was not necessary.

Lily comprehended. She just rested
her head on his shoulder.

"We will not picture the immediate
scene that followed. Suffice it to say
that they decided to have a long drive to
finish up this most marvellous day.
Jackson rather fancied his still with the
ribbons. He was oblivious to all but his
Lily. Never was a Lily so fair! The horse
galloped on and all was well. However,
a motor car came in an opposite
direction as they were nearing the town,
and its powerful headlights frightened
the horse that he took the bit between

his teeth. Jackson was an accomplished
driver and pulled hard, but made no
impression on the animal. The steely
look in the stockbroker's eyes was
manifest as he tugged at the reins, and
as he never smiled, but pulled mightily
the girl, from first thinking the thing a
huge joke, began to get alarmed. She
soon realized the position and screamed;
but Jackson, with that quiet look of his,
said:

"Trust to me, love."

She watched the superb struggle with
bated breath. Man and animal tugged
with all their strength, and the man was
losing. Suddenly through the trees the
river came in sight. The lane ran right
down to it. Lily realized the danger
they were in and uttered a short
prayer.

"The river! we shall be drowned!"

Jackson scarcely heard. He knew the
situation too well. Jackson was pulling
for all he was worth, and as the horse
was almost on the bank, a form seemed
to leap out of the very earth, and a big
and a big rug was flung over the horses
head. A woman's cry rent the still air.
The animal altered and in that moment
Jackson regained control, and by
pulling the horse almost on to its
haunches, he stayed its course not six
yards from the water.

Willing men held the horse, and they
witnessed a strange sight. Jackson
came from the trap and advanced to the
man who had so skillfully hurried the rug.
He was about to shake hands, when he
recognized his rescuer.

Good heavens! It's—"

"One of the cooing couple," responded
the other, laughing, as he saw the stock-
broker's face. And it looks as if it were
another couple."

"I beg your pardon for my rudeness,
you have saved—"

"Oh! don't go like that. I could not
let any one drown if I could help."

"But I have treated—"

"We will say no more about it.
"Look to her."

Lily was white as a sheet, and Jackson
turned to her. He felt humiliated, but
the great-hearted rescuer was
determined not to let him rest thus.

"Look here! He linked his arm in
Jackson's. "I live near. Come and
have supper with my wife. I think you
know her," he added smilingly. "We
have not been married long, but we
have learned the lessons of hospitality.
We will say no more of this. I had
been out rowing, and had just disem-
barked when I heard shouts, and I did
what I could. That is all."

"Yes and it saved the two of us,"
Jackson's hand clutched Lily closer to
him as he remembered the awful
moment.

"Now after my treatment of you—
kick me!"

"You! Nonsense; here's my hand!"
The man shook.

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