

Fire Saturday destroyed the barn of Wallace Williams, a farmer living just outside Watford. The barn contained the season's crop. The loss is about \$2,000, with insurance of \$1,200 in the Lambton Mutual. The origin of the fire is unknown.

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## Timothy Barton's Almanac

A Story of a Man's Obstinacy

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Lucy Barton glanced timidly at her husband. Timothy was scanning the well thumbed pages of an almanac. "Tuesday will be your birthday, Lucy," said Timothy, looking over his spectacles at his meek little wife. "Oh, do you think so, Timothy?" murmured Lucy doubtfully.

Timothy's quick temper was aflame at once. "Think so? I know it's so, Lucy! You were born on the 10th of January, and here it says 'Tuesday' as plain as can be!" He leaned across the table and placed a forefinger on the date in question.

Lucy looked at the date, and her eyes traveled to the figures at the head of the page—"1911" it said as plain as could be, while this year was "1912." Everybody knew that.

"It came on Tuesday last year, Timothy," she ventured, "but it's one day later this year, you know."

"What does it say here?" roared Timothy, slapping the open page of the



DESTROYED ALL ALMANACS THAT BORE THE FIGURES 1912.

almanac with his hand. "Woman, what does it say here, huh?"

"It says 'Tuesday, Jan. 10,'" admitted Lucy.

"Of course it does! Then what's the matter with you, huh?"

"You've got the wrong almanac, Timothy," Lucy declared in a frightened whisper.

Timothy stared at his wife, then glared at the almanac in his hand and saw that it was true. He held last year's almanac. But Timothy was a Barton. He would not give in that he had made a mistake—oh, no—now that Lucy had called his attention to the fact. If she had said nothing, but quietly permitted him to celebrate her natal anniversary on any date he chose out of the calendar and he had found out the mistake afterward, all would have been well.

But Lucy had spoken.

"The fat was in the fire," to quote Little River folks.

Timothy Barton obstinately contended in the face of the almanac makers of the world that he was right. He swore up and down that the 1911 calendar was the proper one for this year.

"Ain't you going to church, Timothy?" asked Lucy on the following Sunday morning, for after breakfast he had taken down his overcoat and cap and wound his everyday muffler around his neck.

Timothy stared aggressively at her. "I didn't know there was church on Saturday," he grunted as he pulled on his mittens. "Seen anything of my bush scythe? I left it in the entry last night."

Lucy stared at him with frightened eyes. "Timothy Barton, what are you going to do?" she demanded.

"Going to clear out the underbrush in the south woods," he said defiantly.

"On Sunday?"

"Tain't Sunday," retorted Timothy obstinately.

"You know better than that, Timothy," she wailed. "When are you going to church if you don't go today?"

"I'm going tomorrow—on Sunday!" he retorted, pointing to the last year's calendar hanging on the wall.

"There won't be any church tomorrow, and you know it."

"It's not my fault. I'll go, and if it ain't open it's the fault of them whose business it is to look after such things!" Timothy rattled the doorknob impatiently. "Seen that bush scythe, Lucy?"

he repeated.

Lucy arose and looked her husband in the eyes. "Yes, Timothy Barton, I saw your bush scythe. I saw you clean it off and hang it up in the tool shed last night, the same way you do every Saturday night!"

Timothy winced and colored, but his lips set firmly.

"Are you going to church this morning?" demanded Lucy sternly.

"I don't go to church on Saturday," said Timothy, quite contemptuously, and so left the house.

He was actually going to cut brush wood on the Sabbath!

Two red spots flickered in Lucy's cheeks as she disposed of the Sunday

morning tasks. Her hands trembled as she put on her hat and slipped into the fur coat which had been her husband's wedding gift four years ago.

For Lucy had always been a submissive wife and had never before had occasion to cross the famous Barton temper.

She went to church alone. She was glad that her husband had the forbearance to do his Sabbath breaking in the solitude of the woods and not in the face of all Little River.

How was she to explain his absence from church? He might contradict whatever excuse she might make up. She was in a quandary what to do.

At least she could go and come so hastily that none might intercept her.

And she did. But the people spoke of it afterward—how Lucy Barton had been late at church and had run away from it before anybody had a chance to say how she did. They wondered where Timothy was, but they ceased to wonder when some one reported that Timothy had been observed cutting brush while the church bells were ringing.

On Monday Timothy dressed himself in his Sabbath clothes and walked sedately to church, creating no little excitement as he passed along the village street.

"Somebody must be dead—there's Timothy Barton all dressed in his best black!" cried one.

"Tain't Lucy, for I saw her hanging out her wash," observed another.

"He's gone into the churchyard, and I declare to man if he ain't going into church or trying to!" Curious faces peered over clotheslines and from window corners as Timothy Barton creaked up the steps of the church, tried the door and then turned away and went back home.

"I shan't rest a mite till I find out!" declared Mrs. Clarence Sayles, twisting the last clothesline into its place on the line and wrapping her red hands in her gingham apron. "I told Clarence that something was up when Timothy didn't go to church yesterday."

"I'll bet the Barton temper is at the bottom of it!" said her sister-in-law, Bessie Sayles.

But somehow they never really arrived at the true solution of the trouble, although Timothy's actions were eccentric for another seven days.

Meantime Lucy had had a consultation with her pastor and came away with renewed courage. The Rev. Mr. Pudderson employed up to the minute methods in settling the difficulties of his parish. He did not offer to pray with Timothy. He knew that that would only add fuel to the man's obstinacy.

"It's the only way you can break through it, Mrs. Barton," he said as he shook hands with her at the door.

Lucy was very busy in her room that evening. At breakfast the next morning Timothy, eating his pancakes in sullen silence, did not notice that his wife's hair was dressed with unusual care, and he could not guess that under the clean print wrapper she wore was hidden her best dress.

Timothy was cutting cordwood now, and when he had finally disappeared in the woods his wife had finished her last household task, slipped off the wrapper and made ready to go out. She did not wear her fur cloak—the one Timothy had given her as a wedding present—but she did wear a warm cloak that had been hers before they were married.

She had a note all written, and she left it on the kitchen table where he could read it when he returned at dinner time. By the time she was ready the station stage had backed up to the door, and Lucy entered it, carrying a small traveling bag. Mrs. Clarence Sayles and her sister-in-law, Bessie, had another topic to wonder over.

At noon Timothy tramped up to the kitchen door, propped his ax against the house and went in. At sight of the clean, dinnerless kitchen a look of wonder came into his face. A vague fear clutched at his heart. Something must have happened to Lucy! She was sick. He had defied God and man and the almanac, and punishment would be his!

A quick tour of the little house failed to divulge the whereabouts of his wife. When he returned to the kitchen he found the note. He grew very pale and leaned against the wall while he read it. The handwriting was very trembly, as if Lucy had been agitated when she wrote the note.

"Dear Timothy," it read, "according to my marriage certificate we were married on Feb. 29, 1908. If, as you say, your almanac is correct, there wasn't any Feb. 29 in 1908, and so we weren't ever married at all. Such being the case, I am going away to stay with my cousin, Lydia Beems, in Centerville. Goodbye. Your friend, Lucy Beems."

"P. S.—Of course if your calendar was last year's, everything would be all right—same as before."

All that long afternoon Timothy Barton sat and stared at the calendars on the kitchen wall. They all bore the figures "1911," and yet this was the year 1912.

It was over small matters like these that the Bartons had worn themselves out—had broken hearts and warped lives.

Timothy struggled bravely with his inherent obstinacy.

At sunset he tore the out of date calendars and almanacs from the wall and stuffed them in the fire. He went out and harnessed Brownie to the top buggy, and he put in plenty of fur robes for warmth, for it was a long ride to Centerville.

He was going to bring his wife home. He was going to give in.

The Barton obstinacy had succumbed to love for a woman.

It was the year 1912.

## FUNNY FRILLED LIZARD.

Carries an Umbrella, Has a Whip Tail and Walks Like a Bird.

The frilled lizard is found in Australian woods, being tolerably abundant in north Queensland and the Kimberley district of Western Australia. It lives on beetles such as are found on the tree barks. It is about three feet long, measured from head to tail point. What makes it remarkable consists of two things—its hurried walk and its fighting anger.

It carries a sort of natural umbrella top about its neck, which it elevates suddenly with an alarming effect even to ordinary lizard killing dogs, scaring them as an umbrella opened in the face of a charging bull; hence it is called the frilled lizard. Its teeth are not of much use as a defense against a vigorous animal, but when it fights it uses its long, lithe tail in a way to bring long bruises on one's hands—in fact, could it be properly trained, it might serve as an automatic switch, which, like the magic rub-a-dub-dub stick, would at the word administer a thrashing to the disobedient child.

From the scientific point of view the creature's peculiar method of ambulation is most interesting, because it presents an absurdly grotesque appearance at such times, more especially from the rear. It walks bipedally or on two feet, like a bird, and so much does it resemble a bird in its walk that it seems to be the connecting link between the ancestors of birds and the lizards of today.

A Real Disciplinarian.

The other night we heard a father speak thusly: "William, your mother tells me that you must have a dose of castor oil before retiring tonight. It is your bedtime now. Take your medicine and go to bed at once."

"But, papa, I don't wanta take no castor oil."

"You must take it, and immediately."

"Aw, papa, I don't wanta!"

"William, if you don't take that medicine I'll put you right to bed this minute without giving you a drop of it."

William was so scared that he took it. That's the way to enforce discipline.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Eye Photographs.

An image impressed upon the retina of the eye remains there an appreciable time. This is the reason why a torch swung rapidly seems to be a circular flame. The sensibility of the retina is different at different times of the day. Every one has noticed how on waking in the morning and looking at the bright window, then closing the eyes, he will observe an impression or phantom of the window for an appreciable time after his eyes are closed.

Domestic Bookkeeping.

"And what's your reason for increasing the servants' wages, pray?" her friend asked.

"Because my husband complained that my dress and millinery bills equalled the household expenses, and I want to show him they do not!"—London Tit-Bits.

Teaching the Teacher.

Mother (whose children have had an education superior to her own, to her small daughter, whom she is in the act of smacking)—"I'll learn you not to contradict me! Small Daughter (between her sobs)—Teach, mother, teach.—London Punch.

A Mystery.

"Mummy, darling, where does the fire go when it goes out?"

"Goodness knows, my dear! You might just as well ask me where daddy goes!"—London Answers.

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