

CANADA:

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"Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people."

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Original contributions are solicited from Canadian writers and on Canadian themes. While the Journal remains of its present size, contributions should not exceed one thousand words in length. Those not required will be returned, if stamps for postage be sent.

All communications should be addressed: "CANADA", Benton, New Brunswick.

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Our Short Story.

HEAD OR HEART?

BY MAUDE L. RADFORD.

"PAW, O-o-oh Paw! Man ah a-comin' up ther road. Reckon mout be that ar Canadian artis' feller".

"I reckon it ah. Go tell yer maw, Sal, en I'll go meet him".

He strode down the steep road, a typical, strong and sturdy mountaineer, with the simple honest expression of face so usual with that class of men. The young man looking up towards him, instinctively liked and trusted him, before a word had been interchanged between them.

"Mr. Lyman, I reckon?" questioned the mountaineer, extending a broad hand. "Glad to see you, suh; haint you tired?"

"Then you must be Mr. White with whom I am to board? Tired, indeed I am. These Ragged mountains which well deserve their name, are enough to weary a more experienced climber than I am".

"Wall, yere's the house. Supper ah ready. Come right in, suh".

Frank Lyman paused and glanced at this mountain home with interest. It was a little house, perched on a rising half way up to the summit of one of the highest of the mountains, and peeping down shyly at the ragged ridges and clumps beneath. A fit spot for a painter, Frank thought, but he did not gaze much longer. Even a great-souled, nature-loving artist grows hungry, and our friend was no exception.

"Mr. Lyman, suh, this ah Mis' White, en Sal", said Mr. White, leading Frank in.

The young man looked at them with interest. Mrs. White was an ashy, nondescript sort of woman, whose beauty, if she had ever possessed any, had been beaten out of her by forty-odd years of life and hard work on this mountain.

But Sallie—looking at her with an artistic eye, Frank decided that she was a little treasure. Small and slender, with wonderful curly brown hair, and wide-open grey eyes, cheeks as pink as the blossoms of her own mountain ivy, and a dainty mouth which sent the painter into raptures. The brown hand she timidly extended to him was small, and well-shaped, as were also her feet.

All during the meal he took stolen glances at the girl whom he made up his mind he would have as a model. Now and then she caught one of his looks, and shook her brown curls over her face with a shy as well as an unstudied movement.

"Sal ah some bashful", laughed Mr. White, as they rose from the table, "but she'll git over it dire'ly. Take seat yere, Mr. Lyman. So you ah Canadian, suh?"

"Yes, and proud of the fact".

"Glad you haint a Yankee. I haint got no likin' fur them ar. Saw 'nough of 'em durin' the war".

"O, Yankees are well enough. I live among them, and they have always been very kind to me".

"You live in the Northern States".