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A Whistling Girl.

(By Charlotte A. Canty.)

They carried him in from the surgeon's room and laid him on the narrow little bed that the nurse had made ready. Her eyes were wide and her face was pale to the lips, but her step was steady and her manner calm as they withdrew and left her alone with him. A suppressed sob shook her frame as she lightly touched the bandages over his eyes, those honest gray eyes in which she had read nothing but loyalty and devotion. But Annie Morton was a trained nurse, and she forced down the rising tide of emotion and sat beside her patient, quietly waiting for him to regain consciousness. When he stirred her hand was on his breast in an instant, holding him steady.

"Only the nurse," she said in a low, even tone. "You are to remain perfectly quiet."

The meaning of her word came to him slowly as the effect of the anesthetic wore off.

"Nurse" he suddenly asked, "why are my eyes bandaged?"

"They have been injured," she exclaimed, "but we think not seriously. The only way to be sure that we shall save your sight is to keep the eyes bandaged for a time."

Her quiet manner subdued him, and he was silent, but only for a moment.

"Tell me first," he said, "have you seen my brother, Jim Curtis?"

A shudder ran through the girl. Yes, she had seen him, stretched out in eternal quiet.

"All is well with him," she answered "but you must be quiet now."

"He didn't see me until the last minute," went on the man, "and I had thought he was a thousand miles away. We were fighting our way across the clearing when I saw a big fellow strike at a man just ahead of me. The man turned to parry the blow and I saw his face. It was Jim! I remember throwing myself between the fellow and my brother, but after that I don't remember anything."

The nurse was trying to stop him.

"I know," she said. "A shell burst almost in front of his face. It was Captain Jim Curtis who led the men across that clearing. It was reckless work"—

"Yes, but that's Jim's way," said the man. "Why, he'd dare anything. How proud she'll be to hear of his courage in this affair! Say, nurse, couldn't he come in to see me?"

"No, not under any circumstances," was the decided answer. "You've talked too much now"—

"I'll be quiet, nurse, but won't you ask him to give me a whistle as he passes by? He has the prettiest whistle in the world. It's like a flute. Wait till you hear it."

A swift rush of tears blinded the nurse. She was only a woman, and it meant much to her that the playmate of her childhood's days was even then being carried away to lie forever silent in a soldier's grave.

"Ask him to whistle just once. He'll surely come to ask about me."

"I'll see about it," she answered at length, "if you think it will not excite you too much."

"Oh, nurse"—the big man's voice had grown tremulous—"I haven't heard that whistle for five years! You'd know what he is to me if you knew what I've given up for him."

The nurse caught her breath. "We'll see about it to-night when I go to make my report," she said. "Rest now, so that the report may be a good one."

The man obeyed. It was some time before he spoke again.

"I don't know why you should remind me of her," he said. "You are such a soft voiced thing, and Annie is a big Western girl, with a voice that makes the room ring when she laughs or sings. She does both, bless her. She can whistle, too, as well as any fellow I ever knew. Jim taught her, and I used to tease her about being a whistling girl."

A sad little smile passed over the face of the tall nurse as she bent above him to arrange the pillows.

"I must leave you now to make my report," she said. "Be very quiet, and I will not forget your message."

The man lay still, wondering how long the darkness would last. He felt lost, lying there alone, but suddenly through the stillness there came a clear high whistle another, and then a succession of bird calls. The man lay tingling with delight in the sounds.

"Jim!" he whispered. "God bless you, lad! Thank heaven that I was with you in time!"

When the nurse came in again, she found him tranquilly smiling.

"He did whistle, nurse, the same old merry whistle. Couldn't you ask him for me how Annie is? Only that?"

"I can't ask him anything," replied the girl, with forced calmness. "I shall not see him again."

The man sighed.

"Well, I won't trouble you nurse. I'd like to know how she is, though. There isn't another woman in all the world like our whistling girl."

The nurse did not dare to speak.

"You're a stranger to me, nurse," he went on, "and yet I can't help telling you all about it. She lived near us all her life, but it wasn't until Jim came to me with his hopes that I realized what she was to me. I never told her. I could see she and Jim were made for each other, but I couldn't stay there and tamely wait for the end. I"—

The man was trembling from head to foot, but the nurse had sunk down beside the bed and buried her face in the covers.

"I went away," he resumed, "and I haven't heard a word from them since. I hope she's happy. I'd like to ask Jim why he's here and not with her. But she has spirit and courage. She's not the one to bid him stay idle at home in these times. Nurse, was that a tear on my hand? There—I didn't make you cry, did I?"

The nurse choked back the tears and replied in her habitual half voice: "It was the lotion that I used for your bandages. No more talking to-night, please."

"No more, nurse, but you know now why I wished to hear Jim's whistle. To hear him is to know that he is safe and that no sorrow will come to Annie."

The whistle floated up to him each morning and evening at the hour that the nurse went to report.

The old airs that were familiar about his western home came to the patient listener in the darkened room. He grew stronger as the days went by, and the nurse watched him with dreamy happiness.

She had been away from him one morning, and when she returned she met the doctor at the door. He was talking with a friend, and as she stepped past him the words rang clearly into the quiet room:

"To replace Captain Jim Curtis, who was killed in that skirmish on the 18th."

"Who—was—that?" The patient had started up in bed, his face white with sorrow. The nurse sprang to him. He fell back as she reached him. He stiffened in her arms, and the blackness of despair settled down upon the heart and the hopes of the whistling girl.

The doctor's abrupt commands aroused her. She was the nurse again, not the stricken woman. Together they worked to bring the patient back out of the shadow and presently she was alone with him again.

"Nurse," he said, with a sob in his voice, "I suppose I must have been dreaming or maybe was not quite sane, but I'll swear I heard that whistle. It was Jim's signal, I know. But Jim is dead. Oh, Annie!"

The nurse was down on her knees beside him. Her strong, soft hands held his; her voice was steady and sweet.

"Listen, dear," she said. "Annie is here! You couldn't know me while your eyes were bound; but, dear, you were more blind before. It was you then, it is you now. Oh, my love, you have lost much, but will you not be brave for my sake, for the sake of a day that may be?"

A light of understanding settled slowly upon his changing face. His hands closed tightly upon hers.

"Annie," he whispered, "is it a dream?"

The nurse laughed in spite of the tears that would flow.

"O, doubting one," she said, "how could this be a dream?" And light as an elf's caress he felt her kiss upon his lips.

To the Electors of South Grey:

Gentlemen—The Dominion election will be held on the 26th Oct. I again respectfully ask for your vote and influence.

When Alexander McKenzie went out of office in 1878, the public debt of Canada was $140,362,096. When Sir Wilfrid Laurier took office in 1896 the debt had increased to $258,497,432, an annual average increase for eighteen years under Conservative rule of $6,563,075 in our public debt. When Sir Wilfrid Laurier had been 10¾ years Premier of Canada his Government had altogether for the 10¾ years only increased the public debt $5,174,427, or considerably less for the 10¾ years than under the former government for one year. And the public debt of Canada, per head of population, was on the 31st of March, 1908, only $42.84, while, when the Laurier Government went into office in 1896 the public debt was, per head of the population, $50.87, and this notwithstanding the fact that the present Government has spent large sums for the development of the country.

Come, if you please, to my meetings and hear public questions discussed.

It is generally admitted that I have done for South Grey and its people, without making any difference between Liberals and Conservatives, more than any other member the Riding ever had. If I have so helped the Riding, is it not fair and reasonable that the people of the Riding should give me their hearty support? I believe they will, especially that I have now the advantage of four years experience.

I am, gentlemen,—

Yours sincerely,
H. H. MILLER.

NEW MACHINE SHOP

The undersigned have opened a machine shop in connection with their wagon and paint shops. All kinds of lathe and other iron work done. Buggies and wagons repaired and painted. All work entrusted will receive our personal attention and will be done promptly.

R. G. and W. NOBLE.

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FALL AND CHRISTMAS DRAWING

In putting on this Drawing let it be distinctly understood that it is for advertising purposes; we believe in this when we have the goods to back it up.

We want to increase the number of our regular patrons and bring the notice of the public generally to the large stock of **Watches, Clocks, Silverware, Jewelry, China, Leather Goods, etc.**, we carry, moderate prices, and our excellent **Repair Department.**

We have decided to give away absolutely free from November 1st to January 2nd, 1909,

$40.00 Ayrshire Cow and $35.00 in Goods

Everybody has an equal chance. You get full value for every purchase made at our store. Besides getting full value you get a ticket for the

BIG DRAWING CONTEST

The plan will be similar to the one followed last year only bigger and better than ever.

Every cash purchase of One Dollar or Watch, Clock or Jewellery Repairs to the value of One Dollar made between Nov. 1st and the time of Drawing will entitle the purchaser to a numbered Coupon. A duplicate of this Coupon will be placed in a sealed box and will remain there until the time of drawing, when the box will be publicly opened on Jan 2nd, 1909, a little girl will draw from it eight coupons, and the holders of the duplicates of these coupons will be entitled to the gifts.

FOR THE 1st COUPON—A fine Milch Cow, Ayrshire, valued at $40.00. Cow on exhibition after Nov. 1st.

FOR THE 2nd COUPON—Lady's Gold Filled Watch, guaranteed to wear 20 years, hand engraved, case fitted with good Elgin movement, value $15.00.

FOR THE 3rd COUPON—Gent's Watch, nickel case, 15 jewels, open face, stem wind and stem set, value $8.00.

FOR THE 4th COUPON—Beautiful Mantel Clock, 8-day, Cathedral gong, value $5.00.

FOR THE 5th COUPON—Fine Cut Glass Bon Bon Dish, value $3.00.

FOR THE 6th COUPON—Fountain Pen, value $2.00.

FOR THE 7th COUPON—Good Alarm Clock, value $1.00.

FOR THE 8th COUPON—Pearl Handle Butter Knife, value $1.00.

This is an opportunity no one should miss as eight persons are going to secure a cow and $35.00 worth of goods for nothing.

Cow will be on exhibition after Nov. 1st; other prizes may be seen in our window after Nov. 1st.

Everything will be plainly marked, and if our prices are not the lowest charged in this district for the same or like brands of goods you will not be asked to buy.

PLEASE NOTE—Kindly have your name taken down on your Coupon in order that we may let you know the result immediately after the drawing.

Keep your Coupons—they positively must be presented when claiming the goods.

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Wilbur Chapman and Charles M. Alexander have begun their evangelistic campaign in Hamilton.

Emile Paquet, aged 3, was burned to death on her father's barge at Quebec by upsetting a can of kerosene oil near the stove.