

THE LAST LOAD

the sun is forgotten

In the years that have passed since The strain as we have the havcocks From the meadow across the brook-

Or a print in a tattered book: A story of some one: was it 17 A picture faded and worn In a book that has been for years laid by With half of its pages tonr.

These seem as old as a tale that is told

But I close my eyes, and the fragrance

(There were cranberry vines and sweet Wisps clung-to the bushes along our way. We lay at case in the well-made hay They lowered the pasture bars;

And the last load creaked up Wyman Beneath the benignant stars.

-John Elliot Howman VIOTER HUME-COMPRES BLOCK Here's a story of about thirty years viously it is quite necessary to substitute to have mest every day.' And I hain't the names of the parties concerned

to, are with us yet. Mrs. Gaines' oldest boy throw Mrs. Putney's door wide open, with a bank. "Man come to see you," he announced.

loudly, "Great big, tall mant" The man entered directly bohind him. and close at his heels came the other three young Calneses, who disposed and expectantly.

caller, in a resounding great voice, and hardly anything left, and I had to spend dropped his large value and picked up the last cent of it a good while ago.

faltered. The top of her gray head was am," she went on. "It sin't. Polks don' considerably below his shoulder, and she wear false hair the way they used to, took a step back, the better to look up young or old; it sin't the style. There at him. Elho was flustered; her hands sin't hardly any demand for switches trembled a little. The four Caineses nor false fronts any more, and that had possession of all the chairs, and did store in Guelph has taken pretty much not offer them to the visitor; so the all of what little trade I did have.

brought two from another room. "You've kept your looks wonderful older'n you did when you went to Mani-

Joseph laughed. Burveying the little, narrow-shouldered, unxious-looking woman, he could not answer in like vein. His attention controd, against his will. upon the knot, as large as a walnut

with a fush of memories. Ohe had not of the attempt of the delicate, timorous seen Martha for years, but her portly middle-aged woman to sell carpet-sweepfigure and her comely, smiling face were ora was the memory of a nightmare. Martha all the pleasant things of life that and doin' most anything Y could had come castly. "Bhe's well?' asked Mrs. Putney.

and Joe and I threaten her every fall how are you?"

Mrs. Putney nodded "You see." "Just as many folks as 'ever.

handsome" he responded with a grin so town," talking with old acquaintances, good-natured that it really made his but he spent the evening with Mrs. blain features almost hundsome. He was Putney. He seemed to fill two-thirds of i heavily built man, aix feet talt.

"I didn't know as you was any nearer legs across a second chair. than a thousand miles," said Mrs. Dutney. "Martha thought of sending you word working with hopeless-looking wads o to be here, but I told her you'd know " halr-combings, a paper shade over her when you saw me. I've been away from speciacled eyes. His twinkling expreshome three weeks. I've been shipping show alled ther with memories of his horses to a dealer in Toronto for five younger days; he had always been goodyears, and I thought I'd come, and and natured and a loker. him: I had some things to buy, too, and I bought 'em down there. And I didn't might just about as well have been an · intend to go back without stopping to old maid hadn't you, Bar' Ann?" he

see the old town and you, Har' Ann." "Martha ought to 'a' come along with to got her away from home. She thinks half-and-half? "I "think" twould be a Manitoha's good enough to live and die splendid ides, if the folks didn't object."

in. Blie's always been happy as a clam he said, and chuckled for a full minute out there."

Mrs. Putney elegred her throat. "There that time when Salome Avery put are some. There's a halr-store in Guelph green apple in her waterfall to make it has been for two years, and folks bigger, and it fell out in meeting house so there considerable. I make rugs some and rolled down the sister To think of now, rag rugs, and I've done some that glddy Halome being a grandmother

heir house I'm living in."

"I sold it. Claylord's their name." "Bring a good price?"

"Pair," also added, with an effort, her hin little face reddening, 'Lyman Hill held a mortgage on it, and there wasn't

"How's lieb Larkin? He and I was with warm augar. He'll remember me. thicker than spatter when we was boys; I Come along, Bar' Ann." guess he hasn't forgot me. How's the Pages? I heard Phoebe'd got married again. Is old man Delscoll alive yel?"

Putney left Mr. Wolcott turning the went up to the Orand River fishing I aves of her album, and put on her His welcome was warm and his popular-

tibe meant it. Her heart had warmed and her loneliness had slipped away from her at the sight of gental Joseph Wolcott: but when the meal was done, and Joseph had wone across the street in pursuit of a familiar face, and also had washed the dishes, she sat down motionlessly, with a blank look.

The youngest of the Calneses had struggled in again. He was a largeheaded child, so backward that his presence was almost oppressive. He was two years old, but he said nothing but "da-da," and he had a vacuous stare; but Mrs. Putney was sometimes glad to one him. He did not wound her pride; the did not dread hik accruting of her circumstances, and she could confide him without fear of betrayal.

"Luther," she said, "I don't know what I'm going to do: I don't, really." like took a little parteboard box out stand drawer, and counted the money in it. There were five dollars and thirty

"I've got to pay your father the rent Priday; Priday's the first. Joseph stays four days, I sha'n't have enough left to get along with. I'll have

anything more coming in." tibe had put off facing the facts and some connected with the parties referred the future, but a origin had come now. Her fortunes were at a low ebb.

"W'y Luther." she said. in her desperate need of a sympathizer, "I might 'a' known long ago I was coming to the end of my rope. Long as I had the house and didn't have rent to pay I got along; but I couldn't pay all the interest on the themselves around the room comfortably guess 'twould been sheriff's sale before long if I hadn't,-and paid Lyman Itill "Well Bar' Ann Putneyi" said the everything I owed him, there wasn't

"If the hair business was what it was lifteen years ago. I wouldn't be where

"I know I don't do work so good as I litreet; thence North 53 degrees 14 you in my gripmack, so speaking, and sparent. While this treatment prevents carpet-sweepers; and started out to sell northerly limit of Lot Number 26, 133 feet to the northerly limit of said Lot Number 26; "Josephi" gasped Mrs. Putney. 'em in this county. I didn't got very far. thence North 37 degrees 45 minutes east

I couldn't stand it." the winced. Some things were hard the looked at her countr's husband to speak of, even to Luther. The memory

"I've been making rugs some since turn my hand to: but Y can't make enough to live on: I can't, to save me. "Pirat-class! the tips the scales at a don't spend hardly anything, goodness hundred and sighty. They give prizes knows. I haven't had any new clothes I don't know when, and I don't est much "I haven't had fresh mest before for a week. But I can't make what little expenses I've got, and that's the fact. Tarming it, too. Well, now, Har' Ann, I can't work fast at anything, and I can't get much work anyhow. This little shall not be bound to produce any Abbit of money is all I've got to my name. I don't know what I'm going to do, I sion or control. In all other respects the bit of money is all I've not to my name are I don't know what I'm going to do. don't know what I'm combine 'to!"

the picked Lather up and rocked him. into which she had drawn her faded, her quivering face against his baby. unresponsive cheek. Joseph apent the afternoon

the amail room, sitting with his long He watched her with interest; she wa

"You've been a widow so long you queried, as a result of his meditation.

Her slow sorting of hair amused him. "Why don't you put those red comb-"You'd have to take a gad to Martha lings and the black ones in one switch;

. . uver his joke. "Talking about hair, do you remember

Putney forgot her galling anxiety it would mouth twice before ahe could apeak. "The Galneses. This is a wing of have been the sight of Joseph's keen "I thought I'd ask you if you can married. enjoyment of his visit. Mrs. Gaines wall a few days-a week, maybe-for gave him sleeping accommodation, and the rent," she faltered. "I haven't got makes people welcome, and enjoys it,"

folks you rent it toy. I didn't know the old friends who railled around him, extra. I'll be very much obliged to you." groups tipped back in their chairs, talking He gave his tenant an ungracious word "Get on your bornet," he said, on the much in her cheeks and misery in her second day: "I'm going to like a team heart. and go down and see old III Davis, down on the Gore road. They say he's living Her visitor dropped the subject of ber wet, 'most ninety. We used to go down affairs. He tweaked the ear of one of the there to his sugar-bush every apring

He made her go. The hext day he went though the gelst-mill and shingle-factory, and the day after he It was cleven o'clock. When they had nob Larkin drove around in a four-scated

He ransacked the old town for old acquaintances, and brought Mrs. Putney half, of tound steak. 'The Gaineses of The Paus Paus "interviewed" him ived on the dusty main street of the and made a column article of the in formation about the West and the political opinions gathered from former fellow-towniman, how a wealthy

stock-farmer of Manitoha." Joseph had a continuous good timsupper, and fell asleep on the floor. - Mrs. here," said Joseph at the dinner-table, and when Friday came he had said luturey made him comfortable with a nothing about going home. shawl, till his mother came for him in

Mrs. Putney went around to the he real pleased to have you, rand that every step she took was deeph." she responded. "I haven't got painful effort. His twisted har finger In the rusty black lace that trimmed her best dress scantily, and opened her

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see in the evening; her eyes were poor, and sched with the strain. As the evening lengthened, the rattle of wagons and boyish whistling and passing footsteps coased, and doors banged to for the night, and the early country allence actiled down; but the sociable gathering on the grocery porch did not Wanted break up. They were telling old stories and jokes, with loud mirth. Mrs. Putney with her memory of the town traditions, Knew from the anatches audible in the stillness what stories they were resurrecting from the dead past.

at the dinner-table. The meal was hal

"Well, I guess not," said Joseph

licartily. He had a large capacity for

amount he consumed. Hhe was afraid he

and aundry edibles over at the grocery.

she did not dare spend the money for it

and old, and she could not talk much."

Joseph strolled across the street aft

Luther came in, greaty-faced from his

almiess way at nine o'clock. Mrs. Putney

It was hot and uncomfortable; the

lamp, and beetles bumped against the

walls. It was hard for Mrs. Putney to

over before alse could bring herself

utter the prevarication. "I hope

hain't spolled your dinner?"

like was weighed down with her anxiety and her dread. "I'll ask Mrs. Coleman to pay me a little ahead for her switch," she thought. "I'll have to." But that would be a driblet. His

hoped to struggle through till Joseph should go; but what then? What then? libe could not go on earning next nothing and spending more than she

What was going to become of her the knew what was the last resource, the fate of old people, without means of support. Illiould she come to that? The thought benumbed her. It was hard to realize that also had come to

such a pass. His had had a home once, and a husband who had loved and protected her; but she had fought the world alone for years, and now she had lost even har lew poor weapons. The was cast saide, stranded-and hopeless-Uhe heard the dispersing acraping of chairs at last on the grocery porch, and nathly departing steps. Joseph came across the road, and put his head in at

"You up yet Bar' Ann?" he seld "You Y House and Garage at Acton better go to bed, hadn't you? shade's all on one alde, and your topknot on the other." But he sat down in the true aid to beauty.

He finished his clear in allence. Then CONFEDERATION LIPE V. ATKINBON he came in and sat down and faced Mrs. for Hale made herein and bearing date respectively, March 24th, 1930, and May "Bee here, Bar' Ann." he said, "I've

10th, 1030, there will be offered for sale by Public Auction in one parcel, with the approbation of the Assistant-Master, by R. J. Kerr, Auctioneer, on the premises the took off her shade and looked at half inch in diameter has been found by

"You needn't be acared," said Joseph. Department of Agriculture to be very "It ain't anything slarming. I want you effective in the control of white-pine at 2.00 p. m., (Daylight Baving Time), to pack up your duds and go back with bilater rust on black currents. This Part of Lot Number 26, Block 5, on me. That's the word Martha sent, Ear' method was developed through three Mill Street, in the said Village of Acton, Ann. Ellie spoke to me about it soon us years of field experimentation. It was of their work to do, and I went down there on the cars and asked; but they dearlied as follows:

Observed the control of Italian Number 227, which may be more over I begun to talk about coming kest, found that the rust came from white particularly described as follows:

Observed North of said Lot Number 28 and Lower place and Lower place of the current bushes, appearing the control of the current bushes, appearing the current bushes, appearing the control of the current bushes, appearing the curr

along the said northerly limit of Lot Number 26, 65 feet; thence Bouth 52 live with us. You've lived here alone a oculum left degrees 14 minutes east 132 feet, more good white now, and a change will be white place. Mill Street; thence South 37 degrees 46 just the thing for you; just the checkers minutes west along the said northerly It sin't good for folks to go along in limit of Mill Street 55 feet, more or less, the same old rut forever. It's time you to the place of beginning; BUILIEOT to a the same old rut forever. I right of way which is more particularly stopped working, anyhow." described in registered instrument Num-

Itis own observation, and the few discreet inquiries he had made among his On the property there is said to be erected a garage and dwelling, the dwell- friends, had satisfied him of her pitiful necessities. But of that he spoke no The property will be offered for sale.

subject to a reserve bid, fixed by the undersigned. "I suppose you'll have some regrets be paid to the Vendor's Bolicitors at about leaving the old town, but I guess the time of sale and the balance into you know. In as pretty a part of the West as you want to see. I've got lots conditions of sale are the standing conem. I don't suppose you know the difditions of the Court as modified by the furence between Percherons and Olydes, do you? I've got all kinds; 'most. We are three miles out of town, but we don't ret lonesome: We're a sort of a little village Life Bullding, Toronto; H. M. Parmer, get lonesome: We're a sort of a little village Acton; or linin, Bicknell, White & all by ourselves; the hired men have houses on the place, the married ones.

as much as they did before Joe got "You know what Martha is, how she

of the grocery and the post office, with being here has cost me quite a good deal in the apring; two or three wagon-hads Mrs. Putney, sitting over her work, Mrs. Chains was stack and easy-going for a notier and had a glaying good Martha and I' danced with the rest of 'em;" said Joseph, gracking his oner and laughing. "When we get you out there can't tell but what you'll take o dancing. You'll feel like it, anyhow You'll feel as though you'd been pretty Even with this reprieve the knew her well cramped up here, when you see how ."I forgot the butter was out," she said

"Yes, air, I want to get you out there nd turn you right out in the tall grass, with the stock," said Joseph, jocularly. You can kick up your heels and friak around; there's lots of room. It'll do ou goed; make a new woman of you. You needn't say anything. I don't take food: Mrs. Putney, whose cramped mean had trimmed down her appellte to

The little forlors old widow sat with delicate proportions, was appalled at the ier wrinkled hand over her eyes. Blue was allently asging; the tears trickled might not get enough to cat; but he was down her chin and dripped on the hair freely treated to crackers and cheese n her lap. Joseph's voice, when he went on, was thaken.

There was no butter for supper, either; "Why can't you get ready by Monday? hadn't ought to stay any longer. You Her worries told on her; the looked pale can sell out what you've not here, wha you don't want to take with you. I'l help you; I'm a good hand. I about supper, and also ant down by her lamp think we could get started by Monday. and worked desperately on the black Mrs. Jutney tried to speak. It was

some time before she could. "Joseph," she said, "I don't know, Joseph, you're awful good. But I hain't vot any means. Mebbe I could work enough for you, sewing and such, to pay

Joseph laughed acollingly. reak the lurses, Har Ann," he declared; that's what you can do, break in the

There was a weight on her upright conscience, for which her ahrinking pride had been accountable. the could not embrace her joyfulness, which was greater than Joseph could have realised, till

"I didn't forget to get butter, Joseph." the said. "I hain't got hardly any noney, and I didn't dare to spend any

"Pahawi" said Joseph, huskily. II took a clean handkerchief from his pocket, unfolded it slowly, and wiped

Those of you who remember this little incident of yours ago, will recall the etters which came back home from Mrs. Putney of the happy experiences of her closing years; of the kindness of Joseph Wolcott and his wife. Martha, and the family; of the robust health she enjoyed during her doclining years. The body of the little widow now rests in the quiet churchyard of a little country Presbyterlan church, fifty or sixty miles west of Winnipeg. Her end was peace and an stemal sense of gratitude to the blghearted Yrlends who made her previously dreaded declining years so happy and

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tion) calls now begin

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whee. If you don't know

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