SELDOM SEEN

Mrs. Jos. received a parcel in the the years are slipping around. mail the other day. We were puzzled when it turned out to be a heard that woman's voice. It was 10 YOU joke. A note along with the disc many years ago who is now living identify what she is saying. in the U.S.



and they always planned a big reanion which never came off, and From Me

phonograph record, and at once a thrill a living letter or so thought someone was playing a it seemed. The disc has been played however told the story. It was a so many times now that it's getting that is merely another item in the without discomfort, if they are recording from a girl friend of pretty scratchy but you can still weekly paper. At 5.15 the old doctor dressed for it. But when the

We got the old phonograph go as often happens in such a case, I the walk. At the side the snow, quite deep, then until trails are ing, and Mrs. Jos. heard the voice ran on to something else which tied honey combed by March winds and made, anyone who walks in it gets of her girlhood friend just as in quite closely with it. In an sun, looked rather like ragged and wet. though she were standing in the American magazine there was an dirty lace. On the pavement, "I'm not so young anymore," room. This particular friend had ad for a new device for recording patches of grey made islands in said Sam, "and I was just thinkin" been one of the closet friends while You slip a paper thin disc on a uneven black pools. As he turned as I was tugging them old trees the pair attended the rural school, machine, turn it on, record your to go in, a bright gleam from a grey up with the team, what fools you unfolds the disc, and then plays it; tin pail hung on it. on their own machine.

lot of people! Lovers, separated by room and into the office, where he mind you. Bet he got a big thing miles, can now pour out their sweet sat down behind his oak desk. But out of it." words without the dampening effect the blotter, appointment pad, desk "Maybe he did," said Bob. "Guess of having to write it down. Each calendar, a neat pile of type written he needed to. That was one of those word can convey the subtle mean- letters he didn't see at all. Nor any- stormy days. Broke an axle and MT. ALBERT HORSES ing so easy to put into it with the thing else around him. In a reloaded to another truck." voice. Wives can now send a scorch- moment, he was back in the old ing missive off to husbands who are sugar bush on the farm, helping his more cheerful voice. "Giddup Maud away and possibly keep them on brothers with the tapping, tasting 'n Prince. That dead birch, on the Bros. at Mount Albert was a great the straight and narrow path of the first fresh sweet sap of the side hill that's down, otta burn." duty.

and send the magical recording off his hand-how its little beak was driving, and Fred Jones, sitting and 3 years old sold for \$300, gray to doting relatives. I suppose a touched his palm so quickly and beside him, was planning how to Percheron 5 years \$167 and a yearlcourt of law might even have to lightly; then of lying on a heap of catch up on to-day's work along ing cold \$70, while one rising 2 the last will and testament of a and his brothers had eaten all they some days everything seems to go from \$50 to \$55, and the farm tracperson, given with the human could of the lunch his mother had wrong. "Just get my truck out of tor brought \$800 from a northern stouffville

ing then having to listen to your present, and he thought gratefully start. Hitch the team and draw. own voice in an argument but set of the cup of tea she would have Lose about an hour. Call garageoff a worse one about the whys and ready, and then the possibility of man. Start, but everybody along the why-nots of destroying the dam- a few minutes rest on the chester- line waiting, or else gone back in aging evidence.

We may even be entering the; No, not this time. "canned voice" era!

are 2 to 4. To most country people, bush in the coldest winter weather, That record set me thinking and watched the last patient going down soften the snow and while it is still own voice and then fold the record- maple down the street caught his and me are to be working here for ing up and mail it off. The party to eyes. Sure as you live, the lad next Jones. He earns his money a lot whom it's sent, opens the letter and door had it tapped, and a shining leasier, riding around in that truck

season. Changing scenes came be-Young parents can also record fore his mind; the little chickadee along past the bush, on its return back" to what he considered nearer the first words of their children he had coaxed to eat crumbs from from the city. The young fellow their real value. The black team 2 admit a recording if it contained hay, beside the old mare, after he with to-morrows. Funny thing how fetched \$100. Young heifers ran sent. What a good cook his mother the garage for a full day. Decide A machine turned on in the heat was! Nobody nowadays could pre- what load can't wait and what I can of an argument might have both a pare food like that. Oh, well! Per- get near, with these roads. (Nearly good and bad effect. Can you haps that wasn't it. Just then his every place they have to haul the imagine anything more embarrass- wife's voice recalled him to the stuff to meet me.) Truck refuses to

for his hat and coat.

"Molly Simpson, you know, you now where?" operated on this morning." The doctor picked up his worn satchel. "Hemorrhaging," said his wife as the garage.

"T 'em I'm leaving," he said. "I did," she said, as he got into his car.

concern, as she went into the living room. The china teapot, with its bright, knitted cosy, the doctor's them. But our tribulations are big blue cup and saucer, her own small, after all." small one, the fat pink cream and sugar set, flanked by a small plate of raisin bread, freshly buttered, and another of the doctor's favorite oatmeal cookies, all waited on the antique brass tray.

"Might as well take it back to the

kitchen," she thought. It must have been that indefinable something that comes when it will, on a March or April day. Her mind flew back to the spring time of so many years ago, when she lived in that rosy cloud, which surrounds happy brides. How unreal it seemed now, her visions of her own future as a doctor's wife. Her childhood and girlhood, amongst her lively sisters and brothers, and friends, had been so unlike the first few months of life in this strange town, lonely and homesick. She'd hadn't thought her husband would be away so much. Her secret tears had overflowed because when he did come home he was so often grave and pre-occupied, or fatigued. And she had never thought how exacting the calls of telephone or door bell. How many meals her inexperience had laboured over, that she had cleared away, after trying vainly to keep them appetizing till

the doctor came home! "Why what trifles I used to fret about!" she thought, and her usual sunny smile broke through. "I had forgotten I ever had such quaint ideas about life. I love this dear old town, where I have known so much kindness and friendship. How glad I am for the rich opportunities that are mine, in sharing the joys and sorrows of this community."

Her heart lifted, and she committed her burdens to One who alone has power over life and death. Then she sat down and poured one cup of tea.

A few miles away, a grey team and sleigh, loaded not too heavily with hardwood, drew up at the back of the evaporator house. A snow-capped pile of four-foot wood, nearby, testified to last fall's preparation. From inside the building; the sound of whistling and rattling of hardware might be interpreted to mean that "Joneses" were intending to tap and young Bob Blake, who was home now, was helping them. More over, if you lived around there, you would identify the grey team as belonging to a neighboring farmer, whose work on his fifty-acre-farm was always well under control, enabling him to do a bit of work in the bush if he felt like it. Usually, he did. Hard working, slow speaking, meticulously honest, Sam's philosophy is simple and his disposition cheerful. As a rule. To-day he too was affected by the spring weather.

The two men unloaded the long wood, to be cut in four or five foot lengths, and thrown into the flery belly of that monster of the maple

bush, which in spring emits clouds of vapour, as well as smoke and sparks, and whose black length! stretches fifteen feet. Sam looked down at the darker blue of that part of his overalls above the heavy bushman's seeks and extending Dr. Blunt's afternoon office hours half way to his thighs. Men work in paused at the open door, as he strength of the sun begins to

Why the other day he went to a Habit of many years took his sale and bought a lot of stuff. Took What a boon that would be to a steps past the now empty waiting some to the stockyards next day,

"That right?" said Sam in a much success, says Auctioneer Farmer.

About 6 o'clock Jones' truck came Horses, he states indicated a "comeagain. Detour for closed roads. We miss our dinner, but grateful to "The hospital just called and they Mrs. B. for giving us sandwiches." want you right away." He reached Cheer up a bit. Discover one pig is missing. Back to the corner. Well!

The driver began to laugh. "Say," he said, "we were lucky that fellow ran up the road to tell us where she opened the door that led to the pig was. Did you know it's the 17th? She was headed for Ireland!" Both laughed, and then they were home, and went into supper.

Later in the evening, Fred Jones Mrs. Blunt's face showed her said with a twinkle in his eye, "It's easier to rejoice in tribulations when you're not in the thick of

Anna Maria Brown

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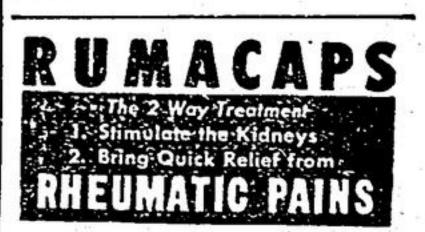
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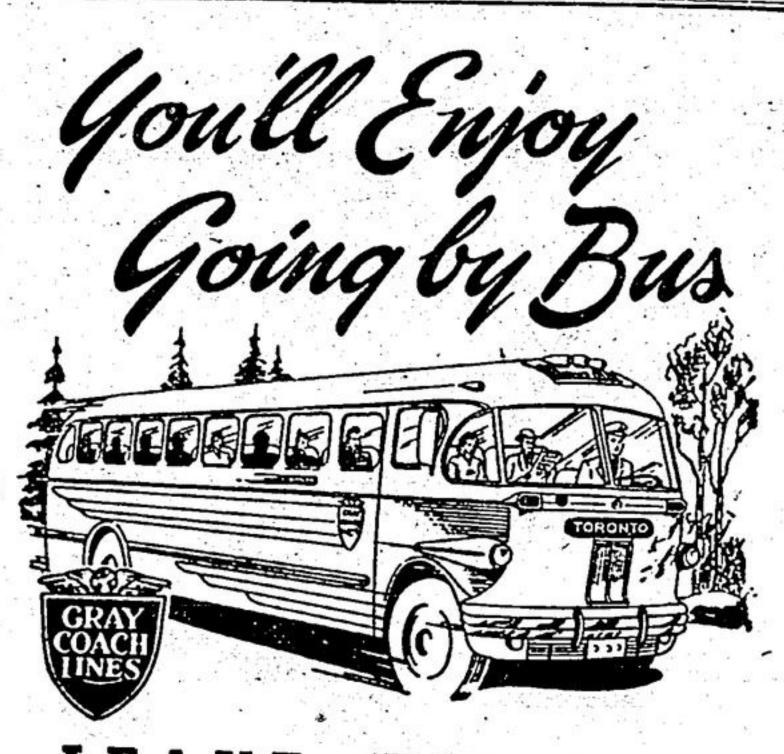
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