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WILD GEESSE

By Martha Ostenso.

She came into the kitchen, her hands hanging before her and covered with yellow salve where the rope with which she had rescued the calf had burned into the flesh. She regarded Caleb coldly. "Well?" she asked. Caleb approached her, his head jutting forward from his shoulders. "Don't you 'well' me! What have you done with the mare? What have you done with her, I say?" His voice rose from a sort of husky whisper to a thin peal. "I wasn't riding the mare!" "Then who had her? Who had her but you—tell me that."

"Charlie rode the mare, Caleb! I told him before he took her out to be easy with her," Amelia put in hurriedly. Caleb threw back his head with a jerk. He laughed. "You did! Well, well!" Laughing softly, he shuffled into the other room and sat down to the table. Presently the others came in and quietly took their places. When Lind entered and threw her wide lacy hat upon the hair sofa, Amelia winced at the incongruity of her presence in the room. The Teacher smiled at them all and sat down in her chair.

"It's the most beautiful day we have had yet this spring," she remarked. "I have never seen the sky so blue or the trees so green. The rain last night seems to have cleared the whole world. It must have been fine for the crops, Mr. Gare?" "Hm—yes, yes indeed. So she threw you, eh, Charlie?" Caleb asked the boy, scarcely glancing at Lind in reply to her question. He winked at Charlie and Charlie grinned broadly. The youngest of the Gares had a habitual snuffle which Amelia had tried in vain to correct. He was an anemic looking boy, and cared little for anything except that which was forbidden. This trait appealed to Caleb, and he chose to humor it, to the annoyance and indignation of the others, especially Judith. Charlie had always taken advantage of his father's leniency. "Nix," said Charlie. "She smelt a bear. The Klovacs shot at two last night—one got away with a pig."

"Bears, eh? That means trouble," Caleb observed, to switch the subject. "Have to look out on the way to Nykerk to-morrow, Martin. Keep Ellen under cover. She's nice and plump. Eh, Ellen?" He leaned over and playfully tweaked Ellen's arm. She smiled, dutifully. Judith made a grimace which she did not try to hide. To the end of the meal Caleb was genial, jovial, in fact. No further mention was made of the mare. Judith had not ridden her, after all.

For the rest of that day, Judith's hands were of no use to her, so she slipped away with her dog, Pats, through the bush to a little ravine where a pool had gathered below the thred of a spring. Pats caught a scent and was off, and Judith was left alone. It was clingingly warm, as before rain. Not knowing fully what she

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was doing, Judith took off all her clothing and lay flat on the damp ground with the waxy feeling of new, sunless vegetation under her. She needed to escape, to fly from something—she knew not what. Caleb . . . the farm, the hot reek of manure in the stable when it was close as to-day. Life was smothering, overwhelming her, like a pillow pressed against her face, like a feather tick pinning down her body. She would have struck Caleb to-day had it not been for Amelia. Always pity stood in the way of the tide of violence she felt could break from her. Pity for Amelia, who would get what Caleb did not dare mete out to her, Judith.

Oh, how knowing the bare earth was, as if it might have a heart and a mind hidden here in the woods. The fields that Caleb had tilled had no tenderness, she knew. But here there was something forbiddenly beautiful, secret as one's own body. And there was something beyond the air, in the depth of the earth. Under her body there were, she had been taught, eight thousand miles of earth. On the other side, what? Above her body there were leagues and leagues of air, leading like wings—to what? The marvelous confusion and complexity of all the world had singled her out from the rest of the Gares. She was no longer one of them. Lind Archer had come and her delicate fingers had sprung a secret lock in Judith's being. She had opened like a tight bud. There was no going back now into the darkness.

Sven Sandbo, he would be home in May, so she said. Was it Sven she wanted, now that she was so strangely free? Judith looked straight above her through the net work of white birch and saw the bulbous white country that a cloud made against the blue. Something beyond Sven, perhaps. . . Freedom, freedom. She dipped her blistered hands down into the clear topaz of the pool, lifted them and dipped them and lifted them, letting the drops slip off the tips of her fingers each time like tiny cups of light. She thought of the Teacher, of her dainty hands and her soft, laughing eyes. . . she came from another life, another world. She would go back there again. Her hands would never be maps of blisters as Jude's were now, from tugging a calf out of a mudhole. Jude hid her hands behind her and pressed her breast against the cold ground. Hard, senseless soles rose in her throat, and her eyes smarted with tears. She was ugly, beyond all hearing, and all her life was ugly. Suddenly she was bursting with hatred of Caleb. Her large, strong body lay rigid on the ground, and was suddenly unnatural, in that earthy place. Then she relaxed and wept like a woman. . . . Judith dressed, whistled to Pete, and when he came bounding joyously toward her, walked slowly back home. On the way she passed the north cow-pasture where Caleb kept a few bull-calves among the milch cows. She leaned against the fence and looked in at two of the plump young bulls who were dancing about and playfully skulking each other, having apparently just discovered their sprouting horns. She saw how they had developed since she had last observed them. Their grizzled, stupid faces had become more surly, their flanks heavier, their dewlaps smoother and whiter, and thicker. Caleb would soon be ringing their noses, and they would become spritelyly ugly, with all this madcap frenzy suppressed. They were beautiful bulls, and would bring a nice sum from one of the leelanders, perhaps. Judith felt an inner excitement in watching them. She turned to go, feeling dismayed that she should be so attracted by the young beasts. But a curiosity over which she had no control held her here for many minutes. Ah, how violent they were becoming in their play.

Judith heard Charlie crashing through the timber on his horse, calling the cattle. With the dog at her heels she fled home. Ellen was examining her foot when Jude came into the house. "I can take the cattle with Martin to-morrow, Ellen," Jude said sympathetically. "Your foot looks like it's sprained." "It'll be all right in the morning, I hope," Ellen replied. "Father wants me to go." "Huh!" Judith retorted. "And you'd go, too—on crutches!" "Hush, girls!" Amelia pleaded. "Let's not have any more trouble to-night. The mare's enough for one day."

However, when Caleb came in from the stable, Judith took pains to mention to Ellen again her willingness to go in her place. The Teacher, working at her desk at the other end of the room, watched Caleb out of the corner of her eye. She made a little waver with herself as she would appear not to have heard Judith. She won the wager. After a moment, Caleb, looking up from his agriculture journal, called loudly to Amelia who was in the kitchen. "Hear to-day that Sven Sandbo's comin' up from the Sliding to-morrow," he said. Jude's color rose at once. Ellen glanced at her. Both knew, as did the Teacher, that he had not been off the farm all day and could not possibly have heard such a thing, no one having stopped in. A little later, after he had talked casually on other things, he turned

PRINCES OF CHURCH TO ATTEND CONFERENCE

Papal Secretary and Ten Cardinals Will Participate in Great Gathering.

For the first time in history, the International Eucharistic Congress will be held in the United States. In 1910 the Congress was held in Montreal, but with this one exception all former congresses have been held in the capitals of Europe. Chicago will be the scene of this vast cosmopolitan assemblage, June 20th to 24th, and the proximity of Toronto, and through Toronto, practically the whole of Ontario, to this city will enable many thousands of Canadians to participate in the inspiring ceremonies and witness what will be the greatest religious demonstration in the history of the continent.

Organization of the prospective visitors to the Congress from the district of Ontario is in the hands of the officers of the Holy Name Society. Joseph Smith, secretary of the Archdiocesan Holy Name Union, has already circulated the solicitations of the diocese inviting them to attend the Congress and arranged with the Canadian Pacific Railway for special train accommodation. Special trains originating in Toronto will leave on the night of June 19th, arriving in Chicago in time for the opening. Through the same agency arrangements have also been made for suitable accommodation for the Ontario visitors of ample train and hotel accommodation, the Ontario party will number many hundreds.

Featuring the opening of Congress will be the reception of Cardinal Gasparri, Secretary of State for the Vatican, who will attend, with ten cardinals and a retinue of the most important ecclesiastics of the church, as the official delegate of His Holiness Pope Pius XI. Cardinal Gasparri will carry the message of His Holiness. Special services will be held this day in all churches of the city with a million confessions and communions as a spiritual bouquet to His Holiness the Pope. General and sectional meetings will be held on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday and will be addressed by prominent church men and laymen from foreign capitals. In the case of the sectional meetings the audiences will be addressed in their native tongues. Fifty-thousand school children will sing the Mass of the Angels at the general meeting on Monday.

The twenty-eighth International Eucharistic Congress will be brought to an end by a Eucharistic Procession at Mundelein, twenty-six miles from Chicago. For full information apply to Canadian Pacific Agent, 180 Wellington street, Kingston.

SEVEN NEGROES LOSE LIVES IN BIG FIRE

Philadelphia, Pa., April 23.—Seven negroes lost their lives here today when fire swept through a four-story tenement house Six, including four children, were burned to death while a 45-year-old woman was killed when she jumped from the fourth storey window. Four children, their mother, and a man tenant, were trapped on the fourth floor by the flames which spread through the structure. The bias is believed to have been incendiary.

SENSATION AT CIRCUS.

Performer Made Heroic Attempt to Save Wife. Lexington, Ky., April 23.—With grim face, James Franklin, circus performer, late yesterday took a chance against death to save his wife, as she plunged through space from the top of the tent. Franklin does not know whether he has won or not, for Mrs. James Franklin, 22, is in a serious condition. Mrs. Franklin, a rope performer, had gone to the top of the swinging platform for her act, when suddenly she swung and lost her balance. The husband, watching from below, sensed what was happening. Mrs. Franklin fell head-first and plunged toward the ground like a flash. The other performers stopped, while spectators wondered if it were a stunt or not. Leaping across a ring, Franklin tried to catch his wife. Face upturned, he sought to judge her fall. With one last desperate burst of speed, Franklin reached the spot, halted, formed his arms in a circle. The woman struck him squarely. Then she slid on through, head striking the earth. Franklin almost collapsed after his effort to save his wife.

Lanark Loses Old Resident.

The village and county of Lanark lost one of its most widely known and worthy citizens when David McLaren passed away at the ripe age of eighty-two years. Mr. McLaren spent all his life in Lanark county being born in Lanark township, afterwards moving to Drummond township where he established his home. For many years he was agent for the late Senator Peter McLaren in the lumbering industry on the Mississippi river. In Masonic circles the late Mr. McLaren was very prominent being a former member of Grand Lodge and a Past Master of Evergreen Lodge in Lanark. His Masonic activities covered a period of over fifty years. In politics he was a Conservative. A man frequently loses interest in a subject as soon as his argument is exhausted.

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BEAVERBROOK SPEAKS ON POWER OF PRESS

He Throws Light on the Kitchen-Northcliffe War-time Controversy. London, April 23.—Lord Beaverbrook, in a lecture at Liverpool, maintained that the press today is more powerful than ever it has been, but its actual influence depends upon the ability with which it is directed. He gave an interesting story of Lord Northcliffe's attack upon Lord Kitchener (mainly over the shortage of shells at the front) in the early stage of the war. Lord Beaverbrook was in Lord Rothermere's room at the Ritz Hotel, when Lord Northcliffe came in. "Lord Rothermere shared Lord Northcliffe's opinions, and encouraged him to make the attack," Lord Beaverbrook told his Liverpool audience. "Finally Northcliffe turned to me and said: 'Cannot you do something to persuade the Daily Express to support me?' Northcliffe was aware that, although I had no journalistic connection with the Daily Express, I had lent money to it. He must have known this, because had taken his advice in the matter—and he had at the time vigorously dissuaded me from buying the newspaper. I replied that I did not see so clearly or feel so strongly as he did on the necessity for removing Lord Kitchener from the War Office. He then said: 'Well, could you not suggest that he should be sent to Ireland as Lord Lieutenant?' This was ultimately done by the Daily Express. Whereupon, the Evening News proclaimed that even Mr. Bonar Law's Daily Express was in favor of the dismissal of Lord Kitchener—a method of interpretation which caused a quarrel between Northcliffe and myself. Without going into the Kitchener-Northcliffe controversy—which must be painful when both the distinguished protagonists are dead—it must be said that, roughly, Lord Northcliffe was right. He did a great public service in setting himself to fight the most tremendous legend of the twentieth century, and proved that in matters of patriotism he was no popularity hunter."

Which Swept a Four Storey Tenement in Philadelphia, Pa.

Philadelphia, Pa., April 23.—Seven negroes lost their lives here today when fire swept through a four-story tenement house Six, including four children, were burned to death while a 45-year-old woman was killed when she jumped from the fourth storey window. Four children, their mother, and a man tenant, were trapped on the fourth floor by the flames which spread through the structure. The bias is believed to have been incendiary.

More Riots in Calcutta.

Calcutta, April 23.—Notwithstanding police precautions, further rioting took place to-day between Hindus and Moslems in the Canina street area. The police eventually restored order. Casualties thus far reported were two men who were removed to hospital. All shops in the neighborhood closed during the disturbances and business was at a standstill.

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Advertisement for Beaverbrook's speech on the power of the press, discussing the Kitchener-Northcliffe controversy.

Advertisement for Chase's Nerve Food, describing its benefits for nervous exhaustion and sleeplessness.

Advertisement for Corns relief using FREEZONE, featuring an illustration of a foot and a product bottle.