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PLAYED ON ANY PHONOGRAPH

THE OUTLAW

The Story of a Girl Who Didn't Want to Marry

By ETHEL LLOYD PATT.

Chapter III

I remember another incident which occurred at just about this time. It was some years ago—I was, as I have written, but sixteen then. It was one of those little happenings in our lives which seem to begin and end nowhere, yet it stands out distinctly in my mind even yet.

I don't know where I met him. I cannot even recall his name. I do remember he was a young carpenter. Probably I had become acquainted with him in one of my rare trips to Sunday school. Certainly I had little or no other opportunity to form acquaintances with young people. And evidently my carpenter had admired me. This, in spite of the fact that then I was prematurely aged and worn from overwork and lack of the proper outlets for my youth.

He was a nice enough young chap. He came to see me shortly after Jane, my baby sister, was born. My mother was not yet downstairs and at her housework again. My young carpenter, quite as a matter of course, would follow me into the kitchen and help dry the dishes while I washed them, talking to me as we worked together. I remember that he told me his mother was a widow and that he had helped her similarly at her housework before he left home. Later in the evening, while I waited for father to come in, we would sit on the back step together. I would have the baby on my lap on a pillow. We had to talk in whispers, for if little Jane should wake she would, perhaps, cry for hours. She was a fail and nervous baby.

Perhaps I noticed that my carpenter's attentions were becoming more or less marked. He called pretty regularly three or four times a week. My brother Tom, next in years to me, had begun to tease me about him. But I felt no thrill such as a girl should feel with her first beau. I was too laud to care.

Where he found grounds for admiration for me, I do not know. I was a listless enough girl. I answered when he spoke to me, but that was about all. I made no attempt to make myself more attractive when he called. My face flushed and my hair disarranged, I must have presented a picture of more uselessness than beauty.

"Go! You work awfully hard, Nell, don't you?" the young man said, as we sat together one night on the steps of the back veranda. The work was over. I had sent the children to bed. Now, with the little Jane as usual upon my knees, I was waiting to hear my father's step in the front hall. I leaned my head wearily against the porch pillar.

"Pretty hard," I admitted. "When your mother's better she does most of the work, doesn't she?" asked the young carpenter. "I nodded. "But she won't ever be much better again," I said slowly. "I guess I'll have to do most of her work for her after this."

"Why, what makes you say that?" asked the lad beside me. "She ought to be around in a few weeks now, oughtn't she?" "Yes, she ought to," I told him bitterly, "but she has had to work too hard, and she's had too many babies. I don't care what any doctor says. I know she won't ever be strong again."

I felt the lad's rough, big paw close over my hand, where it lay listlessly beside me. "You poor little kid, you!" he whispered. "I'm awful sorry for you! You're awful sweet and brave! I wish I could do something to help you."

And then, boyishly and awkwardly, I felt his kiss on my cheek. I drey back at once, my face flaming with some sudden rage, the source of which I scarcely realized myself.

"Don't you dare to do that again!" I cried. "Don't you dare touch me! I'll hit you if you do!"

"Why, Nell!" said the boy. "What's the matter? I didn't mean anything wrong. Gee! Didn't I just tell you how sweet you are to me? Haven't we been kind of keeping company? Why do you act like that?"

"Keeping company!" I shrilled back. "We haven't been doing anything of the kind. I wouldn't keep company with anybody. Don't you suppose I know what it means? Haven't I eyes? Can't I see? Do you suppose I want to marry some big brute of a man—the way my mother did—and live the way my mother did—and live the way she has? Never! Never! Never!" I ended hysterically, and gathering the baby close in my arms I fled from him into the house.

IN MEMORIAM

MRS. GEORGE CLARK.

In the passing away of Mrs. Clark, wife of Mr. George Clark, North Wiltshire on the morning of May 25th that community sustained a great loss and the home has been inexpressibly saddened. She had enjoyed exceedingly good health until a few weeks before the end came. Her illness she bore with Christian resignation and confidence, knowing that her faith and trust were well founded and that He whom she trusted doeth all things well. She was born in Milton in 1863, the youngest daughter of the late Joseph Copp. Early in life she gave her heart to her Saviour and followed in His footsteps through all the years of her life, setting an example to her family and to all who knew her. She was married in 1894 and settled with her husband in the home her life has been filled and of which she was the guiding star until she was called to her eternal reward. She leaves to mourn a disconsolate husband, two sons and three daughters as follows:—Miss Mary A., teacher at North Milton; Ella J., wife of Mr. Frank Mitchell, North Wiltshire; John H. in the employ of the Sun Electric Light Co., Summerside; Albert C. and George W. at home, also two brothers in Chelsea, Mass., and two sisters, Mrs. Henry Webb, at present in Florida, and Mrs. George Younker, of Loyalist, besides a large number of relations and friends.

The funeral which took place on Friday, 27th was very largely attended. After a short service in the home the body was removed to the nearby church where an impressive service was conducted by Rev. G. Weston Jones. During the service a number of her favorite hymns were sung by the full choir, after which the body was laid to rest in the nearby cemetery. The pall bearers were six nephews, Messrs. Edwin Edwards, William and Walter Clark, Ernest and Harry Younker and Wilburn Younker. Many floral tributes from

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BIRTHS

MARSHALL.—At Covehead on June 2nd Margaret Marshall, aged 69, daughter of the late Robert Marshall. She leaves to mourn three brothers and four sisters. Funeral on Friday June 3rd at 2 o'clock to Covehead Cemetery.

DEATHS

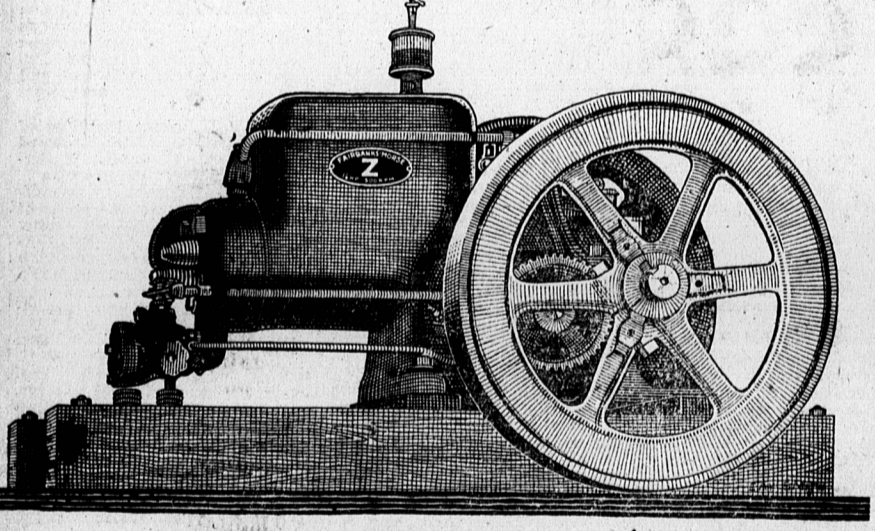
RAVENS.—At the Prince County Hospital on May 30th to Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Morris, Summerside, a son. Congratulations.

Railway Board And Wage Reduction

(Special to The Guardian) OTTAWA, June 2—The report of the United States Labor Board

"recommending a general reduction in wages of railroad employees should not have anything but an indirect effect on the situation in Canada," Mr. M. M. McLean, Grand Secretary Treasurer of the Canadian Brotherhood Railroad employees stated this evening. Officials of the Canadian Railway, he said, recently notified the representatives of employees that they would seek a revision in schedules wages, and working conditions.

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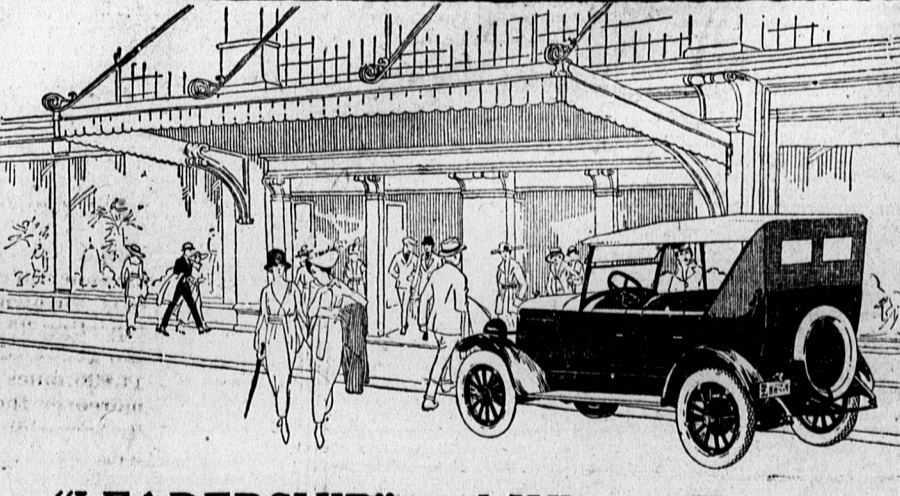
TENDERS

Sealed tenders for the construction of the P. E. I. Protestant Orphanage at Mount Herbert, P. E. I., will be received at the office of the architect E. S. Blanchard, Bank of Nova Scotia Chambers, Charlottetown, P. E. I., on or before June 21st, 1921. Lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

Plans and specifications may be seen at the office of the architect or G. Dudley Wright, Kings Square in Charlottetown and at Brace and MacKay's in Summerside.

Farm for Sale

That desirable farm in Valleyfield owned by Alex J. McLeod will be sold by auction unless previously disposed off. It consists of 85 acres, 60 acres under cultivation and 25 acres in wood, mostly hardwood. It is well watered, two streams running through the land. The buildings are practically new, the house of recent erection and the barn built two years ago. The stables are cemented. Further particulars may be obtained from A. J. McLeod, Valleyfield.



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