



NOTHING ABOUT ANTE BELLUM DAYS

BY JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH

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CHAPTER III

Mrs. Martin, with her stoutly booted feet planted on the round of one chair, the amplitude of her blue cotton skirts completely obscuring another, was acting in a manner for which Duke could find no precedent.

She was shelling beans. Dried beans that rattled from the blunt extremities of her active fingers in resounding volleys into a tin pan firmly clasped by her two knees. She was getting the dry lima beans ready for the seed bags in "the madam's storeroom" up at the big house.

Duke knew perfectly well the significance of that succulent hailstorm. He was familiar with the procession of industries that marched through the months, but he had never before known the dried limas to affect his mistress so obviously.

Five more precious, unreclaimable minutes lapsed, and Duke ventured upon a second protest. Laying his long pointed nose delicately on the plump arm from which Mrs. Martin had rolled back her blue calico sleeve, he sniffed suggestively.

The touch of his cold nozzle secured him brief attention, but only increased his perplexity. He was not unused to being made a confidant of when his master and the boys were afield, and when his mistress turned her troubled blue-eyes in his direction he assured her in advance of his full sympathy by dignified oscillations of his handsome tail.

"Your master and me have made a mistake, Duke, a terrible bad mistake, and I don't see any way out of the mess. That's what's pesterin me. We'd better w' lef' well enough alone, Duke, but we didn't have the sense to see it at the right time."

Wiping her fingers free from the stains of pea pods, she reverently lifted an imperial photograph from where it had been propped against the back of the chair in front of her.

"This is her picture, Duke, your little Miss Eliza's, that used to pull your ears mos' out by the roots, and you never even snapped 'bout it. She signs her name Liza now, like it was spelled with a double ee. How Martin laughed when she wrote us word how to pronounce our own child's name! But I reckon she's outgrewed you, Duke, along with the old name. You used to watch over her mighty good, old boy, whenever I laid her down on the risin sun quilt she used to think the world and all on. When the pink crape myrtles was shading the sun from her purty eyes and the risin sun was just under her fat little fingers and you a-curl'd up nigh her, I could go up t' big house, if need be, and stay hours with an easy mind."

Mrs. Martin sighed ponderously and flicked a grain of dust from the smooth surface of the picture. "I was sorry when the wind blowed the pink myrtle tree down, Duke, 'cause we always called it Liza's tree. The risin sun is packed away in the press right now. Its colors is as bright as when I put it on the gallery floor for you and baby to romp on, but you're a sight older than you was then, Duke, and I reckon she's outgrewed you along with lots of other things. It's eight years, Duke, goin on nine, since I give my Liza up because they all said I had outguter." With a certain fierce regret she tapped the smooth oval cheek of the photograph with her work roughened finger.

"We've done you a wrong, Liza, we can't never undo. We've sent you off and made a lady of you, and we hadn't oughter done no such thing. It's her do-in's, all hers."

Mrs. Martin shook her fist vindictively in direction of the governor's mansion, whose gleaming white walls, surrounded by clustering gardens and orchards, were just visible from where she sat.

The odor of searing meat smote upon her nostrils. Duke lifted up his voice in a howl of reproach. The dinner was burning up and no summons had yet been sounded on the big bell. She came back to the sordid requirements of the hour with a violent start that sent the remainder of the beans, pods and all, into the pan like a rattle of musketry.

"Good God! It's nigher 1 than 12. That picture's got me all upset—plum' outdone!"

By way of remedying the irremediable, Mrs. Martin gave the bell pull two or three startling, vigorous jerks before proceeding to examine the incinerated dinner.

Soon from out a cloud of dust, amid a mighty clatter of hoofs and trace chains, to the discordant accompaniment of yelping curs and hissing geese, Manager Martin's broad shoulders and florid face appeared. He was carrying his coarse straw hat in his hand and mopping his moist forehead with a dubious bandana handkerchief.

For the first time in her married life Mrs. Martin regarded her husband critically.

"How would he strike Liza?"

Everything in her microcosm was beginning to revolve about that test question. As he galloped past her point of view, conscientiously minded to see that the brutes had their feed before he enjoyed his own, she challenged his attention by waving her blue cotton apron vigorously at him.

"Don't stay long at the lot, Eben. I'm in a hurry for you."

Across the clatter of hoofs, the yelping of curs and hissing of geese a clear, wholesome laugh floated to her.

"You rung that bell like you was in a hurry. Consult the shadders."

She consulted the shadows. Eben had always told her when she had any doubts about the harsh voiced clock that had been her mentor for 15 years to consult the shadows about the roots of two sentinel China trees that flanked the front steps. If the shadows were "plumb round," she was to ring. The shadows were slanting toward the cart.

"It's the picture. It got me all flustered up."

With this apology for herself to herself she went inside and made ready for "the old man" and the boys with a great ad over her bone handled cutlery and her heavy queensware plates, all of which suddenly inspired her with an intense scorn of their clumsy coarseness.

"How would they strike Liza?"

With spiteful emphasis she smoothed the wrinkles out of the red checkered tablecloth that never had shown such suspicious marks of hard usage as it did today, looked at with her newborn distrust of all her possessions. A few grease spots, more or less, wouldn't "feaze the old man" nor the boys, but she shouldn't wonder if Liza had forgot how to eat-off a red tablecloth, and like as not she was used to napkins every day.

(To be Continued.)

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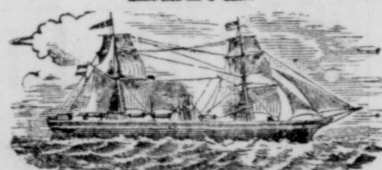
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town, May 14, 1898

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Flannel, etc, 3c, 7c, 8c, 9c; 10c and 11c.

Towel, from 4c to 8c per yard.

Bath Towels 20c to \$ 1.00 per pair.

Side Board Covers, regular price 40 50, 60, now selling at 20c, 25c, 30c.

Dress Lengths, former price \$16.00 to \$24.00, now \$12.00, 10.00, 8.00, 5.00 and 3.00.

All wool Colored Dress Goods from 18c to 38c per yd

Black Dress Goods at 25c to 85c per yd.

Plain China Silk at 10c, 15c and 20c per yd,

Braid, suitable for trimmings, selling at half price, former price 6, 10 and 20c, now 3; 5 and 10c.

Black and Colored Satteens—10c and 12c, former price 20c and 25c.

Ladies Handkerchiefs plain and hemstitch going at 4c each

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Colored Velvet 25c per yd, black velvet from 80c up

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The above prices hold good every day of the week.

W. D. MACKAY

DOMINION OF CANADA, PROVINCE OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND,

In Chancery

In the matter of the Charlottetown Gas Light Company and the Distribution of its Assets among the Shareholders.

To Reverend Ralph Brecken, of Sackville, New Brunswick, Executor of the late Ralph Brecken; Edgar Hubert Beer, of Charlottetown, Executor of George R. Beer; Frank D. Beer, of Charlottetown, Medical Doctor; Edward Bayfield, of Charlottetown, Executor and Trustee of Henry W. Bayfield; Andrew A. McDonald, of Charlottetown, Executor of Owen Connolly; Francis L. Haszard, of Charlottetown, Representative of the Estate of the late Charles Hensley; Henry R. Lordly, of Charlottetown; Hugh Monaghan, of Charlottetown; Thomas Handrahan, of Charlottetown; Trustee for Fanny Leigh; and William A. Weeks, the younger, of Charlottetown, Executor of the late William Weeks, AND OTHER Shareholders in the said Company, AND TO ALL REPRESENTATIVES, AGENTS of and TRUSTEES for deceased or absent Shareholders:

These are to require you and each of you and all and every other person or persons interested, or claiming to be interested in the said Company, as Shareholder or Representative, Agent, Trustee or Agent or Shareholders, to appear before me, Rowen Robert Fitzgerald, Vice Chancellor, in Charlottetown, at the Court of the Vice Chancellor, on Thursday, the Twenty-eight day of July next, at the hour of eleven o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause why an account should not be taken of the affairs of the Company, and of its debts, property and assets, and why a sum of money now in the hands of the directors, the proceeds of the sale of property of the said Company, and all other the assets of the said Company hereafter to be realized, should not be divided among the shareholders and others interested therein, or having claims thereto, as soon as can be, and why a decree should not be made declaring the rights of shareholders between themselves and their respective rights, and directing the mode of dividing and paying out such assets among shareholders and creditors of the company, and the payment of costs incident to the said proceedings. All persons interested are hereby notified that a decree to be made in the premises shall be final, and that all persons not making claim at the time and place aforesaid shall be barred from any right or claim not allowed by such decree. You are further notified that a petition has been filed by the directors of the said Company with the Registrar of the Court of Chancery in Charlottetown setting forth the names shareholders and their respective shares far as known, and other facts in connection with the affairs of the Company pursuant to the Act of the Legislature, 1871, "An Act to Facilitate the Liquidation of the Affairs of the Charlottetown Gas Company." You and each of you are further notified that in default of your appearance at the time and place aforesaid the hearing of the matter of said petition will proceed, and a decision will be by which you will be as effectually bound as if you had appeared.

Dated at Charlottetown this Eighteenth day of June, A. D. 1898.

(Sgd) R. R. FITZGERALD, Vice Chancellor

H. JAMES PALMER, Charlottetown, P. E. Island, Solicitor for said Company.

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