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MAGGIE'S STRIKE.

Dennis Murphy banged his dinner-basket down on the kitchen table.

"The strike is begun!" he said. And he looked hard at Maggie, his wife, for she had a most unreasonable habit of saying disagreeable things when the men were ordered out, and the rent was overdue, and there was no money to satisfy the demands of butcher and grocer.

But then Maggie was a woman, and could hardly be expected to appreciate the manifold advantages of belonging to the trade union. She scowled fiercely over the sum of money that Dennis turned into the Union's treasury every pay-day, and in moments of extreme irritation she had been even known to calculate the pounds of meat and potatoes that the money would buy.

As it was she took in washing to fill up the gap in the weekly income.

"An' what's the trouble now?" she asked with considerable asperity.

Dennis shuffled his feet uneasily.

"We want an eight-hour day!" he mumbled.

Maggie ironed a towel with short, vicious strokes of her flat-iron, and Dennis wished that the silver-tongued agitator who had ordered the strike could be there to convince her of the justness of their cause, she was so obviously in a bad humor, and not inclined to listen to reason.

"An' is it eight hours ye want?" she cried, emphasizing her words with thumps of her iron. "Eight hours' work for a strappin' big man like yerself, Dennis Murphy! It's lazy ye are. An' them unions has too many grievances altogether, that they have!"

Which was not at all a nice speech for the wife of a loyal union man to make.

"Eight hours' work is enough for any man!" Dennis protested.

"An' for any woman? How about the women? Just answer me that, Dennis Murphy!"

And Dennis thoughtlessly conceded that a woman should not work longer than eight hours a day. Whereat Maggie smiled a calm, wise smile that should have warned him of trouble ahead.

"An' what'll we live on the time the strike's on?"

It was a question Maggie had often asked in the eight years of her married life, and she well knew Dennis' answer, for it had never varied.

"Sure, and ye won't mind takin' in a bit of extr' washin', Maggie, darlin', just to help us along till I be earnin' money ag'in?"

Maggie thought she minded very much indeed, but she held her peace. And the next morning Dennis noted with great satisfaction that the wash-boiler stood on the back of the stove, and Maggie seemed to be making preparations for a heavy day's work. "Sure, and I'll not begin till ye're out o' house, Dennis," she said. "The steam do be so unpleasant."

And Dennis, as he went off to discuss matters with his fellow-strikers, reflected that if all other wives accepted the situation in as proper a spirit as Maggie did the strike was likely to be a huge success.

Maggie marshalled little Molly and young Dennis and the baby into the kitchen.

"The strike is on," she announced, "an' it's a bath ye'll be after havin'."

And the children gasped, for "strike" they understood, but to their unaccustomed ears "bath" had a most terrifying sound. And their mother's preparations filled their small souls with dread, for she had half filled the big wash-tub with water, hot and cold, and she laid violent hands upon her offspring and stripped them of their clothes.

"An' it's drowned we'll be!" Molly wailed in terror, as she began to comprehend her mother's intentions concerning them.

"Sure," said Maggie, in deep disgust, "an' it's ignorant little brats ye are not to know a bath when ye see one! There do be people as takes one ivery day!"

And, from sheer inability to answer so astounding a statement, the children were quiet while their mother soaked and scrubbed and rubbed, and, for lack of a bath-towel, stood them to dry before the kitchen stove. And she combed their hair—not in the sketchy, everyday way, but with a thoroughness that brought tears to their eyes. Then, wonderful to relate, she sewed the rent in Molly's frock and darned the knees of Dennis' stockings and replaced missing buttons.

"Now be off wid ye!" she said. "For once ye'll go to school lookin' as ye should!"

Then she picked up the baby from the kitchen floor.

"Ye'll not play in the coal scuttle this day!" she said, with emphasis. And she put a clean starched dress on the protesting child, and put him in a big clothes basket, with an empty spoon for a plaything.

She looked at the clock, and her sides shook with silent laughter.

"Eight hours for work!" she said, "an' two of them gone already! I'll have to hurry a bit, or I won't get through, and it's against the rules of me union to work overtime!"

Late in the afternoon Dennis betook himself homeward. His house had a strangley unfamiliar look, for there were no clothes drying in the back yard, and Maggie was not in the little wash-house bending over the wash-tub.

Dennis opened the kitchen door with a strange sinking at his heart; he feared Maggie must be ill. Within, the fire burned brightly and the floor and table were scrubbed to the last degree of whiteness; but Maggie was nowhere visible. He tiptoed softly through the bedroom, which was in a like state of immaculate neatness, and on the threshold of the little parlor he paused, his mouth falling open in astonishment. For Maggie sat in the rocking-chair, and her usually busy hands were folded idly in her lap. A bit of brightly-colored ribbon was twisted in her hair, and in her freshly ironed blue dress and starched white apron she presented so festive an appearance that involuntarily Dennis cast his eyes over the room in search of the company he felt sure must be somewhere concealed. But he saw only Molly and young Dennis, awed into unaccustomed good behavior, and sitting stiffly on the hard little sofa, with the baby between them.

Maggie greeted him beamingly.

"Sure, and I'm on a strike meself!" she explained. "It's eight hours I want, an' I'll do no more washin', savin' yer own and the bits o' things for the children."

Dennis slumped weakly into a chair.

"It's not eight 'hours' work ye've done this day, Maggie Murphy!" he protested.

"Indade, then, an' it is!" Maggie insisted. "I cooked yer breakfast, Dennis, and I gave the children a bath—"

"Ye're never after callin' that work, Maggie, darlin'!" Dennis objected, in a tone of deep disgust.

"Indade, and it was hard work!" Maggie protested. And the three on the sofa nodded a vigorous assent.

Dennis abandoned the argument.

"I'm after wonderin' where the money's to come from while the strike's on," he said gloomily. Maggie rocked placidly, and smoothed out the creases in her apron.

"There's enough money put by to last out the week," she said. "An' belike by that time the strike will be off."

But Dennis knew that she referred to the official strike, and his heart was heavy within him.

Three days went by, and the official strike was still on; the unofficial one ditto.

"Sure, an' it's a grand thing to only work eight hours!" Maggie said. "I don't blame ye for strikin', Dennis. An' with the washin' off my hands I feel that aisy and rested like. An' I've plenty of time to see to the children. They do be the cleanest in the street these days."

But Dennis scowled fiercely, for the question of money was becoming a serious one, and the strike wore upon his nerves.

"Nine hours' work ain't too much for a man," he muttered—"no, nor ten neither!" And Maggie knew that she had scored a point.

The next day Dennis became diplomatic. "It does me heart good to see ye these days, Maggie darlin'; ye'er lookin' so foine an'—"

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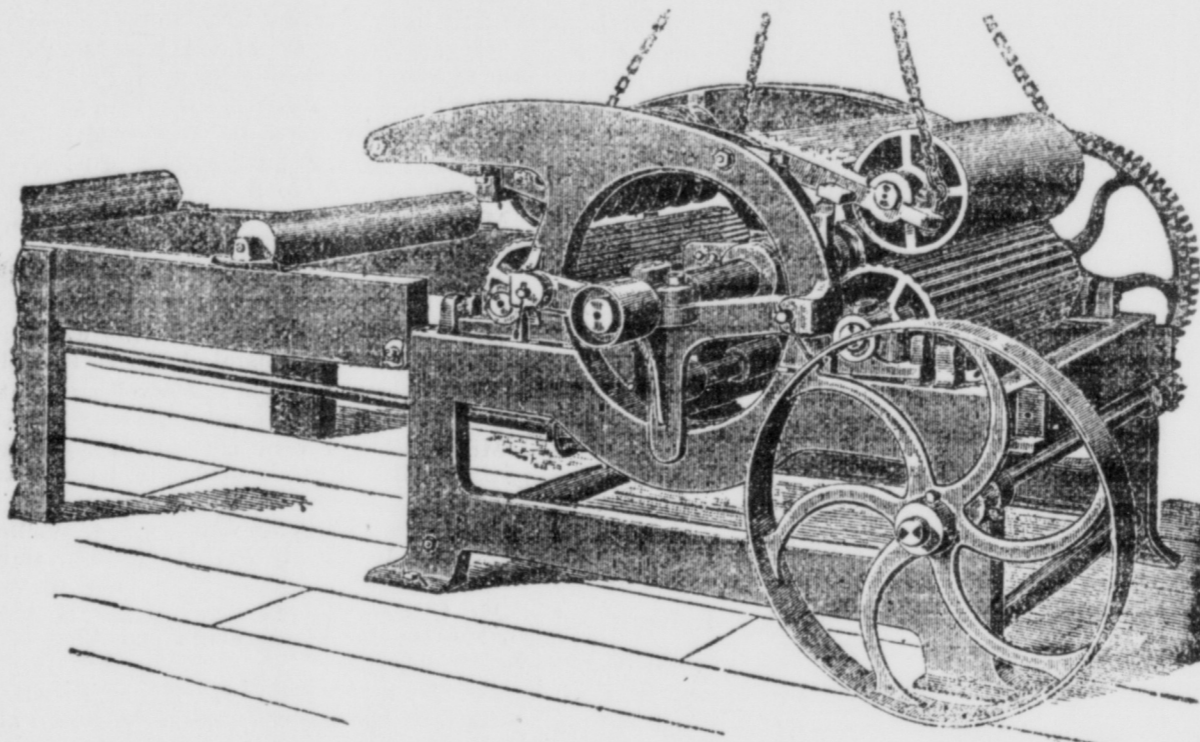
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In the Supreme Court in Equity.

Between William M. Connell, Plaintiff,

and Janet McGeachy, Margaret Smith and Malcolm McGeachy, Defendants.

TAKE NOTICE that under and by virtue of a decretal order in above cause, made by Mr. Justice Barker, Judge in Equity, on the Fifth day of May A. D., 1903, there will be sold at Public Auction in front of the office of the Registrar of Deeds and Wills in the Town of Woodstock, in the County of Carleton, on FRIDAY the FIFTEENTH day of DECEMBER, A. D. 1905, at the hour of two of the clock in the afternoon, the following described lands and premises namely:—"All that piece and parcel of land and premises situate in the Parish of Woodstock in the County of Carleton and Province of New Brunswick, fronting on the western bank of the River Saint John, bounded on the south by the Springfield road, on the north by lands owned by the heirs of the late Elias Yerxa, the whole of which lot containing by estimation fifty acres more or less, being the same land conveyed by the late Charles Perley to John McGeachy"

At which sale all parties have leave to bid. Dated this 30th day of September A. D. 1905. WM. M. CONNELL THAME M. JONES. Solicitor in Person Referee in Equity. Oct. 11.

Rothschild's Guide to Success.

Baron Rothschild, the great financier, attributed his success to an observance of the following rules of conduct:

- Shun liquor.
- Dare to go forward.
- Never be discouraged.
- Be polite to everybody.
- Employ your time well.
- Never tell business lies.
- Pay your debts promptly.
- Be prompt in everything.
- Bear all troubles patiently.
- Do not reckon upon chance.
- Make no useless acquaintances.
- Be brave in the struggle of life.
- Maintain your integrity as a sacred thing.
- Take time to consider; then decide positively.
- Never appear to be something more than you are.
- Carefully examine into every detail of your business.

rosy like! But I am wonderin' how it'll be when the money's all gone, and ye'll have to stop atin'. Yer good looks will all be leavin' ye then, Maggie darlin'."

"Sure, an' me good look is all owin' to the rest that I'm after havin'!" Maggie replied, with spirit. "An' if I must give up the food that I'm atin' or the rest that I'm havin', it's the food I'll be after goin' without Dennis Murphy!"

And Dennis realized that the unofficial strike had come to stay.

At supper the next day Maggie served generous helpings of savory stew.

"Sure, an' ye must ate all ye can," she said, "for now the money do be all gone, an' there's nothin' left for the mornin' but some bread an' cold potatoes."

"An' it's the hard-hearted woman ye are, Maggie Murphy, to sit by and see yer children go hungry when ye might aisy be earnin' money by takin' in a bit of washin'!"

"Sure, an' they're yer children, too, Dennis Murphy! Maggie flung back. "An' it's your place to be earnin' money. I'll cook for them an' wash their bits of clothes an' look after them good an' faithful, but not a finger will I ever lift agsin to earn money!"

And that night Dennis went heavy-hearted to bed, for he knew that the unofficial strike had won.

"Hurry up wid me breakfast, Maggie darlin'" he said the next morning. "I'm after goin' back to me work this mornin'. An' I'll love the union, bad cess to them. Sure, an' it's lowerin' to a man's dignity to be ordered 'round by them unions. I'll not be standin' it no more."

"Ye're a foine man, Dennis, that ye are, an' it's meself that's proud of ye this day!" Maggie said.

And Dennis felt that he had chosen well.—Answers.

Privileged.

Simeon Ford enjoys nothing better than to tell a story of the humors of the hotel business.

"A friend in the West," says Mr. Ford, "once related to me the trials and tribulations of the people employed in the office of his hostelry to keep in proper bounds a young man from Chicago, who, as soon as he had registered, proceeded to make things lively. The first evening he spent with them he did the proprietor out of a neat sum at poker; the next night he returned to his quarters, considerably intoxicated, after having whipped his cabby; the third night he gave an impromptu concert in the halls. This was too much for the hotel people; they asked for his key and rendered his bill. Evidently the amount thereof was not to his liking, for he exclaimed, pathetically: "Say, don't you fellows make any dis count to the clergy?"—[Harper's Weekly.

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