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## THE SUFFRAGISTS OF SANDY CORNERS

Abraham Grover, in McCall's Magazine.

Ann Amanda Bates folded her plump arms, drew her lips into a firm, hard line, and then gazed meditatively out of the window. As far as she could see rolling fields of corn, trim, well-kept beds of asparagus, and waving expanses of wheat and oats met her indignant and speculative eye. From behind the barn came the tinkle of cow-bells and the occasional bleating of sheep as they cropped the luscious green pasture of the upper meadows.

A slight flush crept into her cheeks and mounted to the roots of her hair. "All this belongs to my husband, Ephraim Bates," she remarked to herself with a hard little smile, "and yet—." She fell again into grim reverie; from which she finally roused herself vigorously, and with finality.

"For twenty years I've worked and slaved. In sickness and health I've tended and waited on Ephraim Bates, took care of his house, bore an' reared his children, took care o' his butter, milk an' eggs, turned and scrimped and saved every way to make ends meet, and yet—well, ef the fishman comes along to-day, I've not a cent to pay him with Ef Ephraim ain't here I'll have to send down to the field an' humbly ask for forty cents or else let the fish go."

Just then she heard the stolid tread of Ephraim Bates approaching the kitchen door. A sudden resolve took form in her mind, startling in its suddenness but promptly acted upon. As Ephraim walked into the kitchen and placed a big glue-pot on the stove, she turned to him, somewhat determinedly

but with a serene brow.

"Ephraim, the fishman may be here to-day and I'll need some money."

Ephraim's face showed no sign of annoyance. "Send him out to me. I'll be in the new barn," he said briefly.

Ann Amanda hesitated and for a moment a rebellious light flashed into her eye—almost instantly shadowed by a pleading look of entreaty.

"Ephraim, what's the use of all that extra trouble? It'd be easier fer the fishman an' fer me an' fer, you, too, ef I could just buy the fish an' pay fer 'em 'an done with it. Can't you trust me with a little money, Ephraim?"

Ephraim inspected the glue-pot carefully, and Ann Amanda waited a moment for a reply, but none came.

"Ain't twenty years o' careful work an' plannin' showed you that I can be trusted? You know I ain't wasteful or extravagant. You know I make every cent go as far as it can be made to go. Why don't you trust me, Ephraim?"

There was a hungry, yearning look in her eyes now, and they were bent upon her husband pleadingly. But Ephraim

did not look at her. His eyes were upon the glue-pot and he stirred stolidly.

"Ain't you got a good home an' plenty to eat an' wear?" he asked laconically.

Ann Amanda drew a quick breath.

"Yes, an' so have your cows and your pigs and your horses. Ephraim Bates, do you realize that after twenty years of workin' an' slavin' there's nothin' I can call my own to do a' I please with; nothin' at all! An' as far money to spend why, you won't even trust me with the money to buy the stuff to feed you with. Ephraim Bates, ef I'd been workin' fer a stranger fer the last twenty years half as hard as I've been workin' here, fer you, I'd have money in the bank, an, ef you'd hired a housekeeper you'd have paid out a couple o' thousand dollars at the very least by this time—besides all the waste an' loss fer want o' management."

Ann Amanda Bates was roused now and the words came torrently like the tempestuous rush of some long-pent mountain stream gathering strength as it goes.

But suddenly she paused. The mountain stream was checked by a rock which it could neither surmount nor pass round, nor yet carry with it. Ephraim Bates was stirring his glue—entirely calm and unmoved!

He gave one last vigorous stir and remarked mildly: "There! I guess that's soft enough. Ef the fishman comes, send him to me. I'll be in the new barn."

Ann Amanda gave a despairing gasp as the sound of Ephraim's footfalls died away in the distance.

"Ef he would even argue the question," she thought restfully. "He treats me as ef I was a child or one of his cows an' couldn't even discuss things intelligently. As ef I hadn't saved him hundreds, yes, thousands, of dollars by plain horse-sense an' hard work!"

She resumed her bread-making vigorously, giving the white masses of dough deft, strong punches and prods, while determination grew and deepened in her eyes.

"That settles it! There's no use in talkin' to him; something's got to be done. Ef Mary Bascombe stops fer me to go over to meetin' over to the Corners Thursday afternoon, I'm goin, I don't know jest what they mean to do an' I don't know as I'm a Suffragist—but I'm goin'!"

Thursday morning dawned clear and bright and cool for August weather. Amanda Bates put her house in order, cooked dinner for the eight harvest hands, washed the dishes, and then grimly set the table for a cold supper. The cold meat, cold string-beans and cheese, the snowy bread and the great pitchers of milk, could be put on the table in ten minutes, and coffee could be ready in twenty.

It was with a new sense of freedom and independence that Ann Amanda gave the last few touches to the table, turned the key in the door, and climbed into Mary Bascombe's buggy.

Ephraim preferred that the "hands," who were mostly neighbors, should have a hot supper, and this was the first harvest time for twenty years that the hot supper hadn't been ready for them at Ephraim Bates' house. Other farmers in the neighborhood served a cold supper to harvest helpers, but this was just a little idiosyncrasy of Ephraim's, and

### Bearing Down Pains

What woman at sometime or other does not experience these dreadful bearing down pains. Mrs. E. Griffith, of Main street, Hepworth, Ont., says, "A heavy bearing-down pain had settled across my back and sides. I was often unable to stoop or straighten myself up. Many times each night I would have to leave my bed with the irregular and frequent secretions of the kidneys and just as done out in the morning as on retiring.

I was languid and would have to let my house-work stand. No thing I had tried would benefit me. I learned of Booth's Kidney Pills and concluded I would try them, which I did and soon found the long sought relief. My back strengthened and I began to feel better and stronger. I now enjoy my sleep with out being disturbed and feel grateful to Booth's Kidney Pills for what they did for me."

Booth's Kidney Pills are a boon to women. She would know less of back-aches if she took more of these wonderful pills. They are nature's greatest specific for all diseases of the kidneys and bladder. All druggists, 50c. box or postpaid from The R. T. Booth Co. Ltd., Fort Erie, Ont. Sold and guaranteed by E. W. Mair.



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By the simple act of breathing, we inhale life and death. You breathe the air crowded with disease germs. These lodge in the membrane and at once commence their deadly work. In a night you develop a cold and before long you are in the grip of Canada's deadliest enemy—Catarrh.

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he secretly found much pleasure in the outspoken praise of "the meals at Ephraim Bates."

Mary Bascombe's little horse jogged along cheerfully past the mill with its splashing wheel; through the sweet, cool wood road; past smiling fields rich with ripening crops—and, with every step of the cheerful little horse's feet, Ann Amanda's sense of freedom and independence grew stronger and more exhilarating.

She was a capable woman and for the first time in her life she was consciously and determinedly matching her capability against the rocky stolidity of her husband. Ephraim was a good man and just—according to his "lights." But somehow his "lights" didn't reach to her, or else they all had long-distance reflectors and she was too close to him to be benefited. Anyhow, she had right and justice on her side and now she was determined. If the women over at that meeting could help her any, well and good. If not, why, then, she must find a way herself—and she breathed the sweet fragrance of the wild honeysuckle with a healthful sense of sufficiency.

The cheerful little horse clattered up to Mrs. Jack Barley's gate and presently Ann Amanda and Mary Bascombe found themselves in Mrs. Jack's cool spacious parlor.

Mrs. Jack had lived on a farm near Sandy Cornery until she was twenty. Then she had married Jack Barclay and lived in the city for twelve years. Jack Barclay was a model husband and Mrs. Jack had no grievance of her own, but from the vantage-point of her own happy life she had observed closely and sympathetically the lives of others, and now that her husband had bought this house at Sandy Corners, she felt that she had a "mission."

She had wisely kept the "mission" out of sight, however, and managed so tactfully that the women of Sandy Corners believed that they had made the first move toward organizing a club, and that Mrs. Jack had very kindly helped them out in various ways, such as opening her home to them, making suggestions, and even by quietly securing a lecturer occasionally.

The men of Sandy Corners might have been divided into two classes—those who were "agin" woman suffrage, and those who merely shrugged their shoulders and smiled in ridicule. Therefore the club was called the "Sandy Corners Sewing Club"—and, sheltered by that innocent name, suffrage sentiments of a most pronounced and practical kind were rapidly growing and developing. Most of the husbands of Sandy Corners would have held up their hands in horror or been convulsed with laughter had they known what serious and weighty deliberations what genuinely hard work, was going on under the commonplace name of "sewing."

Continued on page 3

## Hair Goods

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