The MIDNIGHT BELL

By Anne Barrett

There were four of them in the field. Silver the grey mare with her black colt, Kitty, the foal, Quicksilver, and Quick, the donkey. The ground was covered with frost, the air was cold, and the wind was sharp. Silver stood at the edge of the field, her head held high, her ears pricked forward, her tail swishing. Kitty lay in the grass, her body contorted, her eyes closed. Quicksilver stood in the middle of the field, his ears flicking, his tail swishing. Quick stood in the corner, his head turned to the left, his ears pricked forward.

"One day you will learn wisdom, my son," said his mother, and she pushed him forward. As he started to run, the donkey that stood behind him said, "I will fit you for your life."

The events had been set in motion. Silver had taken him out of the field, and he had run and run, his ears pricked forward, his tail swishing. Kitty had lain in the grass, her body contorted, her eyes closed.

From then on, he was the master of the field. The children had taken him out of the field, and he had run and run, his ears pricked forward, his tail swishing. Kitty had lain in the grass, her body contorted, her eyes closed.

...little dun coloured donkey. What a stupid, ugly, vulgar creature he was. The master turned his head towards the donkey, and he stopped.

"A hunter!" he exclaimed, and the donkey lifted his head. The master turned his head towards the donkey, and he stopped.

"What a stupid, ugly, vulgar creature he was," said the master. "But soon his thoughts went flying off against the sky. Every so often now the young

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