When Mother reads A Story.

When mother reads a story before we go to bed, There's not a one of all of us that

is a sleepy-head; We gather round and crowd close about her rockin' chair An' as she reads I watch the light

a-glowin' on her hair. Oh! Jimmy's eyes get big as plates, an' Mary sometimes

An' Betty sits with tear stained face because she sorter feels Real sorry for the dragon when the hero kills him dead; When mother reads a story jes before we go to bed.

When mother reads a story jes before we go to bed, I lean up close an' hold the book so she can pat my head;

For when the giant's yellin, fierce, it's awful nice to know That mother's arm is holdin' you an' will not let you go! Oh! Buddy's mouth falls open

most, he gets so filled with An' Helen's eyes glow bright like

lived for ever-it was said."

before we go to bed:

A Story Of A Quiet Street.

(MRS. S. M. O'MALLEY.)

One moves into a town and begins house-hunting. The houses healthy locations, so says their biographical advertisers, and splendidly located as to neigh

Being of an ostentatious front and rearage, several localities displeased us, and finally, quite by chance, we stumbled into an ancient street, grass grown, old-fashioned with gardens, fragrant with lilac odours, lady, 'n' the rest live someway. and gay with bright-colered early They're a wild set, I 'spect, 'n' I flowers.

"This is the place!" we exclaimed. "If only a house can b found empty."

After knocking several times at an ancient door overhung with vines, we caused a real old lady to appear: real because she was of such appearance as appealed to our old-timey liking, so differen from the ultra-fashionable old person of today. Her dark dress hung full over her ample hips, while about her neck was fastened a white embroidered collar, held by a miniature brooch, the size of a turnip. Her serene blue eyes Jeems bout Mr. Reavis. My, my! infest the day looked at us inquiringly, while why didn't you tell me?" the half-closed door suggested to us her doubts of our respectability.

drawn answer, that said plain as could be that "no" means "yes." "The street is such a beautiful look at the house." one, we so wished to find a vacant house," said Miss Mary, sadly.

old lady, opening the door suffi- cise. The old-fashioned house was ciently wide to admit her full not too large for us three, and width. "The streets need raisin', over the cistern a gnarled plumand the houses mostly need fixin' up, but in spring its rale purty." "It's just lovely," I exclaimed.

"Just smell these lilacs !" "Do say! and you like laysmell too heavy, but I allus liked them, colour and all. Laylocks used to be my special favourite will say, but we must come here, when I wuz young, for my dress I think." goods. I was fair, you know, and

"I only regret one thing," answered the depressed Mary, "and Pan or Pandora for our neighbor?" that is that we can't find a house Our old lady, meanwhile, was

glasses and studied the tree-tops. various out-houses with cautious bout you women for nothing. hold goods an' moved to Craw-Jist come in my back vard ; yes. right through." And the front door closed emphatically on the door closed emphatically on the inquisitive stare of "Lizbeth

"I thought you'd like to see my old laylocks, anyhow; here's some old cheers Jeems an me went to housekeepin' on. You can break a bunch a-piece, but I don't like to break 'em. You see it's planted on my last baby's rave. This used to be our farm

Itching Skin

Distress by day and night-That's the complaint of those who are so unfortunate as to be afflicted with Eczema or Salt Rheum-and out-

The source of the trouble is in the blood-make that pure and this scaling, burning, itching skin disease will

Hood's Sarsaparilla rids the blood of all impurities and

this addition, but times bein' hard we sold all 'ceptin' this lot. When 't wuz a farm Ruth died. just two days old, an' we buried her right here. It was an orchard then, forty-seven years ago in June'; an' next spring I put the slips of laylock here, and here it is yet, allus tellin' me 'bout Ruthallus whisperin' 'bout them days when Jeems 'n' built so much on the futur.' "Well, well!" and she sighed, cheerfully. "But this hain't a talkin' 'bout house-rentin.' I said there wuz a house, 'n' there is, but-I can't tell how desirable it may be. Ev'ry one that moves in moves out mighty quick, and of course, though I can't say what, We hear the words, "They happy there's somethin' wrong. I't

been empty now 'bout since When mother reads a story jes' November. Mr. Armen owns it, but he lives at Crawfordsville, MARGARET E. SANGSTER, JR. and Mr. Renfu tends it for him." "Have you no idea what is vrong, at all?" asked Mary.

> "That's what I don't like to say," she answered, "'cause if you moved in you might say you heard so and so, and tell who told you. 'n' I p'intedly try to 'tend to my own business. But 'Lizbeth Roberts says it's all along of the family next house. There name's Johnson, 'n' the old man drinks awful, 'n' may be guilty of worse, I don't know, Anyhow, they're allus in trouble in the courts, an' f course they hain't nice for neighbours."

"Can't they be ousted, anyway?" I asked.

"Oh they bought the place years ago, an' a daughter, who's on the stage, keeps up the old

"If you will promise us your good will and advice," said Mary sweetly, "I think we will try it

"Well, you do seem nice folks, are you married?" she queried. "I am," I answered, "I am Margaret Reavis, and this is my sister Mary Hinton. My husband, Georgo Reavis, is the new superintendent at the Homing Mills-"

"Land sakes!" she exclaimed. Jeems' nephew works at the mill, an' I heard him talkin' to "If we get the house," I went

on, " you must visit us and sustain "We are house-hunting," we us in our endeavour to be quiet. explained politely. "Can you tell My sister is quite worked down, us if this street has a house to and we want a place where we shall be free of fashionable ap-"N-n-o-o," came the long- pearance and can really rest,

"If you don't mind I'll put my sun bonnet on, an' we will

The wide yard was sweet and green, while flower-beds, tastefully "Folks object to it," said our arranged, promised healthy exertree stretched its fragrant white

"When did I eat a plum right from the tree ?" sighed Mary with vast content And she pointed Some folks think their to the young onion-shoots in a squair bed near the back fence. "I don't know what George

> "George!" exclaimed Mary. He's always at the mill. Why should he care whether we have

telling the history of all the The old lady adjusted her houses, and prodding into the "There's a house," she said slowly zest. "I hain't set foot onto this and impressively, "you could git, yard for fifteen years, an' that but there's 'Lizbeth Roberts, 'n' wuz when old Grandma Armen I wouldn't have her a-askin' died. Mr. Armen sold his house-

> How can the baby grow strong if the nursing mother is pale and delicate? Scott's Emulsion

fordsville. I bought her cedar churn, 'n' I use it now. I said to Jeems, then, "I guss I won't come

round this path again, soon, 'n' I didn't ever till this minute."

"Dear, dear!" she went on after peeping in the kitcher window, "things do change in a

"Now these neighbours," Mrs. Arthur, our old lady said, "allus stay at home. You only see them ce in a month. They're three sisters, and all gettin' grey and mighty cross, even for old maids. They do weavin' and some sewin', an' collect the rent of their farm. Altogether they're real comfortable, and don't bother nobody." Mary was on in the distance

swinging her parasol and snifting girl," said Mrs. Arthur. "It's a kind of a shame to settle in this

"Oh, Mary" I said, and then stopped, for the air was full of gossipy bees and birds, and

thought in time to listen. " Now, Mr. Armen narried, but he don't come down once in a year. He's a little old, but right nice mannered, but I illus told Jeems I'd live and die Hanner Arthur rather that marry in Armen, if I had to-they're that set in their ways, Yes; I'll turn across here, 'n' if you can stay in the house, I hope

I caught up with Mary, and said: "This is a veritable Paradise." "Not without it's serpent," laughed my sister.

The hens were cackling loudly in the "old maids" chicken-house as we walked by. "What a sense of home that gives one," remarked Mary, "but I suppose for all its quaint quietness the street has its tragedies. I wonder what is the matter with the Armen house, and if it is the neighbour?"

"Don't wonder-don't grow nquisitive, and we shall be safe,' answered. "You are surely emulating "Lizbeth Roberts.

We laughed. "I like these old characters, said Mary. "It seems to me much lon't want to know them any more according to God's plan to be home-like, bustling, busy and inquisitive, than coldly polished conventionally uninterested and azıly luxurious."

> George was pleased, if we were and the rent was next to nothing," he said with evident plea-

"It's only for three months anyway," explained Mary, paying her last regret to the fashionable

We were so busy for a weel hat our nights were as happy as those in which the cares that

"Shall fold their tents like Arabs

And as silently steal away." Mary and I were swinging in our rocking chairs on the back dear ?"

"This is the tenth day," she said, "and not a whisper have l heard of any neighbour-not even Mrs. Arthur. Not a blind on this side of the dreadful Johnson house has been drawn. No ghosts infest our back-stairs, and nothing bothers but a poor rabbit who will eat off our sprouting peas," "Wait," I said lanconically and

"Does a prophet exist with onour in his or her own house?' queried Mary. "Do you mean to nsinuate that some dreadful

And there she stopped, for long low wail came vibratingly around us. Where was it we could not tell. Mary gazed at me with terror-spread eyes and white face, and I was shaking like a castinet "It's the cat, she whispered.

"The cat!" I cried hoarsely. There is no cat." Again came the cry, broken a its height by a heavy thump and though we shivered through the rest of the day, we were left un-

By the time George came, we had grown brave; and even resolved to say nothing to him and were developing reasons for the noise that would have astonished all philosophical ex-

"Probably the wind blew the shutters slowly in and out, which would cause the shricking as well as the bumping," Mary said with conviction.

"I think it can be explained," answered, "but I wish it had not happened."

"So do I," she coincided.

Had Severe Cold ON HER LUNGS.

RAISED PHLEGM AND BLOOD.

Never neglect what at first seems to be few years. This paper was right but a slight cold. You think perhaps new. then, 'n' it's powerful ragged you are strong enough to fight it off, but northern climate, and if they are not attended to at once will sooner or later develop into some serious lung trouble such as bronchitis, pneumonia, and perhaps that dreadful disease, consumption Miss Kasye McDonald, Sydney Mines Miss Kasye McDonald, Sydney Mines, N.S., writes: "Last winter I contracted a severe cold, and it settled on my lungs. I would cough and raise phlegm and blood. I had the cough for a month, and had medicine from the doctor, but it did not seem to do me any good. I really thought I had consumption.

My friends advised me to use Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, which I did, and it gave me great relief. I am very glad I used 'Dr. Wood's,' and would

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per; three pine trees is the trade mark: Manufactured only by THE T. MIL-

BURN Co., LIMITED, Toronto, Ont.

Mary went to bed very late. I wish I could lie down on the cot in your room, but that would

tart George to asking questions." "I am afraid, too," I replied, out we must be calm. "I was just beginning to feel sleepy, when I felt convinced something awakened me. Had I heard a loud noise or what had happened to arouse me so quickly? I touched George.

(Concluded next week.)

Mansonville, June 27, '13. Minard's Liniment Co., Limited

Yarmouth, N. S. Gentlemen,-It affords me great leasure and must be gratifying to you to know that after using 36 bottles of your Liniment on a case of paralysis which my father was afflicted with, I was able to restore him to normal condition. Hoping other sufferers may be benefitted by the use of your

Liniment, I am, Sincerely yours, GEO. H. HOLMES.

Dolly-The second time I saw him I was engaged to him. Daisy-What caused the delay?

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Minister-Are you your mama's little girl ? Edith-Papa says I am, when 'm naughty.

Mary Ovington, Jasper Ont writes:-"My mother had a badly sprained arm. Nothing we used did her any good. Then father got Hagyard's Yellow Oil and it cured mother's arm in a few days Price 25 cents."

"Do you know why the little chickens come out of the eggs

"Course I do! They know they'd get boiled if they stayed in."

W. H. O. Wilkinson, Stratford says:-"It affords me much pleasure to say that I experienced great relief from Muscular Rheumatism by using two boxes of Milburn's Rheumatic Pills. Price

"This story says: "The song

"Yes, she probably murdered MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DANDRUFF.

" Pride goes before a fall, you "Maybe it does; but it goes a

lot quicker after one."

lad Weak and Dizzy Spells. WAS CURED BY

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Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have been on the market for the past twenty-five years, and are universally known as the very best remedy for all troubles arising from the heart or nerves.

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This si explained by the more thorough fermentation and expansion which the minute particles of flour undergo, thereby increasing the size of the mass and at the same time adding to the nutritive properties of the bread. This fact may be clearly and easily demonstrated by any who doubt that there is economy in using Fleischmann's Yeast.

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