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H. Crosby.
Mr. E. E. McTaggart we are glad
to say, still holds the position of
of our Sunday School. Rally Day
Services here on May 11th. Special
programme.

At the re-organization of the Ladies'
Aid officers put in were as fol-
lows:

President—Mrs. E. E. McTaggart.
Vice-Pres.—Mrs. Whitcroft.
Secretary—Mrs. Watts.
Assist. Secretary—Mrs. Durdie.
Treasurer—Mrs. H. Crosby.
Mite Collector—Mrs. Taylor.
Chaplain—Mrs. Gibson.
Organist—Miss Whitcroft.

New Sarum

Mr. and Mrs. George Chivers motored
ed to Port Burwell, on Friday.
Mr. and Mrs. Fred Crane, of On-
well, spent Saturday with Mr. and Mrs.
Clarence Crane.

Mr. Ward and Grant Norton, of St.
Thomas, were recent guests of Mr. and
Mrs. David Norton.
Several from here attended Mr.
Elisha Phillip's funeral at St. Thomas.

He was a former resident here.
Mr. and Mrs. George Colville, of St.
Thomas, spent Friday with Peter and
D. Doan.

Miss Effie and Blanche Anderson,
of Detroit, have been renewing ac-
quaintances in the village.
The Mission Circle meets at the home
of Mrs. Roy McTaggart, on Thursday
next.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Gloin have
been visiting relatives at Mapleton.
Miss Mildred Kennington, of St.
Thomas, has been spending a few days
with Mrs. B. Hill.

Mrs. J. R. Thompson, of St. Thomas,
is visiting her niece, Mrs. Harry
Cloes.

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The Heritage of the Desert

—BY—
ZANE GREY
Author of

**Riders of the Purple Sage, The Desert of Wheat, The
Border Legion, Etc.**

"Jack, you look done up," said
Naab, solicitously, when the
greetings had been spoken and
Ruth had led Mescal indoors.
"Silvermane, too—he's wet and wind-
ed. He's been running?"
"Yes, a little," replied Hare, as he
removed the saddle from the weary
horse.
"Ah! What's this?" questioned Aug-
ust Naab, with his hand on Silver-
mane's flank. He touched a raw
groove, and the stallion flinched.
"Here a bullet made that!"
"Yes."
"Then you didn't ride in by the
Navajo crossing?"
"No. I came by Silver Cup."
"Silver Cup? How on earth did you
get down there?"
"We climbed out of the canon up
over Coconina, and so made the
spring."

Naab whistled in surprise and he
flushed another keen glance over Hare
and his horse. "Your story can wait.
I know about what it is—after you
reached Silver Cup. Come in, come
in. Dave will look out for the stal-
lion."

But Hare would allow no one else
to attend to Silvermane. He rubbed
the tired gray, gave him a drink at the
trough, led him to the corral, and
took leave of him with a caress like
Mescal's. Then he went to his room
and bathed himself and changed his
clothes, afterward presenting him-
self at the supper-table to eat like one
famished. Mescal and he ate alone, as
they had been too late for the regu-
lar hour. The women-folk waited up-
on them as if they could not do
enough. There were pleasant words
and smiles; but in spite of them some-
thing sombre attended the meal.
There was a shadow in each face, each
step was slow, each voice subdued.
Naab and his sons were waiting for
Hare when he entered the sitting-
room, and after his entrance the
door was closed. They were all quiet
and stern, especially his father. "Tell
us all," said Naab, simply.

While Hare was telling his adven-
tures not a word or a move interrup-
ted him till he spoke of Silvermane's
running Dene down.
"That's the second time!" rolled
out Naab. "The stallion will kill
him yet!"

Hare finished his story.
"What don't you owe to that whirl-
wind of a horse?" exclaimed Dave
Naab. No other comment on Hare or
Silvermane was offered by the Naabs.



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A clever manufacturer
in a small town found
he often lost repeat
orders from distant cus-
tomers because he had
no one on the ground to
get them. So he supplied
each of these good cus-
tomers with a card
reading:—

The H. W. Marks Co. of
Des Moines is authorized to
telephone orders to The
Blank Mfg. Co., Spring-
ville, and deduct the cost
of the message from our
next invoice. Call Spring-
ville 156. Our telephone
service is organized to
give you as good service
as if we were next door
to your office.
(Signed) John L. Black.
He says it works fine. Try it.



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Long Distance Station.

said, and his voice showed the con-
quest of his passions. "I give up Silver
Cup and my stock. Maybe that will
content Holderness."

Some days went by pleasantly for
Hare, as he rested from his long exer-
tions. Naab's former cheer and that
of his family reassured itself once
the decision was made, and the daily
life went on as usual. The sons work-
ed in the fields by day, and in the
evening played at pitching horse-
shoes on the bare circle where the
children romped. The women went on
baking, sewing and singing. August
Naab's prayers were more fervent
than ever, and he even prayed for the
soul of the man who had robbed him.
Mescal's cheeks soon rounded out to
their old contour and here eyes shone
with a happier light than Hare had

ever seen there. The races between
Silvermane and Black Bolly were re-
newed on the long stretch under the
wall, and Mescal forgot that she had
once acknowledged the superiority of
the gray. The cottonwoods showered
silken floss till the cabins and grass
were white; the birds returned to the
oasis; the sun kissed warm color into
the cherries, and the distant noise of
the river seemed like the humming
of a swarm of bees.

"Here, Jack," said August Naab,
one morning, "get a spade and come
with me. There's a break somewhere
in the ditch."

Hare went with him out along the
fence by the alfalfa-fields, and round
the corner of red wall toward the
irrigating-dam.

"Well, Jack, I suppose you'll be

asking me for Mescal one of these
days," said Naab.

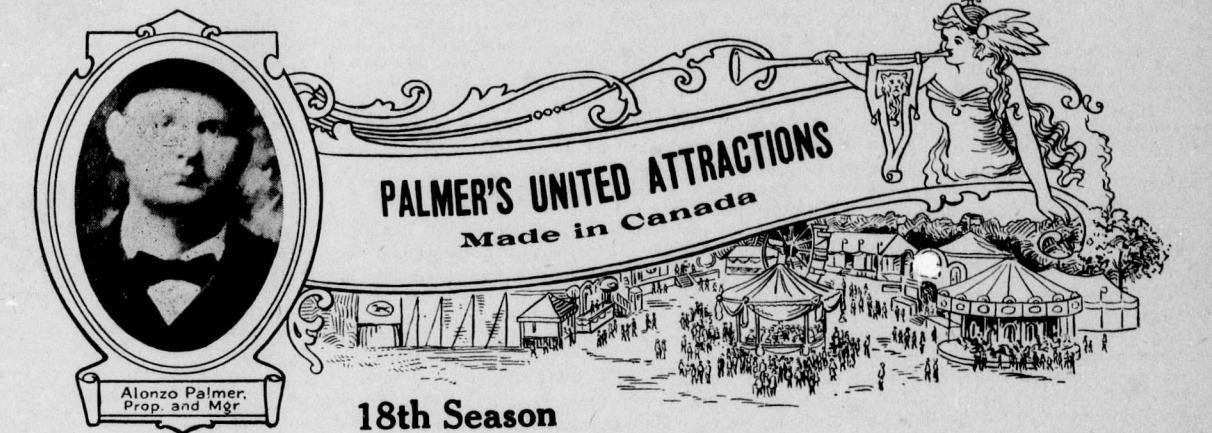
"Yes," replied Hare.
"There's a little story to tell you
about Mescal, when the day comes."
"Tell it now."

"No. Not yet. I'm glad you found
her. I never knew her to be so happy,
not even when she was a child. But
somehow there's a better feeling be-
tween her and my women-folk. The
old antagonism is gone. Well, well,
life is so. I pray that things may turn
out well for you and her. But I fear
—I seem to see—Hare, 'm a poor man
once more. I can't do for you what
I'd like. Still, we'll see, we'll hope."

Hare was perfectly happy. The old
Mormon's hint did not disturb him;
even the thought of Snap Naab did
not return to trouble his content-

ment. The full present was sufficient
for Hare, and his joy bubbled over,
bringing smiles to August's grave face.
Never had a summer afternoon in the
oasis been so fair. The green fields,
the red walls, the blue sky, all seemed
drenched in deeper, richer hues. The
wind-song in the crags, the river-mur-
mur from the canon. Hare's eyes
with music. To be alive, to feel the
sun, to see the colors, and to know
that Mescal awaited him was enough.
Work on the washed-out bank of
the ditch had not gone far when
Naab raised his head as if listening.
"Did you hear anything?" he ask-
ed.
"No," replied Hare.

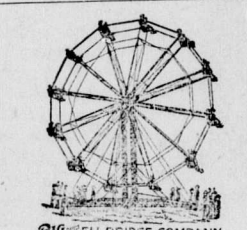
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St. Thomas, May 3 to 17

Talbot Street West.

Under Auspices G. A. U. V.

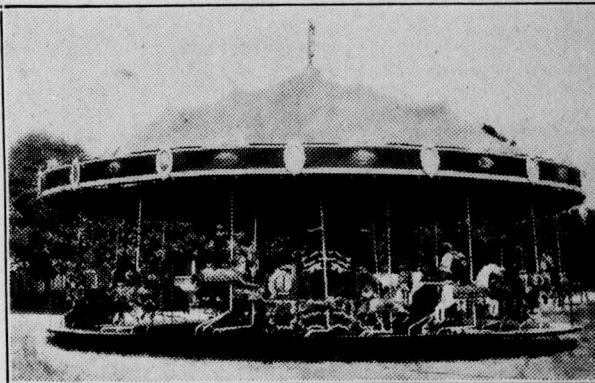


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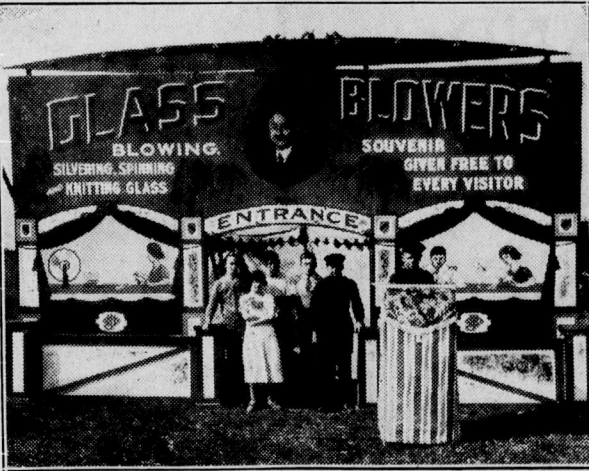
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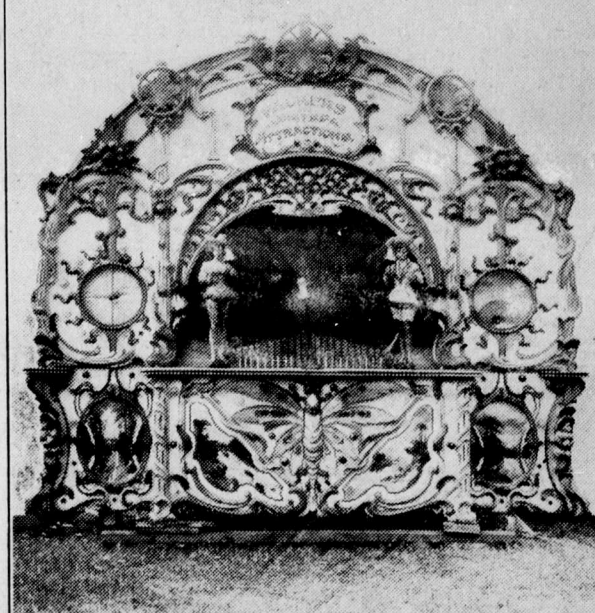


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