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I have for sale two acres, more or

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doun street, owned by William H.

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I also have money to loan at the

lowest rate of interest.

HENRY DAGNEAU,

His Flower Fairy

By KATE M. CLEARY

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They were not there when he had left the room.

Percival Craig, the new rector of St. Sebastian's, paused with his hand on the back of the swivel chair which he had been about to give a preparatory twist before sitting down.

"Another evidence of personal good will," he murmured, his fair, expressive face brightening almost boyishly with gratification. "Verily, my lines seem to have fallen in pleasant places."

One would have conceded that fact, knowing how cultured the minds, how generous the hearts and how high the standard of rectitude among the parishioners of St. Sebastian's. The pastor preceding the present incumbent had grown old in their service. While he had been beloved, it was pleasant to the congregation to welcome the advent of a younger man, one whose opinions, although progressive, were free from the taint of irreverence and whose family connections were all that the most fastidious among them could desire.

This morning, the first that Craig had deliberately settled down to work in his study, he had been called to the door for a few minutes. Now, on his return he found things precisely as he left them, except that on the ponderous tome open upon his desk lay a slender sheaf of hyacinths, bell-shaped and fresh, freshly cut and fragrant.

"Mrs. Mason!" The footsteps passing through the hall ceased. "Step here, please!"

His housekeeper, ruddy cheeked and gray haired, looked in at the door. "Did you put these flowers here, Mrs. Mason?"

"Not I, sir!"

"Maybe Ellen did," he hazarded. "She's been washing windows upstairs this hour back, sir," returned Mrs. Mason. And, muttering something about her custards, she disappeared.

"Strange!" commented the Rev. Percival. But the pleased smile still lingered around his mouth when he had put the delicate spikes in water and was reading the solemn looking book.

Before the hyacinths had faded there was another floral surprise for the new

rector. This time it was a rose that lay on the parlor table—a pink, softly growing, velvety rose—that made him think of Alya Ward. He had met her a few times since coming to his new parish, and he found himself most persistently haunted from the first by her demure beauty and pretty, graceful ways.

He rang the bell.

"Has any one called to see me this morning, Mrs. Mason?"

"No one, sir," Mrs. Mason regarded him admiringly. He was a fine representative of the church militant. That straight, soldierly figure, square shoulders and proudly carried head would have looked well leading a regiment.

For several days after the finding of the rose, instead of loitering in the dining room to read the morning papers Mr. Craig brought them with him directly to the study. The rose drooped. He shook the loosening petals in the big book. There was no odorous successor. But one morning he was summoned to the bedside of a hypochondriac acquaintance who was undergoing one of his periodical attacks of dissolution. Striding absently into the study on his return, he stopped short, his nostrils assailed by a perfume elusive as exquisite.

"Violets!" he exclaimed. "Violets!"

Violets there were—a blue drift of them across the open pages of the learned book.

This time, in the absence of Mrs. Mason, he interrogated Ellen—and with more success.

"Sure, 'tis a slip of a colleen do be after bringin' them!" declared Ellen, who was fresh from the Emerald Isle and a new acquisition in the clerical household. "Her name do be Ward, they tell me. She lives in the great house beyond."

"That will do," said the Rev. Mr. Percival hastily. But he did not read in the wide volume that day. Instead he sat a long time looking dreamily

at the violets and wondering—oh, the most marvelous things!

Although he had been much flattered by women, he had scant share of conceit. So at the close of his reverie he sighed. He could attribute to naught save pure neighborliness the gift of the girl to whom his love had gone out almost at first sight. Nay, gone out almost at first sight, through the etherless, when the violets were withered, on two successive mornings he left the house with much ostentation and soon thereafter noiselessly left himself into the hall. On the second morning there was a flurry of white by the study table as he abruptly entered the room, then a fall and a cry of pain. Instantly he sprang across the floor—to pick up the slim little lassie of six, who lay with a bunch of lilies of the valley clasped tightly in her tiny fingers.

"I didn't want you to—know 'twas me!" she sobbed. "I always brought them to old Mr. Snowdon. Mrs. Mason used to let me in. And he never knew 'twas me. He used to tell me the fairies—or or—maybe just one fairy—brought them to him. And I'd laugh and laugh. Ouch!" She colored hotly with the pain. "My foot got hurt!"

"I'll carry you home," Percival assured her tenderly. "You liked Mr. Snowdon (who, by the way, was the predecessor of the Rev. Mr. Craig), you liked him very much?"

"Yes. Maybe I'll like you, too, some time. Alys—she's my sister—says you are most—most—I forget. It was a long word. But it means nice. Tommy Brown says Mr. Snowdon only pretended he didn't know about me being the fairy. Isn't Tommy a horrid boy?"

"Horrid!" assented Percival Craig. "Don't be frightened, Miss Alys! For she had come tying down the steps at sight of him and his burden."

"Fairies always get well quickly," he assured little May. "I intend coming to see you every day until you can come to see me."

"Do," begged the child from the shelter of her sister's arms. "But you won't ever think I'm real fairy now?"

Alys laid her on the sofa and went out to telephone the doctor.

"Oh, yes; I will if you help me to get my wish. Good fairies always help mortals."

"What is your wish?"

"I want you to coax dear Alys to marry me and have you for flower girl."

"That's easy. Alys will do anything for me," declared May complacently. "Say—I remember that word now. It was attractive."

"Good little fairy!" cried Craig and hastened off. In his study he gently picked up the blossoms she had insisted on leaving. He recalled the look in Alys Ward's eyes when she had taken May from him, and his pulse thrilled. "Good little sister!" he said. "Dear little fairy flower girl!"

Decide What You Will Do.

An engineer who starts to build a bridge and then keeps finding better places to put his piers and wondering whether he has selected the best location or not will never get the bridge across the river. He must decide, then go ahead and build the bridge no matter what obstacle he may strike. So it is with the builder of character. He must decide finally what he will do and then make for his goal, refusing to look back or be moved from his course.

Tens of thousands of young people with good health, good education and good ability are standing on the end of a bridge at life's crossing. They hope they are on the right way, they think they are doing the right thing, and yet they do not dare to burn the bridge they have just crossed. They want a chance for retreat in case they have made a mistake. They cannot bear the thought of cutting off all possibility of turning back. They lack the power to decide conclusively what course they will take.—O. S. Marden in Success.

Very Ancient Jokes.

When Themistocles was trying to get money out of the Oracle of Delphi, the Greek defense fund and told them that the Athenians would come with two great gods, persuasion and necessity, the Andrians replied that the Athenians were well off with two such serviceable gods, but they had two gods who always dwelt in their country—poverty and impossibility.

Cyprus' bitter jest about the fishes to the wretched Ionians, who had declined his overtures, and then after the taking of Sardis wanted to come to terms, has too much cruelty to be humorous.

"Say," said the insulting victor, "that a piper, seeing fishes in the sea, were to pipe to them, thinking they will come out to the land, and when he is disappointed of his hope took a net and inclosed a great multitude of the fishes and drew them to land, and seeing them dropping about said to the fishes, 'Cease dancing to me, since you would not come out and dance when I played.'"

Queer Scenes In St. Paul's.

At one time the hives of English churches were the resorts of idle loungers, the gentry affecting much to walk to see and to be seen in the various edifices. But the scenes which took place in "Paul's walk," in St. Paul's cathedral, London, became a scandal. The cathedral was tenanted by one's thoroughfare, a market and a fashionable promenade. From an act passed in the reign of Queen Mary dealing with this abuse it would seem that beer, bread, fish and flesh were vended there, horses, mules and cattle driven through the building, and, according to an old writer, the middle of the cathedral was the scene of "all kinds of bargains, meetings, brawlings, murders, conspiracies and the rest for ordinary payments of money." It should be mentioned that no difference was made when the service was going on.

The American Farmer the Best in the World.

The American farmer is the greatest man in the world to-day because he is master of the soil—he is gaining in intelligence quite as rapidly as his products are increasing in magnitude. Our recent combines of capital and labor have produced a surplus of enormous, yet such figures sink into insignificance when compared to the money, brains and brawn invested in agricultural industries. For instance, the farmers of Minnesota and Dakota have received \$300,000,000 for their products in a single year. The farmer knows what Nature will bring forth for him from his experience in the past. He knows if certain seeds are planted and properly cared for, and he will take care of the rest. In the same way you are master of your own destiny. Providing your blood is in good order, and your system is ready to accumulate the germs of disease. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes rich red blood—by increasing the number of blood corpuscles. There is no alcohol in this great tonic to shiver up the red blood into proper action, and feeds the worn-out nerves, stomach and heart on pure blood. Used for over a third of a century it has sold more largely than any other blood medicine in the United States. More bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery are sold to-day than ever before—that is a true test of its medicinal value after thirty-eight years of deserved popularity.

Dr. Pierce's "Medical Adviser" sent on receipt of stamps to pay for mailing only. Send 3 one-cent stamps for book in paper covers, or 50 stamps for cloth-bound volume. Address Dr. A. C. Pierce, Buffalo, N.Y.

25c. BIRD BOOK FREE

Thousands of bird books free by sending us your address and a 3-cent stamp. Send 3 one-cent stamps to us and we will send you a book in paper covers, or 50 stamps for cloth-bound volume. Address Dr. A. C. Pierce, Buffalo, N.Y.

BIRD BREAD

Bird seed, the standard bird food, sold everywhere. It is a true test of its medicinal value after thirty-eight years of deserved popularity.

COTTAM BIRD SEED, 19th, London, Ont.

A BOOK FIELD WANTED.

The Post Had a Long Search, but It Finally Traced Up.

Eugene Field was a book collector, and one of his favorite books, according to the Philadelphia Post, was not known and ask in the solemnest manner for an expurgated edition of Mrs. Hemans' poems. One day in Milwaukee he was walking along the street with his friend, George Yonowine, when the latter halted in front of a bookshop and said: "Gene, the proprietor of this place is the most serious man I ever knew. He never says a joke in his life. Wouldn't it be a good chance to try again for that expurgated Mrs. Hemans'?" Without a word Field entered, asked for the proprietor, and then made the usual request. "That is a rather scarce book," came the reply. "Are you prepared to pay a fair price for it?" For just a second Field was taken aback. Then he said: "Certainly, certainly. I—I know it's rare." The man stepped to a case, took out a cheaply bound volume and handed it to Field, saying, "The price is \$3."

Field took it nervously, opened to the title page and read the correct print. "The Poems of Mrs. Felicia Hemans. Selected and Arranged With All Objectional Passages Excised by George Yonowine, Editor of 'Isaac Watts For the Home,' The Fireside Humish More, etc., with the usual publisher's name and date at the bottom. Field glanced up at the bookseller. He stood there the very picture of awe and anxiety. "I'll take it," said Field faintly, producing the money. Outside Yonowine was missing. At his office the boy said that he had just left, saying that he was going to Standing Rock, Dakota, to keep an appointment with Sitting Bull.

There is no use arguing with the person who declines to accept your statements.

Happy is the man who is imbued with the idea that the very best things have not yet happened.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's

Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

J. C. Carter

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and so easy to take as a sign.

CARTER'S LIVER PILLS

FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION

Cure Sick Headache.

DUTIES OF CANADIANS.

High National Ideals Should Be Placed Before the Narrow Aims of Self-Interest—Personal Exploitation.

The address of Mr. Byron E. Walker of Toronto, to the Canada Club of Ottawa the other day upon the duties of Canadians to Canada was an inspiration to the two hundred members, chiefly stalwart young men, sons of the soil, to place high national ideals before the narrow and selfish aims of self-interest. Mr. Walker rejoiced at the rapid growth in recent years of the feeling of solidarity among the Canadian people. One of the greatest evils Canada has had to contend with was lack of confidence. Mr. Walker drew a gratifying picture of the natural resources which Canadians have inherited, and which are calculated to make Canada the proudest nation in the world.

The fathers of confederation had only been able to accomplish their design of linking the scattered units of Canada together because of their patriotism and intense belief in the future. Every young Canadian owned it as a duty to his country to study her history and the record of the struggles through which she has arrived at her present position. The industrial problem was the first which presented itself for consideration, and under this heading, Mr. Walker, while extolling industry in the development of the national resources of the soil, the forest, the mine and the seas, lakes and rivers, uttered a note of warning against the industrialism, the love of money, which threatened to outweigh the higher and nobler sentiment of patriotism. The political conditions of the present day and of the future under a democracy would be just what the average intelligence and the average morality of the country were and it would be time enough to expect a higher standard of public morality when the average of the individual citizen has been elevated. No sincere, sober, thoughtful citizen of the United States is really satisfied with what the democracy has done for his nation. Experience has proved that per se there is no virtue in democracy itself. We do not want Government in Canada to drift into condition like that in the United States. If we wish to prevent that, what we have to do is to increase so far as we can those elements in Canadian life that are different to the elements which are to be found in the United States. Mr. Walker pointed out the danger that the Government of the country might become a huge oligarchy, as the Government of the United States sometimes threatens to become.

The society of some people to get in the personal and social column of the press he regarded as a shocking and horrid attempt to exploit themselves, which was in as bad taste as it could possibly be. It was debasing and vulgarizing. Our educational system, of which we are so proud, also had the defects which appeared to be inherent in and inseparable from democracy. The individual exalted the State not only to educate his children, but was very pleased to have the State do as much as possible for him for nothing, and although the State does not yet do so, it was apparently expected that before very long the State would be required to assume the responsibility of the dentistry of children's teeth and the examination of their eyes.

In Toronto he did not know yet that plumbing and carpentering were being done by the State, but he had no doubt in the end the demand would be that every child be taught to carry his own living. To his mind that was as false an idea of education as a country could well have. He had no intention of quarrelling with technical schools, believing in their desirability as a superstructure, and in night schools, where those who could not pay for technical instruction could obtain it free. He did not believe in a system of education which does not teach the children how to speak the English language with reasonable accuracy, and to walk about and deport themselves as gentlemen, and to think and exercise powers of reflection. After all, character and the power to think are the great objects of education. "We cannot make men fit to govern a nation, we cannot make patriotic, thoughtful citizens and moral people simply by technical education," said Mr. Walker.

"We are to succeed industrially, but we are to be a cultured people," said Mr. Walker in reaching the final and finest portion of his address. "We are to be rich, are we to be wise? We shall perhaps be eventually among the first in commerce—shall we be among the first in arts and letters? Unless we attain that distinction, he added, we shall not succeed. We are to be a powerful nation—shall we be a just nation? Are we to develop to be what Great Britain is, the only nation in the world that can be trusted to govern subject peoples justly? We are to be a democracy—will that be a guarantee of freedom, or a mere oligarchy?" He was not a pessimist, Mr. Walker declared, but an optimist; a business man to succeed must be an optimist. But optimism must be ballasted with common-sense. The wise optimist expects trouble, looks upon all trouble as mere detail, but plans to meet trouble. "I am so proud of my country and so confident of my countrymen, I look for the best results. But my ideal of what we should eventually become is so high that all our contentions which deter instead of aiding our true progress are irritating. We are just beginning to be on trial before the other nations of the world," Mr. Walker said, in conclusion. "It may be easy to do better than most of them have done—but we should do better than the best. Let us, then, be humble in our time of probation, not vain. We cannot become a great nation without developing national character with decided moral greatness. There is enough wrong in our country already to make us anything but vain at our stewardship thus far."

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HANDKERCHIEF CASE.

Useful When Traveling and Also For Collars and Stocks.

A handy handkerchief case for women who travel is one of those utterly simple little inventions that are so wonderfully helpful and can be enlarged upon or developed into a dozen other things as satisfactory in themselves. A double use for it, by the way, is to tuck turnover collars and stocks in the division under the handkerchief.

Take two strips of silk or ribbon, each twelve inches long by four wide, lay cotton batting, with flannel powder inserted, smoothly over both pieces, and line them with silk or another color or white.

Lay one on the other, crossing, so that the centers of both are in the same spot, and sew along the edges of the outer strip, leaving the edges of the inner strip free. Then tack a half inch ribbon to the center of the outside, fold the inner strip in three by laying each end over flat, and fold the outer over in the same way, tying the ribbon securely in a bow on top.

The folds, both lengthwise and crosswise, will prevent your handkerchiefs from working out, as they do so often in handkerchief cases. And collars can be neatly slipped between outer and inner strip and folded over the handkerchiefs. They will thus less this way, if your space is too limited to box them comfortably, than any other way.—Philadelphia North American.

FLAKY PASTRY.

How to Mix, Work and Shape It to Get Good Results.

For flaky pastry sift together three and a half cups of sifted flour, half a teaspoonful of baking powder and a teaspoonful of salt. Thoroughly work in half a cup of lard, then moisten with half a cup of very cold water. Turn on to a floured board and roll into a thin sheet. Wash half a cup of butter in cold water and work until smooth, patting out all the water; then shape into one-third the size of the pastry, laying so in the middle and folding one side evenly over it and the other side on top thus: Fold one end over and the other end under the butter, pat gently to oblong strip. Fold again evenly to make three layers, turn half round and roll again. Repeat the folding and rolling twice more, and the pastry is ready for use. This process sounds tedious, but really is very simple. The paste should be soft enough to roll easily, but not sticky.

Pastry should not be rolled back and forth. Instead, a long, continuous motion from the point nearest the operation to the other side should be used, pressing lightly with the rolling pin, to shape it use a sweeping motion to the side, but always lift the rolling pin and start in again at the point nearest—Pilgrim.

It doesn't take two pairs of half-hose to make a whole.

It is just as well to think your own ideas can occasionally be improved upon.

When a woman has been surrounded by a crowd of men for an evening she pronounces herself a success.

Dorothy's Dictionary.

Dorothy had driven half the household wild by her attempts to discover the meaning of a word. At last her mother, in despair, took down the big unabridged dictionary and showed it to her. The next day Dorothy was in a strange house and got into an argument with the youths of the place over the meaning of another word. To convince her that they were right they pulled out a small school dictionary and showed her the definition.

But if they expected Dorothy to be impressed they were bitterly mistaken. "Huh!" said she, wrinkling up her nose and mouth in a highly insulting and sarcastic manner. "That dictionary don't count. That's only one of those old bridge dictionaries. Wait till you come to my house, and I'll show you I'm right with our big unabridged one."

Stuffed Peppers.

Cut the stem ends of large sweet peppers and dig out the seeds, taking care not to have them stick the sides or they will make the dish too hot. Lay the emptied peppers in ice cold salt water for an hour. Have ready a good mixture of ham, of chicken, of veal or of lamb, with breadcrumbs or cold boiled rice worked up with it to avoid soggy-ness. Season with onion juice, salt, butter and gravy, also tomato juice if you have it. Fill the peppers with this and pack, open ends in, in a bake dish or pan. Fill in between them with a good gravy. Strew fine crumbs over the tops and bake, covered, half an hour. Then brown.

Cleaning Laces.

Here is a wrinkle, says a late English magazine, for cleaning laces at home. You must often have despair of getting your lace that delightfully dirty yet clean color which you see in the shops. Mark some very weak tea and add a few drops of India ink (the best) to the tea. Dip in your lace.

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