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ALEX. GREGORY, Sec'y.

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ters, Solicitors of the Supreme Court, Notaries Public, etc. Meney to loan on Mortgages, at lowest wates. Offices, Fifth Street. Matthew Wilson, K. C., W. E. Gundy, J. M. Pike.

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Give your wife a chance and shell bake bread like that mother used to make,

For rolls and biscuitsthat require to be baked quickly there's nothing like

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Barry Preston

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It was a mere whimsical idea that prompted Adam Breck to swing suddenly round in his office chair that gray November day and say, "Throw in the farm at Buttonwood, Jimmy, for good measure, and we'll close the deal here and now." It was an equally whimsical idea that sent Breck up to Putterwood the following June to In-Buttonwood the following June to in-spect the farm; for Jimmy Cregar had closed the deal then and there, and a deed to the place, duly drawn up and recorded, had reposed in a pigeonhole of Adam's desk since November. He had scarcely given the place a

thought heretofore, and as to what it might be like he had not cared a whit, for the deal would have been decidedly to his advantage even without the farm. That June morning, however, in overhauling his papers, he had come across the deed; and, with one of those sudden decisions for which he was famous, he was off to Button-wood to see his farm, the deed in one pocket and a bunch of jingling keys in another. He might sell the place, he might rent it, he might give it away. That was immaterial. The charm of the affair lay in its incongruity. He was starting out to inspect a piece of property the very existence of which he had ignored for some months. He chuckled to himself as he climbed into the smoker of the train.

ctimbed into the smoker of the train.
That evening Adam sat on the stone doorstep of his Buttonwood house. He had been most happily disappointed in the place. The house was a low, rambling, story and a half affair, in an excellent state of repair. An inviting plazza ran along the northern side; the western end was half hidden under rambler rose bushes just coming into bloom, and a hox hedge divided his bloom, and a box hedge divided his domain from the road. To the left he could see the cozy house of a nearby neighbor, Dr. Thurston, as Breck learned from the lantern above the gatepost next door. The peace and quiet of the place appealed to him. Seated there in the red twilight Adam



suddenly felt a desire to remain hereto build up the place by his own ef-forts. Sell it, rent it, give it away? No. indeed. He would build it into his own devising. And, the mood being strong upon him.

#### Had to Give up and go to Bed.

Several Doctors Attended But Did No Good.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills CURED.

Read what Miss L. L. Hanson, Waterside, N.B., says: "I feel it my duty to express the benefit I have received from Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. A year ago last spring I began to have heart failure. At first I would have to stop working and lie down for a while. Then I got so bad I had to give up altogether and go to bed. I had several doctors attend me but they did me no good. I could get no relief until urged by a friend to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. Before I had used three quarters of a box I began to feel the benefit and by the time I had taken three boxes I was completely cured."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cure nervousness, sleeplessness, palpitation of the heart, skip beats, and all troubles arising from the heart or nerves.

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Mrs. Fairbanks tells how neglect of warning symptoms will soon prostrate a woman. She thinks woman's safeguard is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Compound.

"Drae Mes. Pinkham:—Ignorance and neglect are the cause of intold female suffering, not only with the laws of health but with the chance of a cure. I did not heed the warnings of headsches, organic pains, and general weariness, until I was well nigh prostrated. I knew I had to do something. Happily I did the right thing. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound faithfully, according to directions, and was rewarded in a few weeks to find that my aches and pains disappeared, and I again felt the glow of health through my body. Since I have been well I have been more careful, I have also advised a number of my sick friends to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and they have never had reason to be sorry. Yours very truly, Mes. May Fairsanks, 216 South 7th St., Minneapolis, Minn." (Mrs. Fairsbanks is one of the most successful and highest salaried travelling saleswomen in the West.)—\$500 forfait if original of above letter profing your large seamon the produce.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

he trudged the mile and a half to town

to telegraph for his effects.

Early next morning Breck set to work. With a pair of ancient pruning shears he had found in the shed he was trimming the hedge, which, somehow or other, was not the simple task he had imagined. He was awkwardly lopping off the twigs when he became aware some one was watching him from the other side of the fence. He turned and saw a girl looking at him from the depths of a sunbonnet. She was an amazingly pretty girl, and the laughter lurking in her eyes was a trifle disconcerting.

"Good morning," she said. "Are you

our new neighbor?" Breck doffed his hat, and, fishing in his vest pocket, found a card. He ap-

proached the girl.
"I am Adam," he announced, presenting the card, "and this is Eden I am making. I fear I'm doing it badby," he added, with a deprecatory wave

toward the gouged hedge.
"Rather," said the girl, her eyes "If you like, papa will lend

ou the gardener. "Oh, no," said Adam; "this is to be an Eden of my own making. Therein lies the charm."

They talked of commonplace matters-of strawberries and pansy beds and the like. He discovered she was Edith Thurston, the doctor's daughter. He also discovered she was the most charming young woman it had been his privilege to meet. When she turned to the house he watched her to the

door.
"Eve, by Jove!" he asserted, as she entered. Then he returned to his

entered. Then he returned to his hedge trimming with a vigor which threatened to exterminate it.

After that they entered into the joliest sort of friendship. Every morning sheecalled across the fence: "Good morning. Mr. Adam. What is the latmorning, Mr. Adam. What is the lat-est bulletin from Eden?" Whereat Adam would perch on the fence and drolly relate his experiences with the pruning shears or the lawn mower, or e would set forth his doubts as to where the raspberry bushes should be set out. Summer waxed and Eden

"It's finished," said Adam, almost regretfully, "Eden is complete as far

as my work goes."

They sat on the stone doorstep in the twilight of a late July day. The girl was looking pensively at the red sky.

"More Edens to conquer?" she asked

lightly.
"No," he said. "I want to complete

"You said it was finished," she said. "I said my work on it was finished," he returned. "Here is Adam," he went on, "and here is Eden. There's a dis-

She started. "Pray how do I know?"

He slipped an arm about her and drew her close to him. "I've always known her," he explain-

ed, "but I never saw her until she look-ed at me across a fence and laughed at me from the depths of a sunbonnet because I gouged the hedge. Does it suit her?" he repeated.

"Adam." There was a world of ten-derness in her voice.
"Eve," he said gently.

Twenty times William Archibald Stewart had been forbidden to cross the trolley tracks to buy candy, and twenty times William Archibald Stewart had disobeyed. Patience had ceased to be a virtue with William Stewart's control of the control of the

art's father.
"Don't be too hard on him," the mother pleaded.

But William's father had his dander up and his rattan ready as he sum-moned the culprit into his august pres-

"Willie," he said, "how many times have you been forbidden to cross the trolley tracks to buy candy?"

William did not answer, but stood with head lowered and hands ready to

press to his eyes.

"Don't you know it hurts papa even more than it does you to have to punish his little boy? Now, suppose you had a little boy and you had told him twenty times not to cross the trolley tracks, and suppose he disobeyed you— what would you do with him?"

William swallowed a lump in his throat and threw back his shoulders with a visible effort.

"Papa," he said, "I don't think I'd
like it. But—but I'd—I'd try everything in this world before I'd lick my

child!"-New York Press. Mrs. Polk's Escape.

When Polk was a member of con-gress he and his wife were riding in coach in Tennessee. The driver ventured into a swollen stream, where presently the horses got beyond their depth and commenced

got beyond their depth and commencer swimming. A little more and the coach would have been engulfed. At that moment a man came up the bank on horseback and shouted to the driver to stop. The danger seemed imminent, and Mr. Polk, who could not swim, called out from his seat inside the coach, of-

fering any amount of money to any one who would save his wife. The man on horseback seemed afraid to venture to the rescue, but Mr. Granville Pillow, who was sitting beside Mrs. Polk, threw off his coat, exclaiming, "I will take you out, madam!" He swam to the bank, compelled the

man to give up his horse, mounted, plunged into the rapid current, came up behind the stage and told Mrs. Polk to step on the high hind wheel and thence upon the shoulder of the horse. He held her firmly in his arms and bore her safely to the bank.

Dickens' Name. A question having arisen in the Pall Mall Gazette as to the earliest authentic portrait of Charles Dickens, Mr. F. G. Kitton writes to that journal as fol-lows: "I venture to say that the earliest presentment which bears the stamp of authenticity is the miniature on or authenticity is the miniature on ivory painted by Mrs. Janet Barrow (nee Ross) in 1830, representing 'Boz' at the age of eighteen, with a high satin stock and wearing a coat with broad lapels such as was worn in the reign of William IV. Mrs. Barrow was an aunt of Dickens and achieved

great repute as a painter of miniatures.
"With regard to the correct spelling
of Dickens' third baptismal name of Dickens' third baptisman hands
there is, I think, no doubt that 'Huffam' is the accurate rendering. My authority is the late Robert Langton,
who, in his carefully compiled work on
'The Childhood and Youth of Charles
Dickens,' points out that the spelling of the name as 'Huffham' in the Port-sea register of baptisms is incorrect an assertion borne out by Forster's remark that on rare occasions Dickens

### IS THE RACE GOING BACK?

re Canadians Not So Strong And Vigorous as Their Fathers?—Bad Stomachs to Blame—Dodd's Dyspep-sia Tablets the Remedy.

Is the race deteriorating? Are men, and women, too, not as strong and vigorous as the pioneers who carved Canada out of the forest. General observation and medical expert opinion both tend to those conclusions.

"You won't have any trouble finding the serpent," she observed.

"Eve came before the serpent," he said.

"I should think," she said, "you'd profit by example. Eve was the undoing of the original garden."

"There'll be no serpent in this garden," he said. "I've made this solely for Eve. Every flower bed I have made, every drop of paint I have put on, has been with the thought of Eve. It's all for her."

"Then you had Eve in mind when

"There'll be no serpent in this garden." It've made this solely for Eve. Every flower bed I have made, every drop of paint I have put on, has been with the thought of Eve. It's all for her."

"Then you had Eve in mind when you came here?" she asked.

"Yes," he fabricated unblushingly.

"Oh," she said in a queer little voice.

"I've always known her," he went on, "from the time I was a child."

"Bhe was silent.

"I've always thought I'd make her an Eden with my own hands. I hope she'll be happy here. Do you suppose it will suit her?" he asked anxiously.

"It should," she said.

"Does it suit her?" he asked very gently.

She started. "Pray how de I know?"



Whooping Cough, Croup Bronchitis, Cough, Grip, Asthma, Diphtheria

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