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expense. Don't let peor circumstances keep you away. We Trust you until cured.

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Detroit, Mich.

District.

District.

Bert Pelfrey was a visitor here on Wednesday.

Mr. J. W. Wise visited a few days in this vicinity.

The Misses Stevens, of Kansas, who have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Schindler left this week to visit relatives in Harwich.

Miss Rae MacPherson is spending her vacation with relatives and friends in Woodstock.

Mr. Smith returned to Bothwell on Tuesday.

Mrs. Blonde and children, of Chathard Chart of the state of the few and the following the following

Tuesday.

Mrs. Blonde and children, of Chatham, are spending a few days with the former's parents here. Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Dowd, of De-troit, are visiting the former's par-

onts here.

Matrimony is an important step.

Miss Margaret Bateman spent Sun- In fact it's a whole flight of stairs.

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day and Monday with friends in De-

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What do you look for

-elegance?

-quality?

-style?

—fit?

wink.
"He—he wouldn't believe his eyes if
he saw her tricks. It is a bloo-bloom-

score?"

The Record

By MARGARET MUZZEY

was about to begin at the Maston

and a crescent pin set with pearls was put up especially for the ladies by "Millionaire Miller," a rich old bache-

Tom Price, aged sixteen, had de-clined to enter for the tournament. He stood no chance of winning with-

out a big handicap and despised that sort of victory. If he were able to play scratch like Mr. Sloan—but that

play scratch like Mr. Sloan—but that contingency was too far in the future to be considered. So, holding aloof from competition, Tom felt entitled to Indulge in disinterested criticism. Joe

Smith, instructor for the club, was his

chosen confidant,
"Mr.—Mr. Sloan ought to get the cup. He—he has bo-bogied the course

"I'd send Mr. Sloan if he were not

playing himself," said Joe, with a

midsummer golf tournament

Copuright, 1906, by P. C. Easts



and after Sloan made a practice

would not dare li-lie about her score."
"The very thing!" Joe exclaimed.
The clubhouse piazza was crowded with guests to see the players in the tournament drive. The "game with no age limit" included child rising against parent and grandchild against.

grandparent. The first to drive was Millionaire The first to drive was Millonaire Miller. He took plenty of time to arrange his knees, shoulders, elbows, wrists, hands and fingers, gave his body a mighty twist and, as if boring

body a mighty twist and, as if boring for oil with the fees of his right foot, swung his club hissing through the air. The spectators were breathless. Shading his eye with one hand, Miller strained eagerly forward.
"I didn't follow through," he said excitedly. "Where did it go?"
"I see it, sir," said the caddy, surreptitioning picking im the hall a foot

citedly. "Where did it go?"

"I see it, sir," said the caddy, surreptitiously picking up the ball a foot from the tee to find it 175 yards away. He understood his business. He was Miller's favorite caddy.

Pretty Mary Benson came next, looking the picture of innocent girlhood in white linen, the pulled up sleeves showing her piump arms below the elbow. "Mr. Morse, the earnest little curate, was delighted to keep her score and fellowed along, talking eagerly in his high pitched voice.

Tom had brought his huge concert hall graphophone to the clubhouse and set it up in one corner of the parlor to play band music for an impromptu dance in the evening, and he came out on to the plazza just as Mary Benson was about to drive; then he cut across the links on a run and when she and Morse reached the third tee was, to all human appearance, looking for a lost ball some distance off the course.

"Third" was a bad place to drive from, with the brook at the bottom of a sharp incline not fifty yards ahead, and Mary sent her ball—where? The caddy looked in the long grass at one side, and the curate, who admired her beauty, and Tom, who did not admire her at all, looked at Mary. She poked among the stones by the brook with her driver for a minute; then, glancing at Morse, who was apparently adding at Morse, who was apparently adding

the score, but really watching her from the corner of his eye, she stooped over, and a ball emerged from the puff above her left elbow.

her left elbow.

"Here it is," she called, and, sure enough, there it was on a little flat

"An easy lie," thought Tom, "in two

At that moment Mr. Morse had a surprising accident. He started toward Mary, stumbled at the top of the bank and, unable to stop himself, ran straight into her with such force that they were both hustled into the brook up to their knees and were spattered with muddy Country club. A handsome cup had been given to the president of the club to be played for by all the members, water to the tops of their heads. Tom rolled over behind the bushes in an

ecstasy of delight.

"By—by jingo! That parson will be an ar-ar-archdeacon yet," he said.

Half an hour later Tom climbed in at the rear window of the clubhouse par-

lor. He had composed some verses that he meant to record in his graphophone and spring on the company later. He adjusted the blank cylinder, recorder and small horn and was about to repeat them when in walked the Rev. Mr. Morse looking like an evolution from a rummage sale in garments has tily snatched from various lockers. He laughed ruefully. "I suppose you saw what happened?"

he said.
"Wouldn't have missed it for a di-dia-

"He is a crackerjack," said Joe.
"Who goes around with Mi-Miss
Benson—I mean to ve-verify her mond sunburst.' "You did not see anything peculiar, of course, except the accident?" asked

Morse anxiously.
"One accident—two de-designs," said

Tom promptly.
The curate groaned. "I simply had to throw her out of the game some way. I could not counte-nance her score and had not the cour-

age to expose her deceit before so many "It was grand," said Tom. "If she's the sli-sli"—
"She certainly is sly," interrupted the

'slightest good she knew she was

"The same as lying," put in the curate.

"likely to get caught," finished Tom. "I trust you, my boy," said Morse, laying his hand on Tom's shoulder, "but it occurred to me you might tell what you saw to your favorite, Mr. "I shan't say a word, but he ought

to know. He might marry her and fi-fi-find out afterward." "She will never marry him," said

Morse.

"He—he thinks she will," said Tom.
"I started to tease her about him, and she made fun of him—imitated his slow way of speaking. A girl may disclaim or protest about a man she really cares for, but ridicule—never! Besides, she gave me to understand she is engaged to Mr. Miller. Here comes Sloan. I do not wish to meet him just now." And the curate escaped from

the window.

The handsome young athlete found
Tom fussing over his graphophone, taking off the small horn and putting on the big "morning glory." "Who won the ladies' pin?" he asked.

"Your grandmother," said Sloan, laughing.

"My wh-what?"
"She had a handicap of forty-five on the nine holes and came out ahead of Miss Brown, the English girl, who played the whole course in forty-five." The crowd on the plazza was cheering and calling for Sloan to present him with the cup which he had won.
"Bring me a drink, Tom, will you? I

am choking with thirst and must go outside a minute," said Sloan, throw-ing himself on the divan.

isn't square."

"Round girls are prettier," said Joe.
"It is no joke. Something ought to be—be done. Listen. Why not send the cu-cu-curate around with her? He would not dare li-lie about her score."

"The very thing!" Ico.

When Tom returned the room was empty. Sloan had avoided them all, cutting across the fields to town, and neither Tom nor any of his fellow golfers saw him again until he returned from Europe a year later after Miss Benson was married to Millionaire Mil-

Dialects of England.

The dialects of England are so various that grammatical eccentricities are commoner even than among the mixed oples of the United States. An English paper has been printing some choice examples. In Somersetshire a party of masons are at works One of their number is idling. The foreman

Joe (warningly)-Hi, Ben, there be

gaffer eyin' ee!

Ben-Aye, I eyed ee eye I.

An example from Punch, but true as to dialectic peculiarities, is recalled. It is the reply of a farmer to a former it is the reply of a latther to a former clear of his parish, who sympathized with him on the fact that his three elderly daughters were not married. "You zee, sur," he said, "when they would ha' they, they wouldn't ha' they. Now they would ha' they, they won't ha' they."

A Curious Epitaph.
One frequently comes across curious pitaphs, but we have never before leard of that useful and necessary sitchen requisite, the "dripping pan," injuring upon a tombstone. The following curious lines, however, are to be found in Wooditton churchyard, near Newmarket, and let mot the head of the stone is a dripping pan:



These two ailments often accompany each other. When bile gets into the stomach it causes nausea. When in this state, if you get heated, you may turn sick. If you hurry—av to catch a street railway car—sick again. When you walk quickly, dizziness may overcome you. You may imagine you could relish food, and when it is placed before you, be obliged to turn away in disgust! Stere gir's, stenographers and women who spend a good deal of time indoors are particularly property. spend a good deal of time indoors are particu arry prone to billiousness and indigestion, and find Bileans a veritable boon.

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