

With Tessa As Proxy.

By JEROME SPRAGUE

Copyrighted, 1907, by Homer Sprague.

"Tessa," said Miss Mason, with decision, "you are not making that bed properly."

Tessa, tucking in the sheet of the doll's bed, raised limpid, inquiring eyes.

"I told you I wanted hospital corners."

Tessa wavered, curled a small red lip and overlooked.

"Don't cry—oh, Tessa, don't cry!" Miss Mason expostulated as the small pink aproned atom flung herself at full length on the floor.

Tessa did not move.

"Well, I shall have to let Mary Brannigan do it," said Miss Mason.

Mary Brannigan and Tessa Votoldi being sworn rivals in the affections of the settlement teacher, the small Italian raised a calculating eye. Mary, every red curl bobbing, every freckle radiant, already had hold of one corner of the infinitesimal sheet.

Then Mary pulled and Tessa pulled.

"Perhaps you'd better let Tessa finish it, Mary," said the teacher weakly. Mary blazed wrathfully. "Aw, she doesn't know how!"

"Oh, well," Miss Mason sighed, "see if you can make it, Mary. Tessa can watch you and tell you if you don't do it properly."

Tessa, sobbing a soft accompaniment to Mary's bedmaking, squealed suddenly.

"She's gotta be hem out-a-side."

"Oh, Mary," said Miss Mason reproachfully, "I thought you could do it."

"An' I can," said Mary, "but I won't," and straightway, like a small fury, she tore the bed to pieces and flung the mattress on the floor.

The twenty small girls of the little housekeepers' class looked at the teacher with expectant eyes.

"Oh, Mary!" quavered Miss Mason. She felt unequal to discipline. It was

merged people. I want to go where every one is clean and the air is pure and where I can breathe." As she caught her breath sharply he bent over her with a sudden tender light in his eyes.

"Poor little woman!" he murmured. "Don't pity me," Miss Mason said, with flaming cheeks, "but I do like pretty things. Why, I am a different creature in my pink dimity. You've never seen me in it, have you?"

He smiled down at her indulgently. "No," he said slowly, "but I saw you once in an old white linen that had been torn and trampled, and you held in your arms a little child that you had saved—and you were beautiful!"

"Oh, that was Tessa," Miss Mason said quickly, "the morning the fire engine horses ran away. It was a wonder we weren't both killed."

"I saw you for the first time, and I knew then that I had found what I had been looking for all my life."

Her startled eyes read the meaning in his. "Oh, no, no," she protested, "I am not good enough. I am vain and frivolous—and I long for the flesh-pots."

He went on steadily. "I have seen you since then every day teaching your little girls to be tidy and sweet and good, and I have wondered at your bravery—when you might be in luxury, cool and comfortable."

"So might you," she reminded him. "How many men of your talent and influence would have chosen a downtown church?"

"Oh, that," he put it away lightly. "I like it, and I am a man—but not many women would do it."

"Don't," she said tremulously; "don't praise me." And she rose and went to meet Tessa, who was coming toward her, sobbing.

"Oh, Tessa! Crying again?"

It was discovered after some questioning that Tessa's conscience was hurting her. She was sorry, she whispered, that she had been bad.

"Poor baby!" Miss Mason crooned as she gathered the small culprit in her arms. "Dear heart! And the wet cheek lay against her own."

As they sat in the above the stained glass window of the parlor, office made a background of sapphire light, against which Miss Mason's fair hair shone like a halo. Tessa, smiling and forgiven, lay with her limpid eyes shut.

The rector, still seated on the corner of his desk, looked at the pair with thoughtful eyes.

"Do you really think you would be happy on the hotel porch?" he probed.

"It would be cool," Miss Mason said wistfully, "but I should miss the love," and her eyes went toward the children playing peacefully at the end of the room.

"Whose love?" he asked boldly.

Tessa's eyes opened sleepily. "I love-a you!" she murmured fervently. The eyes of the rector held the eyes of the little teacher masterfully.

"You say it like that!" he commanded.

"Oh, I—I can't," she breathed, all pink and white and tremulous, "but Tessa shall be my proxy!"



"I LOVE-A YOU," SHE MURMURED FERVENTLY.

very hot, and the room was close, and the children had been restless and fussy all the morning.

"Oh, Mary," she quavered again as a young man in a Panama hat and round clerical collar poked his head in at the window.

"Can't you and the little girls come over and have lunch with my boys in the parish office?" he asked.

A sigh of blissful anticipation issued from twenty throats.

"They have been so naughty!" Miss Mason hesitated. "I don't know whether I should let them."

Twenty pairs of eyes reproached her, and the young rector said, "No one ought to be naughty on such a day."

"Well, if you will promise to be very good," Miss Mason finally decided. And, like lion and lamb, Tessa and Mary led a decorous procession.

The young rector's class in wood-carving were having sandwiches and cake and lemonade, provided by the ladies of the parish. There was a big pitcher of lemonade, and the ice tinkled deliciously as the biggest boy filled twenty glasses for the twenty little girls.

The young rector, beaming with enthusiasm, sat down beside the little settlement teacher. "It's lovely work, Miss Mason," he said.

Marion shook her head. "Oh, no, it isn't," she said; "it's horrid. They are so ungrateful. I wish I was out on a hotel porch in my best linen frock, with my hair marcelled and with the waves beating a soothing accompaniment to the conversation of some intelligent masculine."

With a twinkle in his eye, the young rector asked, "Can't I masquerade as an intelligent masculine?"

"Oh," Miss Mason conceded, "you might. But I'm not dressed for the part. Shirt waists and serge skirts and tan shoes, and dusty ones at that—she poked out a small foot in a shabby shoe—are not the attire of attractiveness."

"We planted vegetables in the school garden all the morning—beans and things—all of us were grubby."

"I don't believe you would be really happy on that hotel porch," asserted the young rector as he sat on the edge of his desk and looked down at her.

"I should! I want to be care free and frivolous and to forget the problems of the suffering and the sub-

merged people. I want to go where every one is clean and the air is pure and where I can breathe." As she caught her breath sharply he bent over her with a sudden tender light in his eyes.

"Poor little woman!" he murmured. "Don't pity me," Miss Mason said, with flaming cheeks, "but I do like pretty things. Why, I am a different creature in my pink dimity. You've never seen me in it, have you?"

He smiled down at her indulgently. "No," he said slowly, "but I saw you once in an old white linen that had been torn and trampled, and you held in your arms a little child that you had saved—and you were beautiful!"

"Oh, that was Tessa," Miss Mason said quickly, "the morning the fire engine horses ran away. It was a wonder we weren't both killed."

"I saw you for the first time, and I knew then that I had found what I had been looking for all my life."

Her startled eyes read the meaning in his. "Oh, no, no," she protested, "I am not good enough. I am vain and frivolous—and I long for the flesh-pots."

He went on steadily. "I have seen you since then every day teaching your little girls to be tidy and sweet and good, and I have wondered at your bravery—when you might be in luxury, cool and comfortable."

"So might you," she reminded him. "How many men of your talent and influence would have chosen a downtown church?"

"Oh, that," he put it away lightly. "I like it, and I am a man—but not many women would do it."

"Don't," she said tremulously; "don't praise me." And she rose and went to meet Tessa, who was coming toward her, sobbing.

"Oh, Tessa! Crying again?"

It was discovered after some questioning that Tessa's conscience was hurting her. She was sorry, she whispered, that she had been bad.

"Poor baby!" Miss Mason crooned as she gathered the small culprit in her arms. "Dear heart! And the wet cheek lay against her own."

As they sat in the above the stained glass window of the parlor, office made a background of sapphire light, against which Miss Mason's fair hair shone like a halo. Tessa, smiling and forgiven, lay with her limpid eyes shut.

The rector, still seated on the corner of his desk, looked at the pair with thoughtful eyes.

"Do you really think you would be happy on the hotel porch?" he probed.

"It would be cool," Miss Mason said wistfully, "but I should miss the love," and her eyes went toward the children playing peacefully at the end of the room.

"Whose love?" he asked boldly.

Tessa's eyes opened sleepily. "I love-a you!" she murmured fervently. The eyes of the rector held the eyes of the little teacher masterfully.

"You say it like that!" he commanded.

"Oh, I—I can't," she breathed, all pink and white and tremulous, "but Tessa shall be my proxy!"

About Strawberries.

Many persons have wondered how strawberries got their name. They have been so called by Anglo-Saxon people for hundreds of years, but no corresponding name for them appears in other languages. On the contrary, their fragrance mainly is set forth in the names by which they are called in non-English speaking lands. The old Anglo-Saxon form was "strew-berige."

It seems probable that the "strew" is the long stem of the vine, which runs along the ground. Some have thought, however, that in ancient times the Anglo-Saxon berry hunters brought the berries home or sent them to market upon straws. The explanation that the word is a corruption of "strawberry" due to the running habit of strawberry vines, is believed to be erroneous as well as that which would derive the name from the habit of placing straw among the plants to keep the berries off the ground.

Coronets of dukes are adorned with strawberry leaves, though authorities on heraldry insist that they are not strawberry leaves at all, but merely conventional leaves which popular fancy has turned into the foliage of the favorite berry. However, strawberry leaves are actually borne by the house of Fraser of Lovat as a punning allusion to the family name, since "fraser" is French for strawberries.

"Joking."

When Richard le Gallienne first visited this country he was introduced at one of the clubs to a gentleman who delights in elaborate funmaking and does it all with an intensely sober face. After the first formalities were over the humorist asked the poet abruptly:

"Well, Mr. le Gallienne, how is the poetry business?"

Mr. le Gallienne surveyed the face of his questioner and, seeing nothing in the countenance to enlighten him, replied, with dignified seriousness:

"I should hardly speak of poetry as a business."

"Why not?" said his interlocutor.

"The grocer sells groceries, the merchant dry goods and you sell rhymed stuff. The market rates you obtain vary with conditions and the quality of the article offered for sale. The grocer is complimented when inquiry is made as to the conditions of the grocery trade. Why not the poet when asked about his business—his sonnets, lyrics, ballads and other forms, which are often sold at a ruinous sacrifice?"

Mr. le Gallienne stared, still perplexed at this harangue, when the half-suppressed laugh of the listeners cleared the air and the humorist himself smiled.

The poet woke up and said, with an air of great relief:

"Oh, I see; you are joking!"—Judge.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine
Carter's
Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

W. D. Carter

See Face-Smile Wrapper Below.

Very small and so easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S
LIVER
PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE,
FOR DIZZINESS,
FOR BILIOUSNESS,
FOR TORPID LIVER,
FOR CONSTIPATION
FOR SALLOW SKIN,
FOR THE COMPLEXION.

CHATELAIN'S MUST-BEAR SIGNATURE.
Purely Vegetable. Non-Toxic.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

AN INSECT PLAGUE.

The Mosquitoes That Infest the Region of Lake Nyassa.

In his book "From the Cape to Cairo" E. S. Grogan writes: "The Kungu fly, which is peculiar to Lake Nyassa, resembles small May flies, and at certain seasons of the year they rise from the water in such stupendous clouds that they blot out the whole horizon. Seen in the distance they have exactly the appearance of a rain-storm coming across the lake. When they are blown landward they make every place uninhabitable by the stench which arises from the countless millions that lodge and die on every inch of sheltered ground. I myself have seen them lying a foot deep in a room, and I was told that they are often much worse. The natives sweep them up and make cakes of them."

"Biting and poisonous ants are another pest, but the mosquito is the great enemy of man. It was absolutely necessary to turn in half an hour before sunset and to make all the preparations for the night. I piled all my belongings round the edge of my net and kept a green wood fire burning at each end, and then I lay inside, smoked the native tobacco and prayed for morning. As soon as the sun went down the mosquitoes started operations."

"It was like having a tame whirlwind in one's tent. They could not possibly have been worse. Every night 200 or 300 contrived to enter my net—I have no idea how. The most pernicious and poisonous kind was a very small black mosquito that might possibly have penetrated the mesh. I used to turn out in the morning perfectly dazed from the amount of poison that had been injected during the night."

Wrinkles.

A small boy of an inquiring turn of mind, says the Philadelphia Inquirer, looked at his father earnestly and asked:

"Father, what are wrinkles?"

"Network, my son—network," replied paternally and confidently.

What Ails You?

Do you feel weak, tired, despondent, have frequent headaches, coated tongue, bitter or bad taste in morning, "heartburn," belching of gas, acid risings in throat after eating, stomach gnaw or burn, foul breath, dizzy spells, poor or variable appetite, nausea at times and kindred symptoms?

If you have any considerable number of the above symptoms you are suffering from biliousness, torpid liver with indigestion, and special Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is made up of the most valuable medicinal principles known to medical science for the permanent cure of such abdominal conditions. It is a most efficient liver invigorator, stomach tonic, bowel regulator and nerve strengthener.

The "Golden Medical Discovery" is not a patent medicine or secret nostrum, a full list of its ingredients being printed on its bottle-wrapper and attested under oath. A glance at its formula will show that it contains no alcohol, or harmful habit-forming drugs. It is a fluid extract made with pure, triple-refined glycerine of proper strength, from the roots of the following native American forest plants, viz., Golden Seal root, Stone root, Black Cherry bark, Queen's root, Bloodroot, and Mandrake root.

The following leading medical authorities, among a host of others, extol the foregoing roots for the cure of just such ailments as the above symptoms indicate: Prof. R. Barlow, M. D., of Jefferson Med. College, Phila.; Prof. H. C. Wood, M. D., of Univ. of Pa.; Prof. Edwin M. Hale, M. D., of Hahnemann Med. College, Chicago; Prof. John King, M. D., Author of American Dispensatory; Prof. Jno. M. Sander, M. D., Author of Specific Medicine; Prof. Laurence Johnston, M. D., Med. Dept., University of N. Y.; Prof. Finley Ellingwood, M. D., Author of Materia Medica in Remedial Therapeutics, Chicago. Send name and address on Postal Card to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., and receive free booklet giving extracts from writings of all the above medical authorities and many others endorsing in the strongest possible terms, each and every ingredient of which "Golden Medical Discovery" is composed.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. They may be used in conjunction with "Golden Medical Discovery" if bowels are much constipated. They're tiny and sugar-coated.

NOT AN OLD ONE.

They alluded to me as an old grafter, declared Senator Gishall angrily.

That's a shame. Ain't it, now?

I should say so. You're only 52.

FORECAST OF FASHION

Sunbonnets Are the Latest Fad of the Summer Girl.

RULES FOR THEIR SELECTION

Poke Shape For the Round Faced Girl. Baby Faced Maiden Can Wear the Lingerie Model—Featherbone Cap Style For Edna May Type.

Sunbonnets are the rage this summer. It is undoubtedly a pretty fashion and, it may be said, a comfortable one too. The materials responsible for these bonnets are so light and airy that their weight is not noticed, and, while affording more protection than the average street hat, they do not disarrange the coiffure. There are no hard lines resting on the head nor stiff pins for holding these sunshades in place,



LINGERIE MODEL POKE BONNET.

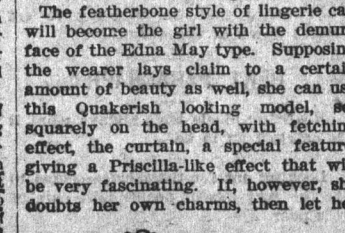
and then they have the additional merit of being universally becoming. Not that these sunbonnets can be placed on the head at random—not at all. The careless grace with which they are worn is the result of real effort, notwithstanding all their careless effect. But, then, as there is no true conventional way of setting the bonnet upon the head, it can be tried over and over again at every angle until it suits the contour of the head and the desired coquettish touch is accomplished.

A few general rules in regard to their selection are, however, necessary, as there are quite a number of models to select from, and one may not be quite confident as to their own judgment in such matters.

The pretty poke bonnet in the illustration will become the round or short faced maiden, whether she be fair or dark. The poke will add length to the face, and the broad bow formed by the ties will provide a pretty background for a plump chin. Then the soft frill of lace outlining the brim is really one of the most fascinating features of the whole bonnet.

The baby faced girl may wear the lingerie model and look more girlish still in it. This is built from batiste, embroidery, lace and finest lawn, trimmed on the ends with embroidery and lace. As a rule, I think these should fall straight rather than be tied. Some faces may be able to stand the bow under the chin, but what might be picturesque in one case may become grotesque in another, so the safer plan for the average maiden will be to use the strings in a toy fashion for holding the bonnet down to the head rather than tying it so. You see, the shape of the bonnet being round, the effect of a large bow directly under the chin and tied on one side will destroy the lines of the bonnet on a grownup. Only real babies should attempt it.

The featherbone style of lingerie cap will become the girl with the demure face of the Edna May type. Supposing the wearer lays claim to a certain amount of beauty as well, she can use this Quakerish looking model, set squarely on the head, with fetching effect, the curtain, a special feature, giving a Priscilla-like effect that will be very fascinating. If, however, she doubts her own charms, then let her



Wagner's Childlike Happiness.

While in London in 1855 Wagner took a walk every day in Regent's park. There, at the small bridge over the ornamental water, would he stand regularly and feed the ducks, having previously provided himself for the purpose with a number of French rolls, rolls ordered each day for the occasion. There was a swan, too, that came in for much of Wagner's affection. It was a regal bird and fit, as the master said, to draw the chariot of Lohegrin. The childlike happiness, full to overflowing, with which this innocent occupation filled Wagner was an impressive sight never to be forgotten. It was Wagner as you saw before you, the natural man, affectionate, gentle and misanthropic. From Ferdinand Praeger's "Wagner as I Knew Him."

Huxley's Larger View.

James Huxley, once a member of the staff of the Pall Mall Gazette, was a typical man of letters. And Huxley, as everybody knows, was a typical scientific man. Huxley had been a midshipman when Huxley was a naval surgeon. Years after the two met each other on the steps of the British museum. "Huxley," said Huxley, "I care nothing for man except as a creature of historical tradition."

"Nor I," answered Huxley, "for him except as a compound of gas and water."

"But," he added, "if we were each of us better educated men than we are we should know how to respect each other's studies more."

Had to Take Him Down.

"Why does Mrs. Everson have her own baptismal names engraved upon her card instead of those of her husband? She isn't a widow, is she?"

"No, but I understand that she had a batch of cards engraved once upon which she styled herself 'Mrs. William Edgar Everson,' and he was so puffed up over it for two or three days that he actually seemed to think he was the head of the family. It is never safe to give some people too much leeway, you know."—Cleveland Leader.

Either Way.

"If you do not take care of your money," said the ant to the grasshopper, "the world will simply sneer and ask what you did with it."

"Yes, and if I invest it and become rich the world will sneer and ask me where I got it."—Washington Star.

Have You Found the Answer to the Ever Recurring "Piano Question?"

Every excellence in design, construction and tone is embodied in the highest degree attainable in the

GOURLAY PIANOS

Are you a Home-lover, a Vocalist or a Teacher of music? A Goulay Piano will delight the eye with a beauty unexcelled in art-design, ravish the ear with the purest "grand" quality of tone, enhance the natural quality of the voice, and aid the concert-pianist in artistic performance.

GOURLAY PIANOS SATISFY EVERY TEST OF TIME AND USE
High Priced but Worth the Price. Special Payment Plans.

Shipped anywhere in Canada on approval. Write your needs to

GOURLAY, WINTER & LEEMING

Head Office—185 Yonge Street., Toronto.
Manufacturers of the Superb

Goulay Pianos

WING SHOOTING.

It Cannot Be Taught to Hunters by Reading Books.

Wing shooting can no more be theoretically taught than can riding, skating, sailing a boat, milking a cow or playing the violin. Practice and perseverance in this, as in all field sports, can alone make perfect, while the most persistent effort even then often fails to make a "crack shot." Certain rules, however, must govern the beginner, which, if observed, will materially aid him in becoming an expert.

When a novice takes the field for game he is very apt to become flustered, or "rattled," at the critical moment when the bird is flushed, and then he will stare, open mouthed, and wonder how it happened. This often occurs in the field, and the tyro invariably has some plausible excuse to offer. His "gun was not cocked," he "stumbled his toe just as the bird rose" or some equally weak explanation is made, or else he lays all the blame on his dogs, whose thoughts, could they but express them, it would be interesting to interpret.

The best wing shooters do not close one eye in aiming, nor do they follow the bird in its flight with the muzzle of the gun, but closing one eye is admittedly better than tightly shutting both, as many young would be sportsmen have been known to do.—James W. Dixon in Recreation.

Wagner's Childlike Happiness.

While in London in 1855 Wagner took a walk every day in Regent's park. There, at the small bridge over the ornamental water, would he stand regularly and feed the ducks, having previously provided himself for the purpose with a number of French rolls, rolls ordered each day for the occasion. There was a swan, too, that came in for much of Wagner's affection. It was a regal bird and fit, as the master said, to draw the chariot of Lohegrin. The childlike happiness, full to overflowing, with which this innocent occupation filled Wagner was an impressive sight never to be forgotten. It was Wagner as you saw before you, the natural man, affectionate, gentle and misanthropic. From Ferdinand Praeger's "Wagner as I Knew Him."

Huxley's Larger View.

James Huxley, once a member of the staff of the Pall Mall Gazette, was a typical man of letters. And Huxley, as everybody knows, was a typical scientific man. Huxley had been a midshipman when Huxley was a naval surgeon. Years after the two met each other on the steps of the British museum. "Huxley," said Huxley, "I care nothing for man except as a creature of historical tradition."

"Nor I," answered Huxley, "for him except as a compound of gas and water."

"But," he added, "if we were each of us better educated men than we are we should know how to respect each other's studies more."

Had to Take Him Down.

"Why does Mrs. Everson have her own baptismal names engraved upon her card instead of those of her husband? She isn't a widow, is she?"

"No, but I understand that she had a batch of cards engraved once upon which she styled herself 'Mrs. William Edgar Everson,' and he was so puffed up over it for two or three days that he actually seemed to think he was the head of the family. It is never safe to give some people too much leeway, you know."—Cleveland Leader.

Either Way.

"If you do not take care of your money," said the ant to the grasshopper, "the world will simply sneer and ask what you did with it."

"Yes, and if I invest it and become rich the world will sneer and ask me where I got it."—Washington Star.

IT'S THE LITTLE POINTS THAT COUNT IN A PERFECT RANGE

"Built to last a lifetime"—that's a poor recommendation for a stove, if it has no other. What you want is a smart, bright, up-to-date cooker and heater—strong, simple and handy.

BUCK'S Happy Thought Range

is the acme of stove simplicity and full of those little points that make housekeeping pleasant and economical.

Easy to Regulate—Easy on Fuel—Easy to Dump

Radiates heat at less cost in fuel than any other range, cooks quickly and evenly, transparent door in oven to watch the cooking. Combination grate and a dozen other handy conveniences.

Buck's HAPPY THOUGHT is the RANGE OF QUALITY

This range is built in sizes to suit all requirements. More than 200,000 in use in Canadian homes. Ask your dealer to show you one, or write us for our illustrated catalogue. Sent free on request to any address in Canada.

The WM. BUCK STOVE CO., Limited
BRANTFORD MONTREAL WINNIPEG

James A. King,
Sole Agent for Chatham.

THE RELIANCE LOAN AND SAVINGS CO. OF ONTARIO
HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.

BRANCHES: AYR, CHATHAM AND OSHAWA.

The funds of the Reliance ARE LOANED ON FIRST MORTGAGES ON IMPROVED REAL ESTATE, AND ON MUNICIPAL DEBENTURES AND BONDS, BUT NOT ON STOCKS OF ANY DESCRIPTION, EXCEPT THAT OF THIS COMPANY.

INTEREST ON DEPOSITS PAID

4 TIMES A YEAR AT 3½ PER CENT. per annum, and allowed from date of deposit to date of withdrawal. Money can be withdrawn by cheque.

DEPOSIT RECEIPTS

4 PER CENT. per annum allowed on deposit receipts issued for twelve months or longer. Interest paid by cheque half-yearly.

DEBENTURES

4½ PER CENT. per annum interest allowed on Debentures issued for five years. Interest coupons paid half-yearly.

THERE IS NO BETTER SECURITY

J. BLACKLOCK, Gen. Mgr., J. A. WALKER, Mgr. Chatham Branch.