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DOYLES.

James M. Doyle has hired Fred Zimmer for the coming season. Tom Dillon visited with friends on the 9th Sunday.

Joe Doyle spent last Sunday the guest of Josephine Zimmer. Miss Mary Carley is visiting with friends in the city for the past few weeks.

Joe Meloché and Walt Doyle were the guests of Pat Kelly on Tuesday last.

Miss Kate Doyle has returned home after a month's visit with Mrs. F. Zimmer, of Harwich.

Mrs. James Lamb, who has been seriously ill, is recovering rapidly.

Miss Josephine Zimmer visited Mrs. Jos. Doyle for two months. She intends to make Raleigh her home in the near future.

Wedding bells will be ringing in the near future.

Miss Breen, of the city, has returned home after a few days visit with Miss Mary Larke.

Jerry Carley is expected to leave for Chicago in a few days.

Jack Houston made his business trip on the Jenner side road last Friday night.

F. Zimmer has returned home after a few days visit with Joe Doyle. Fred thinks there is no place like Raleigh.

George Wellwood has opened his barber shop at Charing Cr. ss.

Tom Davy, of Chicago, is visiting with M. Waddick for this week.

Joe Meloché visited with Owen Carley last Sunday.

K. Doyle spent last week the guest of Miss Cora Meloché.

BOWSER'S HUMANITY.

Finds a Lost Boy in Street and Has an Idea He Will Adopt Him.

HIS KINDNESS IS MISPLACED.

Parents of the Child Accuse the Philanthropist of Stealing Their Offspring and Come Near Giving Him a Beating.

[Copyright, 1907, by P. C. Eastment.]

"Well, what is it this time?" asked Mrs. Bowser as Mr. Bowser came home the other evening to dinner holding the hand of a very dirty and very ragged boy about six years old.

"Didn't you hear this child crying and waiting on the street?" he queried to reply.

"No, I didn't. There is so much noise all the time that I pay no attention to anything."

"Of course not. Half the population of the city can freeze and starve to death in front of the house, and you wouldn't concern yourself at all. Thank heaven that I was born with a heart."

"And what do you call this?"

"This is either a lost or an abandoned boy. I found him crouched against the fence and hungry and cold, and I have brought him in to succor him. He is so cold and exhausted now that he can't talk, but after dinner we will question him. He may have been sent out by his mother to beg a few pennies to keep his brothers and sisters from starving, or his discouraged



"AND WHAT DO YOU CALL THIS?"

and desperate father may have abandoned him to the tender mercies of the world. See that he has a plate at the table."

Mrs. Bowser took a closer look at the boy and smiled. The boy returned her look and seemed to be confused and uneasy.

"Are you trying to scare him to death?" demanded Mr. Bowser.

Boy is Ravenous.

Mrs. Bowser did not answer, but led the way down to dinner and gave the boy a seat at the table and heaped his plate high with dinner. He was as ravenous as a young wolf, and after watching him for awhile Mr. Bowser said:

"Poor child! I suppose this is the first meal he has sat down to for many weeks. This place must seem like heaven to him."

"What are you going to do with him?" was asked.

"I don't know yet. He should be returned to his parents tomorrow if they can be found. If not, I may adopt him. One has only to glance at his face to see intelligence far beyond his years."

As the kid was cross eyed and snub nosed and flat faced, Mrs. Bowser couldn't see the intelligence part, but she made no comment, and directly Mr. Bowser continued:

"If this child is adopted and reared as he should be, who knows the goal he will ultimately reach?"

"That's true. He has begun well by reaching for about everything on the table."

"Never mind that. Of course he hasn't been brought up to have table manners. I wish you were more humane, Mrs. Bowser."

"I could pick up a dozen lost children a day, but I have no clothes or food for them."

Calls Wife Hard Hearted.

"If you were a millionaire the poor would be no better off for it. You are selfish and hard hearted. You have no sympathy for those in misfortune. Any evening I may come home and find a man, woman or child frozen to death in the vestibule."

"We might put a kerosene stove out there," she suggested.

Mr. Bowser turned red in the face and was about to say something decisive when the lost boy looked around for something more to devour, and, not finding it, he picked up his plate and slammed it down on the floor and began to kick and yell.

"Here, what the devil is this?" shouted Mr. Bowser as he rose up. "Young man, what do you want?"

"Sunthin' 'teat," replied the boy.

"Something to eat! Good lands, but you have eaten more than three hired men could already! You may get something more by and by, but not now. We'll go up to the sitting room. Mrs. Bowser, why didn't you smile at him and speak a few motherly words?"

Mrs. Bowser took the boy by the hand and led him upstairs. On the way they passed the cat, and he gave her a vicious kick. As he reached the sitting room he walked over to the

plane and began kicking that and shuffling. Mr. Bowser seized his arm and hauled him away and twisted him around and said:

"We mustn't judge him too harshly. He is hardly old enough yet to know whether we are his friends or enemies. Isn't it a sad case that a child of his age is without a home, perhaps without a father or mother?"

Kicks at Bowser.

"Very sad, indeed, but still he ought to behave himself," answered Mrs. Bowser as the boy kicked at Mr. Bowser and just missed one of his shins.

"He will be all right as soon as he knows we are his friends. He may have a father who came home and beat him, and he has got in the habit of fighting back. Bubby, come here. Now look at me. I am your friend. I am going to give you more to eat and a warm bed to sleep in tonight. I like boys. Perhaps I shall adopt you and send you to school and let you live with me all the time. What is your name?"

"Cheese it!" impudently exclaimed the lad after a moment.

"What! What's that?"

"He said 'Cheese it!'" explained Mrs. Bowser as she laughed behind her hand.

"And you are giggling over it, of course! You can't understand that poverty and the want of human sympathy have made him what he is. Where do you live, sonny?"

"Rats!"

"Hey, what do you mean by that? Don't you understand what I mean? What street do you live on?"

"Oh, come off!" answered the boy as he turned away to chase the cat back down in the basement.

Mrs. Bowser had to giggle. No woman could have helped it. The first giggle set Mr. Bowser's ears to working back and forth, and at the second he rose and shouted:

"Yes, giggle and giggle and giggle, and be hanged to you! You can't see that you are encouraging the child in his impudence. You are disappointed because he wasn't found dead of cold and hunger at the gate. The boy is all right, only he is afraid of you."

"Then I'll go upstairs and you may question him some more."

"Sonny," said Mr. Bowser after she had disappeared, "I want you to understand that I am your friend. I have some pennies in my pocket, and if you will tell me where you live I will give them to you. What is the street?"

"Taffy!" grinned the boy.

"Look here, you young cub, but you are inclined to be impudent. I want you to answer me straight or out you go. What is your name?"

"Bug house!"

Draws Him Over His Knee.

Mr. Bowser reached for him and drew him over his knee. He forgot all about adoption and human sympathy. He was about to perform the old fashioned spanking act when two things happened at once. The kid fastened his teeth in the humanitarian's leg with a grip like that of an alligator, and the front door bell rang, and somebody drummed on the glass panel of the door outside. The boy was twisted down on the floor and the bell answered.

The callers were a man and a woman—man and wife. They were not yet inside the hall when the man brandished his fists and shouted:

"You old child stealer! Where is my boy?"

"Yes, you villain, where is our Peter?" added the woman.

"What does all this mean?" asked Mr. Bowser as he stared at them.

"It means that we live five doors above here and that tonight you enticed our little son into your house. What have you done with him? Where is he? Bring him out at once or I'll knock that bald head off your shoulders!"

Claws the Air.

"And if he can't I'm the woman who can!" added the wife as she clawed the air.

Before Mr. Bowser could get things straight the boy came running past him into his mother's arms and gave him a kick to be remembered by, and then the three fled down the steps. When Mr. Bowser shut the door and turned round Mrs. Bowser was on the stairs. A smile of human sympathy was on her face, and as he flourished his arms around and tried to utter words she softly said:

"Yes, I think it would be a good plan to adopt him, and I promise to try to be a mother to him!" M. QUAD.

Dummy.



"Now, Maria, how do those boys know we are going to a whist party?"—New York Herald.

A Little in Doubt.

"I suppose you are glad to see the interest your boy takes in his books."

"Yes," answered Farmer Cornstossel. "I shouldn't be surprised if one of these days he knew as much as the college professors themselves. The only thing is that college professors don't look to me as if they got as much enjoyment out of life as a lot of people that haven't near as much knowledge."

—Washington Star.

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Larder Lake Goldfields

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DISTRICT**ZONE CENTRE.**

Mr. Van Horn, of Louisville, was the guest of his son, John William, during Easter.

Mr. H. H. Eberlee spent last week with his son Charlie, in Dresden.

Mr. Joseph Bourne, of Lambeth, visited friends here recently.

George Tinney was the guest of friends at West Lorne last Sunday.

Miss Ada Reynolds, of Bothwell, and Miss Eva Frances, of Wardsville, spent Thursday with Mrs. Geo. Lids-ter.

Miss Flora Garrod, of Chatham, returned to her home on Saturday, after visiting Mrs. Jas. Ferguson. Charles Chapman has moved back on his farm here.

Miss Myrtle Tinney spent part of the week with her grandmother.

Mr. John Bourne has his farm advertised for sale. He intends moving to Lambeth in the near future.

ASK FOR Labatt's (LONDON)**India Pale Ale**

Prejudiced and unscrupulous vendors may suggest others, but compare it any way you will—purity, freedom from acidity, palatableness—Labatt's Ale is surpassed by none, equalled by few—at about half the price of best imported brands.

CAMDEN TOWNSHIP.

Camden's prospect for the coming summer is a glorious one. Never in the history of this farming community did the people enjoy the anticipation of such an abundant harvest. Most of the people of this township had all of their fall plowing done, which puts them in proper shape to take advantage of such an early spring. Nearly every farmer seems to be happy and delighted with his work, which sometimes seems to be a drag, but as Nature is favoring him with her richest gifts of warm weather and sunshine, all the past trouble is forgotten and all things seem new. The wheat crop of this township seems to be all right in color, and is almost covering the ground. The meadows are looking equally as good. The clover is splendid. Some places you can almost hear the meadowlarks singing. The fruit as yet has come through without a blemish, and there will be an abundant crop of peaches and apples if no future harm befalls them. In our neighboring township—Dawn—seems to be a little backward in the way of wheat and meadows. A great many of their clover meadows are badly heaved. There is no place on earth like this farm.

Alex. Lawrence's sale the other day was well attended and everything was sold at a fair price.

A. Wilcox seems to lead this spring. He has nearly thirty acres plowed.

Mrs. James Tweedie had a narrow escape from being burned to death. While lighting the fire with coal oil it exploded and burned her face and hands badly. Luckily her clothing escaped, which would in all probability have caused her death.

Stanley Williston says business is picking up.

The Latter Day Saints are holding revivals at Wabash yet.

Our councillors say that the taxes of Camden this year will be away down. It is about time, for we have always been assessed most unmercifully high.

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