SUFFERED AGONY FROM DYSPEPSIA

"Fruit-a-tives" Makes Wonderful Cure

N. C. STIRLING, Esq.

GLENCOE, ONT., Aug. 15th, 1911.

"So much has been said and written about "Fruit-a-tives" that it might seem unnecessary for me to add my experience.

But "Fruit-a-tives" were so beneficial to me when I suffered with distressing Dyspepsia, that I feel called upon to inform you of the remarkable and satisfactory results I have had from using them.

I was [illegible] by a committee of the [illegible] give you [illegible] short-lived pleasures and days than most common complaints.

"I am glad to be able to say to you that although in the past I suffered excruciating agony with Dyspepsia, I am now in perfect health.

"Fruit-a-tives" accomplished the desired result and I have to thank them for my very favorable and satisfactory state of health"

N. C. STIRLING.

Why don't you try "Fruit-a-tives"? 50c a box, 6 for $2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

White Ribbon News.

Woman's Christian Temperance Union first organized in 1874.

AIM.—The protection of the home, the abolition of the liquor traffic and the triumph of Christ's Golden Rule in custom and in law.

MOTTO—For God and Home and Native Land.

BADGE—A knot of White Ribbon.

WATCHWORD—Agitate, educate, organize.

OFFICERS OF WOLFVILLE UNION.

President—Mrs. L. W. Sleep.
1st Vice President—Mrs. J. Kaye.
2nd Vice President—Mrs. F. Woodworth.
Recording Secy—Mrs. W. Mitchell.
Cor. Secretary—Mrs. G. Bishop.
Treasurer—Mrs. H. Pineo.
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Flowers, Fruit, and Delicacies—Mrs. J. Kaye.
Labrador Relief Work—Mrs. Woodworth
[illegible] Mrs. Fielding.
Narcotics—Mrs. Bleakney

Regular Business Meeting last Friday in each month at 3.30 p. m., in Temperance Hall. Labrador Meeting at the homes of the members 1st and 3rd Tuesday evenings in the month.

An Indian's Appeal.

Lucius Aitsan, who sent this letter to the President of the United States is a member of the Baptist church at Saddle Mountain, Okla.

To Our Great Father in Washington

Dear Great Chief Our Father.—I am Kiowa young man, thirty-five years old, with a wife and four children, and I interpret at Saddle Mountain. Jesus has sent his Spirit into my heart, and I know what it is to be saved, and my wife is the same way, and two of my children. Because this is true, I am anxious about my people.

Nearly three hundred of them have found the Jesus way. Many of them are very weak yet, and only stand up a little on the Jesus road, and sit down a lot; but we know that the devil seems to be the chief in this life.

A long time ago, when the gospel began away across the ocean somewhere, in Jesus country, the devil was very mad and tried to kill it, like a prairie fire, but he couldn't work fast enough, for it burst out all over, and he couldn't run back again, for it was going ahead too.

Then it started to cross the big water to find the Kiowas, and it kept coming, coming, coming, making a big bright light. The devil was heap scart, and came on ahead like a coyote, al[illegible] and looked around keeping of Christ's scart, and [illegible] of course, we do keep, another way, giv[illegible] consciousness [illegible] sometimes dim[illegible] bad roads out, and telling the [illegible] to hold them tight. He gave us the whisky road, and the gambling road, and the mescal road, and the dance road, and a lot more white man roads, and then watched, and to-day he is studying in his big, bad heart what he is going to do next.

The Great Father in Heaven and The Great Father in Washington worked very hard together for [illegible] to keep the whisky road off the Indians; but the devil is [illegible] smart in this life; and because the Great Father at Washington was very tired after the war, he just pushed this white man's town a little over on the Indians' land, and then put up five saloons to catch us. The devil he says: 'These saloons not for Indians,' but we know him, he is a great lier, and makes all the lies in the world in his heart.

My people are very much afraid, and cannot understand why you should send a whole lot of soldiers and General Miles down here to whip us when we were bad, and then send saloons after us to make us bad when we are trying to be good the best way we know how.

We hear that our Great Father at Washington visits his white children sometimes, and speaks kindly to them, and they clap their hands and are very happy. If you cannot visit your Kiowa children, won't you be kind to us and take away these saloons, that our tribe may be saved! Then we will clap our hands and be happy also.

LUCIUS AITSAN,
Kiowa Interpreter.

Lucius Aitsan knows how easily the Indians are tempted to drink intoxicating liquors and, how the habit brings crime and disease. Therefore he is trying his best to protect them from it.

God grant the people of Canada may do all they can by their influence and good laws to prevent the liquor from undoing what our missionaries are striving to accomplish among the poor Indians.

A Des Moines man had an attack of muscular rheumatism in his shoulder. A friend advised him to go to Hot Springs. That meant an expense of $150.00 or more. He sought for a quicker and cheaper way to cure it and found it in Chamberlain's Liniment. Three days after the first application of this liniment he was well. For sale by all dealers.

All Through the Drink.

What one drunken engine man can do to destroy life and property is seen in the recent accident on the Lackawanna railway at Corning, N. Y. Here was a railway which had not killed a passenger for twelve years, and it had transported 25,000,000 people. Yet because the customarily careful engineer got drunk on the Fourth of July, his train was wrecked, and forty people were killed and sixty injured. In addition, the cost to the railway company, in delays, destruction of property, and damage suits, cannot be less than $75,000 to $100,000. The railway engineer who drinks may lose his head both figuratively and literally. He may be willing to take the drink and the risk, but there ought to be some way of protecting the passengers' heads by compelling total abstinence. In this connection it is reassuring to notice the increase in the number of railways which prohibit the sale of intoxicants upon sleeping cars and dining cars.—Chicago Standard.

We wish to call your attention to the fact that most infectious diseases such as whooping cough, diphtheria and scarlet fever are contracted when the child has a cold. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy will quickly cure a cold and greatly lessen the danger of contracting these diseases. This remedy is famous for its cures of colds. It contains no opium or other narcotic and may be given to a child with implicit confidence. Sold by all dealers.

It is said that the Czar of Russia owns a larger number of saloons, distilleries, wine shops, etc., than any other individual in the world. He has over 30,000 saloons, controls 4,000 liquor manufactories, and gathers in from these an annual revenue of nearly $4,000,000,000. The increase in his income from this source in 1910 over that of the preceding year was $6,000,000. Fine business for a ruler of a nation to be engaged in!

Signs of Kidney Trouble.

In the early stages kidney troubles are known by backache and urinary disorders. Later come dropsy, stone, rheumatic pains and perhaps diabetes. But don't wait for these. Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills will help you in a few hours. Their thorough action on the liver, kidneys and bowels will clear away the pains and aches and make you well again.

The second ballots for the Norwegian parliamentary elections show a decided gain for the Progressives. Of the 41 seats lost by the Conservative parties, 15 have been won by the Socialists. A feature of the elections has been the number of votes cast by women. In spite of the fact that so far the franchise has only been granted to women with proper qualifications, a large number of their votes have been given to the Progressive parties.

A Lumberman's Opinion.

'I was troubled with palpitation of the heart and sleeplessness,' writes Mr. Wm. Pritchard, Lumber Inspector, Lansdowne Mills, Ont., 'and used Dr. Chase's Nerve Food with very great benefit, as my whole system was strengthened and built up.' Dr. Chase's Nerve Food forms new, rich blood and restores the feeble, wasted nerve cells.

'The most absent minded man I ever saw came up and bought a ticket the other day,' said a box office expert.

'One ticket. He came back later and asked for another, explaining sheepishly that he and his fiance were so used to occupying only one chair that he had forgotten to buy two.'

If you are troubled with chronic constipation, the mild and gentle effect of Chamberlain's Tablets make them especially suited to your case. For sale by all dealers.

Which of them?—Mr. Borden tells a story of a man who was asked about the habits of one of his friends.

'Doesn't Jock Anderson get a wee bit drunk sometimes?' was the question.

'Drunk?' was the other's reply. 'Man, the last time I was with Jock he got that drunk that I couldn't see him!'

DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH POWDER 25c. is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops dropping in the throat and relieves deafness. 60 Sure Cures in One Box. 25c. a box; blower free. Sold by druggists, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

The value of a [illegible] is measured not by the price mark, but by the spirit of the giver.

Her Choice.

For a long time his wife had been in need of a new muff, and after hinting to her lord that her happiness would never be complete till she owned a new muff he at last decided to gratify her desire. So he went to the shop and picked out a couple, one of which was cheap, and the other very expensive. Upon these he changed the price tickets, putting the cheap price mark on the expensive muff, and then took them home.

For a long time the good wife pondered, and at last said:

'Now, dear, the expensive muff is a beauty, and it is really very good of you to allow me my choice. Some women would take it without a word, but really I don't think we can afford the expensive one; and besides, I think the cheap one is more stylish too. Why, dear, what is the matter? Are you ill?'

But 'dear' had fled into the night where alone and unseen he could kick himself.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

Free Religion.

A colored preacher was preaching on free religion.

'Religion am free,' reiterated the speaker. 'It am free.'

He repeated this assertion many, many times, and finally when he seemed to even tire of it himself and noticed that his congregation was ready to accept the statement as an absolute fact, out of sheer self defence, the parson said:—

'And now de collections will be taken. Ah solicitis an extra large donation.'

From the rear of the church piped a voice.

'Pahson, you done say dat religion am free, and yet yo' ask for a large collection. How am dat?'

The parson said he thought he could explain it to the inquistor's entire satisfaction.

'Watah am free, am it not?' he asked, with a flourish of the hand that carried conviction with it. 'Am not watah free? It am. Yet yo' pay fob it, don't yo'? Why? It am not de watah dat yo' pay fob. It am de piping. Dat's what costs yo' money in religion, de piping.'

I was cured of Rheumatic Gout by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
ANDREW KING.
Halifax.

I was cured of Acute Bronchitis by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
LT.-COL. C. CREWE READ,
Sussex.

I was cured of Acute Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
C. S. BILLING.
Markham, Ont.

The teacher in a small school was conducting a grammar lesson.

'Now, children,' she said, 'in the sentence, John was struck by James, there is a person known as the agent James is the agent, because he is the person that did the act. Now, what is the agent, Mary?'

'The agent is the person or thing that does the act,' replied Mary.

The teacher turned her eyes on a little fellow in the corner who was not giving much attention, and in rather sharp tones asked:

'Tommy, do you know what the agent is?'

'Yes'm; he's de gink dat pop kicked out yesterday.'—Judge.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Three accidents on one American railway have within fifteen months cost the road $1,500,000, according to newspaper reports. That sum would have gone a long way towards providing every possible safety device. Railway men assert that these wrecks were the result of false economy.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Those who fondle the serpent shall feel its fangs.

A good many people don't like my methods of advocacy, 'because,' as they say, 'I am not a Prohibitionist. I am a Prohibitionist; and further than that, I am an annihilationist.'—John B. Gough.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Sealed Tenders.

For the Collection of County and Poor Rates in the various Wards in the County of Kings, and Dog Taxes as per By-law, are requested for the year A. D. 1913.

1. Tenders to be filed with L. DeV. Chipman, Clerk of the Municipality, at Kentville, until the first of January, A. D. 1913, noon.

2. All Tenders to be marked 'Tender for the Collection of Rates,' and to name the proposed boondsmen.

3. Collectors must guarantee the amount of such rate bills, and the collection thereof, subject only to any loss the Council may see fit to adjust.

4. The Council do not bind themselves to accept the lowest or any tender. By order.

L. DeV. CHIPMAN,
County Clerk,
Mun. of Kings, N. S.
Kentville, Nov. 25, 1912.

Use Canada Cement

There's no need to point out the advantages of good roads.

It used to be the Macadam for the country, the only material used. Then, twenty years ago concrete was introduced. And for these twenty years concrete has been proving itself.

It is now acknowledged to be one of the best known materials for roads or for street pavements—to be superior to ordinary macadam as macadam is superior to sand.

Estimating the Cost.

It is not the first cost of a road that determines it's real cost; nor is it the first six months of service that determines whether it's a good road or a poor one.

The only sure way to find out what a road will cost, is to add to the first cost all that is spent for repairs in fifteen or twenty years.

Now, that's where concrete roads win every argument—their first cost is practically their only cost; they require little or no upkeep cost. Concrete, instead of needing repair, actually becomes stronger with age.

How You Can Help.

You can help your community to come to a wise decision the next time the question of roads comes up. Your influence will be a factor in providing yourself and your neighbors with thoroughly satisfactory highways.

We wish to convince you first—we know that when you are "backed up" with facts which we will gladly furnish you, you will be able to convince your neighbors.

Make it your business to [illegible] We have a special department [illegible] not only give you [illegible] supply [illegible] municipality [illegible] roads.

Ask for "Good Roads Literature" or use the coupon.

Address—Good Roads Department,

Canada Cement Company, Ltd., Montreal

Your Influence for Concrete Roads

The kind of good road, however, is another matter.

PORTLAND CANADA CEMENT

Everybody: Please send me your Good Roads Literature. I want concrete highways.

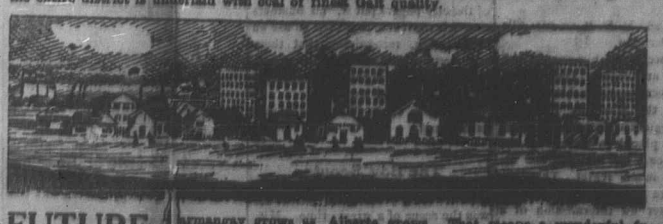
YOU CAN MAKE MONEY IN

Carmangay

"The Star of Alberta"

PAST The splendidly strategic site of Carmangay was discovered by a far-seeing, shrewd railway engineer attracted to the district by the lure of the finest wheat in the Canadian West. He snapped up lands in [illegible] of the Little Bow River [illegible] to a point. Here must all railways come and the shipping winter created went ahead by leaps and bounds.

PRESENT Carmangay to-day is a thriving incorporated town, with not less than 63 business places. Her up-to-date electric and natural water supply systems are owned and operated by the people. Carmangay boasts an eight-roomed schoolhouse, two banks and four big elevators, shipping over a million bushels in 1911 and 1½ millions in 1912. Carmangay has coal mines operating, and the entire district is underlaid with coal of finest Galt quality.



FUTURE Carmangay grows as Alberta grows. That means a wonderful future. Four new railroads are heading for Carmangay. Four new elevators are trying to cope with the tremendous wheat yields of the district. The mines are opening up splendid prospects. Carmangay is being rapidly developed into one of the greatest towns in the Canadian West. You can just as confidently invest in Carmangay as her own people do, who are putting in brick and stone for a tremendous future. Carmangay has her own supply of finest brick clay and stone right at her doors, and will soon supply her sister cities in Alberta.

We Are Now Meeting the Demand For Choice Lots in

Alta Vista

The High Class Residential Section of Carmangay

[illegible] has beautiful homes costing as high as $4,000. [illegible] elevated high, dry and level. Alta Vista is only a [illegible] the Post Office and City Hall.

ON T[illegible] MONTH PRICES IN ALTA VISTA WILL INCREASE $25 A LOT

Time [illegible] (Carmangay) to-day! Buy at once. Send coupon for booklet with [illegible] IT NOW.

Western Canada Real Estate Co.

HEAD OFFICE: 204 KENT BUILDING, TORONTO, ONT.

HEAD OFFICE: 204 Kent Building, Toronto

BRANCHES
Montreal, 512 New Birks Building. London, Ont., 14 Dominion Chambers. St. Thomas, 304 Talbot St. Sault Ste. Marie, 180 Queen St. East. Haileybury, Kingston, Toronto. Midland, Brantford, 6 Tuscarora St.

Cut Out and Mail This Coupon To-day

WESTERN CANADA REAL ESTATE CO.
204 Kent Building, Toronto, Ont.

Please send, without obligation on my part, literature containing map, figures and views of Carmangay.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

SCADDING, Wolfville.

Wolfville Real Estate Agency.

Persons wishing to buy or sell apply to J. W. SELDRIDGE, Manager.

Wolfville, April 27.

Teacher—We're thinking of putting up a nice motto over your desk to encourage the children. How would 'Knowledge is Wealth' do?

Teacher—Not at all. The children know what my salary is.

Electric Restorer for Men

Strengthens every nerve in the body. Makes men out of weak, nervous wrecks. Guaranteed to cure any form of nervous disease or money refunded. $1 per box, 6 for $5. Sold by druggists everywhere.

A LITTLE HENPECKING

BY GEORGE BRYAN

She was a "terror," to quote Mr. Middleditch's own words. Some three months before she had come for a couple of months to see "her dear daughter Hannah." Perhaps she noticed the unwelcome glint in her son-in-law's eye when she spoke of extending the visit for a further day or two. Anyhow, she was still there, and, to the unhappy husband, it seemed as though she was likely to be a permanent resident.

During the first few weeks Alfred Middleditch, finding his pretty broad hints ignored, let himself go in choice sarcastic shafts.

"When's the furniture coming along, ma?" he asked on one occasion, and was met with the prompt rejoinder:

"Not until I send for it."

Mrs. Sarah Tyson (that being the lady's name), was a brawny, large-jawed woman with "a will of her own," which will, as a matter of policy, was always set in direct opposition to that of her daughter's husband.

Mrs. Tyson had some very modern and decided views as to relative importance of the sexes, and these views she practised to such good effect that Mr. Middleditch soon found himself dethroned as master of the house—a mere cipher, a wage-earner.

In these distressing circumstances he confided the story of his trials and humiliations to his friend Tom Dunner. That gentleman responded with a half-pitying half-contemptuous smile.

"A man what lets a woman sit on his chest ain't a man!" exclaimed Mr. Dunner.

"Well, what would you do?" asked Mr. Middleditch, stung by the emphasis of the definition.

"Do! Me! Why, my wife's ma comes round to help with the washing or minds the kids when Betty an' me goes to the Empire!"

"She's one o' the good-natured sort," suggested Mr. Middleditch. "What is she was like mine?"

"I'd 'out' her; blow me, it'd be a pleasure to do a month for the privilege. I'd ask her quiet an' civil-like at first to take her body off the premises. If she point-blank refused, I'd catch hold of her an' drop her somewhere."

"My ma-in-law," said Mr. Middleditch, quietly, "is about five feet eleven; she is as broad as she's long, an weighs somewhere about fifteen stone. She could pick me an' you up like—like two loaves o' bread, Tommy."

Mr. Dunner scratched his head perplexedly.

"I'm surprised at you marrying into such a family—meaning no disrespect to the missus, o' course. You can't use a gun, can you?"

"A gun?"

"I was thinking you might pretend to go stark raving mad."

"Ho-ho! She'd have me put in Colney Hatch. Nothing'd please her better if it wasn't that the wages would stop coming in."

"Look here," said Mr. Dunner, "I've got an idea. Supposing someone else does the trick for you—scares her out of her life so that she never wants to set foot in your place again?"

"That's about it," replied Mr. Middleditch; "but he'll have to be about twelve foot high an' used to managing menageries."

"He won't," retorted Mr. Dunner. "he'll just be an ordinary desperate burglar with a revolver—a casual acquaintance o' mine; Ted Climes by name."

A smile lighted up Mr. Middleditch's face.

"I'll tell you what," he chuckled, "he's not my [illegible] to give the [illegible] arrange time [illegible] said Mr. Dunner. "You don't want a nice soft job like [illegible] suppose you wouldn't mind giving Ted half a quid as a sort o' deposit—just to show it's all fair an' square like. I'll give it to 'im when I mention it to 'im to-night. There's no need for you to be dragged into it. You don't want to meet Ted. I'll arrange everything for you for nothing—as a pal."

"It's very good o' you, Tom," said Mr. Middleditch. "I can safely say the burglar's no pal o' mine, can't I?"

"That's my idea," chuckled Mr. Dunner. "You're not forgetting about the half-quid, are you?"

"Oh, o' course! Here y'are."

* * * * * * *

Mr. Middleditch was informed that evening by his friend Mr. Dunner that all had been satisfactorily settled with his friend, the cracksman; and Ted Climes, having worked off outstanding engagements, was ready to burgle Mrs. Tyson's room on the next night or the small hours following.

"He asked me," said Mr. Dunner, "whether the gentleman employing him could spring another five bob down. I told him I'd see what you said."

"He'll have all he takes," grumbled Mr. Middleditch. "The old girl's got some decent jewellery—gold watch, necklet, rings, an' such-like."

"Ted Climes wants to do the job properly," explained Mr. Dunner. "You wouldn't like him to go without the revolver, would you? We don't want any gore split; an' if he bashed her one with his jimmy in the heat o' the moment it might be awkward."

"Well have none o' that," retorted Mr. Middleditch. "I don't want the bedroom rug spotted. Why can't he take the revolver?"

"Look here, he's pawned it. I wouldn't spoil the job for the sake of five bob if I was you."

The money was produced and handed over, and Mr. Dunner promised to send it at once to his friend the burglar for the redemption of his trusty weapon.

"Mind you," said Mr. Middleditch finally, "no another halfquid do I pay out. An' when the job's done I know nothing about it, an' I don't want ever to see Ted Climes or hear what he's got, or anything."

"Trust me an' Ted," whispered Mr. Dunner with a knowing wink.

* * * * * * *

Mr. Middleditch came home from work on the following [illegible] very serious and thoughtful.

"Bad thing! We never [illegible] those urn it's going to be next, [illegible] ma!" he remarked with a heavy sigh, as he sat down to his tea.

"What's the trouble now?" asked Mrs. Tyson. "There's nothing the matter with you, bar sluggishness."

"I know there ain't; it's one of our haps at the works. Got caught in some machinery this afternoon."

"Carelessness, I s'pose!" retorted Mrs. Tyson.

"Dunno. He's booked; not expected to live the night. Keeps calling for me. Our governor says I'd better go as soon as I'd had my tea and sit up with him."

"Your governor has no claim over you in your own time," emphatically declared the old lady.

"He says he wants me to do it as overtime," ventured Mr. Middleditch.

"That makes all the difference, Hannah, you can have that new hat we were looking at this afternoon. Alf's settling down to it, you will just come in handy."

Mr. Middleditch went off to see the imaginary patient, puzzling out the problem of a "tiger and a quarter" for eight hours at any price halfpenny an hour.

"Bit of difference to Tom, I'll be bound," he chuckled. "This a-comin' a bit more expensive than I bargained for."

To pass away the time he called on his friend Dunner and stayed with him until midnight, when, receiving the delicate hint that Mr. Dunner "didn't know 'owever he were going to wake up at six in the morning," he took his departure and paced the streets homeward.

He was cold, hungry and miserable when he let himself in eventually, but he smiled hopefully when he found his mother-in-law sitting up waiting for him.

"Poor old Bill," he muttered. "I saw the last of—"

"Alfred," broke in Mrs. Tyson, with an imperious gesture, "something serious has happened while you were out."

"Something's happened?" queried Mr. Middleditch, gazing at her with an assumption of bewilderment. "Nothing—nothing the matter with Hannah?"

"No; burglars, Alfred. They would come the night you were out."

"Watched me going, I dare say," suggested Mr. Middleditch. "Were there many of 'em?"

"One is quite enough, thank you; especially a great murderous ruffian with a revolver."

"Revolver?" echoed the attentive auditor. "You—you saw him?"

"Saw him! Yes, it's a wonder I'm alive to tell you. I disturbed him, and he covered me with his weapon and threatened to blow my brains out if I moved a muscle."

"Did—did he escape?" inquired Mr. Middleditch.

"Of course he did. What could I do but let him take what he'd got? Better that than have your brains blown out."

"Certainly; did he take much?"

"Quite enough. There was your watch and chain."

"My what?" cried out Mr. Middleditch in sudden alarm.

"Your new suit of clothes, shirts, boots—in fact, he's cleared you out."

"And what have you lost?" gasped Mr. Middleditch.

"Me? Nothing. You see, I disturbed him—and, besides, he wouldn't think an old lady like me had anything worth taking. He was loaded up with your things—walked out backwards with 'em in one hand while the other pointed the revolver at me. I was never so scared in all my life—an' Hannah sleeping like a top upstairs, too."

* * * * * * *

Middleditch made an early morning call on Mr. Dunner, Mrs. [illegible] with the information that her husband was ill in bed.

"I'll trot up an' see him," said Mr. Middleditch.

"Hello; what have you been doing to yourself?" he asked when he got into the bedroom and discovered his friend scowling and fuming in bed.

"I'm ill; what do you think I'm here for—fun?"

"I don't want to disturb you," said Mr. Middleditch soothingly, "but I want you to do me a favor. I want Mr. Ted Climes' address."

"You said you never wanted to set eyes on him."

"I do now, very particularly. I want to ask him something about that here burglary."

"You—can't—see—'im," retorted Mr. Dunner—"there!"

"Why not?"

"Because there ain't no such person," replied his friend slowly.

"Ain't no such——Who broke into my house last night?" demanded Mr. Middleditch.

"I did."

"You?" roared the other. "Oh! You did, did you? Then, Mr. Tommy, I'll just trouble you for my watch and chain, my clothes, my boots, my——"

"What are you raving about?"

"I'll rave you in a minute if I don't get 'em quick. Oh, an' my money; I want fifteen bob off o' you!"

"I reckon I earnt it," groaned the man in the bed.

"Earnt, you earned my suit o' clothes an' my——"

"Didn't I tell you I know nothing about 'em? I never took a ha'porth—didn't get the chance."

"Then what did you do?" asked Mr. Middleditch, desperingly.

"I broke in all right," replied Mr. Dunner, ironically, "an' I got to the top o' the stairs, an' then—then your ma-in-law came out."

"Well?"

"I pointed the revolver at her an' says 'hands up'. The next thing I remember was something sudden knocking. It must have been the poker. When I came to I was at the bottom of the stairs with my head between my legs. She was standing over me—an'—as she was master o' the situation, there's no denying it, she asked me if I wanted any more. So I told her I had enough, and she let me go to bed."

"You did—you liked!" hissed the furious visitor. "But she swears you took all my things."

"Then she's a—well, she's no lady!" retorted Mr. Dunner.

There are said to be Arrag 25,000 horseshoes every month.

TO LET.

A pleasantly situated house on Central Ave. containing six rooms, bath-room, &c. Furnished.

For further particulars apply to

E. S. CRAWLEY,
Solicitor,
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