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Made in Canada

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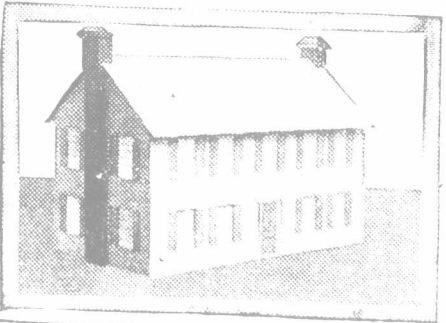


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For \$3.50 we will send prepaid this pretty Neponset Doll House. Equal to houses by stores sell for as high as \$10. If you don't think so, return it at our expense and get your money back. This price is possible because it shows you so perfectly several of our products. Size 19 inches high, 2 feet 6 inches long. Shipped flat.)



Cherine thought, "First old lady—'My dear, what do you think of this war?' Isn't it awfully?"
Second old lady, "Awful! But it can't last long. The Kaiser will surely intervene."—Piercing.

pressed fun. These were the kind of outbursts Peter loved. It was only when Felicia was about to come over to your way of thinking that she talked like this. It was her way of hearing the other side.

"Dreadful!—dreadful!" sighed Peter, looking the picture of woe. "Love in a garret—everybody in rags,—one meal a day—awful situation! Something's got to be done at once. I'll begin by taking a collection this very day. In the meantime, Felicia, I'll just keep on to Jack's and see how his arm's getting on and his head. As to his heart,—I'll talk to Ruth and see—"

"Are you crazy, Peter? You will do nothing of the kind. If you do, I will—"

But Peter, his hat in the air, was now out of hearing. When he reached the mud line he turned, drew his umbrella as if from an imaginary scabbard, made a military salute, and, with a suppressed gurgle in his throat, kept on to Jack's room.

Somehow the sunshine had crept into the old fellow's veins this morning. None of Miss Felicia's pins for him!

Ruth, from her place by the sitting-room window, had seen the two talking and had opened the front door before Miss Felicia's hand touched the bell. She had already subjected Peter to a running fire of questions while he was taking his coffee and thus had the latest intelligence down to the moment when Peter turned low Jack's light and had tucked him in. He was asleep when Peter had peered into his cramped room early this morning, and the bulletin therefore could go no further.

"And how is he, aunty?" Ruth asked in a breathless tone before the front door could be closed.

"Getting on splendidly, my dear. Slept pretty well. It is a dreadful place for any one to be in, but I suppose he is accustomed to it by this time."

"And is he no worse for coming to meet us, Aunt Felicia?" Ruth asked, her voice betraying her anxiety. She had relieved the old lady of her cloak now, and had gassed one arm around her slender waist.

"No, he doesn't seem to be, dearie. Tired, of course—and it may keep him in bed a day or two longer, but it won't make any difference in his getting well. He will be out in a week or so."

Ruth paused for a moment and then asked in a hesitating way, all her sympathy in her eyes:

"And I don't suppose there is anybody to look after him, is there?"

"Oh, yes, plenty; Mrs. Hicks seems a kind, motherly person, and then Mr. Bolton's sister runs in and out." It was marvellous how little interest the dear woman took in the condition of her patient. Again the girl paused. She was sorry now she had not braved everything and gone with her.

"And did he send me any message, aunty?" This came quite as a matter of form—merely to learn all the details.

"Oh, yes,—I forgot; he told me to tell you how glad he was to hear your father was getting well," replied Miss Felicia searching the mantel for a book she had placed there.

Ruth bit her lips and a certain dull feeling crept about her heart. Jack, with his broken arm and bruised head rose before her. Then another figure supplanted it.

"And what sort of a girl is that Miss Bolton?" There was no curiosity—merely for information. "Uncle Peter was so full of her brother and how badly he had been hurt he hardly mentioned her name."

"I did not see her very well; she was just coming out of her brother's room, and the hall was dark. Oh, here's my book—I knew I had left it here."

"Pretty?" continued Ruth, in a slightly anxious tone.

"No,—I should say not," replied the old lady, moving to the door.

"Then you don't think there is anything I can do?" Ruth called after her.

"Not now."

Ruth picked up Miss Felicia's wrap from the chair where that lady had thrown it, mounted the stairs, peered from between the pots of geraniums, across a view of the street with the Hicks Hotel dominating one corner, wondered which window along the desolate front gave Jack light and air, and

with whispered instructions to the nurse to be sure and let her know when her father awoke, shut herself in her room.

As for the horrible old ogre who had made all the trouble, nipping off buds, skewering butterflies and otherwise disporting herself after the manner of busy-bodies who are eternally and forever poking their thin, pointed noses into what doesn't concern them, no hot, scalding tears, the Scribe regrets to say, dimmed her knowing eyes, nor did any unbidden sigh leap from her old heart. Foolish young people ought to thank her really for what she had done—what she would still try to do—and they would when they were a year older.

Poor, meddling Miss Felicia! Have you forgotten that night thirty years ago when you stood in a darkened room facing a straight, soldierly looking man, and listened to the slow dropping of words that scalded your heart like molten metal? Have you forgotten, too, the look on his handsome face when he uttered his protest at the persistent intermeddling of another, and the square of his broad shoulders as he disappeared through the open door never to return again?

(To be continued.)

Gossip.

Parties interested in Oxford Down sheep should look up the advertisement of N. A. McFarlane in another column. He has some good ones for sale.

J. A. WATT'S SHORTHORNS.

The remarkable sweep made by the Salem Shorthorns of J. A. Watt this year, was, in itself, history making, for never before has a Canadian-bred herd gone the length of the big show circuit, and, in competition with the best of the Canadian and United States herds, cleaned up practically all the firsts and champion-ships. It was a remarkable showing, and all the more so when it is remembered that every animal exhibited was a Canadian-bred one, and nearly all of them bred on the Salem farm. It is very doubtful if there is another herd in existence in any country that can boast of the unprecedented fact of having as herd headers two bulls unbeaten as senior and junior champions and grand champions at every show, from Toronto and London, clean through to far Alberta, with the exception of senior and grand champion at Winnipeg. But all this is well known by Shorthorn admirers, and of more interest to breeders generally at the present time is the fact that in the herd now for sale is a big selection of herd-headers, many of them up to showing form, and exceptionally well bred, that are being priced as low as equal quality and breeding can be purchased anywhere in the country. A visit to the herd will convince.

F. W. EWING'S SHORTHORNS.

The high-class herd of Scotch Shorthorns owned by F. W. Ewing, of Elora, Ont., is this year in a particularly strong condition, made so by several one- and two-year-old heifers. These are daughters of his noted thick-fleshed and good-breeding bull, Proud Monarch, a Bawith Bud-bred son of the great bull, Imp. Blood Royal, dam Imp. Floretta, by Clifton. He is a particularly well-bred bull, and individually one of the country's very best. He is a low down, thick-fleshed roan, five years old, a show bull, and a sire of show things. His heifers are of breeding age, and Mr. Ewing was forced to buy another bull, consequently Proud Monarch is for sale. A herd-sire is the latest Toronto and London first prize single bull calf, Escara Ring-le, a R. S. variety bred son of the great sire, R. H. Scott, dam—The daughters, young R. H., and are now at Elora, Ont., in a good line. The majority of these are Shorthorns and Charolais. Others are W. S. Merinos and English Ladies. In addition, there are for sale several Eboras, by the Elora R. S. first bull, they being to the Elora Angus, and Victoria tribes. They are reds and a good-liver and nicely coloured lot. Write Mr. Ewing your wants.

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