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Put up in 25c. and 50c. bottles by the National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited.

THROUGH FIRE

It Broke Her Will.

By CLARISSA MACKIE

The long piazza of the boarding house showed a row of rocking chairs swaying gently to and fro. Under the spreading maples on the lawn were gay hammocks and more rocking chairs, and down on the sunny tennis court white clad forms darted after flying balls.

Old Mrs. Knight occupied the most comfortable chair. It was hers by tacit acknowledgment after many seasons' occupancy, but it was generally understood that when Mrs. Knight passed beyond the realm of summer boarding houses the chair of state would be filled by that second in rank of boarders, Mrs. Henry Tillerby. Mrs. Tillerby had grown inflexible in the waiting for the chair, and nothing save her undying determination to ap-



"COME, DARLING!" HE SHOUTED.

pear younger than Flora Knight deterred her from jumping Mrs. Knight's claim, so to speak.

Mrs. Henry Tillerby, who had been to school with Flora Knight, had drawn her own chair close by her old school friend.

"Where's Mabel?" asked Mrs. Tillerby, with her little black eyes fixed on Mabel Knight's graceful form down there on the tennis court.

"In her room reading a good book," retorted Flora Knight tartly.

Mrs. Tillerby shook like a strawberry jelly.

"It's a book on lawn tennis or love," she muttered.

"I think my granddaughter is quite capable of taking care of her own affairs," Mrs. Tillerby said idly.

"She is old enough to, certainly," retorted Mrs. Tillerby, who had two unmarried daughters much older than pretty Mabel.

Mrs. Knight had closed her eyes by this time and was to all appearances taking a little nap. But Mrs. Tillerby, who had known Flora Knight all her life, went on talking in her deep contralto, relating bits of boarding house gossip, criticizing the food and the service and otherwise acting in a way befitting the occupant of the second floor front chamber of Rose Hall.

Suddenly light feet ran up the side steps of the west piazza, and the two old ladies sat, and a musical voice called a laughing farewell to somebody in white dannels, who disappeared down the pine walk toward the adjacent estate.

"Well, granny, dear," cried Mabel, seating herself on the top step, "here I am! Now, don't pretend you are asleep, because I can see just a speck of little black eye peeping out. There, that's better!" as Mrs. Knight's eyes popped wide open and she sat up with a well simulated air of surprise.

Half choking and gasping for breath, she fought her way down to the piazza to find that among all the other boarders two were missing. No one had seen Mrs. Knight or Mrs. Tillerby since luncheon.

Mabel thrust her bundles into somebody's trembling hands and dashed back to the house.

"I must get grandmother!" she called back. And there was no one to stop her going, for the only man left on the piazza had gone to ring the village fire

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Keep the Children Well

"Have I been asleep, Ann?" she asked Mrs. Tillerby. "I declare your voice is so soothing. Just like one of Parson's Moore's sermons—it sends me off to sleep!"

Mrs. Tillerby flushed resentfully, but before her lips could frame a proper retort Mabel had remembered something.

"Oh, Mrs. Tillerby, Lucy asked me to tell you that she has just returned from a drive with Mr. Fenwick, and that she has something very important to tell you if you will go to her room."

"Ah, just as I expected! The dear girl—well, it's in the air, I do believe!" twittered Mrs. Tillerby as she rose ponderously from her chair and waddled around to the front door.

"Sit down here, Mabel," said Mrs. Knight with a sudden change of tone that the girl instantly noticed, for all the color and sparkle went out of her face, but her gray eyes were strangely soft and luminous.

"Yes, granny?" she asked when she was seated beside the old lady.

"You have been playing tennis with that young Ashmore?"

"Why, yes, granny, dear, I told you I was going to."

"And I told you it was in direct opposition to my wishes."

"But, granny, why do you care? He is very nice," faltered Mabel.

"He is a nobody, only private secretary to Senator Bray. There's George Fenwick ready to jump if you only give him the opportunity."

"Do you mean that you would rather I married George Fenwick for his money than than Dick Ashmore, because I love him?" stared Mabel.

"Love him, do you?" quavered Mrs. Knight wrathfully. "Marry him, then, and go to the poorhouse, for you will never get one penny of my money!" She arose and thumped her cane angrily on the floor.

Tears came to Mabel's lovely eyes, but she winked them away from the long, jetty lashes, and when she spoke her voice was so like that of her dead father that Flora Knight was shaken to the soul.

"Very well, grandmother, I will respect your wishes until your stay at Rose Hall is ended, but then I will leave you and go away, because I love Dick and I shall marry him."

"And leave me all alone?" demanded Mrs. Knight in an odd tone.

"You cannot miss me, granny, because you are rich, and money will make up to you for lack of love and everything. It's what you want me to throw away! Cousin Susie will be glad to come."

"I dare say she will. She's been pulling wires to that end for five years," snapped Mrs. Knight crossly.

"Remember, Mabel, don't let that young man come near me. I shall certainly be quite sure of it!"

"I am quite sure he will not intrude, grandmother," said Mabel coldly, and she did not turn her head as the old lady pattered away toward the dining room, for the luncheon bell was sounding.

Luncheon over, the older boarders scattered to their rooms for the mid-day siesta, while the young people started on a long talk of tramp up East mountain. Mabel Knight did not go. She sat in her room and read and dreamed until a sharp cry echoed through the house, a woman's shrill cry of alarm.

"Fire! Fire! Fire!" Mabel leaped to the door and found the hall filled with a thick yellow smoke. The cook was crying hysterically in the hall below, and doors were popping open, and other shrill feminine voices were added to the alarm.

Mabel went to her grandmother's room and found it empty. She was relieved, because she thought Mrs. Knight was safely out of danger on the front piazza.

So, picking up her own valuables and her grandmother's leather traveling box that contained precious belongings, Mabel hurried downstairs after knocking at the different closed doors along the hall.

Half choking and gasping for breath, she fought her way down to the piazza to find that among all the other boarders two were missing. No one had seen Mrs. Knight or Mrs. Tillerby since luncheon.

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alarm, and Mrs. Brownie had gone over to Brookedge station to meet some expected guests.

Smoke was pouring from the rear of the big white house, and every door and window belched forth yellow clouds.

Mabel groped her way into the hall, crept upstairs on her hands and knees and so alone to Mrs. Knight's room. Here she found the valiant old lady holding a wet towel before her face while she sought frantically through drawers and closets for something.

"Come, granny, come! I will carry you down!" cried Mabel, tugging at her arm.

"Go away, do!" grumbled Mrs. Knight from her muffled lips. "I'm trying to find Winkie's leash. The poor darling is frightened to death!" Mabel saw that Granny's pet Pomeranian was shivering under her arm.

"Oh, granny, take him as he is. Don't wait. Why, you will be burned to death!" begged the girl.

"Go yourself. Nobody cares if I do burn up!" retorted granny obstinately, but she caught her breath sharply.

A big foot dashed into the room and gathered granny in his strong arms, Winkie and all.

"Come, darling!" he shouted, and he wasn't talking to granny, either. Mabel followed, only pausing to help poor Mrs. Tillerby down the stairs.

An hour afterward it was all over. The fire was confined to the kitchen, and the boarders gathered on the grass and voted to camp out there under the maples until the house should be free from smoke once more.

Dick Ashmore, who had carried off granny against her strong wishes, continued to go to and fro, bringing various comforts from their room, until Mrs. Knight laid a trembling hand on his sooty shirt sleeve.

"Do stop this running about, Mr. Dick," she said sharply. "You remind me so much of Mabel's father." She hesitated and coughed. "Mabel's been telling me some things, and somehow I'd rather like to have a masterful man about, and, well, Mabel, you need not hug me to death, and I declare, Dick Ashmore, I do believe you kissed me, sir! Everybody's looking on too. Well, I suppose we might as well announce the engagement that way!"

And strong-willed granny stroked Winkie and rocked contentedly in her own chair, which Dick had brought from the piazza.

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A movement which threatens to become general was started Thursday night at Byron, when a meeting was held to take action to protect birds and animals from promiscuous shooters. The meeting adopted a resolution to prohibit all shooting within four miles of the village. It is contended that there is grave danger from the shooting at animals in not only that district, but all over the province. There has been several human lives lost from this cause, and other sections are discussing the problem.

A boy in Enniskillen, while on his way to school, broke through some ice that had formed over water in a ditch. After the boy had fallen, the water beneath the ice had gone into the ground, leaving a clear space. As the boy's foot went through he heard a faint cackle. He investigated, and found two chickens. One had succumbed, frozen to death. The other feebly fluttered through the aperture made by the boy's foot, got into the open air and wobbled towards the home roost. It had been a prisoner for ten days.

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The recent blizzard caused much heavy losses on land than at first reported. In addition to the freezing of potatoes and onions yet in the ground, many farmers lost sheep and poultry. Pelee Island reports the heaviest loss from the storm, which was considered the most destructive in fifty years. 1,000 chickens, turkeys and ducks perished on the island. Other considerable damage was done on the island.

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