THE "HIGH-TOP SWEETING" TREE.

A VALENTINE STORY.

By Sophie Swett.

They all cried—every one of the Bells, from Peggy, who was sixteen, down to Rufus (who was four and despised a cry-baby), when old Mr. Pigeon moved away. He was such a tried and trusty friend, and, if he was sixty, such a congenial companion. He was always ready to go fishing or coasting with the boys, or to take the girls to drive; although he was a bachelor and lived alone, he had a double carriage and the largest sleigh on Pippin Hill—Because he had so large a heart, Peggy said. He knew as much about the wild things in the woods as "The Hunter's Own Book," and on a rainy day or when one had the mumps or the measles he would tell stories by the dozen—stories that were worth telling, too, for he had been "round the world and home again," and knew all there was to know about cannibals and buccaneers and wild men, and all such distinguished and interesting people.

It happened that the only houses on the up-top of Pippin Hill were the Belfry (I suppose the Bell's house may have received that name because Papa Bell always spoke of his children as his "small fry"; anyway, that is what every one in Bloomsboro' called it) and the old Pigeon house, which had belonged to this Mr. Pigeon's grandfather. The houses backed up to each other, and there was a mutual backyard fence, so, of course, it was very desirable that the neighbors should be friendly and congenial; more than this, there was a mutual apple tree. The gnarled, old "high top sweeting" was directly on the boundary line between the two estates, and the mutual fence had been cut in two to make space for it. Its branches were low and spreading, in spite of its high top, and they spread very impartially over the Bell's smooth lawn and over Mr. Pigeon's orchard, and dropped their delicious fruit—early, the first sweet apples that there were—almost as evenly as if it were measured on each of their owner's land. The only difference was that the August sunshine lay longer upon Mr. Pigeon's side, so the first red and yellow, mellow and juicy apples dropped upon his orchard grass—and he tossed them over to Christine in her seat in the low crotch of the tree, the seat that he had made for her.

It was Christine who thought the most of Mr. Pigeon and he of her, because they both had a twist, Christine said. She could always speak of her trouble cheerfully, even jokingly. You would scarcely have thought that she minded it at all; it was a spinal weakness which had bowed her shoulders and twisted her head to one side. The others didn't mind much when Christine was left out of things; they were a rough, merry set; but Mr. Pidgeon had always remembered her. His twist was in one of his legs; he had to wear an uncomfortable iron boot, and walked with a queer, sideways motion.

When Becky, who was eleven and was called the Bloomsboro' Budget because she carried all the news, came home with the dreadful intelligence that Mr. Pigeon was going to move away, no one would believe it.

"In the first place it's too dreadful to be true, and the next place he would have told us," said Peggy.

But it really proved to be true. Mr. Pigeon's sister—his own sister!—had gone to law to obtain a share of her grandfather's estate, which he had failed to bequeath to her because she had gone contrary to his wishes in some way, and the only share that she would have was that old estate on Pippin Hill. Perhaps the law might force her to take something else as her share, since he had held possession there so long; but she was Hitty, and he should give it up to her. That was what Mr. Pigeon said in answer to the indignant remonstrances of the Bells. She was Hitty; that was all he would say; perhaps it wasn't much of a reason, but the Bells understood. We all know what it is to give up things to people just because they are Iky or Polly or John.

So it happened that the Bells' dear Mr. Pigeon went away to a little house that he owned down at Pequanket Mills and Miss Mehitable Pigeon came to live at the old place on Pippin Hill and owned half of the high-top sweeting tree.

And the very first thing she did—it was September when she came—was to threaten to have Tommy Bell arrested, because when he shook their side of the tree her side shook too, and she said the top of the tree leaned toward their side and more apples fell there, so when the apples were picked and divided she must have an extra bushel. She threatened to have their yellow kitten drowned because he scampered after the flying leaves in her garden, and she did have their cross gobbler killed because he ran after her red morning gown, as a gobbler will, you know, and gobbled at her. He wasn't much loss and she sent him home plucked and dressed, with the message that she should have eaten him if she had not feared he would be tough!

She complained that Becky's peacock squawked and Dicky's Guinea pigs squeaked, and the vane on their stable had "a rusty squeak" that kept her awake nights; and if one of the little Bells mounted the fence she came out and "shooed" him off as if he were a chicken.

Christine, who was inclined to look on the bright side and to think well of every one, said that she would probably grow better when they got better acquainted, and she gave Tommy and little Rufus five cents each not to use their bean slingers over the fence or make faces through the knothole.

But instead of growing better their new neighbor grew worse. She had the mutual fence built up ten feet high, she lopped off where they interfered with the fence, and Christine's seat thrown down to the ground so roughly that it was broken. She said she had let people impose upon her all her life, and she wasn't going to any more.

Papa Bell, who was an easy man and absorbed in his business, said he supposed that so many children and squeaking things did make them troublesome neighbors; but he thought they should have to remonstrate with Miss Pigeon about the fence, because it took away so much of their sunshine. Christie begged him to wait; she always would believe that people were going to be better, and she knew there must be something good about Miss Pigeon because she looked like her brother—"only the twist seemed to be in her mind, poor thing!"

It was November when Christine's seat was thrown out of the tree, so she could not have used it any more that season anyway; and when any one asked her how she was going to do without it in the spring, she always answered: "Perhaps Miss Hitty will be good by that time." But that transformation didn't seem in the least likely to any one else. She never forgot that Mr. Pigeon had said she was Hitty, though how she could ever be Hitty to anybody was more than the other young Bells could understand.

Christine would bow to her, too, and smile, shyly, although Miss Pigeon only growled dreadfully in response. Far more difficult to forgive than their own wrongs was the injury that she had inflicted upon her brother. He wrote to them doleful letters which showed plainly how homesick he was for the good air and the good fellowship of Pippin Hill. One of the neighbors who saw him at Pequanket said one would hardly know him he had "pined away" so.

After that little Rufus (honorably) returned the five cents to Christine, because he knew he should yield to the temptation to make faces through the knothole again.

Christine turned a little pale when she heard this about Mr. Pigeon, and she put on her thinking cap. She couldn't go to school like the others, she couldn't go skating; in fact, there were so many things she couldn't do that it would have been very discouraging to one who believed less firmly than Christine did that things as well as people were going to be better; but that gave her all the more time to wear her thinking-cap. And Christine's thoughts were pretty apt to blossom into deeds some way.

Christine had made the Christmas wreaths of evergreen and holly from their own Pippin Hill woods, and she had sent two beauties to Miss Pigeon, who had promptly returned them with the message that she didn't want such rubbish littering up her house. Now when they heard that sad news from Mr. Pigeon she was making valentines. She had a very dainty knack with both pencil and brush, for a fourteen-year-old girl, and her valentines were more beautiful than any that could be bought in the shops, or so the Bloomsboro' young people all thought.

The fashion of sending valentines might wane elsewhere, but it always flourished in Bloomsboro', perhaps because Christine Bell kept it up. She sent them to the very last people who expected to have a valentine—to neglected old people and forlorn sick people, to Biddy Maguire, just from the old country, and "kilt" with homesickness, and to Antony Burke, the old miser, for whom no one had a civil word and who, perhaps, didn't deserve one. And for every valentine that was disregarded or thrown impatiently aside, a dozen made a little warmth and comfort in a sad heart; for nobody has yet begun to understand how great is the day of small things.

Christine was more mysterious than usual this year about her valentines; she colored when Peggy said she would better send one to Miss Pigeon, but they never thought she would; they thought she was only sensitive about her Christman wreath. When Mr. Pigeon went away he gave Christine an old desk that he had had ever since he was a boy. It had initials and hearts and anchors cut into it and was whittled at every corner; you would have known if you'd seen it anywhere that it had belonged to a boy. But Christine would have it in her own room; she thought it was beautiful. It had his boy letters and diaries in it, and she had laughed and cried over them, and now she had found in that old desk material for the very queerest valentines she had ever made; and although she like to share the fun of making her valentines with the others, she was a little secretive about that.

What should the paper be but a leaf from one of the old diaries, one side all written over in an unformed, boyish hand; and this is what was written on it, the ink faded by time:

"i cant bare to rite becos hity has the Feever and i cant bare knot to rite becos it seems like teling somebodd. she held mi hand tite when she did knot now enybodd last nite and i did knot let them send me to bed the fellers say if she does di i hav other sisters but they are knot hity the fellers do knot understand wen enybodd sais she will evver hav a bo like our augusta hity sais the Tom Tinker verse and that meens me as is rote on the 1st leef of this Diry mi name is Thomas Tinkham Pigeon hity has gott a Temper but so hav a Good Meny Peeple and she is Good way inside and she is hity and she and i will alwys liv together but i cant bare to rite eny more for I want to now what the dokter sais. they say a feller must be A Man but wen it is hity i cant bare"—

Here the words became illegible on the old yellow paper; there were blots and smudges as of tears. Though valentines are supposed to be dainty, Christine didn't try to clean it a bit! And on the unwritten side, instead of painting any of her pretty flowers or drawing hearts or cupids, she only wrote "the Tom Tinker verse" which Hitty had lovingly quoted to her brother:—

"Tom Tinker's my true love, and I am his dear,
I'll gang along wi' him his budget to bear."

It certainly was a very queer valentine. Christine thought it would probably be returned, even more scornfully than the Christmas wreath—if Miss Pigeon should guess who sent it—and she would be likely to guess that it came from the Belfry; for she knew that her brother had given them many of his belongings.

She sent it with fear and trembling, and she told none of the others, for the older ones seemed, in their hearts, to share the feeling of Tom and little Rufus, that the only proper form of approach to Miss Pigeon was bean-slinger in hand.

The valentine wasn't returned; but nothing seemed to come of it. The Bells' Jane heard from Miss Pigeon's Jane that her mistress had neuralgia. One day after March had come, and a bluebird had been seen to alight upon the high-top sweeting tree, as Christine came along the garden path, there came a shrill, imperative voice through the knothole in the fence.

"If you have any more of those leaves, stuff them through the knot-hole; if you have the whole diary, throw it over the fence."

Of course Christine wasn't going to do that with the dairy that seemed so precious; but she did send it around to Miss Pigeon's door by old Jeremy, the gardener, for none of the boys would go.

It was about a week after that a man made, under Miss Pigeon's directions, a new seat in the crotch of the apple tree—a seat that was delightfully comfortable for a back that wasn't straight. Miss Pigeon seemed to know just how. When it was finished she went up and examined it and tried it. Then she called to Christine, who was sitting on the porch.

"I'm a cantankerous old woman. I was born cantankerous," she said. "But there's your seat!"

No one at the Belfry knew what to think of Miss Pigeon; it was little Rufu's opinion that a good fairy had tapped her with her wand and turned her into something else, and he was much disappointed to find, on peeping through the knothole, that she looked just the same.

"It's delightful," Christine said, slowly. "But it isn't exactly what I meant by the valentine," she added to herself.

But a few days after, what Christine had meant by the valentine really did happen! sometimes things that seem too good to be true do come to pass in this world. Miss Pigeon mounted the high buggy in which she drove herself and went down to Pequanket, when she came back Mr. Pigeon was with her! Tommy discovered it first as they drove into the yard and raised a shout. All the young Bells rushed pell-mell into the apple tree and dropped from its branches into Miss Pigeon's orchard—even Peggy who was sixteen—shouting and laughing and crying all together. They quite forgot Miss Pigeon until her harsh voice broke into the whirlwind of greetings; with all its harshness there was a queer little quaver in it!

"He's come back and he's going to stay," she said. "It is he that belongs here and not I. If you're born with a cross-grained disposition you've got to get over it when you're young or you'll have to have more'n a ten-foot fence between you and other people! I'm going back to nursing people in a hospital—yes, I can, though you wouldn't think it; and they like me! There's a doctor I know who has invented a new contrivance for—for making backs straight"—her voice really broke now, but she recovered herself instantly; they're easier to straighten than crooked dispositions! I'm going to send one here, and I want her to try it." She nodded toward Christine, and then she turned away suddenly. Little Rufus ran after her—prudently keeping his hand on the bean-slinger in his pocket. (They had discovered at an early stage of the acquaintance that if Miss Pigeon had a weakness it was a terror of the bean-slingers.) "Are you really just the same? Didn't a good fairy turn you into something else?" he demanded, breathlessly.

Miss Pigeon turned and looked down upon him, her strong features working.

"Yes, she did!" she answered gruffly. "Did she tap you with her wand?" pursued little Rufus eagerly, delighted with this confirmation of beliefs that were scorned in his home circle. "She didn't tap me with a wand," said Miss Pigeon; "she sent me a valentine!"—Independent.

THE LITTLE RED SQUIRREL.

Mr. Brown and two of his boys were chopping down trees for firewood. An oak was falling; and before it touched the ground a pretty red squirrel leaped out of a hole near the top, raced away, and scampered up another tree before they had time to say a word.

"That is a beauty!" said Mr. Brown. "If we had only known he was keeping house up in this tree, we would not have chopped it down."

"Yes, sir, it is too bad," said Johnny. "Red squirrels are so scarce, too. And just see how many nuts the little fellow had saved up. It must have taken him a long time to gather them. And now the nuts are all gone in the woods."

"I s'pose we might as well take the nuts now," said Eddy. "They won't do him any good."

"Wait a little," said their father. "I'm not so sure but Mr. Squirrel may take care of the nuts himself. We'll work awhile on the other side of the hill and give him a chance." So they went away, leaving the pile of nuts undisturbed. But the boys, taking a sly peep now and then, several times caught sight of the little squirrel frisking about the fallen tree.

A few hours afterward, when they returned to the spot, they found every nut gone; but, hearing a lively chattering, they glanced up, and saw a pair of bright eyes looking down on them from a hole in a tree near by, and caught just a glimpse of a bushy red tail.—American Youth.

A LITTLE LAMB ASTRAY.

Oh, I wonder if there ever
Was a little girl like me,
With so many, many heart aches
That nobody seems to see.

Oft I've heard the great, wise preachers,
And the deacons good and kind,
Tell about the way to heaven,
And how easy 'tis to find.

And I've thought and thought upon it;
For I long to know the way;
But I'm such an awful sinner
That I am afraid to pray.

Now I wish they'd come and tell me
How their Jesus I might meet,
For they say He loves the children,
And will guide their tender feet.

Into pastures green and pleasant,
And by waters calm and still;
Make them gems of brilliant beauty,
Their redeemer's crown to fill.

I have tried so hard to find Him,
But I do not know the way,
And nobody seems to notice
There's a little lamb astray.

Does Jesus care, I wonder,
If I never find His fold?
I'm almost sure I love Him,
Though I'm not so very old.

I should think the grown-up people
Would so love to speak His name,
When He did so much to bring them
To the home from whence He came!

—*Selected.*

AN ANECDOTE OF MR. CHILDS.

Stopping one of his head employees one day Mr. George W. Childs said:

"You are not looking well. I think you must be working too hard."

"I am not feeling very well, Mr. Childs, that is a fact," was the answer, "but I guess I will be all right in a short time."

"How would you like a trip to Europe?" said Mr. Childs, smiling pleasantly.

"Well enough, sir," was the response, "but I cannot afford it."

"You can afford it," said Mr. Childs, taking him by the arm, "if I pay your expenses and pay your salary to your family while you are gone, can't you?"

The result was, the man spent two months in Europe, and returned completely restored to health.

"That was one of the best investments I ever made," chuckled Mr. Childs, when the matter was called to his attention. "Why, Mr. Black returned so much improved in health that he could do twice as much work as he could before he left. You see, I was the real gainer by the transaction."

One of Mr. Childs' characteristics was that he never seemed to take any credit to himself for doing a kind act.—New York Press.

UNCLE PHIL'S STORY.

"Tell us a story," said Rob and Archie, running to their uncle.

"What about?" said Uncle Phil, as Rob climbed up on his right knee and Archie on his left.

"O, about something that happened to you!" said Robb.

"Something when you were a boy," said Archie.

"Well, once when I was a little boy," said Uncle Phil, "I asked my mother to let Roy and me go and play by the river."

"Was Roy your brother?" asked Bob.

"No; but he was very fond of playing with me. My mother said yes so off we went, and we had some good fun together.

"After awhile I took a piece of wood for a boat, and sailed it along the bank. At last it got into deep water, and I could not reach it with a stick, so I told Roy to go and get it for me.

"He almost always did what I told him, but this time he did not. I began to scold him, and he ran towards home.

"Then I grew angry. I picked up a stone and threw it as hard as I could. Just then Roy turned his head, and the stone struck him right over the eye."

"O, Uncle!" cried Rob.

"Yes, it made him stagger. He gave a little cry, and lay down on the ground. But I was still angry with him. I did not go to him, but took off my shoes and waded into the water for my boat. But the water was deeper than I thought, and I was soon carried away by the strong current. I screamed as it carried me down stream, but there were no men near to help me. But as I went down under the deep water, some one took hold of me and dragged me toward the shore; and when I was safe on bank, I saw that it was Roy who had saved my life."

"Good fellow! Was he your cousin?" asked Rob.

"No," replied Uncle Phil.

"What did you say to him?" asked Archie.

"I put my arms around his neck, and cried, and asked him to forgive me."

"What did he say?" asked Rob.

"He said, 'Bow-wow-wow.'"

"Why, who was Roy, Uncle?" asked Archie in great surprise.

"He was my dog," said Uncle Phil. "The best dog I ever saw. He taught me a lesson that day, did he not, boys? And I hope my story may teach you the same lesson."—Ex.

WHAT SO CHARMING

As the Bloom of Health on Beauty's Brow? Weak, Pale, Nervous Women may Secure this Charm—Hawker's Tonic is a Sure Helper in Their Time of Need.

If all the Canadian women who have been helped to the possession of renewed health and strength by Hawker's Nerve and Stomach Tonic were drawn up in line, what an army, and what an array of loveliness would there appear.

Let their sisters who still suffer from nervous troubles, the effects of overwork, or who from any cause are broken down in health, seek the same sure remedy.

Sold by all druggists and dealers at 50cts. per bottle, or six bottles for $2.50. Manufactured only by the Hawker Medicine Co., Ltd., St. John, N. B.

Salmon are more numerous than ever in the St. Croix river and a large number are being caught every day by the expert fishermen with the fly hook.

THE TRIUMPHANT TRIO.

The Three Great South American Remedies—Absolute Cures for Kidney, Rheumatic and Stomach Diseases—Thousands of Grateful Citizens all Over Canada Bear Testimony.

Not one medicine doing the work of the other, but each doing its own work, without a single failure. The keynote of the success of the South American Remedies is that they strike at the seat of disease in every case.

Take South American Kidney Cure. It is not a medicine that trifles with the patient, as is done in many cases where pills and powders are prescribed. Kidney diseases arises from the clogging of the filter like parts of the system that constitute the kidneys. Only a liquid can dissolve these obstructions, and such is South American Kidney Cure. Adam Soper, of Burke's Falls, Ont., suffered terribly from kidney disease, and treated with the most skilled physicians. His words are: "I did not obtain any relief until South American Kidney Cure was used. It fitted my case exactly, giving immediate relief. I am now a cured man, and believe one bottle of the remedy will convince any one of its great work."

Many false notions exist in regard to rheumatism. Outside applications may temporarily relieve the pain, but the blood must be purified if a permanent cure is to be effected. This is what South American Rheumatic Cure does. Mrs. Phillips, sr., Hamilton, was completely crippled with rheumatism. She procured a bottle of South American Rheumatic Cure, and says: "It is without doubt the quickest relief for rheumatism I have ever seen, and I heartily recommend it to all sufferers of the disease."

It is a scientific fact that many derangements of the system emanate from the nerve centres at the basis of the brain. South American Nervine Cures stomach and nervous troubles because it acts immediately on the nerve centres. J. W. Dinwoodie, of Campbellford, Ont., says: "I do not hesitate to say that South American Nervine is the best medicine I have ever taken; it completely cured me of nervous prostration and the attendant diseases of the liver and stomach that follow this weakness."

Perfect, unquestioning trust is the way to peace. Do not wait to see; do not ask to see; but believe in God, and be at peace.—S. R. Miller.

THE ADVANCE OF MEDICAL SCIENCE.

Dr. Agnew's Successful Experiments in Heart Disease and Catarrhal Trouble.

The world has been of the opinion that where medical science can master such dreaded diseases as diphtheria and hydrophobia, yet when the heart is affected there is no hope for the patient save such as may come from easing his condition. The discoveries of Dr. Agnew have proven once again that there seems no end to the possibilities of science in its treatment of disease—even heart disease.

In what is known as Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is found a remedy that has practically given back life to those who were supposed to be beyond hope of recovery from heart trouble. One of the virtues of this medicine is its instantaneous effect upon the patient. It would not be worth much otherwise, for with heart disease prompt action is an absolute necessity. Mr. Aaron Nichols, of Peterboro' Ont., writes this of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart—"My wife was troubled for 20 years with heart disease. From the first few doses of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart she obtained relief, and continuing its use she has had more benefit from it than from any doctoring she ever did. The remedy acts like magic on a diseased heart."

With every one catarrh is a most unpleasant trouble, and this is especially the case with those whose duties bring them before the public as preachers, or speakers. Among the strongest evidence produced, telling of the peculiarly successful character of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder is that which has come from prominent citizens, like the Bishop of Toronto, the Right Rev. A. Sweatman, D.D., D.C.L.; from leading members of the faculty of McMaster Hall, the Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., a representative Methodist divine; Rev. Mungo Fraser, D.D., of Hamilton, a prominent Presbyterian, and other public men. These gentlemen have all over their signatures, told of the thoroughly effective character of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder in dealing with this very prevalent disease.

Help

Is needed by poor, tired mothers, overworked and burdened with care, debilitated and run down because of poor, thin and impoverished blood. Help is needed by the nervous sufferer, the men and women tortured with rheumatism, neuralgia, dyspepsia, scrofula, catarrh. Help

Comes Quickly

When Hood's Sarsaparilla begins to enrich, purify and vitalize the blood, and sends it in a healing, nourishing, invigorating stream to the nerves, muscles and organs of the body. Hood's Sarsaparilla builds up the weak and broken down system, and cures all blood diseases, because

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Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Intercolonial Railway.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, the 7th October, 1895, the Trains of this Railway will run Daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:

Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax	7.00
Express for Halifax	13.50
Express for Quebec and Montreal	16.30
Express for Sussex	16.40

Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through sleeping car at Moncton at 19.30 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Sussex	6.50
Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)	12.20
Express from Moncton (daily)	15.50
Express from Halifax	18.00
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton	18.20
Accommodation from Moncton	23.00

All trains of the Intercolonial Railway are lighted by gas or by the Pintsch system, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Levis, are lighted by electricity.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER,
Railway Office, Moncton, N. B. General Manager.
7th October, 1895.

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At this season of the year when the blood filled with more or less impurities, which, allowed to remain therein, will sooner later end in disease which will attack the weakest organs in the system, or render one more liable to catch any contagious or infectious disease. It is the duty of everyone to take something that will purify, enrich, and vitalize the blood.

The best medicine to accomplish this end is **Gates' Life of Man Bitters and Invigorating Syrup,** From the fact that they positively cure diseases such as

DROPSY in its worst form, LIVER COMPLAINT, ASTHMA, HEART DISEASE, BILLIOUSNESS, JAUNDICE, INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, RUNNING SORES, KIDNEY AND GRAVEL COMPLAINTS, CONSUMPTION,

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A powerful electric plant is being installed by the Imperial Government at Fort Clarence on the Dartmouth shore of Halifax harbor.

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SUNLIGHT SOAP . . . HAS NO EQUAL . . .
For purity
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These are some of the reasons why . . .
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Soap has the largest sale in the world, and has been awarded 32 Gold Medals and other honors.

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Will Not Fade Garments Dyed With Diamond Dyes,

No other method of home dyeing gives colors one-half so fast and firm that a year's sunshine will not cause them to fade.

It is not so when garments and goods are dyed with the poor imitation dyes that many dealers sell for the sake of large profits.

Goods colored with the crude dyes soon fade, and become dingy and ugly. It should be borne in mind, that the common dyes cost the same price as the tested and popular Diamond Dyes, but cannot for a moment be compared with them.

If you would save money and time, put your trust at all times in the never-failing Diamond Dyes; the user is never disappointed. Refuse inferior dyes offered by dealers, and insist upon having the "Diamond."

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It isn't the boy who doubles his fists,
And thrusts them under another's nose,
Baring the sleeves from his rigid wrists,
Ready to rain vindictive blows;
Whose tongue is ready with gibe and jeer
To stir up strife whenever he can,
Breathing menace and waking fear,
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