

The Romance of a Poor Lawyer.

(By Florence Gilmore.)

(Continued from last week.)

'They had a trying experience on the way, but they laughed about it, and insisted that as Mary said, 'it was great fun.' A wreck blocked the track and they had to walk to town from somewhere near the junction. A young girl who was the only other passenger in their car walked with them. Mary fell in love with her, and even my father, who is so unobtrusive that he seldom notices anything more about a stranger than that she is a human being, said more than once that she was a pretty child, with big, wistful eyes that look as if she had never had half enough affection.'

Elizabeth's face was crimson. Persistently she watched the fire, thankful that John Shae was, like his father, unobtrusive. 'Mary said that she had a pretty Southern accent—and that reminded me of you.' He glanced towards Elizabeth, who was still intensely interested in the glowing logs. For an instant he studied her averted face, red to the roots of her dark hair, and an inspiration came to him. 'Why, it was you—was it not?'

'Whether it was I or someone else, I assure you of two things; you have one of the kindest fathers in the world and the sweetest little sister; and—she felt a sudden desire to make reparation for the almost rude indifference she had often shown him and for the silly way she had railed against him to her friends—and I believe you are the kind of a brother I'd like to have.'

John Shae smiled happily. He saw a ray of hope where all had been darkness. There was a long, oppressive silence before he said, shyly, 'Miss Morrison, don't you think you could—that as I am not your brother I might be—something else?'

For the fraction of a second Elizabeth hesitated, then looked up at him frankly without a trace of coquetry in her face or manner. 'I like you very much. I am not sure that I do not—'

Only a lover could have caught the words 'love you,' but John Shae heard them and was content.

Bread Upon the Waters.

Noemi! Noemi! Just listen, my dear! Here is the very thing we want. For sale, La Houssaye—a small farm near Percival. Only 3000 francs!

As he spoke, Pere Ferrand laid his newspaper and looked with a beaming smile at his better half, who sat knitting busily in the opposite chimney corner.

Madame Ferrand uttered a cry of rapture as she glanced over her spectacles. She was a little woman, with smooth, gray hair, neatly parted under an immaculate white cap, a black gown, and a large blue apron that almost entirely covered the skirt.

'The very price we wanted to give,' continued Monsieur Ferrand. 'I know the place well. The Jamnians had it for three years before they went to live with their married daughters.'

'And will there be room for ducks and hens and rabbits?' asked Madame Ferrand, eagerly.

'To be sure—to be sure, and some to spare. Don't be afraid, old woman, there will be plenty of room for all your pets.'

The old woman wiped her spectacles! Surely it was all too good to be true. For years it had been their dream to retire from work and spend their remaining days on a small farm in the country; and often on a winter's evening, when the lamp was lighted in the cozy little kitchen, picturing the delights of the farm that should one day be theirs. And now the dream seemed to be realized. No wonder that the little woman's needle flew with increased velocity as they kept time with her excited fancy.

How delightful it would be to wander out of a summer's morning, while the dew still lay thick upon the grass, and releasing the imprisoned hen, watch them crowd around her, clacking loudly for their breakfast! And how pleasant in the cool of the evening, armed with an appetizing cabbage, to tempt the shy little rabbits from their hiding place, and see them nibble the dainty morsel, while their bright eyes watched her warily, and the long, silky ears moved rapidly to and fro!

At this point in her day-dreams, her husband's voice broke in. 'We must lose this chance, my dear! It is as you say. Such a golden opportunity doesn't occur every day. As to the price, we can manage it, I think. Two thousand francs in the bank; he counted, checking off the figures on his finger tips; 500 or so in my breast pocket, and 500 we lent to Pinquet, the cobbler, nearly a year ago.'

'Oh! I gasped his wife. 'But in posing he won't pay us back?'

'I will see to that,' Pere Ferrand asserted confidently. 'I will go to him myself tomorrow morning. You, my dear, are much too old and exact. You would bother any'

All Stuffed Up

That's the condition of many sufferers from catarrh, especially in the morning. Great difficulty is experienced in clearing the head and throat.

No wonder catarrh causes headache, impairs the taste, small and hearing, pollutes the breath, deranges the stomach and affects the appetite.

To cure catarrh, treatment must be constitutional—alterative and tonic.

'I was ill for four months with catarrh in the head and throat. Had a bad cough and raised blood. I had become discouraged when my husband bought a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and persuaded me to try it. I advise all to take it. It has cured and built me up.' Mrs. H. H. B. Jones, West Liscomb, N. S.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures catarrh—it soothes and strengthens the mucous membrane and builds up the whole system.

story he told you, and come back without a penny.'

So early next morning Pere Ferrand set out for the shoemaker's shop, firmly resolved to secure the rather considerable sum he had lent Pinquet. He found the cobbler seated by the window with a small, curly-headed child on each knee.

'Good morning Pinquet!' he said, entering the dingy shop. 'I have come over to ask you for those 500 francs I lent you several months ago. My wife and I have decided to buy the farm of La Houssaye, which happens to be going cheap just now.'

The cobbler, a tall, pale-faced man, rose, and, putting down the children, bade them run off to their mother; then he turned to his visitor.

'A, Monsieur. I haven't forgotten the debt I owe you! It has weighed heavily on my mind. But, indeed, I cannot possibly pay it back just now. This is the slack season of the year, and for the last three weeks I have not done a stroke of work.'

At this, Monsieur Ferrand saw for yourself the sore trials to which we are reduced! Even the few bits of furniture are all gone—gone to the pawnshop,' he added in a low voice.

Pere Ferrand began to feel strangely uncomfortable as he gazed round at the bare walls and the naked floor, that proved so clearly the proof of the cobbler's words. But he steeled his heart with the thought of the farm.

'And yet I must have the money,' he insisted in a louder voice. 'I won't leave the shop until I have it; you must manage it somehow.'

The cobbler passed his hand wearily across his forehead. 'You can sell my tools, Monsieur. They are all we have; though God knows what is to become of us if our only means of subsistence is taken from us.'

Monsieur Ferrand sighed heavily, for he was really as kind-hearted as his wife.

'Look here!' he said, after a short silence. 'Why don't you ask your brother to help you? He has a good piece of land and no family.'

The cobbler's pale face flushed to a dusky red.

'My brother!' he cried vehemently. 'I would rather starve than ask him for a penny. I went to him when we first fell into trouble; but he refused to listen to me, and turned me out of his house as though I had been a beggar.'

Well, then, what about your wife? Monsieur Ferrand paraded all the more irritably, because he felt an uncomfortable sensation in the region of his heart. 'Why doesn't she do something toward the support of the family?'

'My wife!' repeated the cobbler, 'God bless her! For the last three weeks we have been living on what she earns. But she is not able to do much. Our baby is only a few weeks old, and needs constant attention. Madame is in the next room, Monsieur, if you would like to see her.'

With a perplexed frown wrinkling his usual serene countenance, Pere Ferrand rose and opened the door pointed out to him. Before a table heaped with neatly cut squares of paper sat a pleasant-faced woman working. With wonderful dexterity she folded and gumming the sheets, ying stacked on her right hand, and piling them up ready for use on her left. She looked up and smiled at her visitor entered—without, however, pausing in her work.

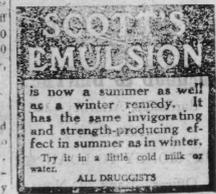
'Are these paper bags that you are making?' he inquired, watching her with interest.

'Yes, Monsieur, she replied, placing another bag on one of the unfinished heaps.

'And how much do you get for your work?'

'Seven sous a thousand,' said the woman, as her fingers flew on folding and gumming, gumming and folding in quick succession.

Monsieur Ferrand started incredulously. 'Seven sous a thousand, impossible! Why, that would be less than a son a hundred! Surely no one would think of paying so little!'



glad I am to get it. These last weeks we have been living on the money I earn. I have been poor all my life, Monsieur, and one gets accustomed to everything—but never quite so poor as at present. For myself, I do not care; but when the children cry because they are hungry, and one has nothing to give them. O, Monsieur, you do not know what it is to be so poor!'

Pere Ferrand was silent as he thought of his neat little kitchen at home, of his well-stored cellar, and of the many delicacies in his brood cupboard; and he felt a sudden intense pity for this poor woman who worked so hard that she might earn a few paltry sous before nightfall.

After a moment's hesitation he returned to the husband.

'Look here, Pinquet!' he said. 'How is it that you are so wretchedly poor! I know a shoemaker in D. who keeps his wife and children comfortably on what he earns.'

The cobbler slowly put down some tools he had taken up.

'Monsieur, you see it is this way. The cobbler in D. has a large stock of ready-made boots and shoes, which he orders from the factory, and sells at a small profit to the villagers. When he has no mending to do, this brings him a little money; but when I started my shop I was unable to afford the extra expense. I should have registered another 500 francs at least.'

'Five hundred francs!' Pere Ferrand repeated thoughtfully; then from his breast pocket he drew out a well-worn pocket book and extracted a bank note for 500 francs.

'See here, my friend!' he continued. 'Take this; go to L. and get a complete stock of the articles you require. That little wife of yours is the pluckiest creature I have ever seen. Good morning!'

And while the cobbler still stood staring at the magic slip of paper before him, Monsieur Ferrand was walking rapidly towards his home. For the first few minutes the old man felt a thrill of keenest pleasure while he pictured to himself the happiness he had left behind him; but as he drew nearer to his abode, his steps began to lag. He remembered how confidently he had promised to bring back the money he had lent, what would his wife say when she heard of his impulsive generosity? Was his dream of a happy country home vanished forever?

He found the object of his thoughts in the kitchen, singing in the fulness of her joy an old Breton lullaby.

'Well?' she said, hastening to meet him. 'Have you brought the money?'

Pere Ferrand shook his head. 'I suppose I must tell you all about it,' he said, sinking into a chair, with the air of a criminal about to be condemned; then, plucking up heart, he related the whole story from beginning to end.

And so, said his wife, affecting an indignation she was far from feeling, you not only have not brought back the money we lent, but have given away another 500 and, with those 500, all chance of our dear little farm?'

'Yes,' acknowledged her husband, with a groan, 'That's about it, my dear.'

'Oh, you wicked, wicked man!' said Madame Ferrand; then she rose up from her seat, with moist eyes, and slipping behind her husband's chair, dropped a tender, forgiving kiss on the top of his bald head.

Some minutes later Pere Ferrand was busy adding up some belated accounts when he heard a sound of scratching and scraping in the direction of the cellar.

'What are you up to, little wife?' he called out.

'Tidying up the cellar,' came the muffled answer. 'There are some potatoes and some apples down there that won't keep very long. Wouldn't it be a good thing to get rid of them?'

'Certainly—certainly!' said her husband with a knowing smile, as he once more proceeded to cast up a reactionary column.

For did he evince any attention when his wife emerged from the cellar, and throwing a kerchief over her head, started off in the direction of the shoemaker's shop, with several very large bundles protruding from under her blue apron.

A few years later the cobbler's shop had taken on quite a different appearance. Rows of ready-made boots of all sizes lined the front window, and the shoemaker himself was working busily at a pile of shoes waiting to be mended, when a man hastily entered by the open door.

'Monsieur Pinquet,' he said, hurriedly. 'Your brother is dying, and wishes to see you at once.'

(Concluded next week.)

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

Our store has gained a reputation for reliable Goods. Our trade during 1910 has been very satisfactory.

We shall put forth every effort during the present year to give our customers the best possible service.—R. F. Madigan.

WAS TROUBLED WITH HEADACHE FOR OVER TEN YEARS Dr. told him to try Burdock Blood Bitters

Mr. Henry Siro, Dumas, Sask., writes: 'For over ten years I have been troubled with headaches every morning, accompanied by an acidity or bitter taste in the mouth. Thinking the cause of it was the too great use of smoking tobacco, I have quit the pipe for two months, but it was always the same. I went to the doctor and he told me to try some of your Burdock Blood Bitters. I got a bottle and found quite a relief before I had done with it. I then bought another one and used it all. Now I can say that I am perfectly cured. I used to be without appetite especially in the morning and now I feel as good as a new man. I cannot too highly recommend Burdock Blood Bitters to all persons suffering from headaches and sour stomach.'

Burdock Blood Bitters is manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Sbc.—They say that an apple a day will keep the doctor away. He.—Why stop there?'

'Did your son lack mentality at school?' 'No, sir, he didn't. He didn't lack nothing' what money could buy for him.'

'I once proposed to a girl in a conservatory.' 'With what result?'

'A lot of expensive plants were nipped by frost.'

Teacher—What change takes place when water freezes? Tommy (innocently)—A change in price, I guess.'

This is to certify that I have used MINARD'S LINIMENT for years in my family, and consider it the best liniment on the market. I have found it excellent for horse flesh.

(Signed) W. S. PINCO. Woodlands, Middleton, N. S.

I wish I knew which of those young men to marry. I believe I shall consult a fortune teller. That's a good idea. Consult Bradstreet.'

Mary Ovington, Jasper, Ont., writes:—My mother had a badly sprained arm. Nothing we used did her any good. Then father got Hagyard's Yellow Oil and it cured mother's arm in a few days. Price 25c.

Willis — Why was the will set aside? Gillis— It kept getting in the way of the lawyers who were settling the estate.'

Did the play have a happy ending? 'I might have been worse. My wife only lost her handkerchief and one glove.'

Beware Of Worms. Don't let worms gnaw at the vitals of your children. Give them Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup and they'll soon be rid of these parasites. Price 50c.

Minard's Liniment cures Diphtheria

Druggist (to his stout wife) — Don't come in just this minute, I am about to sell six bottles of fat-reducing mixture.'

The Hague has done much towards promoting peace in the world.' 'Yes,' replied Miss Cheyenne, 'and so has Reno.'

There is nothing harsh about Laxa Liver Pills. They cure Constipation, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, and Bilious Spasms without griping, purging or sickness. Price 25c.

'My wife married me to reform me.' 'Did she succeed?'

'Yes, thoroughly. I wouldn't marry again if I lived to be as old as Methuselah!'

Minard's Liniment cures Neuralgia.

Suffered From Her Heart, Could Not Stand Hard Work

Mrs. Harry Smith, 31 Eagle Ave., Brandon, Ont., writes:—I have suffered with my heart a great deal, and could not stand any hard work. I was doctoring with the doctor, and he told me I had to stop doing anything but, however, a friend told me about your Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, so I got a box and tried them. I had to take several boxes before I felt any benefit, but after doing so I found they were beginning to help me so I continued their use and am now in a position to do all my own work, which I feel I would have to give up.'

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are a specific for all weak run down women, whether troubled with their heart or nerves, and if you will only give them a trial we can assure you that they will have the desired effect. Price 50c. per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25. For sale at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Advertisement for MacLellan Bros. Merchant Tailors. Includes an illustration of a man in a suit and text: 'You can save money as well as add to your character and appearance by wearing made-to-order clothes. You Cannot Buy Made-to-Order CLOTHES Cheaper than WE SELL THEM.'

Advertisement for MacLellan Bros. Merchant Tailors. Text: 'MR. MAN---We Can Save You Money on Your CLOTHES. Some men think that when they spend their money for a Ready-made suit, that they are buying their clothes at the smallest possible cost. They think only of the first cost. They do not consider that if they would spend a few dollars extra and have a suit made for them by a good tailor, that it would wear at least double as long, and from this standpoint alone, they would be saving. And then again, in a tailor made suit along with getting at least double the wear, you get style and good looks that stay, you get comfort and satisfaction that can only be had in a made-to-order suit. Are not these features worth from three to five dollars extra? Buy Your Next Suit Here. When you want your Spring Suit come here, look over the hundreds of different cloths we have, pick one that pleases you and let us build you a suit. We will put the finest of work on it, and use the very best of everything in it's make-up; we will make it to fit you perfectly, and in the newest style, and when finished you will be so pleased with it that you will never wear a ready-made again. 153 Queen Street MacLellan Bros., Bank of Commerce Building. Merchant Tailors.'

Advertisement for H. McMILLAN. Text: 'Fall and Winter Weather Repairing, Cleaning and Making of Clothing. We are still at the old stand, PRINCE STREET, CHARLOTTETOWN Giving all orders strict attention. Our work is reliable, and our prices please our customers. H. McMILLAN'

Advertisement for Stanley, Shaw & Peardon. Text: 'For New Buildings Hardware We carry the finest line of Hardware to be found in any store. Architects, Builders and Contractors, will find our line of goods the newest in design, the most adaptable and improved, and of the highest standard of merit in quality and durability. Also a full line of pumps and piping. Stanley, Shaw & Peardon. June 12, 1907.'

Advertisement for A. E. McEACHEN THE SHOEMAN. Text: 'A BIG TEN DAYS' SHOE SALE! Here is a chance you will never get again. 150 Pairs of Men's American Lace Boots. Goodyear Welted, Velvour Calf, made on two different lasts, medium heavy oak sole — "a beauty" comfort. Compare them with any Five Dollar Boot in the city. Ten Days Only—\$3.50 a Pair. We have also RUSSIAN CALF and PATENT at the same price. All new stock. They've got the lead, they've got the style, They've got all others beat a mile. Hockey Boots! Hockey Boots! We lead for Low Prices on Hockey Boots. A good Boy's Hockey Boot at \$1.65. Men's \$3.00 a pair. Others at \$1.75, \$1.85 and \$2.25 a pair. A. E. McEACHEN THE SHOEMAN 82 Queen Street, Charlottetown, P. E. I.'