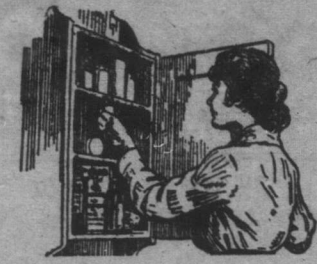


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New Telephone Directory

A new issue of the Telephone Directory for the Western District is in course of preparation and lists will be closed on April 10th.

The Directory serves our subscribers in "The Valley" (including Brooklyn, Clarksburg, Hantsport and Windsor in Hants County) and in Digby, Lunenburg, Shelburne, Queens and Yarmouth Counties.

Persons who wish to become Telephone Subscribers at this time and Telephone Subscribers who want changes made in their listings are urged to send in their orders to our nearest Business Office at once, and at all events not later than April 10th.

We cannot undertake to give effect in the new issue to Orders received after that date.

Advertisers who wish to avail themselves of the opportunities for effective yet low priced, publicity, afforded by use of space in the new issue are requested to call our nearest Business Office and a representative will be sent to attend to their wants.

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SEVENTEEN

A tale of youth and summer time and the Baxter family, especially William.
By BOOTH TAKINGTON.

erty which set him apart from other people and above them.

And, although Miss Pratt continued to make merry with the Man upon her right, it seemed to William that this was but outward show. He had a strange, subtle impression that the mysterious superiority which set him apart from others was becoming perceptible to her; that she was feeling it too.

Over the chatter and laughter of the guests rose a too familiar voice. "Lemme help you to nice tongue samwich, lady. No'm? Nice green lettuce samwich, lady?"

Genesis!
"Nice, tongue samwich, huh? Nice lettuce samwich, lady?" he could be heard vociferating, perhaps a little too much as if he had sandwiches for sale. "Lemme jes' lay this nice green lettuce samwich on you' plate fer you, lady."

Because he was a new waiter he strongly wished to show familiarity with his duties—familiarity, in fact, with everything and everybody. Thus yearning, born of self doubt and intimidated by a slight touch of gin, was beyond question the inspiration of his painful behavior when he came near the circle of chairs where sat Mr. and Mrs. Parcher, Miss Parcher, Miss Pratt, Miss Boke, Mr. Watson, Mr. Bullitt, others and William.

"Nice tongue samwich, lady?" he announced semicircularly beneath his high borne tray. "Nice green lettuce sam—" He came suddenly to a dramatic dead stop as he beheld William sitting before him, wearing that strange new dignity and Mr. Baxter's evening clothes. "Name o' goodness!" Genesis exclaimed, so loudly that every one looked up. "How in the livin' worl' you evul come to git here? You 'daddy-ent' mus' a' weakened 'way down 'fo' he let you wear his low cut 'ves' an' pants an' long tail coat! I bet any man 50 cents you gone an' stole 'em out afteh he done went to bed!" And he burst into a wild, free African laugh.

At seventeen such things are not embarrassing; they are catastrophic. But, mercifully, catastrophes often produce numbness in the victims. More as in a trance than actually William heard the outbreak of his young companions.

A flourish of music challenged the dancers. Couples appeared upon the platform.

The dreadful supper was over. The ineffable One, supremely pink, rose from her seat at William's side and moved toward the platform with the glowing Joe Bullitt. Then William, roused to action by this sight, sprang to his feet and took a step toward them, but it was only one weak step.

A warm and ample hand placed itself firmly inside the crook of his elbow. "Let's get started for this one before the floor gets all crowded up," said Miss Boke.

Miss Boke danced and danced with him. She danced him on and on and on.
At half past 1 the orchestra played "Home, Sweet Home." As the last bars sounded a group of earnest young men who had surrounded the lovely guest of honor, talking vehemently, broke into loud shouts, embraced one another and capered variously over the lawn. Mr. Parcher, who had been at a distance these manifestations and then, with an astonishment even more profound, took note of the tragic William, who was running toward him, radiant, Miss Boke hovering dutifully in the far background.

"What's all the hullabaloo?" Mr. Parcher inquired.

"Miss Pratt!" gasped William. "Miss Pratt!"

"Well, what about her?"
And upon receiving William's reply Mr. Parcher might well have discerned behind it the invisible hand of an ironic but recompensing Providence making things even—taking from the one to give to the other.

"She's going to stay!" shouted the happy William. "She's promised to stay another week!"

And then, mingling with the sounds of rejoicing, there ascended to heaven the stricken cry of an elderly man plunging blindly into the house in search of his wife.

One sunny morning stood outdoors watching interestedly the unloading of moving vans into a house across the way. Her mouth was equally affected, remaining open at a visible crisis in the performance of its duty—consuming bread and apple sauce. These were the tokens of her agitation upon beholding the removal of a faded house from one of the wagons. This dolls' house was at least five feet high, of proportionate breadth and depth, the customary absence of a facade disclosing an interior of four luxurious floors, with stairways, fireplaces and wall paper. Here was a mansion wherein doll duchesses, no less, must dwell.

Straightway a little girl ran out of the open doorway of the brick house and, with a self importance concentrated to the point of shrewishness, began to give orders concerning the disposal of her personal property, which included, as she made clear, not only the dolls' mansion, but also three dolls' trunks and a packing case of fair size.

She was a thin little girl, perhaps half a year younger than Jane, and she was as soiled, particularly in respect to hands, brow, chin and the knees of white stockings, as could be expected of any busybodyish person of nine or ten whose mother is house moving.

The little girl across the street was of course instantly aware of Jane, though she pretended not to be, and from the first her self importance was

in large part assumed for the benefit of the observer. After a momentary silence, due to her failure to think of any proper response to workmen who had pointedly criticised her, she resumed the peremptory direction of her affairs.

Then, apparently in the very midst of her cares, she suddenly and without warning ceased to boss, walked out into the street, halted and stared frankly at Jane.

CHAPTER XX.

"Don't Forget."

JANE came out to the sidewalk and began to kick one of the fence pickets.

"You see that ole fatty?" asked the little girl, pointing to one of the workmen thus sufficiently identified.

"Yes."
"That's the one broke the goldfish," said the little girl. There was a pause, during which she continued to scuff the curbstone with her shoe, Jane likewise scuffing the fence picket. "I'm goin' to have papa get him arrested," added the stranger.

"My papa got two men arrested once," Jane said calmly, "two or three." The little girl's eyes, wandering upward, took note of Jane's papa's house and of a fierce young gentleman framed in an open window upstairs. He was seated, wore ink upon his forehead and tapped his teeth with a red penholder. "Who is that?" she asked.

"Is it your papa?"
"No-o-o!" Jane exclaimed. "It's Willie."

"Oh!" said the little girl, apparently satisfied.

Each now scuffed less energetically with her shoe; feet slowed down, so did conversation, and for a time Jane and the stranger wrapped themselves in stillness, though there may have been some silent communing between them. Then the new neighbor placed her feet far apart and leaned backward upon a spout, curving her front up



"Look!" she said. "Look at me!"

ward and her remarkably flexible spine hinged until a profile view of her was grandly semicircular.

Jane watched her attentively, but without comment. However, no one could have doubted that the processes of acquaintance were progressing favorably.

"Let's go in our yard," said Jane. The little girl straightened herself with slight gasp and accepted the invitation. Side by side the two passed through the open gate, walked gravely forth upon the lawn and halted as by common consent. Jane thereupon placed her feet wide apart and leaned backward upon nothing, attempting the feat in contortion just performed by the stranger.

"Look at me!" "Look at me!" But she lacked the other's genius, lost her balance and fell. Born persistent, she immediately got to her feet and made fresh efforts.

"No! Look at me!" the little girl cried, becoming semicircular again. "This is the way: I call it 'puttin' your stummick out o' joint.' You haven't got yours out far enough."
"Yes, I have," said Jane, gasping. "Well, to do it right, you must walk that way. As soon as you get your stummick out o' joint, you must begin an' walk. Look! Like this!" And the little girl having achieved a state of such convexity that her braided hair almost touched the ground behind her, walked successfully in that singular attitude.

"I'm walkin'," Jane protested, her face not quite upside down. "Look! I'm walkin' that way too. My stummick!"

There came an outraged shout from above, and a fierce countenance stained with ink protruded from the window.

"Jane!"
"What?"
"Stop that! Stop putting your stomach out in front of you like that! It's disgraceful!"

Both young ladies, looking rather oppressed, resumed the perpendicular. "Why doesn't he like it?" the stranger asked in a tone of pure wonder.

"I don't know," said Jane. "He doesn't like much of anything. He's seventeen years old."
After that the two stared moodily at the ground for a little while, chastened by the severe presence above; then Jane brightened.

"I know!" she exclaimed coolly. "Let's play callers. Right here by this bush'll be my house. You come to call on me, an' we'll talk about our children. You be Mrs. Smith, an' I'm Mrs. Jones." And in the character of a hospitable matron she advanced graciously toward the new neighbor.

"Why, my dear Mrs. Smith, come right in! I thought you'd call this morning. I want to tell you about my lovely little daughter. She's only ten years old an' says the brightest things! You really must!"

But here Jane interrupted herself abruptly and, hopping behind the residential bush, peered over it, not at

Mrs. Smith, but at a boy of ten or eleven who was passing along the sidewalk. Her expression was gravely interested, somewhat complacent, and Mrs. Smith was not so lacking in perception that she failed to understand how completely—for the time being, at least—calling was suspended.

The boy whistled briskly "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," and, though his knowledge of the air failed him when he finished the second line, he was not disheartened, but began at the beginning again, continuing repeatedly after this fashion to offset monotony by patriotism. He whistled loudly. He walked with ostentatious intent to be at some heavy affair in the distance. His ears were red. He looked neither to the right nor to the left—that is, he looked neither to the right nor to the left until he had passed the Baxter's fence. But when he had gone as far as the upper corner of the fence beyond he turned his head and looked back, without any expression, except that of a whistler at Jane. And thus, still whistling "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," and with blank pink face over his shoulder, he proceeded until he was out of sight.

"Who was that boy?" the new neighbor then inquired.

"It's Freddie," Jane said placidly. "He's in our Sunday school. He's in love of me."

Again the outraged and ink stained countenance glared down from the window.

"What you want?" Jane asked.

"What you mean talking about such things?" William demanded. "In all my life I never heard anything as disgusting! Shame on you!"

The little girl from across the street looked upward thoughtfully. "He's mad," she remarked, and, regardless of Jane's previous information, "It is your papa, isn't it?" she insisted.

"No!" said Jane testily. "I told you five times it's my brother Willie."

"She's point' away today," she said she'd go before, but today she is Mr. Parcher, where she visits, he's almost dead, she's stayed so long. She's awful, I think."

William, to whom all was audible, shouted hoarsely, "I'll see to you!" and disappeared from the window.

"Will he come down here?" the little girl asked, taking a step toward the gate.

"No. He's just gone to call mamma. All she'll do'll be to tell us to go play somewhere else. Then we can go talk to Genesis."

"Who?"
"Genesis. He's puttin' a load of coal in the cellar window with a shovel, tick's nice."

"What's he put the coal in the window for?"

"He's a colored man," said Jane. "Shall we go to talk to him now?"

"No," Jane said thoughtfully. "Let's be playin' callers when mamma comes to tell us to go 'way. What was your name?"

"Rannie."
"No, it wasn't."
"It is too Rannie," the little girl insisted. "My whole name's Mary Randolph Kirsted, but my short name's Rannie."

Jane laughed. "What a funny name!" she said. "I didn't mean your real name, I meant your callers' name. One of us was Mrs. Jones, and one was—" "I want to be Mrs. Jones," said Rannie.

"Oh, my dear Mrs. Jones," Jane began at once. "I want to tell you about my lovely children. I have two, one only seven years old and the other—" "Jane!" called Mrs. Baxter from William's window.

"Yes'm!"
"You must go somewhere else to play. Willie's trying to work at his studies up here, and he says you've disturbed him very much."

"Yes'm."
The obedient Jane and her friend turned to go, and as they went Miss Mary Randolph Kirsted allowed her uplifted eyes to linger with increased disfavor upon William, who appeared beside Mrs. Baxter at the window.

"I tell you what let's do," Rannie suggested in a lowered voice. "He got so fresh with us an' made your mother come an' all, let's—let's—" She hesitated.

"Let's what?" Jane urged her in an eager whisper.

"Let's think up somep'n he won't like and do it!"

They disappeared round the corner of the house, their heads close together.

Upstairs Mrs. Baxter moved to the door of her son's room, pretending to be unconscious of the gaze he maintained upon her. Mustering courage to hum a little tune and affecting innocence, she had nearly crossed the threshold when he said sternly:

"And this is all you intend to say to that child?"

"Why, yes, Willie."

"And yet I told you what she said!" he cried. "I told you I heard her stand there and tell that dirty faced little girl how that dot boy that's always walkin' past here, four or five times a day, whistling and looking back, was in love of her! Ye gods! What kind of a person will she grow up into if you don't punish her for havin' ideas like that at her age? I never heard of such a thing! That worm walkin' past here four or five times a day just to look at Jane! And her standing there, calmly tellin' that sooty faced little girl, 'He's in love of me!' Why, it's enough to sicken a man! Honestly, if

(Continued Next Week)

A Revised List

There is a revised list for birthstones: For the tourist, the Yellowstones; for the Irish, the Blarney stones; for borrowers, the touchstones; and for the most of us, the grindstones.

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HIGHWAY NOTICE

Closing of Roads

The attention of the public is respectfully called to an Act to amend Chapter 77 of the Revised Statutes of 1923 of "The Load of Vehicles Act", passed the 9th day of April, 1924, A. D.

Be it enacted by the Governor, Council and Assembly as follows:—

1. Section 7 of Chapter 77 of the Revised Statutes, 1923, the "Load of Vehicles Act", is repealed and the following substituted therefor:

7. (1) No person shall operate a motor vehicle that is subject to the provisions of the Motor Vehicle Act on any highway in any municipality after the first day of March and before the first day of June following without the permission of the Superintendent of Highways or of such other officer as may be appointed by the Provincial Highways Board for that purpose first had and obtained.

(2) The Provincial Highways Board from time to time in each year may, and is hereby authorized and empowered with the approval of the Ministers of Highways, to exempt from the provisions of Sub-section 1 of this section, for the whole or any part of the period between the first day of March and the first day of June following in the year and for which the exemption is granted, every person operating any motor vehicle or a motor vehicle of any particular class that is subject to the provisions of the Motor Vehicle Act, on all highways within any municipality or municipalities which highways in the opinion of the Provincial Highways Board will not be unreasonably damaged by reason of the granting of such exemption.

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