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MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DISTEMPER.

"FRETTY"

By Nancy Hazlitt

Allanetta ran about the garden singing shrilly:

"Dear! Dear! What can the matter be? Dear! Dear! What can the matter be? Dear! Dear! What can the matter be?"

Johny so long at the Fair. He promised to bring me a bunch of blue ribbon—

He promised to bring me a bunch of blue ribbon—

He promised to bring me a bunch of blue ribbon—

To tie up my bonnie brown hair."

"Fretty, I really wouldn't call him out of his name—you know it isn't John."

"Cousin Langley said provokingly from the leafy depths of the grape arbor."

"Besides, your hair isn't brown—not in the least."

"Instead it's pure carrot color. Also mightly pretty. If I were a painter person I might call it something else but being what I am, a stickler for truth—"

"Would you know the truth if you met it in the road?" Allanetta flung at him.

"Of don't believe me," she went on disdainfully, shaking her glowing curls at him.

She was bareheaded and the sun struck out high lights from the "titan mass above her white forehead, then fell down to weaken green gleams in her long-lashed eyes."

Slim as became seventeen, tallish, light on little arched feet, with a long neck unbending her face, she was distractingly pretty, especially to eyes jaded with artifice and sick of fashion—more specifically Langley's eyes.

"What have you to say to the painter person, Fretty?"

Cousin Langley asked, coming out and laying hold of her hands. "Are we going to tell him to go about his business? Or are we going to say 'Yes—and thank you, when he asks—"

"He won't ask," Fretty said, not trying to take away her hands. "You see, I told him, at the very first, I regarded it as my duty to marry you. Otherwise you would waste all your money—besides it was the only way to keep Alderbrook in the family. He agreed with me—although I think he was sorry—it must have seemed a shame to him to miss such an opportunity. He admitted that flirting was a necessity to him—that is why, I think, he is away just now."

"Indeed?" Langley said in tone an interrogation.

Fretty nodded, echoing—"Indeed!"

Yes, Mr. Wortham—your divinity—has opened Gramscure—can't he tell you before yesterday—so Mr. Vernon couldn't stay away longer."

"Who says she is my divinity? And how do you like it? Seeing you have appropriated me," Langley asked, coloring in spite of himself.

Far five years at once, young and raw, and it. He wanted to shake Fretty—shake her hard. She was jesting of course—but how beautifully she had turned the tables on him. Quite unaccountably he found himself trembling, his hand moist, his face, he knew, high-colored—and all without any reason.

It could not be that the bare suggestion of Fretty—the child, the plaything, the creature he loved to tease—as his wife, the mistress of his house and heart, had at least been thought of Georgia Wortham in that position—she fitted it so beautifully, and was quite evidently ready to accept it.

"I always answer mother's letters for her—remember you wrote her about Georgia two years back at least," Fretty said, smiling sweetly, with the faintest touch of malice. "As to my liking her—what does it matter? I have nothing to do with her—only with you."

"You are quite resolved? To take me, I mean?" Langley asked. His eyes twinkled.

Fretty looked pensive. "It seems—some must do one's duty, however disagreeable," she said, with a little sigh.

Langley erected himself. "In that case, suppose you kiss your crown of martyrdom," he said, putting his face close to her lips.

Fretty sprang back—as far as their clasped hand permitted, and said, "Next year will be quite time enough for that. You see, I am going away in the fall, to be finished at the Winslow school. Mother insists upon it, and I myself think it best. I shall come back a fine lady—fine enough to do the family credit. May I trust you not to marry Georgia in all that time?"

"Certainly not," Langley said promptly. "You will have to take me now—or risk losing me altogether. And I have finished school, and all their work. If you go through the mill I won't have you—that's flat!"

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Royal Household Flour Best for Bread & Pastry

THE OGLIVIE FLOUR MILLS CO. LTD. MONTREAL.

Of Interest to Farmers

Don't leave stones in the road. If your horse doesn't stumble, it's somebody else's may. When you see in the beaten track a loose stone fit to give a wheel a hard jolt or bring down a stumbling horse, stop and throw it to one side. It will pay you to take that trouble even on a strange road that you expect never to travel again. It is good for your character. It helps to justify your claim to be a civilized man, living in a civilized community. Every truly civilized community rests upon the theory that the care of all is the duty of each, and that every individual in that community has a high or low according to the prevalence of security of individual responsibility for the general welfare.

There are two large classes of folks in the world, those who go through life leaving messes behind them to be cleared up, and those who clear up after yourself, that is much, but it is not quite enough. You must expect also to contribute part of your time and strength to clearing up after the weak and the shiftless. If everybody's duty there would be little need of government. The purpose of government is to defend the weak, to constrain the lazy, to restrain the greedy, and to make the best sense of the wisest people available for the benefit of the general community. If we were all responsible and dutiful and picked out of the road the stones

that we saw there, the work of government would be lightened, and the hard bargains, hard words, neglect—chances to give help where help was needed, slanders, ill-natured gossip, misrepresentation—all such things are stones in the road. Don't leave them behind you, to plague you when you come to the end of your journey, to plague some other traveller. Clear up as you go along.

RESUSCITATING THE DROWNED.

The astonishing tenacity with which life clings to the human body is a good thing to remember in these summer days when the bathing resorts are taking their annual toll of human life. The case of Robert Mosnier, reported by the life-saving service of the Third District, is a good illustration of this fact. He was brought to terra firma after being under water for twenty-three minutes. The life savers worked over him for an hour and three-quarters before the first sign of returning life was obtained, and he did not regain consciousness until the next day. If his body had been recovered by ordinary untrained men there is little question that he ever would have regained consciousness at all. After fifteen or twenty minutes of artificial respiration hope would have been given up and the faint flicker of life which evidently remained allowed to die out for lack of perseverance. After the removal of water from his lungs artificial respiration should be resorted to and continued for several hours if necessary, a physician of course being summoned at once.

We hear little of the lightning rod these days, even if the present summer has been prolific of lightning storms. It is stated in Symon's Meteorological Magazine that in the United Kingdom nearly four hundred "unprotected" buildings are damaged annually by lightning. From the British statistics quoted by this journal it appears that out of 125 lines of "protected" buildings struck by lightning within three years there were only 24 cases of failure of lightning rods. This is an average of less than eight failures a year. Possibly these failures to protect were owing to the buildings not being properly protected, the wires perhaps not being properly grounded. The figures, however, sufficiently show that the lightning rod is capable of protecting property from electric storms when it is properly put up. It would be interesting to know how many of the barns "struck" this season were protected and how many were unprotected.

There is promise of a great deal of "self embroidery" appearing on linen suits. This embroidery is done with thread the exact tone of the linen itself.

Cross stitch, although not as popular as it has been for several seasons, still is to be seen on children's dresses and occasional shirt waists. It will be carried out in the finer kind of cross stitch with the stitches set close together.

Radium and burlingham silks are being made up into charming suits and



ONE OF THE NEW COATS.

dresses. This silk comes double width and therefore cuts to much better advantage than the narrower sort.

There is a new chiffon taffeta in an odd tone effect with little figures and blocks here and there on the narrow stripes. So perfect is the blending that from a distance the impression is that of a solid color.

The sailor hat is abroad this season, trimmed with a band and rosettes of velvet ribbon. In this guise the mannish appearance is done away with entirely, and a mighty pretty and feminine hat is the result.

An edition of a man's derby hat adorned with stiff quills and prim roses made of ribbon is in the shape Parisiennes are delighting in at the present moment.

Oriental embroideries are in vogue again this spring. Most of this embroidery is done on silk, but there are beautiful examples to be found on linen.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Dr. J. C. Ayer and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA? Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Ayer. The Kind You Have Always Bought In Use For Over 30 Years.

Hewson - Costume - Cloth. Suitable for All Seasons. HEWSON TWEEDS for Ladies' Suits have more than beauty of style and coloring to commend them. They are PURE WOOL—wear as only wool can—and may be washed without injury.

Great Entry List for Dominion Exhibition

Applications for Space in Manufacturers' Building and Machinery Hall Far Exceed That Available—Date of Closing of Other Entries

With the applications exceeding by a large amount the space available for exhibits in the Manufacturers' Building and Machinery Hall the officers of those departments of the Dominion Exhibition at Halifax is assured. It will now be a matter for the management to do the best it can in arranging exhibits and cutting down space asked for, to make the most possible showing for exhibitors and for the great Exhibition as a whole.

The date of the closing of entries in Live Stock, Poultry and Dairy Departments is Wednesday, August 8th. It behooves our Live Stock men to leave no steps untaken to ensure a creditable display in this department, one that will reflect credit on this part of the Dominion in view of the competition that will ensue with the progressive cattlemen of the rest of Canada. A similar remark applies to the Agricultural Department, the entries for which close on Monday, August 27th.

On August 27th also, the entries in Fine Arts and Ladies' Work close. These will be arranged on a new scale of excellence and the latter, which is in charge of the Local Women's Council, will be a noteworthy feature of the Exhibition.

The Home Show, the nine days of racing, the Vauclville, the "Carnival of Venice," and indeed, the whole grand stand performance will be worthy of the wonderful Dominion Exhibition, which will open its gates for two weeks on September 22nd.

The Halifax authorities and the Tramway Company are busily at work this summer paving the streets of the business section of the city. This work is advancing satisfactorily and when the exhibition opens they will have the pleasure of seeing a city whose streets cannot be surpassed for excellence by any in Canada. On the grounds they will see all the buildings vastly extended and improved, splendid new edifices for the fisheries and office purposes, a display of the resources of the Dominion from ocean to ocean.

The transportation lines all over the country are arranging for low rates to Halifax from all Canadian Points. To comfortably and economically accommodate the great thrush of people the Exhibition commission is taking adequate steps.

The demand for Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy here has been so great that I have scarcely been able to keep it in stock. It has cured cases of dysentery here when all other remedies failed.—Frank Jones, Pikeville, Ind. This remedy is for sale by S. N. Weene.

Sunshine Furnace. The "Sunshine" furnace and "sunny" ways are synonymous. The cold, dreary winter days can be made cheery and warm with a pure, healthful heat if you have a "Sunshine" furnace. Is easier to operate, cleaner, uses less fuel and "shines" in many other ways over common furnaces.

Two shakers are used to shake the heavy, triangular-shaped grates. This just cuts the work of shaking-down in half, besides being easier on the furnace than the old one-shaker style. Sold by enterprising dealers everywhere. Booklet free. McClary's LONDON, TORONTO, MONTREAL, WINDSOR, VANCOUVER, ST. JOHN, HALIFAX. BRIDGETOWN FOUNDRY COMPANY, Agents, Bridgetown, N. S.