

A Request Granted.

Three times that hot September afternoon the Reichards' boarder had come into the Dillville Railroad Station, which served also as a telegraph office, and had asked whether a message had come for her. She was a slender girl, rather shabbily dressed and with a bright color, which came and went easily. She flashed as she asked her question for the third time: 'You're sure there isn't anything for Marian H. Swift?'

The station agent smiled back at her.

'We know who you are all right,' he said. 'I seen you the first day you came to Dillville, when you were sick. No, there isn't nothing for you.'

Two friends of the station agent were lounging comfortably on the single trunk and packing box which represented the sum total of Dillville's baggage. One of them came forward to the little window.

'Perhaps they are slow this afternoon while it is so hot,' he suggested, consolingly.

'Perhaps,' answered the Reichards' boarder, faintly.

'You come in a couple of hours,' said the station agent.

Once more the girl answered with a smile. Then she went out, lifting her umbrella to shield her from the sun, shimmering blindly over the hot tracks. She did not know how to spend the 'couple of hours.' She could not go back to the Reichards; she had spent there the intervals between her other calls at the railroad station, and she was now supposed to be taking a long walk. The Reichards would be puzzled; they watched her little anxious hesitations.

Across the tracks there was a wide field, at its farther side a willow tree and a stream. She would go over these and sit down. Fortunately she had a book, which would serve as an excuse. The villagers in the station would think that she was crazy, but they probably thought that already. From the station window the men watched her across the fields.

'She acts as when she was warned over something,' said the agent.

'Such writers are all queer,' responded one of the friends.

'This young one is anyhow nice and common (friendly),' said the station agent. 'I hope something will pretty soon come for her.'

Under the willow trees, Marian H. Swift sat down. There was no breeze but there was shade. The little stream was almost dry, but the tiny pools of water were rest to her tired eyes.

But neither shade nor water could soothe the remorse and anxiety in her heart. She had betrayed—she said it to herself aloud, with horror—she had betrayed her friends.

Four months ago she had come to the Reichards to board. She had been sick, inexplicably tired and worn. She was an orphan; her small inheritance had taken her through college; then, until nature had rebelled, she had taught school by day and in the evenings had tried to write. In June the doctor had ordered her away. He had told her that not only her eyesight and her nerves demanded it, but that even life itself might depend upon it. He had recommended a little country town with a large boarding house, and she, hardly able to pack her trunk and find her way to the station had mistaken the name of the town and had come to Dillville instead of Dillerville.

There the Reichards had taken her in. She never knew how she had come to select the country road which led to their house, the details of her journey were always dim. The Reichards did not need to take boarders; they were prosperous farmers, Miss Sarah Ann, Miss Mary Ann, Miss Lizzy Ann, and their brother, whom she always thought of as 'Miss' Peter. They were rich, not as people are rich in New York, but as people are in a prosperous farming community. Even in New York, they would not have been poor.

'They had pitied her and petted her, and kept her at a rate which, although it seemed adequate to them, was not a fourth of what she would have had to pay at Dillerville. She had been able to stay four months instead of one, she had a large room, delicious food, long drives, and peace and comfort, such as no money could have bought elsewhere.

She was well again, as well, she said to herself, as she had ever been in all her life. The rattling of a window-frame no longer sent her into a spasm of nervousness; she could sit by herself without crying, and sleep without dreaming. And she could write stories again, thanks to these kindly people.

And then, after months of friendly care, after solicitous tempting of her appetite, after adjustment of the family ways to her hours for writing, after unpeppable kindness, she had made fun of them, held them up to ridicule. She had written a story about them and had sold it, a story harder and brighter and cleverer than any she had written before, and so it fit for a price which had made her gasp.

All the Reichards were in it, with all their funny ways of speech and

Itching Skin

Distress by day and night—That's the complaint of those who are so unfortunate as to be afflicted with Eczema or Salt Rheum—and outward applications do not cure. They can't.

The source of the trouble is in the blood—make that pure and this spalling, burning, itching skin disease will disappear.

'I was taken with an itching on my arms which proved very disagreeable. I concluded it was salt rheum and bought a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla. In two days after I began taking it I felt better and it was not long before I was cured. Have never had any skin disease since.' Mrs. E. WARD, Cove Point, Md.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

rids the blood of all impurities and cures all eruptions.

thought; they could not be mistaken. Miss Sarah Ann, who was growing deaf and was determined that no one should know it, was the chief character. She said yes when she should have said no, and no when she should have said yes, just as she did in real life. Miss Mary Ann, still unconvinced to spinsterhood, smiled and simpered, and added false dark curls to her abundant gray hair. Miss Lizzy Ann's inordinate curiosity complicated the story, as it complicated their lives. 'Miss' Peter—there was never a more delightful character than Miss Peter, or a character more made to an author's hand—he stood out so plainly that any one who had ever heard of him would recognize him at once. He had ambitions to write poetry—he had proudly exhibited his compositions, altogether execrable. He was more of a woman than his sisters; he had a high falsetto voice; he was plainly neat; as a queer specimen he was delightful.

She put them all into her story as they were, their strange appearance, their astonishing opinions, their amazing expressions. At one meal Miss Peter had given her a half dozen remarkable sentences.

'The butter is already all,' Sarah Ann' he would say, or 'I often wondered how this ham would eat itself, or I saw the doctor. His wife complains better this morning.'

But she had not only photographed them, she had maligned them. She had made their excessive thrift, their use of discarded flour-bags for the manufacture of underclothing, their careful saving of every scrap appear nigardliness, when it was not. She had told how they saved; she had not told how they spent, or how many bushels of potatoes or bakings of rusk went to the poor. She had made them appear utterly ignorant, when they were ignorant only of books and were wise in far more important things.

And for her, of all persons in the world, it was a crime to have represented them thus, she whom, unknown, unfriended, they had supported. It was only two days since she had seen her ingratitude, her villainy, and in those two days it seemed to her she had grown old. Not all her orphaned loneliness, nor her long struggle nor her privations had so hurt her. Through them she had continued to respect herself; now she was sick at heart.

She had returned the check and asked that the story be sent back to her; she had even explained to the editor her own meanness, and she had asked him to telegraph a response.

But no answer had come. Suppose they insisted upon publishing the story? It was true that the Reichards read little, but a perverse fate would be sure to put the magazine into her hands. Even if they did not see the story, she would feel it between them forever. She could accept no more of their kindness—these homely, dear people, the first real friends in her married life.

She forgot that she could be seen plainly from the station. She did not remember to open her book; she sat with her chin in her hands, staring wretchedly at the tiny stream.

When one of the station agent's friends shouted at her, she jumped as if all her nervousness had returned. The man was running towards her, 'Say!' he shouted, 'Listen!'

'Yes,' she answered. She had hardly strength to rise. The editor might say that it was impossible to grant her request. 'Is there a message?'

'He says it is all right.' 'What is all right?' She was not yet accustomed to Dillville's friendly habit of interpreting a stranger's telegrams.

'The man what telegraphed to you, he says it is all right. The agent, he is writing it down for you.' The messenger, who had only half as far to go, reached the station no sooner than Marian H. Swift. The agent was grinning in his little box of an office.

'To be sure,' he said, as proudly as if he had sent instead of having merely transmitted the telegram. 'It says, "Request granted." That is the same as "All right," isn't it?'

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The Terrible Pains of INDIGESTION

Mr. Wm. H. MacEwan, Mount Tryon, P.E.I., says:—'For more than a year I suffered with all the terrible pains of indigestion, and my life was one of the greatest misery. It did not seem to make any difference whether I ate or not, the pains were always there, accompanied by a severe bloating and a belching of wind. I did not even get relief at night, and sometimes hardly got a bit of sleep. In my misery I tried many remedies said to cure indigestion, but they did me not one particle of good, and I fully expected that I would always be afflicted in this way. At this time my brother came home on a visit, and urged me to try MILBURN'S LAXATIVE PILLS, and got me a few vials. By the time I had taken one vial I began to improve and could eat with some relief. I was greatly surprised, and continued taking the pills until all traces of the trouble had disappeared, and I could once more eat all kinds of food without the slightest inconvenience. I am so firmly convinced of their virtue as a family medicine I have no hesitation in recommending them.'

Milburn's Laxative Pills are 25c. per vial, or five for \$1.00, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Why on earth do you come to me to borrow money, Billups?' said Hank away peevishly. 'Why don't you go to Jorrock's? He's the prosperous looking member of our set.'

'That's just it, Hankaway,' said Billups. 'Jorrock's looks so very prosperous that I am quite sure he spends every penny he makes, but you, old man—you dress like a man who saves his money.'

P. S.—He didn't get it.

My mare, a very valuable one, was badly bruised and cut by being caught in a wire fence. Some of the wounds would not heal, although I tried many different medicines. Dr. Bell advised me to use MINARD'S LINIMENT, diluted at first, then stronger as the sores began to look better, until after three weeks, the sores had healed, and best of all, the hair is growing well, and is NOT WHITE as is most always the case in horse wounds.

F. M. DOUCET, Weymouth.

I suppose your clerks are all Republicans?' 'No,' said the merchant. 'I hire the best men, irrespective of their politics.'

'What a queer way to run a business!' commented the politician.

Minard's Liniment cures Diphtheria

Girl—My father once broke in a shop and pinched a diamond brooch. Policeman's son—That ain't nuffin'. My father pinched 'im.

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

'The doctor says I have mental indigestion.'

'What on earth is that?'

'Seems I'm reading more baseball news than I can assimilate.'

Mr. H. Wilkinson, Stratford, Ont., says:—'It affords me much pleasure to say that I experienced great relief from Muscular Rheumatism by using two boxes of Milburn's Rheumatism Pills. Price a box 50c.'

Mother's should look well after their children during the hot summer months, as this is the time of year this trouble is most prevalent.

If any of your children become troubled in this way it will not pay you to experiment with some new and untried remedy.

Get one having stood the test of time. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry has been on the market for over 65 years and we have yet to hear of a case of cholera infantum which has not been cured.

Mrs. S. S. Johnston, Oshes River, Man., writes:—'About four years ago I gave Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry a good test.'

'My oldest son, five years old, got very bad with cholera infantum two days after my next son took it; and the third day my little girl also took it. I doctored with all kinds of things but they kept on getting worse and the doctor could do them no good. I then started the Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry and after two or three days could see a difference, so kept on with the treatment, but they were so bad it took about two weeks to complete the cure.'

Different people have asked me how I saved my children's lives that time, and I always say it was Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. I am, now, never without it in the house.'

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MR. MAN---We Can Save You Money on Your CLOTHES.

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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.

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We carry the finest line of Hardware to be found in any store.

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Also a full line of pumps and piping.

Stanley, Shaw & Peardon. June 12, 1907.

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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.

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