

If you make your coffee in a percolator, ask your grocer for SEAL BRAND COFFEE

FINE GROUND
(FOR USE IN PERCOLATORS)

The top of each can is marked as above.

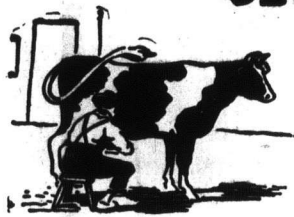
In ½, 1 and 2 lb. Tins. Never sold in Bulk.

CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL.

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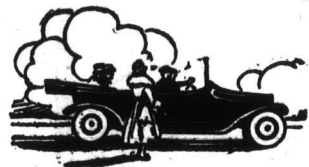
FLEET FOOT

Shoes on the Farm



For work and play—in the middle of the day—and when on pleasure bent.

For field, farm and wagon, wear Fleet Foot Shoes. They are far cheaper than leather—light, easy, comfortable—long wearing. For every-day wear, you will find them immeasurably better than hot, heavy, expensive leather boots.



When you're out for a good time, wear WHITE "Fleet Foot"

Shoes. In fact, you must wear White Shoes this summer, to be well dressed. Dealers everywhere have "Fleet Foot" Shoes, in all styles for men, women and children.



FRECKLES

Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as the prescription ointment—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of ointment—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning, and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful, clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength ointment, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.—Advertisement.

RANKIN'S HEAD OINTMENT

quickly kills all nits and vermin in the hair. It is double the strength of any other but perfectly safe to use and will not injure the most delicate skin; nourishes and beautifies the hair.

In 15c. & 25c. sizes. Extra large size 50c.

Agents: **PARKE & PARKE, Hamilton, Ontario.**
RANKIN & CO., Kilmarnock, Scotland.
Established over 100 years.

ing creak, and she jumped quickly down from the chair, and hastened to the cupboard with the intention of getting out the six Tuesday tea-cups with their companion plates. The big black tray stood waiting to receive them on the kitchen table; but, as Foxey's hand was stretched upward to reach the cupboard knob, Mrs. Tickle entered. "You can leave that," she said, "and I'll do it myself. You've got to run to the corner of the street and match me these beads and this silk. You've been a better girl lately, and I'm just going to trust you for once (since my foot pains me so bad today). It's the shop just facing you as you stand at the corner. There's groceries on one side, and wools and stuffs on the other, so you can't miss it. There's the beads—and you, mind you get the same blue; there's twopence for them, and a penny for two hanks of the silk—that's got to be the right blue too. Now be off. I'll set the door ajar, because I can't stop here until you're back, and you can bring the things straight up to the parlour when you come in."

Foxey had said nothing all this time. She put on her hat and wrapped a shawl around her; and grabbing the pennies in a hot hand she set her feet on the area steps. Above her sounded clattering footsteps and the hum and roar of London traffic. What if one of those dreadful boys came along, and looked down to see her coming up! Her heart beat at the mere thought; then she remembered that she was "improving." Perhaps she might even look too big to be laughed at. Her anxious peaky face appeared above the level of the pavement. There were no boys to be seen anywhere; only a dull row of houses behind her, a dull row close in front of her, and to the left the "round the corner" where the bus stopped, and the shop with the woools and stuffs was; and where traffic was never still.

She wished that she was not "improving"; it made her feel so very lonely and responsible. Yet the dread of Mrs. Tickle's wrath spurred her on, and suddenly she was actually at the corner; and there, on the other side of the street, was the shop. Foxey stood still and stared at it. Once or twice she made a timid step forward, and drew back again to wait. But the buses streamed on and on, and the carriages and carts. Foxey dared not return without the beads. Slowly a tear forced itself to the edge of her eye and rolled over; the noise, the unquiet and the loneliness in the very middle of all this throng of people, were almost worse than the mistress's wrath and a dreary, supperless evening, should she return empty-handed. She had just made up her mind to go back when a gruff voice sounded above her head.

"Can't ye cross?"

Foxey looked up. It was a burly policeman, no doubt the very one she had been threatened with so often. He had found her out on the brink of shirking her duty, and there he stood, empowered with authority, and no doubt handcuffs as well, waiting to hustle her off to jail, where all bad girls went. Foxey did not wait for the handcuffs. Fear lent her courage. Next moment she had dashed across the street and was in the shop.

A mild-faced woman was presiding over the groceries counter, packing a basket with sundry little parcels for a small boy. She saw the child rush in; but she was accustomed to a particular class of child that generally chose that mode of entry, coupling it with free and easy manners, that no amount of gentle remonstrance could abash.

But Foxey did not cry out "Hi! missus, 'urry up an' sarve me—don't yer see what a bloomin' 'urry I'm in?" or, in fact, make any remark at all; and when the boy had gone she advanced to the counter timidly and laid the three coppers upon it in a row and opened the little wisp of paper that contained the pattern silk and beads.

"Do you want to match 'em, love?" asked the woman.

Foxey nodded her head, and the woman took up her money and departed to the other side of the shop. It seemed a terrible long time before she came back, and Foxey thought that she had forgotten all about her. She was just wondering if she must go back and say that the

money had been taken from her and nothing given her in return, when two ladies entered the shop, and the woman came trotting back, and handed a little white parcel over the counter to Foxey. The ladies wanted some "Scotch finger-ing" of a particular shade, and they followed the woman to the top of the shop, where bundles of wool of all shades were ranged in rows upon some shelves. Foxey grasped her parcel and turned to go, and as she turned she faced the other side of the shop. That side was backed by bales of materials. Upon the counter were baskets of old skeins of wool and silks—trays of cheap brooches, cotton-reels, combs, pins, and all sorts of odds and ends. Above them hung suspended aprons and pinafores, gay silk handkerchiefs, and lengths of lace; but the thing that caught Foxey's eye was a tall glass case of scents and brushes upon the counter against which were propped up a bevy of waxen dolls—pink-checked, blue-eyed, and smiling. They wore gay little garments faced with blue, and pink and blue ribbon, and had boots and socks painted upon their feet; but there was one amongst them wrapped in silver paper, all but its head and its little wax hands and feet. It was not so smart-looking as the others, and its hair was quite short, but it looked at Foxey softly and sweetly. Foxey stood with parted lips and gazed back at it. Then she looked up the shop. The woman was reaching up and lifting down a great pile of soft woolly bundles, and the ladies had their backs turned. Foxey drew a step nearer the counter; then suddenly she put out her hands and lifted the baby into her arms.

"Not in the least like it!" shrilled one of the ladies. "If you really have nothing nearer, we must try somewhere else."

Foxey had crept to the door. Her shawl enfolded something bulky. She gazed tremblingly across the street. The policeman was not there—yet. She stood for a moment, then, catching her breath, darted across and arrived safely on the other side, just as the ladies left the shop.

Foxey knew that she had been a long time. The lamps were beginning to twinkle all down the pavements, and when she got to the area steps there were lights in the parlour, and from within came the sound of voices. The sewing party had assembled. Foxey crept down into the kitchen filled with a strange fear. The new baby lay in her arms; but alas! where could she hide it? She wrapped it hastily in her shawl while she thought, and as she did so the bell above her head suddenly clanked out. For a moment she thought that everybody knew what she had done; then she remembered that it must be tea that was wanted, and she went and lifted the kettle off the fire with trembling hands and poured the water into the teapot, as she had been trained to do. Then she threw off her hat, smoothed back her hair, and staggered upstairs as fast as she could. The bump of jingling china against the parlour door brought Mrs. Tickle. There was anger in her face, but the party was there, so she merely took the tray and asked where the parcel of beads and silk was.

"On the tray," said Foxey, then she departed as she had come. The kitchen seemed to be sanctified by a new presence. She unrolled her shawl carefully and peeped inside. The soft waxen face smiled back at her. She gave a sharp little laugh, then she drew up her skirt over her arms, kicked off her shoes and stole softly upstairs—past the parlour, where the chink of cups and spoons was in full force—past the mistress's bedroom, and the bedrooms of the three young men lodgers, and arrived finally in the attic where she herself slept.

A small rickety bedstead and three-legged chair were considered ample accommodation for a child like her, and two pegs upon the wall shared a battered hat and an old woollen comforter between them. Foxey had no box for her possessions; but to this moment she had never felt the need of one, because possessions she had not, save a chipped cockleshell and a small painted glass frame. The frame was pinned to the floor, and the shell gathered smuts to itself upon the tiny window-sill. But the baby! Well, it must go into the bed.