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Farm Help

Farm Laborers will again be brought out this year by our Immigra-

Also Boys and Domestic Servants We are making a special effort this year in country districts and will have the best class of immigrants. We seek desirable places for these.

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No, this does not consist of some spe cial or new form of drug, because drugs are not a permanent cure for Constipation. The real cure for Constipation is something that will appeal at once to on-sense, because this cure consists simply of pure sterilized water.

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Such a sufferer has probably tried all kinds of drugs, and his experience is en-ough to prove that drugs form only a temporary relief and require constant use in constantly increasing doses to be at all efficacious. The sufferer greatly adds to his lilness by becoming a slave to this

drug natu. How much simpler and saner is this method of Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell, inventor of the J. B. L. Osseade—an appliance now of the J. B. L. Osseade—an appliance now and used by over \$50,000 people. With and used by over \$50,000 people. With a system of the internal bath, you dispense with drugs entirely and you secure a perfectly mutural treatment that brings recly mutural treatment that brings taken as sure and permanent curvaluates as sure and permanent curvaluates as the state of the s

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Write for Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell's book, "Why Man of To-Day is Only 50%, Efficient." We will gladly send you whis free if you will address Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell, Room 671-6, 250 College, St., Toronto

Rose of Old Harpeth

(Continued from page 20.)

vine or flower. A row of bright tin buckets hung along the picket fence that separated the yard from the store enclosure, and rain-barrels sat under the two front gutters with stolid practicability, in contrast to the usual relegation of such storehouses of the rainfall to the back of the house and the planting of ferns and water plants under the front and water plants under the front sprouts, as was the custom from the beginning of time in Sweetbriar. Mrs. Rucker in a clean print dress and with glossy and uncompromisingly smoothed hair stood at the newly whitewashed front gate. "Send him on home, Rose Mary, or grass'll grow in his tracks and yours, too, if can hold you long enough,"

he can hold you long enoug., added by way of badinage.
"I'm a-coming, Sally, right on the minute," answered the poet-by-stealth, and he hurried across the steath, and he nurried across the street with hungry alacrity. The poem-maker was tall and loose-joint-ed, and the breadth of his shoulders and long muscular limbs decidedly suggested success at the anvil or field furrow. He made a jocular pass at placing his arm around the uncompromising waist-line of his port-ly wife, and when warded off by an only half-impatient shove he contentonly nan-imparient snow he considered himself by winding one of her white apron strings around one of his long fingers as they leaned together over the gate for further parley with the Alloways across the

road.
"When did you get back, Mrs. Rucker?" asked Rose Mary interestedly, as she rested her arms on the wall and Uncle Tucker planted himself beside her, having brushed away one of the long briar shoots to make room for them both.

"About two hours ago," answered Mrs. Rucker. "I found everybody in fine shape up at Providence, and Mis' Mayberry sent Mr. Tucker a new quinzy medicine that Tom wrote back to her from New York just day before yesterday. I made a good trade in hogs with Mr. Hoover for myself and Bob Nickols, too. Mr. Petway had a half-barrel of flour in his store he were willing to let go cheap, and I bought it for us and you all and the Poteets. Me and you cheap, and I bought it for us and you all and the Poteets. Me and you can even up on that timothy seed with the flour, Mr. Tucker, and I'm just a-going to give a measure to the Poteets as a compliment to that the Poteets as a compliment to that new Poteet haby, which is the seventh mouth to feed on them eighty-five acres. I've set yeast for ourn and your rolls for to-morrow, tell your Aunt Mandy, Rose Mary, and I brought that copy of the Christian Advocate for your Aunt Viney that she lost last month. Mis' Mayberry don't keep hern, but spreads 'em around, so was glad to let me fore. I had got my bonnet-strings untied. Yes, Cal, I'm a-going on into give you your supper, for I expect I'll find the children's and Grammy's stomicks and backbones growing to stomicks and backbones growing to-gether if I don't hurry. That's one thing Mr. Satterwhite said in his last illness, he never had to wait—yes, I'm coming, Granny," and with the enconium of the late Mr. Satter-white still unfinished Mrs. Rucker hurried up the front path at the behest of a hugh, querulous old voice issuing from the front windows. "Well, there's no doubt about it, no

finer woman lives along Providence Road than Sallie Rucker, Marthy Mayberry, and Selina Lue Lovell down at the Bluff not excepted, to down at the Bluff not excepted, to say nothing of Rose Mary Alloway standing right here in the midst of my own sweet potato vines," said Uncle Tucker reflectively as he glanced at the retreating figure of his sturdy neighbor, which was followed by that

of the lean and hungry poet,
"Yes, she's wonderful," answered.
Rose Mary enthusiastically, "butbut I wish she had just a little sympathy for-for poetry. If a husband
sprouts little spirit wings under his
shoulders it's a kind thing for his
wife not to pick them right out alive,
is 't' is' wife.

isn't it? When I get a husband—"
"When you get a husband, Rose
Mary, I hope he'll hump his shoulders over a plough-line the number of hours allotted for a man's work and then fly poetry kites off times and only when the wind is right," answered Uncle Tucker with a quizcical smile in his bir eyes and a quirk at the corner of his mouth.

"But I'm going always to admire the kites anyway, even if they don't

Managanananananan'

THE command, be diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving in the Lord, is for every day in the week right in our homes. It is the steady, every day diligence, doing each day the work of that day that tells.

fly," answered Rose Mary with the teasing lift of her long lashes up at him. "Maybe just a woman's puff might start a man's kite sky high that couldn't get off right without it. You can't tell."

it. Yes, child." Tucker as he looked into the dark eyes level with his own with a sudden tenderness, "and you never fail to start off all kites in your neigh-borhood. When I took you as a borhood. When I took you as a bundle of nothing outen Brother John's arms nearly thirty years ago this spring jest a perky encouraging little smile in your blue eyes started my kite that was a-trailing weary like, and it's sailed mostly by your wind ever since—especially

weat; wind ever since—especially these last few years. Don't let the breeze give out on me yet, child."
"It never will, old sweetie," answered Rose Mary as she took Uncle Tucker's lean old hand in hers and rubbed her cheek against the sleever the second of the second terest of the mortgage ready for this quarter?" she asked quietly in all quarter?" she asked quietly in almost a whisper, as if afraid to disturb some listening ear with a private matter.

"It lacks more than a hundred," answered Uncle Tucker in just as quiet a voice, in which a note of pain sounded plainly. "And this is answered Uncle Tucker in just as quiet a woice, in which a note of pain sounded plainly. "And this is not the first time I have fallen behind with Newsome, either. The repairs on the ploughs and the food chopper for the barn have cost a wood deal, and the coal bill was large this winter. Sometimes, Rose Mary, I—I am afraid to look forward to the end. Maybe if I was younger it would he different and I could pay to the end. Maybe if I was you it would be different and I could the debt, but I am afraid—if it wasn't for your aunt, looks like you and I could let it go and make our way somewhere out in the world be-yond the Ridge, but they are older than us and we must keep their as long as we can for 'em. Maybe in a few years—Newsome won't press me. I'm mighty sure. Do you

press me, I'm mighty sure. Do you think you can help me hold on for 'em? I don't matter." "We'll never let it go, Uncle Tuck, never!" answered Rose Mary passionately, as she precheek closer to his arm. she pressed her is arm. "I don't know why I know, but we are to have it as long as they—and you, you need it—and I'm going to die here myself," she added with a laughing sob as she shook two tears out of her lashes and looked up at him with adorning stars in her eyes.

(Continued next week) . . .

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