

MILK AT NIGHT IS BAD FOR YOU!

For three hours or so (during its digestion) it puts a severe tax on your digestive organs—disturbs sleep and impairs your night's rest.

Before retiring—nothing is so rest-giving, nutritious and tasty as "BOVRIL"—in the form of sandwiches—or as bouillon. Try and note the difference.

9-08

PUBLIC NOTICE.

The Strathcona Tannery of Strathcona, Alta.

Has been doing business at the old stand for 11 years and is better prepared than ever before to give satisfaction. We tan Yellow Latigoe, Lace Leather, Shoe Pack, and Harness Leather; also robes and furs of all kinds. We guarantee good work if your hides are in good condition. Do not send bad hides for it will not pay you and we do not care to handle them.

When the weather is too mild for a fresh hide to freeze, be sure to salt it well before shipping to guarantee its keeping. It requires 15 to 20 pounds of salt to keep a hide from spoiling in warm weather.

When sending hides, do not forget to put on a tag that will not be torn off too easily, and be sure to put your name on it, also what you wish done with it, or if it is for sale, and write at the same time. You cannot be too careful if you do not want your hides to go astray.

W. E. BEDARD, Prop., Strathcona, Alta.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

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risen, Ezra got up from his bed where he had been lying dressed, and stole downstairs and out at the back door. He went softly round the house to Jane Ann's window, and listened there. She was breathing regularly, and at the sound his own breath came again. Then he stepped along the path across the orchard to his shed, and got out the spade and wheelbarrow. In a rich corner of the garden he set the barrow down, and began pulling up his early corn. When a spot was clear, he set his spade into the good rich earth, and heaped his barrow with it. For the first time in years he felt the joy of living. He was doing something far from his accustomed groove, and it brought the scent and echo of a by-gone youth, when even common things were half unproven. Some slight peril attended his way, for if Jane Ann should, for any reason, seek him in his chamber, she would not rest until she found him. With the fatalism of the hunted, he knew Jane Ann would prove invincible. But he piled his barrow high, stuck his spade into the earth, and went

toil, it was all done. The rich earth was shovelled upon the grave and banked there evenly. Cap'n Penfield would have his pinks.

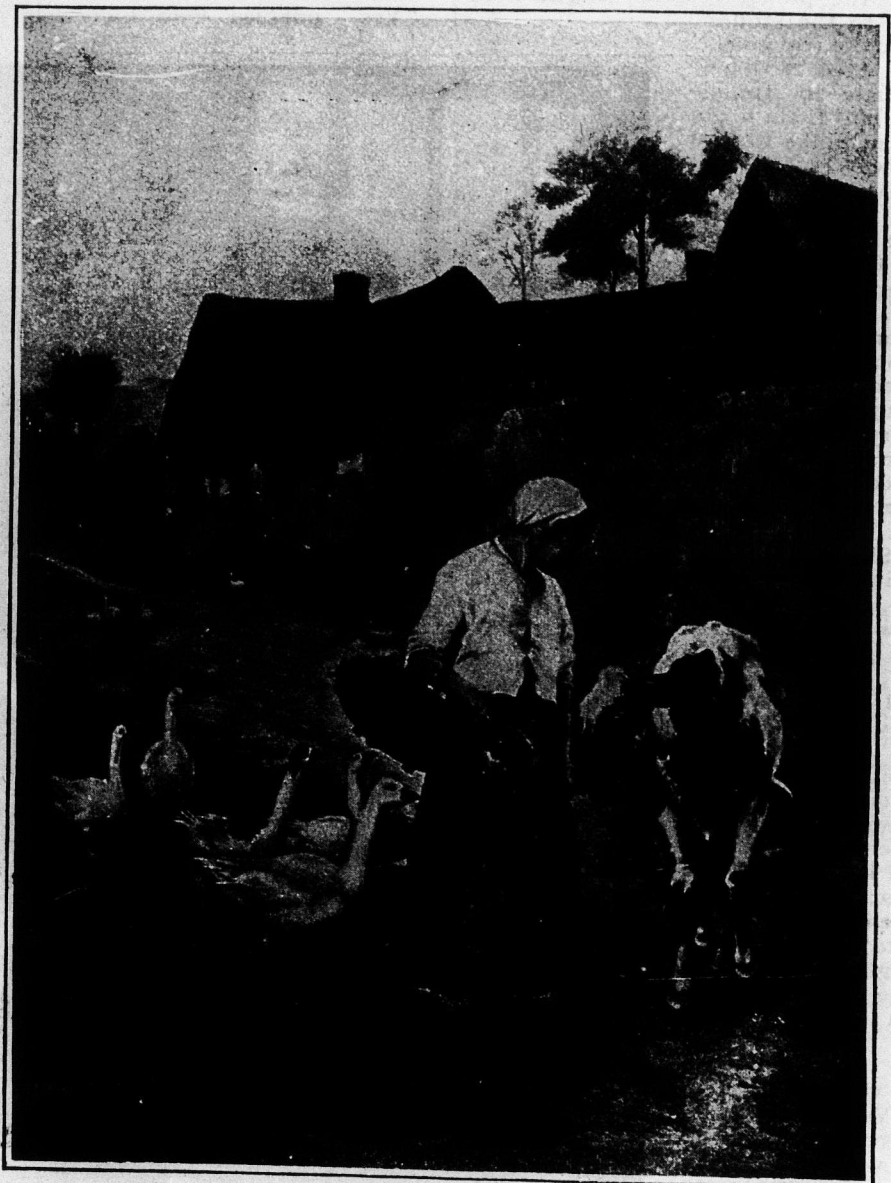
Then Ezra sat down upon the wheelbarrow and meditated. His thoughts flowed in a tranquility like that about him. Suddenly it seemed to him a good and kindly world, though a certain friendliness had gone out of it. Yet at that moment he could not believe it had gone at all; some strange, satisfying memory of it stayed and built desire into hope. And when the dawn was chill about him, he went down the hill again, put his wheelbarrow away, and stole safely up to bed.

He was late at breakfast, and Jane Ann looked keenly at him, "Mercy, father!" said she, "you goin' to be sick. You're kinder feverish. How do you feel?"

"Same as usual, I guess."

"Well, you better keep pretty close," said Jane Ann, pouring his tea, and thinking of Angeline Pratt. "This sun's hot enough for the middle of summer."

Ezra set down his saucer with a



The Entire Family.

wheeling away out of the yard and up the hill. No one was abroad. Only the moon and he were awake in the June splendor. The intermittent creaking of his wheelbarrow made alarming clamor in the air, out of all proportion to its loudness. It was a steep pull to the little graveyard on the hill, and twice he stopped to breathe and mop his dripping face. Confidence returned to him in the deeper stillness there, and when he set down his barrow by the side of Cap'n Penfield's grave he was a resolute man. In some mysterious way he felt accompanied by the friendly dead. His wife had always stood by him. She seemed to be standing by him still. So he fell to and began spading up the turf where Martha Penfield meant to set the pinks. A little wind sprang up and kept him cool at his task. It brought him the scent of the locusts on the hill, and he thought of their dewy clusters as he worked, and the honey he had sucked from them when he was a boy. He whistled a little, a minor psalm tune, befitting the place; and so, presently, in a heat of friendly

trembling hand. He could not look at her, but his voice rang stoutly: "I'm goin' up to the buryin' ground. 'I ain't finished up.'"

"Well," said Jane Ann, tentatively, and he was safe.

When the Widow Penfield came toiling up the slope with her basket of roots, Ezra was mowing the grass on his own lot. He gave her a friendly nod, and she set her basket down at the side of the grave. At the same instant she gave one inclusive glance at his work of the night before, and came toward him, both hands outstretched and tears upon her face.

"Oh, you good creatur!" said she. "I never see anything like that—never in my born days!"

Ezra held her hands for a moment, and then dropped them because he hardly knew what else to do.

"There, there!" said he, huskily, "you go set out your pinks."

The widow went, wiping her eyes with the back of a capable hand, and Ezra, mowing his grass, felt a great softness for all created things. It was very pleasant to know she was