DYSPEPSIA MADE HIM MISERABLE

Suffered Agony Until "Fruit-a-tives" Cured Him

Hundreds of people gladly testify to the wonderful curative powers of the famous fruit medicine, "Fruit-a-tives". To those now suffering with Indigestion, Dyspepsia or other Stomach Troubles, this letter of Mr. Stirling, the well known real estate operator of Western Ontario, shows the way to a speedy and certain cure.

GLENCOE, ONT., AUG. 15th. 1911

"Fruit-a-tives were so beneficial to me when I suffered with distressing Dyspepsia, that I wish to inform you of their satisfactory results.

Although I have, in past, suffered agony with Dyspepsia, I am now in perfect health. "Fruit-a-tives" accomplished the desired result"

N. C. STIRLING.

"Fruit-a-tives" will cure every trace of Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach Bloating, Pain After Eating, Biliousness and Constipation.

"Fruit-a-tives" is the only remedy in the world made of fruit juices and valuable tonics.

50c a box, 6 for $2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

White Ribbon News.

Woman's Christian Temperance Union first organized in 1874.

AIM.—The protection of the home, the abolition of the liquor traffic and the triumph of Christ's Golden Rule in custom and in law.

MOTTO—For God and Home and Native Land.

BADGE—A knot of White Ribbon.

WATCHWORD—Agitate, educate, organize.

OFFICERS OF WOLFVILLE UNION.

President—Mrs. L. W. Sleep.
1st Vice President—Mrs. J. Kaye.
2nd Vice President—Mrs. F. Woodworth.
Recording Secy—Mrs. W. Mitchell.
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Flowers, Fruit, and Delicacies—Mrs J. Kaye.
Labrador Home Relief Work. Mrs. Woodworth. Mrs. Fielding.
Narcotics—Mrs. Bleakney

Regular Business Meeting last Friday in each month at 3.30 p. m., in Temperance Hall. Labrador Meeting at the homes of the members 1st and 3rd Tuesday evenings in the month.

Cure For Heartache.

The memory of a kindly word
For long gone by,
The fragance of a lading flower
Sent lovingly,
The gleaming of a sudden smile
Or sudden tear,
The warmer pressure of the hand,
The tone of cheer,
The hush that means 'I cannot speak,
But I have heard,'
The note that only bears a verse
From God's own Word—
Such tiny things we hardly count
As ministry,
The givers deeming they have shown
Scant sympathy;
But when the heart is overwrought
Oh, who can tell
The power of such tiny things
To make it well.

Modern Miracles.

It's the unexpected that always happens, said someone. That our subject would ever become an evangelist no one ever dreamt. His destiny seemed the very antipodes of that.

Up to some years ago he was a carter, and well known at that. Many regarded him as rough and wild. He was certainly unusually fond of liquor, and was often having 'jollifications,' in spite of the fact that these were often followed by pains and penalties. Champagne at night and real pain in the morning.

When asked by a friend, who had an eye to his spiritual weal, if he had a Bible, he inquired, 'An' what am Aw gaun to do wi' a Bible?' He could hardly read and could not write the address of the street in which he lived.

On one occasion he walked out some seven miles from the city, 'wi an awful thirst,' for a 'Sunday drink.' As he could not sign the hotel book he was refused the longed-for dram. 'Seven miles out and seven miles in an' nae drink.' It was terrrible.

There came an end to his drinking and rowdying, fights and brawls home ructions and week-ends in the 'nick.' He had pledged his watch, coat, and much more. Now to be rid of that which had brought about such pledging he pledged himself through faith to Jesus Christ.

This was the start of the new affection that became a great expulsive and changing power in his life. Realizing his utter ignorance, he set about self-improvement, and it is quite a treat to hear him tell how he mastered the alphabet and came to wield the pen. 'Could not write,' he exclaimed when addressing eight hundred waifs and strays, 'an' now I carry my fountain pen. See,' and he held it up before the throng.

Grace, which taught him how to manipulate a fork and knife, has enabled him to breast many difficulties, and his story has inspired many discouraged souls. To tell that story and magnify the power which has done so much for him he has gone all over the land, and has had some remarkable missions and unique experiences.

Often in the midst of these singing and preaching tours he emphasizes the terrible evil of intemperance and the blessings that come in the train of a sober life. 'Na, na,' he often says. 'Aw never knew onybody getting the 'nick' by drinking a glass o' milk. Never.'

Often in the course of his wanderings he is called upon to 'hob nob' with the rich and the great, and to dine with lords and ladies braw, and he does it as if to the manner born. Surely truth is more wonderful and grander than fiction.—George M'Robert, in the Temperance Journal.

Bilious Attacks Quickly Cured.

A few weeks ago I had a bilious attack that was so severe I was not able to go to the office for two days. Failing to get relief from my family physician's treatment, I took three of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets and the next day I felt like a new man.—H. C. BAILEY, Editor of the News, Chapin, S. C. These tablets are for sale by all dealers.

The Canadian Churches, speaking of the work for temperance reform done by his Royal Highness the Governor General, who has long been associated with the movement for promoting sobriety in the British army adds that it has been stated that the younger daughter of the Duke of Connaught, Princess Patricia, is a personal abstainer, and that his elder daughter, Princess Margaret, who by her marriage on June 15, 1905, became the Crown Princess of Sweden, is a strict teetotaler. The Crown Princess is a member of the White Ribbon Union of her adopted land, and displays deep interest in its work and success.'

PILES Do not suffer another day with Itching, Bleeding, or Protruding Piles. No surgical operation required. Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once and certainly cure you. 60c. a box; all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Sample box free if you mention this paper and enclose 2c. stamp to pay postage.

'Smoking,' prophecies Andrew Carnegie, 'will be looked upon by the next generation as an extinct habit as chewing is considered by this generation. Perhaps,' he amended, 'I should say the generation after next. It is never wise to set a date.'

Chapped Hands.

Wash your hands with warm water, dry with a towel and apply Chamberlain's Salve just before going to bed, and a speedy cure is certain. This salve is also unequalled for skin diseases. For sale by all dealers.

'Oh, Willie, Willie,' cried a teacher to a hopelessly dull pupil, 'whatever do you think your head is for?'

Willie, who evidently thought this another of the troublesome questions the teachers were always asking, pondered deeply. 'Please, miss,' he replied at length, 'to keep my collar on.'

Eczema on the Head.

Mr. Peterson, South Bay, Ont., writes: 'For years I suffered a sort of eczema on the head. I tried four different doctors, giving each a fair trial, but the disease grew worse and spread to my arm. I got Dr. Chase's Ointment, and it has entirely cured me. I give you my name because I want other sufferers to know about this splendid Ointment.'

In the great Pecos valley, apple country of New Mexico, the latest arrival is always asked:

'What is worse than biting into an apple and finding a worm?'

He is stumped. They tell him: 'Finding half a worm.'

A druggist can obtain an imitation of MINARD'S LINIMENT from a Toronto house at a very low price, and have it labeled his own product.

This greasy imitation is the poorest one we have yet seen of the many that every Tom, Dick and Harry has tried to introduce.

Ask for MINARD'S and you will get it.

'No, siree!' ejaculated Bunkerton. 'There wasn't any of that nonsense in my family. My father never thrashed me in all his life.'

'Too bad, too bad,' sighed Hickenlooper. 'Another wreck due to a misplaced switch.'

In Dread of Croup.

Every mother dreads croup unless she knows about Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. Given in frequent small doses, at the first indication of trouble, this treatment loosens the cough and affords relief and comfort. Its use should be kept up until the child is entirely recovered.

Blink, the wholesaler—'Well, how many orders did you get yesterday?'

Gink, the salesman—I got two orders in the shop.'

Blink—'What are they?'

Gink—'One was to get out, and the other was to stay out.'

Don't waste your money buying strengthening plasters. Chamberlain's Liniment is cheaper and better. Dampen a piece of flannel with it and bind it over the affected parts and it will relieve the pain and soreness. For sale by all dealers.

Tommy—I don't think aunty will stay; she didn't bring her trunk.

Johnny—Huh! Look how long the baby has stayed, and he didn't bring anything!

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

May—Girls, what do the papers mean when they talk about the seat of war?

Bell—How ignorant you are. The seat of war is for the standing army to sit on when it gets tired.

Drinking Water.

Every twenty-four hours there passes out through the pores of your skin about a quart of water. This 'insensible perspiration' goes on in the body of every healthy man without his knowing it. This evaporation from the skin is necessary in order that the body may remain at the even temperature, and able to resist sudden chills, severe cold or extreme heat. At the same time, a still greater amount of water is passing out of the body through the lungs and other organs.

Now if you allow the body to part with all this water without supplying the loss, every tiny cell in the system is robbed of this opportunity to grow, and one of the many ailments due to poor cell growth is bound sooner or later to develop. Thus, the importance of drinking enough pure water to keep the tissues of the body supplied is at once apparent.

Water taken in great quantities and at long intervals is not so beneficial to you as small amounts taken at frequent intervals. Nor does the large amount you drink after exercising or when perspiring in hot weather repair the loss from 'insensible perspiration,' for at such times you only quench your thirst, which is a hurried demand of the drying cells for nutriment due to the unusual loss of water.

To keep in perfect health and to prevent the arteries from growing brittle in middle age, you should drink two or more glasses of pure, cool water every morning before eating breakfast. Between meals a glass or two should be taken. Do not wait for thirst, but try to keep the moisture of the body at a perfect balance.

Do not drink iced water at any time. Bad complexions and troublesome indigestion may often be traced to its habitual use.—Youth's Companion.

The boy's appetite is often the source of amazement. If you would have such an appetite take Chamberlain's Tablets. They not only create a healthy appetite, but strengthen the stomach and enable it to do its work naturally. For sale by all dealers.

The First Mistake.

'It doesn't look right somehow. Oh, I see—I've made a little mistake in the pattern, away back there,' and she held up the dainty bit of fancy work for her girl chum's inspection.

'Better make it right before you go on,' suggested the chum. But the first worker shook her head.

'It won't show much. It isn't worth the bother,' she declared, and went on with the work to the end. Yet many times afterwards she wished she had remedied that trifling fault in her work. She knew it was there; others saw it; and it marred the pleasure of the whole thing. Instead of the unadulterated enjoyment of the pretty work, the girl grew to dislike the very sight of it, to see only the mistake, to watch others find it and mention it. But it did her good, for she learned the beauty of perfection and the satisfaction of good work one's best effort, whether it be fancy work or the art of living, and to pass no mistake unheeded.

'It is a pleasure to tell you that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is the best cough medicine I have ever used,' writes Mrs. Hugh Campbell, of Lavonia, Ga. 'I have used it with all my children and the results have been highly satisfactory.' For sale by all dealers.

Telephone girls sometimes glory in their mistakes if there is a joke in consequence. The story is told by a telephone operator in one of the Boston exchanges about a man who asked her for the number of a local theater.

He got the wrong number and without asking to whom he was talking, he said:

'Can I get a box for two tonight?'

A startled voice answered him at the other end of the line: 'We don't have boxes for two.'

'Isn't this the——theatre?' he called crossly.

'Why, no,' was the answer, 'this is an undertaking shop.'

He cancelled his order for a 'box for two.'

Is your husband cross? An irritable, fault finding disposition is often due to a disorderly stomach. A man with good digestion is early always good natured. A great many have been permanently cured of stomach trouble by taking Chamberlain's Tablets. For sale by all dealers.

'Thomas,' said his mother, severely, 'some one has taken a big piece of ginger bread out of the pantry.'

Thomas blushed guiltily.

'O, Thomas,' she exclaimed, 'I didn't think it was in you.'

'It ain't all,' replied Tommy. 'Part of it's in Elsie.'

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

The amateur hunter fired and something limped off through the bushes. The guide investigated.

'What was the rare species I hit?'

'Not so rare.'

'What was hit?'

'A fellow named Smith. They're rather plentiful in this vicinity.'

Hubby—I have a present for you and its for your neck.'

Wifey—Oh, it must be a pearl necklace.

Hubby—Nope; it's a bar of soap.

KOOTENAY STEEL RANGE

When you buy a "Kootenay" Steel Range you make a permanent investment. The "Kootenay" is guaranteed by makers and dealers alike to be a strong, durable range and a perfect cooker and baker. 211

McClary's

Sold by L. W. Sleep.

Worth Knowing.

A tin cup of vinegar set at the back of the range and kept boiling while cabbage, onions, etc., are in cooking will prevent the smell from them getting through the house.

To remove fresh paint from the floor cover with vinegar at once and wipe off with a soft cloth.

Glycerine will remove coffee stains. So will the yolk of an egg diluted with a little water.

To prevent a lamp from smoking dip the wick in vinegar and dry before using it.

To mend a crack in the inside of a range fill with a paste made of sifted wood ashes and common salt, wet with water.

An apple or orange placed in a box of fresh cookies will keep them from drying out and impart a delicious fruity flavor. A cut apple in the cake box will keep cake fresh for a long time.

To dispel unpleasant odors from the sickroom burn dried orange peel upon a shovel of red coals. It will diffuse an agreeable perfume through the room.

Stale crumbs of bread for puddings should be soaked in cold water or milk until mushy.

To clean and brighten gilt frames stir enough flour of sulphur into three cupfuls of water to give it a golden tinge. Then boil four or five bruised onions in it; strain off the liquid, and when it is cold wash the frames with it, using a soft flannel rag with which to do this.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Andrew's grandmother had been telling him Bible stories, his favorite being that of Daniel in the lions' den. At the age of 4 he was taken to a circus for the first time. When the lion tamer put his head in the lion's mouth Andrew's excitement knew no bounds. Jumping up and down he gleefully screamed:

'Gee, that knocks the spots off Daniel.'

'I can remember when you didn't dress for dinner,' said the old time friend.

'I always dressed for dinner,' replied Mr Cumrox, 'although I admit it was simpler in the early days. Then dressing for dinner consisted in merely rolling down my shirt sleeves.'

TWO WOMEN TESTIFY

What Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Did For Their Health—Their own Statements Follow.

Haliburton, P.E.I.:—"I had a doctor examine me and he said I had falling of the womb, so I have been taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it has done me a lot of good. All the bearing-down pains have vanished, I have gained ten pounds in weight, the discharge is all gone, and I feel better than I have for a long time. I think any woman is foolish to suffer as I did for the sake of a few dollars.

"You can use my letter as a testimonial. It may encourage other poor women who suffer as I did to use your Vegetable Compound." — MRS. GEO. COLLICUTT, Haliburton, Lot 7, P.E.I.

Read What This Woman Says:

New Moorefield, Ohio.—"I take great pleasure in thanking you for what your Vegetable Compound has done for me. I had bearing down pains, was dizzy and weak, had pains in lower back and could not be upon my feet long enough to get a meal. As long as I laid on my back I would feel better, but when I would get up those bearing down pains would come back, and the doctor said I had female trouble. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was the only medicine that helped me and I have been growing stronger ever since I commenced to take it. I hope it will help other suffering women as it has me. You can use this letter."—MRS. CASSIE LLOYD, New Moorefield, Clark Co., Ohio.

Electric Restorer for Men

Phosphonol restores every nerve in the body to its proper tension; restores vim and vitality. Premature decay and all sorts of weakness averted at once. Phosphonol will make you a new man. Price $2 a box, or two for $3. Mailed to any address. The Scobell Drug Co., St. Catharines, Ont.

Or at Rand's Drug Store.

THE LIGHT-HOUSE KEEPER'S STORY.

FROM the lighthouse at Lobster Cove Head, Bonne Bay, Newfoundland, Mrs. W. Young sends her experience of Zam-Buk.

She says: "I suffered with eczema for seven years and to my great delight Zam-Buk has cured me. The disease started on my breast, and spread until it extended over my back. The itching and burning—especially when the affected parts were warm—was terrible, and yet when the eruption was scratched or rubbed, it turned to bad sores and caused great pain. I went to a doctor and tried various prescriptions, but seemed to get no benefit, so tried another doctor. Again I got no relief, so tried a third doctor, and then a fourth.

"Seven years is a long time to suffer, and I had got used to the thought that I never would be cured, when I saw a report in the *Family Herald*, telling how beneficial Zam-Buk was in cases of skin disease.

"I bought some Zam-Buk, and from the use of the very first box I saw it was going to do me good. I persevered with it, and the improvement it worked in my condition was really wonderful.

"It eased the irritation, stopped the pain, and the sores began to dry up and disappear. In short, I found Zam-Buk all that was claimed for it and within a very short time it worked a complete cure in my case.

"Since that time I have recommended it for several other cases, and in each it has proved its wonderful merit.

What Zam-Buk Cures

Zam-Buk cures Eczema, Ulcers, Blood Poison, Piles, Cold Sores, Chapped Hands, Scalp Eczema, Bad Leg, Festering, Children's Eruptions, Cuts, Bruises, Scalds and Burns. All druggists and stores sell at 50c box or post free for price from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto. Refuse worthless substitutes.

FREE BOX

Send this coupon, name of this paper and 1c stamp to pay return postage) to Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, and receive free trial box.

Zam-Buk
EVERY HOME NEEDS IT

WHEN NEEDING ANYTHING IN

GUNS & AMMUNITION

CALL AND GET SUPPLIED AT

ILLSLEY & HARVEY CO., Ltd.

We have a big stock of Single and Double Shot Guns, Rifles, Repeaters, etc.

AMMUNITION

Powder, Shot, Wads, Loaded and Empty Shells and Cartridges, all sizes.

Cartridge Belts and Vests, Shooting Coats, Game Bags, Loading Sets, etc.

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PORT WILLIAMS, N. S.

AN OPPORTUNITY FOR A RELIABLE MAN IN WOLFVILLE.

We have some Gilt Edged original prairie Townsites, (not subdivisions), which appeal to the intelligent invester, and we intend to put on an extensive advertising campaign in WOLFVILLE as soon as we complete arrangements with a first-class man, who can follow up inquiries. We mail the district thoroughly. The right man who will apply himself can make this a permanent and very profitable position. Apply

H. W. McCURDY
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All kinds of Tiles supplied and laid by experienced Tile Setters.

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Come up and jibe de army of de Lord, sister!

Ah done jine.

Where you jine.

I jine de Baptist Church.

Lawdie, sister, dat ain't de army! Dat's de navy!

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

If You Ride Horseback,

or drive in a carriage, see before you make a start that the Trappings or

HARNESS

are in good order.

Repairs executed promptly. All work will prove highly satisfactory.

We carry a full line of Harness Dressing, Axle Grease, Whips, etc.

Also Buckles, Straps, Rivets, Punches. You'll not find our prices too high.

Wm. Regan,
HARNESS MAKER,

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

HALVES OF A WHOLE

Peggy Quite Unconsciously Proved Herself Competent as a Minister's Wife

By MARION OLIVIA GREGG

Two Proposals

"I not at all the kind of a girl you ought to marry," said the girl decidedly, looking at the man in front of her with serious eyes.

"The consideration as to whether you are the kind of girl I ought to marry has never entered my mind. The fact that you are the girl I want to marry is never out of it," rejoined the man, gazing back at the girl with eyes as serious as her own.

"Do I look like a clergyman's wife, do I, John? Did you ever see one with hair like mine? Nothing on this a will keep it tidy. Ah, it's all very to laugh"—as a smile hovered round the man's clean-cut mouth—"but I not cut out for a clergyman's wife. Even my name is against it. Peggy. It ought to be Mary or Jane, or something solid."

"And all this means," said the man quietly, "that you don't care."

"I suppose it is that I don't care enough," said the girl gently. "I do care; you know that, John. I want to be your wife, but I don't want to be a clergyman's wife. Oh, I'm getting mixed! What am I saying?"

"Simply that you don't care enough," said the man, leaning forward and taking both the girl's hands in his. "I was mistaken, that's all. I imagined you did. What idiots we are! I thought I could make you happy, and I could, too!" he added hotly, holding the small hands so tightly that the girl almost screamed.

"That's not the point altogether. Could I make you happy? And the people, and the parish, and the bishop, and all of them? Oh, John, I couldn't, don't ask me!"

"But I'm not asking you to marry the people, and the parish, and the bishop, and all of them! Only me, Peggy!"

"Yes; but a clergyman's wife affects them all, and I couldn't be prim and set a good example, and look after mothers' meetings and things. Don't say any more about it, John. I just couldn't do it! You don't mind very much, do you?" she added quickly, as the man's face suddenly set hard.

"Only so much that I shall never marry anybody else," he replied gravely.

And the look in his steady brown eyes haunted the girl for days.

"And I've spoiled your life?"

"No, not spoiled it; only left it incomplete. I'm just the half of a whole, Peggy, and you are the other. You don't feel it, so you will probably marry somebody else, and fit in quite well; but I couldn't. Ah, my dear, I feel like fighting for you, and making you mine! But it would be altering your whole life, and it wouldn't be fair, unless you cared for me in the same way."

"But we can go on being friends, John?"

"No, dear; you can never be friends with your other half. I must have the whole of you or none of you, so it's just good-bye!"

"And what if I change my mind?"

"Then I'm always there, waiting to be made whole. Good-bye!"

. . . . . .

Six months later the girl sat in the same room, wondering how she was going to answer this altogether different young man gazing at her with excited eyes.

"Do you feel that I am your other half?" she said suddenly; and there was a serious note in the musical tones.

"Half? Heavens, no! You're my whole, my everything! Peggy, you must—you shall say 'Yes'; I can't go on like this! I'm mad when I'm with you, and worse when I'm away from you! Say 'Yes' now!"

"But it would be silly to say 'Yes' if I don't mean it," said the girl, very gently. "What would be the good of that?"

"Ah, but you would in time."

"No; I never should!" And there was a note of finality in the girl's voice. "Tony, you will think I'm a perfect idiot; but some time ago—oh, months!—a man told me that he was one half of a whole and I was the other, and that I belonged to him. Wasn't it a weird idea? I laughed at the time, but—but—but—oh, I don't know! Anyhow, I can't marry anyone else; it would seem like bigamy, or something!"

"Confounded impudence!"

"Oh, no; it wasn't impudence!" said the girl sharply, as a vision of the other man's strong, serious face flashed across her mind. "It was just the greatest compliment he could pay me!"

"Peggy, I believe you're in love with the beggar!"

"No, I don't think I am; but it's the idea of the thing somehow, to belong to someone so absolutely as to be their other half. Not a toy, or a plaything, or a treasure, or an idol; but just a half, without which they can never be a whole!" added the girl softly, with a far-away look in her eyes.

"Then there is no hope for me?"

"No hope? You silly old boy; there's every hope! You must find your other half. You've got one somewhere, you know, and a much nicer one than I am, I expect!"

"Rot!" ejaculated the young man inelegantly, as he flung himself out of the room.

The Completed Whole

In the quiet weeks that followed the girl slowly realized how much she had missed the other man in the last six months. And then an energetic female of advanced years, and still more advanced ideas, came upon the scene, and enrolled the girl in a scheme for "brightening the lives of children in the slums."

"But I don't know anything about children or slums," said Peggy helplessly, as the other rapidly sketched out a plan of campaign.

"You soon will"—with something between a snort and a sniff.

"But what do I do?" persisted Peggy, feeling rather like a timid caught in the toils of a particula energetic spider.

"Oh, talk to them!"

"The children?"

"Of course—and the mothers! Mothers first and the children afterwards; instruct parents in duty towards children, and vice versa."

"Oh!" said the girl vaguely, feeling a wild desire to laugh as the incongruity of it all forced itself upon her mind.

"We must start this week, no time to be lost," announced the other, planting her large feet squarely on the ground, as if whole regions of children from Slumdom were even then in front of her, waiting to be acted on at once.

And thus it was that, two nights later, Peggy found herself seated in a dingy mission-room in a dingier street, confronted by a number of parents waiting in apathetic silence to hear "what the swanks had to say about rearing kids."

. . . . . .

A something seemed to tighten in the girl's throat as she glanced along the rows of tired, work-lined faces, and a wild longing surged into her heart to bring a little brightness into some of their sordid lives. And then her female friend, sitting at a little table near, began to speak, and Peggy found herself wondering if, in a scheme for making conditions brighter, it was necessary to wear a snuff-colored dress and flat-soled boots, to cultivate a formless figure, and drag one's hair into a tight little knob at the back.

And then her attention was arrested by a sudden sense of failure on the part of the speaker to strike the right note, a feeling of the utter futility of laying down laws and stringing fact upon fact of hygiene and psychological importance to people who were worn-out with the struggle of making both ends meet.

The girl's sensitive nature seemed to feel the apathy of those tired faces, and a sudden desire to talk to them heart to heart arose in her mind. Unconsciously she started to her feet, as the speaker paused and glanced in her direction.

"I'm not going to say anything about children," she said hurriedly, and there was a throbbing note in the fresh young voice, "because you all know more about them than I do. But shall I just tell you about my own childhood, and what I missed because I hadn't a mother? Perhaps it may help you a little bit, because you are all mothers, aren't you?"

And graphically, because lost to all sense of self-consciousness, the girl told those weary women of what she had lacked of a mother's love and care, although surrounded with every luxury.

Often at a loss for a word, occasionally repeating herself or breaking off in the midst of a sentence, there was a ring of sincerity about it all; and as she told them of a moral crisis she had been compelled to fight out alone, one woman at least out of the little throng resolved to have a tender talk with her eldest girl that very night.

It wasn't that there was anything new in the things the girl was saying. It was just that they were not in the habit of putting them into words, even to themselves, but many a resolve which had been hovering in the background, unformed, came to the surface and was crystallized as the girl talked from her sympathetic young heart straight into theirs. And then, vainly seeking for the right word, it was just that they were not in the habit of putting them into words, even to themselves, and many a resolve which had been hovering in the background, unformed, came to the surface and was crystallized as the girl talked from her sympathetic young heart straight into theirs. And then, vainly seeking for the right word, it was supplied by a well-known voice from behind; and with a little cry of 'John!' she turned around, hesitated, became crimson, and unsteadily sat down on the nearest chair.

. . . . . .

The elderly female, seeing her opportunity, began to read the rules for the proposed club; and, almost before she knew it, the girl found herself outside, with the cool night air fanning her hot and quivering face.

"Oh"—with a gasp, clutching the man's arm with both hands—"what will you think of me? What was I saying? If I had only known you were there!"

"I'm glad you didn't"—and there was a low note of exultation in his voice—"that would have spoiled it all. Oh, Peggy, Peggy! and you said you weren't cut out for a clergyman's wife!"

"How could I have got up and talked like that?" went on the girl. "I must have been mad! But they looked so tired, and I felt so sorry. And, oh, John, I've missed you so!"

"If I could only believe that!" said the man quietly, coming to a stop in the shadow of a tall old house, and taking the girl's hand in his.

"Believe it! Don't you believe it? But it's true! It's been true all along, only I didn't know! Why did you stay away so long? Oh, John, how could you?"

"Peggy, do you know what you are saying?"

And the man's voice sounded quite hoarse in the quiet night.

"Yes"—with a little hysterical cry—"I do now; I didn't before! I've known for ages, ever since another man wanted me to marry him, and I couldn't. You said I was your other half, and all along I knew I really belonged to you. Do you still want your other half, John? Because—because I want mine!"

"Whole at last!" murmured the man, as he gathered the girl into his arms in the shadowy doorway of the old house.

NOT MADE

A young man spending his holidays in the country, fell in love with a pretty milk maid at a farm house. Day after day he hovered about the farm, hoping to catch a glimpse of her, till one day the farmer found him peering into the yard.

"What is your business, young man?" he shouted.

The poor fellow was so surprised he only managed to stammer, "Why, I thought this was the milk maid!"

"What?" roared the angry farmer. "Our milk isn't made; it comes from the cow."

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