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TO THE FARMERS The undersigned will pay 1 cent a pound for rags, 5 eents a a cwt for scrap iron, 50 to 60 dates via Sarnia and Northern Navi- an ordinary one at all." cents for metal, according to

the quality. POULTRY-10 cents a lb. for old hens and roosters (live). Delivered at 40 Queen-st east, Telephone 337L ward.

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FOR SALE - LOY 10, CON. 11, 40 acres adjoining the village of Glenarm, being the property of the late Donald Spence. For further particulars apply to Mrs. Donald Speace, Glenarm, P.O.

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Mr. William Proudfoot, M.P.P. was the speaker at the closing meet ing of the Orillia Liberal Club. Wandering makes small wages. Isn't it queer that only sensible people agree with you.

A WARNING.

There was a man in our town, And he was wondrous wise, He shunned the doughnuts as

And turned away from pies, He never ate sweet things at all, fie took the greatest care To cut out seasoned things and liv Upon the plainest fare.

He felt fownstairs one day and died-Hs was a grievous lot ; Thank of the good things that he

Have had as well as not.



Causing headache and nervous trou ble, are relieved only by our prop-erly ground glasses. Children's eyes need attention now. Do not hesitate consult me if your eyes need help. M. B. ANNIS Oph.D

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until September 17th | Winnipeg and Return \$34.00 pound for rubbers, 23 cents a | Eimonton and Raturn-\$42.00 pound for horse hair, 30 cents | Tickets will also be on sale on certain | course_he's a gentleman farmer,

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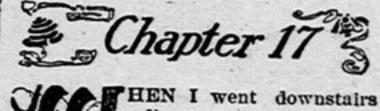
By C. R. Q & M. WILLIAMSON.

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"How fresh and pretty it is here!" I meant it too. It is a dear room, with something pathetic about its simple sweetness, and the kind thought to give me pleasure which shows in every little innocent detail. The floor is covered with a white straw matting. and there are no two pieces of furniture that match. There's a wide wooden bed of no particular period that I can recognize, yet with an air of being old fashioned, and there are stiff, square shams to hide the pillows and turn down over the top of the sheet with fluted frills round the edges. The scent of dried rose leaves and lavender mingles with the perfume of the pinks, and some of the summer house pagodas on the wall are hidden with old fashioned steel engravings and photographs in homemade frames.

I didn't stop to examine the pictures at first, but after Patty and Ide had tripped away ("to see about my dinner," they said), I was attracted by a | by her, though she can be so dreadfulfaded cabinet photograph framed with ly alarming. Why, Mr. Brett, in shells. It was a full length figure of a young man on horseback. He was dressed something like those splendid cowboys they took me to see at Earlscourt when I was a little girl, and the face was Mr. Brett's. It was so handing full charge, references required, some and dashing I could hardly stop Just as I said once to Sally-Miss Fare advanced, if necessary Good staring at it while I washed off the wages. Mrs. George H. Adair, 226 dust of motoring. Evidently the photograph in its frame has been on the wall a long time. I am glad they happened to put it in what they call the "spare room," so I can look at it whenever I like without any one noticing.



dinner was ready in cool, shady dining room, with a bare floor painted brown and a long table down the middle. It wasn't quite 2

o'clock, but it turned out that the family had had their dinner at noon exactly, and this was a meal only for Mr. Brett and me, with Patty and Ide to bring us things from the kitchen and wait upon us, while Mrs. Trowbridge flitted in smiling from time to time to ask how we were "getting along." It was she who was cooking for us, and I felt quite distressed at the trouble I was giving, on such a hot day, too, but she said she was enjoying it.

It was a very funny dinner, according to my ideas, for I never had a meal like it at home, even when I was small and dined in the daytime with the governess. But it was tremendously good, though none of the things went together properly. We had delicious young chicken-quite babies they were, poor dears-fried with cream, and wreathed all around our plates in a semicircle were a quantity of tiny dishes. Each one had a big dab of something different in it; mashed potatoes, succotash, green peas, a kind of vegetable marrow to which they gave the unworthy name of "squash," raw tomatoes, sweet green pickles, preserved strawberries, and goodness knows what all besides, while, if we stopped eating to breathe or speak, Patty flew in with a plate of freshly made things of the most heavenly nature, called corn fritters. Mrs. Trowbridge beamed all over when I said I should like to live on them for a

month. of everything, otherwise Mrs. Trowbridge would have fett hurt, and I felt sleepy when we had finished, but I refused to go and lie down to rest, as they wanted me to, it seemed such a waste of time. At last Mr. Trowbridge offered to show "Cousin Jim" around the farm, and maybe I looked wistful, for when they found that I was determined not to take a nap, they asked if I would go with them.

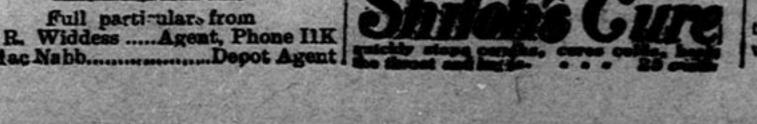
Mr. Trowbridge had on a linen coat now, a long, yellow one, which I should laugh at if I saw it on the stage in a play, but it suited him, and he looked quite impressive in it. He fanned himself with a large straw hat, without any ribbon, and talked splendidly to us, as we three walked together under

If any English person should write a novel and make a farmer in it talk like Mr. Trowbridge, every one who read the book would say he was im possible. His way of speaking was little slipshod sometimes-though not bit more than ours when we drop our "g's" and things like that, only more guileless sounding-but without seem ing a bit as if he wanted to show off what he knew, which is so boring, he quoted Shakespeare and Wordsworth and Tennyson and in mentioning his work at the hives in the morning asked if we had read Maeterlinck's "Life of the Bee." From that he fell to dis cussing other things of Maeterlinck's with Mr. Brett and incidentally talked of Ibsen. There wasn't the least af-

fectation about it all. By and by he left us alone for a few minutes while he went to speak to : man who works on the farm. He was going to show us the maple sugar camp when he came back, and we sat on a felled oak and waited, with a smell of clover coming to us on the warm breeze and the "tinkle-tankle" of cowbells in the distance.

"What an extraordinary man!" I said to Mr. Brett. "You mean because he's a farmer." said he, his eyes laughing. "Well, I suppose I do. But, then, of

"He's a gentleman in the way that Through Pullman Tourist Sleepers all the good people to the country will be operated in connection with round are gentlefolk-because they're above excursions, leaving Toronto 10. self respecting and kind hearted and



sider themselves inferior to anybody, and he would take me there. Not that they would think of asserting their claims to equality with your friend Mrs. Stuyvesant-Knox, for instance. They simply take it for grant ed that they are the equals of any other American or, for the matter of that, persons of any foreign nations. What would your mother the duchess think of them-now, honor bright? Don't dream you'll hurt my feelings because they're my cousins and we may come of the same stock." I thought for a minute, and then ! "Mother would begin to patronize them graciously at first, as if they could be classified with our farmers-I mean, the peasant ones, not the younger son or poor gentleman kind.

When she found she couldn't, she would be inclined to resent it. Then at last, when a dim, puzzled inkling of the truth came into her head, and she found out that they knew as much as she about books and politics and all sorts of things-oh, I can hardly fancy exactly what she would feel, but I'd trust Mr. and Mrs. Trowbridge or any one like them not to appear at a disadvantage with her, whatever she did with them. They wouldn't have self consciousness enough to be overawed way I believe they're like us-more like us, really, deep down and far back, than a good many enormously rich (people I met at Newport, who think no end of themselves and live in palaces and know royalties abroad. granted, and then don't make any more fuss or bother about our man ners or whether we're going to do the right thing or not. But a few of the people even in your Four Hundred don't seem quite easy in their minds about themselves. I've never seen anything in big houses at home where I've been with mother of Vic to come near the luxury of theirs, yet several I've met can't seem to relax and look thoroughly comfortable, as if they really liked it. They don't loll about as we do; they only pretend to loll, because it's in their part in the play they're acting-oh, such a smart, society kind of play, with lots of changes of dress and scene in every net.

"They build castles because it's the smartest thing they can do and because grand people always did it long time ago. Of course in old times you had to live in them and couldn't have nice seaside cottages with bal conies, because if you did your ene mies shot off your head or poured boil ing oil on you, but nowndays they merely say horrid things behind your back, and it's just play acting to balle new ones. People talk about a mar being 'worth' so many millions, as i it didn't matter what else he's worth and they seem to be worrying a lo about themselves. Now, I can't im agine your cousins doing that. They

inst take themselves for granted awe do in England. Their behavior is like the air they breathe and as much a part of themselves as that air is when it's in their lungs. There's a kind of invisible bond between our kind of people at home and people like this, I think, if you come to study it. Partly it's from having all one's natural interests in the country, maybe, and not just going into the country from a town to play. They are real. There's nothing artificial about them."

"You've got hold of things even sooner than I thought you would, Lady Betty," said Mr. Brett when I stopped, horrified at myself for my long harangue, in which I'd been thinking out things as I went on. "But all the ou know you'd rather die than be doomed to live among such people and

"Perhaps I should be bored after while, but I don't feel now as if I should. I know I could be happy if had people with me whom I loved." "But could you love anyone who"-

"Well, I've got rid of that fellow," said Mr. Trowbridge cheerfully. "Now ve'll have a look around the camp, and 'll show you how we tap the maple trees for the sap, then afterward we'll go into the sugar house where we boil down and make the maple sirup." We'd been talking so earnestly that we hadn't heard him come up, and I

elt quite dazed for a minute. He explained everything to us, or cather to me, for Mr. Brett knew all bout it beforehand. Then we had a ong walk over the hills, which are billowy and wooded like Surrey, and when we came back Mr. Trowbridge took me to the beehives to get some oney and show me what a queen bee is like. He gave me a hat with a mosquito net veil and put on one himself. Then he opened a hive, and when I wasn't a bit nervous, because I trusted him, he said, "I tell you what it is, Lady Betty, you're a trump. shouldn't be surprised if there isn't

omething in blood after all." I was pleased, for I don't think that he or any of the others at the Valley farm are the kind to say nice things to rou unless they really mean them. After we had done all this sightsoe

ing, it was past 5 o'clock, and I was longing for tea. "We shall have it soon now," I said to myself, as we say on the side veranda on benches and rocking chairs, fanning ourselves with salm leaf fans.

"Tea's ready, good people, if you're ready for it," announced Mrs. Trowbridge's gentle voice at the door. Mr. Trowbridge and Mr. Brett got up. and I did, too disappointed that we weren't to have it out of doors, but still, I reminded myself, the sitting

room would be nice and cool. But found that we were being led through u) the dining room. There was the long table laid out again, with a regular sit down mealcream cheese and cake and blackberries and a big plate of honey, some curious kind of smoked meat cut very

thin and the potatoes which I'd smelled frying. "What an odd tea!" I thought. But the oddest part was that after all there wasn't any tea.

tions of workers. They make no pre- finished, and soon Mr. Brett asked me tensions to blue blood, though perhaps how I would like to walk over to Mrs. they may have some in their veins, Randal's and see my friend Miss and don't think themselves superior Woodburn, since she couldn't come to socially to their own farm hands, like me. The place was less than a mile that one over there. Nor do they con- away by short cuts which he knew,

The shadows were beginning to grow long and thin when we started,



We took field paths and skirted are edg

though the sun was still beight, so carried a sunshade, and went hatless,

American fashion. To avoid going out in the road we took field paths and skirted along the edge of meadows where grain was tall snowstorm. There were no proper stiles, as with us, so whenever we came to one of the rough fences which divided one field from another I had to mount on the first or second bar and let Mr. Brett lift me over.

He is so strong that he did it as if I were a bundle of down, instead of a tall girl, and I had much the same exhilarating sensation I used to have as a wee thing when I rode wildly or Mohunsleigh's foot. I was glad when we came to the fences, and that there were a good many of them. But f wasn't at all glad when Mr. Brett jumped me over into a grass meadow, where there was a whole drove of ferocious looking black and white cattle. "Couldn't we go some other way around?" I asked, longing to get behind him, but ashamed for him to see what an idiot I am about cows, and perhaps make him lose his good opin ion of me as a reasonably brane gial "Why, you're as bad as he!" I ex-

"In what way?" "Unjust, and-almost morbid.

wouldn't have thought you would be like that, though perhaps one can't blame him so much if he's had bad experiences. I am sorry for him. It must be miserable to fancy always that people care for you for your

"I'm sorry for him too. At least, used to be-whenever I thought of

"No. I believe he's a changed man. He's found that there are exceptions to the gloomy rule he'd laid down for hi "Oh, then he's happier." "So far as I understand the case,

"Aren't you now?"

isn't exactly happy yet. He isn't ou of the woods. In fact, he's in the thickest part. But he sees blue sky and the sun shining overhead." "What do you mean?" "A fellow who knows him very wel

told me that Harborough had fallen in love with a beautiful girl who was so unworldly that she might be induced to marry for love-if she cared." "Then why isn't he happy?" "Because he doesn't know whether same, though these new types and this she can ever care for him-except as a pleasant Ohio farm interest you now, friend. He's sure she likes him pretty. well, but there's nothing in that. I'm mighty ignorant about such things my

self, but they say if a girl doesn't mind showing that she's your friend and values you in a way it's a sign she's a thousand miles off from falling in love with you. What's your opinion on the subject, as you seem to be rather interested in Harborough?" "My goodness, Mr. Brett, there's : yow looking at us. Oh, what shall we

do? It's the worst cow of all. It's outting its head down now. It doesn't like us. Oh, what an appalling beast believe it must be a bull."

"It's a very young one," said he almly. "Now, don't be frightened This is going to be nothing at all." "Are you sure?"

"(an't you trust me?" "Yes. I know you won't let me be surt. But you"-"Don't worry. Perhaps we shall

save a little fun. Just wait." The cows were delighted. Evidently they regarded the horrid, thick necked brute as their champion. They didn't collow him toward us, but lifted their heads and stared complacently, as much as to say: "Isn't he a splendid !ellow? Now he's going to give them what they deserve."

The rest happened so quickly it was ill in a jumble. With a smile, Mr. Brett reached out and took my sunshade, which I'd closed. Just as the bull came at us he opened it in the creature's face. The bull swerved a lew inches, surprised, and the next thing I knew the sunshade was tossed tway, Mr. Brett had seized the animal by his horns and was vaulting on his back with a laugh. "Run to the nearest fence," said he.

He did it as easily as if it were play, and so it seemed to be for him. The bull tore about, ramping and raving. while I obediently flew for the fence and scrambled over without ceremony. There I turned, panting, frightened, yet laughing in spite of myself. Mr. Brett's hat had fallen off, and his short hair was ruffled across his forehead. Riding the black and white bull hanging on by legs as well as arms, he looked like a runaway schoolboy reveling in a mischievous lark. His eyes

Electric Restorer for Men phonel representation in the bed

sparkled, and his white teeth shone. The bull was sure he could throw his rider at first, but finding be couldn't was very much surprised. His wild gallop subsided to a trot, and, embracing his great neck, Mr. Brett bent far down to one side to snatch up my sunshade, which lay on the grass, open and undamaged. A few moment later be had steered the bull in som curious way with his feet, so that the beast came loping stupidly near the

fence. Then Mr. Brett jumped off and

vaulted over. "That was a good bit of sport." said he. "It reminds me of old times, when we chaps used to ride steers for wager. I'm a little out of practice now, but I hope you were amused." "I was much too terrified." I said. thankful that he was on the right side of the fence at last.

(To be continued.)

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Miss J. M. Wallace, Black's Harbor, N.B., writes:-"About five years ago my face was entirely covered with pimples. I tried everything people told me about, but found no relief. At last I thought of B.B.B. and decided to try a bottle. After anishing two bottles I was entirely cured, and would advise any lady who wants a beautiful complexion to use B.B.B."

BOILS CURED. Mrs. Ellsworth Mayne, Springfield, P.E.I., writes: - "My face and neck were covered with boils, and I tried all kinds of remedies, but they did me no good. I went to many doctors, but they could not cure me. I then tried Burdock Blood Bitters, and I must say it is a wonderful remedy for the cure of boils." Burdock Blood Bitters is manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited.

Toronto, Ont. guilty of mutiny, but permitted to go free and return to the ship. The Italians landed on Rhodes Island and drove the Turkish garrison out at the point of the bayonet. A report from London says Sin Thomas Tait has been appointed president of the Grand Trunk, but of-

The inquiry into the loss of the Titanic was resumed in London. Funeral services for the victims of

ficials in Montreal have received no

word of it.

HOMESEEKER

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are provided with cooking ranges, which trainmen have instructions to keep in condition. Full particulars from any Canadian Pacific Railway agent. Ask for copy of Homeseekers Booklet. T. C. Matchett, uptown

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children