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WASTING. Diseases are often difficult to remedy.

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Will restore a lost appetite. Lost flesh, and check wasting diseases, especially in children, with wonderful rapidity.

The Canadian Post. LINDSAY, FRIDAY, NOV. 25, 1922.

"THORNS."

An Interesting Novel by a Well-Known Author.

(Continued from last week.) Sarah would have replied, but Lucy broke in with a laugh and a sweet "You two are always at cross-purposes!"

Why can't you be satisfied to let one another alone? Sarah and I never quarrel, Vic. We agree to disagree. She gives me my way and I don't meddle with her.

"Don't let us drive you away!" said Victoria's mock-polite tones; and Lucy added, kindly, "We do not mean to disturb you, Sarah, dear!"

"You do not disturb me!" was the reply to the latter. The other had neither glance nor word. Up another flight she mounted to a room much smaller than that she had left and far plainer in its appointments.

She locked the door after her with a kind of angry satisfaction in her face, and going straight to the window, leaned upon the sash, and looked down into the flooded street. Her eyes were dry, but there was a heaving in her throat; a tightening of the muscles about the mouth that would have made most women weep for very relief.

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"In happy homes he sees the light." What was there in the line that should make the watcher catch her breath in sudden pain, and lay her hand, with stifled moan, over her heart, as she repeated it aloud?

"Some girls will do you better than I do," was her order in these matters. Since Lucy had completed her education, the mother added: "Look at your sister; she is never awkward!" This was true: Lucy was born the fine lady. Refinement of manner and grace of movement, an instinctive avoidance of whatever looked common or underbred, were a part of her nature.

kind of queer?" (Mrs. Hunt did not use her company grammar every day, and she's just eighteen year old. That's the whole of it! She'll come 'round in good time, specially if Lucy should marry off pretty soon. When Sarah is "Miss Hunt," she'll be so crazy for beaux and company, and as ready to jump at a prince offer, as any of 'em. I know girls' ways!")

Nor am I prepared to say that Sarah, as she quitted her look-out at the high window at the soune of the dinner-bell, could have given a more satisfactory reason for her discontent and want of spirits.

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from the baking of the preceding day, three thick pieces of cheese, and more than half of the cold meat she had decided would, in the form of hash, supply the other piece of the breakfast at which the beans were to assist, should escape her notice.

Mr. Hunt was reading the evening paper by the drop-light in the sitting room. Lucy was busy with hershawl, and Sarah told a simple tale in a low voice to Jennie, as she leaned upon her lap, when the wife and mother entered with something like a bluster. All present looked up, and each one remarked the cloud upon her brow.

"What is the matter, mother?" said Mr. Hunt, in a tone not free from alarm. "I am worried! That's the whole of it! I am downright vexed with you, Sarah, and surprised, too! What upon earth possessed you, child, to take upon yourself my kitchen to-day? After all I have told you and tried to learn you about these shameful impostors!"

Lucy opened her great eyes at her sister, and Mrs. Hunt looked perplexedly towards his favorite, for at heart he was partial to his second child.

"I took the poor creature to the fire, mother, because she was wet and cold; I fed her because she was hungry; I gave her some old, worn clothes of mine because hers were thin and soaked with rain."

"Poor little girl!" murmured Jennie, compassionately. Sarah's hand closed instantly over the little fingers. The simple-hearted babe understood and sympathized with her motive and act better than did her wisest elders.

"Oh, I have no doubt she told a pitiful story, and shed enough tears to wet her through, if the rain had not done it already. If you listen to what these wretches say, and undertake to relieve their wants, you will soon have not a dress to your back nor a house over your head. Why didn't you send her to some society for the relief of the poor?"

"I did not know where to find one, ma'am." This plain truth, respectfully uttered, confounded Mrs. Hunt for a second. "Mrs. James is one of the managers in a Benevolent Association," she said, recovering herself. "You had ought to have given your beggar her address."

majority of cases of seeming destitution the applicant was an accomplished rogue, and the giver of alms the victim of his own soft heart and a villain's wiles.

"You gave this match-girl no money, I hope!" said Mrs. Hunt, at length. "I did not, madam. I had none to give her." Impelled by her straight forward sense of honesty that would allow her to receive commendation for prudence she had not shown, she said, bravely: "But I lent her my umbrella!"

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you please, ma'am, I should like to go to a nursery!" (Continued next week.) The Coal Oil Duty. The facts of this infamous coal oil tax are very inadequately understood.

Old Chum (CUT PLUG.) OLD CHUM (PLUG.) No other brand of Tobacco has ever enjoyed such an immense sale and popularity in the same period as this brand of Cut Plug and Plug Tobacco.

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Files! Files! Itching Files. SYMPTOMS - Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue in this form, which often blood and ulcers, becoming very sore.

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