



SUNLIGHT SOAP

If you wash linoleums and oilcloths with ordinary soap you will find the colors will fade. You can preserve their colors and make them last a long time if you wash them with Sunlight Soap. When dirty, wash with warm water and Sunlight Soap, rinse with clean water and wipe completely dry with a soft cloth. Use Sunlight Soap throughout the house. It makes homes bright and hear's light. It contains no impurities or free alkalis to injure the most delicate fabric.

ASK FOR THE OCTAGON BAR.
Sunlight Soap washes the clothes white and won't injure the hands.
LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, TORONTO.

Uncle Terry

By CHARLES CLARK MUNN

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"I'm sorry, but any word of mine hurt you even a little. I have forgotten what they were and wish you would. The visit which Bert and you are making me is a most delightful break in the monotony of my life. I shall be very glad to see you again." And then, rising, she added, "If I hurt you, please say you forgive me, for I must go out and see to getting tea."

The last evening was passed much like the first, except that now the elusive Alice seemed to be transformed into a far more gracious hostess, and all her smiles and interest seemed to be lavished upon Frank instead of her brother. It was as if this occult little lady had come to feel a new and surprising curiosity in all that concerned the life and amusements of her visitor. With true feminine skill, she plied him with all manner of questions and affected the deepest interest in all he had to say. What were his latest amusements? Did they entertain much, play tennis, golf or ride? Where did they usually go summers, and did he generally go with them? His own comings and goings and where he had been and what he saw there were also made part of the gist he was encouraged to grind. She even asked a keen interest in his yacht and listened patiently to a most elaborate description of that craft, although as a rowboat was the largest vessel she had ever set foot on it is likely she did not gain a very clear idea of the Gypsy.

"Your yacht has a very suggestive name," she said. "It makes one think of green woods and campfires. I should dearly love to take a sail in her. A canoe and so much about yachts as yachting that the idea of sailing along the shores in one's own floating house, as it were, has a fascination for me."

This expression of taste was so much in line with Frank's, and the idea of having this charming girl for a yachting companion so tempting that his face glowed.

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure," he responded, "than to have you for a guest on my boat, Miss Page. I think it could be managed if I could only coax my mother and sisters to go, and you and your brother would join us. We would visit the Maine coast resorts and have no end of a good time."

"It's a delightful outing you suggest," she answered, "and I thank you very much, but I wouldn't think of coming if your family had to be coaxed to go, and then it's not likely that Bert could find the time."

"Oh, I didn't mean it that way," he said, looking serious, "only mother and the girls are afraid of the water, that is all."

next morning awaiting the train he said quietly: "May I send you a few books and some new songs when I get home, Miss Page? I want to show you how much I have enjoyed this visit." "I have enjoyed this visit," she replied, "and I shall be glad to be remembered and hope you will visit us again."

When the train came in he rather hurriedly offered his hand and with a "Permit me to thank you again" as he raised his hat turned away to gather up the satchels so as not to be witness to her leave taking from his brother.

CHAPTER XIII.
ON summer Southport island, as yet unspoiled by the tide of outing travel, was a spot to inspire dreams, poetry and canvases covered with ocean lore. Its many coves and inlets were the land-locked and flowered among the wooded rocks, its bold cliffs, sea washed, and above which the white gulls and the fishawks circled; the deep thickets of spruce through which the ocean winds murmured and where great beds of ferns and clusters of red bunch berries grew were one and all left undisturbed week in, week out.

At the Cape, where Uncle Terry, Aunt Lissy and Telly lived their simple home life, and Bascom, the storekeeper and postmaster, talked unceasingly when he could find a listener, and Deacon Oaks wondered why "the grace of God hadn't freed the land from stuns," no one ever came to disturb the quietude. Every morning Uncle Terry, often accompanied by Telly in a calico dress and sunbonnet, rowed out to pull his lobster traps, and after dinner harnessed and drove to the head of the island to meet the mail boat; then at eventide, after lighting his pipe and the lighthouse lamp at about the same time, he generally strolled over to have a chat, while Telly made a call on the "Widder Leach," a misanthropic but pious protegee of hers, and Aunt Lissy read the paper.

Once in about three weeks, according to weather, the monotony of the village was disturbed by the arrival of a small schooner owned jointly by Uncle Terry, Deacon Oaks and Bascom, and which plied between the Cape and Boston. Once in two weeks services were held, as usual, in the little brown church, and as often the lighthouse tender called and left coal and oil for Uncle Terry. Regularly on Thursday evenings the few pliers inclined, led by Deacon Oaks gathered in the church to sing hymns they repeated fifty-two times each year, listen to a prayer by Oaks that seldom varied in a single sentence, and heard Aunt Leach thank the Lord for his "many mercies," though what they were in her case it would be hard to tell, unless being permitted to live alone and work hard to live at all was a mercy. The scattered islanders and the handful whose dwellings comprised the Cape worked hard, lived frugally and were unconscious that all around them was a rocky shore whose cliffs and inlets and beaches were so many poems of picturesque and charming scenery.

This was Southport in summer, but in winter, when the little harbor at the Cape was icebound, the winding road to the head of the island buried beneath drifts and the people often for weeks at a time absolutely cut off from communication with the rest of the world. It was a place cheerless in its desolation. Like so many wood-chucks then the residents kept within doors or only stirred out to cut wood, fodder the stock and shovel paths so that the children could go to school. The days were short and the evenings long, and to get together and spend hours in laborious conversation the only pastime. It was one of those long evenings and when Aunt Lissy and Telly were at a neighbor's and Uncle Terry, left to himself, was reading every line, including the advertisements, in the last Journal, that the following met his eye:

"WANTED.—Information that will lead to the discovery of an heir to the estate of one Eric Peterson, a landowner and shipbuilder of Stockholm, Sweden, whose son, with his wife, child and crew, was known to have been wrecked on the coast of Maine in March, 18— Notwithstanding he had been heard of said Peterson or his wife, but the child may have been saved. Any one having information that will lead to the discovery of this child will be amply rewarded by communicating with NICHOLAS FRYE, Attorney at Law, 75 Pemberton Square, Boston."

"Waal, I'll be everlastingly got dar-ed!" Uncle Terry exclaimed after he had read it for the third time. "If this don't beat all natur I'm a goat." It was fortunate he was alone, for it gave him time to think the matter over, and after half an hour of astonishment he decided to say nothing to his wife or Telly.

"I'll just breathe easy an' sag up," he said to himself, "same as though I was crossin' thin ice, an' if nothin' comes on't nobody 'll be the worse for worryin'."

Then he cut the slip out and hid it in his black leather wallet, and then cut out the entire page and burned it. "Wimmin are sich curis creatures they'd be sure to want to know what I'd cut out o' that page," he said to himself, "an' never rest till Telly come home. Uncle Terry was as composed as a rock and sat quietly puffing his pipe, with his feet on top of a chair and pointing toward the fire.

"Were you lonesome, father?" asked Telly, who usually led conversation in the Terry home. "We stopped at Bascom's, and you know he never stops talkin'."

"He's worse'n a burdock burs ter git away from," answered Uncle Terry, "an' ye can't be perille ter him unless ye want 't spend the rest o' yer life listenin'." His tongue slipped and he was hung in the middle an' wag both an' rising and adding a few sticks to the fire as the two women laid aside their wraps and drew chairs up.

"I've read the paper purty well though an' had a spell o' livin' over bygone's" and then, turning to Telly and smiling, he said, "I'm thinkin' o' the day ye came ashore, an' mother she got that excited she sot the box ye was in on the stove an' then put more wood in. It's a wonder she didn't put ye in the stove instead o' the wood!"

As this joke was not new to the listeners no notice was taken of it, and the three lapsed into silence. Outside the steady boom of the surf beating on the rocks came with monotonous regularity, and inside the clock ticked. For a long time Uncle Terry sat and smoked on in silence, reasoning, perhaps, his bygone's, and then he said: "By the way, Telly, what's been doin' your trinkets o' yours ye had on that day? It's been so long now, 'most twenty years, I 'bout forgot 'em. I 'pose ye hadn't lost 'em, hev ye?"

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Very small and so easy to take as eggs. FOR HEADACHE, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALADW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION. CURE SICK HEADACHE.

her birth might reach her! And as she looked at those mute relics which told so little and yet so much of her history, while the old man who had been all that a kind father could be to her took them out one by one, she realized more than ever what a debt of gratitude she owed to him. When he had looked them over and put them back in the exact order in which they had been packed, he closed the box and, taking the little hand that had been caressing his face in his own wrinkled and bony one, held it for a moment. When he released it the girl stooped and, pressing her lips to his weather-browned cheek, arose and resumed her seat.

"Waal, ye better put the box away now," said Uncle Terry at last. "I'll just go out an' take a look o' the 't, and then I'll be time to turn in."

CHAPTER XIV.
"I've got ter go ter Boston," said Uncle Terry to his wife a few days later. "That's some money due me that we ain't settin' with 'em. You an' Telly can't lend the lights for a couple o' nights, can't ye? I won't be gone more'n that. Bascom's to take me up to the head, an' if the boat's runnin' I'll be all right."

This plan had cost Uncle Terry a good deal of diplomacy. Not only did he have to invent a reasonable excuse for leaving by exciting the fears of both Bascom and Oaks regarding money really due them, but he had to allay the curiosity of his wife and Telly as well. In a small village like the Cape every one's movements were well known to all and commented on, and no one was better aware of it than Uncle Terry. But he had to do as he must, and to do so right in the dead of winter and not excite a small tempest of curious gossip taxed his Yankee wit.

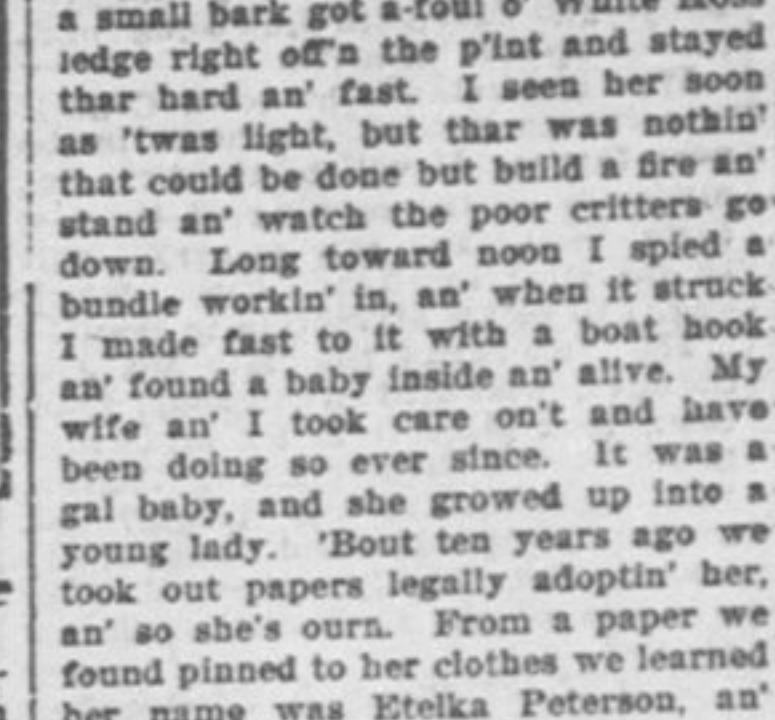
At Bath he had a few hours' wait and went to the bank and drew a sum of money from his small savings. "Lawyers are such sharps, consarn 'em," he said to himself. "I'd better get loaded. Most likely I'll come back skinned. I never did tackle a lawyer 'bout losin' my shirt."

When, after an all night ride, during which he sat in the smoking car with his pipe and thoughts for company, he arrived in Boston, he felt, as he would phrase it, like a cat in a strange garret. He had tried to fortify himself against the expected meeting with this Frye, who, he felt sure, would make him pay dearly for any service. When he entered the rather untidy office of that legal light Uncle Terry looked anxiously at its occupant. "That's the girl, what can I do for you?" asked Frye after his visitor had introduced himself.

"Waal," answered Uncle Terry, taking a seat and laying his hat on the floor beside him, "I've come on rather a curis errand." And, taking out the phrase he had a few days before placed in his wallet, he handed it to Frye with the remark, "That's my errand."

WHAT AILS YOU

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT AILS YOU, the U. S. mail will bring you the best medical advice for only the cost of writing materials and stamps.



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"During my two years of married life I have not had good health," writes Mrs. Daisy Stoddard, of 68 Southside Avenue, Lowell, Mass. "I was all run-down, and my husband got me to write to Dr. Pierce. I got an early reply telling me what the trouble was. I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and in a few days I felt like a new woman. I do all my work and do not feel like I used to. I have taken eight bottles of the Favorite Prescription. It makes one feel well and strong, and cures sick headache."

"I reckon ye don't quite ketch on to my drift," replied Uncle Terry. "I didn't cum here lookin' fer pay, but to see that justice was served an' them as had rights got thar dues."

"Well, sir," said Frye in a suave voice, "we, too, are looking to see the ends of justice served, but you must understand that in a matter of this importance we must make no mistakes. An estate law's claimant, but that claimant must establish his or her identity beyond the shadow of a doubt in order, as you must see, that justice may be done."

"Waal," replied Uncle Terry, stroking

his chin with his thumb and finger as well tell ye just as last. I cum here for that purpose, an' all I want to fix is, if thar's nothin' in it ye'd keep it a secret an' not raise any false hopes in the minds o' them as is near and dear to me."

"It's a lawyer's professional duty never to disclose any business confidence that a client may confide to him," answered Frye, with dignity, "and in this matter I infer you wish to become my client. Am I right, Mr. Terry?"

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Surprise

has peculiar qualities of washing clothes, without injury and with perfect cleanliness.

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