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Many styles of smart apparel may be found in our new Fashion Book. Our designers originate their patterns in the heart of the style centres, and their creations are those of tested popularity, brought within the means of the average woman. Price of the book 10 cents the copy. Each copy includes one coupon, good for five cents in the purchase of any pattern.

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Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

Autumn.

O Autumn, laden with fruit, and stained
With the blood of the grape, pass not, but sit
Beneath my shady roof; there thou mayst rest
And tune thy jolly voice to my fresh pipe,
And all the daughters of the year shall dance!
Sing now the lusty song of fruits and flowers.

—William Blake.

In these days of shingles and bobs, women customers in restaurants are imitating the men in taking off their hats and hanging them up on the pegs provided. As a result, male headgear is being crowded out.

Make your own Mustard Pickles

Home-made mustard pickles. How delicious—and how easy to put up. Here's the recipe:—

MUSTARD PICKLES

1 qt. small onions — 1 large cauliflower
1 qt. cucumbers — 2 heads celery
2 red peppers

Peel onions, cut vegetables in small pieces, cover with weak brine and let stand overnight. In the morning bring to a boil and drain off.

Take 2 cups brown sugar, 1 cup flour, 6 tablespoonfuls Keen's D.S.F. Mustard, 1 tablespoonful turmeric and 2 quarts vinegar. Boil this mixture for twenty minutes, stirring continually. Pour over vegetables hot. Let stand ten days, stirring every day, then bottle.

This is one of the many recipes given in our new Cook Book. May we send you a copy? It's FREE. Write:—

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Keen's Mustard aids digestion

Often it's more important that the automibile driver think to stop than to stop to think.

The pedestrian's lot wouldn't be so hard if he could watch cars and ankles at the same time.

"Turning state's evidence," said the students when they changed all the markers on the road.

The old cry of "Get a horse" seems to have been changed to "Get a pedestrian."

Another eternal triangle: A cold morning, a second-hand car and profanity.

While the Supreme Court gives the pedestrian the right of way at a street crossing do not rely too strenuously on it. It is possible to be right and dead, too.

Don't know "why girls leave home," but they stay at home usually because the flivver's out of fix.

This stuff about never starting anything you can't finish is all right except when it comes to starting a cold flivver.

The eighty-pound husband was the defendant and the two-hundred-pound wife was the plaintiff.

"And why did you slap your wife's face instead of helping her when the automobile knocked her down?" inquired the judge.

"Well, your honor," replied the diminutive husband, "opportunity knocks but once."

Our Own Fables.

Back-seat drivers die of nervous prostration years before the people they are forever coaching die in auto accidents.

Moral—You should worry!

Most of the midnight oil burned nowadays goes by the carburetor.

"Like to go for a little spin?"
"What do you think I am, a top?"

The most dangerous curves are those sitting beside the driver.

Some of them would be more correctly called degraded roads.

One may walk to health or ride away from it.

Sunshine.

Everybody's sunshine —
Take a lot and go
Up the hills that topple
In a sea of glow!
Fill your little basket,
Heap your hands and fling
Patches of it over
The palace of the king!

Courts will not molest you,
Guardians not proclaim
A ban upon your pleasure,
A stain upon your name;
Kick it up and fashion
All shapes of it you please—
A rainbow in the valley,
A palace in the trees!

Everybody's sunshine—
Heaps of it ,and more,
Down the little pathway,
Underneath the door;
Peeping through the window,
Climbing o'er the sill!—
Take it up and toss it
Over yonder hill!

When to Begin to Eat.

If a hostess is helped first begin to eat as soon as she does. Many hostesses make a point of being served first, in order to avoid the awkwardness of keeping guests waiting, but even when the serving is different, a guest ought to begin to eat as soon as those in the immediate neighborhood are served. When a guest, through a much-mistaken politeness, insists on waiting for all the rest of the company, his own helping will be cold and the hostess will be proportionately distressed. It is not best to begin the instant one is served, neither is it right to wait so long that the waiting is noticed. Begin when your neighobrs on either side are served and this will tend to make every one comfortable.

Minard's Liniment used by Physicians.

NERVE

By MARTIN KNAPP.

Part I.

There was nothing at all unusual about the story. Ten years ago Ben Hooper's wife died and he sold his little farm up on the High Bridge Road intending to move to town and buy an interest in Zeke Merrill's hardware business.

If he'd done that he would be on Easy Street now, for the hardware business has flourished and Zeke is dead. But he didn't do it. Instead, Earl Bixby happened to drop into Woodstock at just that particular time, heard about Hooper's twelve hundred dollars, and hurried right out to get it.

Earl Bixby had been born and raised here in the town, but he'd gone away and made money, or, to be more exact, he was beginning to make money. How much he made depended entirely on how much he could get his hands on.

He was supposed to be a lawyer but was really a real estate speculator and promoter—a promoter of Earl Bixby chiefly. In his prosperous later life he probably would not have done what he did to Ben Hooper. I don't suppose he was essentially a mean man or a crook. He couldn't have been for he has built a stone library in Woodstock; he was simply a man constructed of solid brass and concentrated on looking after himself.

Ambrose Peck, who is very fat and runs the Mansion House, put it this way:

"If you ever heard Earl Bixby laugh," he said, "you'd know what I mean. He laughs a lot and he laughs awful loud, but it's just like hammerin' on a pan; there ain't any feelin' to it."

That was Earl Bixby. In the haste with which he was assembled the sympathetic mechanism had been entirely left out. He needed money and Ben's was as good as anybody's so he sold him twelve hundred shares of Trans-State Packet at par. That was not so hard as it sounds, for the new barge canal through New York State had only been finished a short time and everyone thought it was going to be a great thing. The state had spent so much money on it it looked as though it ought to be a great thing. It sounded solid.

The old Erie had been an institution. A line of boats running up and down the new canal to transport all the freight from out West to New York sounded pretty good. But it wasn't. It transported itself into bankruptcy in a very short time. Bixby made quite a neat sum off the deal. Ben Hooper got a job at the hotel and his daughter, Nettie, started in doing housework.

Every time I came up to Woodstock Ben told me the story. He was repeating it now, in his mild, slow voice, as we sat with our chairs tipped back against the wall in the office of the old Mansion House after supper.

"Yes, he got the best of me all right," he finished. "There ain't any doubt about it; he trimmed me good. I hadn't ought to have had anything to do with a man like Earl Bixby, but we'd knowed one another such a long time I didn't calc'late he'd say what wasn't so."

Reflectively he scratched gray hair above a small face of brown leather and slapped what had once been a hat against a patch in his knee. "He said I'd be sure to double my money in five years' time, besides the 10 per cent. interest I was goin' to git, and that sounded pretty good right then, because Nettie wanted to go to normal school bad and I couldn't just figger where the money was comin' from till Earl told me about this stock of hisn."

He looked up rather plaintively, and added: "Well, I guess we all make mistakes. I'll know better next time."

He always ended like that, though, of course, everybody knew that when a man like Ben Hooper lost the little money he'd saved up there wasn't any next time. But he'd been saying the same thing for ten years, and, though everyone received it with complete stolidity, yet, nevertheless, just repeating it over and over like that seemed to preserve in Ben a sort of vague, rather wistful confidence. Small, patched and shiny as he was, a certain independence clung to him as though he knew something about himself you didn't.

"Everybody gets stung once in a while," I assured him, and his smile wiped ten years off his age as he answered eagerly: "Yes, sir; they do. Guess it's the only way to learn. I learned my lesson all right. It'll be my turn next time. You see!"

I knew that this meant evening accounts with Earl Bixby, and I confess now that I smiled a bit sadly at the picture of little old Ben Hooper, handy man and bus driver at the Mansion House in Woodstock, New York, trying to make a dent in the metallic hide of the now powerful Senator Bixby. Somehow Ben didn't look like the sort of man to dent things. A confiding smile always lurked just behind his blue eyes, and, as I say, he was small and brown and not young any more.

How old he really was I had no idea. I know I'd been coming up here fishing for a good many years and he'd always looked about the same. But perhaps that was simply because nothing changed very much in Woodstock. The place ambled unhurriedly along regardless, slightly disdainful it sometimes seemed, of the acceleration of the outside world.

Like the stream winding down between the broad hills which formed the valley, its life flowed along, undisturbed and tranquil. On the comfortable main street, still paved with good brown dirt, the same stores, run by the same men, sold goods to the same farmers on the same farms. Occasionally sons and daughters went over the hills and never came back. That was about the only change. It was in the days before the automobile had quite robbed the country of all remoteness. Even the railway station was a mile and a half away on the other side of the valley, and when you got there it was only a branch line anyway, running over to the city of Brompton, about twenty-two miles to the north.

"Well, I can't be sittin' here talkin'," Ben announced suddenly, and, popping out of his chair, he called in a thin treble: "All out fer the seven-twenty-nine goin south!"

Then the door banged and he mounted the seat of an ancient yellow bus and went rattling off into the spring dusk amid a spatter of mud and lavish profanity.

"Great Ben!" observed Ambrose Peck, leaning across the desk and gently sliding a cigar to the opposite extremity of his mouth.

"Still getting even with Bixby," I smiled.

"Always is."

"Strange how he keeps it up."

"He's been a lot worse since Earl bought the Adams place and comes back here to live summers. That's stirred Ben all up. Seemed like he was beginning to forget about it before that, but Earl joshes him every time he sees him and that makes Ben most crazy. I declare I'm worried sometimes fer fear he'll do somethin' to Earl."

"Its too bad!"

"Yes, it is. That business just broke up his and Netties hull life. Ben feels it's all his fault Nettie has had to work so hard. It worries him all the time. If it wan't fer that I don't believe he'd 'a' took it so hard. But it was pretty tough. Hed be fixed fine now if he'd bought Zeke's store the way he intended to. As it is he ain't got a thing in the world."

"You're forgetting that old flat-bottomed boat of his up on the pond."

Ambrose laughed. "Yes, I forgot that."

"He keeps offering it to me every time I come up here.'

"Sure, I know. It's kind of pitiful. He's awful generous, Ben is, and that 's the only thing he's got to offer anybody and nobody wants it."

"I should think he'd had enough of boats."

Ambrose grunted and slipped the cigar back across his teeth, and I said I thought it was strange that a man like Bixby should want to come back here.

"Well, now, it is kind of peculiar," Ambrose agreed, and spat reflectively. "Only way I can explain it is that there ain't no place in the hull world where Earl Bixby feels so big as he does right here in Woodstock. You see, he was raised here and it keeps right before him what he was and what he is now and how much better he's done than anybody else. There's lots of men like that in their old home towns. Over in Brompton, where he lives, or down in New York, he's up against other rich men, but here he's the hull thing."

"That may be it."

"I guess so."

"Well, the Adams House is a fine old place."

"Was 'fore Earl commenced stickin' additions onto it. He's gettin' it so it looks like a institution. He's up here now, you know, overseein' puttin' on another addition."

I started to say what I thought about spoiling fine old houses, but I never finished, for at that moment, in the village street just outside the window someoue laughed. We both looked at each other. That laugh was unmistakable. It was a laugh that slapped you on the back and made some inane joke; that disregarded you and thrust you aside; a laugh having nothing to do with mirth; a too loud, too important laugh.

"That's him," said Ambrose Peck.

"Ha! ha! ha!" came crowding in out of the spring night. "Wouldn't ever get a thing done in this cemetery if I didn't come up here and put some gimp into the corpses—ha! ha! ha!"

Subdued words that sounded deferential were interrupted by:

"Ha! ha! ha!—ha! Yes, sir-ree, the finest place in Madison County that place'll be when I get through with it."

Murmurs, more laughter, thumps on the porch floor, and then the door burst open and in he flowed, shouting: "Well, well, well! How are you, Brose? Still runnin' the same old shack, I see. Same old mansion in the sky. Ho! ho! ho! Say, why don't you use a little imagination, Brose? Make this into a swell country hotel—spend some money—advertise, get a band, and a sign out in front. The Green Graveyard, how'd that be? Eh? Ha! ha! ha!—ha!" He winked portentously. "Say, if I had this place——"

He wasn't an awfully large man but he looked large, portly, with a smooth, round stomach, and smooth, round, very red cheeks. He pulled out a large gold-mounted cigar case, sank into a chair, puffing a little, and Peck introduced us.

"Fishin'?" he said. "Ha! ha! ha! Say, I'll tell you where you want to go. Say, when I was a boy I used to catch more fish around here than all the rest of the town put together. Went right after 'em and got 'em. That's me. Always have been like that. Say ——"

A bluff and hearty person, to whom the world was easy.

Several men dropped in — Seth Thomas, the postmaster, and Jabe Ellis and old Ezra Meeker and some whom I didn't know. Bixby became the centre of quite a group of respectful citizens, who listened, chewed tobacco, and every now and then nodded solemnly. Once I thought I saw Thomas wink at Ambrose Peck, but of that I couldn't be sure.

Senator Bixby—he had been a state senator at one time—sat back, filling his chair amply and emphasizing his remarks by resounding thumps of his fat palms on the chair arms. Frequently he would laugh in no mild way.

"Yes, sir-ree! You've got to get right out and get what you want. Now, most fellows ——"

My atention wandered and I'm not sure what most fellows did or didn't do, but he talked about it for some time, every now and then pausing to look around the group for nods of approval. He traced his early life here in Woodstock in no mean detail, and told me what was the trouble with the town. He talked for a good while.

I noticed Ambrose Peck glance at the clock and begin chewing his cigar. Presently I heard wheels rattle in the street outside and shifted uneasily in my chair. Peck fidgeted behind the desk and kept an eye on the door. The rattle died away in the direction of the stable at the rear of the building. Some minutes passed and I was filling my pipe absently. The senator was proclaiming:

"The reason why most men don't amount to anything is because they haven't any nerve. Yes, sir-ree! They get licked once and it's all off. They ain't good for nothing after that. Say ——"

Suddenly he paused and began to laugh. We all turned. Ben Hooper stood in the doorway.

He had a number of bundles under his arms and, somehow, through the tobacco smoke, he looked smaller and more shabby than usual. Perhaps it was because we were all in a group and he was standing there alone. He stood quite still, staring at the stout man in the chair. He must have heard the last words.

"Well, well, well!" shouted Bixby. "If there ain't my old friend Bennie Hooper. Old Ben Hooper! Hello, Ben, you old coot!"

"'Lo, Earl," Ben Hooper answered, his voice sounding very small beside the others. He tried to draw himself up as he entered the room. "Train was right on time," he informed us, endeavoring to make it sound important.

"Ben, you get more shriveled up every time I come up here. Guess Brose don't feed you enough. Brose, why don't you feed Ben up? He ain't a good advertisement for you."

"Don't let him kid you, Ben,' Peck said kindly.

"He aint kiddin me any. Weigh sames I allus did. I saw him swallow.

"Old Ben Hooper," Bixby persisted. "He and me was boys together. Best friends ever was."

Ben turned around sharply from the desk where he was depositing the parcels. "That ain't so, and you know it ain't. I ain't no friend of yourn. You know what you done to me. You ——"

"Ha! ha! ha! ha!" roared Bixby. "Listen to him! Tried to do him a good turn once. Tried to make a little money for him and now hear what he says! That's just what I mean, boys. That's just what I said a minute ago. Ben lost a little money once and he ain't been a bit of good since. Just lost his nerve, I guess. Yes, sir-ree ——"

"I aint', neither. I ain't, neither. You just wait and see, Earl Bixby ——"

The larger man paid no attention. "Yes, sir-ree, just lost his nerve. That's the way they all do. Now me —say, I lost fifty thousand dollars on a deal a while ago and never turned a hair. Just kissed that money goodby and forgot about it. That's the way to do."

(To be continued.)

Saved!

Alf (shipwrecked)—"'Ow far would yer say land was, Bill?"

Bill—"Mile an' 'arf, I reckon. 'Ow far can yer swim?"

Alf—"I can only manage a mile, Bill."

Bill—"Then we'll just do it between us. I can swim 'arf a mile."

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Behind the Fair.

The famous waxworks at Madame Tussaud's, where a disastrous fire occurred some time ago, are still drawing visitors. They have never heard of the conflagration, and are bitterly disappointed to learn that their pilgrimage is useless.

Other visitors to London have never heard of the danger to St. Paul's Cathedral, and are astonished when, on arriving at the famous church, they find that a large part of the interior is boarded up.

Even more tragic was the case of a lady who, after reading a novel dealing with the Bastille, made a special journey to Paris in order to see the historic fortress. The only thing that she found was a tablet on which was an account of its destruction.

One of the most amusing cases of this sort occurred recently at the Tower of London. A lady had just paid a visit to the Bloody Tower, and came down demanding her money back.

"It's a fraud!" she exclaimed. "Why, there isn't any blood!"

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

Flower Scented Tea.

Flower scented tea is the latest beverage in Pekin, China. The flower is heated with the tea leaves and imparts an unusual flavor to the drink. The white jasmine is the flower most used and the practice is becoming so popular that large fields of jasmine are now being planted.

COLOR IT NEW WITH "DIAMOND DYES"

Just Dip to Tint or Boil to Dye

Each 15-cent package contains directions so simple any woman can tint soft, delicate shades or dye rich, permanent colors in lingerie, silks, ribbons, skirts, waists, dresses, coats, stockings, sweaters, draperies, coverings, hangings —everything

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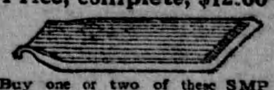

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