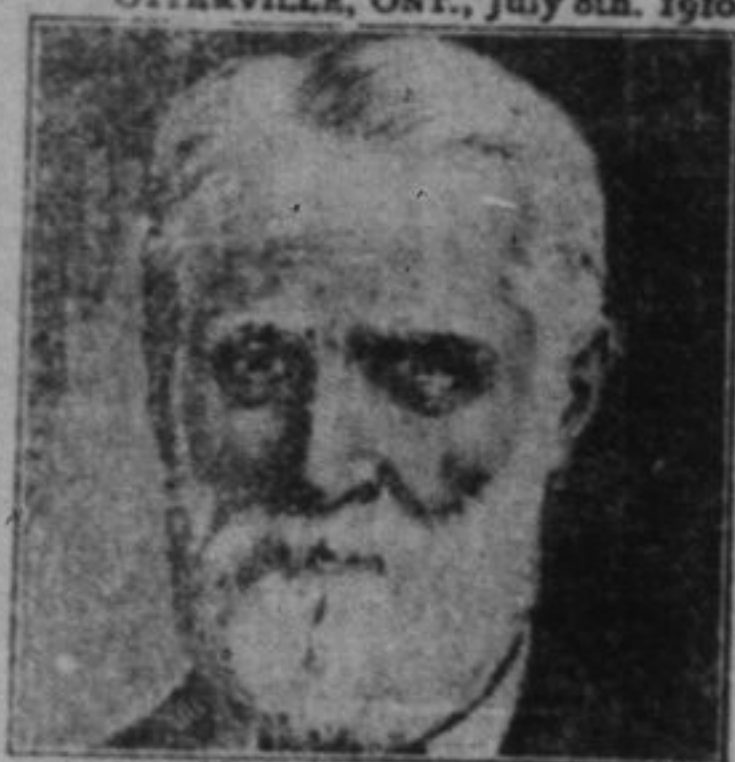


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WM. PARSONS.
OTTERVILLE, ONT., July 8th, 1910.



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The Bachelor's Easter Hat

By TEMPLE BAILEY.

It really was a beautiful hat. Alone in Madam's window, flanked on one side by a wisp of white veil, and on the other by a mauve parasol, it needed no further emphasis of its spring loveliness.
 Cunningham stopped and stared at it. He liked its simplicity, the broad sweep of the white brim, the loose bunch of velvets, tied with silver.
 Oh an impulse he went in and bought it. He murmured something about a mythical sister, and madame accepted the explanation placidly. So the hat was sent home, and was enthroned on a little table in the alcove of Cunningham's sitting room, a monument to masculine folly, and a temptation to little Anne.

Little Anne was the landlady's niece; she was eighteen, and she had come into Cunningham's line of vision for several years, simply as a slim child with dark braids hanging down her back.
 When she finished school she helped her aunt with the lighter housework, and it was thus that she discovered the hat. She tried it on, and awoke for the first time to a knowledge of her beauty.

Now and then Cunningham would part the curtains, and show his treacher to the men who came to smoke with him.
 "If I had a wife," he once said to Carpenter. "I should want her to wear things like that—"

Carpenter smiled, lazily. "Why not give an Easter tea?" he drawled. "Invite all the girls you know, get each one to try on the hat, and marry the lady who looks her loveliest in it."
 "I shan't do it that way," Cunningham said, briefly. "I bought the hat on the impulse, because I like beautiful things. And since I've had it, I've been led into all sorts of extravagances. I went back to Madam's, and purchased the parasol, and the white veil, and I've squandered my substance on violets to make the alcove sweet. It is as if the spirit of some dear lady were in there—her face

shaded by the hat, the veil blowing about her shoulders, the flowers at her breast, the sunshine tapping the toe of her tiny slipper.
 "Oh, totemprol!" was the caustic response.
 "You have no imagination," Cunningham retorted.

Down in the kitchen little Anne was still at work. Her aunt was quick; Cunningham's breakfast rolls were yet to be made; it was midnight and it seemed to her that she had washed dishes since dawn. Sifting flour, nervously, she talked to the kitchen cat. "I'm so tired, Raggies, that I could lay down and die."
 Raggies gave a sympathetic "purr-up."

"I am going to run away in the morning, Raggies," Anne declared, as she kneaded the dough. "I shan't come home until dark, and if that man rings I shan't be here to hear it."

"That man" was Cunningham. Little Anne had grown, in the last few days of drudgery, to look upon him as a sort of human Juggernaut, who was crushing her with the weight of his fastidious demands.

In the morning, when she took up his Sunday breakfast of sweetbread and bacon, she apologized for the heaviness of the rolls.
 "I'm not very good at such things," she said.

Cunningham, busy with his grape fruit, frowned. "Is your aunt too ill to cook?"

"She went to the hospital, yesterday. The doctors aren't very hopeful."

"Yes—absolutely. Then as she turned to go he called her back. "Oh, by the way, I'm going to telephone to some friends to come over to tea this afternoon. And I want some little cakes. Your aunt makes such jolly ones, with pink and white comfits."

For a stunned moment she stood and looked at him. Then she flung out her hands in a passionate gesture.

"Oh," she said, "I don't believe in giving teas on Sunday—I think everybody ought to have a little rest—on Sunday. I had planned to go out—somewhere for the whole day—I've worked in that dark kitchen until I can't breathe. And you live up here with your violets and your pretty things, and let other people slave for you."

As the last flaming words burned into his conscience, she stumbled over the threshold, and was gone!

Cunningham stood in the middle of the floor, and said to himself, over and over again, "Oh, you selfish pig, you selfish pig."
 Presently he went downstairs and found her in the kitchen with her head on the table, crying.

"Oh, look here," he said, awkwardly, "you mustn't. You go out and have a good time—"
 Little Anne, with the tears still on her lashes, apologized. "I was so tired and it didn't seem fair."
 She seemed such a child that he obeyed an impulse to comfort her as he would a child.

"Put on your hat and have a ride with me. My car will be around in a few minutes."
 "Oh, I mustn't."
 "Why not?"

"I'm such a shabby little thing, frankly."
 "Nonsense."
 "But you should see my hat—it's ancient."
 His inspiration seemed heaven-born. "I have a lovely one upstairs."
 "I know—I tried it on once."
 "Try it on again, and let me see."
 "Now—really?"

"Really, and right now."
 For a moment she hung back, then followed him upstairs. Curtains of silvery green hid the alcove. She went behind them and called back, "May I wear the veil?"
 "Wear anything."
 Then, all at once, her voice cried, "Look, oh, look at me," and with a quick gesture she parted the silvery curtains, drawing them about her again, so that her old skirt was hidden.

She had turned in the neck of her gown, and had pushed back her sleeves, so that he had a glimpse of white arms and of white neck. About her shoulders floated the veil, and the parasol held in one slender hand pointed downwards between the edges of the curtains, seemed to touch the toe of a tiny shoe. Under the wide brim of the hat her face was like a pearl.

"You beauty," he took a step forward, then checked himself. "I have always liked to dress up," she said. "There was an old bonnet of auntie's and a red cloak, and I would dance up and down in front of the mirror."
 They laughed like a pair of children. Then out of the following silence he said, slowly, "Do you know why I was going to have those people to tea—all of the pretty ladies?"
 "No."
 "I had a fancy—or rather my friend Carpenter suggested it—that I let them try on the hat, and the one who was loveliest in it, that I choose a wife that way."
 "Oh!" All the joy went out of her face. The curtains swung back, revealing her shabbiness. "Oh, but you wouldn't."
 "If you were a man, how would you choose?"

She was pulling out the hatpins with fingers that trembled. "I—I should love her," breathlessly.
 "You child," he tried to say it lightly, but his soul cried to him, "Man, you have found her!"
 His eyes as he watched her fold up the veil and lay the hat away gave no

hint of the knowledge that had come to him.
 "Aren't you going to wear it?" he demanded.
 "It wouldn't fit in with the rest of me. No, I'll leave the hat for your lovely lady."
 "Suppose you are the lovely lady?"
 "Oh, please—"
 "But I mean it. Do you think when a man has looked for a thing all his life, that when he has found it he is going to give it up?"
 "I don't know," she faltered.
 "Oh, little Anne, listen." He came over and took her hands in his.
 "When I was a boy I used to make up a story of a dream lady who lived among the violets on the bank of a clear little stream. No real woman has ever fitted in until I saw your face—just now—"

Could any woman resist such wooing? Surely not little Anne, who was tired and sad and hungry for love, and for whom, in that moment, the heavens opened!
 And so it came about that in the joy and beauty of the Easter morning they went to church together, and Cunningham, kneeling somewhat awkwardly beside little Anne, had his moment of resurrection.

Bread and Butter Diet.
 London Daily Express.
 A young wife complained, yesterday, to Mr. de Grey, the magistrate at the Southwestern police court, that her husband starved her and allowed her only bread and butter.
 "Do you mean to say," exclaimed the magistrate, "that you have only bread and butter to eat?"
 "Yes," the woman replied. My husband once gave me an egg."
 "How long have you had bread and butter?"
 "Nearly the whole of my married life. On Sundays my husband occasionally provides a little meat or fish."
 "If your statement is true you have substantial reason for complaining," said the magistrate. "You had better proceed against him for neglecting to provide the necessities of life and you may take a summons."

How Hindus Obtain Fire.
 The Strand Magazine.
 Fire is the most important of the Hindu ceremonies of "Yanga" by a curious method, matches not being considered holy. The priest holding the two ends of a piece of cord coiled round a vertical rod, the lower end of which fits into a groove cut out in the block of wood on which the rod rests, by a turning motion causes it to rotate very rapidly, it being meanwhile kept in position by the second priest by means of a horizontal handle with a hole in which the rod turns.
 The friction between the rod and the lower block of wood after a short time sets fire to the latter. This fire, by timely nourishment, is developed into a glorious flame. The instrument is considered very sacred by the orthodox Hindus. They, of course, kept drumming all the while.

Advice to a Judge.
 Human Life.
 A colored man was brought before a police judge charged with stealing chickens. He pleaded guilty and received sentence, when the judge asked how it was managed to lift those chickens right under the window of the owner's house when there was a dog in the yard.
 "It wouldn't be no use, judge," said the man, "to try to explain dis thing to yo' all. Ef yo' was to try it like as not would get yer birds full of shot an' get no chickens, no matter. Ef yo' want to engage in any rascality, judge, yo' better stick to de bench where yo' an' amiliar."

The Telephone Queen.
 Exchange.
 Mrs. Annie McElroy Britt, of West-ern Texas, is called the telephone queen of the southwest, because she is president of the Southern Independent Telephone and Telegraph company and president and general manager of the West Coast Telephone company. The companies that she organized now represent more than 250,000.



A NEW RIBBON SASH THAT ANY WOMAN CAN MAKE.

Sashes are to be extremely fashionable this summer, and the clever ones are picking up pretty ribbon remnants and fashioning all sorts of graceful sash arrangements ready to be adjusted over lingerie frocks later on. As the photograph shows, this smart little sash is worn over an ordinary pretty lace summer frock and the sash is made without special shaping, except that it is long enough to be drawn up high—as indicated at the back and fastened under a cabochon, which is pinned to the frock. Fancy striped Dresden ribbon was used and the little pleatings of plain satin ribbon are set under tucks of the wider ribbon, which are afterwards stitched flat.

DAIRYING IN HOLLAND.

Cattle Raised for Dairy Purposes in Netherlands.
 Taking the country as a whole, cheese and butter making in Holland is by far more profitable than tending and such beef cattle raising as prevails is generally only incidental to cattle raising for dairy purposes. The provinces of North and South Holland are considered better for the cheese industry, while Friesland leads in butter.

The average prices obtained by dairymen for butter and cheese are 30c. and 10c. a pound, respectively, and the average cost of keeping and feeding a cow for dairying purposes a year is about \$60, the amount realized from each cow for the same period being about \$88.

The average size of farms for dairying is 29 1/2 acres (16 hectares), on which are pastured fourteen to sixteen cows of from two to six years of age, four yearling heifers, four young calves, twelve to sixteen sheep, a like number of lambs, one horse, and several hogs for fattening purposes. The average value of such land is \$400 per acre. There is such an abundance of hay in Holland that other combinations of dry food for producing milk have only slight consideration, the food of an average milk cow being about thirty pounds of good hay and five to six pounds of linseed cake a day.

These averages are followed by the most scientific farmers and are the basis of model dairy schools for the different provinces of the country. The Holstein breed is, of course, preferred in almost every section of the Netherlands for dairying purposes. There are some others, notably the Jerseys, in some sections, but in only very few instances is a cross of breeds attempted.

Family Rescue Drowning Girl.
 Reynolds' Newspaper.
 An extraordinary instance of a family's gallantry comes from Oxford. It appears that a domestic servant of one Mrs. Mellon was approached one day with a young man, at ten o'clock, fell off her machine into the stream at a spot where the water was twelve feet deep and there was a swift current. The young man roused the lifey looker (Mr. Mellon) who immediately jumped into the river in the darkness. His wife followed with her seventeen-year-old son carrying a lantern.
 She directed operations by the lantern light and told her son to jump in to save his father, who seemed unable to effect the rescue single-handed in the swiftly running stream. Young Mellon obeyed immediately, and father and son, swimming in the icy cold water, effected the girl's rescue by the light of the lantern carried by Mrs. Mellon.

Needed the Money Badly.
 Graham B. Nichol, a newspaper man, of Washington, was approached one morning by a friend who wanted to borrow \$5. Nichol, assuming an expression of great sorrow, pulled twenty cents out of his pocket, and remarked—

"I'm sorry, old man, but you've struck me just before pay day, and I'm broke."
 Having made this crafty excuse, Nichol mentally speaking, pinned a gold medal on himself for having evaded the prospective borrower.
 "When is your pay day?" asked the friend.
 "To-morrow afternoon," replied Nichol.
 "All right," said the friend, "I'll come around then."
 And he did.—Popular Magazine.

A Pistol of 1789.
 Fulton, N.Y. Patriot.
 Robert Frontier has in possession an old-fashioned, double-barreled, pistol of the vintage of 1789, which is said to have done duty in the war of 1812. It is of American make, bearing the gunsmith's name and date. It is a muzzle-loader and was discharged with a percussion cap.

When marriage is a failure, most generally two are to blame for it.

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 that most of the sicknesses of life come from inactive bowels and from unhealthy condition of the organs of digestion. If your digestive system is not working right, your food does not nourish you—poor blood and weakness follow; if your bowels are inactive—waste matter poisons the whole system and serious sickness is sure to follow. To take promptly

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