

THE EVENING STORY.

Birthday Party.

Mrs Pann was superintending the making of the garden and her middle aged unmarried niece, Amelia, who had always lived with her, was doing the work. The garden plot was a strip of ground about four feet wide by eighteen long, which ran along the boundary fence, for Mrs Pann's weather-worn little white house had scarcely more than enough land to stand upon. Mrs Pann had money in the bank and out on mortgages which brought her in a considerable income, though her stinginess forbade her spending even so much of it as her needs demanded.

Amelia was a patient, slow-witted thing. She was down on her knees planting. Rotation of crops was a thing Mrs Pann did not believe in; she had the seeds planted each spring exactly where they were planted the year before, and a few beans, sprang scattered, was the only help they ever received to make them grow.

"Meely, Meely," she said in her small, winning, peevish voice, "don't you know you ain't putting the beans where they belong? You'll have to dig them up again," added Mrs Pann, firmly.

It did not occur to Amelia to object. She began to sift the earth through her fingers while Mrs Pann leaned over counting the beans eagerly as they appeared. Five hills and five beans in a hill.

"There's five beans missing, Meely," was her final verdict. Amelia sifted again and again. The beans were gone. For once the earth had taken toll.

Dear, dear, whimpered Mrs Pann. "You're dreadful careless, seems to me, Meely, and me so upset anyway over my birthday party."

Amelia sighed dejectedly. The birthday party was the only thing that had been in Mrs Pann's mind for days. In consequence thereof she had been so inattentive to the business in hand as to forget to tell Amelia exactly where the beans should go. Hence the loss, which was to Mrs Pann no trivial affair. The year before a few kindly disposed old ladies of the neighborhood had made Mrs Pann a surprise party on her birthday, had taken her various gifts and furnished an excellent supper. Mrs Pann had been wildly delighted and had secretly resolved upon her next birthday. She had delicately instructed Amelia to call upon Mrs Wingham, who could be looked upon as the promoter of the party.

"Aunt Sophy expects one," (She'll be dreadful disappointed," she said. Mrs Wingham had promised to see what she could do. And to let Amelia know. But as yet no word had come from her to Amelia, and Mrs Pann, who was supposed to know nothing about it, was becoming terribly anxious. For this was the auspicious day and everything was ready for the guests.

"I'm so upset, too," admitted Amelia. "I want so late as this last year that Mrs Wingham let me know they was coming."

"No, it wasn't," agreed Mrs Pann. "I remember you told me the minute she give you the word. I do know, Meely, but what if I was in your place I'd be tempted to go and ask her right out."

Amelia scratched her head and looked doubtfully. Then she stood a moment with her hands on her hips thinking deeply, and then went just as she was to Mrs Wingham's. Mrs Wingham sat on her front porch. "Laws, Meely," she greeted. "If you don't look as if you'd been gardening!"

"I have been," said Meely, "but give it up! cause I got so worked up over Aunt Sophy's 'surprise and not knowing"—she looked at Mrs Wingham significantly.

know, Meely, but what if I'd been in your place I could have done just a little mite more toward it," she reproached.

Amelia began to cry, too, as bitterly disappointed as her aunt. "Meely I could have," she sobbed. As they sat there sniffing into their starched and folded handkerchiefs the back door opened softly; there was a sound of whispering and some one tiptoed across the floor.

"What's that?" exclaimed Amelia. And she went out of the room with a rush, while Mrs Pann dropping and forgetting the album in her real surprise followed after.

"Here we be?" cried Mrs Wingham. "Better late than never hooray!" She waved a small flag exuberantly. The four old ladies that followed each waved her flag. Then they all shook hands with Mrs Pann and congratulated her on having arrived at another birthday successfully. They hunted up Amelia, who had slipped away to cry a little more joyfully behind the kitchen door, and got her to cry a little more joyfully behind the kitchen door, and got her to cry a little more joyfully behind the kitchen door.

"The contrast between now and seventy years ago is very great. Do our younger folks offer a prayer of thank-

fulness to God for the privileges we now enjoy? During the last forty or fifty years we have many mills started—saw-mills, grist, carding and dyeing mills. We have not to travel twenty miles to the cloth agent, for they collect through them and take it to the mill, and return it in two or three weeks. While thinking of the way when we had to thicken our cloth I recall that we made a long table, collected all the boys and girls in the settlement, and both sides of table taking about a yard of the web could pound and hammer away each passing it around from his next neighbor. I think soap and water were used in the process. After two or three hours of this kind of work it was considered thick enough. After this work then came the feast of good things. This is what was called "Pulling Frolic."

SOME REMINISCENCES OF SEVENTY YEARS AGO

(Continued From Page One.) I went through Grand River settlement, sometimes through the woods. Finally I got home, not any the worse for my journey.

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Father Morriscy's "No. 10" Lung Tonic

Is a Safe and Certain Cure for Coughs, Colds and Lung Troubles

St. Andrews-by-the-Sea, N.B., Dec. 1st., 1909.

THE FATHER MORRISCY MEDICINE CO., LTD. Father Morriscy prescribed for my brother, a young fellow who had always been delicate, having to leave school on account of his health.

In the autumn of 1907 he had such a cough that it just distressed one to hear it. It just shook his whole body, some nights all night long. Near the last of October one evening he began to cough and suddenly great streams of blood rushed from his mouth, a dreadful hemorrhage.

The doctor had examined him before and had told us he had Tuberculosis without a doubt, and it was but a matter of a very short time. We had heard a great deal of Father Morriscy, and Harry felt sure he would help him, so I wrote him and the good Father sent the Cure. He began to take it and immediately there was a change. He took it all that winter and in the spring he was able to sit out in the garden in a wheel chair, and everybody who knew him thought it simply miraculous.

Then he felt so well that he stopped taking the medicine. One hot day in June he sat in the sun until he got sort of a touch of sunstroke and about six in the evening he took a hemorrhage and bled until noon the next day. A doctor came in and said he had a touch of the sun and consumption and gave very little hopes.

This, however, did not daunt my brother, for he kept on taking the medicine, for he had perfect faith. Every day for over a year he never missed, and to-day he is perfectly splendid. Every one who knows him has said it was the most wonderful, most miraculous cure ever heard of.

He is stronger and better now than ever he was, and there is never a day that he does not walk three or four miles just for a constitutional, and very often more, and he looks as though there never had been anything wrong with him whatever.

Yours truly, EVELYN BYRNE.



Rev. Father Morriscy

Father Morriscy's No. 7 For Rheumatism and the Kidneys

Rheumatism is the result of Kidney Trouble. The function of the Kidneys is to filter out from the blood certain impurities, particularly Uric Acid. If they do not do this the Uric Acid accumulates, poisons the blood and the whole system, and, settling in the joints and muscular tissue, causes Rheumatism.

"No. 7" clears out the accumulated waste matter in the Kidneys and stimulates them to purify the blood and keep it pure. This, of course, promptly cures the Rheumatism.

Mr. Barberie, Registrar of Deeds at Dalhousie, Restigouche Co., N.B. tells of the relief he received from using No. 7 Tablets and Father Morriscy's Liniment:

Dalhousie, N.B., April 14th, 1909.

THE FATHER MORRISCY MEDICINE CO., LTD. I suffered from Rheumatism for years and recently have been confined to my house with it with Doctors attending. A friend recommended your medicine and I tried your No. 7 Tablets and also your Liniment and can recommend them to all sufferers, as they certainly gave me relief and to-day I can get around as well as I could years ago.

Yours very truly, JOHN BARBERIE.

If you suffer from any of these diseases, even though other remedies may have failed to help you, don't give up. Father Morriscy's Prescriptions have cured hundreds whom others could not cure. Why won't you let them cure you? Get them at your dealer's, or from

FATHER MORRISCY MEDICINE CO. LTD., Chatham, N.B.

Father Morriscy's No. 26 For Catarrh

In its milder stages this disease is simply a chronic Cold in the Head, caused by our extreme and changeable climate. As the disease progresses, however, it becomes loathsome, and generally leads to lung or stomach diseases.

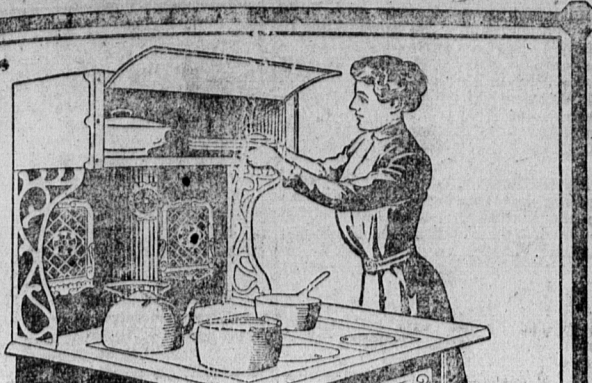
Father Morriscy's "No. 26" is a combined blood and external treatment, which Father Morriscy found was most effective. The tablets, taken three or four times a day, act on the diseased parts by purifying the blood and imparting greater vitality and power to throw off the Catarrh. The salve, applied up the nostrils, cleanses and heals the tissues. Together, they cure.

FATHER MORRISCY MED. CO. LTD.

I take great pleasure in recommending to all men who work in or around shingle mills the Father Morriscy's Catarrh. For three years I had suffered from Catarrh in the head until March, 1903, when I had to leave my work in shingle mills, after trying four different so-called Catarrh Cures, and two doctors who claimed there was no cure.

One single treatment of Father Morriscy's prescription cured me and I returned to work in a week after starting to take the treatment, and have never had as much as a cold in the head since.

P. M. SHANNON. DALHOUSIE, N.B.



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than ever, in the Kootenay Steel Range, because the improvement in the operation of the door adds nearly five hundred cubic inches to its capacity. Every inch inside can be used—and you can always depend upon it for keeping your food piping hot while you wait for some special dish to finish cooking. Made of heavy polished sheet steel, durable and easily cleaned. Besides this important feature, there are many exclusive advantages for you in the



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CHANGE OF TIME.

WINTER Time Table

INTERCOASTAL STEAMWAYS

WILL TAKE EFFECT October 23rd, 1910.

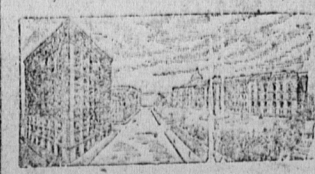
Particulars will be announced later.

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Chatham Agent.

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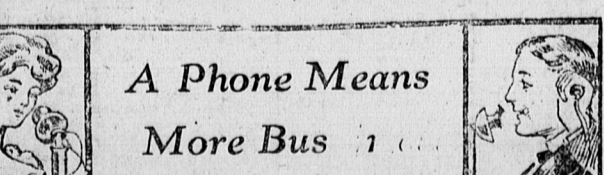
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THE EDITOR Deposit, N. Y.



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