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 TEA  
 "Fresh from the Gardens"

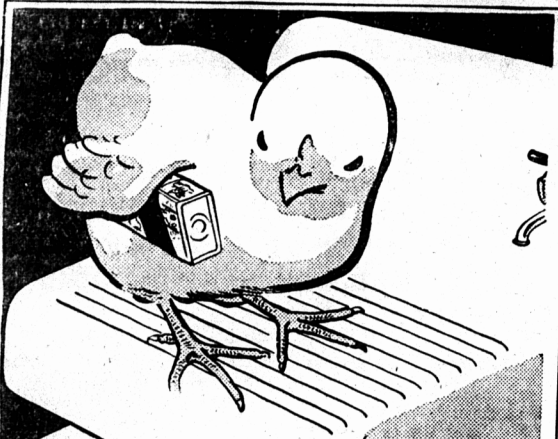
**DRESSED HOGS**

We will discontinue taking Dressed Hogs Friday, May 13th.

**LIVE HOGS**

We will continue taking Live Hogs on Tuesday and Friday forenoon as heretofore, paying highest market price.

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**The House of Dreams-Come-True**  
 By Margaret Fedler

(Continued)

At last a question—the question that had tormented her through all the long months since she had first realised whither love was leading her, found its way to her lips. "Why didn't you tell me before, Blaise?"

His face clouded. "Because of all that had happened in the past. You know—you have been told about Nesta—"

"Ah, yes! Don't talk about it, Blaise," she broke in hastily, sensing his distasteful recoil from the topic.

"I think we must a little, dear," he responded gravely. "You see, Nesta was not all to blame—not even very much, as I'm sure—with a little half-tender smile—my mother tried hard to make you believe."

Jean nodded vigorously. "She did. And I expect she was perfectly right."

He shook his head. "No," he answered. "The fault was really mine. My initial mistake was in confusing the false fire with the true. It was not love I had for Nesta. And I found it out too late. We were poles apart in everything, and instead of trying to make it easier for her, trying to understand her and to lead her into our ways of looking at things, I only stormed at her. It roused all that was worst in me to see her trailing our name in the dust, throwing her dignity to the winds, craving for nothing other than amusement and excitement. I'm not trying to excuse myself. There was no excuse for me. In my way, I was as culpable and foolish as she. And when the crash came—when I found her deliberately entertaining in my house, against my express orders, a man who ought to have been kicked out of my decent society, why I let go. The Tormarin temper had its way with me. I shall never forgive myself for that. I frightened her, terrified her. I think I must have been half mad. And then—well, you know what followed. She rushed away and, before anyone could find her or help her, she had killed herself—thrown herself into the Seine. Quite what happened between leaving here and her death we were never able to find out. Apparently since her marriage with me, her sister had gone to Paris, unknown to her, and had taken a situation as dame de compagnie to some Frenchwoman, and Nesta, though she followed from Italy to Paris, failed to find her there. At least that is what Margherita Valdi told me in the letter announcing Nesta's death. Then she must have lost heart. So you see, morally I am responsible for that poor reckless child's death."

"Oh, no, no, Blaise! I don't see that—"

"Don't you? I do—very clearly. And that was why, when I found myself growing to care for you I tried to keep away."

He felt in his pocket and produced a plain gold wedding-ring. On the inside were engraved the initials "B. T. and N. F.," and a date.

"That was my talisman. Margherita lent it back to me when she wrote telling me of Nesta's death. Whenever I felt my resolution weakening, I used to take it out and have a look at it. It was always quite effective in thrusting me back into my proper place in the scheme of things—that is, outside any other woman's life." There was an inexpressible bitterness in his tones, and Jean drew a little nearer to him, her heart overflowing with compassion. He looked down at her, and smiled a thought ironically. "But now—you've beaten me." His lips brushed her hair. "I'm glad to be beaten, beloved. . . . I knew, that day at Montevan, what you might come to mean to me. And I intended never to see you again, but just to take that one day for remembrance. I felt that, having made such an utter hash of things, having spoiled one woman's life and been, indirectly, the cause of her death, I was not fit to hold another woman's happiness in my hands."

Jean rubbed her cheek against his shoulder.

"I'm glad you thought better of it," she observed.

"I don't know, even now, that I'm right in letting you love me—"

"You can't stop me," she objected.

He smiled.

"I don't think I would if I could—now."

Jean leaned up and, with a slender, d'clatral finger on the side of his face, turned his head towards her.

"Quite sure?" she demanded saucily. Then without waiting for his answer: "Blaise I, do love your chin—it's such a nice, square, your-money-or-your-life sort of chin."

Something light as a butterfly, warm as a woman's lips, just brushed the feature in question.

He drew her into his arms, folding them closely about her.

"And I—love every bit of you," he said hoarsely. "Body and soul, I love you! Oh! Heart's beloved! Nothing—no one in the whole world shall come between us two again!"

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 A most health-ful food, and less expensive than dairy butter.

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August seemed determined to justify her claim to be numbered amongst the summer months before making her exit. Apparently she had repented her of having recently valled the country in a mist that might have been regarded as a very creditable effort even on the part of November, for to-day the sun was blazing down out of a cloudless sky and scarcely a breath of wind swayed the nodding cornstalks, heavy with golden grain.

Jean, her strained ankle now practically recovered was tramping along the narrow footpath through the cornfield, following in Blaise's footsteps, while Nick brought up the rear of the procession. She had not seen Blaise since her engagement had become an actual fact, though a characteristically warm-hearted little note from the latter had found its way to Staple, and the morning Jean had declared her inability to exist another day "with out a 'heart-to-heart' talk with Blaise."

Hence the afternoon's pilgrimage.

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**IN MEMORIAM**

MR. JOHN L. SMITH

In the midst of life we are in death was never more truly verified than in the death of Mr. John L. Smith which sad event took place at his home in Carleton Place on March 31st after an illness of only two days caused by a stroke of paralysis at the comparatively early age of 63 years.

He was a very honest upright and industrious member of the community and it can be truly said of him that his word was as good as his bond. He was a good neighbor and a true friend and his passing is very much regretted by all classes in the community but especially will he be mourned in the home where he was a kind and loving husband and father. A devout and practical Catholic he had the great consolation and happiness to receive the Last Sacraments of the Catholic Church for the dying administered by his pastor Rev. W. E. Monaghan of Seven Mile Bay.

When a young man he learned the carriage building trade in Emerald and worked for some time in Summerside and the United States afterwards settling at Freetown Station where he worked at his trade for some years and where he made many friends who were deeply grieved when they heard of his death many of whom paid their respect to his memory by attending his funeral at Carleton.

Entering the employ of the C.N.R. at Borden he moved with his family to Carleton where he has since resided and where, ably assisted by his good wife he acquired one of the most beautiful homes and farms in that progressive district. Notwithstanding the almost impassable condition of the roads his funeral to Seven Mile Bay was largely attended. A High Mass of Requiem was sung by his pastor Rev. W. E. Monaghan for the repose of his soul when all that was mortal of a good man and citizen was consigned to the grave to await a glorious resurrection. May his soul rest in peace.

He leaves to mourn a sorrowing wife and the following children viz: Celestine in Carleton; James in Prince Albert, Sask.; Linus in Johnston's River, Joseph in St. Dunstan's University and Ernest at home, Ada, Mrs. Leo Croken in Middleton and Frances at home.

The pall bearers were: Stewart McMicken, Albert Muttart, W. E. Noonan, Burpee McMicken, Thomas Gillespie and Patrick O'Connell.

The following sent Mass Cards—Mrs. John L. Smith and family 10, Mr. and Mrs. Celestine Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Leo Croken, Linus E. Smith, Students of Grade XI S. D. U. 2, Mr. and Mrs. John McCordie, Mrs. Bernard Smith and family, Mr. and Mrs. James A. Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. John M. Murphy, Mrs. Theresa Murphy and family, Mr. and Mrs. James Malone, Mr. and Mrs. John J. McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. Isidore Smith and family, Miss Rose Smith, Miss Margaret McCordie, Miss Mabel McCordie, Mr. Albert McCordie, Mr. James E.

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Smith, 2, Joseph McAvinn, Miss Ada Murphy, 2.

Spiritual Offerings—Mr. and Mrs. Ollie McCarvill, Freetown; Miss Myrtle McCarvill, Carleton.

Letters of Sympathy—Viola Handrahan, Notre Dame Academy; Mr. and Mrs. John Campbell, Edmonton; Mr. and Mrs. John J. McCarthy, Johnston's River; Miss Ada Murphy, Los Angeles; P. J. Smith, Newton; Mrs. Owen Baird, Johnston's River; Mrs. Patrick Smith, Newton; J. Russell Laird, Souris; Mr. and Mrs. Isidore Smith, Souris; Leonard Smith, Grand Seminary, Quebec; J. F. Arnet, Summerside; Mrs. P. J. Trainor, Johnston's River; Mr. and Mrs. Ollie McCarvill, Freetown; Mrs. F. Croken, Kinkora; Mrs. T. Noonan, Albany; Rev. J. A. Murphy, St. Dunstan's; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Herring, New Glasgow; Rose E. Bessy and Ruth, Trenholm, New Glasgow; Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Murphy, Emerald; Mrs. Frank Quinn, Los Angeles; Mr. Patrick Murphy, Los Angeles; James Smith, Prince Albert, Sask.; Margaret and Mable McCordie, Sask.; Mrs. Henry Cameron, Albany; Rose Smith,

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