

"Bringing up seven no worse than one," says Ma



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THEY HAD TO SEE PARIS

By Homer Crox

(Continued)

Have a sandwich. Them little thin ones is Russian caviar and they're supposed to be pretty fancy eatin'." He sank his teeth into one critically "I don't think much of it—tastes like getting smoking tobacco on your tongue. But hell's huckleberry!" he said with sudden remembrance, "who am I to tell you anything about Rood-sha? I guess you've had 'em all your life."

Pike's tongue was now wagging. He knew, dimly, that conversation had grown less in the salon and that people from the adjoining rooms had come to listen to him, but in his great exuberance he did not care. Now and then Grand Duke Mikkaal put his hand behind his ear, and Pike shouted a little more loudly.

"You ought to see our new Comanche Hotel. It's better'n anything they've got in Paris for its size. Of course," he conceded, "they're got more gilt and glitter and fancy gewgaws in some of the Paris hotels, but I mean for real solid comfort. Take the telephone system 'rinstance. Golly! a farmers' line is better than them Paris hotel telephones."

Pike saw Mrs Peters's startled face appear in the door of the salon, but the overwhelming desire to talk drove him on. It was pleasant, after being ignored so long, suddenly to find himself the center of attention. The lights seemed to grow brighter and the music louder and the people harder to make hear. Now and then a word bothered him, but he gave it no thought. All he wanted to do was to talk.

"You can see I'm a booster for Oklahoma, Yer Highness. I've seen it grow from nuthin, because I'm one of the old settlers here. I sure was. I was danged near a "Sooner," Pike laughed in pleasant recollection of those early rogues. "I was born on the poorest farm I bet you had ever laid eyes on—hardpan and alkali and rattlesnakes, that's all it was. That's what I started life with," he boasted, "and now, by golly!—I've got this." He waved his hand over Mont D'Or. "And I make every cent of it with these here two hands."

He turned over the two long bony members proudly. "All I inherited was a horse blanket." Pike told about the horse blanket. He was soon back to Clearwater. "I've got the Ford agency in Clearwater—and it's a danged good agency too. What do you think my turnover was last year?"

Pike told about his turnover, while the guests glanced from one to another; then they began to glance toward Mrs Peters. Mrs Peters had been trying to catch Pike's glassy eyes but without success. Now she pushed forward. "I'm afraid you are annoying His Highness. It's just one of Mr. Peters' jokes," she explained. "He's a great tease."

"It's the God's truth," declared Pike, his mind still on turnover, "and I've got the books to prove it." "He ain't such a bad fellow," said Pike to himself as he swayed uncertainly on his feet before the grand duke. "I wonder how he keeps it in his eye."

He rested his hand on the post of the grand duke's chair. "Yes sir," he thought, "dandy fine feller. Say," he said aloud, "I ain't goin' call you Yer Highness any more—thash all you foolishness—don't do it in Oklahoma. I'm jush goin' call you Mike and you call me Pike—Mike and Pike—they look alike," he laughed thickly.

No one else understood the reference to the under strips, which were such great favorites with Pike. "Of course, we don't really look alike," he added, "because you got all that sagebrush." He indicated the beard. "Thash just a ketch word, thash all. Must be gettin' late. Won-

der what the boys are doing." He fumbled for his watch, but couldn't find it in his unaccustomed evening clothes. "Finest bunch fellers ever knowed in yer life. 'Spect they're 'bout dropped into my Pawnee Garage for a chin. Wish you'd meet 'em. But that ain't the way I started." Pike was now back to his original subject. "Hell's huckleberry! no! I started at the bottom. I was a veterinarian."

"A what?" repeated the grand duke. "A veterinarian. A horse doctor, y' know." Pike continued to talk in his genial, roaring way. Never had Mrs Peters been so agitated in her life. In spite of her frantic signaling, Pike continued to tell of his days as veterinarian, more about Clearwater, and then came the striking of oil—

"You know, I thought she wash going to be a duster, wouldn't pay no 'tention to it, but instead of that she went over the crown-block. We named her Old Faithful—and that's what's paying for all this." He waved his hand over the resplendent room.

Mrs Peters saw the glances leaping from one to another of the now silent guests, and she ardently wished to die. But she did not show it; instead, unable to stop the awful flow of words which had come upon Pike, she smiled with the kindly toleration of a mother listening to the wild imaginings of her youthful son telling an impossible tale of giants he had slain.

"That's enough now, Pike," she said with a great effort at sweetness. "You've been quite amusing with your stories. You go and find Ross—I can't imagine where he is. Now go on, dear." She gave him a playful little push and Pike tottered unceasingly for a moment, then moved triumphantly towards the door. "Champagne always goes to his head and it gives him queer imaginings. I—I hope you won't mind him talking so much."

They said, politely, that they didn't. Mrs Peters excused herself and rushed out to Pike. "You get up to your room—quick," she commanded. When she came back she was smiling, as if over Pike's all-too-human shortcomings, and set to work to counteract the awful things Pike had said. She was sayer than ever and again talked to two or three at once. "I can't imagine where Mr Peters got those frightful imaginings. He'd make a good scenario writer for the cinema, wouldn't he?" she laughed. "Of course, not a word he said was true."

Mrs. Peters continued her heart-breaking task. Suddenly Mrs. Peters's gay flow of words stopped, for in the door an astounding and unbelievable sight met her eyes. The guests saw it at the same time and a gasp of astonishment ran over them, and well it might, for a suit of mailed armour was walking towards them with a weird, weaving effect. It was as if the ancient suit of mail had come to life and was slowly clanking across the floor all except that a pair of eyes shone from beneath the visor.

MR. AMASA BETTS The death of Mr. Amasa Betts took place at his home in Glenwood, Lot 8, on the afternoon of Feb. 26. The deceased who had attained the age of 78 years had been falling in health for some time, having sustained a stroke of paralysis some years ago from which he never fully recovered. For several days it had been realized by those who were near him that the end was fast approaching. He grew gradually weaker and finally passed peacefully to his eternal rest.

The deceased was a son of the late Mr. Silas Betts and was born in Glenwood. He married Miss Lorena McWilliams of Milburn, Lot 8, who survives him. One of their sons, Wallace, was killed in the Main lumber woods in 1910 and there remain to mourn the loss of a kind and loving father two sons Clinton in the United States and Elmer at home, also two daughters, Mrs. W. T. McIsaac of Glenwood and Mrs. Neil McNevin of Milo, Lot 9. There are also a number of grandchildren, two of whom Mrs. John Currie, Glenwood and Mrs. Roy Smith, West Point two of whom spent a great deal of their childhood with their grandparents and also helped to care for the deceased since he became incapacitated through illness. There are also left to mourn two sisters, Mrs. Chas. Waite of Mt. Pleasant and Mrs. George H. McIsaac of Glenwood, and one brother, Mr. Benjamin Betts of Glenwood. Two sisters, Mrs. Wm. Dymont of Springfield and Mrs. Archibald Matthews of Alberton and two brothers Messrs Clifford and Jacob Betts of Glenwood predeceased him by several years. The deceased was a well-to-do farmer and was much esteemed in the community in the affairs of which he took a prominent part for many years. The sympathy of the community is extended to the sorrow-

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Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to and including Saturday, March 8th, next for the purchase of the passenger and freight steamer "Harland" as she now lies at Bruce Stewart & Co's Wharf, where she will be open for inspection daily between the hours of 9 a. m. and 1 p. m.

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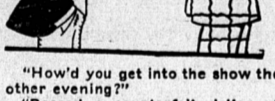
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"How'd you get into the show the other evening?" "Passed a counterfeit dollar at the door." "How was the show?" "Well, I got my money's worth."



"Your thermometer is wholly incorrect. It registers 10 degrees less than the actual temperature." "That's why I like it. I dread these fearfully candid friends."



THE LIMIT For finished cruelty of speech No ancient phrase can match it. As when a lad with fiendish joy Says to a home-bound truant boy, "Kid, you're going to catch it!"



"Everything my husband touches turns to gold." "Then you didn't really bleach your hair, after all?"

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Miss E. Budd, 1100 Victoria Drive, Vancouver, B.C., writes:—"About a year ago I was troubled with boils. They broke out on my arms, and no sooner was one healed than another would come to take its place. I suffered great pain with them, and tried different medicines and ointments, but they did me no good. "I was advised to take

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS and, my, what relief I got; soon my skin was as clear as before. Put up only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

of Providence, and a brother, James MacEachern of Rice Point, Prince Edward Island.

MR. J. C. MacEACHERN John Charles MacEachern, 108 Eldridge street, Auburn, Mass., died suddenly Feb. 6th, 1930, after a brief illness.

Mr. MacEachern, who had been a resident of Auburn for the past five years, was born at Rice Point, Prince Edward Island. He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Donald MacEachern. About 35 years ago he came to Rhode Island and spent the remainder of his life in Providence and Auburn. For eight years his home was in Edgewood, and since that period he has lived in Elmwood and Auburn.

The deceased had been employed in the electrical trade for many years, having worked for the Crooker Company and O. B. Hawxhurst and Sons. He was always active in affairs of the First Presbyterian Church, Providence, and had belonged to Franklin Lodge, I. O. O. F.

The surviving relatives include his wife, Flora (McDonald), three children, Wallace S., and Donald J., of Auburn, and Mrs. Gladys M. Doris

NOTICE The annual meeting of the shareholders of the Georgetown Silver Black Fox Company will be held in the Council Chamber at 2.30 p. m. on Thursday, the 6th day of March. S. C. Knight, Sec'y. 2021-2-28-31

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