



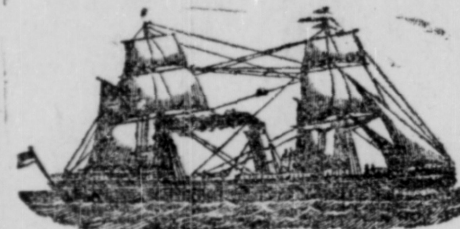
Happy, healthy childhood! Every childless woman feels a tugging at her heart-strings when she sees another woman's happy, healthy rollicking baby. Motherhood is woman's supremest duty and her supremest happiness. Even in childhood she shows how deeply this sentiment is implanted in her breast when she plays with her dolls. There are thousands of otherwise happy wives in this world who only lack the thrilling touch of a first-born's fingers to complete their happiness.

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S. S. POLINO will arrive here Thursday morning at day light due from Montreal, and sails for St. John's Nfld via Sydney, and North Sydney carrying live stock on deck and produce under deck at low rates.

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**Grand Scottish Gathering**

The Annual Gathering of the Clans, under the auspices of the Caledonia Club of P. E. Island, will be held at

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On field of John P. Sullivan Esq., near Railway Station on

**Wednesday, August 17th.**

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For train arrangements, prize list and full particulars, see programmes and advertisements in newspapers later.

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Commencing about July 1st, steamer will make three trips per week each way, between North Sydney and Port-aux-Basques, Newfoundland.

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**CHAPTER VII.**

A shiver convulsed his noble frame, a moan almost human in its expression of pain, and he sunk between the shafts powerless evermore for evil or for good.

Liza, having performed her act of heroism without the tremor of a nerve, sat down abruptly when there was nothing more to do and fell to crying in the most womanly fashion imaginable. It really seemed the most comfortable thing life could offer just then. She was having a "good cry."

She was vaguely conscious that Seth had come up, limping and panting, in time to help an old gentleman out of the vehicle.

She was vividly conscious of the terrified white face and the flowing white hair and beard that had helped to nerve her arm for that death dealing blow.

Its owner had been the sole occupant of the buggy, and a forlornly helpless one he had been while death seemed staring him in the face. From behind her wet pocket handkerchief Liza could hear him now, his quavering voice passing rapidly through every gradation of agitation and relief into wordy anger. He must be addressing Seth. But what did she care?

"It was well done, sir; well done. The act of a heroine! My life was not worth a pound of cotton ten minutes ago. No, sir; be hanged if it was. But, Randal, what in the devil did you mean by putting that brute into the shafts when you asked me to ride with you? And why in the devil did you jump out and leave me to my fate? You knew he never could see a basket of cotton on the roadside without going into convulsions. Did you want to murder me, sir?"

A rich, sonorous, lazy voice here interposed, making a somewhat inconsequent reply to this excited monologue. "The blow of a blacksmith delivered by a sylph! By Jove, the most astonishing outcome. I am lost in wonder."

Liza emerged just then from behind her wet handkerchief with crimson cheeks and sparkling eyes. She had the rare gift of crying without making herself personally obnoxious or temporarily hideous.

Quite a group of men had by this time gathered around the fallen brute. Most of them were field hands. Seth and the men to whom the runaway had belonged were the only white ones among them.

Seth was on his knees examining the horse. The man who had just spoken of her in connection with a blacksmith was standing with his back to her.

In his left hand he held his broad brimmed, wideawake hat, while with his right he mopped his damp forehead delicately with a handkerchief of exquisite fineness which exhaled the merest suggestion of good cologne.

He was explaining the beginning of the accident to Seth in that peculiarly rich, lazy drawl that had brought Liza from behind her damp handkerchief some seconds before the tear storm had quite subsided. There was something eminently soothing in his composure in the midst of the prevailing excitement and confusion.

"It is largely due to my venerable father's youthful impetuosity. I heard an infernal rattling somewhere under the trap and got out to investigate, when father indiscreetly shook the reins about the brute's ears to frighten off a bottlefly, I imagine. I had noticed one hovering near. The motion always affected poor Emperor unpleasantly, and father's voice did the rest."

What a while it took him to say it! Long enough for the girl perched in the wagon bed to decide that he was self poised, well balanced, thoroughly cultured. As for the rest of them—bah!

Just then Seth drew the coarse cuff of his shirt sleeve across his red, moist forehead. The familiar action had never jarred upon her nerves more disagreeably. She sent her imperious young voice in the direction of the group.

The man who had been explaining the accident to Seth turned at the sound of her voice and lifted his hat in salutation.

"I never like to intrude upon a lady's emotion. I am quite sure you enjoyed every one of those tears. Perhaps now, however, you will let me thank you for my father's life, Miss Martin—I take it."

Here the rescued old man interposed vivaciously:

"It's high time. Yes. 'Pon my word and honor it was superbly done—admirably done for a little girl! Now wasn't it, Ran?"

Liza flushed angrily under this patronage.

"It is a pity it had to be done at all, but I could think of no other way of saving myself. I assure you I was not trying to save any one else."

The younger man was composedly scanning her, as she sat there, high perched above them all. Very few men

could have divested such scrutiny of every vestige of impertinence. He was one of the few.

"'Pon honor, the wonder grows. The efficacy of the blow seems so curiously disproportioned to the arm that dealt it. The blow so accurately planted! Now from a trained athlete one might expect such precision."

"The location of the blow was purely accidental. Its efficacy was due entirely to my brother's heavily loaded whip handle. It was a question of crushing or being crushed. I preferred the first alternative. That is all there is to it. Come, Seth, please, if you can be dispensed with."

Mr. Randal Chambliss stepped backward from the wagon wheel in deference to her evident impatience. "A natural and feminine preference. I imagine you will go through life maintaining that attitude."

Seth was climbing into the wagon in response to an impatient gesture from her. The old man lifted an arresting voice.

"Yes, but all this time here we stand like dots; not a word of thanks to the heroine of the occasion."

"Thanks are always embarrassing, sometimes absurd and on this occasion entirely uncalled for. I acted exclusively in self protection. Good morning, sir."

She bestowed an imperious little nod on the old man, ignored the young one entirely and trotted furiously on Seth's foot, by way of setting the clumsy cotton wain once more in motion.

(To be Continued.)



MRS. WRIGHT OF NORVAL, ONT. EXPERIENCED INTENSE SUFFERING FROM ECZEMA IN HER FEET.

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My mother, Mrs. Wright, who lives at Norval, near Doncaster, suffered a summer and winter with Eczema in her feet. She could not walk, and very seldom got any sleep. It became so bad that she was perfectly raw from the toes to the knees. After trying every available remedy without receiving any benefit, and almost hopeless of relief, she was advised to try Dr. Chase's Ointment. She has altogether used 8 boxes since commencing, but with the happiest results, for she is now completely cured. There is but one scar on one of her feet, a memento of her fearful suffering condition. Any person desiring further testimony in this case is at liberty to communicate with Mrs. Wright at her address, Norval P. O.

Mrs. Knight says after such a grand success, is it any wonder we recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment?

W. H. De Long, Civil Engineer, ex-Warden, and County Councilor, New Germany, Lunenburg Co., N. S., Oct. 28th, 1897, says:—"I had itching piles for thirty years, and have tried various kinds of pile cures, but none gave me permanent relief until I used Dr. Chase's Ointment. I have recommended it to others with the same result."

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- 24 all wool suits in grey and brown checks, single breasted well trimmed, men's suits at \$5.00 to 6.00
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