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A block of green woods of 200 acres with considerable lumber thereon in the lower part of the Parish of Woodstock, comprising Eel River back of Chase's Creek and within a two or three turn road of the railway, for sale.

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June 26th, 1909, (1)

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## Our Weekly Story

## The Coat and the Rummage Sale.

BY EMILY FOX GRINNELL.

Mr Miller likes to be comfortable, and is undoubtedly fat, two facts which interfere somewhat with his desire to dress carefully.

Periodically, at the instigation of his wife and daughters, he visits a fashionable tailor, and brings home samples of cloth, which each member of the family scrutinizes, raves, burns threads of, and finally pronounces upon. Then, under the impression that he has selected the material, he orders a new suit.

For a day or two after it comes home Mr Miller bears himself with immense dignity. He may be seen surreptitiously admiring his big shoulders in the mirrors about the house. He stops in the street to brush imaginary lint from his flawless sleeves, and elicits congratulations from his friends upon his neat appearance. Then he comes home tired some nights, and sits down in his bulging old chair. He crosses his fat legs, shoves his coat up in the back, and loses himself in the evening newspaper with a sigh of content.

His daughters open their lips to remonstrate, but their mother shakes her head at them, so they only pat the thinning hair on top of his head and exchange deprecating glances when he gets up to go to dinner and discloses three horizontal folds across the back of his coat, which were not included in the tailor's scheme.

One of his friends is a tall, spare man, who rather becomingly affects somewhat pronounced checks. Many a time has Mr Miller determined to get such a check for himself, only to become later the resigned proprietor of a plain twill or a hair-line stripe. The summer the girls and their mother went to Europe he realized this dear ambition. When he met them at the dock on their return, he attributed their afflicted looks to a lingering reminiscence of seasickness.

He was urged to get a new suit very early that autumn, on account of the danger of pneumonia, apprehended for him by his family, and he did not see his checked clothes again till housecleaning time the next spring, when he stumbled upon them in an effort to unearth his straw hat.

He emerged from a closet with the coat over his arm. "Ellen," said he, "isn't this a handsome piece of goods? It won't be necessary for me to get any new suit this summer. I almost forgot I had this one. I'll take it right down now and have it pressed." He beamed with gratification, and during the week that he wore the coat he continually called the attention of the family to its merits, which after the first day or two they also affirmed.

Then for some festivity, he donned a frock coat, and when he would have changed back into his everyday garb, his married daughter presented herself with a face expressing grave commiseration. "Pa," said she, "there's paint on your checked coat. I don't see where you can possibly have got it, but, anyway, you will have to have a new suit right off. You'd better step in and get some samples to-day."

Mr Miller put on an old suit and departed, anxiously speculating as to where he could have run into any fresh paint. He suspected no guile in Estelle.

On his way down town he dropped in to see his tailor. "Ever take paint off clothes?" he asked.

"Certainly; take it off so you'd never know it had been on."

Mr Miller postponed looking at samples, and went to his office comforted. He pictured his triumph when he should tell his rejoicing family that he need not after all discard that checked suit.

At noon it occurred to him that he might find some of them assisting at a rummage sale which the Charitable Union was conducting in a downtown store. He hastily ate his luncheon and went round that way, pausing to stare curiously in at the window. There, swinging from a gas jet, the star of that forlorn collection, was his checked coat!

Amazement, comprehension, indignation surged through his breast. He entered the shop, determined to deal justice to any of his deceitful kin who might be at hand; but none of them were there, and he meekly bought back his coat from a young woman who evidently did not know him, as she expatiated at great length upon the bargain he was getting.

He did not take the coat to the tailor. He did not feel that the faint spatters of paint here and there needed any special skill spent upon them, since they were practically invisible already. He took it to the office, and sadly hung it up there, resolved to wear it about town if he chose, and to use it to point a moral when he should make up his mind to charge the family with their duplicity. He meditated weighty

sarcasms, as, 'Why didn't you take my checked trousers to the rummage sale, too, or did you give those to the garbage man?'

But when he reached home that night Estelle was crying her eyes out over the loss of her new diamond ring which her husband had just given her, the whole house was in an uproar, the baby's sand-pile was being raked, and Bessie was composing an advertisement calculated to convince any thief who might have taken the ring that he was known and would shortly be apprehended.

Mr Miller joined wholeheartedly in the search, and as time passed and shoring not recovered, he afforded his dear ones the welcome diversion of selecting for him a neat pepper-and-salt cloth for a suit. This he submissively wore, while dust gathered on the broad shoulders of the checked coat hanging in his office wardrobe, the replevin of which he magnanimously refrained from mentioning.

Meanwhile the mania of search took possession of the family. Visitors looked affronted when one of the girls or their mother, having obviously let her attention wander, abruptly crossed the room to stick a prying finger into the hem of a portiere or to turn a vase upside down or to peer darkly into the recesses of the piano. Estelle's preoccupation became so marked that the others watched her with some suspense, till one day she burst out:

"Oh, do you think I could have lost my ring in one of the pockets of that coat of pa's the day I emptied them to get it ready for the sale?"

"Why, Estelle Archer, I shouldn't be a bit surprised!" Bessie exclaimed. "You have no one to blame but yourself, then," said Mrs Miller, severely.

"I am sure I could have cleaned the paint off from that coat if you hadn't been in such haste to get it out of the house."

Estelle nodded her head sorrowfully. "I am afraid all the time pa will ask where it is, and I'll have to tell him what I did with it," she acknowledged.

"But, mother," remonstrated Bessie, "pa looked so pudgy in that coat."

"And it was lovely for the rummage sale. I don't doubt that some poor man is wearing it who is truly thankful to have bought it so cheap."

"I think that's very likely," interposed their mother, dryly. "but the question is whether you can ever find that fortunate person; and whether, supposing you did lose the ring in a pocket of that coat and he found it, you can get him to give it back again."

"The first thing to do is to find out who sold the coat," said Bessie; and the trio of eager inquiries set to work at once at a task which proved even more difficult than they had feared.

After much patient research, the progress of which developed upon the faces of the ex-managers of the rummage sale a permanently bored expression, they learned that a girl who was now away at college had sold the coat to a 'fat, oldish man.'

"We can certainly find it now!" said Bessie, scornfully. "There are not more than ten thousand fat, oldish men in the city."

Doggedly she and Estelle kept up the search, occasionally aided by their mother, but always ridiculed by Estelle's husband.

They went down to the railroad station one afternoon to meet a friend. The train was late, and while they stood waiting, the autumn winds snatched a roll of music from

Her Skin was Blotchy  
Scaley like pimples covered her face  
and ruined complexion.


A Speedy Cure.

"When my skin had always been so clear and ruddy, I found it very mortifying to see pesty and pimply patches coming over my face," writes Mrs S. T. Ungerer, a well known resident of Wheeling. "Great red blotches came on my chin, grew dry and scaled off. I think my stomach was at fault. Certainly my blood was poor because my lips were white and I had unpleasant fullness and ringing in the ears."

"Noticing in the papers such strong recommendations for Ferrozone, as a blood and strengthening medicine, I decided to use it. From the first tablet I took there was an improvement. I felt better and had such a good appetite, improved in color and the old rosy flush slowly returned to my cheeks. Finally the blotches began to leave and the skin grew soft and smooth. I have gained some in weight, look the picture of health and feel as if I had never been ill."

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Pure Wool  
Unshrinkable  
Underwear

Estelle's arm and sent it fitting and dodging down the platform. A man caught it, and stepped toward them to return it. They stood transfixed, for he was a fat, oldish man, evidently poor, because in spite of the bitter wind, he had not any overcoat; and he wore pa's coat, with the knowing little well in the cuffs, smart buttons and all.

Each of the girls gave the other a vigorous nudge. Here by a miraculous chance, was the needle in the haystack.

Bessie started forward, but the stuttering, awkward words died upon her tongue. As the man handed over the music, he lifted his hat. He had a kind, tired face, and beamed vaguely, as if he might be thinking of his own tall and pretty daughters at home.

Estelle murmured her thanks; but where was the carefully rehearsed inquiry which should probe the details of the purchase of the coat without affronting the purchaser? Alas! Thrilling with excitement, choking with eager words, the sisters stood painfully dumb. When the man turned away they assailed each other:

"Why in the world didn't you speak?"

"Why didn't you?"

"It was your ring!" said Bessie, bitterly. "I simply could not ask that poor, nice man if he bought his coat at our rummage sale!"

Through angry tears they watched their father's coat proceed across the tracks to the tail of the outgoing train. Noticing the direction of their glances, an acquaintance enlightened them.

"Know who that is?" said he. "That's G. Preston Jenks, president of the railroad system. He is on from New York in his private car. It's out on that farthest track. I've just been out there to look at it. I tell you it's magnificent!"

To look for the checked coat constantly, to talk about it frequently, to be everlastingly obsessed by it, must inevitably result in its being mentioned in the presence of Mr Miller.

"What coat is that?" he demanded, when this occurred.

"Oh, don't you remember that old checked coat of yours, the one that got painted on it? We took it to the rummage sale," Bessie explained, dreadingly.

"I guess I know that," said her father, in an injured tone, all his sense of outrage promptly reviving at this reminder. "I went there and got it."

The family sat and stared; then they all shouted together, "You did!" "Were you the fat, oldish man?" "Where is it now?"

"It is 'down at my office," he retorted, with dignity. "Is there some other show you were thinking of giving it to?"

"There'll be a car in about two minutes," said Bessie, and seizing somebody else's hat, she led a rush

for the corner, with all the others scurrying after.

The elevator had stopped running in the office building, and they trooped upstairs together. Nobody had much breath left when they finally stood in the office, while Mr Miller dived into the closet. Even when he emerged in triumph, holding the much-wanted coat aloft, there was no hurry on the part of his family to put their hopes to a test.

"I'm afraid to look in those pockets!" wailed Estelle, sitting weakly down upon the nearest chair; but her father valiantly thrust his hand into one pocket after another, and forthwith pulled out the ring.

Its owner gazed at it, sparkling again upon her finger, with a chastened spirit. "Talk about lucky chances!" said she. "Pa must have gone round to that rummage sale about five minutes after I hung his coat in the window and came away."

On the car going home, they hilariously discussed the whole affair, Bessie and Estelle gratefully celebrating their escape from asking the president of a great railroad if he had bought his coat at a rummage sale.

"As for pa," said Bessie, contemplating her father with undisguised admiration, "when you consider what a lot of crushing things he might say to us, and how beautifully he refrains from saying any of them, isn't he, on the whole, a perfect dear?"

00000000000 00000000000  
O BABY'S GREAT DANGER  
O DURING HOT  
O WEATHER.

O More children die during  
O the hot weather than at any  
O other time of the year. Diar-  
O rhea, dysentery, cholera in-  
O fantum, and stomach troubles  
O come without warning, and  
O when a medicine is not at  
O hand to give prompt relief,  
O the delay may prove fatal to  
O the child. Baby's Own Tab-  
O lets should be kept in every  
O home where there are chil-  
O dren during the hot weather  
O months. An occasional dose  
O of the Tablets will prevent  
O deadly summer complaints,  
O or cure them if they come un-  
O expectedly. Mrs O. Moreau,  
O St. Tit, Que., says: "My baby  
O suffered from a severe attack  
O of cholera infantum, but after  
O giving him Baby's Own Tab-  
O lets the trouble disappeared,  
O and he regained health splen-  
O didly." Sold by medicine deal-  
O ers or by mail at 25 cents a  
O box from The Dr. Williams'  
O Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.  
O 00000000000 00000000000

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**Ingredients of Ayer's Hair Vigor**  
Sulphur. Destroys germs that cause dandruff and falling hair. Cures rashes and eruptions of scalp. Glycerin. Softening, healing. Food to the hair-buds. Quinin. A strong tonic, antiseptic, stimulant. Sodium Chlorid. Cleansing, quiets irritation of scalp. Capsicum. Increases activity of glands. Sage. Stimulant, tonic. Domestic remedy of high merit. Alcohol. Stimulant, antiseptic. Water. Perfume.

Show this formula to your doctor. Ask him if there is a single injurious ingredient. Ask him if he thinks Ayer's Hair Vigor, as made from this formula, is the best preparation you could use for falling hair, or for dandruff. Let him decide. He knows.  
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\$1 opens a Savings Account, on which interest is added periodically at current rates.

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Of the very best makes, choice selected stock and expert workmanship.

Hunters, who have seen them, pronounce them correct in every detail.

## W. B. BELYEA.

THE SHOE MAN.

## Harness Repairing!

When you want that Harness Repaired, Cleaned or Oiled, just call on me and you will get the best work at lowest prices.

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Just in front of Weigh Scales,  
Main Street—across the Bridge.

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## JOB PRINTING?

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## The Carleton Sentinel,

Woodstock, N. B.