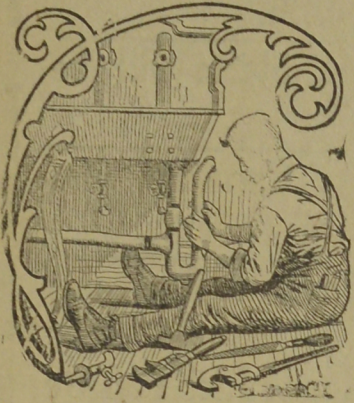


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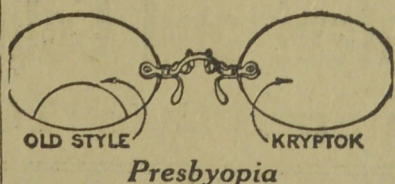
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When individuals reach certain pe-
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caused by the inelasticity of the cry-
stalline lens of the eye. This defect
is among the most common and pro-
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If when reading the lines of print
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ache, water, and become tired, you
may be sure that Presbyopia is the
cause of the trouble.

This defect should be attended to
at its first appearance and proper
lenses constitute the only require-
ment.

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*Side splitting humor and tear
compelling pathos struggle for
supremacy in this delightful ro-
mance of Cape Cod, written by
a son of Cape Cod's own sandy
soil. Read of the old sea cap-
tain who has returned to spend
the remainder of his days among
his boyhood friends; read of
the quaint little waif who came
to him unbidden and of the place
she won in his heart; read of the
pretty schoolteacher, the sancti-
monious congressman, the grown-
up boys Asaph Tidditt and Bai-
ley Bangs; read of Keturah and
Cap'n Josiah Dimick and Lem
Myrick and all the other quaint
folk of Bayport and you will
find entertainment a-plenty.
There was only one Charles
Dickens, but in character de-
lineation Joseph C. Lincoln has
a touch worthy of the master.*

"I don't know," answered the cap-
tain, speaking with deliberation. "I
do know that I like to have her do it
and that she shall do it as long's she's
at this table."

"Oh! she shall, hey? Well, I reckon—"

"She shall—as long as she's at this
table. Is that real plain and under-
standable, or shall I write it down?"

There was an icy clearness in the
captain's tone which seemed to freeze
further conversation on the part of Mr.
Smith. He merely grunted and ate his
breakfast in silence. He ate a great
deal and ate it rapidly.

Bos'n departed for school when the
meal was over. Captain Cy helped her
on with her coat and hood. Then, as
he always did of late, he kissed her
goodby.

"Hi!" called Mr. Smith from the sit-
ting room. "Ain't I in on that? If
there's any kisses goin' I want to take
a hand before the deal's over."

"Must I?" whispered Bos'n pleadingly.
"Must I, Uncle Cy? I don't want to.
I don't like him."

"Come on!" called Mr. Smith. "I'm
gettin' over my bashfulness fast. Hur-
ry up!"

"Must I kiss him, Uncle Cyrus?"
whispered Bos'n. "Must I?"

"No!" snapped the captain sharply.
"Trot right along now, dearie. Be a
good girl. Goodby."

He entered the sitting room. His
guest had found the Sunday box and
was lighting one of his host's cigars.

"Well," he inquired easily, "what's
next on the bill? Anything goin' on in
this forsaken hole?"

"There's a barber shop down the
road. You might go there first. I
should say—not that you need it, but
just as a novelty like."

CHAPTER XL

MISS PHOEBE went to the
boarding house for supper and
then returned to the school-
room, where, with a lighted
bracket lamp beside her on the desk,
she labored until 9 o'clock. Then she
put on her coat and hat, extinguished
the light, locked the door and started
on her lonely walk home.

Miss Dawes was not afraid of the
dark. She had been her own escort for
a good many years. She walked briskly
on, heard the laughter and loud
voices in the barber shop die away
behind her, passed the schoolhouse
pond, now bleak and chill with the
raw November wind blowing across it,
and began to climb the slope of Whit-
taker's hill. And here the wind, rush-
ing in unimpeded over the flooded salt
meadows from the tumbled bay out-
side, wound her skirts about her and
made climbing difficult and breath
taking.

She was perhaps halfway up the
long slope when she heard in the in-
tervals between the gusts footsteps
behind her. A moment later a man's
voice began singing "Annie Rooney,"
a melody then past its prime in the
cities, but popularized in Bayport by
some departed batch of summer board-
ers.

She did not recognize the voice, and
she did not particularly approve of
singing in the streets, especially such
loud singing. So she decided not to
wait longer and was turning to con-
tinue her climb when the person be-
hind stopped his vocalizing and called.
"Hi!" he shouted. "Hello, ahead
there!"

The follower broke into a run and
was soon by her side. He was a stran-
ger to her.

"Wheel! Wow!" he panted. "This is
no race track, pard. Pull up and let's
take it easy. My off leg's got a kink
in it, and I don't run so easy as I used
to. Great snakes, what's your rush?
Ain't you fond of company? Hello! I
believe it's a woman—a woman!" ex-
claimed the man hilariously. "Well,
say, I didn't believe there was one
loose in this tall end of nowhere.
Girlie, I'm glad to see you—not that I
can see you much, but never mind.

WHITTAKER'S PLACE

All cats are gray in the dark, hey?
You can't see me, neither, so we'll
take each other on trust. 'She's my
sweetheart, I'm her beau.' Say, Maud,
may I see you home?"

She was frightened now. The Whit-
taker place on the hilltop was the
nearest house, and that was some
distance off.

"What's the matter, Carrie?" inquired
the man. "Don't be scared. I
wouldn't hurt you. I'm just lonesome,
that's all, and I need society. Don't
rush; you'll ruin your complexion.
Here, come under my wing and let's
toddle along together. How's mam-
ma?"

He seized her arm and pulled her
back beside him. She tried to free
herself, but could not. Her unwelcome
escort held her fast, and she was obli-
ged to move as slowly as he did. It
was very dark.

"Say, what is your name?" coaxed
the man. "Is it Maud, hey, or Julia?
I always liked Julia. Don't be peevish.
Tell us; that's a good girl."

She gave a quick jerk and managed
to pull her arm from his grasp, giving
him a violent push as she did so. He,
being unsteady on his feet, tumbled
down the low bank which edged the
sidewalk. Then she ran on up the hill
as fast as she could. She heard him
swear as he fell.

She had nearly reached the end of
the Whittaker fence when he caught
her. He was laughing, and that alarm-
ed her almost as much as if he had
been angry.

"Naughty, naughty!" he chuckled,
holding her fast. "Tryin' to sneak,
was you? Not much—not this time!
Did you ever play forfeits when you
was little? Well, this is a forfeit game
and you're it. You must bow to the
prettiest, kneel to the wittiest and kiss
the one you love best. And I'd let you
off on the first two. Come, now! Pay
up!"

Then she screamed, and her scream
was answered at once. A gate swung
back with a bang, and she heard some
one running along the walk toward
her.

"Oh, Cap'n Whittaker!" she called.
"Come! Come quick, please!"

How she knew that the person run-
ning toward her was Captain Cy has
not been satisfactorily explained even
yet. She cannot explain it, and neither
can the captain. And equally astonish-
ing was the latter's answer. He cer-
tainly had not heard her voice often
enough to recognize it under such cir-
cumstances.

"All right, teacher!" he shouted. "I'm
comin'! Let go of that woman, you—
Oh, it's you, is it?"

He had seized Mr. Smith by the coat
collar and jerked him away from his
victim. Miss Dawes took refuge be-
hind the captain's bulky form. The
two men looked at each other. Smith
was recovering his breath.

"It's you, is it?" repeated Captain Cy.
Then, turning to Miss Phoebe, he asked,
"Did he hurt you?"

"No, not yet, but he frightened me
dreadfully. Who is he? Do you know
him?"

Her persecutor answered the ques-
tion.

"You bet your life he knows me!" he
snarled. "He knows me mighty well!"

(To be Continued)

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FREDERICTON BRANCH G. W. HARRISON, Manager

J. M. ROBINSON & SONS WEEKLY STOCK MARKET REVIEW

St. John, July 26—With so many
cross-currents in the market, and
so many important factors unsettled,
a speculative opinion at the present
time has to be so guarded by reser-
vations as to be of very little value.
At the same time developments dur-
ing the week have gone to confirm
the opinions heretofore expressed
that the American market shows
very strong indications of being a
liquidated one, and the improved
sentiment which started a week or
two ago has not abated and is still
in evidence. Lack of confidence has
been one of the chief factors of dis-

turbance for a long time, but recent
developments point to a return of
confidence on the part of the gen-
eral public.

This is reflected in a more im-
portant way in the improvement in the
bond situation, which must antici-
pate any permanent improvement in
stocks.

The crop promise for all varieties
is excellent and prosperity from that
source seems assured.

The two great deterrents are Mexi-
can political and foreign situation.
In the case of the latter, Europe is
(Continued on page three.)

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tion will be shown you by the staff. Sale begins Tuesday, July 15

The Misses Young

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FOR 25c. CHILDREN'S HOSE 10c. A PAIR, 3 PAIRS FOR 25c. REM-
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PAIR. COLLARS RUCHINGS 2 FOR 5c. LINEN COLLARS 10c. EACH
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