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We invite all to call and examine our large
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If you get your suit made by us you will be
satisfied.

WALKER BROS.,
Importing Tailors
Queen St., Fredericton, N. B.



WHITTAKER'S PLACE

James O'Connell, one of the new
members of the Federal industrial
commission, has been president of the
International Association of Machin-
ists for over 20 years.

The annual convention of the Cali-
fornia State Federation of Labor will
be held in Fresno, commanding Oc-
tober 6.

Electric Restorer for Men
Phosphonol restores every nerve in the body
to its proper tension; restores
vim and vitality. Premature decay and all sexual
weakness averted at once. **Phosphonol** will
make you a new man. Price \$2 a box, or two for
\$5. Mailed to any address. **The Scobell Drug**
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Sold in Fredericton by A. J. RYAN

\$5,000 LIMERICK PRIZE

The winning of it can't ease the
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and warts. Guarantee goes with ev-
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other, 25c. at all dealers.

Seattle trades unions are making
elaborate preparations to entertain
the delegates to the annual conven-
tion of the American Federation of
Labor which is to meet in that city
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is our specialty, and we are prepared
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Estimates for plumbing work in
new and old houses cheerfully given
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work done at lowest prices.

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 Bal-
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 aplenty.
There was only one Charles
Dickens, but in character de-
lineation Joseph C. Lincoln has
a touch worthy of the master.



"HELLO!" DID YOU RING THE BELL?"
come across the fields, because a boy
said it was nearer, and the bushes
were so—

"Across the fields? Have you walk-
ed all the way from the depot?"
"Yes, sir. The man said it was a
quarter to ride, and auntie said I must
be careful of my money because—"

"By the big dipper! Come in! Come
in out of that this minute!"
He sprang down the steps, furi-
ed the umbrella, seized her by the arm
and led her into the house, through the
parlor and into the sitting room, where
the fire crackled invitingly. He could
feel that the dress sleeve under his
hand was wet through, and the worn
boots and darned stockings he could
see were soaked likewise.

"There!" he cried. "Set down in
that chair. Put your feet up on that
bath. Sakes alive! Your folks ought
to know better than to let you stir out
in this weather, let alone walk a mile—
and no rubbers! Them shoes ought to
come off this minute, I s'pose. Take
'em off. You can dry your stockin's
better that way. Off with 'em!"
"Yes, sir," said the child, stooping to
unbutton the shoes. Her wet fingers
were blue. It can be cold in our vil-
lage even in early September when
there is an easterly storm. Unbutton-
ing the shoes was slow work.

(To be Continued)

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Regulator on which women can
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of strength—No. 1, \$1; No. 2,
10 degrees stronger, \$2; No. 3,
for special cases, \$3 per box.
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Andersons Gingham in plaids and stripes,
Regular 15c, 20c and 25c yd. Sale Price 9c yd.

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Lile Thread and Silk Hose, Regular 50c a pair,
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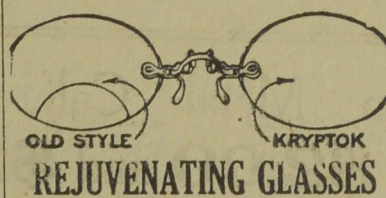
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back ten, twenty or fifty years, so
far as your sight is concerned.

Let us restore and preserve your
sight for "what the future holds."
Eyes Examined—Glasses Fitted.

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84 YORK STREET

A week passed, and he heard nothing;
then three more days and still
no word from the New Hampshire
widow. Meanwhile fresh layers of
dust spread themselves over the Whit-
taker furniture, and the gaudy pat-
terns of the carpets blushed dimly be-
neath a grimy fog.

The eleventh day began with a pour-
ing rain that changed later on to a
dismal drizzle. The silver leaf tree in
the front yard dripped, and the over-
flowing gutters gurgled and splashed.
The bay was gray and lonely, and the
fish weirs along the outer bar were
lost in the mist. The flowers in the
Atkins urns were dragged and beaten
down. Only the iron dogs glistened
undaunted as the wet ran off their
newly painted backs. The air was
heavy, and the salty flavor of the fogs
might almost be tasted in it.

Captain Cy was in the sitting room,
as usual. His spirits were as gray as
the weather. He was actually lone-
some for the first time since his return
home. He had kindled a wood fire in
the stove just for the sociability of it,
and the crackle and glow behind the
Isinglass panes only served to remind
him of other days and other fires. The
sitting room had not been lonesome
then.

He heard the depot wagon rattle by
and, peering from the window, saw
that except for Mr. Lumley it was
empty. Not even a summer boarder
had come to brighten our ways and
lawns with reckless raucous and the
newest slang. Summer boarding sea-
son was almost over now. Bayport
would soon be as dull as dishwater.
And the captain admitted to himself
that it was dull. He had half a mind
to take a flying trip to Boston, make
the round of the wharfs and see if
any of the old shipowners and ship
captains whom he had once known
were still alive and in harness.

"Jingle! Jingle! Jingle! Jingle!
Jingle! Jingle! Jingle! Jingle!"
Captain Cy bounced in his chair.
That was the front door bell. Who on
earth, or rather, who in Bayport, would
come to the front door?

He hurried through the grip grand-
eur of the best parlor and entered the
little dark front hall. The bell was still
swinging at the end of its coil of wire.
The dust shaken from it still hung in
the air. The captain unbolted and un-
locked the big front door.

A girl was standing on the steps be-
tween the lines of box hedge—a little
girl under a big "grownup" umbrella.
The wet dripped from the umbrella top
and from the hem of the little girl's
dress.

Captain Cy stared hard at his visitor.
He knew most of the children in Bay-
port, but he didn't know this one. Ob-
viously she was a stranger. Portuguese
children from "up Harriass way" so-
metimes called to peddle tuckieber-
ries, but this child was no "Portugee."

"Hello!" exclaimed the captain, won-
deringly. "Did you ring the bell?"

"Yes, sir," replied the girl.

"Humph! Did, hey? Why?"

"Why? Why, I thought— Isn't it a
truly bell? Didn't it ought to ring? Is
anybody sick or dead? There isn't any
crape."

"Dead? Crape?" Captain Cy gasped.
"What in the world put that in your
head?"

"Well, I didn't know but maybe that
was why you thought I hadn't ought
to have rung it. When mamma was
sick they didn't let people ring our bell.
And when she died they tied it up
with crape."

"Did, hey? Hum!" The captain
scratched his chin and gazed at the
small figure before him. It was a self-
poised, matter of fact figure for such
a little one, and out there in the rain
under the tent roof of the umbrella it
was rather pitiful.

"Please, sir," said the child, "are
you Captain Cyrus Whittaker?"

"Yup! That's me. You've guessed
it the first time."

"Yes, sir, I've got a letter for you. It's