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## THE MISSES YOUNG

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\$1.50 SHIRT WAISTS for 78 cents.  
15c. and 20c. GINGHAMS for 10 cents.  
15c. and 20c. MUSLIN for 10 cents.  
30c. LINEN, plain pink and brown, for 15 cents.  
30c. LINEN, pink and white stripe, for 10 cents.  
Come if you have not been here yet.

**F. S. WILLIAMS** St. Mary's  
Open evenings till 9 o'clock Closed Thursday from 1 to 6

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Great Big Bananas, Nice Juicy Oranges.  
Pineapples, Grapefruit, Cocoanuts,  
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## THE CALL

Katy O'Brien, as she ironed easily cast every now and then a keen, suspicious glance at Dennis, who was apparently absorbed in the contemplation of the landscape. Dennis was seated on the doorstep, congratulating himself on having put Katy in just the right mood to receive the news he was preparing to spring upon her.

Dennis quite forgot that three times before this he had likewise prepared Katy, and that even devoted wives become suspicious when for the fourth time in as many years, their "man" suddenly becomes solicitous to the point of building fires and carrying water. Each time before, this solicitude had been followed by an absence from the domestic hearth, lasting for several months—in fact, from mid June to mid-September when the cold nights drove Dennis home.

"I can't be after helpin' it, Katy," he would say when he came home loving and contrite. "It's the call of the woods an' the lanes that robs me of me sleep and drives me out 'o' doors and there's sure wan thing in me favor, Katy achushia, I never go off an' leave ye to worry; I always tell ye beforehand."

The first time he overstayed his limit of two weeks, Katy almost went insane with worry; the second time, her sensations were about equally divided between worry and anger; the third time, Kitty, being a bright little woman, still young and unafraid—Dennis had not forgotten, and the recollection still puzzled him. He glanced around at Katy with an ingratiating smile, and it was so completely ignored that he suddenly made up his mind to postpone the announcement of his intended departure until later in the day, and, rising with elaborate indifference, he strolled around the house and down the street.

Dennis was a good workman; his job at the steel plant was steady and well paid. He had no extravagant habits, and he promptly turned his pay envelope over to the thrifty wife, who added a large part of it to her own savings from fine laundry work and deposited it in the bank. Even in the summer when Dennis migrated he did not encroach upon these savings; he worked in a harvest field, or on the road, or picked up a day's work wherever he might be sublimely indifferent to the fact that Katy at home worked steadily, day in and day out. He supposed she liked it; but she had overruled him with the statement that it was well to be ready for a rainy day.

He did not return from his stroll until the shadows were long, and he found Katy, her ironing done and delivered busy cleaning her kitchen floor.

"Ain't ye late gettin' at that?" he asked surprised.  
"I been busy doin' other things," she answered in matter of fact tones.  
"Supper's on the stove, though, an' I'll have it ready soon."

"No hurry, girl!" he said debonairly, "take yer time."

A few minutes later supper was ready, and while they sat at the table the grocery boy came in and deposited a large basket, filled with numerous packages.

"Layin' in a stock o' grub?"  
Katy did not reply; she was busy emptying the basket. Dennis gallantly carried the sack of flour to the little storeroom.

"Where's the oil stove?" he asked more because he missed it from its accustomed place than because he was curious.

"It smokes that bad I put it away; let's get back to supper or it will all be after gettin' cold."

"It'll probably be the last hot supper I'll be havin' for a while," said Dennis with a deprecatory cough.

"I'm after goin' tomorrow by way of a little vacation—only a week or so, ye know, but it's a good time to go, for it's awful dull at the works, an' they're lettin' a lot of men out."

"Did they let you out?" demanded Katy, looking firmly in the eye.

"Well, not exactly," he admitted honestly, "but I told the boss to give me my time an' keep some family man on in my place. He laughed and said I could report when I came back."

Dennis grinned sheepishly.  
"Ye lucky to have a job and a home to come to when yer tired galivantin'," said Katy, with er first touch of bitterness.

"Sure I am that," assented Dennis with an attempted caress, while Katy dodged.

Supper over Katy washed the dishes and tidied the house for the night, and soon after that Dennis was snoring profoundly unconscious of the mine that was being laid beneath his feet.

The June sunshine poured in at the windows like a flood of hope when Dennis awoke, and for a moment he lay watching it in blissful content; then recollection came to him and he stretched himself smiling happily.

"Two hours more an' I'll be on the road," he murmured drowsily.

However, for once he reckoned without his host. Two hours later he was waiting at the priest's house in a frenzy of impatience. The priest, he felt sure, would know where Katy had gone—for one she had had, leaving a cool, happy little note on the breakfast table to the effect that she too, needed a rest and a change and she had decided to take it. She had

wound up by saying:

"I will probably be back before you come, but if I don't you can get mis-murphy to cook for you becoz you see Dennis I ain't ever had a vacashun and I mite hav such a good time I'd stay longer. I went first, so you could nule up the windoes."

The priest listened to Dennis' recital without showing any of the disapproval of Katy's action which Dennis had expected. Neither could he suggest her possible whereabouts.

"She told me she was going away," he admitted coolly, "but she did not say how long she would be gone. I cannot see, Dennis, that you have anything to find fault about. Katy has got tired of staying at home eating her heart out while you are roaming and having a good time. For my part, I think you are lucky if she ever comes back at all. Katy is a young woman and a pretty one, and there's plenty of good, hard-working men that would be glad to stay at home for a wife like that."

"But, father, you forget she is married."

"And you will be lucky if she does not forget it herself," said the priest, unfeelingly. "A decent little body doesn't live than Katy, but small blame her if she gets tired living with a man that leaves her to months to make her own living. Roaming is not for married men, Dennis; it's for them that have no ties, and it's none too good even for them."

Dennis went home subdued and thoughtful. He had no longer any idea of leaving home; in fact, it did not even occur to him that he had intended to leave. By the time evening closed in Dennis was as near on the verge of hysteria as a healthy man ever gets. It was Monday morning that Dennis had awakened to the luxury of warm sunshine and anticipated. By Wednesday it seemed as though Katy had been gone a year and Dennis could no longer stand the awful loneliness he encountered when, every few hours, he would rush madly back from his aimless hunting for Katy, with the wild hope that 'she might have returned. On Thursday, he went back to work, but he left a note of explanation on the kitchen table. He returned to a dark house and the note lay where he had left it.

At last Saturday night came. With a feeling of utter desolation, mingled with which was a terrible fear for Katy's safety, he opened the door of his dark cottage. Even before he had time to inhale the delicious aroma of corned beef and cabbage a pair of warm, soft arms were around his neck, and a half-laughing, half-sobbing voice was crooning his name lovingly.

"Katy, my girl, my girl!" he cried between gasps of relief. "Let me get at the lamp, so I can light it an look on yer bonny face." Holding her tightly, he hastily struck a light. "Ye've come back!" he kept repeating joyously.  
"Come back!" she cried, with a scornful, lilting little laugh. "I've never been outside of the house. I took the oil stove to the cellar an' there I've cooked me meals; I've slept on the sofa in the sittin' room at nights—Oh, but ye're the grand sleeper, me boy—an' I've been upstairs every minute daytimes since I got ye; note ye'd went to work. That mornin' when ye left I was just inside the pantry door, an' me heart was in me mouth for fear ye was answerin' the call of the road. It was dreadful hard not to cry out, an' it was harder yet not to have yer supper waitin' fer ye when ye came home from the works, but I wanted to be sure—sure Dennis—"

"Katy achushia"—Dennis' voice was deep with feeling—"ye needn't never worry again. I've had a taste of what ye've been through, an' the road will never call me again. An', Katy," he added firmly, as he put his big, strong hand under her chin and tilted her face upward, "yer never to take in work again. It's a man's place to make the money, an' a woman's place to look after the home. I've done a heap o' thinkin', aroon in these long days an' nights here alone, an' I'm thinkin' that above the call o' the road, an' even the call o' my heart, the call o' me manhood's come, an', he squared his broad shoulders, then leaned his head until his cheek laid against hers caressingly. "I'm ready, my girl, to answer."

"Sure I am that," assented Dennis with an attempted caress, while Katy dodged.

Supper over Katy washed the dishes and tidied the house for the night, and soon after that Dennis was snoring profoundly unconscious of the mine that was being laid beneath his feet.

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**MOIRS**

**CHOCOLATES**

### "THIS DATE IN HISTORY"

1332—Battle of Halidon Hill, which resulted in the placing of Edward Balliol on the throne of Scotland.

1588—Spanish Armada arrived in the English Channel.

1779—Major Henry Lee surprised and defeated the British garrison at Fort Mifflin (now Jersey City).

1808—Gen. John Paterson, a distinguished soldier of the American Revolution, died. Born in 1744.

1816—The King of Prussia, by decree, forbade American vessels entering his ports.

1844—Samuel Colt, inventor of the revolver, born in Hartford, Conn. and there Jan. 19, 1822.

1873—Coronation of King George V of England.

1877—The Baltimore and Wilmington Railroad was opened.

1854—Execution of Iturbide, the deposed emperor of Mexico, who had returned from England in an endeavor to recover his rulership.

1864—Gen. Sherman's army advanced upon Atlanta.

Tom O'Rourke believes that his candidate, Al Palmer, is the best of his white hopes, and he has challenged Jim Flynn to box Palmer. It was expected that Carl Morris would take on Palmer, but Morris had pulled away from the bout.

### TO CROSS OCEAN IN POWER BOAT

Br. Moore, Conn., July 15.—The fifty foot power boat Romania which is to cross the Atlantic under command of Captain John Wells, has arrived here from New York and will remain until Wednesday. On leaving here the first stop will be Halifax and the second Queenstown.

**Cook's Cotton Root Compound.**

The Great Uterine Tonic, and only safe effective Monthly Regulator on which women can depend. Sold in three degrees of strength—No. 1, 81; No. 2, 10 degrees stronger, 83; No. 3, for special cases, 85 per box. Sold by all druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Free pamphlet. Address: THE COOK MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly W. L. Cook)

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taken in exchange for yarn at 25c. per lb.

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Coloring Light Grey, 1c. per lb.  
Coloring Medium Grey, 2c. per lb.  
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We prepay freight on returns for wool when wool is shipped in lots of 100 lbs. or over. That is, if your shipment of wool weighs 100 lbs. or over, we will prepay the freight on the yarn when we ship it to you. Small orders will be given the same careful attention as large ones. Samples and all necessary information will be furnished on application to

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