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SWINNEY'S DEPARTMENT STORE

WEST DENTON.

49c Ladies' Corsets

Corsets, the best you ever saw, for 49c. See our new stock.

Ladies' Skirts

Ladies' Walking Skirts in blue, black, English Tweeds from $1.35 up.

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We will close out the remainder of our Fur stock at sweeping reduction. They must go:

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$2.00 "	$1.49
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1 " Best Lump Starch,
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per annum on the amount that has been to the credit of the depositor for a full

Interest period of four months.

The terms of this Department are similar to those of Savings Banks generally, and the rules and regulations adopted have been approved by the Comptroller of the Currency. *The advantages of a regular Savings Bank are thus afforded to the community, and deposits are respectfully solicited.*

For full particulars inquire at or address the Bank. By order of the Board of Directors.

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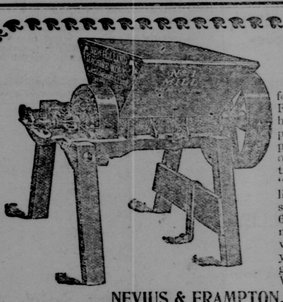

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MEN'S SUITS—for all occasions and vocations; perfect fitting; stylish—$10 to $20.
BOYS' SUITS and overcoats, just as carefully made as the men's—from $3.00 up.
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Miss Phoebe's Business Venture

By MARION E. CROSSKILL

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"WELL, what are we goin' to do, Phoebe? The money for the house is all gone and no more in sight. So we're as bad off as we were before and worse, for we haven't a house to live in or starve in, for that's what it seems to be comin' to. And we even miss our little patch of garden where we raised the cucumbers and radishes and squash. And, Phoebe, it seems as if I had the old front porch, with the roses on it and the elm tree shadin' it, to sit on these hot days I'd be most content to starve there," sighed Mary Ann.

"Don't talk that way, sister. The Lord 'll find a way somehow. We've gone from one thing to another since the bank failed, but we have always had something to eat, and I have a feeling that we always will if we look sharp."

"I was by the old place today," said Mary Ann, with another sigh. "The roses do look lovely. Oh, Phoebe, if we'd never sold it! If we could only have it back!"

Phoebe's brows contracted, and then relaxed quickly.

"Well, we shall, Mary Ann; we shall," she said cheerfully. "If we keep our courage up and think with our whole strength that the things we want are ours we will draw them to us just as steady and as sure as the world goes round. It may not look like it at first, but remember that we can't feel the earth move either, and never lose faith. Just put your mind on it as I do and will to have the old house back, and if we will hard enough and hustle in the bargain it will all come right."

"But how is it comin' right, Phoebe, when we have no money to even buy bread, let alone the old place?"

Phoebe did not reply. Sometimes her sister's complaining nature quite made her lose heart. Poor Mary Ann! She did not mean to be a burden and a drawback to her sister. She tried to help along all she could, but the weak ones little realize the power for evil of their very weakness. From Phoebe flowed hope and courage. She diffused them as a lamp sheds light. All felt them who came within their radius. They were all that kept poor Mary Ann from suicide.

Since the bank failed and their money was lost Phoebe had worn a cheerful face and worked and struggled to keep their little house in the suburbs of a thriving New England town. She had taken boarders and done sewing and nursing and whatever she could find to do, thinking courageously to keep the old roof over their heads, until with hard work and exposure to all sorts of weather a severe illness had overtaken her, and while she lay helpless the place had to be mortgaged to pay expenses, and then later on, to avoid a foreclosure, it was sold at a figure which left them but little money after the debt was paid. And through it all the brave little woman had kept up heart and striven to cheer and encourage her weaker sister.

With her health her vigor returned, and she tried first this thing and then that to make a living and turned over one plan and another, always asserting that the right thing would be found at last; that the old house would come back to them again. Her faith never wavered that it would come out all right in the end. She had to fight the battle for herself and her sister, too, for so it generally is that to every pair of strong, brave shoulders there is fitted the burden of another's weakness and cowardice. It is nearly always some one dear to us, or we would not often bear it, and love lightens the load. So Phoebe Smith carried her sis-

"BUT HOW IS IT COMIN' RIGHT, PHOEBE?"

ter on her shoulders, though oftentimes the weight of her weakness and complaints well nigh caused the brave heart to sink by the way.

Mary Ann, who was a little past forty, seemed old enough to be her sister's mother. Her form was small and thin and her complexion sallow, while the habitual wrinkling of her forehead into an anxious, querulous pucker had brought deep, permanent lines.

"You just worry yourself to a frazzle, Nannie," said her sister, "and what good does it do? You can't worry a shingle on to the roof nor a dollar into your pocket. But you can worry yourself sick and old, and that is just what you are doing. If you would only, just to please me, throw away that bottle of liver pills and come out and help me weed this onion bed I am sure you would feel better. I have heard, and I believe it is true, that there is nothing like worry to make you bilious. You don't know how good the fresh earth smells, and the sun on your back is just glorious," said Phoebe, throwing the old straw hat back from her flushed face and wiping her brow.

They did not gather the crop from that onion bed, for the house was sold, and they moved in town and were domiciled in a little back room at Mrs. Preston's boarding house, which on account of its being on the shady side of the house they were able to rent quite cheap.

The summer was passing, and as the sisters sat day after day doing any

"THE MUGS STEAMED ENTICINGLY."

sewing which came their way Mary Ann was silent and dejected, and Phoebe earnestly thoughtful.

One day Phoebe returned after a long absence, and, drawing off her gloves she said, with a cheerful smile:

"Well, it's all right. Mr. Bowen says I can have the room, and I will begin the first day school opens."

"Begin what, Phoebe? What room? What are you talkin' about?"

"Oh, I didn't tell you for fear you would try to discourage me, but I have been turning over the plan for some time, and of course you will help."

"Help what, Phoebe? Do tell me."

"Oh, yes. It's this: Up at the school, you know, the children all take their lunch. It is a cold lunch, of course, and I asked Mr. Bowen to speak to the school board about renting me the room in the basement next to the lunch room, and I am going to serve hot soup and malted milk and cocoa at 3 cents a mug. I will take what money I can get together by that time and buy a gas stove and the mugs and some cans of soup. We can have a different kind every day. And what do you think? Mr. Bowen has got them to let me have the room free of rent. He says it will be a benefit to the children to have something warm with their lunch. Isn't he good? Oh, the world is so full of good people!"

Mary Ann looked at her sister. "Well, Phoebe, the things you do think of! I'm sure I hope it will be a success!" she said weakly.

"A success! Of course it will!" with vigor. "How can it help it? A can of soup costs 10 cents, and less if you buy it wholesale, and it will make at least eight mugs of good soup at 3 cents apiece, and I can make a nice little mug of cocoa that will net me a profit at 2 cents. Oh, I have reckoned it all up, every cent. Of course it will be a success, and, Mary Ann, you're in it."

Mary Ann smiled. "I'll do all I can," she said. "Certainly I'll help."

When school opened the Misses Smith were there making preparations, and when the children poured down into the big room for lunch the doors were opened into the little room next it, and there stood Miss Phoebe, wearing a white apron and a smiling face, behind a big table, with a large soup tureen in the middle, surrounded with blue mugs and a ladle in her hand, while Mary Ann, with a hot water kettle and cocoa and milk, did the honors at another. An appetizing odor arose from the soup tureen. The mugs steamed enticingly and were emptied rapidly.

Mr. Bowen, who from the first had taken a great interest in this business venture of the Misses Smith, came one day to ask how they were getting along.

"Miss Smith," he said to Phoebe, thinking how beautiful her complexion was, "I hear that Barlow wants to sell your house again. Mrs. Barlow's health is not very good here. And I was thinking," reflectively, "that I would buy it just as a speculation."

He was looking at Miss Phoebe's plump hand and admiring the dimples in the knuckles. "And if you will live in it, just to take care of it, you know, until it is sold to advantage it will be conferring a favor on me."

Phoebe fairly gasped from surprise. To live in the old house again! To plant the nasturtiums by the fence as of old and to watch the cucumbers grow in the sunny place in front of the wood shed! It was almost too good to be true.

"But we can't live there without paying rent," she said. "We are able to pay rent now if it is not too much."

"But," replied Mr. Bowen, "it will be a great advantage to have somebody living there who would take an interest in the place, and I did not think of asking any rent. But if you wish to pay a small amount it rests with you."

This satisfied Miss Phoebe's conscience and made her feel more independent. Bubbling over with joy, she rushed into the presence of Mary Ann and exclaimed triumphantly: "I said so! I said so! We are going back to our old home, Nannie!"

The spring found them training the roses on the porch and sowing seeds in their flower beds as if they had never been away.

About this time Miss Phoebe had plans for branching out. She rented a big, pleasant room in the business section of the town and started a little "tea room," as she called it, as that was the fashion. The floor was stained, and some bright but inexpensive rugs supplied bits of color. Fresh muslin curtains shaded the windows, and flowerpots stood between. The most fragrant tea and the most delicious coffee and chocolate were served, while the tea biscuit and cake and sandwiches and other good things were all made by the Misses Smith and their white aproned maids, and so the new venture was patronized and began to prosper. One evening as Miss Phoebe sat in her wicker chair on the rose covered porch Mr. Bowen came up the path.

"Good evening, Miss Smith. I just thought I would come and see how my tenants were getting along," he said, looking into the big blue eyes, which seemed to have a very contented expression in them. His wife's eyes had been black and somewhat snappy, and he found himself thinking how nice it would be to have a pair of sympathetic blue eyes like Miss Phoebe's to greet him when he came home and sit opposite him at the table. Then, too, she had such a soft, sweet voice that even a commonplace invitation to be helped to pie would be a symphony from her lips. She was speaking now.

"If you would sell the place for what you gave for it, Mr. Bowen"— she was saying.

"Sell the place!" he repeated, absently touching the lace at her wrist as her plump hand rested on the arm of her rocker and then looking up at a cluster of roses that hung by the pillar just over his head.

Miss Smith blushed as she gave a quick glance at his ruddy face and curling gray locks. A most reserved man Mr. Bowen had always appeared and the pink of courtesy and propriety.

"Yes, we will be able to buy it back very soon if you will sell it at that price."

Mr. Bowen unfastened his gaze from the cluster of roses that swung overhead and turned it full upon the roses in the cheek beside him.

Phoebe had never noticed before that he had such fine eyes and such soft, curly hair. He drew his chair a little closer.

"If you will accept the old place as a present from me, Miss Phoebe," he said.

Miss Phoebe stared at him with eyes wide open.

"A wedding present," he continued, laying his hand on hers.

The roses in Miss Phoebe's cheeks deepened to a rich crimson, and the

"A WEDDING PRESENT," HE CONTINUED.

astonished blue eyes were like two stars as she looked into Philip Bowen's fine face while her hand rested in his.

"Land sakes alive!" gasped Mary Ann in the doorway a minute later. Was it possible that her sister could so disgrace her? She adjusted her glasses and looked again. There sat Phoebe and Mr. Bowen close as two owls on a roost. His elbow was on the back of her low wicker chair, his cheek resting against his hand, and Phoebe sat with her head well back so that it almost touched his chin. Her eyes shone softly in the gradually deepening dusk, while the roses just over their heads were nodding in silent approval, and Mary Ann turned on her heel and went back into the house perfectly scandalized.

The Breeding Male.

No owner of a good bird, the inheritance of which is known to be what it ought to be, and, although not a show bird of the highest class, but still capable of attaining a little success in that direction, is justified in discarding him as a breeder without giving him a test, says H. L. Aller in Reliable Poultry Journal.

A male bird capable of transmitting to his chicks the qualifications which go to make up his breed type with great uniformity is almost beyond price to the breeder. Such a bird is unquestionably often disposed of by the best breeders without having been given a trial, some one of his brood brothers with something to his advantage as a show bird, but lacking in prepotency, having been selected instead.

Food and Color of Flesh.

In regard to the influence of food on the color of the flesh it is said that animal feed, as meat meal, scraps, etc., tend to make it darker, says American Agriculturist. This may be true of any food rich in nitrogen. At Cornell station two similar lots of chickens were fed, one a nitrogenous ration of wheat and skim milk, the other a carbonaceous ration of Indian corn. When they were killed the flesh of the first lot appeared darker, more tender and juicy than the second, which, however, contained larger masses of fat. On the other hand, a ration of yellow corn used at the Ontario Agricultural college and experimental farms produced dark yellow flesh, while oats, buckwheat and milk gave a creamy white color.

Housing Fowls.

It is a debatable question in our neighborhood as to whether fowls should be allowed to go out in winter after the cold weather really sets in, says an Ohio woman in Commercial Poultry. Some affirm the fowls should decide the matter; that the poultry house should be left open in daytime, so they can go out if they wish. I have tried both ways, keeping them shut in all winter and also letting them go out in moderate weather. I am undecided which is the better way. I get fewer eggs when they go out, but the loss in eggs may be counterbalanced by the better health of the fowls.

HIGHWAY BUILDING.

THE VALUE OF A GOOD ROAD ROLLER IN THIS WORK.

Great Saving In Manual Labor and Repairs Is More Effectually Made. Different Classes of Rollers and Their Cost.

For economical, durable and serviceable roadmaking a heavy roller is indispensable. A road should be sufficiently smooth and compact to shed the water readily to the side gutters. If the gravel or other road metal is dropped from the wagon loosely on a soft earth foundation water passes into the subsoil as through a sieve. Wheels passing over the road when in such a condition at once sink into and rut not only the gravel, but the earth beneath. Water is held in the ruts, and each succeeding vehicle renders their condition worse. The road is less durable, since the gravel, being mixed with the earth from beneath it, contains, when finally consolidated, a dusty, easily worn surface.

The consolidation of loosely spread stone or gravel by traffic is a slow process, causing much inconvenience to travel, during which the earth of the subsoil becomes mixed with the stone. Each intermixed with the stone prevents the strong mechanical bond which clean metal will assume when the stones are wedged one against other by a roller. The particles of earth when wet have a lubricating influence on the stone, and under the action of wheels the surface is more readily broken up. By the use of a roller the earth subsoil should be first thoroughly consolidated. The stone should be placed on this foundation in layers and each layer well compacted. In this way a smooth, durable, frost proof coating of stone, free from earthy material, can be laid on a firm foundation. A road so made for traffic, not by it. To throw loose gravel and stone in the roadway is neither an agreeable method of constructing a road, nor will it produce the most durable road.

Among the benefits to be derived from the use of a roller on country roads are:

First.—A good road is at once made for vehicles.

Second.—A dirt track is not made near the ditch, to avoid a pile of loose stone or gravel, so that the sides of the road is not cut up in such a way as to interfere with surface drainage.

Third.—Traffic is not inconvenienced in the fall by being forced to drive through loose gravel or crushed stone.

Fourth.—The gravel or stone is not forced down into the subsoil by the wheels and feet of the horses, is not churned and mixed with the earth, and

BUILDING A MACADAM ROAD.

there is in this way a great saving in the amount of metal needed on the road.

Fifth.—There is a great saving in manual labor, and repairs are made readily and effectively made.

There are different classes of rollers. The horse rollers, weighing six or eight tons, will do fairly well if a steam roller cannot be afforded, but the horse roller is not sufficiently heavy for best results. It has to be used much longer than the steam roller, and of the horses, in exerting sufficient strength to move the roller, tend to and disturb the road metal and injure the shape and quality of the road, while on hills it is at a disadvantage.

The steam rollers are offered in weights, ranging from eight to twenty tons. Rollers of fifteen tons are those generally used by the municipalities of Ontario. The cost of these rollers is usually about $90 per ton, from $400 to $600 each. Horse rollers are, however, generally so constructed that the weight may be increased by iron castings, so that a roller of five tons may be made to weigh about eight. Steam rollers cost about $3,000. For operation a horse roller with two teams will cost $6 per day. A steam roller will cost $10 a day, including interest and depreciation, but will do several times the amount of work done by a horse roller, so that the saving in operation is considerable.

The objection to the purchase of steam rollers by townships is the cost. It is, however, but a matter of time when this will be overcome. The price may or may not be reduced, but in the meantime an appreciation of good roads will grow, the value of good roads will be more realized, rural population, wealth and traffic must increase, so that all influences will tend toward the gradual use of steam rollers by townships. Counties, towns and cities are finding that they must use them.—From the Eighth Annual Report of the Commissioner of Highways of Ontario.

Fattening Turkeys.

Turkeys are readily fattened on thick boiled cornmeal and oatmeal, mixed with chopped suet, says Farm Journal. Keep the birds in closed coops away from other birds. A shed partly lighted is a suitable place. Give the food every three hours. The birds will be fat for market in two days.

Feeding For Eggs.

To get eggs in winter keep the hens warm and give them a variety. Do not overfeed, but learn to know the wants of the hens. If a variety is provided more eggs will be obtained and at less cost than with corn and wheat, as the eggs will be obtained at all events exclusively grain diet.—Poultry