HALTON
S CALEN
1915

rs of ning	Jan.	Mar.	May			
a.m	5	7				
p.m	4	6	7	11	11	11
a.m	4	5	6	11	11	10
a.m	4	6	8	11	10	10
a.m	4	8	8	10	10	10

ton Milton 2; Arthur Erin, Oakville; Act. Wm. Fraser, Campbellville.
ner Sittings with or without Jury, 8th
October, and no other at other
July and 4th October.
W. J. DICK, Milton,
Clerk of the Peace.

PHONE 81
IMPERIAL
OUNDRY CO.
LIMITED
UFACTURERS OF
E MILTON HOT WATER
AND STEAM BOILERS
Repairs Work a Specialty.
paid for Scrap

Farm
Town
Government
Railways
Industrial

Durable
ress Made
comfortable,
why millions
ightly on
ERMOOR"
TRESSES
satisfied with the mat-
sleeping on? Is it
orable? No?
s show you an
mattress, and ex-
will sleep sounder
ch better you will
have one on your
need for 20 years.
urniture need can
d at this store.
TURNER
TON
We sell the "Alaska Guaranteed Line" of beds and bedding.

Why
not give your boy and girl an opportunity to make their home study easy and effective? Give them the same chances to win promotion and success the lad having the vantage of
BSTER'S
NATIONAL
ome. This new
th final author-
zzling questions
hy, biography,
ion, sports, arts,
ms. 2700 Pages.
Colored Plates.
his Divided Page.
uivalent to that
cyclopedia.
ze. Convenient,
any other Eng-
Dictionary.
REGULAR AND INDIA-PAPER EDITIONS.
WRITE for specimen pages, strations, etc.
a set of Foolscap you name this
GENERAL CO.
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

REXALL ORDERLIES
The best known laxative sold. Sales prove it. Different from other laxatives. A perfect regulator, mild, pleasant and effective. 12 tablets 25c. and 50c. a box. Call and get a FREE sample.
MACKENZIE
The People's Druggist,
Phone 40. MILTON.

Canadian Champion

VOLUME 55. MILTON, THURSDAY, MARCH 11, 1915. No. 40

Bank of Hamilton
Capital Authorized $5,000,000
Capital, Paid-up 3,000,000
Surplus 3,750,000
AN IMPORTANT ALLIANCE.
When a young man first makes his alliance with a financial institution by opening a Savings Account, he should look ahead to the time when his bank book will aid his advancement.
A growing bank balance assures an employer that a young man has mastered the principle of economical management.
C. H. STUART
MANAGER - MILTON

Canadian Champion
PUBLISHED
EVERY THURSDAY MORNING
At the office of Publication,
MAIN ST., MILTON, ONT.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—$1.50 a year. $1.00 paid in advance.

TO SUBSCRIBERS—No paper will be stopped until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the proprietor. A post office notice to discontinue is not sufficient.

To subscribers in the United States $2.00 a year, $1.50 if paid in advance.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements, contracts 6 inches or over, 3 months or over, 7 cents per inch per insertion. Extra space 10 cents per inch. Shorter terms 10 cents per inch.

Business Cards of ten lines or less, $5.00 per annum. The number of lines to be reckoned by the space occupied, measured by a scale of solid nonpareil.

Advertisements without special instructions inserted until forbid, and charged accordingly.

Any special Notice, the object of which is to promote the pecuniary benefit of any individual, company, institution, or fund, will be considered an advertisement, and charged accordingly.

Notices of births, deaths and marriages, 25c. each.

Transient advertisements, 10 cents per line, except those of lost, strayed, stolen, and wants, which will be inserted at 50 cents for the first insertion, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

WM. PANTON,
Editor and Proprietor.

LEGAL.

WILLIAM I. DICK,
(County Crown Attorney)
Barrister, Solicitor and Conveyancer. Money to loan. Office—Court House, Milton, Ont.

J. A. E. BRADEN,
Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public, Conveyancer, etc. Office formerly occupied by J. W. Flint, Main Street, Milton. Money to loan.

MEDICAL.

H. A. McCOLL, M.B.,
Physician and Surgeon, Coroner. Office hours 9 to 9 a.m., 12 to 2 p.m., and 6 to 8 p.m. Office two doors east of Bank of Hamilton, Milton.

R. K. ANDERSON, M. D.,
C.M., L.R.C.P., Edin.
Physician and Surgeon.
Office and residence: Office hours, 8 to 9 a.m., 1 to 3 p.m. and 7 to 9 p.m.

MARSHALL E. GOWLAND, M.A., M.B.
M.R.C.S.O.
Honor graduate and Silver Medalist of Toronto University.
OFFICE and residence, Corner of Main and Barbara Sts., Milton.

MACKAY, MACKAY & WEBSTER
Dominion Land Surveyors,
Ontario Land Surveyors,
Civil Engineers.
Office: Mackay Block. ERNEST G. MACKAY
WILLIAM S. WEBSTER
Office: Hamilton Chambers, Hamilton. Telephone 456.

MISS MAY B. KELLY
Teacher of Piano.
Pupil of Dr. F. H. Torrington.
Graduate Royal College of Music, Toronto, Royal Academy, Toronto, Conservatory of Music, Toronto, and Toronto University. Studio—Milton, Saturdays.
Pupils prepared for the examinations of the Royal College of Music, Toronto, Toronto Conservatory of Music, Toronto University.

Insure Your Live Stock!
THE
YORKSHIRE
Insurance Co., Ltd.
ESTABLISHED 1824
HEAD OFFICE: YORK, ENGLAND
Canadian Branch—Montreal, Canada.
Milton Agency—JOS. TELFER, V.S., Agt.

FRUIT and ORNAMENTAL TREES SMALL FRUITS
If you intend planting trees next spring be particular of the varieties and grade you order. Our trees are grown from stock known to be true to name. We supply clean, healthy, well matured stock of all kinds, and prospective purchasers will find that it is cheaper than inferior, poorly grown stock. If you intend planting write for information and catalogue from the old firm of
Stone & Wellington, Nurserymen, TORONTO
Jas. B. Leonard, Dist. Representative, BURLINGTON.

Sam Henson
CARPENTER and BUILDER
Repairs, etc.
ESTIMATES GIVEN.
Agent for the Chamberlin Metal Weather Strip.
EAST MARY STREET, - MILTON

The Ladies of Knox Church are making extra preparations this year for their Bazaar and Entertainment on the 17th of March. Watch for particulars.

Travellers' Guide.

CANADIAL PACIFIC RAILWAY

GOING EAST.
7.00 a. m. 4.14 p. m.
10.54 a. m. 8.05 p. m.

GOING WEST.
8.11 a.m. 8.42 a.m.
4.48 p. m. 7.35 p. m. 9.08 p. m.

—SUNDAY—
East—7.25 a. m. 8.05 p.m.
West—8.11 a.m. 4.48 p. m.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY
(H. & N. W. Division.)
GOING NORTH. GOING SOUTH.
7.22a.m. 4.45p.m. 10.35a.m. 8.37 p.m

Church Directory.

METHODIST CHURCH
REV. MARTIN J. WILSON, B.A., Pastor.
Sunday Services: 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.
Sunday School and Bible Class: 2.30 p.m.
Epworth League: Monday, at 8 p.m.
Prayer Meeting: Wednesday, at 8 p.m.
W.M.S.: First Monday of the month at 3 p.m.
Ladies' Aid: Last Monday of the month at 3 p. m.

KNOX CHURCH
REV. W. M. MCKAY, Minister.
Sunday Services: 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.
Sunday School: 2.30 p. m.
Prayer Meeting: Wednesday, at 7.30. p.m.
W.F.M.S. meets on the second Wednesday of every month at 3 p.m.
The Mission Band meets on the second Wednesday of every month at 4.30 p.m.

GRACE CHURCH
REV. OSCAR F. COOKE, Rector.
Sunday Services: 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.
Sunday School: 3.45 p.m. Young peoples' Bible Class held in church, entrance by vestry door. Teacher, Miss Young.
Holy Communion: 1st Sunday in the month at 11 a.m. and 3rd Sunday at 8 a.m.
Fridays, 7.30 p.m.
Woman's Auxiliary Meetings as announced.
Chancel Guild Meetings as announced.
Girls, Thursdays, 7.30 p.m.
Church Guild, Mondays, 8 p.m.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH
REV. FATHER SAVAGE.
MILTON AND TRAFALGAR—2nd Sunday, 8.30 and 11.00 alternately; commencing 2nd Sunday of January with Mass in Milton at 8.30.

Phone 57
C. E. Galloway & Sons
HEADQUARTERS
FOR
Choice Meats of all kinds
FRESH, SALT AND SMOKED.
FISH AND POULTRY
always on hand.
Nothing better than
Green Ground Bone
to make your hens lay. For sale at our store.
Horse and Cow Hides, Sheepskins, Wool and Tallow bought at Highest Prices.
MAIN STREET, - - - MILTON

That Gift Occasion.
You have an occasional necessity for presenting a relative or friend with some remembrance.
It may be that most gladsome of all occasions—a wedding.
Or it may be a birthday anniversary.
Or it may be a token of friendship.
But whatever the occasion we ask you to remember that this store is always ready to meet your every requirement in the way of gifts.
The cost increases from a few cents for an attractive little souvenir to as many dollars as the ordinary person would care to spend.
When that gift occasion presents itself visit this store.
E. Marchand,

"WAR"

A SERIAL STORY BY
BARONESS BERTHA VON SUTTNER

* * *

Canadian rights controlled by British and Colonial Press, Limited, Toronto.

Later, Cousin Conrad passed; I called him to my side and questioned him concerning Tilling.

"Ah ha! Has he so impressed you, that you are setting an investigation on foot? He is unmarried, but a distinguished princess of the reigning house has him entangled in her silken web, and therefore he does not wish to marry. His regiment has just been ordered here, but he is no friend of society. I meet him every day at the 'Noble' Club,' where he always seems absorbed in the papers or a game of chess. I was astonished to see him here, but the hostess is his cousin. After speaking with you he went away immediately."

"And he was introduced to no other ladies?"

"No; but do not imagine that it was your beauty that brought him down at long range, and therefore asked to know you. He merely questioned: 'Could you tell me whether a certain Countess Dotzky, formerly an Althaus, probably a relative of yours, is here to-day? I want to speak to her.' I pointed to you. 'There she sits in the blue dress.' 'Oh,' said he, 'that is she? Will you introduce me?' And I brought him over with no idea that I would disturb your peace of mind."

"Such nonsense, Conrad, as though my peace were so easily ruffled! Tilling! What family is that? The name is new to me."

"So you are interested? Perhaps he is the lucky fellow. I who have tried for three months to interest you in me must step aside for this cold-hearted lieutenant-colonel. Let me warn you, he is without feeling. The Tilling family, I believe, is of Hanoverian origin, although his father was an Austrian officer and his mother a Prussian. Did you note his North German accent?"

"He speaks beautiful German."

"You find everything about him beautiful, no doubt." Conrad rose. "I have heard enough. Let me leave you to dream—I can find plenty of beautiful ladies who——"

"Who will think you charming, Conrad. Indeed there are plenty."

I was uneasy and left the ball early. Surely not to be able to think uninterruptedly about the new friend, although I found myself doing it! At midnight I enriched the red book with the conversation given above, and added my unpleasant doubts that he might even then be sitting at the feet of the princess. I ended my sentence by envying her—not Tilling, oh no!—for being beloved by some one. My waking thought was once more—Tilling. Naturally; had he not made an appointment for that day? For some time nothing had excited me like this visit.

At ten minutes past two the Baron von Tilling was announced.

"As you see, Countess, I am prompt," he said, kissing my hand.

"Luckily, for I am overwhelmed with curiosity to know your news."

"Then, without delay, I will tell you. It is this: I was in the battle of Magenta."

"And you saw Arno die?" I cried.

"Yes. I can tell you of his last moments, and it will be a relief to you. Do not tremble, for if the finish had been shocking I would not tell you."

"You take a weight from my heart. Go on, go on!"

"The empty phrase, 'He died as a hero,' I will not use. But it will comfort you to know that he died instantly and without knowing it. We were often together, and he was so confident of his safety. He showed me the pictures of his wife and boy, and insisted that after the campaign I should be his guest. I chanced in the Magenta massacre to be at his side. I will not relate the terrible scenes. The intoxication of the warrior passion had quite seized Dotzky in the thick of the bullet-hail and powder-fog. His eyes were blazing and he was fighting like mad. I, who was sober, saw it all. Suddenly a shell, and ten men—Dotzky among them—fell. He was instantly killed, but many of them shrieked in agony. All but he were shockingly mangled, but we had to leave them, for a charging column came upon us with a murderous hurrah, pell-mell over the dead and wounded. Lucky those who were dead! After the battle I found Dotzky, with the placid smile on his face, a painless look, and in the same spot and position. I have meant for several years to come and tell you, and relieve you of a painful uncertainty. But forgive me if I have recalled torturing memories."

The Baron rose to go, and I thanked him while drying my tears: "You cannot know what a relief it is to feel that he died without agony. But stay, a certain tone in your remarks has touched a like strain in my thought. Tell me frankly, you too hate war?"

His face darkened: "Forgive me if I cannot stop to discuss the subject. I am sorry, but I am expected elsewhere."

A cold expression passed over me, and the unpleasant thought of the princess came into my mind. "Then I will not detain you, Colonel," I said coldly, and he left without asking if he might be allowed to come again.

CHAPTER II.

The carnival over—Rosa and Lilli were still fancy free, and I was feeling that the dancing was growing monotonous. I find all my impressions noted in the red book. Society was not diverted for Lent brought the usual Lenten amusements and church [illegible]

ballroom earlier in the season. I was not quite pious enough to suit Aunt Marie, who dragged the girls off to hear all the famous preachers. I spent my evenings by the fire with books, and I devoted myself afresh to my boy. I repeated Tilling's story to my father, but he considered it of no importance that Arno died without pain. How differently Tilling had regarded the matter, and I did not repeat his words to my father, for he would only instinctively have despised him for his unsoldierly sentiments. How gladly I would further have discussed the question of war with Tilling, but alas! he never called, and I only casually met him in public occasionally. But even those meetings and greetings lingered in my thought.

One morning at breakfast my father handed me a parcel: "My dear, here is a parcel for you, and I have a favor to ask."

"A present and a request," I laughed; "that's bribery."

"Yes. I must have three old generals and their wives to dinner, a stiff, tedious affair, and I want you to come to my house and do the honors."

"And you evidently wish to sacrifice your daughter, as the ancient father Agamemnon sacrificed Iphigenia."

"I added a younger element for your sake—Dr. Bresser, for one; he treated me in my last illness, and I wish to show my appreciation. I also invited Lieutenant-Colonel Tilling. Ah, you blush; what is the matter with you?"

"Me?" I said, hiding my confusion by hastily breaking open the parcel.

"It is nothing for you, only a box of lead soldiers for Rudolf."

"But, father, a child of four——"

"Nonsense; I played at soldiers when I was three. My earliest memory is of drums, swords, words of command and marching. That is the way to start the boys to love the profession."

"But my son shall never be a soldier," I interrupted.

"Martha, you know it would be his father's wish."

"The boy belongs to me now, and I object."

"His life shall not be risked in war, he is my only son."

"As an only son I became a soldier; Arno and your brother also. The traditions of both families require it that the offspring of a Dotzky and an Althaus shall devote his service to his fatherland."

"His country needs him less than I, and there are other ways of serving one's country."

"If all mothers were like you——"

"There would then be fewer parades and reviews, fewer men to slay as food for bullets. That would hardly be a misfortune."

Much provoked, my father said: "Oh you women! Luckily the young do not ask your permission, when soldier's blood flows in their veins. But Rudolf will not remain your only son, you will marry again. By the way, what has become of all your admirers? There is Captain Olensky seriously in love with you. Just lately he poured it all out to me, and I should like him as a son-in-law."

"I do not care for him for a husband."

"How about Major Millersdorf?"

"You may call the whole army roll, but I want none of them." And I turned the subject: "When is the dinner?"

"At five. Come down earlier, Adieu, I must go. Kiss Rudi for me—the future Field-Marshal of the Imperial Army."

Could the dinner be a "stiff, tiresome affair," when the presence of Baron Tilling moved me in such a singular way? We had no occasion to speak at the table, being separated, and even after the dinner, while serving the coffee in the drawing-room, the two old generals remained my faithful attendants. I longed to speak to Tilling again about the battle-scene, and hear his sympathetic voice. But the circle left no opportunity for me to talk with him. The conversation ran on the usual topic.

"It will soon break out again," suggested one old general.

"Hum," said the other, "next time it will be with Russia."

"Must there always be a next time,' I interrupted, but no one took notice.

"Italy first," persisted my father. "We must get back Lombardy. We should march into Milan as we did with Father Radetzky in '49. I remember, it was a bright sunny morn——"

"Oh!" I exclaimed in a panic, "we all know the story of the entry into Milan."

"And the story of the brave Hupfauf, also?" asked my father.

"Yes, and it is most revolting."

One of the group broke in diplomatically: "Let us hear it, Althaus."

My father needed no encouragement.

"Hupfauf was a Tyrolese Jager, and the best shot imaginable. He proposed to take four comrades to the roof of the cathedral and shoot down on the rebels. The four did nothing but load, and he shot, hitting the mark every time and killing ninety Italians."

"Horrible!" I exclaimed. "Each one shot had a mother or sweetheart at home, and had a right to his young life."

"My dear, they were all enemies, and that alters the point of view."

"Ah, true," said Dr. Bresser, "the whole world is turned upside down so long as there is racial enmity, and the laws of humanity will receive but slight recognition."

"What do you say, Baron Tilling?" I asked.

"I would have decorated the giant breast of the man, from the point of view of war ethics, and then put a bullet into his stony heart. He deserved both."

I gave the speaker a grateful look, and, except the doctor, all the guests seemed unpleasantly affected, and a short pause ensued in the talk.

The doctor then turned to my father, asking, "Have you read the new work by the English naturalist, Darwin?"

"I know nothing of it."

"Why, man," I exclaimed, "that is the talk of the day. It has caused a lot of bitter [illegible]

MACKENZIE'S
[illegible] Liniment Lame Back, Pain and Lame. Cure [illegible] the most [illegible] a bottle.
MACKENZIE,
The People's Druggist.
Phone 40. MILTON.

MAGIC BAKING POWDER CONTAINS NO ALUM
TO GUARD AGAINST ALUM IN BAKING POWDER SEE THAT ALL INGREDIENTS ARE PLAINLY PRINTED ON THE LABEL, AND THAT ALUM OR SULPHATE OF ALUMINA OR SODIC ALUMINIC SULPHATE IS NOT ONE OF THEM. THE WORDS "NO ALUM" WITHOUT THE INGREDIENTS IS NOT SUFFICIENT. MAGIC BAKING POWDER COSTS NO MORE THAN THE ORDINARY KINDS. FOR ECONOMY, BUY THE ONE POUND TINS.
E. W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED
WINNIPEG TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL

the book you told me would soon be forgotten by the world."

"And, so far as I am concerned, it is forgotten."

"But," continued the doctor, "it has quite turned the world upside down with its new theory of the origin of species."

"You mean the ape theory?" asked the general at the right. "The idea that we are descended from the ourang-outang?"

"Upon the whole," the cabinet minister began, nodding (and when he began thus we all trembled, for he was getting ready for a long discourse)' "the thing seems absurd, but we dare not take it as a joke. The theory is powerfully built up on collected facts, and ingeniously worked out. Like all such rash conceptions it will find its followers and produce a certain effect on modern thought. It is a great pity it has been given so much consideration. Of course, the clergy will array itself against the degrading theory that man is derived from the brute, rather than from God's image. No wonder they are shocked and denounce it. But church condemnation cannot prevent the spread of ideas that come in the garb of science. Until men of science themselves reduce it to an absurdity——"

"What folly!" broke in my father, fearing that his guests might be bored. "One needs only a bit of common-sense to reject the absurd notion that man has descended from apes."

"Darwin has certainly wakened reasonable doubts, and apes and man do greatly resemble each other," the minister added, "but it will take some time to bring about a unity of opinion among the scientists about it."

"These gentry live by disputing," said the old general to the left, in a heavy Viennese dialect. "I too have heard something about this ape business. But why bother one's head with the chatter of the star-gazers and grass-collectors and frog-dissectors? I saw a picture of this Darwin, and I could well believe that his grandfather was a chimpanzee."

The entire company enjoyed the joke.

Then the quieter general spoke: "Can you imagine an ape inventing the telegraph? Speech alone raised men so far above beasts——"

"Pardon, your Excellency," interrupted Dr. Bresser, "but the art of speech and the capacity for invention were not among man's original powers. After all, it is the result of evolution and development."

"Yes, I know, Doctor," replied the general, "the war-cry of the new school is evolution, but one cannot develop a camel from a kangaroo, nor do we find apes to-day developing into men."

I turned to Baron Tilling: "And what do you think of Darwin? Are you a follower or an opponent?"

"Although I have heard much of late about Darwin, Countess, I cannot give an opinion, for I have not read the book."

"Nor have I," the doctor acknowledged.

"Nor I—nor I—nor I" came the chorus from the rest.

And the cabinet minister gravely wound up: "The subject is so popular to-day that the expressions, 'evolution,' 'natural selection,' 'survival of the fittest,' have passed into current thought. You find many defenders among those who thirst for new ideas and change, while cool-headed, critical people who insist on proof are found on the other side."

"There is always opposition to every new idea as soon as it comes up," said Tilling; "but one must have penetrated into the idea in order to be able to judge. Conservatives as sail anything, and often for the weakest and most absurd reasons, and the masses only repeat what they hear. To judge of scientific theories without investigation is absurd. Even Copernicus was thundered down by Rome—"

"But, as I said before," interrupted the minister, "not orthodoxy but science itself cries down false hypotheses in our day."

"New ideas are always objected to in the beginning by the old fogeys who never like to give up their settled dogmas and views," Tilling replied. "For my part, I shall read the book and the opposition of the narrow-brained speaks rather for than against its truth."

"Oh, you brave, clear-thinking spirit!" I silently apostrophised the speaker.

CHAPTER III.

The dinner-party broke up at eight o'clock although my father insisted on detaining them. I politely urged a cup of tea, but each had an excuse and felt obliged to go. Tilling and Bresser had also risen to take leave, but were easily persuaded to stay. Father and the doctor were soon seated at the card-table, while Baron Tilling joined me by the fire.

"I have a scolding for you, Baron. After the first visit you forgot the way to my house."

"You never asked me."

"I told you, Saturdays."

"Pardon me, Countess, it I feel sure I received an invitation for Saturdays. Stay, I have it in my pocket book. Yes, here it is, 'Every Saturday in March.'"

"Oh, that was my father's doing. He thought you looked as if you needed a little amusement, and I was so sorry to be obliged to comply with his request."

"Why, I thought you looked upon my visits as the only amusement you had."

"Indeed, I do not, I assure you. I am very sorry to be too late."

"You will get well again, mother," I cried.

"No, no, there is no hope for that, my dear son. Let us not waste our last hours in meaningless words. Let this be our good-bye visit." I fell at her side sobbing. "You are crying, my son, I will not tell you to stop, for it should grieve you to part with your best friend, and I am sure I shall never be forgotten by you. Remember, also, that you have made my life very happy. Except your small childish sickness, or the dread that I might lose you during the time of war, you have given me nothing but the keenest happiness; you have shared all my burdens with me, and for this I bless you, my darling son."

Another attack came on, and her groans of pain almost crushed my heart. Oh, this last frightful enemy, death! I remembered the sights of agonized sufferers on the battle-field and in hospitals! When I reflect that we soldiers sometimes joyously drive others on to death, that we urge full blooded eager young men on to sacrifice themselves willingly to this terrible enemy, against whom even the weak and broken-down old people fight so bitterly—is it not revolting?

This night is frightfully long. If only sleep might quiet her. But there she lies, with her lids parted, suffering. Every half-hour I bend over her motionless, then I come away to write a few more lines to you, and then I go to her again. It strikes four, and one shivers at the unfeeling strides of time as it unrelentingly presses on to eternity, and at this very moment for this one passionately loved mother time must cease—for all eternity. But as the cold, outer world turns dull to our pain, so much the more longingly do we seek to fly to another human heart which we trust and hope may feel some unison of feeling. And so this white sheet attracted me, and therefore I wrote this letter to you.

Seven o'clock in the morning. It is over. Her last words were, "Farewell, my dear boy." Then she closed her eyes and slept. Sleep sound, darling mother. In grief I kiss your dear hands.—Yours in deepest sorrow.

FREDERICK TILLING

I have this letter still. Frayed and faded the pages are now. For twenty-five years it has withstood my kisses and tears. It was sent "in deepest sorrow"; I received it "shouting with joy." for though there was not a single word of love in it, yet where was a plainer proof that the writer loved me than that he should turn to me at his mother's death-bed, to pour out his grief? In answer I sent a wreath of a hundred white camelias enfolding a single half-blown red rose—the scentless white flowers for the departed, and the glowing blossom—that was for him.

CHAPTER IV.

Three weeks had passed. Poor Conrad Althaus had proposed and been rejected by Lilli. But his courage remained undaunted, and he visited us as before.

Expressing my surprise at his loyalty, I said, "It delights me that you are not offended, and it proves that you are not so serious, for despised love often turns into resentment."

"You mistake me, dear cousin. I love Lilli to distraction. First I thought it was you whom I cared for, then Rosa, but now I am certain it is and always will remain Lilli."

"That sounds very likely. What if she will not marry you?"

"I am not the first man a girl has married to get rid of him. By-and-by she will realize how faithful and worthy I am, and that will touch her. You will be my sister-in-law yet, Martha, and I am sure you will speak for me."

"I certainly approve of you, and that is the way a woman should be won. Our modern young men find it too much trouble to strive and win happiness; they wish to pick it up without struggle, as they snatch a way-side posy."

Tilling had been back in Vienna for a fortnight without a sign to me. I know I appeared depressed, and could not blame Aunt Marie for reproaching me for my low spirits. She blamed my solitary existence, and urged upon me matrimony and devotions. "You have quite forgotten it is Easter," she said.

"My dear Aunt, I think that both marrying and going to confession should be done from the heart, and not for a remedy for depressed spirits."

"Have you tickets to see the foot-washing?" she said presently.

"Papa brought me some, but I do not really care to go."

"Oh, but you should go. There is really nothing quite so touching as this ceremony—the exemplification of Christian meekness. Think of it—the Emperor and Empress, in stooping to

(To be continued)

How's This?
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.
NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE, TOLEDO, O.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

TEETHING TIME TROUBLES.
Baby's teething time is a period of anxiety for mothers unless baby's stomach is kept sweet and his bowels regular. No other medicine has been found so valuable during teething time as has Baby's Own Tablets. They make teething painless and by their use baby gets his teeth so easily that the mother scarcely knows they are coming. Concerning the Tablets, Mrs. F. Goldsmith, Nelson, B.C., writes: "Baby's Own Tablets are a mother's greatest help during the teething period." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.