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FOR LOVE AND BIRTHRIGHT

PLOT VS. PRINCIPLE.

The day was a brighter one to Walter than he had known for a long time...

CHAPTER X. Ruby's Visit to Redville.

Winter passed, spring and summer followed, and nothing of importance had occurred in the lives of the characters mentioned in our story.

Ruby Gordon had spent a week or two at Cape May, Saratoga, and one or two other fashionable summer resorts...

But the young man did not make much headway in her favor. Without appearing to do so, or overstepping the bounds of courtesy, she had avoided him whenever she could...

She had met Walter but two or three times since that evening when he came to bring her brother the plans of the new house...

"I know what I will do; I will go to Redville for a little trip," she said, and seeing that she was not to be deterred...

"Go with me, Robert, will you? You have often wanted to visit a good mine, and this will be such a good opportunity," she pleaded.

"Can you persuade Estelle to go?" asked Mr. Gordon.

"No, indeed," Ruby answered with a slight laugh. "It would be altogether too humble and uninteresting a trip for her aesthetic tastes; but she will not mind our going."

"Yes," she replied, "I will go, Mr. Gordon; it will be just such a trip as I should like; the mountain scenery will be fine, while I cannot quite interest in that quaint old man while he was here, and I would really like to become better acquainted with him."

So the brother and sister went away for another holiday among the mountains, while Mrs. Gordon fitted out to visit a friend in the city.

Owen Ruggles was very much pleased to find that the beautiful girl who had won his heart by her kindness the previous winter, and her polished brother should remember him with interest enough to come so far to see him, and he and his good wife bestirred themselves, upon hospitality intent, to make their stay as enjoyable as possible.

They had sent word on before, stating when they should arrive, and Mr. Ruggles was at the station to meet them when the train stopped at Redville, his benevolent face shining with benevolent pleasure, his small gray eyes gleaming with an honest welcome.

"Bless my heart! I'm downright glad to see you, sir," he said, shaking Mr. Gordon heartily by the hand. "And you, too, miss," turning to Ruby and receiving her daintily gloved hand with almost an air of reverence. "It's long since the old house up yonder has known what a bright day had a bright young face in it, and I know it will be a mother a heap of good to have you with us for a while."

Arriving at the farm, which was a stately looking edifice, with a wide, roomy, old-fashioned mansion built upon a green knoll that looked like a carpet of emerald velvet, and which was surrounded by magnificent oaks, whose shivering arms were stretched forth above in loving benediction, Mrs. Ruggles appeared in the doorway to greet her guests.

She was a plain, motherly looking woman, having kind, dark eyes, in which there was a shade of sadness. Her hair was white as snow, and drawn back from her brow in smooth silken bands. Her face was rather pale, and had a careworn look, but there was a gentle smile upon her lips that won Ruby's heart at once.

She stepped forward and laid her arm around the young girl's shoulder, while she looked earnestly into her face for a moment. Then she stooped down and kissed her.

"I hope I see you well, sir," said Mrs. Ruggles, with hearty but old-fashioned politeness, as she turned to Ruby.

Then she added, as a man came to take the horses:

"Supper is about ready, but perhaps you'd like to come in and get a little of the dusk first."

But a little later the sound of a bell aroused her from her reverie, and, hastening to make some little change in her toilet, she went down to supper.

Never before had a meal tasted so good as did that one eaten by the hungry travellers, in the cool, shady dining-room of the Ruggles mansion, with the last rays of the setting sun streaming in at one window and touching with their mellow radiance the inviting table and the happy group gathered about it.

After tea she asked Mr. Ruggles if she might go out to see the cows milked, and take a peep into the stable and barn to see the horses and other stock, and her host, delighted with the interest she manifested...

"Yes, indeed, I shall be delighted to go," Ruby said, rising to accompany him. "Good-bye, Robert," she concluded, casting a smiling glance at her brother over her shoulder. "Mr. Richardson is going to show me some of the attractions of the place."

And nodding early to her host and hostess, she tripped down the steps with Walter, and the two wandered away in the gloaming by themselves.

A short distance behind the house a tiny mountain brook or rill was flowing close beside the road. A little beyond, Walter turned in at a lovely, shady spot where a spring, as clear as crystal, bubbled out from beneath a huge, flat rock, and where a thrifty birch tree had grown up beside it at a curious way, nature in some unaccountable train to having carved and twisted its trunk so as to form a very comfortable but rustic seat.

Walter seated Ruby upon this seat and then threw himself upon the rock beside her.

All about them there was a soft carpet of moss, gathered here and there with a great cluster of graceful ferns, and the thick foliage of the trees above them made a charmingly low-roofed, veritable love's nest.

"You said truly, Mr. Richardson, this is indeed the prettiest little nook I have ever seen—a spot fit for Titania herself and her fairy train to keep their revels in," Ruby said, with a little sigh of delight, she leaned back against the trunk of the tree, charmed by the beauty of the place and the soft music of the water as it rippled over the stones at her feet.

"Do not suggest the possibility of this place being frequented by fairies," Mr. Gordon, Walter returned, laughing. "For the bewitching Oberon might resent our trespass and send his mischievous elves to bewitch us with some unwholesome spell."

Ruby flushed for the young man's words made her remember fair Herodias and Lyndalor's wanderings in the woods, and she accepted with sportive ruck played upon them.

"Rather," Walter continued, breaking in a long, slender, feathery fern, which he laid into a circle and tying it with a chaplet, and crown you 'Queen of the Glen.'"

He held it out to her as he ceased speaking, while his eyes kindled at the pretty, smiling girl who sat beside him, with such graceful abandon in her rustic seat.

Ruby smiled and bent her head toward him to receive his offering.

"He thought that she, too, was more reserved than of old, and she more lovely than he had ever seen her, with that soft light which came from her rosy western sky falling around her, and that dainty pink in her cheeks and the half shy but pleased look in her large blue eyes as she came toward him."

"Well, well, my boy, I'm sure this does my old eyes good," said Mr. Ruggles, shaking the young man's hand in a way to emphasize his words most forcibly. "My luck is something wonderful to-day," he added, with a smiling glance at Ruby, "to have so much pleasant company. But how did you come? I've just been down to the depot to meet the eastern train, and we might have brought you along just as well as not."

"I came from the other way, I have to be Cleveland on a little matter of business for Mrs. Conant; and as I am to have a little vacation now, I thought I would come and spend it with you—that is, if you will have smiling company in my friend's most comfortable company."

"Of course we will have you, and be glad to get you. Bless my heart! I'd like to keep you all the time. But here," added the man, suddenly brought to a sense of his responsibility as host—for he had not given Ruby a chance to say a word as yet—"here is another young friend of mine: Miss Gordon, Mr. Richardson."

Ruby now stepped forward and held out her hand with a charming smile. "I shall claim Mr. Richardson as an old acquaintance, for we have met before, and I am very glad to meet him again," she said, frankly and cordially.

"Thank you," Walter replied, while there came a deeper glow upon his face. "And I am sure you will allow me to say that the pleasure is reciprocal."

"Well, now, this is pleasant," interposed Mr. Ruggles, his benevolent face expressing his satisfaction. "I had no idea that you'd ever seen each other. Perhaps you know Mr. Gordon, too?" he added, as he saw that gentleman approaching them.

"Oh, yes, I have met him many times. We are building his new house, you know," Walter said, as he greeted him with respectful familiarity.

"I guess you'd like some supper, my boy, if you've walked all the way from Redville depot; it's more'n two miles. Come in, Mother! It's only too glad to give you the best she's got."

And the farmer picked up Walter's satchel and led the way to the house, where his good wife greeted the young man in the most hospitable manner, and then hastened to get refreshment, as tempting an array of viands as her well-filled larder could supply.

After Walter had refreshed his indignant man, the family all adjourned to the veranda, where it was but natural that the young people should seek each other's society, although the conversation was, for the time, general.

"How are you impressed with Redville?" Miss Gordon, Walter asked, after a while, thinking that Ruby would perhaps enjoy talking about something else beside the farm, stock, and the price of coal, etc.

"I have seen but very little of Redville," she answered, "as we only drove on the outskirts of the town in coming here; but I think it is a delightful place."

CHAPTER XI. An Evening Ramble.

And Walter, sure enough, the newcomer proved to be, as Ruby had recognized him the instant her eyes fell upon him, and a happy little thrill ran along her nerves at the thought of meeting him again.

It seemed to her that he had changed since their last meeting—that he had grown handsomer than ever. His form was more fully developed; he was more manly in his bearing, while there was an air of assurance and independence about him, which his self-sustaining life of the last two years had served to give him.

Ruby went forward, with ready cordiality, to greet Mr. Ruggles' hearty welcome, and Walter's face lighted with unmistakable pleasure as he looked upon her.

He thought that she, too, was more reserved than of old, and she more lovely than he had ever seen her, with that soft light which came from her rosy western sky falling around her, and that dainty pink in her cheeks and the half shy but pleased look in her large blue eyes as she came toward him."

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"I have seen but very little of Redville," she answered, "as we only drove on the outskirts of the town in coming here; but I think it is a delightful place."

"It is, indeed. I used to come here frequently when I was a boy, for Uncle Ralph always enjoyed the farm, and I have had many a good time among these grand old hills," Walter replied.

"Then you are a relative of Mr. Ruggles," Ruby remarked, feeling a little bit of curiosity to learn from his own lips just what relationship there did exist between them.

"No, I am in no way related to him; but Mr. Ralph Carpenter—who is the best friend I ever had since my mother died—was Mr. Ruggles' half-brother, and he always came here to spend a couple of weeks in the summer."

"Mr. Ralph Carpenter was Mr. Gordon's father, was he not?" Ruby asked.

"Yes, he was. Miss Gordon, there is the prettiest little nook, with a charming spring, a short distance from the house; will you come and let me show it to you?" Walter asked, suddenly changing the subject, for it always made him unhappy to talk of his father.

"Yes, indeed, I shall be delighted to go," Ruby said, rising to accompany him. "Good-bye, Robert," she concluded, casting a smiling glance at her brother over her shoulder. "Mr. Richardson is going to show me some of the attractions of the place."

And nodding early to her host and hostess, she tripped down the steps with Walter, and the two wandered away in the gloaming by themselves.

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CHAPTER XII. A Mountain Ride.

The weather was perfect. It seemed as if there never had been such beautiful September days, "crown jewels of the year," Ruby called them, during all that cloud obscured the sky for scarcely a perceptible time, and every morning the young girl was up with the lark to see the sun rise—a sight which she had previously very rarely enjoyed.

"The Ruggles have cast their beauty spell over her since she came up here; though what for is more'n I can tell, for she was as sweet as an angel before," Farmer Ruggles remarked to his wife, one morning, as Ruby tripped into the dining-room, absolutely bewildering in her dainty white wraps with a bunch of cardinal flowers—Walter's morning offering—fastened in her hair.

Robert Gordon overheard the remark, and smiled wisely at the sentiment of the good man.

He had not been blind during the few days of their visit there. He had discerned Walter's growing attachment for his beautiful sister, and had begun to realize also that she was happier in his society than she had ever been before.

He liked the young man. He had learned considerable regarding his history from Mr. Ruggles, and he admired his energy and independence as well as his honor and manliness. He resolved that Ruby should learn to love this noble young man, he would never let a straw in the way of her happiness, even though he possessed nothing but his honest heart and good right to advise when they were arranged to go off upon little excursions by themselves, and he went to the mines, or over the farm, or down the village, with Mr. Ruggles, who appeared to think it was all right, only he could not refrain from remarking once, with a quizzical glance at Ruby, that he "guessed there was some Philadelphia gallant who could make his place good after all."

Ruby blushed rosy as the shaft, but she shook her golden head at him, and retorted, with an arch glance at Mr. Ruggles, when you know my inquisitive brother has monopolized all your time, and I should have fared had that same Philadelphia gallant had not taken pity on me."

Mr. Ruggles only nodded a smiling return to her for this repartee; but he went away chuckling to himself, and murmuring that he guessed "pity had precious little to do in the matter, anyway."

The day before the Gordons were to return home Walter asked the farmer if he would trust him to drive his team—the young couple had been using a single buggy on their excursions—and allow him to take Ruby to see a beautiful natural bridge that spanned a mountain stream some twelve miles distant.

"Yes, indeed," Mr. Ruggles replied, heartily; "I'd trust you with anything I have in the world, my boy; and, as I know the horses are gentle, and the roads safe, though steep in spots, you shall have them and well come. It's a pretty trip," he added, "and I'm right glad you thought to take Miss Gordon to see the bridge. Perhaps Mr. Gordon would like to go along, too."

But that gentleman was more interested in coal-beds, and the sinking of shafts, etc., than in natural bridges, and he remarked that he thought they would do very well without him.

Mr. Ruggles informed them, however, that a gentleman and his wife, who were visiting about a mile below them, were intending to make the same trip that day, and that the young couple waited until the strangers made their appearance, and then went off in a basket of lunch, "such as," Walter said, "only good Mother Ruggles knew how to put up."

The day was perfect itself, the air pure and invigorating, and the horses sped over the mountain road at a spanking pace, as if realizing that youth and vigor were behind them, and would not be content to jog along in any prosy fashion.

Very mountain was gorgeous with autumnal colorings, for the foliage was at its height of splendor. Ruby was in ecstasies.

"I never before saw so much beauty!" she cried, rapturously; "and believe I will never go to a fashionable water-place again. Nature is far more charming. I will go to the mountains. Their grandeur impresses me as nothing else ever did."

"You are fond of society, Miss Gordon," Mr. Ruggles said, smiling. "I believe I should miss the advantages of city life. It would be very lonely here in the winter when one would have to be shut away in the house a great deal of the time; but it is very nice in summer, if one can have pleasant company."

"You are fond of society, Miss Gordon," Mr. Ruggles said, smiling. "I believe I should miss the advantages of city life. It would be very lonely here in the winter when one would have to be shut away in the house a great deal of the time; but it is very nice in summer, if one can have pleasant company."

"Yes, I am; I am free to confess it," Ruby answered, smiling. "I love life, sparkle, gaiety, and I believe in a fictitious society. I imagine that my mission lies in the great, busy world where I live."

"Your mission?" questioned Walter in surprise.

"The idea of this bright, winsome girl—who seemed more only for sunshine and pleasure having a "mission" in life, had never occurred to him.

"Yes, don't you think that everybody has a mission?" Mr. Richardson? Ruby asked, lifting a pair of very earnest eyes to his face.

"I suppose that everyone ought to have some aim or purpose in life," he replied, musingly.

"Yes, indeed; everybody ought!" she said, decidedly. "But that is a little different from what I mean. One can have an aim and purpose in life and yet be wholly selfish. My idea is that every one has been appointed some special work to do outside of one's self, and if we neglect to do it we miss the chief purpose for which we were put upon the world. Have you ever thought of it?"

(To be Continued.)

AFTER 20 YEARS

John Nicholas Babcock, of Sharbot Lake, Released.

A Prisoner to Pain Caused by Gravel and Other Kidney Troubles—Twenty Years of Suffering Released Last by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Sharbot Lake, Oct. 16.—It was with feelings like those of some poor prisoner released from unjust captivity that Mr. J. N. Babcock, of this place, who has been cured—free at last from the captivity of disease, for twenty years he had been in the depths of the dungeon of pain caused by Gravel and other forms of Kidney Disease. For twenty years he had been struggling to escape, but in vain. There was no door left untried, no lock not carefully examined.

Now at last he sees the light of day. The prison is behind him forever. He is done with pain, and the key to his hands for the last ten years, and he never knew. The key was Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Dodd's Kidney Pills were given to mankind ten years ago. Since then they have been the master key in thousands of cases of Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Rheumatism, Heart Disease, Dropsy, Bladder and Urinary Complaints, Women's Weakness and Blood Disorders. If Mr. Babcock had known he might have been liberated long ago.

"But better late than never," runs the proverb, and Mr. Babcock is grateful for escaping from the clutches of Kidney Disease at all. He says:

"After twenty years of pain caused by Gravel and other Kidney troubles, I am pleased to make it known that I have been completely cured by one box of Dodd's Kidney Pills. During these years I have spent hundreds of dollars, but without any lasting relief. Yours respectfully, John Nicholas Babcock."

More Bachelors Than Maidens

Unmarried Men are More Numerous Than are Single Women.

It appears that people generally are greatly mistaken in their notion that there is an enormous surplus of unmarried women in this country. The truth is that no such excess of spinsters exists; in fact, it is quite the other way, the bachelors outnumbering the maidens. At the present moment there are in the United States 2,200,000 more unattached males than females similarly situated, the exact figures being 5,427,767 for the males against 3,224,941 spinsters of ages from 20 years up. Thus it is obvious that if girls do not find husbands it is not for lack of a plentiful supply of the article. What is required, seemingly, is a general migration of spinsters from the north and east to the great and growing west, in proportion to which there are ten available mates for every maiden.

From the last remark, however, it must not be inferred that there is actually an excess of unmarried women in this country. The excess of Eastern States. Even in these parts of the country there are more bachelors than spinsters, 20 years old and upward, notwithstanding the theory to the contrary, which is widely accepted. No State in the Union has as many maidens as bachelors—not even Massachusetts, where the figures are 219,255 spinsters, against 226,085 bachelors in the State. In the latter State for spinsters, the bachelors outnumbering them by only two-tenths of 1 per cent. Next comes Rhode Island, where the excess of bachelors is 2 per cent. The excess of bachelors in the District of Columbia is 8 per cent., in North Carolina 9 per cent., in New Hampshire 9 per cent., in Connecticut 20 per cent., in Maine 10 per cent., and in Vermont 54 per cent. In Maryland the bachelor surplus is 19 per cent., in New Jersey it is 22 per cent., in New York it is 20 per cent., and in Virginia it is 22 per cent. All of these are low percentages so far as the superiority of bachelors in point of numbers is concerned.—Cincinnati Inquirer.

Correcting Newspaper Proofs.

Not Such an Easy Task for a Paper to be Exempt From Errors.

When the manuscripts are set up in type a proof is pulled by a handpress and despatched for corrections—sometimes to the editor or sub-editor, sometimes to the leader writers, and always to the proof correctors, who look out for mistakes in the columns submitted to them. No easy task is the correcting of errors in print. There are so many blunders possible—blunders literary and grammatical, blunders telegraphic and of translation, blunders literal and of lifting, of which more hereafter. We have all seen many in the press, but their scarcity is far stranger than their numbers. Some of them are humorous enough, and, though the editor may tear his hair at sight of them, the public laughingly forgive.

Take, for example, the paper which described a celebrated general as a "battle-scarred" instead of a "battle-hardened" veteran, and subsequently apologized to the "battle-scarred" warrior for the first misprint; or even more painful mistake made in the announcement of a death, which concluded "Friends are requested to accept this, the only intimation, the falling out of one letter having led to an appalling result. Sometimes when the type is pulled about to correct an error the lines become transposed in such a way that the last state is worse than the first. Notices, for instance, a case where two paragraphs became intermingled, with this result, A large, cast-iron wheel, revolving nine hundred times a minute, exploded in the city, after a long and painful illness. Deceased was a prominent member of the local temperance association."—Cassell's Magazine.

Walter Wellman, the Arctic explorer, who recently returned from a journey of exploration in Franz Josef Land, has arrived in New York.

The trouble between the C. P. R. and the Minister of Railways over the traffic arrangements of the Intercolonial has broken out again.

The difference between a politician and a statesman is that the politician is content with notoriety, while the statesman isn't satisfied with anything less than reputation.

Fond Mother—My daughter's voice has been a great exception to me. I have had her listening to me for an hour—And can you do nothing for it?

First Burglar—Why, what's the matter? Have you been in a railway accident? Second Burglar (on crutches)—Oh, no, but I broke into a house where a woman was sitting up waiting for her husband, and she mistook me for him.

AN INDIAN DOG FEAST.

How a Lot of Braves Were Entertained by Captain Mercer.

To celebrate the gathering of so many braves there had to have a dog-battle, which is a ceremony, and not merely the gratification of an appetite. There were plenty of dogs about the camp; but whether these were too dearly beloved, or not the right breed, or a strange dog is a necessity, I do not know; at all events a dog without the grounds was desired, and some of the red men visited the neighborhood in search of one. But the neighbors' dogs all ran away or were gathered into the houses, and the hunters returned empty-handed. So Captain Mercer sent a wagon to the dog-pound, and a nice fat animal that met all the requirements of the article pertaining to dog-feasts was obtained. It was duly slaughtered and boiled in a big kettle, and the braves who had stained their hands with the blood of their fellow men, or could make the master of ceremony, were given a dog-battle, and thereof. It seems that none but the brave deserve the dog; the privilege of eating dog being akin to the white man's privilege of wearing the buttons of the Royal Legion, save that there is no inherited right; the right to eat dog does not descend to the oldest son; he must win it by his own deeds of valor.—Self Culture.

Ontario Archives

TORONTO