

The True and the False

CHAPTER VIII.

The governor and his family were settled in the executive palace. Daniel Hunter had instructed his wife to write her sister-in-law to take up her abode in the palace for the period of their own residence there. It had been a very delightful task for her, through the spacious suites of elegantly furnished chambers, and chose their own apartments—much chattering, changing, and disputing ensued before they could be exactly suited.

Every one admired Mrs. Hunter, but it was with a deep, subdued enthusiasm of admiration, as of some being far removed above their sphere of thought and sympathy. And Augusta, who had recently been so much absorbed in the joy of her domestic life to be familiar with her social circle. Her life was a worship of unclouded joy. But the centre of all the interest in that mansion was the infant, Maud. She seemed absolutely to be the first and last, the prevailing thought, the parents, grandparents, aunts, uncles and servants. She was the heiress of her father and mother, of course, but she was also declared to be the heiress of a wealthy relative in England, who had recently sent out to the infant costly christening presents, and as gold or golden presents have a sort of cohesive attraction about them, no sooner was little Maud's future English inheritance heard of than her father's, two elder bachelor brothers, John and Joseph, Hunter, the wealthy hardware merchants of Baltimore, had made their will, leaving their immense property solely to Maud Percival, only daughter of Daniel and Augusta Hunter. And so the little lady was destined to be probably the richest heiress in America. And what was strange, no jealousy was felt by her young unmarried aunt, who seemed to be content to think no offering too rich to be laid on the shrine of the little goddess, and only felt themselves the want of fortune in having none to bequeath to her.

And the devotion shown to this child was not only without any superstitious idolatry. Even Daniel Hunter was free from it. Inordinate affection for his only daughter was the one sole weakness of his mighty nature. His first visit to the morning and his last at night was to her crib. No matter how urgent and harassing the State business, or how pleasant and long-protracted the festive scene, he was never too weary with business or with pleasure to go and stand by the cradle of his darling, until anxiety and weariness and time itself were forgotten in the fascinating spell.

The fashionable season in town was over at last. The balls and concerts all forgotten, the theatres and public halls and "palatial" residences all closed, and the gay world dispersed to the mountains and the seaside and to fashionable watering places. Official business kept the governor late in the summer at the executive mansion, and Daniel Hunter kept his family there with him. An excursion was, however, planned to alleviate the heat and tedium of the July days.

This was a steamboat trip down the bay as far as which Island, and a picnic party there. The members of the governor's council, with their families, remained in town, and these formed a very pleasant select party of the right stamp for the occasion.

The day appointed for the excursion was the 15th of July, and the steamer chartered for the use of the party was the beautiful *Little Sea Mev*. Every member of Daniel Hunter's numerous family connections, from grandmothers to the infant, were to be of the party. There was but one child on board—little Maud Hunter—and excited as all the wealthy city party were with the prospect of the wild sea trip, the greatest interest was for the young heiress, who was to be seen from the arms of Stella, her pretty nurse, and passed from one to another of both ladies and gentlemen, and admired to excess. And, in truth, little Maud looked very beautiful, and it was an exaggeration at all to call her a little arch. She seemed one without the wings.

While they were dressing the beautiful child, the steamboat cast loose from the wharf, turned around, and its course down the bay. The city gradually receded, and the bay, or, rather, that arm of the bay, miscalled *S—n River*, widened before them. But few could leave the lovely child to look upon the lovely scene.

The boat was well out to sea in three hours' run—that is to say, by 9 o'clock—and by 10 o'clock they reached Which Island, a wild, desolate, sandy island of about a hundred acres, covered with coarse, reedy grass, and a grove of gigantic pine trees—hence sometimes called Pine Island—it lay some thirty miles south of the mouth of *S—n River*, and within a mile of the shore. The shore for many leagues up and down was sandy and desolate, and covered with growth of pine trees, hence this section of the State was called the *Pine Barrens*. The shore and the island were both unpeopled, uninhabited, and unfringed. They had never been the resort of picnic or excursion parties. And it was upon these accounts that the island had been selected by our party, and it was this set of circumstances that lent

to the excursion something of the novel and adventurous aspect of an expedition.

Everybody enjoyed the outing, and it was with regret that the trippers got aboard the gay little steamer and put off from the island.

At last the deep sleep of the baby wavered. It gave her such a shock! She had been out, still trembling, and asked, in a faltering voice:

"What is the matter, Augusta? Good Heaven, Augusta! what has happened? You look so deadly pale and faint!" said Daniel Hunter, meeting her.

"Nothing—nothing at all has happened, only my excessive foolishness again. I want my child! Lucy! Lucy!"

"Oh! I know it! I know it! but I want my baby! Elizabeth! Lucy!" exclaimed Augusta, hurrying past him.

"Oh! Mrs. Hunter, and her daughters were standing on the forward deck, ready to go on shore, when Augusta rushed into them—and afraid to give verbal utterance to the fears that her every look and every gesture betrayed, she asked, in fainting tones:

"Where is my child? Is she wrapped up well? Give her to me!"

"What do you mean, Augusta? What are you saying? We left Letty and Stella to take her up and dress her. They have got her. Why, what's the matter?"

"Oh! my God! cried Augusta, sinking down upon the deck.

"Oh! my God! Good Heavens, Augusta—"

"Drowned! drowned! My child has fallen out of the window into the water, and is drowned!" cried Augusta, and fell upon her face with a shriek which those who loved her might well hope to be her last.

CHAPTER IX.

Leathing the sunlight, cursing earth, and blaspheming Heaven, the wretched Norah had fled from the galleys, one awful sight still glaring on her eyes, one awful sound still ringing in her ears—the vision of her son as he stood upon a frail drop—a living man enveloped in a shroud—and the instantaneous click of the spring, the fall of the trap and the rushing whirl of the falling body. It was glaring on her sight, it was ringing in her ears, it was maddening her brain as she fled away. A pall of sin and misery and death seemed to lower dark and stifling over the city.

With her hand pressed upon her forehead and eyes, as if she shut out sight and sound, she fled through the city, and beyond it into the green field, and past them into the darkest depths of the forest.

On the fourteenth of July she heard of the governor's projected trip down the river and bay, and a keen desire for revenge surged in the woman's breast.

With the surpassing subtlety of insanity, Norah managed on the fifteenth of July to conceal herself on board the boat. She accompanied the party down the bay.

To make away with "sweet Maud" was her purpose, but there seemed no opportunity of carrying out her fell design till the little party were on the return journey.

Ever on the alert, she had heard two persons, the mother and the nurse, enter the deserted cabin. She heard the gentle voice of the mother directing the nurse to put out the lights. She heard her also dismiss the nurse, and then followed darkness and silence, softly broken as at last by the mother's low, melodious voice as she sang and rocked the babe to sleep. Next she heard the entrance of another—Letty—and she listened to the conversation that she overheard. She heard the mother and the young nurse open the stateroom door and the adjoining cabin, and the babe to rest. She laughed then and lay the babe to sleep, and then she took her precaution after the other against any chance harm or inconvenience to their talk about the window, and each asked and assured each other that the window was perfectly safe. And she laughed more when she heard them go out and heard the babe alone. But soon she heard a chair near the nurse as she came and drew a chair near the nurse as she came from her window and saw that the nurse was approaching the city. When she turned waiting there, according to order, to carry the company home. In a moment all ladies looking for their bonnets, scarfs and parasols, etc.; gentlemen hunting up hats, gloves and umbrellas, or assisting their ladies with their light shawls and mantles.

Augusta left her husband's arm, and went down below to attend to little Maud. There was no one in the cabin, except Letty, who was standing before a glass, trying on her bonnet, and Stella, who stood near her, with a large lace shawl and an infant's cloak hanging over her arm.

"We have not taken Maud up yet," said Letty, "we did not wish to disturb the darling all the last moment."

"It is time now, however; the steamboat is at the wharf," said Augusta, and she opened the state-room door and went in.

But the window was open and the babe was gone!

Paralyzed by the sight, the mother stood—yet she did not believe the mother's thought grandmother, or one of the young aunties, had taken her up and thrown the window open for more light than that open window above the water—it gave her such a shock! She had been out, still trembling, and asked, in a faltering voice:

"What is the matter, Augusta? Good Heaven, Augusta! what has happened? You look so deadly pale and faint!" said Daniel Hunter, meeting her.

"Nothing—nothing at all has happened, only my excessive foolishness again. I want my child! Lucy! Lucy!"

"Oh! I know it! I know it! but I want my baby! Elizabeth! Lucy!" exclaimed Augusta, hurrying past him.

"Oh! Mrs. Hunter, and her daughters were standing on the forward deck, ready to go on shore, when Augusta rushed into them—and afraid to give verbal utterance to the fears that her every look and every gesture betrayed, she asked, in fainting tones:

"Where is my child? Is she wrapped up well? Give her to me!"

"What do you mean, Augusta? What are you saying? We left Letty and Stella to take her up and dress her. They have got her. Why, what's the matter?"

"Oh! my God! cried Augusta, sinking down upon the deck.

"Oh! my God! Good Heavens, Augusta—"

"Drowned! drowned! My child has fallen out of the window into the water, and is drowned!" cried Augusta, and fell upon her face with a shriek which those who loved her might well hope to be her last.

CHAPTER X.

When that awful day—that day of the dark doom—was over, when the last sorrowful offices of love and the solemn rites of religion had been performed for the dead, and when all efforts to recover the living and the lost had been abandoned, and when the youthful widow, content no longer absent from her ill and orphaned boy—then Father Goodrich placed his parish for a week under the sole charge of his colleagues, and harnessed up the little donkey-cart to take Ellen and her child home. To the poor young widow this was a very sorrowful journey, full of harrowing recollections and associations. In passing every familiar scene had loved so well, her heart bled fresh—and on reaching the chosen spot of which he had spoken so hopefully on the last dark day of his life, her grief burst forth with passionate violence. And nothing could have sustained her through this last trial but the presence, the prayers and the religious consolations offered by the good priest.

It was late in the evening when they reached Deep Dringle, the forest home of Ellen. It was a gray, rainy day, and overgrown with moss and creeping vines, and overshadowed by high wooded hills. There was no cultivated ground near it, except a small garden, with a few fruit trees inclosed by a low stone wall, his grown and covered with creepers, like the cottage. As the little old donkey-cart wound slowly and carefully down the rocky hill, old Abishag, the nurse, stood watching at the cottage gate. And when it drew up and stopped, and Ellen got out, the old servant came forward burst into a flood of tears, and threw herself, weeping, into the arms of the faithful and affectionate creature.

That told the tale! Ellen almost instantly disengaged

WANTED

A good Cook for family of two. Highest wages paid. References required.
Write MRS. JOHN M. EASTWOOD,
P. O. Box 97, Hamilton, Ont.

himself, and, asking how the sick boy was, without waiting for the answer, rushed into the house to ascertain for herself.

"And where is the old mistress?" asked Abishag, as she received the young lady from the arms of Father Goodrich.

"We do not know—she has been missing since the day of the execution. When I return to the city, I shall prosecute the search for her. And now, Abishag, you must not inflict your young mistress with the details of my comments upon anything that has occurred in the city. You must not even give her the least encouragement to talk about these things, even if she is disposed to do so, but try to draw her mind off, and interest her in the affairs of the household and the children. How is the sick child?"

"A good deal worse, sir," said old Abishag, leaving a deep sigh at these accumulated troubles.

The priest hastened into the house, where he found Ellen in the extremity of distress. He turned and found that the cabin was still empty, and that the keyhole and saw that it was deserted. And then the heavy breathing of the door, secured by her hand, was the only sound that reached her ears.

Now or never, then, for vengeance. It was a great risk, but it should be run. Stealthily unlocking the door, she glided into the cabin. It was vacant of company, except Stella, who, with her head thrown back over her hair, was sleeping the profound, deathlike sleep only enjoyed by the child of Africa. Norah opened the baby's stateroom door, and revealed a vision as beautiful as that of a sleeping angel—the gold silk curls and the child, blooming face of the slumbering child as she lay enveloped in her white gossamer drapery. There was not a moment to be lost.

First, remembering the mother's talk about the window, with fingers that she unhooked the blind and swung it wide open, and trailed a portion of the counterpane out, as if it had been dragged there by a falling body.

Then she softly raised the child in her arms and gathered it close to her bosom.

Little Maud, accustomed only to love and care, and knowing when awake and dreaming when asleep of nothing else, had smiled as she was lifted up, and murmuring "Minnie," put her arms around the neck of her terrible foe, and with a sigh of tired infirmity, resigned herself to rest again.

Norah wore a large shawl. Laying the babe flatly as possible against her breast, and folding the shawl closely over her, Norah stole from the cabin, and creeping along under the shadows, reached the lower forward deck, which was also in deep gloom.

The boat had now reached the wharf. A crowd of men were forward—some securing her, some bringing down her baskets, cases and hampers that were to go on shore. And everybody was too much engaged to notice a new-comer, who, besides, kept out of the range of observation.

Then Norah heard a sudden running to and fro in the cabin and she knew they had missed the child. Seizing a hamper as an excuse she mingled with the crowd, creeping along under the shadows, she gained the city streets, and swiftly and stealthily passing through them, she at last reached the opposite suburb, ran across the green fields and gained the forest the scene of her agony after the revelation. Here she sat down in the trepidation, in the breathless delight of an accomplished vengeance. She knew the hearts of those she had left behind were wrong with agony, and that her laughter rang through the silent forest. She did not notice it. She was palpitating with joy at the fruition of her vengeance. She had not time to see the agony of her adversary. She felt it! But the strong little child moved vigorously under her shawl and heaved itself over the top of one of its fat, peary arms. Then she opened its eyes and frowned its robe to give it air. And the old Maud, weary to exhaustion by the playing and teasing and caressing she had undergone during the day, fell asleep again.

CHAPTER XI.

When that awful day—that day of the dark doom—was over, when the last sorrowful offices of love and the solemn rites of religion had been performed for the dead, and when all efforts to recover the living and the lost had been abandoned, and when the youthful widow, content no longer absent from her ill and orphaned boy—then Father Goodrich placed his parish for a week under the sole charge of his colleagues, and harnessed up the little donkey-cart to take Ellen and her child home. To the poor young widow this was a very sorrowful journey, full of harrowing recollections and associations. In passing every familiar scene had loved so well, her heart bled fresh—and on reaching the chosen spot of which he had spoken so hopefully on the last dark day of his life, her grief burst forth with passionate violence. And nothing could have sustained her through this last trial but the presence, the prayers and the religious consolations offered by the good priest.

It was late in the evening when they reached Deep Dringle, the forest home of Ellen. It was a gray, rainy day, and overgrown with moss and creeping vines, and overshadowed by high wooded hills. There was no cultivated ground near it, except a small garden, with a few fruit trees inclosed by a low stone wall, his grown and covered with creepers, like the cottage. As the little old donkey-cart wound slowly and carefully down the rocky hill, old Abishag, the nurse, stood watching at the cottage gate. And when it drew up and stopped, and Ellen got out, the old servant came forward burst into a flood of tears, and threw herself, weeping, into the arms of the faithful and affectionate creature.

That told the tale! Ellen almost instantly disengaged

POTATO IMPROVEMENT,

As Carried on Throughout Canada Under the Direction of the Canadian Seed Growers' Association.

(Extract from the last annual report of the Secretary.)

During the past year very material progress has been made by perfecting our methods of potato improvement and in instituting their application throughout the country. At the last meeting of the association a very excellent paper on "Potato Improvement" was read by Mr. W. T. Macoun, horticulturist at the Central Experimental Farm. Upon the work which Mr. Macoun and many other authorities on the potato plant, both at home and abroad, have done, a system of potato improvement suitable for use among Canadian growers was drafted and is being applied in simple and practical yet is founded on scientific principles, the individual plant being taken as the basis for improvement. The tubers produced by each plant are morphologically considered, and the best are selected and simply swollen portions are not of the reproductive system. The question has therefore been raised as to whether or not the principles through which breeding should be applied in the case of sexual reproduction or perpetuation through parts of the vegetative system. But variation is, as a rule, more marked than in seed variation, and some investigators claim that a part of any plant cannot possess qualities which differ materially from those of another part of the same plant. The best obtainer of the present time does not support this view, and the "individuality" of different parts is now generally recognized. Since the tubers produced by any single plant are all distinct parts of that plant, the possibility of variation in the productive capacity and in other qualities is recognized.

The system drafted for this association enables the grower to plant seed tubers taken from the different parts of the plant, especially chosen for seed purposes, that a part of seed promising variation which may result may be selected and used in endeavoring to build up a strong, healthy and productive type. Furthermore, it is almost all parts of Canada no matter how suitable may be the conditions, there are many adverse conditions with which the potato has to contend. Unfortunately, man himself is often the worst enemy of the potato, and, unconsciously, though very materially, assists in its downfall. The using of small potatoes from degenerate hills is perhaps the most glaring example of this. The small potato is not able to reduce the size of the plot to one consisting of 25 rows with 8 hills in each row, both rows and hills to be at least 24 inches apart. A plot of this size, it is thought, should not require more work than the average grower can well afford to expend, and more careful work on the part of the grower should be encouraged. From each of the 25 hills 8 tubers are then chosen, and each set of 8 tubers so selected is used to plant one of the eight-hilled rows, a this as far as the seed is concerned. The effect of improved cultural methods is another common error. Against these things this plant is continually struggling year after year, and while there is a continual survival of the fittest, above the prevailing difficulties in an endeavor to maintain the standard of the race, yet, unfortunately, these are quickly gathered in and hurried off to market, leaving the small potato remaining to often degenerate tubers remaining to be used for seed purposes. With such a system is there any wonder why many of our best varieties have suffered a rapid decline, until they are now practically worthless? What is needed among potato growers to-day is some practical system whereby it may be possible to select for seed purposes those hills which have shown themselves superior to others enjoying equal opportunities. In this way seed tubers which rank above the average would be chosen while those falling short would be ignored, hence making for an upward instead of a downward tendency. The use of just such an arrangement has been met by the association in its system of potato improvement already referred to.

In undertaking systematic work according to this system it is recommended in the first place that a good standard variety be chosen, and that the best possible seed of that variety with which to start be secured. The new beginner is advised to test two or three leading varieties the first year in small plots, side by side, to keep the hills separate when digging, and, after having decided which variety has given the best results, to select and keep separate 25 of the best hills of the variety for replanting in the breeding plot of the following year in accordance with the regulations as drafted. While the minimum size of the seed plot recognized by the association is a quarter acre, yet in the case of potatoes it was thought advisable to have a smaller plot, and to plant a single whole tuber being used to plant each hill. At harvest time each row is dug separately, and the individual hills are numbered and the best kept separate for examination. This arrangement permits the grower to determine, first, the best rows, and, secondly, the best hills in these rows. The required number of specially desirable hills can then be laid away for planting on the plot the following spring as above indicated. Special blank forms are sent each grower in duplicate in order that he may record certain information regarding the performance of each row, referring especially to yield, quality and freedom from disease. While it is urged that the crop on the improved plot be sprayed for blight, yet the spraying of the breeding plot is left to the discretion of the individual grower. In districts where disease is troublesome the desirability of developing strains capable of withstanding these maladies is such that spraying is ignored, and those plants which have shown the greatest power in resisting disease are chosen as seed tubers. The difference between varieties in their aptitude toward blight and other diseases as observed at the different experiment stations is so noticeable that the development of disease-resistant strains seems to offer great possibilities.

Note—Potato growers looking for maximum crops are recommended to try the above system. While anyone may carry on the work independent of the above association, yet there are certain advantages which come through organized effort. We advise all, therefore, who desire to know more of this work to communicate at once with the secretary, Canadian Seed Growers' Association, Canadian Building, Ottawa, Ont., as the best time for selecting for next year's crop is not far distant.

Crops the World Over.

Broomfield estimates the world's wheat crop this year at 3,024,000,000 bushels, having added 31,000,000 bushels for more liberal and later crops in the United States and Argentine crops, says "Crop Reporter" of the Department of Agriculture.

The most serious wheat losses are looked for in Hungary, the Balkan countries and Germany. Increases are expected in Russia (spring wheat) and in France.

Hungary will make up some of its wheat loss by an increased crop of corn. Determination of the corn crop, however, is reported by the Bureau of Statistics, and the lack of rain. A failure there of that crop would entail serious consequences.

Rye promises a fair crop in Germany and a better than average yield in Russia, but elsewhere the prospects are moderate.

Barley is expected to give a satisfactory yield in Austria-Hungary, Germany and Russia, but fears are expressed as to quality and color.

BADLY RUN DOWN

Through Overwork—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restored Health and Strength.

Badly run down is the condition of thousands throughout Canada. You find them everywhere. You are weak, tired, out of sorts; pale and thin; your appetite is restless, your appetite is poor, and you suffer from headaches. All this suffering is caused by blood and nothing can make you well but good blood—nothing can make this good blood so quickly as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. These pills never fail to make rich red, health-giving blood. Mr. H. R. Reed, Quebec city, says: "About twelve months ago I was all run down as the result of overwork. My doctor ordered me to take a complete rest, but this did not help me. I had no appetite, my nerves were unstrung and I was so weak I could scarcely move. Nothing the doctor did helped me, and I began to think my case was incurable. While confined to my room friends came to see me, and one of them advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I did so, and soon my appetite improved. My color came back, and in less of a month I was able to leave my room. I continued the pills for another month, and they completely cured me. I am now in the best of health. Objects that were once dimly visible. We could make out the windmill, and the adobe of the ranch houses, and the cereals. The cowboys arose one by one, dropping their plates into the dish pan, and began to hunt under their ropes. Everything was bright and mysterious in the faint gray light. I watched Windy Bill near his tarpaulin. He stooped to throw over the fence. When he straightened up, before daylight, when he straightened up, back, daylight had come. It was just like that, as though some one had reached out his hand to turn on the illuminations of the world.—From *Founding Days*, by Stewart Edward White, in *The Outlook Magazine* for October.

So it seems that the Japanese have been "hectoring" President Roosevelt. Don't let being hectored, eh?—Baltimore Sun.

Wanted

A good Cook for family of two. Highest wages paid. References required.
Write MRS. JOHN M. EASTWOOD,
P. O. Box 97, Hamilton, Ont.

ing the performance of each row, referring especially to yield, quality and freedom from disease. While it is urged that the crop on the improved plot be sprayed for blight, yet the spraying of the breeding plot is left to the discretion of the individual grower. In districts where disease is troublesome the desirability of developing strains capable of withstanding these maladies is such that spraying is ignored, and those plants which have shown the greatest power in resisting disease are chosen as seed tubers. The difference between varieties in their aptitude toward blight and other diseases as observed at the different experiment stations is so noticeable that the development of disease-resistant strains seems to offer great possibilities.

Note—Potato growers looking for maximum crops are recommended to try the above system. While anyone may carry on the work independent of the above association, yet there are certain advantages which come through organized effort. We advise all, therefore, who desire to know more of this work to communicate at once with the secretary, Canadian Seed Growers' Association, Canadian Building, Ottawa, Ont., as the best time for selecting for next year's crop is not far distant.

Crops the World Over.

Broomfield estimates the world's wheat crop this year at 3,024,000,000 bushels, having added 31,000,000 bushels for more liberal and later crops in the United States and Argentine crops, says "Crop Reporter" of the Department of Agriculture.

The most serious wheat losses are looked for in Hungary, the Balkan countries and Germany. Increases are expected in Russia (spring wheat) and in France.

Hungary will make up some of its wheat loss by an increased crop of corn. Determination of the corn crop, however, is reported by the Bureau of Statistics, and the lack of rain. A failure there of that crop would entail serious consequences.

Rye promises a fair crop in Germany and a better than average yield in Russia, but elsewhere the prospects are moderate.

Barley is expected to give a satisfactory yield in Austria-Hungary, Germany and Russia, but fears are expressed as to quality and color.

BADLY RUN DOWN

Through Overwork—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restored Health and Strength.

Badly run down is the condition of thousands throughout Canada. You find them everywhere. You are weak, tired, out of sorts; pale and thin; your appetite is restless, your appetite is poor, and you suffer from headaches. All this suffering is caused by blood and nothing can make you well but good blood—nothing can make this good blood so quickly as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. These pills never fail to make rich red, health-giving blood. Mr. H. R. Reed, Quebec city, says: "About twelve months ago I was all run down as the result of overwork. My doctor ordered me to take a complete rest, but this did not help me. I had no appetite, my nerves were unstrung and I was so weak I could scarcely move. Nothing the doctor did helped me, and I began to think my case was incurable. While confined to my room friends came to see me, and one of them advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I did so, and soon my appetite improved. My color came back, and in less of a month I was able to leave my room. I continued the pills for another month, and they completely cured me. I am now in the best of health. Objects that were once dimly visible. We could make out the windmill, and the adobe of the ranch houses, and the cereals. The cowboys arose one by one, dropping their plates into the dish pan, and began to hunt under their ropes. Everything was bright and mysterious in the faint gray light. I watched Windy Bill near his tarpaulin. He stooped to throw over the fence. When he straightened up, before daylight, when he straightened up, back, daylight had come. It was just like that, as though some one had reached out his hand to turn on the illuminations of the world.—From *Founding Days*, by Stewart Edward White, in *The Outlook Magazine* for October.

So it seems that the Japanese have been "hectoring" President Roosevelt. Don't let being hectored, eh?—Baltimore Sun.

Scott's Emulsion strengthens enfeebled nursing mothers by increasing their flesh and nerve force.

It provides baby with the necessary fat and mineral food for healthy growth.

ALL DRUGGISTS, 50c. AND \$1.00.

DR. J. C. BIRD'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
BRIGHT'S DISEASE
GRAVEL
RHEUMATISM
GOUT
MIGRAINE
HEADACHE
NEURALGIA
BRONCHITIS
ASTHMA
COPD
EMPHYSEMA
CATARRH OF THE BLADDER
CATARRH OF THE UTERUS
CATARRH OF THE VAGINA
CATARRH OF THE RECTUM
CATARRH OF THE COLON
CATARRH OF THE STOMACH
CATARRH OF THE PANCREAS
CATARRH OF THE SPLEEN
CATARRH OF THE LIVER
CATARRH OF THE GALLBLADDER
CATARRH OF THE BILE DUCTS
CATARRH OF THE SALIVARY GLANDS
CATARRH OF THE LARYNX
CATARRH OF THE TRACHEA
CATARRH OF THE BRONCHI
CATARRH OF THE LUNGS
CATARRH OF THE PLEURA
CATARRH OF THE PERITONEUM
CATARRH OF THE DIAPHRAGM
CATARRH OF THE PERICARDIUM
CATARRH OF THE HEART
CATARRH OF THE BLOOD VESSELS
CATARRH OF THE LYMPHATIC SYSTEM
CATARRH OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM
CATARRH OF THE SKIN
CATARRH OF THE EYES
CATARRH OF THE EARS
CATARRH OF THE NOSE
CATARRH OF THE THROAT
CATARRH OF THE MOUTH
CATARRH OF THE PHARYNX
CATARRH OF THE ESOPHAGUS
CATARRH OF THE STOMACH
CATARRH OF THE PANCREAS
CATARRH OF THE SPLEEN
CATARRH OF THE LIVER
CATARRH OF THE GALLBLADDER
CATARRH OF THE BILE DUCTS
CATARRH OF THE SALIVARY GLANDS
CATARRH OF THE LARYNX
CATARRH OF THE TRACHEA
CATARRH OF THE BRONCHI
CATARRH OF THE LUNGS
CATARRH OF THE PLEURA
CATARRH OF THE PERITONEUM
CATARRH OF THE DIAPHRAGM
CATARRH OF THE PERICARDIUM
CATARRH OF THE HEART
CATARRH OF THE BLOOD VESSELS
CATARRH OF THE LYMPHATIC SYSTEM
CATARRH OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM
CATARRH OF THE SKIN
CATARRH OF THE EYES
CATARRH OF THE EARS
CATARRH OF THE NOSE
CATARRH OF THE THROAT
CATARRH OF THE MOUTH
CATARRH OF THE PHARYNX
CATARRH OF THE ESOPHAGUS

ONTARIO ARCHIVES

TORONTO