

Cameron and...
...the girls...
...the girls...
...the girls...

EEKS.

Cruisers Re-
...three timber...
...days to get...
...the steamer...

...in which...
...curiosity...
...the craft...
...the stern...

PAY.

Hochelaga
...Anderson, who...
...the fire last...
...the Pring...
...to equip...

ILL.

...the night...
...the high...
...the night...
...the high...

Against

Natal's
...The is the...
...the general...
...of being...
...and as the...
...the trial...
...to take...
...beveled to...

Minutes

...at 5.49...
...trans-...
...the voy-...
...beats...
...the Lusi-

Against

Natal's
...The is the...
...the general...
...of being...
...and as the...
...the trial...
...to take...
...beveled to...

The True and The False

"I never wished to harm you, sweet and noble lady—but him! Oh! he did me a horrible injury!"
"You have suffered a terrible wrong by a cruel wrong. My husband was his fate's executor. I do not defend him. He does not defend himself. But he has suffered only less than you. There is a world that rectifies all that has gone wrong in this. You are very near its bourne. Had you passed the happiest, instead of the most unhappy life, it would be all the same to you now. Think of that. But what is essential—what will make all the difference—is the spirit in which you will pass away. Do not be obdurate. Do not be un-forgiving."

"And do not you talk nonsense to me, gentle lady? I cannot change my heart."
"The Lord can change it. Pray to Him."
"I cannot pray. It were hypocrisy."
"Let me pray for you."
"Do not mock me, gentle lady."

"Heaven forbid. Let me pray with you. Let me kneel by you, and hold your hands in mine, and pray with you. Come! you are not so hard as you seem. You are softening now. God will to pardon and bless you. Angels hover around your bed to see what you will do."
"O angel does, lady. But concern yourself with your child, lady. Why don't you ask about her?"

"Because I am satisfied about my child; I know all that is necessary to be known."
"Ah! you do! Who told you?"
"Your words and actions, and circumstances already known to me."
"But—you do not know all—all!"
"I know that in the frenzy of your grief and anger, when you forgot God, you could not hear what your better spirit said, you took away my little child, and gave her a new name—called her Sylvia Grove—and gave her to your daughter-in-law, Ellen," said the lady, gently.

"Yes, yes, yes," muttered Nora to herself, with a perplexed look; "and yet you do not know all!"
"Nor," suddenly exclaimed Mrs. Hunter, as a spasm of pain convulsed her beautiful countenance; "there is one thing I must ask you: Was Ellen a party to the—I mean, did Ellen know whose child it was, that you committed to her care?"

"No, no, no, no! she never even suspected it, I am sure."
"Thank God!" exclaimed Augusta, fervently.
"O, it would have hurt you more if Ellen had been so wicked! Poor Ellen! she has not been to see me in a long time, it seems to me."
Mrs. Hunter did not think proper to inform the sufferer of her daughter-in-law's death. She said:

"And now I am satisfied about my child. She has grown up a good and beautiful maiden; she has received no harm from the act that I feel sure you have repented. Now think of yourself!"
"O, yes! I do repent of taking her from you! Toward him I have no repentance—none! But toward you—oh! lady, I have always repented—always repented!"
"O, Nora, repent toward the Lord."
"O, Mrs. Hunter! that night, when hurrying through the crowd upon the shore, I bore your infant away; I heard your distant shrieks of anguish—they pierced my ear—they were echoed from my heart! I have heard them ever since. I have heard them in my solitude. I have heard them in the night; they have startled me from my sleep! Had I murdered you, lady, my sufferings could not have been greater! But I would not give up my vengeance. And I could not bear remorse. And between them I maddened!"

"I am dying, yet I cannot ask the Lord's pardon until I have obtained yours, and yours I know I shall never have. It is useless to speak of it. Gentle and noble as you are, you could not grant it, even if you would. I know by my own heart that it is impossible. For, as I cannot cease to loathe him who refused to spare my son, I feel that you cannot choose but hate me, who betrayed you of your little child!"
And with a shuddering sigh, that shook her whole frame, the wretched

When Daniel Hunter left Howlet Hall, he rode on at a brisk pace through the

two. He did not think proper to communicate upon that night the strange discovery that had been made to him—in fact, he felt strongly opposed to hearing and answering the multitude of questions with which he felt certain the frivolous Lucy would greet the communication. He therefore contented himself with inquiring, in an off-handed manner, after the health and well-being of Mr. Hunter's little daughter, Sylvia Grove, and having received a satisfactory answer, he pleaded fatigue and retired to bed. Very early the next morning he swallowed a cup of coffee, and hastily threw himself into the saddle, and galloped rapidly toward Silver Creek, whither we must precede him.

CHAPTER XXIV.
A sharp, cold, clear, sparkling morning in December, with the ground covered with snow, with the sun shining dazzlingly, the creek frozen hard, the squirrels hopping through the bare woods, and the flocks of snowbirds alighting on the fields.
Early Sylvia left her sleepless pillow, and never maiden arose upon her bridal morning with a heavier heart. She could not think why. She loved Falconer, and she was willing to pass her life with him—yet there hovered upon her bosom a heavy weight, a vague anxiety, a sorrowful foreboding which she could neither throw off nor quite understand.

"I hope you will not be married till I come, for you are very young, dear child."
These words had been written to her by Mrs. Hunter. Yet now she seemed to hear the lady's voice speaking them to her—speaking them with a reproachful, and in what she was about to do, she felt an undefined sense of wrong and danger, which she could not reason away.
Sylvia completed her toilet as she walked alone. A black silk gown, a black cloth shawl, and a little black silk bonnet—her usual Sunday dress—were now her wedding garments. Like a star on the edge of a dark cloud shone her beautiful face from these shrouding draperies. She went out into the little parlor, where the breakfast table was set, and where Falconer awaited her.

"The youth stood at the chimney corner with his elbow resting on the mantel-piece, his head bowed upon his hand, and his long fingers driven through his black elf locks. He looked little like a bridegroom—his face was haggard, and with sleepless anxiety he gazed at Sylvia with a sense of wrong-doing—felt that it was an unmanly, unrighteous thing to take advantage of the gentle girl, and draw her into a marriage that promised nothing but misery. But passion—no, not though his bride should die heartbroken; he hurried all misgivings from him, and trampled all compunction down.

"The young people scarcely touched their breakfast, and then, Falconer, who would keep her safe till I meet her."
"O, how you must love her!"
"I do—more than all under heaven, except her father."

"And now you must long to hasten to her."
"I can wait for that. God, who has watched over her all these years, and made her such a good and lovely maiden, will keep her safe till I meet her."
"O, how you must love her!"
"I do—more than all under heaven, except her father."

"The sparkling splendor of the winter morning—the fresh, bracing air—the merry twittering or hopping about of the honest hardy little denizens of the leafless woods, the snowbirds, and the squirrels, that frequently crossed their paths—all combined to enliven the spirits of the young travellers. The Falconer asked:
"Where were you looking so grave about, Sylvia?"
"I do not quite know, but I felt as if this were a rumoury match."

"Hen-m! Whom are we running away from, Sylvia?"
"From Mrs. Hunter, isn't it?"
"O, the dear lady, she is the last one in the world to put fetters on you."
They journeyed on. They reached the Summit, and drove up to the church just as the Sunday school had been taken in. The church below stairs was empty. The congregation behind the altar, to assemble. Falconer alighted and secured his horse, and assisted Sylvia to descend from her seat, and they entered the church together. A little while they had to wait, until Mr. Lovel, who was the officiating minister, had finished the opening services of the Sunday school, and then Falconer sent a message to him by a late pupil who was going up.

"Mr. Lovel came down and met the young pair, and shook hands with them, and when Falconer had explained the business that had brought them thither, he looked surprised, amused, and turned such a quizzical glance upon Sylvia that the maiden blushed and drooped her eyes, saying, "Yes, certainly, he said, 'always happy to make friends with you.' Oh, by the way, have you seen Mr. Hunter this morning?"
"Mr. Hunter!" exclaimed Sylvia, with the light of joy springing to her eyes. "Mr. Hunter! he is not here, he has just arrived at Howlet Hall, and much too late for him to think of visiting Silver Creek that night. He found his young relatives and their little nestlings well, and the former, in expectation of his whole party, and not a little disappointed at seeing him alone. He satisfied them, however, by saying that urgent business had brought him down in advance of the others, who would follow in a day or two."

When Daniel Hunter left Howlet Hall, he rode on at a brisk pace through the

AJAX OIL

A Liniment—An Absolute Cure for Rheumatism
A new remedy to Canadians, but thousands in other countries have been cured. See what a prominent Toronto citizen says of AJAX OIL.

The Ajax Oil Co., Toronto, Ont.
Dear Sirs—This is to express my appreciation for your rheumatism cure. On the advice of a friend I purchased a bottle of Ajax Oil Liniment for rheumatism, and can safely say it certainly is a specific for rheumatism. I suffered intensely for years and tried nearly every known remedy, also had the advice of the best physicians but without any satisfactory results till I used your Ajax Oil, and now I can safely say I am completely cured. I give this testimonial entirely unhesitatingly, so that others similarly afflicted may know of your wonderful treatment—Ajax Oil Liniment.

Yours very truly, Geo. Milligan, Mr. "Arabella" cigars.

Sold in 8 oz. bottles—\$2.00 per bottle. Send \$3.00 by Money Order or registered letter and you will receive a bottle of Ajax Oil by return mail.

AJAX OIL CO., TORONTO, CANADA

interferring fields between the Hall and the Barrier, but had to slacken his speed in going through the dangerous mountain pass, which was well selected and wintry weather had rendered nearly impassable. This impeded his progress and worried and fatigued his horse, so that he could go only at a very moderate rate through the valley of the river. At the foot of the ridge of Silver Creek, and over the ridge, by reason of the washed and stilled roads, the mountain pass was still more difficult and dangerous. He was a long time getting through and the morning was well advanced when he reached Silver Creek cottage. He alighted at the gate and walked in. There was no one in the room. Comfortable as the cottage was with its little parlor in perfect order, and cheered with a bright wood fire burning in the chimney, it had a vacant, disappointing look. With the end of his riding-whip he rapped several times on the floor before any one came. At length, however, just as he was growing very impatient, Annet Mull appeared at the kitchen door.

"Well, bow is your young mistress?" he said.
"Miss Silvy had a class in the Sunday school, and she was very busy, sir, he wouldn't let her keep it."
A crimson spot, that not the infuriated mob could have raised there, now glowed upon Daniel Hunter's dark cheek while he kept his glittering eye fixed on the face of the loquacious old woman and asked:
"By what right does Mr. O'Leary interfere with Miss—with the young lady's occupations and amusements?"

"Yes, you see, sir, dey's 'gaged.' "
"Gaged, sir?"
"Gaged, sir. What do you mean?"
"Gaged, sir, 'gaged' is married, sir—and Marsa Falconer—she's so party, and he's so formal jealous (axing your grace, sir) as he won't let her have her class in the Sunday school for fear she'll be seen and 'mired and made much of, and somebody might cut him out. Dey's gone to church to be married this morning."

"What," cried Daniel Hunter, starting to his feet.
"O, yes, sir, dey's gone to church to be married this morning. 'Fore sarvice."
He reached the Summit in half an hour's hard riding, sprang from his horse, and hastened, breathless, into the church. There were but few people there. But there, before the altar, knelt Sylvia and Falconer—and the clergyman, with his book open, was performing the marriage ceremony. Daniel Hunter hurried on, one glimpse he got of his daughter's lovely face, shining as a star in the darkness of her drapery; and with a rush of love and admiration, he exclaimed to himself:
"Beautiful! beautiful! beautiful! she is beautiful—as her mother!"

They were all too absorbed to notice his quick approach. The minister was bending closely over them. Falconer held her left hand, and with the wedding-ring on her finger, was repeating, after the minister, the words of the ritual:
"With this ring I ring thee wed—with all my worldly goods I thee endow in the name of our Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."
"O, forbid the marriage!" exclaimed Daniel Hunter, stepping up.
The clergyman looked up in amazement to see Mr. Hunter there, and to hear him prohibit the ceremony. He recognized the speaker, and clung to the altar railings for support. The wedding ring dropped from her finger and Falconer sprang up; his feet rebounding from the floor like a spring; his breath drawn hard through his clenched teeth; his swollen and empurpled veins throbbing on his crimson forehead, and the white circle flaming around his darkened eyes.

"By what right, sir?" he asked, in a deep, stern, husky voice.
"By the holiest in nature, young man, come to me, Maud Hunter. Come to me, my dear child, I am your father."
(To be continued.)

Many years ago a certain earl gave a dinner in honor of a great Highland chief, who rarely came down from the hills. Though there were many illustrious persons at this dinner, the proud Highlander seemed none too well pleased. In fact, he was curt and haughty with the grandest. When the coffee came on, the host, leading his Highlander guest up and down the great hall, asked him what he thought of the company. "Och," said the chief, "they're nae bad chieftans. They're nae bad chieftans. Then he frowned, and proudly swelling out his broad chest, struck it a blow. "But the fact is," he cried, "I never yet met a man who was the equal of myself."

CURRENT COMMENT

The prizes in this division are given by the Association, while those for the first division are provided out of the general funds at the disposal of the Board. This year a number of special prizes, each valued at about \$100, are offered, as follows, viz.:
The Hodson Cup—A handsome silver cup offered by Mr. F. W. Hodson, ex-Livestock Commissioner, Toronto, to the member of the Canadian Seed Growers' Association making the most creditable showing of selected seed for the whole exhibition. This cup will not become the permanent property of any grower until won by him three times.

The Klincek Cup—Given by Prof. L. S. Klincek, Macdonald College, St. Anne, Que., for the best 25 ears of Dent corn, any variety, grown in Ontario in 1907 under the rules of the Canadian Seed Growers' Association. This beautiful sterling silver cup was especially designed by Johnson Brothers, of Montreal. Its lines, while simple, are particularly pleasing, and render the cup graceful and substantial in appearance. The hand-chased stalks, leaves and ears represented are a work of art, and combine with their artistic qualities an unusual fidelity to the subject. The cost was \$140. This trophy will not become the permanent property of any grower until won by him three times.

The Bate Cup—For the best 25 ears of Flint Corn, any variety, grown in Ontario according to the rules of the Canadian Seed Growers' Association, Mr. T. C. Bate, of H. N. Bate & Co., Ottawa, will give a cup annually until three cups have been won by the same grower, when such grower will receive the permanent property of the cup. The cost of the cup is \$100, given by the Steele, Briggs Seed Co., Toronto, for the best in competition, a beautiful trophy as a grand sweepstakes prize.

The Steele, Briggs Trophy—A trophy valued at \$100, given by the Steele, Briggs Seed Co., Toronto, for the best in competition, a beautiful trophy as a grand sweepstakes prize. The above trophy will not become the permanent property of any grower until won by him three times. Between exhibitions each trophy may be held by the last winner until permanently won. The donors of these valuable trophies deserve a great deal of credit for the interest they have taken in the work and for the public spirit they have shown, and it is to be hoped that the example which they have set may be followed by others equally interested in the public good.

Session on Seeds—On Dec. 11, beginning at 10 a. m., a session dealing with the problems of crop raising and of successful seed growing will be held in the lecture room of the Fair building. The programme is as follows: Wednesday, Dec. 11, a. m., Seeds—Address, "The Improvement of Ontario's Best Pasture Crops," by C. A. Zavitz, B. S. A., Professor of Field Husbandry, O. A. C., Guelph. Address, "Advantages of the Special Seed Plot as a Source of Seed," by John McCallum, Shakespeare, Address, "Hill Selection of Seed Potatoes," by T. G. Raynor, B. S. A., Ontario Representative Seed Branch, Ottawa.

Brains and Bedslats.
(From the Chicago Inter-Ocean, Nov. 21.)
It is impossible to enumerate all the different kinds of blithering idiots who are running around just now with their mouths open, but here are a few of them:
The man who regards it as "only a flurry in Wall street."
The man who asks: "Do you think we're going to have a panic?"
The man who says that "it has cleared the atmosphere."

The man who proclaims that "it helps the situation" to "smash the rotten banks," and that "Teddy's got the finance villains on the run."
The man who borrows \$10 and then tells you "it'll be all right in a few days, because there's just as much money in the country as there ever was."
The man who sits at the pie counter and tells everybody that it is a "good thing" to "smash every bank in the country," and save the "common people" from "slavery" to "the money power."

The man who says "it had to come anyhow," and "we're going to get it," while "they buy cheap stocks with our money."
The man with the amethyst ring and nickel-headed cane who announces everywhere that "Teddy can't bluff Teddy," and "he's got the Wall street gamblers going."
The man who proclaims that "it helps the situation" to "smash the rotten banks," and that "Teddy's got the finance villains on the run."

Chemistry and Diamonds.
It has already been established that the diamonds said to have been manufactured by chemistry were not diamonds at all. Two members of the committee deputed by the Academy of Sciences to subject the crystals to a searching test agree in this. They were brilliant and sparkling, but could, with either mineralogically or chemically, be classed as diamonds. They melted at 200 degrees, that is, in the flame of a candle. One of the examiners thinks the material may have been naphthalene.

Nature's Fairy Work.
The largest and most beautiful of the underground caves of Germany has, it is said, just been discovered while blasting a calcareous quarry near Attendorf, in Westphalia. There is a magnificent hall hung with the most beautiful and delicate stalactite curtains as white as snow, and in parts not even a centimetre thick, some of them shining with all the colors of the rainbow. The stalagmites are also very beautiful. The "side chapels," niches and choirs number from fifty to sixty, and they are nearly all of immaculate whiteness.

Britain's Lord Chancellor, Lord Loreburn, is now in Canada. This is the first occasion on which a Lord Chancellor has left the United Kingdom.

Nursing baby? It's a heavy strain on mother. Her system is called upon to supply nourishment for two. Some form of nourishment that will be easily taken up by mother's system is needed. Scott's Emulsion contains the greatest possible amount of nourishment in easily digested form. Mother and baby are wonderfully helped by its use.

