some slight curiosity was felt by the girl's eyes fixed on him as if she had not you've got." only slight Person led was power to withdraw them, as they seem. The old woman saw that he didn't ish figure in a kind of wonderment. houses are not only careful not to throw fire instead of blood through his veins. some tea. pass one. Some said that Lavarick ounce, every pennyweight, of his predid a little gold dealing now and then, cious nugget. and that he made a little with the cards. He wore what had once been a his sides, his eyes looking first at Nevsuit of black broadcloth, and the wit of lile and then at the child. the camp declared that Lavariek had "Eight hundred and fifty!" dropped "done" six months in England by mak- slowly from his lips. ing off with the money he was collect. The crowd waited the auctioneer stood ing at the door of a dissenting chapel. with upheld hand. He looked something like a broken clerk, "Going at eight hundred and fifty," and had been not infrequently called he said, grimly. "Going, going!" the Undertaker. He edged and glided "Nine hundred!" said Neville. among the crowd until he had reached the end of the table, and with his left eye still on the girl, listened to Lockit stillness fell instantly, and all eyes were "I do not want any tea, thank you," possible. and the two men with an intent expres- fixed on Lavarick. sion of suppressed eagerness and excitement, and when Lockit shouted: "Three got a handy parlor maid in the future, cheap as dirt. Going, going!" Lavarick | held up a dirty paw, and with a sickly smile of assumed indifference, said: "Three pounds ten!"

"Hallo!" exclaimed Lockit, "here's another. Bravo, Undertaker! But ain't table you rather premature? It's a live orphan we're disposing of."

The roar that followed drowned a and delight in the dramatic finale. faint cry of terror that escaped the it, and his face grew pale and his eyes forward toward him. He pushed aside the men in front of

him and stepped forward. "Four pounds!" he said, quietly, but his voice was clear and distinct enough, though low, to be heard by all; and there was a ring in it that caused the laughter to stop suddenly and draw every eye to him.

Lavarick, had turned and hidden her face against the breast of the woman to whom she was clinging; but she moved her head and looked over her shoulder at Neville, and he caught the look of anguished entreaty in the big gray

"And the young un, too! Cupid versus the Undertaker and Long Ned! And four pounds! Four pounds! No more shillings, gentlemen. We'll have pounds now I see that hospital, Doc, in my mind's eye, I do."

ugly sneer. He knew that the lad had sense or comprehension, then something had a run of bad luck, that his partner in his pitying blue eyes seemed to awak- her head. had left the claim in disgust, and he en the intelligence which the prolonged smiled contemptuously.

"Well, five pounds," he said.

intense silence prevailed as the bidding but she staggered, and he took her up in rose. The two men stood, divided by his arms bodily and strode toward the the rickety table, looking at each other; opening of the tent. Lavarick with the same sickly smile on As he did so Lavarick glided out sidehis face, and the suppressed eagerness ways with a hand thrust in his breast about his ill-shaped mouth, Neville with | pocket.

it's manner, and a grim seriousness had his revolver. taken its place. Every man in the crowd recognized that a change had had developed into terrible earnest. "One hundred!" said Lavarick.

amazement, and waited breathlessly. "Has he got the money? And where the open air. did he get it?" ran round.

"One hundred and fifty!" said Nev-

with: "Two hundred and fifty."

the young un just a-drawing me out for it? the fun of the thing?" An angry murmur rose.

A shout of assent arose.

I'm not." his solvency. "Is the bid against me?" he asked, looking up at the auctioneer. "If not,

I claim-" "Three hundred!" broke in Lavarick.

Neville. The crowd drew a long breath, "We shall want that lunatic asylum,

anyhow," remarked the wit, dryly, but no one laughed at the sally. "Five!" snarled Lavarick. Neville bid six.

The crowd pressed close up to the two men the excitement became fever-

paused a moment, then said, "Seven." A roar went up, but as it died away, Neville's voice was heard with the meal?" Then, as she saw what it was, ner room and looked at the child. She

He, too, was pale. He had weighed the candle. "Why, it's a girl! Is she his nugget. There was not a thousand dead?"

She gained a pound a day in weight.

"No, no!" said Neville, cheerfully. and frightened. Now, Meth, pull your- full of his new purchase, self together," he went on, as he carcied the girl into the hut, "and let us have some supper." "But where's that yere nugget?" de-

manded Meth, her eyes still on the child. "That's all right, Meth," he replied, as cheerfully as before. "You'll get your share to-morrow. Now then, little one," and he attempted to loosen the hands had a claim or taken a pick in hand, after deducting the agent's charges. It with his feet and sat down, -aying: "All here been caught attend to work of any was just possible that Lavarick possess- right. We'll wait a bit. Fichty of time. Now, Meth, hurry up with that cake, via making the coffee and old mother what a store, and that he had ed more he was a "dark horse"—and Now, Meth, hurry up with that cake, via making the coffee and old mother what a store, and that he had ed more he was a "dark horse"—and Now, Meth, hurry up with that cake, wind making the coffee and old mother what a store, and that he had ed more he was a "dark horse"—and Now, Meth, hurry up with that cake, wind making the coffee and old mother what a store, and that he had ed more he was a "dark horse"—and Now, Meth, hurry up with that cake, wind making the coffee and old mother what a store, and that he had ed more he was a "dark horse"—and Now, Meth, hurry up with that cake, which is the coffee and old mother what a store where the coffee and old mother what a store where the coffee and old mother what a store where the coffee and old mother what a store where the coffee and old mother what a store where the coffee and old mother what a store where the coffee and old mother never been caught actually stealing, would overbid him. He could see the and some milk, or tea, or whatever shoulder now and again at the slim, girl-

stones, but shut their eyes when they He would save her, if it cost him every Neville sat patiently, now and age in she said nothing, and proceeded to lay shuffles off this mortal coil. If we could the breakfast of cold pork, meal cakes

A shout arose. Lockit commanded silence. A dense down to the floor.

opened as if he were about to speak, been a trumpet tone. It was the voice, pound nine—going, going! Ned, you've then with a sinister smile, he turned not of a digger's child, but of a little "Going! gone!" cried Lockit.

> again as Neville grimly unbuttoned his newed shout—this time of amazement | night," he added, considerately.

girl's quivering lips; but Neville heard ed, and a dozen grimy hands were thrust "Bravo, young un! Bravo!" they vell- and looked at him. "Tell us, young un, is it your pile, or

> s there more behind?" "When did you get it?" "What's its weight?" were yelled at him. Neville held up his hand for silence.

said, as quietly as usual. "There's near- | long breath, "not now." The child, after that one glance at ly a thousand pounds there." He laid one hand on the nugget and

> "I leave it in your charge, Mr. Smith," the rest to-morrow." The agent nodded. The crowd closed round the nugget

Neville turned to the group of women, and held out his hand to the child.

"Will you come with me?" he said. The great eyes stared at him for a moment vacantly, and with no sign of teror had numbed and almost slain, and she leaned toward him.

"Go back and stop there," he said. blowing his nose, but he shrank back, her sleeping-room. and Neville passed him, and with the The crowd exchanged glances of child still over his shoulder and the re-

CHAPTER III.

"He's got the money or he wouldn't excitement somewhat, and as he made you know." "Two hundred!" dropped from Lavar- could, he began to realize what he had fool, young un," she croaked. done. He had spent his whole fortune | "Yes, I know," he assented, cheerfully. he asked himself the question which | idiot!

laughed grimly, and yet if it had to be "I should recommend any gentleman done again he would have done it inclined to play tha game to drop it," | Standing opposite that cadaverous, evilremarked Lockit, grimly. "We are ser- looking face of Lavarick's, with the fous now. This is business, eh, boys?" | child's wonderful grey eyes burning their way into his own heart, he had felt "Oh, I'm all fight," said Lavarick. | that he would have bid the clothes off "I've got what I bid. I'm not bluffing, his back before Lavarick should have

Neville did not condescend to assert | She lay quite motionless and inert against his heart, and Neville deemed it best to say nothing to her. He could feel her heart beating against his, and her breath coming still in frightened little pants against his neck, and once, when a "Four!" was the sharp response from digger stumbled past them, her hands

clutched Neville's shirt spasmodically. The inspired idiot who invented the copybook headings says that the truly courageous are always humane, and young Neville Lynne, with the pluck of a bulldog, possessed the tender heart of

a woman. They reached the hut, and at the sound of his footstep Mrs. Meth appeared fore, don't ask her any questions." at the doorway, holding the tallow can-Lavarick, his face pale and distorted, dle above her head and peering at them. "Is that you, young un? Law's sakes alive, what yer got there? A sack o' she uttered a screech and nearly dropped

&&&&&&&& A New Orleans woman was thin. Because she did not extract sufficient nourishment from her food. She took Scott's Emulsion.

see such 'air in all my born days. Like find any to bring. If dinner is ready a-a waterfall, ain't it. And soft as silk. let's eat. I'm hungry." and them black lashes. Don't often see them kind o' brows with that colored eyes. Reckon she's a born lady, too. But born ladies eat as much as other folks, oung un, and-"

He motioned her to silence, and, closing the door, buttoned up his peajacket. found to increase by growth 15,999
"I'm going to sleep outside to-night times the weight of their seed each day they stood upor the soil.

She's worth half a dozen dead ones, his revolver in his hand, but it was dawn ren't you, little one? She's only tired | before he fel lasieep. His brain was too

Did he dream and sigh over the loss of that little farm in green and smiling England, the farm he had "swapped" for the orphan of Lorn Hope?

CHAPTER IV. Lavarick was not a digger, had never pounds in it say nine hundred and sixty, little shiver, and he drew a box forward "Good-by" to, as he thought, forever.

When he went in to see if any break from his neck, but she clung close with a | the hole which yesterday he had said kind, nor kent a store and the did no work of any was just possible that Lavarick possess- right. We'll wait a bit. Plenty of time. fast happened to be about he found Syl-

Laverick stood, his hands writhing at | was ready he spoke to her. "How are we now, eh, little one? Not you know. Come, drink a little tea and simply gravely shy. you'll feel better and more plucky. "Why, you're quite a little housekeep- from the introduction in the bulletin

> you're at home!" The girl seemed to listen to the mus-

she said, in a low voice, which, however, He turned red, then white; his lips startled Neville as much as if it had hour he saw Lockit approaching.

He held her protectingly, encouraging-The tent shook with the roar that ly, for a moment, as she crouched beside rose in a deafening volley, and rose him and leaned against him. "No?" he said. "But you'll take some you went and planked it down for that it is a fair assumption that it has causcoat and dropped the nugget on the to please me, won't you by the way, girl! Well, I admire your pluck, I do, ed the feeder as much to produce a sight, what is your name? Never mind, I But, pard that fellow Lavarick has been pound of casein as a pound of fat. The The crowd pressed forward with a re- won't bother you with questions to- at me this morning-you know what proteins to which casein belongs are

> "My name is Sylvia-Sylvia Bond," she said. Neville nodded with his pleasant

"That's awfully pretty," he said. These and a score of similar questions | "Well, Sylvia, you are not frightened

"No, not now," she replied, glancing "There's no more. It's my pile," he round the dimly-lit hut and drawing a up at the man attentively. "That's all right," he said, "and you'll

> She sank down in front of the fire, her eyes fixed on the blaze, her small hand loosely clasped in the lap of her tattered frock, and Neville got placed the box so that she could lean against it, and signed to Meth to give her some food, putting his finger on his lips to indicate that she was not to bother her with questions. Then he turned to leave them alone, but at the sound

of his movements the girl turned quickly darker. and half rose. He went back and laid his hand on

"All right, Sylvia," he said, reassuringly. "I am only going outside to smoke BANISH PIMPLES a pipe. When you have had your tea He took her hand. It was cold as ice, you tumble into bed. Don't be afraid. Seven, eight, ten, twenty, forty. An and quivering like a leaf in the wind, I shall be just outside, you know." She sank back, but as she did so she put up her hand to his and drew it down to her lips.

Neville blushed like a girl, and got outside and lit his pipe. He walked up and down for the best his lips set square and his blue eyes Neville slung the child quickly but part of an hour, thinking over and realgently over his left shoulder, leaving his | izing-for at the first blush the whole The burlesque had died out of Lock- right hand free, and quietly drew out thing seemed like a ridiculous dreamwhat he had done; then he went into the hut, knocking first.

Lavarick, with an affectation of sur- Mrs. Meth was sitting before the fire. come over the spirit of the dream and prise, drew out the remnant of a pocket. She jerked her head toward the inner that waht had begun as a piece of fun handkerchief, as if he had only intended compartment of the kut which formed

"Asleep?" said Neville. child still over his shoulder and the revolver still in his hand, went out into the open air.

"Like a blessed top," replied Mrs. | Meth. "Be it true that she tells me, that others have twinges of rheumatism, or duction, a milk carrying for every 100 | Meth. "Be it true that she tells me, that others have twinges of rheumatism, or duction, a milk carrying for every 100 | All ready for her pies;

"Yes, but we won't say anything more The night air cooled Neville Lynne's about that. Meth. Your money's all right bid. He's straight enough, the young his way over the rough, uneven ground "Now say! If I was to die for it I'd toward his hut, walking as quickly as he be bound to say you was a darned young a tonic medicine as Dr. Williams' Pink

Ouick as a thought, Neville retorted barring a few pounds, in buying the "Did she say anything else. By the way. young girl lying across his shoulder, and I told you not to worry her, you old Lavarick raised his eyes and looked many a man has asked upon finding him- "No more I did! She let out about the energy to weak, tired out, ailing men self the purchaser of some "lot" at a nugget of her own accord. She's English, and women. Here is proof that Dr. Wil-"Is it a game of bluff?" he said. "Is sale, "What on earth shall I do with ain't she, and a swell. Leastways, I liams' Pink Pills is the greatest of all popularly called the flesh-builders, Yet

Nine hundred pounds! His all! He like yourself, young un, and you're a Chipman, N. B., says: "Last spring I was pound of fat is worth 25 cents, while a swell, you are, you know." "Yes, she's English, I think." Neville, ignoring the reference to himself. poor; I did not sleep well, and dreaded cents. If we allow the same value for "And what are you going to do with work. My blood was in a terrible con-

> "Never mind," said Neville. "We shall trouble. I tried several medicines, but heat they can produce, the fat could have manage, I daresay. Is she comfortable? without the least benefit, when one day about double the value of casein, but Poor little thing!" he added, more to a friend asked me why I did not try Dr. himself than to Meth. "I wonder who she Williams' Pink Pills. He spoke so highis, and how she came here?"

> "Don't appear as if she knows," said his advice and give the pills a trial. I Meth. "Says her father wasn't a digger; got a half dozen boxes and the result seems as if they was just on the hunt was that by the time they were finished humble opinion the method of valuing after anything that turned up." After I felt like an altogether different man. goods according to the heat produced is a pause, and in a husky, cautious voice: They purified my blood, built up my far from satisfactory. As anyone knows, "She've got something strung round her whole system, and I have not had a the proteids or muscle formers are the neck, a small parcel. Seems as if she pimple on my flesh, not a sick day since. set mighty store by it, too. Wouldn't let | For this reason I can highly recommend me so much as touch it. Reckon it's Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a bloodvaluable, eh, young un?"

Neville locked up. he said, sternly. "And, as I told you be- William's Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. "keeps up his muscle" better than any "Oh, all right," assented the old wo-

Neville got up after another pause, and, taking the candle, entered the inwas sleeping the sleep of exhaustion, but even in her deathlike sleep it seemed as if she were conscious of the packet lying on her bosom for her hands were "All right," responded Mrs. Quinby. clasped over it as if to protect and to

He stretched himself on the threshold.

Neville rose the next morning, had a wash in the river, and resumed work in

shoulder now and again at the slim, girl- one's views on an important question houses are not only careful and to be burning his heart, and sending want to be questioned, and began to get large expressive eves as he entered but will only in the same satisfaction to know that the truth

> supported by trestles. Neville saw that she had been crying, exclaim, like one of old, "Now let thy frightened still, eh? You're all safe now, but she had dried her eyes, and was now servant depart in peace, for mine eyes

> ical voice with all her heart as well as look ed at him intently, her lips moved value of nearly all milks for cheese her ears, then raised her head, glanced as if she were about to respond, but production has not been generally acat him with her solemn eyes, and slid | no sound came, and he ate his breakfast | cepted.

> > The two men exchanged nods. "Get that nugget out o' this, young un?" said Lockit.

"A rare slice of luck, young un! And She raised the wonderful, grey eyes | nine hundred?" he broke off.

Neville shook his head. No. It doesn't matter to me." "Well, we've reckoned to divide it square and fair, share and share alike all

round." "All right," said Neville, indifferently. the boys an offer."

"He's offered a thou-goodness knows stituents should at least have a closer where the nigger got the money!-but commercial value." have some tea and get a good night's he's offered it for the girl. Seems to With all of which we heartily agree, for the cure of indigestion, colic, conbeckoned to the bank agent with the rest, won't you. A good long sleep is take an interest in her, somehow. Says yet we find persons talking and writ-

the undertaker's offer."

(To be continued.)

Everyone Needs a Tonic in Spring to Purify and Build Up the

If you want new health and strength in spring you must build up your blood with a tonic medicine. Indoor life during the long winter months is responsidesire to avoid exertion is also due to but 40 pounds of casein." bad blood. Any or all of these troubles can be banished by the fair use of such Pills. Every dose of this medicine helps cussion of the relative amounts of casein to make new, rich, red blood, which and fat in cows' milk presents itself, and drives out impurities, stimulates every that is the relative commercial values of these two constituents. Both casein and organ, strengthens every nerve and fat are important foods casein belongbrings a feeling of new health and new judge so by her talk. She slings it jest spring medicines. Mr. Henry Baker, at prevailing prices at our creamery a so weak and miserable that I could hard- pound of casein, as allowed for skim said ly drag myself about. My appetite was milk, at 30 cents a hundred, is worth 12 Keep her? Why, there ain't enough dition, which caused pimples and small then the casein per pound in cheese is for we two! Unless that yere claim | boils to break out all over me. These would itch and pain and cause me much builder and purifier." Sold by all medi-

Finesse.

Mr. Quinby called up his wife by tele-

"Arabella," he said, "I'd like to bring a friend home to dine with us this even-

"Jason," she said, "you told me you Neville looked down at her, all the were going to bring a friend to take dintenderness and pity in his heart showing | ner with us, and I've laid myself out to get a good meal . Where is he?" "She's right down pretty, ain't she?" "Arabella," answered Mr. Quinby, "I whispered old Meth, in his ear. "Never said I'd like to bring a friend. I couldn't

Quick-Growing Seed. weight 15 times in a minute. On THE RELATIVE VALUES OF CASEIN AND FAT

Bulletin No. 156, from the Wisconsin experiment station, describes "A Simple l'est for Casein in Milk, and its Relation to the Dairy Industry." At the outset we would say, once for all, that it seems to be another case of "I told you so." The conclusions reached by the author of the Bulletin are the same as those the thick, dark hair then when the tea and coffee on the table of rough deals stand they took in this controversy fifteen years ago, we should be ready to have seen," etc. The following extracts itis.

You're all safe now, you know. You're er. Sylvia," he said. "What splendid have a more or less familiar look: "But the proposition that the per-His sally was not very successful. She centage of fat is also a measure of the

and got back to his claim as quickly as This clearly shows that for cheese production, the amounts of casein and After he had been at work half an fat should be known to both producer- ism and vertigo. the man who owns the cow-and the Twenty-fifth year-Marriage (included

man who buys the milk. "In the milk of individual cows there is certainly no definite and constant re-"Yes," replied Neville, cleaning his lation between the amounts of fat and

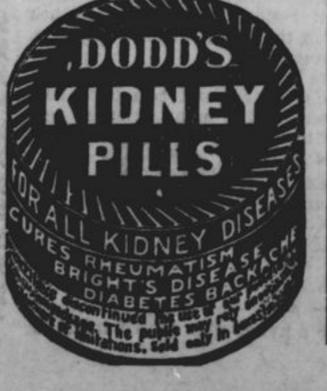
"On the basis of cost of production, we're going to do with the money—the nitrogen-containing bodies, and are the nine hundred?" he broke off. the farmer sells casein he is selling nitrogen; but when he sells fat he sells his cheapest source of nutrients, the air and water. It appears that there is something irrational and unbalanced in the relative commercial values of these two "But, young 'un, Lavarick has made the sale of casein represents a greater Neville leaned on his pick, and looked sold, and from this viewpoint alone it would appear that these two milk con-

its value, and for butter making, fat is | bowel troubles. I do not feel safe unless Neville's face reddened—that is to say, all that we need consider. But the mak- I have a box of Baby's Own Tablets in his tan grew duskier and his blue eyes ing of butter is a comparatively small the house." Sold by medicine dealers or industry in the Province of Ontario. The by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Jordan. great bulk of the milk is used directly | Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. as a food, or is manufactured into cheese. All public tests, based on production, should take into consideration the fact that the bulk of the milk pro-AND ERUPTIONS duced in Ontario is used for the manufacture of cheese. To place too much importance on the fat alone is more or less an injustice. This is not written in a controversial spirit, nor with the object of "hitting" anyone, but with the hope that those responsible will see the justice of the foregoing, and not cater

any further to the "fat" cry. The writer goes on to say: "One animal may yield a milk containing 2.7 per cent. casein and 6 per cent. fat, while another produces a milk of 2.7 per cent. casein and 4 per cent. fat; and still anble for the depressed condition and feeling of constant tiredness which affects and 6 per cent. fat. Expressed in anso many people every spring. This con- other way, we have milks where, for An' fed the cat, then started up dition means that the blood is impure every 100 pounds fat, there may be any Mrs. and watery. That is what causes pim- where from 40 to 73 pounds of casein. the sharp, stabbing pains of neuralgia. Poor appetite, frequent headaches and a yield more cheese than one containing

One more quotation: "Another matter of considerable importance in the disthat is the relative commercial values of fat are important foods, casein belonging to that generally more expensive class of nutrients-the proteids, and fat in cheese as it commands in butter. worth 18 cents. On the theory that the | nothing feeding or nutritive value of these two

nutritive value and heat-producing capaly of this medicine that I decided to take city are not with certainty to be so most expensive forms of foods. The workingman in Great Britain has found Canadian cheese at sixpence a pound the very cheapest muscle-former he can buy. cine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box He may not know much about the chem-"Leave it alone, Meth, whatever it is," or six boxes for \$2.50 from the Dr. istry of food, but he knows that cheese other food, considering cost, hence he buys and eats cheese in large quantities. If he could not get it at sixpence he would be willing to pay more, but none can blame him for getting it as cheaply



as possible. We look for the time when farmers will be ready to pay as much for cheese as for prime cuts of beef. It would pay to have the food value of Canadian dairy products demonstrated weekly in such a place as the Exchange build. ing in Manchester, Eng., and at other points .- Prof. H. H. Denn.

---THE STAGES OF LIFE. Dar gers Which Threaten Every Hu-

man Being. The question, "What is life?" has been asked many times, but it has seldom been answered in the manner chosen by a Parisian medical man in the French Journal of Health.

ease, and his analysis proceeds thus: First year-Infantile complaints and vaccination. Second year-Teething, croup, infantile cholera and convulsions. Third year-Diphtheria, whooping

He has defined life in terms of dis-

cough and bronchitis. Fourth year-Scarlatina and mening-Fifth year-Measles. By now, he says, half the children are dead. The others live on as follows:

Tenth year-Typhoid Eighteenth year-Neurasthenia.

Seventh year-Mumps.

Twentieth year-Cephalagia, alcoholamong the diseases). Twenty-sixth year-Insomnia (proba-

bly the first baby). Thirtieth year-Dyspepsia and nervous asthenia. Thirty-fifth year-Pneumonia. Forty-fifth year-Lumbago and failing

Fifty-fifth year-Rheumatism and

Sixtieth year-Amnesia, loss of teeth, hardening of arteries. Sixty-fifth year—Apoplexy. Seventieth year—Amblyopia, deafness, general debility, loss of tone in the digestive organs, gouty rheumatism. Seventy-fifth year-Death.

HEALTH FOR THE BABY A mother who has once used Baby's Own Tablets for her children will always use them for the minor ailments that come to all little ones. The Tab-

Does Ma Wish She Was Pa? Sez pa, one winter's night; 'I'd go down south and stay a while Where days are warm an' bright.' Till ma brought home some fresh pine know An' made a cheerful blaze, wish I had a million shares

I' stock in Standard Oil,' An' mixed hot biscuits, fried some ham An' eggs (smelt good, you bet!) Then pa-set down an' et! Next, from the lounge, we heard a snore:

Her plans for baking day. She brought more wood, put out the cat. Then darned four pairs o' socks; Pa woke, an' sez, "Its time for bed Ma. have you wound both clocks?"

—Mary F. K. Hutchison, in March Woman's

Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tableta. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E.

W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

What He Wanted to Say. "Hello!" "Hello! "Hello, confound you! What do Bethany they paused, while they were you want?"

"Is this 6445?"

used a telephone, and-

was saying-

"Oh, you needn't get mad about "Well, my time's worth money! I way. Her greeting tells us of her grief, can't stand here all day jabbering her faith that if Jesus had been there 'hello' to somebody! "This is about the first time I ever

"No. of course not." "Did you call me up to tell a funny "Well, why don't you go ahead ther, with your business?"

"You don't give me a chance. As

"Did you call me up just for prac-

'There you go again! Say, how long are you going to keep me standing here? "You can sit down if you want to !" ready proclaimed in words. Here, then, "I'll sit down on you if this is supposed to be a poke! Who are you,

firectly opposite you a few weeks "Well, Brown, I'm sorry I have spoken so harshly to you, but I'm not feeling just up to the mark to-day. Hope you will pardon me.'

"My name is Brown. I moved in

"Oh, certainly "What was it you wished to say to time which He knows to be best, death "Why, I wanted to tell you that our house is on fire."-Success.

A large area of peat land has been found in Madison county, Montana. The owner of a farm in the peat region has experimented in drying the peat, and namples of the fuel distributed in Virginia City have met with much favor. The fuel will be prepared in large quantity and can be sold at a low figure. A coal famine, due to lack of cars, has been threatening the region and the dis-covery of so cheap and efficient a substi-tute just at this time is considered a



The day is gently sinking to a close; Fan ter and yet more faint the sunlight glows. O Brightness of Thy Father's glory, Eternal Light of light, be with us Where Thou art present, darkness cannot be: Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with Thee.

Our changeful lives are ebbing to an Onward to darkness and to death we

O Conqueror of the grave, be Thou our guide. Be Thou our light in death's dark eventide! Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom. No sting in death, no terror in the

Thou who in darkness didst appear Sixteenth year-Chlorosis and spinal Upon the waves, and Thy disciples Come, Lord, in lonesome days when storms assail. Aud earthly hopes and human succors fail: When all is dark, may we benold Thee And hear Thy voice, "Fear not, for

it is I?" The weary world is mouldering to Its glories wane, its pageants pass In that last sunset, when the stars

shall fall. May we arise, awakened by Thy call, With Thee, O Lord, forever to abide In that blest day which has no even-

> -Christopher Wordsworth. Death and Its Conqueror.

(Robert Haddow in Presbyterian.) Following out His deliberate and care fully formed plan, Jesus put forward more and more clearly before the Jewish leaders His claim to be the Messiah and the Son of God. Blinded by traditionalism and inflamed by envy, the leaders listened to these claims with England to school, and—and—dashed if ling as if the value of milk for all purposes depends upon the fat contained. bas the guarantee of a government an- in argument, their only resource lay in I ain't forgot the word. Oh, adopt; adopt We trust that the management of our alyst that this medicine contains no violence, and they laid plans to comher, that's it. What do you say? Strikes fairs will not concede any more points to poisonous opiate or narcotic. Mrs. Wm. pass, as speedily as possible, the desme you'd better jump at it. Reckon you those who are continually clamoring for F. Gay, St. Eleanors, P. E. I., says: "I truction of One whom they regarded as were just playin' it off high with that more value to be placed on milk fat. have used Baby's Own Tablets with the a blasphemer. Jesus knew their intennugget last night and 'ud be glad to For butter production fat is undoubtedly best of results and know of nothing to tion, and, His hour being not yet come, see it back, ch, young 'un? Better take the constituent of milk which determines equal them for the cure of stomach and determined to seek safety, for the moved with His disciples from Jerusalem to Peraea, on the eastern side of

While engaged here in a busy and fruitful ministry, a message came to Jesus from that home in Bethany whose hospitality He had so often enjoyed and whose inmates loved and trusted Him so well, telling Him that His friend Lazarus was seriously ill. The reply which Jesus sent was not intended to mean that Lazarus would recover: He knew indeed that the illness would be fatal, but He knew also that death was not its chief or ultimate purpose; rather, it was designed to afford an opportunity of revealing in a marvellous manner the glory of God's Son. The death of Lazarus must have taken place soon after the message was delivered to Jesus; but, though He knew when it occurred, and though His heart went out in loving sympathy to the bereaved sisters. He deliberately remained for two days longer in the place where He was. Then

at last He set out for Bethany. Within the stricken home the Jewish customs connected with death and mourning were being observed. The body, wrapped in spices and linen clothes had been laid away in the rock-hewn tomb-for the family being well-to-do had their own burial vault-and now the sisters sat each day in their garments of grief, while friends who had come from Jerusalem on the other side of the hill, gathered about them and spoke of the goodness of the one who was gone and the rest into which he had entered. From time to time, Mary or Martha would rise and steal away from these too obtrasive comforters to weep and pray beside her brother's tomb.

As Jesus and His disciples drew near

still outside the village, and someone "Of course! Why don't you go went forward and carried to the mourning sisters the news of their arrival. The word came first to Martha, and she went quickly out and met Jesus in the He could have healed their brother, and a deeper faith which, while scarcely daring to express itself, would set no bounds to the power and grace of Jesus, The Master answers in those golden words which tell of death's discomfiture and proclaim the victory of the Lord of Life: "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth on me though he die yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth on me shall never lie." This is the heart and the climax of the whole wonderful story. The piracle which followed was but a repecition in action of what Jesus had alwe may pause and try to put in order. the thoughts which our lesson is fitted

to suggest. In what sense, then, is Christ the conueror of death? First, because He holds death under His control. He has the keys of death and of Hades. Death comes to men, not by chance or according to its own will, but only in accordance with the will of Christ, our King, To those whom He chooses, and at the

Knocked Out. The pugilist a moment dropped his A stiff righthander laid him on the

And sent him into dreamland. When he His dream of immortality was o'er. ----

Two of a Kind.

"I believe I'll rock the boat," declared "Don't do it," advised his companio