THE WOOING OF ERNA

"You are cruel!" he cried, vehemently.

"No," she replied, "I am trying to be just to you and to myself. There is a great gulf between us, Lord Aubrey. Your wife lives. She has the first claim upon you. After her, Lady Gertrude has a claim, which her angry words of just now do not absolve you from. You asked her to be your wife, not loving her. If you are an honorable man, you must, when the time comes, give her the oppertunity to be the Countess of Aubrey. As for me, I am a widow, whose husband yet lies unburied. Can you ask me to listen to words of love from you?"

There was something so inexpressibly noble in her words and demeanor that the earl was silenced. He had indeed forgotten all the things she spoke of.

"Forgive me, Erna!" he said. "The only thing I knew was that I loved you. It is a madness. All that you say is true; and yet I must ask one little ray of hope. When I have fulfilled all my duties, may I then, if I am free to do so, come to you, and be sure that I shall find you heart-free!"

She smiled sadly.

"The future must take care of itself," she answered. "I will not promise."

She would have given her right hand then to have spoken freely the feelings that made her heart throb; but she held steadfast to her idea of duty. She felt that the present duty was to snap every tie between them.

"At least say that you love me, Erna,' he pleaded.

"I cannot say that; and it is wrong of you to ask me," she replied.

"Have I been mistaken?" he exclaimed, in anguish. "Do you not love me, then. Oh, that is not possible. My heart could not have told me a falsehood. Erna, can there be any harm in saying just the three little words, I love you."

"There would be harm for me to say them. Yes."

"Dare you say that you do not love me?" he suddenly demanded.

The color rushed to her face in a tide. He believed he had entrapped her. She drew herself up proudly.

"I say nothing, Lord Aubrey, and you have no right to put your own construction on my silence."

How magnificent she looked then! Never had she seemed so worthy a true man's love. The earl could not but honor in her the resolution which kept her faithful to her ideal in the face of his pleading.

"And must I, to please you, do as you have bidden me?" he asked.

"You must do it to satisfy your own honor, my lord," she replied. "How long since is it that the Earl of Aubrey's honor needed a mentor?"

"Since my brain was bewildered by your witcheries," he replied.

She shook her head.

"A love that would drive out honor could be no love at all," she said.

He looked at her as he would have gazed at a deity.

"It shall be as you say," he said. "I will follow your orders, though to do so were to carry me to my grave in unhappiness. You are right, Erna. I will admit that I believed you to be. But I warn you that should my deliverance come to me, I will seek you, and nothing shall keep us apart. Why should I ask you to speak the words when I can read them on your heart? Erna, my dear one! You shall be my angel for good."

He caught her hand before she could draw it away, and carried it to his lips. He held it there a moment, and then turned and left her. She watched him until he turned again; then she waved her hand, as if to bid him farewell, and resumed her own way.

The earl returned to the Castle and was met by a servant, who informed him that Lord Moreham awaited him in the library. He was rejoiced. Something must be done at once, and Lord Moreham was the person to consult with.

His Lordship had evidently been informed of the important fact which had just been imparted to the earl, for he was marching up and down the library in a state of great excitement. Indeed, he was so perturbed that he lost for the time his awe of his prospective son-in-law.

"Aubrey, Aubrey!" he cried, "what is this Gertrude tells me?"

Aubrey became cool in proportion as the other was excited. It often happens so.

"If Lady Gertrude told you that the unfortunate woman to whom I was married, and whom I believe ddead, is alive, she has told you no more than the truth," he answered, neither lightly nor flippantly, but indifferently.

"It is an awful thing, Aubrey! awful!" Lord Moreham groaned. "You should have guarded against such a thing."

"It would have been better," admitted Aubrey, rather impatiently. "But the only thing I could have done to be more sure than I was, would have been to kill her myself."

"Of course," said his lordship, "I don't mean to reproach you. But consider my position! Everything ready for the wedding, and the announcement must be made that it is off."

It occurred to Lord Aubrey that Lord Moreham was treating the matter as if it was something akin to a horserace; but it was not because he did not feel seriously enough about it.

"Lord Moreham," he said, "I can see but one proper way out of the affair. It must be made clear that Lady Gertrude is in no manner compromised by the turn affairs have taken."

"But how? How? If you could see the state she is in. Nobody can do anything with her."

"My suggestion would be," said Aubrey, with no very good grace internally, but externally without a sign of disfavor, "that you should say frankly to the guests that I had been married abroad, and had supposed my wife dead. Put that she has unexpectedly appeared in time to prevent the wedding."

"Well," said Lord Moreham, who had been thinking of the same thing, but had not had the courage to propose it, "if you say so."

"Certainly. It does not matter to me what the gossips see fit to make of the story."

"Of course not. But about Gertrude?"

It was that that most troubled his lordship. His daughter had let fall some very trouble-provoking words concerning the future intentions of the earl.

"Well," the earl rubbed his chin. "It seems to me that under the circumstances it will not be improper to say that my wife is dying; and that, after a decent interval, I shall come to claim Lady Gertrude."

"Ah!"

"I suppose," said the earl, a little more anxiously than he wished to betray, "Lady Gertrude will not be induced by the unpleasant circumstances to change her mind."

"You may depend upon her constancy, my lord," said her father, in a tone of conviction.

The earl had hoped for a different answer. But what else could he expect of a father? Perhaps the daughter would not be so easily disposed of now as before. Certainly it would be awkward to marry a woman who had been betrayed into such language as she had that morning used.

"Very well," he said, "you may use my name with perfect assurance. I shall go now to see my unfortunate wife; but I shall return to see Lady Gertrude as soon as circumstances will permit."

"Quite right. I will tell her what you say. She will be greatly soothed, no doubt."

"You will make my excuses to everybody?"

"Certainly," and Lord Moreham bade good-bye to the earl in far better spirits than he had deemed possible but a few minutes earlier.

CHAPTER XL.

The unfortunate Countess of Aubrey lingered several days in unconsciousness, after the arrival of the earl by her bedside. She never roused sufficiently to even recognize him; and the earl could not bring himself to feel that he would have had it otherwise.

He fully and freely forgave her for all she had done to injure him; but he could not even respect her, and he would not have pretended to do so.

After her death—before it, indeed—he gave the utmost publicity to the story of his wretched marriage. He acknowledged her as his wife; and, when she was dead, treated her in all respects as he would have done a beloved wife.

This he did in order that Lady Gertrude might be set right before a gossiping world; and he found his reward in doing so in the certainty that Erna was secretly applauding him for it.

There was no difficulty in having the story spread. The daily papers were but too eager for such a sensational tale to spare any grace in the telling. The earl refrained from narrating the part played by his false friends; but in some way the papers gained a knowledge of it; and that, too, came out.

This led to more talk of the earl, and, little by little, the story of his sacrifice for an unworthy prince leaked out. In the end his character was not merely clear of the stain upon it, but there was danger, as he sardonically said himself, that he would be prematurely converted into a saint.

He did his duty religiously by his wife, and retired from the public gaze for a short time afterward. He made no pretense of mourning, feeling that it would be hypocrisy to do so; but he was glad of the chance to bury himself at Aubrey, in order that he might compose himself for the further task set upon him by Erna, and admitted by himself to be the right course.

At Aubrey he spent his time in riding Selim, and in haunting the places made dear to him now by Erna's love for them. He found it easy enough to draw many things from his housekeeper; and he sometimes smiled sadly as he found himself rejoicing in the doings of the madcap girl.

He remembered the time when he condemned such things, and when he repelled the sweet, girlish confidence which had been so frankly offered to him. If he had not been such a self-satisfied dolt at that time, he told himself, Erna might now be by his side, helping him plan the many reforms in the condition of his tenants, which he now saw were sorely needed.

His repugnance to returning to Lady Gertrude grew with his sojourn at Aubrey, where all the associations reminded him of Erna; but when the time fixed for his return came, he did not hesitate. Somehow it semed to make it easier to think of Erna; and he often wondered at the great change which had come over her, and which had transferred her from a wayward, willful hoiden into a woman so calm and self-contained that she could command his violent passion by her very silence.

Erna had not entered the gay world of London at the opening of the season, but had taken advantage of the formal period of mourning to remain in retirement at Romley.

Lady Gertrude, however, had thrown herself headlong into the swirl, and was already, in the absence of her more bewitching rival, the reigning beauty. Her romantically interrupted wedding with the earl had served only to make her an object of greater interest; and even at far away Aubrey the earl heard of her social triumphs.

Down in his heart he hoped, when he heard of the eager attentions of the men, that she would find some one of them so superior to him that she would give him his release. But no word of such a thing came to him; and at last he was fain to set out for London, to once more lay his name at her service.

At another time he would have condemned her conduct as that of a coquette, but in his eagerness to have her find another mate, he overlooked that now; and when at the club the first day of his return to town, young Montague said to him that he had just come in time to save his bride, he only asked, with hardly concealed eagerness:

"Why do you say that?"

'Oh,' answered young Montague, with a laugh, "the Earl of Rockingham is making desperate love in that quarter; and it is said he has made a bet of two to three in hundreds that he will get her from you."

It should have mortally offended him that any man should dare to make such a bet; but he outwardly shrugged his shoulders, and inwardly hoped the earl might win his bet.

In other ways, now, he began to hear of how Lady Gertrude was exerting all her powers of fascination to keep the most eligible men at her feet; and his heart leaped with the joy of the hope that she was making ready to refuse him.

"I was foolish," he said to himself, "to have come to town. Perhaps if I had given her more time she might have forestalled my renewal of the offer of my name."

Then it occurred to him that she might merely wish the pleasure of rejecting him with such a storm of scornful words as he now knew she was capable of. It was with such a hope in his breast that he went to the Moreham mansion in the afternoon of his arrival in town.

He say Lord Moreham, and was received with an effusive cordiality that gave him no hope in that quarter. Certainly if Lady Gertrude had any intention of refusing him, it was entirely without the knowledge of her parent.

"Lady Gertrude will be delighted to see you," he said, when Aubrey mentioned the purpose of his visit. "She has felt your trouble very much; and has—endeavored to divert her mind by the—er—gayeties of the—of society."

A faint smile passed over Aubrey's face at this easy explanation of Lady Gertrude's deep plunge into dissipation. It was quite plain that he must be prepared to carry out the original programme.

Lady Gertrude came down after he had been waiting nearly half an hour, showing, as the earl thought, a studied intention of making him understand that she was not placated. The longer he was made to wait, the higher his hopes rose. It makes so much difference what one's desires are. At another time, and under the other circumstances, he would have been indignant.

He smiled with something like real pleasure when at last Gertrude sailed into the room. He was quick to note the change in her. Her blonde, statuesque beauty lent itself very readily to an imperious carriage; and the earl noted that there was nothing in Lady Gertrude now of the unformed girl.

It was as if she had passed completely through the finishing process. She was a proud, imperious woman of the world; and, however fascinating, and soft she might be when she pleased, it was plain that she could be leiness itself.

She returned his greeting coldly, though with perfect courtesy; and his hopes rose higher and higher. She had not forgiven him and she was hardly like not forgiven him, and she was hardly likely to accept him as a husband. He plunged at once into his busines with her.

"Lady Gertrude," he said, as she seated herself, "you have doubtless heard of the death of my wife."

She bowed her head, but did not speak.

"When we last met there was some heat of anger on your part, and you at that time, laboring under a misapprehension, I think, gave me my dismissal."

Again she merely acquiesced. Her face was absolutely a closed book.

"Had it not been for your words, still the fact must have remained that in the existence of my wife, there was a barrier between us."

Once more a bow of acquiescence.

"It was a situation I greatly deplored," he went on. "For myself, I cared nothing. I have borne the misrepresentation of the world in silence for a long time; but for you I felt a responsibility which caused me to say to your father that I deemed it my duty to hold myself bound to you."

"He told me so at the time," she said, briefly.

"In order to keep your right before the world, I afterward gave my whole wretched story to the world."

"That, too, I know. I understood why you did it."

"Now I have come to renew to you my offer of marriage, a sufficient time having elapsed to render such an action not unseemly. Will it please you to become the Countess of Aubrey?"

He asked the question, and waited anxiously for the question. Lady Gertrude seemed in no haste to give it. For a moment she cast her eyes down, as if to hide some expression she could not control. Then she looked up at him out of her cold, blue eyes, and answered, slowly:

"Lord Aubrey, I have listened to all you wished to say. In your turn listen to me; but first let me ask you a question to which I request a frank and full answer. Do you make me this offer in good faith? Do you intend to abide by my answer?"

"Your question is surely needless," he replied, as icily as herself. "I offer you my name in good faith, intending to abide by your answer."

(To be continued.)

The Fly on Mr. Gladstone's Nose.

I remember once, says Harry Furniss, in the Strand Magazine, when I was giving a lecture on "Portraiture, Past and Present," and illustrating the portraits on medals with the aid of a lantern, I came to some near the bottom of the screen. "Here," said I, "we have the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of London, 1300 A. D." At that moment, the Mayor and Mayoress of the town, who, for effect, I suppose, had come in a quarter of an hour late to the seats reserved for them in the centre of the hall, walked past the rays of the lantern, and were, of course, shown on the screen, and, as can be supposed, caused an effect that had not been anticipated.

On another occasion a fly was an offender whilst I was giving a lecture, with the add of a lantern. I was showing some portraits of Mr. Gladstone in my entertainment, "The Humors of Parliament." I was telling my audience, as I pointed to the pictures on the screen, that one moment he looks like this, and at another he looks like that, when there was a great burst of laughter. I proceeded to speak about Gladstone's flashing eye and noble brow, and by the time I mentioned something about his aquiline nose my audience seemed in hysterics. Thinking that by some mischance the wrong picture was being thrown on the screen, I turned round, and was at first horrified to see a gigantic fly apparently walking about on the nose of the Grand Old Man. It appears that the fly had got into the lantern, had been caught between and was being magnified a hundredfold on the screen.

The Cook's Fault.

One of the most annoying things about swans is that they live to an extremely great age, and that it is impossible for the ordinary observer to guess what their years may be. President Grover Cleveland once had an amusing experience with some swans, according to a writer in the American Magazine. He had been in the south, shooting, and brought home a number of wild swans, one of which he sent to each member of his Cabinet, and to some other associates.

"All the boys," said Mr. Cleveland, "thanked me politely for having remembered them, but none of them seemed to have much to say about how they enjoyed the birds.

"Carlisle, I found, had his cooked on a night when he was dining out. Another, when I asked him, said he hoped I wouldn't mind, but he had sent his home to his old mother. Thurber didn't mention his bird at all for two days. Finally I asked him about it.

"'Thurber, did you get that swan all right?"

"'Yes, sir, oh, yes, I got the swan all right, thank you,' and he bent over his desk and seemed very busy.

"'Fine bird,' I said.

"'Yes, sir, fine bird,' and he went on working.

"'Enjoy eating him, Thurber?'

"He waited a minute, and then he said, 'Well, sir, I guess they didn't cook him right at my house. They only cooked him two days,' and he went on working without cracking a smile."

A Bowel Medicine

Prevents Constipation, Appendicitis, Keeps Complexion Clear, Assures Sound Health.

Two Remarkable Cases Described by Mr. Hugh Cameron of Folger Station, Ont., Proving the Merit of

DR. HAMILTON'S PILLS.

"I am now quite on old man," writes Mr. Cameron, "it being sixty-six years since I left my native town in Scotland. In that time I have witnessed much sickness and suffering. One case I recall occurred with a neighbor who I heard was about ready to die with appendicitis. I went to see him and found he had been ordered to the hospital weeks ago for an operation. But he put it off and I found him in bed suffering agony —four days had elapsed since his bowels moved. Having used Dr. Hamilton's Pills regularly for 25 years I knew they would help him and I gave him three pills. In two days he was around, and I know that ever since, this man has enjoyed excellent health and simply because he used Dr. Hamilton's Pills three times a week. No case of constipation can positively go uncured if treated with Dr. Hamilton's Pills."

CURED 5 YEARS

"In my own family we use practically no other medicine but Dr. Hamilton's Pills. To keep the digestion good, to regulate the bowels and maintain healthy action of the liver and kidneys no remedy I ever heard of is so dependable and so certain to do good as Dr. Hamilton's Pills. For the father who lives as I do, far from a doctor and drug store, the knowledge of the power and wide usefulness of Dr. Hamilton's Pills for all family ills is very valuable. I have administered them for nearly every complaint for which they are recommended, and in each case this honest medicine cured. Signed, Hugh Cameron,

Folger Station, P.O., Ont.

Dr. Hamilton's Pills are an old and proven cure for all disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels —good for children —good for old folks —just what everyone in poor health requires, 25c per box, or five boxes for $1.00, at all dealers, or The Catarrhozone Company, Kingston, Ont.

NO GOLDEN SPIKES IN THIS.

Yet It Was a Record Breaking Piece of Railroading All the Same.

Just forty years had elapsed on May 10 since the rails of the Union Pacific moving westward met the rails of the Central Pacific moving eastward at Promontory Point near Ogden, Utah, and the first transcontinental railway was completed.

When Thomas Durant of the Union Pacific, and Gov. Leland Stanford, of California, drove the last spikes in the first continent girdling line on May 10, 1869, the whole country, says Leslie's Weekly, was metaphorically looking on.

Things were very different forty years later when, without any golden spike, without the presence of any of the principal officers of the company, the last rail on the Pacific Coast extension of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railway, now known as the Chicago, Milwaukee and Puget Sound Railway, was laid at a point two miles east of Missoula, Mont., just before the 5 o'clock whistle blew on March 31 last.

There was no celebration of any kind, and the only speech was the remark of the contractor to the foreman, "Bill, that's a good job." The length of the extension just completed from the Missouri River to Seattle and Tacoma is a trifle over 1,400 miles and brings the total mileage of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway up to 9,000 miles. The completion of the new line was turned April 15, 1906. No Pacific Coast line of any railway and no line of equal length crossing three mountain ranges has ever been constructed within the short period of three years.

During this period 60,000,000 cubic yards of material have been excavated, 260,000 yards of tunnel driven, twenty miles of bridges erected, and 200,000 tons of eighty-five pound rails laid at a total cost of $85,000,000. The ballasting of the new transcontinental line will be completed about June 1, 1909, and regular freight and local passenger service will be established thereafter. The new line as far west as the city of Butte, Mon., has been in regular operation since September, 1908.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

WHY NOT SPLIT THE DIFFERENCE?

A cook informed her Boston mistress that she was apt to be married. The mistress was genuinely sorry, says Judge, as the woman was a good cook and steady. Time passed, however, without further word of leaving, though the happy-man-to-be was a frequent caller in the kitchen. The other day the mistress was moved by curiosity to ask:

"When are you to be married, Nora?"

"Indade, an' it's niver at all, I'll be thinkin', mum," was the sad reply.

"Really? What is the trouble?"

"'Tis thus, mum. I won't marry Mike when he's drunk, an' when he's sober he won't marry me!"

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

FALSE ALARM.

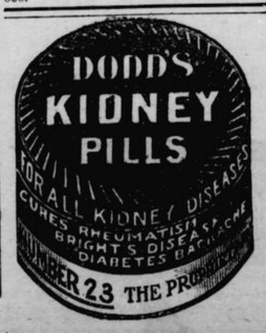
"Mamma, young Prof. McGoozle proposed last night——"

"Mercy, child! What on earth has he got to live on?"

"I wish you wouldn't interrupt me, mamma. He proposed that we start in and read President Eliot's five feet of books."

"Think of the glories of ancient Rome."

At the beginning of the present year the population of Australia was 4,275,000.



CHURCH FROM OLD BOAT.

Home for Sailors on the Pacific Coast —How It Was Fitted Up.

It would be difficult to find a greater oddity in church architecture than the Seaman's Bethel, on Rattlesnake Island, close to the port of San Pedro, off the coast of California. It is the decayed and weather beaten hulk of an old ship that used to ply the salt seas. Becoming unseaworthy, it was beached, made fast with cables and transformed into a church.

The Seamen's Bethel is a mission church maintained for the benefit of the sailors that come into San Pedro harbor and of the fishermen of Rattlesnake Island. All the machinery and seagoing fixtures have been removed from the old hulk and the rooms amidships that used to open into the engine room have been combined into the assembly hall.

The after deck has been boarded in and transformed into a reading room. Tables and chairs, with many books, magazines and newspapers, give the place a homelike appearance, and here the sailors of the Seven Seas, with human derelicts from many lands, congregate in the afternoons and evenings to find out what is going on in the great world.

Really the Seaman's Bethel is a sort of institutional church. The after part of the hold has been fitted up as a gymnasium. Here also is a bowling alley, and in another corner are bathtubs and a water heater. Another part of the hold is fitted up with bunks, where the sailor who finds himself "broke" between voyages is made welcome to spend the night—or as many nights as he pleases.—From the Kansas City Star.

How Sparrows Came to New Zealand.

The Register publishes the following paragraph quoted from its issue of June 23rd, 1859: "It appears from the New Zealand papers that the country at particular seasons is invaded by armies of caterpillars, which clean off the grain crops as completely as if mowed by a scythe. With a view of counteracting this plague a novel importation has been made. Mr. Brodie has shipped 300 sparrows on board the Swordfish, carefully selected from the best hedgerows in England. The food alone, he informs us, put on board for them cost £18. This sparrow question has been a long standing joke in Auckland, but the necessity to farmers of small birds to keep down the grubs is admitted on all sides. Mr. Brodie has already acclimatized the pheasant, which is abundant in the north."—Adelaide Register.

THE ONLY WAY TO GOOD HEALTH

Is t Keep the Blood Rich, Red and Pure by Us'ng Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

The only way for every girl and woman to be well and at her best is to keep her blood rich and red and pure. Impure, weak blood is the cause of the wretched feeling of languor and faintness, pains in the back and sides, headaches and all those other indescribable sufferings which makes the lives of so many growing girls and women a daily torture. There is only one sure way to be well, and that is through the tonic treatment supplied by Dr. Williams' ink Pills for Pale People. These Pills actually make the new, rich blood which growing girls and women need to make them well and keep them well. Thousands of mothers and their daughters have found an effectual cure for anaemia, general weakness, indigestion, palpitation, nervous disorders, skin troubles and other ailments in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. J. C. Moses, Brenton, N. S., says: "Last spring and summer my daughter's health gave out. She had no energy, was very pale and nervous, and had no appetite. As the usual remedies given in such cases did not help her, we became much alarmed, and on the advice of a neighbor began giving her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. We could soon see an improvement, and as she continued to take the Pills she gained in weight and vigor; her color returned and her whole system seemed to be built up again. She is now the picture of health and joins in recommending Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

These Pills are sold by all medicine dealers or will be sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by addressing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The Greedy Post Office.

Some idea of the quantity of material used by the postal service may be gained, says the National Magazine, when it is stated that during last year the division furnished 925,000,000 yards of twine, 3,200,000 pens, 283,000 penholders, 650,000 pencils and 2,600,000 blank cards. To wrap the bundles 5,400,000 shoots of wrapping paper were used. Blank forms are furnished by the millions. Of the form "Application for Domestic Money Order," which is seen in the lobby of every post office, there were 161,770,000 used last year, and during the same period 69,034 rubber stamps were manufactured and supplied to post offices.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia

Swedish Peat Bogs.

According to the latest statistics, the total peat bogs of Sweden should be capable of producing 10,000 millions of tons of air-dried peat, suitable for fuel. This quantity, as compared with the present import of coal, would be sufficient for a period of 1,500 years. More exact examinations of the geological character of the peat bogs will soon be started by the Swedish Geological Society.

Lifebuoy Soap is delightfully refreshing for Bath or Toilet in hot weather. For washing underclothing it is unequalled. Cleanses and purifies.

KEEP THEM AT HOME.

(Goldwin Smith.)

We are much obliged to the English journal which proposes to get rid of all the pauper infants by sending them here. The remark might sound rather malthusian; otherwise we might say that the best way of getting rid of pauper infants would be to abstain from bringing them into the world. A man surely has no right to bring into the world beings whom he cannot support and thrust them on the community. Malthus may have been rough in the expression of his views, though the blame for this rests, it is believed, mainly on his disciples, but it is difficult to deny that he is right.

Doctor—It isn't wise to go to sleep on an empty stomach. Patient — I don't. I always sleep on my back.

A coming-out party —the convict whose sentence has expired.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

meets you half-way—does all your work in half the time and at half the cost of other soaps.

Sunlight Soap—absolutely pure—saves clothes from injury—hands from roughness—life from drudgery.

"THE MAPLE LEAF FOREVER."

1.

In days of yore, from Briton's shore,
Wolfe, the dauntless hero came,
And planted firm Britannia's flag,
On Canada's fair domain.
Here may it wave, our boast, our pride,
And joined in love together,
The Thistle, Shamrock, Rose entwine
The Maple Leaf forever!

Chorus.

The Maple Leaf, or emblem dear,
The Maple Leaf forever!
God save our King and heaven bless
The Maple Leaf forever!

2.

At Queenston Heights and Lundy's Lane,
Our brave fathers, side by side,
For freedom, homes, and loved ones dear,
Firmly stood and nobly died;
And those dear rights which they maintained,
We swear to yield them never!
Our watchword ever more shall be,
The Maple Leaf forever!

3.

Our fair Dominion now extends
From Cape Race to Nootka Sound;
May peace forever be our lot,
And plenteous store abound;
And may those ties of love be ours
Which discord cannot sever,
And flourish green o'er Freedom's home,
The Maple Leaf forever!

4.

On merry England's far-famed land
May kind heaven sweetly smile;
God bless old Scotland evermore,
And Ireland's Emerald Isle!
Then swell the song both loud and lond,
Till rocks and forests quiver,
God bless our King and heaven bless
The Maple Leaf forever!

SENTENCE SERMONS.

Hoping for much in others is helping them to it.

Every shadow in life is evidence of a sun somewhere.

Lifting little loads helps a lot more than describing big ones.

The only powers that know enjoyment are those that find employment.

The only way to move a mountain tomorrow is to take a pickaxe to-day.

Your faith is not measured by your appreciation of the faults of others.

Good intentions in sowing tares will not make them come up as wheat.

Big words in the meeting do not make up for short weight in the market.

The home is never brightened by the roseate hues on the end of a nose.

The straightest road to heaven is that one on which you can do most good.

The more man you put into religion the more religion you will give men.

Too many think they are saints because it makes them sad to see a child happy.

He who does not preach with what he is will never prosecute with what he says.

The dead saints are the only good ones according to the canon of negative virtues.

No man who ever knows anything about heaven except as he tries to make some one happy.

Some have a hard time picking out a car to heaven because the lower berths seem all to be taken.

There is no such a possibility as finding righteousness for yourself while ignoring the rights of others.

You can usually tell where a man's scruples will break out when he carries his conscience in his pocket.

Henry F. Cope.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited:

Dear Sirs,—I had a Bleeding Tumor on my face for a long time and tried a number of remedies without any good results. I was advised to try MINARD'S LINIMENT, and after using several bottles it made a complete cure, and it healed all up and disappeared altogether.

DAVID HENDEDSON.

Belleisle Station, King's Co., N. B., Sept. 17, 1904.

BAD NEWS FOR OUR DOCTORS.

"And now that you are through college what are you going to do "

"I shall study medicine."

"Rather crowded profession already, isn't it?"

"Can't help that. I shall study medicine, and those who are already in the professoin will have to take their chances, that's all."—Boston Transcript.

GETTING BACK.

"Captain, what time does this boat start?"

"It starts, madam, when I give the word."

"Then I've always had the wrong idea. I thought it started when the engineer pulled a lever or did something. Thank you ever so much."

THE BEST WOODEN PAIL

Can't Help But Lose Its Hoops and Fall to Pieces. You Want Something Better Don't You? Then Ask for Pails and Tubs Made of

EDDY'S FIBREWARE

Each One a Solid, Hardened, Lasting Mass Without a Hooped Seam Just as Good as **Eddy's Matches**

ISSUE NO. 37, 1909

AGENTS WANTED.

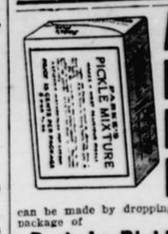
CANVASSERS WANTED—BEST SAMPLE case; best goods and best terms. Alfred Tyler, London, Ont.

HELP WANTED.

WANTED—LADIES TO DO PLAIN AND light sewing at home, whole or spare time; good pay; work sent any distance; charges paid. Send stamp for full particulars. National Manufacturing Company, Montreal.

Bridges in the Way.

The development of the traffic of the Allegheny River is said to be seriously interfered with by the character of the bridges spanning the stream. It appears that the several bridges between Pittsburg and Allegheny have different clearances above water and most of them are too low for the full development of navigation, now that the regulation of the Allegheny River has reached an advanced stage. An effort is now being made to have the Government take some action with the object of remedying the conditions, and the attention of the Secretary of War has been called to the matter with the hope of securing some relief. The situation is somewhat complicated by reason of the fact that all the structures are owned by private corporations.



A Most Delicious Pickle

can be made by dropping the contents of a package of

Parke's Pickle Mixture

in a gallon of vinegar, boil for fifteen minutes and pour over the pickles. This mixture keeps the pickles solid and nice the year round and imparts a most delicious flavor to the pickles. Sold at 25c, by grocers or sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of 30c.

PARKE & PARKE

HAMILTON Druggists CANADA

He Answered It.

A party of young men were camping, and to avert annoying questions they made it a rule that the one who asked a question that he could not answer himself had to do the cooking.

One evening, while sitting round the fire, one of the boys asked, "Why is it that a ground-squirrel never leaves any dirt at the mouth of its burrow?"

They all guessed and missed. So he was asked to answer himself.

"Why," he said, "because they always begin to dig at the other end of the hole."

"But," one asked, "how does he get to the other end of the hole?"

"Well," was the reply, "that's your question."

BETTER THAN SPANKING.

Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box W. 8, Windsor, Ont., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment, with full instructions. Send no money, but write her to-day if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged people troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.

DEFINITION OF A DIOCESE.

When the Right Rev. Ethelbert Talbot, Bishop of Central Pennsylvania, was in London not long ago his fame as the "cowboy bishop" brought thousands of young boys and girls to hear him speak wherever he went. In one of his talks to the youngsters, he held them spellbound by telling them of his diocese in Wyoming, which was more thickly populated in the old days with bears and Indians than with Christians.

When he was finished with his description, he asked the children if anyone knew what a diocese was. One boy promptly raised his hand.

"What is it, my lad?"

"A diocese, my lord, is a body of land with a bishop on top and the clergy underneath," was the answer."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

A FRENCH CRITICISM.

Sir Charles Wyndham, at a dinner, discussed the leanness of actresses.

"It is odd," said he, "but the thinner an actress is the greater she is likely to become. To be thin, somehow, is to be artistic. Look at Maude Adams, Ethel Barrymore and divine Sara."

Sir Charles laughed.

"Once, at a reception that Mme. Sara Bernhardt gave in Paris," he said, "she led us all up to admire a new portrait of herself. It was a beautiful work. Very thin—she hardly weighed five stone in those days—the actress in a gold-colored gown, posed sinuously, a huge white dog beside her.

"A French critic startled us all, as we were grouped about the picture by exclaiming with a loud, rude laugh:

"'Ah! A dog and a bone!'"

Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes. Relieved By Murine Eye Remedy. Try Murine For Your Eye Troubles. You Will Like Murine. It Soothes. 50c At Your Druggists. Write For Eye Books. Free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Toronto.

UNPREJUDICED.

(Success.)

Mike McGinnis was being examined for jury duty in a murder trial.

"Mr. McGinnis," asked the judge, "have you formed or expressed an opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the prisoner at the bar?"

"No, sir," replied Mike.

"Have you any conscientious scruples against capital punishment?"

"Not in this case, your honor," Mike replied.

E. H. HARRIM
PASSES AW

Great Railroad Man Has ed to Lengthy Illne

Began Life as a Messag Wall Street.

Did His First Great Work ganization of U. P. in

Arden, N. Y., despite Harriman, probably the ganizer of railroads the known, met the only lasting his active life today at t death. Secluded in his home on Tower Hill, surr members of his family, pho nurses, he succumbed to a disorder this afternoon af against disease which a sheer grit with his remarka gles in the financial world.

The exact time of h known only in that limi relatives a associates a effectively shield Mr. Har all outside annoyances dur illness. The time was given as 3.34 p. m., but Mrs. Mac sister of Mr. Harriman, that the end had come at

JUDGE ROBT. S. LO Heir-apparent to Harrima rulership; snapshot at

more than two hours previous this apparent discrepancy b ing on the current belief effort was made to lessen t of the financier's death on t stock market is problemati significant that the time of officially announced was t utes after trading had c Exchange in New York.

Mr. Harriman died pra almost to the end his fa retained its integrity. Alt on Sunday he sank steadil after the noon hour to-day a condition which mark proach of the end.

SON OF A POOR CLERG

Edward Henry Harriman at Hampstead, Long Island the son of a poor Episcopa whose salary, like that smith's parson, was "forty year." Two hundred dollars all, and there were five sides Edward. The econ cruel necessity taught the ing his early life chang many a year after. Young was given little chance to e cation. He went to sch when he could, and has ed as "the worst little class, and always at the At fourteen he entered W Wall street as a message years later he was a pa firm, and at twenty-two, on a lucky speculation, b a seat on the Stock Ex launched out for himself.

A BROKER IN WALL S

For years he was a man, that is, a trader w orders for other broke twenty years in active Street Harriman was and those were years o slumps and corners. He the right end every time, connections, stronger still perience.

In the eighties Stuyvesant man whom he drove out o dency of the Illinois Cent a couple of years ago,

Photo-diagram whi had cancer; X-ray and under the miscroscope; Rockefeller's physician.

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