

WORRY IS A DISEASE

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE for 1907 will contain six articles on the consequences of worry by a famous English scientist and writer—DR. C. W. SALEEBY. The first is out now (but the magazine all through is an antidote of worry). Other articles are to the point, and well illustrated, and the stories are full of go.

Remember, the best Canadian writers contribute to the

Canadian Magazine

and the list is increasing rapidly.

J. E. B. MCCREADY, whose name is familiar to readers of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, will contribute six articles on "Political Reminiscences."

If you wish to know what a bright, interesting publication THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE is, get a copy of the January number. It contains eight illustrated articles, four articles without illustrations, seven short stories by leading writers, and a liberal interjection of original verse and other "quick" reading matter.

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EAST BRANCH.

Rev. D. Stanley Shaw, of Michigan, spent Christmas with his brother Alfred.

Miss Lottie De Wolfe is spending her Christmas holidays with friends in Blenheim.

Miss N. Parker spent a few days in Dresden.

Miss Jennie and Bella Richardson visited near Bothwell last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Chapple, of Bear Line, spent Sunday at A. Jenner's.

Rev. and Mrs. Barker, of Camalachie, spent Christmas week in our midst.

Milton Richardson has returned home from a trip to Port Dover. The young people are longing for good skating.

Mrs. Hugh Allen and son Arthur spent a few days in London last week.

R. Rankin, of Baldoon, and Walker Bennie, of the Medical College, Detroit, spent Sunday at T. Richardson's.

Harold Birmingham and Charles Seward, who have been spending the summer sailing, have returned home safely.

The south side Sunday school held a little entertainment in their school room on Friday night. A pleasant time was spent by all.

The Sydenham River at present is unsafe for crossing.

Miss J. and B. Richardson leave on Thursday morning to take charge of their schools on the 6th and 7th concessions, near Chatham.

39 cents

750c. Pails of Choice Thamesville Apple Butter for 39c.
7-lb. Pails of Jam, 58c.
8 lbs. of Broken Sweet Biscuits for 25c.
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Our Crockery and China are clearing out quick at 75c. on the dollar. If you want a bargain you will have to hurry.

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Plum Pudding

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MOUNTEER'S, KENT BAKERY.

R. W. RUTHERFORD, M.D.

SPECIALIST.

EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT

GENITO-URINARY DISEASES

GLASSES PROPERLY FITTED

35 KING ST. EAST, CHATHAM

DARREL of THE BLESSED ISLES

By IRVING BACHELLER.
Author of "Eben Holden,"
"Dri and I," Etc.

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"Marry, boy, the world is a great school, an' this little drama of the good God is part of it," said Darrel. "An' the play hath a great moral—thou shalt learn to use thy brain or die. Now, there may be many perils in this land o' the woods, so many that all its people must learn to think or perish by them. A pretty bit o' wisdom it is, sor. It keeps the great van moving—ever moving—in the long way to perfection. Now, among animals a growing brain works the legs of its owner, sending them far on diverse errands until they are strong. Mind thee, boy, perfection o' brain an' body is the aim o' nature. The cat's paw an' the serpent's coil are but the penalties o' weakness an' folly. The world is for the strong. Therefore God keep thee so or there be serpents will enter thy blood an' devour thee—millions o' them."

They sat a little time in silence, looking at the shores of the pond.

"Have you ever felt the love passion?" said Darrel.

"Well, there's a girl of the name of Polly," Trove answered.

"Ah, Polly! She o' the red lips an' the dark eye," said Darrel, smiling.

"She's one of a thousand." He clapped his hand upon his knee merrily and sang a sentimental couplet from an old Irish ballad.

"Have ye won her affection, boy?" he added, his hand on the boy's arm.

"I think I have."

"God love thee! I'm glad to hear it," said the old man. "She is a living wonder, boy, a living wonder, an' had I thy youth I'd give thee worry."

"Since her mother cannot afford to do it I wish to send her away to school," said Trove.

"Tut, tut, boy. Thou hast barely enough for thy own schooling."

"I've \$82 in my pocket," said Trove proudly. "I do not need it. The job in the mill—that will feed me and pay my room rent, and my clothes will do me for another year."

"On my word, boy, I like it in thee," said Darrel, "but surely she would not take thy money."

"I could not offer it to her, but you might go there, and perhaps she would take it from you."

"Capital!" the tinker exclaimed. "I'll see if I can serve thee. Marry, good youth, I'll even give away thy money an' take credit for thy benevolence. Teacher, philanthropist, lover—I believe thou'rt ready to write."

"The plan of my first novel is complete," said Trove. "That poor thief—"

he shall be my chief character—the man of whom you told me."

"Poor man! God make thee kind to him," said the tinker. "An' thou'rt willing, I'll hear o' him tonight. When the freight flickers—that is the time, boy, for tales."

They built a rude lean-to, covered with bark and bedded with fragrant boughs. Both lay in the freight, Darrel smoking his pipe, as the night fell.

"Now for thy tale," said the tinker.

The tale was Trove's own solution of his life mystery, shrewdly come to after a long and careful survey of the known facts. And now, shortly, time was to put the seal of truth upon it and daze him with astonishment and fill him with regret of his cunning. It should be known that he had never told Darrel or any one of his coming in the little red sleigh.

He lay thinking for a time after the tinker spoke; then he began:

"Well, the time is 1835, the place a New England city on the sea. Chapter I—A young woman is walking along a street, with a child sleeping in her arms. She is dark skinned—a Syrian. It is growing dark. The street is deserted save by her and two sailors, who are approaching her. They, too, are in mere pretense, however—and she falls. The other seizes the child, who, having been drugged, is still asleep. A wagon is waiting near. They drive away hurriedly, their captive under blanket. The kidnappers make for the woods in New Hampshire. Officers of the law drive them far. They abandon their horse, tramping westward over trails in the wilderness, bearing the boy in a sack of sailcloth, open at the top. They had guns and killed their food as they traveled. Snow came deep. By and by game was scarce and they had grown weary of bearing the boy on their backs. One waited in the woods with the little lad while the other went away to some town or city for provisions. He came back, hauling them in a little sleigh. It was much like those made for the delight of the small boy in every land of snow. It had a box painted red and two bobs and a little dashboard. They used it for the transportation of boy and impediments.

"In the deep wilderness beyond the Adirondacks they found a cave in one of the rock ledges. They were twenty miles from any postoffice, but shortly discovered one. Letters in cipher were soon passing between them and their confederates. They learned there was no prospect of getting the ransom. He they had thought rich was not able to raise the money they required or any large sum. Two years went by, and they abandoned hope. What should they do with the boy? One advised murder, but the other defended him. It was unnecessary, he maintained, to kill a mere baby, who knew not a word of English and would forget all

in a month. And murder would only increase their peril. Now, eight miles from their cave was the cabin of a settler. They passed within a mile of it on their way out and in. They had often met the dog of the settler roving after small game—a shepherd, trustful, affectionate and ever ready to make friends. One day they captured the dog and took him to their cave. They could not safely be seen with the boy, so they planned to let the dog go home with him in a little red sleigh. Now, the settler's cabin was, like that of my father, on the shore of a pond. It was round, as a cup's rim, and a mile or so in diameter. Opposite the cabin a trail came to the water's edge, skirting the pond, save in cold weather, when it crossed the ice. They waited for a night when their tracks would soon disappear. Then, having made a cover of the sailcloth sack in which they had brought the boy and stretched it on withes and made it fast to the sleigh box, they put the sleeping boy in the sleigh, with hot stones wrapped in paper and a robe of fur to keep him warm, hitched the dog to it and came over hill and trail to the little pond awhile after midnight. Here they buckled a ring of bells on the dog's neck and released him. He made for his home on the clear ice, the bells and his bark sounding as he ran. They at the cabin heard him coming and opened their door to dog and traveler. So came my hero in a little red sleigh and was adopted by the settler and his wife and reared by them with generous affection. Well, he goes to school and learns rapidly and comes to manhood. It's a pretty story—that of his life in the big woods. But now for the love tale. He meets a young lady—sweet, tender, graceful, charming."

"A moment," said Darrel, raising his hand. "Prithce, boy, ring down the curtain for a brief parley. Thou say'st they were Syrians—that stole the lad. Now, tell me, hast thou reason for that?"

"Ample," said Trove. "When they took him out of the sleigh the first words he spoke were 'Anah Jouban.' He used them many times, and while he forgot they remembered them. Now, 'Anah Jouban' is a phrase of the Syrian tongue, meaning, 'I am hungry.'"

"Very well," said the old man, with emphasis, "and sailors. That is a just inference. It was a big port, and far people came on the four winds. Far well! Now, for the young lady. An' away with thy book unless I love her."

"She is from life—a simple hearted girl, frank and beautiful!" Trove hesitated, looking into the dying fire.

"Noble, boy. Make sure o' that, an' nobler, too, than girls are apt to be. If Emulation would measure height with her see that it stand upon tiptoes."

"So I have planned. The young man loves her. She is in every thought and purpose. She has become as the rock on which his hope is founded. Now he loves her, too, and all things of good report. He has been reared a Puritan. By chance, one day, it comes to him that his father was a thief."

The boy paused. For a moment they heard only the voices of the night.

"He dreaded to tell her," Trove continued, "yet he could not ask her to be his wife without telling. Then the question, Had he a right to tell? For his father had not suffered the penalty of the law and, mind you, men thought him honest."

"'Tis just," said Darrel. "But tell me, how came he to know his father was a thief?"

"That I am thinking of, and before I answer, is there more you can tell me of him or his people?"

Darrel rose and, lighting a torch of pine, stuck it in the ground; then he opened his leather pocketbook and took out a number of cuttings, much worn and apparently from old newspapers. He put on his glasses and began to examine the cuttings.

"The other day," said he, "I found an account of his mother's death. I had forgotten, but her death was an odd tragedy."

And the tinker began reading slowly as follows:

"She an' her mother, a lady deaf an' feeble, were alone, serving the servants in a remote corner o' the house. A sound woke her in the still night. She lay awake, listening. Was it her husband returning without his key? She rose, feeling her way in the dark an' trembling with the fear of a nervous woman. Descending stairs, she came into a room o' many windows. The shades were up, an' there was dim moonlight in the room. A door with panels o' thick glass led to the garden walk. Beyond it were the dark forms of men. One was peering in his face at a panel, another kneeling at the lock. Suddenly the door opened. The lady fell fainting, with a loud cry. Next day the kidnapped boy was born."

Darrel stopped reading, put the clipping into his pocketbook and smothered the torch.

"It seems the woman died the same day," said he.

"And was my mother." The words came in a broken voice.

Half a moment of silence followed them; then Darrel rose slowly, and a tremulous, deep sigh came from the lips of Trove.

"Thy mother, boy," Darrel whispered. The fire had burned low, and the great shadow of the night lay dark upon them. Trove got to his feet and came to the side of Darrel.

"Tell me, for God's sake, man, tell me where is my father?" said he.

"Hush, boy! Listen. Hear the wind in the trees," said Darrel.

There was a breath of silence, broken by the hoot of an owl and the stir of high branches. "Ye might as well ask o' the wind or the wild owl," Darrel said. "I cannot tell thee. Be calm, boy, and say how thou hast come to know."

Again they sat down together, and presently Trove told him of those silent men who had ever haunted the dark

and ghostly house of his inheritance.

"'Tis thy mother's terror—an' thy father's house—I make no doubt," said Darrel presently in a deep voice. "But, boy, I cannot tell any man where is thy father, not even thee, nor his name or the least thing tending to point him out until—I am released o' my vow. Be content. If I can find the man ere long thou shalt have word o' him."

Trove leaned against the breast of Darrel, shaking with emotion. His tale had come to an odd and fateful climax.

The old man stroked his head tenderly.

"Ah, boy," said he, "I know thy heart. I shall make haste—I promise thee I shall make haste. But if the good God should bring thy father to thee an' thy head to shame an' sorrow for his sin, forgive him, in the name o' Christ, forgive him. Aye, boy, thou must forgive all that trespass against me."

"If I ever see him he shall know I am not ungrateful," said the young man.

Trove and Darrel walked to the clearing above Faraway. At a corner on the high hills, where northward they could see smoke and spire of distant villages, each took his way, one leading to Hillsborough, the other to Allen's.

"Goodby. An' when I return I hope to hear the rest o' thy tale," said Darrel as they parted.

"Only God is wise enough to finish it," said the young man.

"Well, God help us; 'tis a world to see," Darrel quoted, waving his hand. "If thy heart oppress thee, steer for the Blessed Isles."

CHAPTER XIX.

A BIG maple sheltered the house of the Widow Vaughn. After the noon hour of a summer day its tide of shadow began

flowing fathoms deep over house and garden to the near field, where finally it joined the great food of night. The maple was indeed a robin's inn at some crossing of the invisible roads of the air. Its green dome towered high above and fell to the gable end of the little house. Its deep and leafy thatch

the rough column. Its trunk was the main beam, each limb a corridor, each tier of limbs a floor, and a branch rose above branch like steps in a stairway. Up and down the high dome of the maple were a thousand balconies overlooking the meadow.

From its highest tier of a summer morning the notes of the bobolink came rushing off his lyre, and farther down the golden robin sounded his piccolo. But chiefly it was the home and refuge of the familiar red breasted robin. The inn had its ancient customs. Each young bird, leaving his cradle, climbed his own stairway till he came out upon a balcony and got a first timid look at field and sky. There he might try his wings and keep in the world he knew by using bill and claw on the lower tiers.

At dawn the great hall of the maple rang with music, for every lodger paid his score with song. Therein it was ever cool and clean and shady though the sun were hot. Its every nook and cranny was often swept and dusted by the wind. Its branches leading up and outward to the green wall were as innumerable stairways. Each separate home was out on rocking beams, with its own flicker of skylight overhead. For a time at dusk there was a continual flutter of weary wings at the lower entrance, a good night twitter and a sound of tiny feet climbing the stairways to that gloomy hall. At last there was a moment of gossip and then silence on every floor.

There seemed to be a night watch in the lower hall, and if any green young bird were late and noisy going up to his home he got a shaking, and probably lost a few feathers from the nape of his neck. Long before day-break those hungry, half clad little people of the nests began to worry and crowd their mothers. At first the old birds tried to quiet them with caressing movements and had at last to hold their places with bill and claw. As night came, an old cock peered about him, stretched his wings, climbed a stairway and blew his trumpet on the outer wall. The robin's day had begun.

Mid-summer, when its people shivered and found fault and talked of moving, the maple tried to please them with new and brighter colors—gold, with the warmth of summer in its look; scarlet, suggesting love and the June roses. Soon it stood bare and deserted. Then what was there in the creak-and-whisper chorus of the old tree for one listening in the night? Belike it might be many things, according to the ear, but was it not often something to make one think of that solemn message: "Man that is born of woman is of few days and full of trouble?" They who lived in that small house under the tree knew little of all that passed in the big world. Trumpet blasts of fame, thunder of rise and downfall, came faintly to them. There the delights of art and luxury were unknown. Yet those simple folk were acquainted with pleasure and even with thrilling and impressive incidents. Field and garden teemed with eventful life, and hard by was the great city of the woods.

CHAPTER XX.

TROVE was three days in Brier Dale after he came out of the woods. The ally was now a sleek and shapely animal, past three years of age. He began at once breaking her to the saddle, and, that done, mounting, he started for Robin's Inn. He carried a game rooster in a sack for the boy Tom. All came out with a word of welcome. Even the small dog grew noisy with delight.

Tunk Hosely, who had come to work for Mrs. Vaughn, took the mare and led her away, his shoulder leaning with an added sense of horsemanship. Polly began to hurry dinner, fussing with the table and changing the position of every dish until it seemed as if she would never be quite satisfied. Covered with the sacred old china and table linen of her grandmother, it had, when Polly was done with it, a very smart appearance indeed. Then she called the boys and bade them wash their hands and faces and whispered a warning to each, while her mother announced that dinner was ready.

"Paul, what's an adjective?" said the teacher as they sat down.

"A word applied to a noun to qualify or limit its meaning," the boy answered glibly.

"Right! And what adjective would you apply to this table?"

The boy thought a moment.

"Grand!" said he tentatively.

"Correct! I'm going to have just such a dinner every day on my farm."

"Then you'll have to have Polly too," said Tom innocently.

"Well, you can spare her."

"No, sir," the boy answered. "You ain't good to her. She cries every time you go away."

There was an awkward silence, and the widow began to laugh and Polly and Trove to blush deeply.

"Maybe she whispered, an' he give her a talkin' to," said Paul.

"Have you heard about Ezra Tower?" said Mrs. Vaughn, shaking her head at the boys and changing the topic with shrewd diplomacy.

"Much; but nothing new," said Trove.

"Well, he swears he'll never cross the Fadden bridge or speak to any body in Pleasant valley."

"Why?"

"The taxes. He don't believe in improvements, and when he tried to make a speech in town meeting they all jeered him. There ain't any one good enough for him to speak to now but himself an'—an' his Creator."

In the midst of dinner they heard an outcry in the yard. Tom's gamecock had challenged the old rooster, and the two were leaping and striking with foot and wing. Before help came the old rooster was badly cut in the neck and breast. Tunk rescued him and brought him to the wood shed, where Trove sewed up his wounds. He had scarcely finished when there came a louder outcry among the fowls. Looking out they saw a gobbler striding slowly up the path and leading the gamecock with a firm hold on the back of his neck. The whole flock of fowls were following. The rooster held back and came on with long, but unequal strides. Never halting, the turkey led him into the full publicity of the open yard. Now the cock was ed so his feet came only to the top of the grass; now his head was bent low, and his feet fell heavily. Through it all the gobbler bore himself with dignity and firmness. There was no show of wrath or unnecessary violence. He swung the cock around near the foot of the maple tree and walked him back and then returned to him. Half his journey the poor cock was reaching for the grass and was then lowered quickly so he had to walk with bent knees.

Again and again the gobbler walked up and down with him before the assembled flock. Hens and geese cackled loudly and clapped their wings. Applause and derision rose high each time the poor cock swung around reaching for the grass, but the gobbler continued his even stride, deliberately and, as it seemed, thoughtfully, applying correction to the quarrelsome bird. Walking the grass tips had begun to tire those reaching legs. The cock soon straddled along with a serious eye and an open mouth, but the gobbler gave him no rest. When at length he released his hold the gamecock lay weary and wild eyed, with no more fight in him than a bunch of rags. Soon he rose and ran away and hid himself in the stable. The culprit fowl was then tried, convicted and sentenced to the block.

"It's the fate of all fighters that have only a selfish cause," said the teacher. He was sitting on the grass, Polly and Tom and Paul beside him.

"Look here," said he suddenly. "I'll show you another fight."

All gathered about him. Down among the grass roots an ant stood facing a big, hairy spider. The ant backed away presently and made a little detour, the spider turning quickly and edging toward him. The ant stood motionless, the spider on tiptoe, with daggers drawn. The big, hairy spider leaped like a lion to its prey. They could see her striking with the fatal knives, her great body quivering with fierce energy. The little ant was hidden beneath it. Some uttered a cry of pity, and Paul was for taking sides.

"Wait a moment," said the teacher, restraining his hand. The spider had begun to tremble in a curious manner.

"Look now," said Trove, with some excitement.

Her legs had begun to let go and were straightening stiff on both sides of her. In a moment she tilted sideways and lay still. They saw a twinkling of black legs and the ant making off in the distance. They picked up the spider's body; it was now only an empty shell. Her big stomach had been torn away and lay in little strips and chunks down at the roots of the stubble.

"It's the end of a bit of history," said the teacher as he tore away the curved blades of the spider and put them in Polly's palm.

"Let's see where the ant goes."

To Be Continued.

We are shaped and fashioned by what we love.

It's generally the other fellow always gets licked.

FREE TO YOU—MY SISTER



FREE TO YOU—MY SISTER

ING FROM WOMEN'S AFFLICTIONS.

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I know women's sufferings.

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hearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feel-

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