

# The True and The False

Since the refusal of her relatives to assist her, it became necessary for Ellen to reflect and decide—rather for Father Goodrich to reflect and decide for her—upon what should be done for the support of the family. Ellen was skillful in various kinds of needlework; she was also a good scholar. After much consultation, it was arranged that Ellen should give up her home at the end of the next quarter and remove to town, and that, in the meantime, Father Goodrich should go thither and try to interest some of the ladies of his congregation in his poor young protegee. So, after having remained in the neighborhood for a fortnight, Father Goodrich took leave of Ellen and returned to town. And the young widow was left with her children in her sylvan home to be nursed, and to be of mind and body by the holy inspirations of religion, the peaceful ministrations of nature, and the healing influence of time.

And thus nearly three months went by, when, one evening, the seventeenth of July, Ellen sat on her doorstep, soothing her still delicate boy to sleep, and herself soothed into peace by the beauty of the sylvan scene, and the stillness of the evening. Suddenly a shadow fell upon her, and she raised her eyes. North stood before her. With an exclamation of surprise and joy, Ellen sprang up, put the boy down, and caught the wanderer in her arms, crying:

"Oh, mother! is this you, sure enough! Oh, mother! I am so glad—so glad—"

And Ellen burst into tears. North did not return her embrace. North could not; her arms were locked tightly around something that she carried on her bosom; but she said, faintly:

"Ellen, more out of my way at once, and let me come in and sit down, for I am almost dead!"

And Ellen, with affectionate and anxious trepidation, pushed the door wide open and drew forward the old cushioned chair. And North sat down heavily, and with a deep groan, and uncovered the sleeping child and laid it on her knees. Ellen drew near and gazed with surprise and curiosity and tender interest, and then exclaimed interrogatively:

"A baby, my mother! Why, where on earth did you get it from? Whose is it?"

But instead of answering these questions, North only sighed and groaned, but presently said:

"If you have got a fan give me one, for this poor little wretch is nearly suffocated with heat."

Ellen took down from the mantelpiece a spread turkey wing and handed it to North, and, while the latter was fanning the child, Ellen knelt down by it to take a nearer view.

"Poor little thing! how pale it is, mother! Is it sick? Whose is it?"

"Her mother and father are both dead. They died with the fever that broke out on the ship in which they sailed from Ireland. They left no other children, only this baby, and I took it to save it from the poorhouse," said North.

And as Ellen still looked astonished and wondering, she added, impatiently:

"I was going to let my nephew's child go to the poorhouse! You would not expect me to do such a thing, would you?"

"No, surely not. Hush, hush, my darling baby! You shall go to your Minnie by-and-by (when you go to Heaven)."

"Well, George Grove was my nephew. You have heard me talk of George Grove?"

"Yes—no; I don't know!"

"Oh, yes you have! You forget! Well, George Grove, poor fellow, fell in with his wife and child, ever coming over to this country, and they took the fever and died, and when the ship got to—"

I took the child to keep it off the parish, as I said. And another time I will tell you more about it. I am too tired now. And there comes the old woman with the milk," said North, in a wearied tone.

And Ellen, who, of all human beings, was the most simple and credulous, and the least suspicious, took the babe with her, and went for the fresh milk. And North, who felt no remorse for the theft of the child, experienced a pang of wounded pride in feeling herself forced to invent a falsehood to conceal that theft.

Days passed, during which little Maud, infant-like, at intervals suffered to be amused, and then remembered and moaned for her mother. But at the end of the week the vision had faded in the baby's memory, and in another week Ellen had won her love entirely to herself. And from this time the child's vigorous organization rebounded into fine health. The time drew near when Ellen was to leave her sylvan home. Ellen spoke of it to her mother-in-law. But North was totally passive and indifferent; she seemed to have lost all care for all things in life. Her looks and manners gave Ellen great anxiety. The wretched woman would sometimes sit for three whole days without speaking or eating, and when night came, instead of going to bed, she would wander forth into the forest and be absent till morning. And Ellen at last noticed, with starting terror, that these eccentric habits always recurred upon the change of the moon.

increasing in erraticism toward its full and abating with its wane. And the poor young widow could no longer doubt that her wretched mother was a lunatic. She was a harmless one as yet, but as much mischief might be its consequence to herself and others, especially as there was no one to look after and take care of her except Ellen's self and old Abi-shag.

Ellen deferred her departure for still another quarter, upon account of the autumn fevers that prevailed in the city, and to which she shrank from exposing the children. This second delay brought the first of November, by which day all was arranged for the removal of the little family. Her landlord kindly assisted her in settling up her business in the neighborhood, and transporting her furniture to the city. And the good priest—"good shepherd of sheep," indeed—engaged a small, cheap house in town for the poor widow and her children, and came down into the country to attend them thither.

By the middle of November they were settled in their humble new home. Abi-shag had insisted on coming to town with the young family, that were as dear to her as if they had been her own children, and, indeed, it would have been very difficult for Ellen to dispense with her services.

Ellen's only friend in the city was Father Goodrich, and it was through his kind offices that she obtained as much needlework as she could possibly do. And she worked steadily from the earliest dawn of day till twelve or one o'clock at night, while old Abi-shag took care of the house, the children and the lunatic grandmother. But, alas! alas! what could one frail pair of weak hands do toward supporting a family of six, when house rent, and fuel, and lights, and food, and clothing were to be purchased for them all? Ellen worked very hard, but without making her family comfortable, without doing more than just keeping their souls and bodies together.

Toil and privation are long in doing their work, and so three years of wretched penury passed away before Ellen's health and strength utterly failed. It was the year that the great pestilence broke out in the city. And that autumn found Ellen herself in the infirmary, her children in the orphan asylum, her mother-in-law in the lunatic hospital, and poor old Hag in the almshouse.

CHAPTER XI.

The pestilence was at its very height. The city was emptied of half its population. Private business was stopped. Not only the theatres and concert-rooms, but the very schools and churches, were closed. Death and his consort, Terror, reigned. Only the drug stores, the hospitals, asylums and infirmaries remained in full and in active operation—only the heroic medical faculty, the devoted Sisters of Charity, and a few benevolent gentlemen and clergymen, continued at their posts in the plague-stricken city.

Among the most devoted to the sufferers were Daniel Hunter and Augusta. They went everywhere—into the most squalid alleys of the city, into the most crowded wards of the hospitals. They were without fear. Nor, indeed, for them was there any danger—their physical organization, their strong and steady nerves, their fearless souls, effectually repelled the influence of contagion.

The fury of the pestilence was already abating, and people were lifting their panic-stricken heads with something like a feeling of security, and the terrified fugitives from the city were thinking of returning, when one day about this time, Daniel Hunter and Augusta went together to visit the infirmary attached to the almshouse. In passing through the women's convalescent ward, they noticed a little, fair-haired, blue-eyed child, who was certainly out of place there, yet to whom no one seemed to pay the least attention. The little one was sitting flat upon the floor, and looking around with a half-curious, half-frightened expression of countenance. Augusta stooped and patted the child encouragingly on the head, and inquired of one of the women whose it was. The woman could not inform her; she said the child had arrived with a new set of fever patients that morning, and that the superintendent had not yet seen her. Augusta was looking at the little one with deep interest. It was a beautiful and interesting child, with a very fair complexion, delicate features, dark-blue eyes, and clusters of pale, golden hair curling around a broad, fair forehead, and its innocent gaze was raised with full confidence to the lady's pale, sweet face. Augusta's eyes were suffused with gentle tears.

"She reminds me, somehow, of little Maud," she said.

"Yes," replied Daniel Hunter, looking tenderly and thoughtfully at the child. "She is about the age our sweet Maud would have been had she lived, and she has also her complexion, but Maud's features were cast in a nobler mould than this little one's."

"Yes, but she has the same colored hair and eyes and complexion, and I

hate to see her here in the poorhouse," said Augusta, lingering, still lingering, and looking back as they passed the fair child. They went their rounds, spending two or three hours in going from ward to ward, visiting the patients, and with nurses and consulting with physicians. And on their return they passed once more through the convalescent ward, where the beautiful child still remained. A Sister of Charity, who was the daily attendant of this ward, approached to welcome and speak with Mrs. Hunter. When they had exchanged their greetings:

"Can you tell me, Sister Martha, who is this little child?" inquired Augusta.

"Ah! it is a very sorrowful case, madam. A whole family brought in this morning—apparently dying of the pestilence—this little one the only member left unstricken."

"A whole family! Sweet Heaven! I had hoped to hear of no more such cases."

"A whole family, madam, a wretched, starving family, found abandoned in the last stage of the fever, and brought here by the commissioner's men this morning."

"Oh, Heaven! How many of them were there, then?" inquired Daniel Hunter.

"Five in all, sir—a woman with three children, and an old colored nurse."

"And what is their present state?"

"The sick woman and the two children, sir, are already removed to the dead ward—the old negro is recovering. This child, as you see, has not been stricken yet."

"And what is the name of this wretched family?"

"O'Leary, sir! It is altogether the greatest case of suffering that has come under my knowledge during the reign of the fever. This poor woman was a widow, sir, the widow of that O'Leary who was executed."

A stifled shriek from Augusta arrested Sister Martha's speech. Augusta had started and shuddered at the first breathing of the name, and now she exclaimed:

"Ellen O'Leary! Oh, God! Oh, don't! don't! don't say it was Ellen O'Leary!"

"That was the poor young woman's name, Mrs. Hunter. You knew her?"

"She was an old acquaintance. Just God! How terrible are the trials and vicissitudes of life! Where is Ellen and her children? Are they still living? Let me go to them at once," said Augusta, in great agitation.

But Daniel Hunter silently drew her arm in his, and Sister Martha answered:

"Not for the world, madam, would I go to them. They are already removed to the dead ward."

Augusta dropped her head on her husband's shoulder and wept aloud.

Daniel Hunter attempted no consolation beyond pressing her hand in his, and said:

"But Augusta felt her dress softly clasped by infant arms, and raising her head from its resting place and looking down, she saw the little child half embracing her, and lifting its sweet, sympathetic face to her. She took it up, and placed her hand in benediction on the little bright head."

"Four little ones," she said; "sweet little one—with all her poverty and suffering, she has known nothing but love; for see how sympathetic and how fearless she is—that also reminds me of our Maud."

Daniel Hunter was looking down upon the child also.

"What will be done with this orphan, Sister Martha?" he asked.

"She will remain at the almshouse until she is old enough to be bound out, like the other pauper children, I suppose, sir," answered the Sister, sadly.

Daniel Hunter and Augusta were both contemplating the child with deep interest. On hearing this reply, both raised their eyes, and their earnest, questioning glances met, both identical thoughts were in the minds of both—both spoke at once:

"She is fatherless," said Daniel Hunter.

"She is motherless," said Augusta.

"And we are childless," concluded both together.

They looked again in each other's faces. Augusta's heart was palpitating anxiously, her color came and went. The child's gentle hands still clasped her dress, while she looked up with innocent, unconscious eyes to her face.

"Will you take her, Augusta?" inquired Daniel Hunter.

"Take her! May I! Oh! Mr. Hunter!" exclaimed the lady, grasping the hand that still held hers, and looking anxiously, entreatingly in his face, and banging with hope and fear upon his next words.

They came very sweetly through gravely smiling faces, if it will add to your happiness."

"I may take her! Can you be in earnest? Oh! thank you, Mr. Hunter! Oh, yes! I will take her, indeed, poor orphan!" said Augusta, stooping at once, and lifting the child to her bosom.

"I will speak to the superintendent and commissioner upon the subject, Augusta, and in the meantime you had better leave the child in the care of good Sister Martha, until you can have what ever is proper prepared for her."

"Yes, but see how she hugs me," said Augusta, unwillingly relinquishing the child to the Sister, and promising to come back in her carriage to take her away in the afternoon.

They returned home. And Augusta would have been happier than she had been for a long time, but that her heart unjustly smote her for the adoption of the orphan, as it had been an infidelity to the memory of sweet Maud. But she soon reasoned herself out of the irrational and inhuman feeling, and gave herself up to the anticipated pleasure of cherishing and loving the motherless infant.

And in the afternoon she went and brought the child home.

CHAPTER XII.

It is dangerous to take anything for granted. Augusta had received several high probabilities as truths. In the first place, she had not considered it possible for the Sister of Charity to err in the smallest particular of her account of the O'Leary family. And the Sister was mistaken in supposing that the children of Ellen O'Leary had been conveyed to the dead ward. It is very true that Ellen had been taken to that place, and that in regard to the children such had been the first intention of the overseers, but this purpose had been changed upon further observation of the little patients, and they had been placed in the sick ward, when their faces soon took a favorable turn.

And in the second place, when hearing the report of the medical bulletin in coming to the very natural conclusion that each one who had been conveyed to the dead ward had died—had left the dead ward only for the grave. It is true that all the occupants of the dead ward save one had died and were buried; but Ellen O'Leary was that one. It is also true that she lay many hours as one dead, but she revived from that coma and gave signs of returning life and consciousness; and when her nurse knew that the dread crisis was past and that she would live, she was conveyed into the sick ward.

A few days after this Ellen was well enough to be removed from the sick to the convalescent ward. Here she found two of the children running about and amusing themselves, only very gently and quietly, as if the hushed air of the place subdued them. But where was the third? Sylvia Grove; but where, oh! where was her youngest born, her darling child Honor! Dead, perhaps, and they would not tell her! The pang that seized her heart at the thought almost threw her back into illness; it was only for an instant, and she called Sister Martha, whose hour of attendance it happened to be, and in faltering tones asked for her youngest child, adding, as she bent eagerly forward, and fixing her pleading eyes upon the Sister's face:

"Tell me, oh, tell me at once! Do not keep me in suspense, even if she is dead! I have suffered so much that I could bear even that."

With a deep sigh of relief, Ellen quivered lips and pale face contradicted her words, and the Sister hastened to say:

"She is not dead, poor dear; no, by no means. She is very well; she has not even been sick."

With a deep sigh of relief, Ellen sank back in her chair, inquiring:

"Where is she?"

"Where you can get her again if you wish her, my dear, though I would advise you to let her remain where she is."

"Where?"

"A wealthy and most estimable lady of the highest rank, who has no children of her own, has taken her away, with the intention of adopting her, my dear."

"Without my leave!" exclaimed Ellen, all the mother's instinct of possession flashing from her eyes.

"My dear, you can get her again if you want her—of course, you can. When the lady took her from this place you were—"

The Sister suddenly paused; she could not tell Ellen that at the moment the lady was very low. We—the lady—it was very kind in her to wish to take the orphan, you know."

"You all thought that I was dying, and she wished to adopt the destitute child. Yes, it is very kind! Oh! tell me, very kind," said Ellen, deeply thinking.

(To be continued.)

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**Tonsorial Consolation.**

Frank Schwin is a commercial traveler, and in his wanderings goes through Michigan towns. He was in need of a shave one day, he says the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

He walked about the main thoroughfare of the little town awhile when his eye met the original legend:

"Raise 10 cts. or Whiskers!"

There was but one tonsorial chair and it was occupied by a stalwart fellow and evidently a blacksmith.

The barber made a lateral, paced all over the countenance of the recumbent blacksmith, stropped the razor vigorously and called into his work.

After he had strayed long and dangerously over his patron he felt constrained to say:

"Ain't I burtin' you?"

"No," answered the Plutonian gentleman.

"I seem to be workin' hard without gettin' there," commented the village barber further.

"Oh, just go on," encouraged the blacksmith. "You're doin' all right, for them you ain't outtin' off you're crimpin' so much I guess they'll never grow again!"

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Baby's health and happiness depends upon its little stomach and bowels performing their work regularly. If these are out of order, Baby's Own Tablets will cure the trouble quicker than any other medicine, and the mother has the guarantee of a government analyst that this medicine is safe for infants.

Frank Neill, Marksville, Ont., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for stomach and bowel troubles, breaking up colds and destroying worms, and always with the best success." Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Greed.

(From the Milwaukee Sentinel.)

You envy the man who climbs to fame And little you care for the man who has— You dream of a great and glowing name, And little you care who shall be the coat. You struggle and strive in hall and mart, Forgetting the weakened souls you pass— So long as you reach your goal at last.

Low to the shrine of the great god gold You bend and worship its glitter and cink— Little you care who shall be the thief— So long as you're safe from the dangerous brink of adversity. And you only care To reap the fruits where your seeds were cast— Cold and grim on the road you fare, With thoughts of naught but the goal at last.

Little you heed to the outstretched hand That asks for a crust or a friendly lift— And 't is little you know or understand The value of sunshine through the rift When the clouds are low, and the heart in pain.

Beats for the hope and the dream long gone— You only strive for the spoil and gain— Needless of all but the goal at last!

A man's remarks may be cold even when his tongue is coated. The consumption of champagne in England is decreasing rapidly.

## THE CHURCH AT LARGE

Twelve millions of the 23,000,000 children in the United States are growing up with no religious training.

The Indiana Yearly Meeting of Friends shows a net loss for the year of 75, there being now 20,208 members.

Of the \$60,000 required for the Baptist forward movement in Rochester, N. Y., over \$23,000 has so far been subscribed.

The New Hampshire Christian Endeavor Association has 236 societies with 5,485 active, 1,920 associate and 1,120 honorary members.

There are 100 Baptist churches in Pennsylvania that have no pastors because the congregations are too small to raise the necessary salary.

About \$4,400 was given by the Woman's Missionary Society of Trinity Cathedral at Cleveland, as its diocesan offering which is made every third year.

It is expected that most of the counties in the Panhandle of Texas will be made into a new presbytery, it being a section rich in possibilities for home mission work.

The new Methodist Hospital in Indianapolis, started seven years ago, is now nearly ready for occupancy, \$196,000 having been spent so far, and there is \$70,000 on hand for completing the work.

The American Mission Board closed its year with a deficit of about \$36,000, while the Episcopal Board of Missions fell short \$24,000, making its total debt now \$138,460, as it entered the year with a deficit.

A split in the Primitive Baptist Church of Georgia is threatened over the question of having organs in the churches and paying the ministers a stated salary, the more progressive element favoring these.

The 75 pieces of statuary for the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, in New York, over which there was such a controversy last spring, are to be taken down and recared according to the original models of Sculptor Guizou Borgium.

When the Central Ohio Methodist Episcopal Conference was formed in 1856 it had 182 churches with 14,083 members, while now it has 408 churches and 55,539 members, who give ten times as much for missions as they did fifty years ago.

The four district superintendents of the Christian Endeavor movement in Tennessee are arranging conferences and rallies in each of the 96 counties of the State to work up a great attendance before the 1908 convention at Knoxville.

In connection with the bi-centennial of the founding of the Philadelphia Baptist Association, which has just been celebrated, a fund of \$100,000 was raised, of which \$30,000 went to aid poor churches and \$40,000 for a Baptist settlement house.

The Baptist Home of Northern Ohio, at Cleveland, will be opened in a few weeks with four aged women residents, has on hand \$15,000 of the \$25,000 needed for its purchase, \$5,000 of the amount having just been given by John D. Rockefeller.

Nine suits have been tried in Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, Tennessee, Georgia and Texas to determine the legality of the union of the Cumberland with the Presbyterian Church of the United States, and in every case the action has been declared valid.

The new Tabernacle enterprise at Atlanta, which will be a great benefit to the colored church, will be started with a three-story dormitory for young women, after which will come a nurses' home and then the large auditorium for the church work proper.

The Associated Executive Committee on Indian Affairs of the Society of Christian Workers is to have decided to 157 acres of the Shawnee reservation, 100 acres of the Kickapoo reservation and 40 acres of the Otoe and Missouri reservation, all of which are to be devoted to missionary work.

The 2,267 societies, representing 57,467 members of the Northwestern Branch of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Church, will meet at Milwaukee from Oct. 8 to 11, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin being the territory covered by the organization.

The scarcity of curates in the Church of England is causing a considerable feeling of anxiety.

The Bishop of St. Easph, England, in one day recently consecrated four burying grounds in various parts of his diocese.

Christianity, though its cradle was in the East, has worked into the great centers of India as the religion of the West.

The last Sunday that the late Bishop of Winchester spent in his parish was passed in his country parish in order that the hard-worked rector might take a brief rest.

The East London Primitive Methodist Mission has given 33,144 breakfasts to hungry children, besides taking care of 6,310 homeless and destitute men and women.

St. Joseph's Foreign Missionary College, at Mill Hill, Middlesex, England, has just sent out its annual quota to the mission fields of Asia and Africa.

This is the centenary year of the Congregational Union of Lancashire, and to mark the occasion the Congregational Union of England and Wales will send there about 2,000 delegates between October 13 and 18.

The parishioners of Wool, a village in East Dorset, England, sent their church bells, dated 1699, 1659 and 1738, to the

founders to be tuned and new ones added to the peal, and their return was made a general holiday.

The Government withdrew its aid from the schools at Marston St. Lawrence, in Northamptonshire, England, and ordered them closed, but the vicar, Rev. C. H. Glasnow, has determined to carry them on as his own risk for a year.

Fifty fragments of the finest early English carrying in polished Furbeck marble, supposed to be portions of the shrine of St. Swithun, were brought to light recently during the restoration of certain parts of Winchester Cathedral.

The restoration of York Minster has reached the parapet of the great central tower and the covering of the splendid stained-glass windows is being removed to give a better idea of their magnificence, especially of the celebrated Five Sisters' Window.

A number of conferences of clergymen have been held in London looking to concerted action in regard to the recent change in the marriage laws of England, an intended public demonstration having been abandoned until the Bishops have made their announcement.

Although the parish church at High Wycombe, England, is very ancient, the first time that it was used for an ordination service was when recently Rev. W. A. Newman Hall, who has been a Congregationalist for many years, took holy orders in the Oxford diocese.

Applications for relief by the English clergy under the new income tax regulations in England have to be made before Oct. 1, to save paying the tax of new billings on the total income, the tax being imposed now only on what is "earned."

The hopes of a half century have failed of realization among the upper classes of India, the Oxford and Cambridge missions not having a single convert in several years, while the college at Madras, the finest missionary institution in that country, has gathered only a mere handful.

## SCIATICA CURED.

**Mrs. Chas. F. Haley Restored by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.**

"I was utterly helpless with sciatica. I could not move in bed without aid. Doctors treated me, but I did not improve. I used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and to-day am a well woman." This tribute to the merits of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is made by Mrs. Chas. F. Haley, of Yarmouth, N. S. Two years ago she suffered most severely from an attack of sciatica, and for a number of months was an invalid confined to her bed. She further states: "It is impossible for me to describe the pain from which I suffered. I endeavored to continue my profession as a music teacher, but was forced to give it up. The doctor said the trouble was sciatica, but his treatment did not help me. I could scarcely take a step without the most acute pain shooting through my back and down the limb. Finally I took to my bed and lay there perfectly helpless, and could not move without aid. The pain was never absent. I consulted another doctor, but with no better results, and I began to think I would always be a sufferer. One day a friend who was in to see me asked why I did not take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and on her advice I decided to do so. The result was beyond my most hopeful expectations. All the pains and aches disappeared, and I have never since been troubled with sciatica. I have no hesitation in recommending Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for the sciatica from which I suffered."

When the blood is poor the nerves are starved; then comes the agony of sciatica, neuralgia, or perhaps partial paralysis. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new, rich, red blood, which feeds the starved nerves, drives out pain and restores health. It is because the pills actually make new blood that they cure such common ailments as rheumatism, anaemia, backaches and headaches, heart palpitation, indigestion and the painful irregularities of growing girls and women. You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills from any medicine dealer or Pink Pills at 60 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## FOR INSOMNIA.

**Simple Remedies Recommended by Those Who Have Tried Them.**

One woman advances the theory that by laying a silk handkerchief lightly across the eyes on retiring sleep will be induced. The nerves of the eyes, she avers, are the last in the body to quiet down, and the bandage has the effect of hastening the process.

Others have found that the inability to sleep may be traced to the habit of having the head too high. When the person lies flat without any elevation at the head, says the American Home Monthly, the much needed repose has been obtained.

One of the most efficient remedies for sleeplessness is to lie perfectly still in bed, close the eyes, or the lids, and then, with the lids still closed, raise the eyes to as high a point as possible. Retain them in this position as long as possible. At first there may be a consequent straining of the muscles, and when this is noted it would be well to desist for that night. But a repetition of the practice will undoubtedly bring about the desired result.

A good rubbing down with a coarse Turkish towel will often induce sleep and soothe unquiet nerves when one has tossed about for hours trying to woo nature's sweet restorer. Onions are known to have a soporific effect on the nerves, and it is said an onion soup taken at dinner will have the desired effect.

Vegetable With an Ancient Linage.

Asparagus is the aristocrat of the food plants. None other has so distinguished a lineage, for its records reach back almost to the beginning of authentic history. It is mentioned by the comic poet Cratinus, who died about 425 B.C. The Romans held asparagus in the highest esteem, the elder Cato treating at length, in his "De re Rustica," still extant, of the virtues and correct cultivation of the plant. Pliny, writing about 60 A.D., has a great deal to say of asparagus. He says: "Of all the products of your garden your chief care should be asparagus."

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