"Hello, my bold Raiph," cried Judge Josiah Marcellus to the young sailor who stood twirling his cap by the desk. "Back again, safe and sound, hey, from the glowing East? I'm glad to see you."
"Don't go, Cronkite. This is young "Don't go, Cronkite. This is ; Purvis, son of the housekeeper at This is young Underglades, and, like her, devoted to the Merediths. He's an able seaman, and a very able one, too, I warrant, aboard the full-rigged iron ship Dirego, which makes such famous runs in the East India trade.

"You told me, Judge, to let you know

"I to told me, studge, to let you know it I ever caught sight or sound of Mr. Jim," Ralph began hesitatingly. *
"Bless my soul, so I did," reflected the Judge, his face settling into concern. "Is it possible that vicious cerature still lives to hate and plot? Sit down, Ralph, sit down; and do you, Abe, give the closest attention.

that mysterious fire at the Underglade two years ago. It burst out without ap-parent cause in the room where Fritz Meredith lay bedridden. The doors had

"Of course, it was hushed up, but there is no doubt that James Meredith was the perpetrator of the outrage. He fled across the seas, we all hoped forever. "Insane or revengeful, sir?" asked the

detective. Both for there is an irresponsible strain that shows itself now and again in the Merediths, with selfish interest added. James Meredith has always been fantastically minded, full of strange de vices, delighting in the abdominal and

"He hated the uncle who had benefited him so much and forgiven him so often because his uncle would not hear of his narrying his pretty cousin, Madge, Fritz Meredith's only child. Besides, he would come into a contingent inheritance at his uncle's death. Where did he see Mr. Jim, Ralph?"

"We were so short handed at Bombay that the captain grabbed at whatever the crimps fetched for the home voyage." answered the young sailor. "There was a lean, lanky hand among them with a black beard, who reminded me of somebody, I couldn't tell who, though he looked like a Lascar, he was that yel-

by himself when off duty and mumbling the Lord knows what. He fought shy of me in particular, and besides we stood different watches and didn't swing nearby. But all the same one morning when was washing down the deck I caught as mine, Judge, and on it were those same initials tattoed I seen when a boy. Oh, it was Mr. Jim, all right, and that was why I came directly we were paid

"Do you mean that he has gone from the ship, that you don't know where he

"Yes, judge; we made the bar just after sunset last night, and so had to drop anchor at lower quarantine. This morning this Lascar chap-Lol something. I never could eateh the name he called himself, but Mr. Jim, your Honor, was-was missing. He must have slid off in some passing skiff along with his queer little box."

Because, sir, it was all wrapped up in Eastern coarse cloth and no one could get a glimpse of it. One of get a glimpse of it. One of my mates is a good time, as you say, to avoid any yowed there was something alive in it. and scuttling through the fo'c'sle to make him think that."

This is too serious a matter for any ession, Abe," interposed the Judge. "This is too severely. "James Meredith is back for no good purpose. He must be watched and guarded against.

"The family at Underglades is practi-cally helpless, with Mr. Fritz Meredith a confirmed invalid still confined to his room and only his daughter Madge un-der the care of Ralph's good mother, with the servants. You must go down there in some capacity.: Let me think: what was it I heard from that nice jolly girl? Oh, yes; she wrote that her father insisted on her having a houseful of company and that there was going to be a masked ball for them this Friday night and wouldn't I lend dignity to the ocae-

"Let me see, that will be day after to mororw. I think I just will. You go down right away. Abe, with Ralph, so as to advise me when I come. His mother and he between them will manage to find some place for you in the house where you will attract no notice and be able to discern and disconcert the slight-est move on the part of this infernal

not mar my pretty Madge's pleasure for him from any overt act. He is simply hanging irresolute."

Among the decorators, caterers, musi-

was a fixture in the household.

ful closing of the door, "that I recognize in you a young man of character, force and ability who is sincerely in love with life sir that be in the deserted room.

"But I believe, and it is not empty belief sir that be in the bear of the sir that sir the sir that sir that

you would risk your life to save her from possible harm."

"That is truly said, even if not well

preesnt assignment.
"Why, I saw just such a yellow chap go shambling by us with a white package under his arm whe nwe were sitting in the grove!" cried Slocum. "Madge thought he was a gypsy and wanted me to call him back, but I didn't fancy his

Surly side glance."

"Exactly; it couldn't be better," agreed Cronkite. "Keep it up, Mr. Slocum. Excite his jealousy all you can. Don't you see I am playing for time. I know that his metic in some control of the country of the coun his motive in coming here is to work revenge on Fritz Meredith, but I don't yet know how he plots to work it. I would confuse and divert this motive, thus causing him to hesitate and perhaps betray himself."

haps betray himself."

"I do see. You figure that he will get so mad with me that he will forget for the time being how mad he is with Mr. Meredith. All right, the job suits me. Besides Mr. Meredith may not think my scant pay and small fortune a detripant if I am see lucky as to help says nent if I am so lucky as to help save him from harm.

"It isn't Mr. Mcredith alone, but the houseful of young people gathered for innocent enjoyment."

innocent enjoyment."

"Tut, man, you speak as if this lunatic were armed with a gatling gun."

"Some weapons in such hands might prove fully as destructive."

"True, there are self-cocking revolvers that keep spitting out bullets. Of course it is all surmise; you can't know just what this mad fellow may or may not do. But your inferences, I believe, are correct. By concentrating his rage upon do. But your inferences, I believe, are correct. By concentrating his rage upon sme not only will Mr. Meredith be protected, but Madge and her guests will be saved from chance harm. By the way, wouldn't it be better still if I were out of the house?"

"I was just going to say," answered

of the house?"
"I was just going to say," answered
Cronkite, "that in anticipation of your
devotion I had already asked Mrs. Pur-Cronkite vis to fit out a room for you in that deris to fit out a room for you in that deserted building in the woods that used to be a lodge. You can say, you know, that you may want to have a little bachelor gathering which might be noisy in the big house. Of course you will have to expose yourself."
"Of course," said the young officer, simply, "That is one of the things that you will be a service."

go without saying in the service."
"But I shall be on watch and on hand,
you may count on that," concluded the detective. "I think, sir, our programme sufficiently arranged. You are to cot

tinue your attentions to Miss Meredith in the open air, exciting the jealousy of this man, who doubtless will be dogging you and listening to you, in every way you can. You are also to explain to her was why I came directly we were paid your change of rooms so he may know off, especially after the way he lit out just where to find you and thus will to this house.

have no cause to come to this house,"

"All right," yawned Mark Sloeum. "I
think you are a little overelaborate in
your plans and precautions. Mr. Detective, but I am trained to obey my commanding officer. I wish, though, I had run across the scoundrel when I was on the Eastern station, knowing what I now do; I would have wrung his neck for

"Were you at Bombay, sir?" asked Cronkhite, casually, his hand on the door "Only for a day or so; this is a good

plague."

III. "I fear your fine said plans have gone awry, "Abe." said Judge Marcellus dissatisfiedly, when after his arrival at the Undergiades he jistened to Cronkhite's

eport "Say rather, sir, that they haven't ome to a head as soon as I anticipated,"

replied the detective, patiently.
"It is that old fault of yours, Abe; you are too diffuse. The simplest way is are too diffuse. The simplest way is the best way. Since the wretch is lurk-ing in the neighborhood with obviously no good intent, why didn't you have two stout deputies arrest him?"

"The public safety is the supreme law, "There you go again with your con

unded wise saws. What do you mean? "He keeps that queer little box, wrap-ped in Eastern coarse cloth, with him, sir. Suppose that it is filled with dyna-"Bless my soul, it might well be; do

on think so " you think so?"

It might well be as you say, sir, though I spoke only by way of illustration. It seemed prudent, therefore, for me to try to entrap him in a remote and "Tell your mother, Ralph, that I de-pend upon her and you. Mr. Fritz Mere-dith must not be alarmed and I would the risk. At any rate, I have prevented

"Yes." agreed the Judge thoughtfully, Among the decorators, caterers, musicians and additional servants who now thronged the old house at the Underglades the presence of so reserved and retiring a man as Abe Cronkite attracted little or no notice. Mrs. Purvis ed little or no notice. Mrs. Purvis vouched for him and that was sufficient to enable him to come and go as he will-to enable him to come and go as he will-ed, with no other comment than that that the company of the comment than that the comment than the comment that t ed, with no other comment than that this quiet Mr. Rylance was employed by the fat and asthmatic housekeeper to keep a sharp eye on everything.

Such was Madge Meredith's understanding and she approved of it, for by his very manner the detective managed to suggest and impart helpfulness and confidence. Within twenty-four hours he was a fixture in the household.

he was a fixture in the household.

It was natural then for Ensign Marks Slocum of the navy to look up pleasants ly if inquiringly when this quiet Mr. Rylance followed him to his room on his return from a stroll through the plantation with Madge Meredith.

If this is go then it seems that the masked ball to-night offers just the stage for this play of his, whatever it may be. I cannot explain, it is true, what he has been about since he had seeming wrong that Slocum and Miss Meredith. first upon Mr. Slocum. Let me say, sir," said the detective without other preliminary than a care-

and ability who is sincerely in love with Miss Meredith."

"What the deuce!" interjected the astounded Slocum.

"One moment, please, sir. And that appearing in some hidgens costume, and long? Mrs. Sn' get the last one with the deuce of the size o

that then he will proceed against Slo-

"In fact, I have provided, so far a I can, against some such mad course

The Judge nodded in approval. "I wish I might always remember, Abe," he said, "how much wiser you are than I am. Now, what do you want me to do, my man? I am at your com

said."

"It is well said. The emergency is such that I must trust some one, and I know I can trust you."

Whereupon Cronkite proceeded to detail the causes and circumstances of his preesnt assignment.

"Why, I sam the said, even if not well sudge," replied Cronkite with a genuine feeling. "Now then to business. You can take an important part, indeed a most important part; for we both earnestly wish, don't we, that that bedridden old man upstairs, that all the feeling in the same of the said." to the testive scene. 1ou will not find Miss Meredith and Mr. Slocum there for the present at least. I depend upon you to save their absence from comment or even notice."

Cronkite was right. The lovers were

not present among the festive scenes which the Judge was about to adorn with his dignity. They were seated side by side on the bench in the grove to all appearances deep in confidential talk. As Slocum at the expected talk. As Slocum at the expected sounds in the clump of trees in the rear looked back and caught a glimipse of a figure, fantastic, lurking and listen-

a figure, fantastic, furking and listen-ing, he threw his arms around Madge, drawing her face to his breast. "Now is our time, darling," he plead-ed in impassionated tones. "Your father will never consent to our marriage Amid all the jollity at the house ou absence will not be noted for hours. By that time we will be man and wife. Wait, I beseech you, here until I run over to my rooms and get my money and papers; and then just a short walk through the plantation to the garage, and off we speed to the marrying par-

Evidently Madge whispered her cor sent, or gave it by her silence; for Sl cum sprang up and away with a rap-turous shout. She raised her head, she looked after her lover, hurrying down the wooded path lightly, confidently. Somebody, something, was following in the trees at the side, a satanic shape

in red and black such as during the Middle Ages added terror to a masque Though fully apprised, though of death. as stout of heart as she was loving. Madge could not stiffle a cry of alarm Then a hand was laid on her arm, the voice said:

"Don't fear, Miss Meredith, I will "Bon't rear, Miss Mercura, i wave, to secure. Wait patiently, for soon your troubles and dangers will be over. It was the quick Mr. Rylance, who fleetly disappeared among the trees.

Into the darkness of the remote and deserted lodge hurrried Mark Slocum. He dashed up the stairs and into the front room which had been prepared for him. He made a light and the poised, with every muscle strained for quick action, behind the closed door. Up the stairs now crept that grotesque

shape. It paused on the threshold listen to draw the slide of a darklanters to lay down the queer little box covered with coarse Eastern cloth, to bring from rope rove into a running from a noose the death head's masque from its face. The feeble rays struck the tawny skin, the haggard lineaments, the deep-sec-eyes sparkling with madness. It was the face of the Lascar, of James Mere

Cronkite waited on the landing below until Meredith had adjusted the noose on his arm and the rope ends to his left hand He waited until he had breath essly turned the knob and moved the door ajar: then even as he drew himself for a frenzied spring he was up and upon him, forcing him through the door and down on the floor, where Slocum also fell upon him. In an instant the noos was over James Meredith's shoulders and trussed about with the rope he lay helpless to blink and gasp like some

He raised the box gingerly at arm's Slobbs—Yes, length, yet with silent intentness. Then with an awed nod he called Slocum to

"Listen." he said. "I was right. Look." And he showed how a slit in the cloth exposed a trap that might be raised. "Don't you see?" he gasped. "He would have made it bite vou "Great God! Such fiendishness is b

youd belief," Slocum gasped back. "What are you going to do?" "Wait, they both must be watched like enemies of mankind." And down the stairs went Abe Cronkite.

Slocum did wait and watch between he silent, motionless man and the box all aquiver with horrid life. Now and an aquiver with norms line. Now and again there was a sharp sound and he quivered for all his pluck. Again he was back in the sickly, sodden heat of Bombay. Again he was listening to sober tales of how death in its most savage orm was lurking beneath the streets in the walls of house and in the crevices of the docks. Why didn't Cronkite come He would be even gladder to get away from the lodge than he had been to sail from "that city of the plague.

At length Cronkite did come up stairs slowly, like one tired and hot. For the moment he stood gazing on Jas. Meredith, who blinked back at him in impotent rage. Then with a shrug of his borad shoulders he turned away.

"By to-morrow, when he has been com mitted as hopelessly insane," he said to Slocum, 'there will be no one who will believe or heed him, should he rave of

He picked up the box gingerly. Bearing it at arms' length, he led the way down the stairs, and into the cellar. A fire was blazing in the furnace. He swung open the furnace door. He tossed the box into the very miast of the eager

Then it was that the two men looked on the contents of the queer little box for the first and last time. As the fabric vanished like a breath, a great gray rat, gaunt and worn as if already half consumed by some internal fever, leaped and squealed even as it was licked up and devoured by the fervent heat.

Mrs. Whyte-Do von keep your cook long? Mrs. Shye—Not very. I tried to get the last one to stay long enough for me to get a snapshot of her for a souvenir, but she was too quick for me.—

THE BRIGHTEST DAY FOR EVERY WOMAN

Comes With Good Health Through the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills

feeling. "Now then to businesse well and is well, feels well a Her brightest day for every girl and women who are happy to-day because ese pills actually make the rich, red these pills actually make the rich blood that makes weak ones well strong. This statement has been proven over and over again. Here is further proof from Mrs. C. J. Brook, Manitou, Man., who says: "After a busy term on second-class work, followed only by a short time of relaxation, and a strenuous two and a half months' normal course, in March, 1906, I began teaching chool. I had a heavy rural school, with a large atendance, and consequently a arge number of grades, thus I found the work a great nervous strain. This added o the overwork of study, previous to teaching, soon resulted in a "run down" When vacation time came did not pay much attention to my condition, as I thought the holidays would fully restore me, but as I resumed work again I soon found this was not the case. One morning, when I came to breakfast everything reeled before me, and 1 almost ainted away. The lady with whom I was boarding advised me to take Dr Williams' Pink Pills, She always spoke very highly of them, her daughter having used them with the most beneficial esults following a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism. I decided to take her advice, and had only taken a w boxes whan I began to improve ealth-and such an appetite as I had. rapidly gained health, my face had a lealthy glow, and I gained in weight. I have since often recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to others, who have used them, with equally beneficial results and I believe the Pills to be a standard remedy for the ills for which you recom nend them.'

You can get these Pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

DAMNING EVIDENCE.

'Madam," says the agent of the black hand, "we have a photograph of you and Count de Gayleign riding in an automoile. Send ten thousand dollars to us or

we will publish the picture."
"What care 1?" haughtily says the lady. "The Count is a gentleman in every way, and, besides, he is going to rry my daughter. There can be no andal connected with my riding with

"That's not the point. It was a 1908odel car."
With a low moan, the unforaunate oman sank to the floor, after giving a ecble indication that on revolving from her faint she would write a check for

the hush money.

SORTIES. Mrs. Willis (at the Ladies' Aid Soci-

ty)-Now, what can we do for the poor Mrs. Gillis-I was reading to-day here the soldiers are always making sorties. Now, why can't we get the recipes for those things and make the ourselves and send them to the boys?

Blobbs-It always takes two Cronkite stepped out into the hall, a quarrel between a married couple, consisted the box gingerly at arm's Slobbs—Yes, usually a wife and a mo-

OPERATION HER ONLY CHANCE

Was Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Lindsay, Ont.—"I think it is no more than right for me to thank Mrs. Pinkham for what her kind advice and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-



pound has done for me. When I wrote to her some time ago I was a very sick woman, suffering from female troubles. I had inflammation of the female organs. and could not stand or walk any distance. At last I was confined to my bed, and the doctor

to go through an operation, but this I refused to do. A friend advised Lydia E. Pinkham's, Vegetable Compound, and now, after using three bottles of it, I feel like a new woman. I most heartly recommend this medicine to all women who suffer with female troubles. Have who suffer with female troubles. I have also taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills and think they are fine."—Mrs. FRANK EMSLEY, Lindsay, Ontario.

We cannot understand why women

We cannot understand why women will take chances with an operation or drag out a sickly half hearted existence, missing three-fourths of the joy of living, without first trying Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For thirty years it has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has cured thousands of women who have been troubled with such ailments as displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration. and nervous prostration.

HOW AUTHORS WROTE.

Pope Thought Best When in Bed-Victor Hugo Wrote Standing.

Alexander Pope, who was the literary pontiff of his time, thought best when in bed. Whenever a thought came to him he would jot it down on a scrap of paper. His servant often found bedelothes and floor covered with white bits containing aphorisms which have now become hackneyed

quotations.

Victor Hugo wrote "Les Miserables" standing up, an attitude which Haw-thorne also assumed when he wrote

many of his romances.

One leg thrown over the arm of a chair or sitting on the arm of his secretary's chair were Napoleon's favorite positions while dictating to Rouvrignes a position which he were orite positions while dictating to
Bourrienne, a position which he varied now and then by patting that
scribe on the head or pulling his ears.
Sir Walter Scott could while reclin-Sir Walter Scott could while reclining on a lounge dictate to two amanueness, who frequently had to stop writing, so funny the dictated passages heemed to them.

Balzac, in a monk's robe, frequently the product of the control of th

v wrote from midnight till noon, tak ing draughts of strong coffee when drowsiness attacked him, and thus shortening his life by many years, no

William Morris made one of his famous translations from the Greek while riding on the steam cars. Walt Whitman and Horace Traubel, orig-Whitman and Horace Traubel, original in all things, were most original in the position they took while thinking. They were wont, so Mr. Traubel says, to climb upon a pile of lumber and lie down upon their backs. In that way each found out what the other's best thoughts were.—From the Poston Globa.

SAVING LIFE IN THE FAMINE. Rev. E. E. Lobenstine, writing to The Christian Heraid from famine-stricken

"It is a constant surprise to see the fortitude of the people in the face of death. It is true that there has been much robbery and theft throughout the famine district, and that the country has been kept from breaking loose in rebil lion only by the strong hand of the law In one city alone the official has either decapitated or hung in wooden cage over three hundred people since last fall, and the number is not much less in other cities; still, in view of the fact of the awful suffering of the people, and of the additional fact that even the theft of a few loaves of bread is sufficient to cause a man to be hung, it is a constant miracle that the country is as peaceful as it is." Mr. Lobenstine adds that up to the present time the relief afforded t over 300,00 persons in four large districts during the last two and a half months has amounted to only a fraction of a cent a day per head. Imperfect as has been the reli ef work, it has undoubt edly resulted in a large 1 aving of life They have kept alive somehow.

Are You Subject to Nervous Headaches?

In primitive days, when little or noth ing was known about Medicine, a favorite remedy supposed to have a virtue for headaches was Smelling Salts. To day we know smelling salts are useless The cause of nervous headaches can al ways be traced to an unbalanced condi iately reflected over the whole nervous system. Many prescriptions have more or less efficacy, but the one that can be depended upon to cure quickly is Nerviline. Twenty drops in water gives immediate relief. To say it acts quickly fails to express the result. The minute Nerviline strikes the stom-ach, its strengthening influence is felt. You feel better, brighter, free from op-pressing nervous semations. Nothing better to brace up when you come in at night tired and cold, nothing more cer-You can use Nerviline inside and in a thousand ways you'll find it in-

CHECKING BABIES.

A fashionable Pitteburg church has tablished a complete playroom with reliable nurses where you can check your baby just as you do your hat and Everybody knows that a baby is the finest thing in the world, and that he who goes through life without leaving one behind dies very poor indeed, a lady

But many women have felt that their hearts would grow much fonder of their babies if they could be absent from them occasionally, though ever so sel-

Manifestly, every family cannot have a nurse of its own, for then only half the world's women could be mothers, for the other half would have to be nurses.

But we could share our nurses, It would be a good idea to have public nurseries, preferably in the home districts. The youngsters would be in charge of graduate nurses of the high-est professional standing. They would be masters of the art of keeping chil-

dren at healthy play.

But don't think we are proposing pub lie mothers as a substitute for the oldfashioned kind, as we hear some "new"
—or maybe just "fresh"—women propose! Not even an angel from heaven could take the place of a child's mother as his principal guide, for the angel however much wiser she might be could

not love the child balf so much.

But we do think that every mother should have what only a few privileged mothers with employed nurses have now: the opportunity to go shopping, and to the theatre or a party occasional ly, and know that her baby is in good hands while she is away from her darl-ing. She knows that she is risking her little one's life if she leaves him along in the house; and she doesn't feel sure that her neighbor will keep baby away from the stove, the wash boiler, and other dangerous things if she leaves the child in the neighbor's care.

MORE BARGAIN STOCK.

(Exchange.) Shopps-My wife offered to bet me hox of cigars against a pair of gloves that she wouldn't get angry for a month but I refused to bet." Nopps—Afraid you'd lose, eh?" Shopps—No; afraid I'd win.

THE POSTMASTER TELLS HIS FRIENDS

That they should use Dodd's Kidney Pills for Kidney Ills.

He Had Backache For a Long Time But Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured it. That is Why He Recommends Them. Dyment, Ont., May 15.—(Special.)—John Oldberg, postmaster here, and well known throughout this entire neighborhood, is telling his friends that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the cure for all forms of Kidney Disease. And when they ask how he knows, this is the answer he gives:

gives: "I was troubled with Backache for "I was troubled with Backache for a long time' and Dodd's Kidney Pills cured it. That's why I recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to all sufferers from Kidney Disease."

And the postmaster is not the only

one in this neighborhood who has found one in this neignormous who has round relief from their Kidney ills in the old reliable remedy, Dodd's Kidney Pills. Others there are whose Rheumatism has been relieved, whose Dropsy has vanished, and whose Urinal Troubles have been cured. For if the disease is of the Kidneys, or caused by the Kidneys being out of order, Dodd's Kidney Pills never fail to cure it.

LACE UBIQUITOUS.

Sort and Manner of Using Proclaim

Best Models. Filet lace is first, though the shadow aces and the filmier meshes are found ended with work that is very foreign to them, and they make a background not only for trimmings, but for veils, jackets, cats and all the other accessor-

ies that the lace counters provide.

Deep bands of filet or roint Venise at the hem of a lingerie gown will raise it indubitably from the passe to a mo-

del of this season's style.

Many beautiful imitations of all finest laces are on the counters, some of them are very cunningly tated. The filets are being used for tated. The filets are being used for linear suits and gowns, and also the imitation point Venise bands which come in wide and narrow widths.

Point Milan is a recent revival, and from its aim taxture. rom its airy texture is suited to bat-

istes and other flimsy materials.
might sometimes be mistaken by a pas ing shopper at a lace counter for nciennes.
One of the modish uses for narrow and medium width lace bandings is as wired bows on summer hats. One very mide rever of soft filmy lace, with the other rever of cloth or silk, is a finish

seen in some of the handsome street cos-The lace rever is always very wide at the top, running well onto the should-er. Deep frills of lace are also beginning to be seen on sleeves. A novelty seen at one lace countr was a little jacket with wide turned back revers, very short fronts and long, straight

MOTHER'S DREAMS.

(Ottawa Citizen.) Every mother dreams of things for her child. Never yet did any mother bend over her sleeping child but she dreamed dreams of strength of manhood, of largeness of attainment, of some uniqueness of effort. Ever has come to her maternal sight the fair vision of a life strong, noble, helpful, good. No cloud of doubt has ever crossed the

air sky of her radiant dream. No one can rightly compute the subtle influence of the mother's aspiration for No one can rightly compute the static influence of the mother's aspiration for good and greatness in her child. It is a very font of evolution, stimulating to diviner things. It is not in the power of human mind to reckon the good that has come to the world by the wishing of

mother-love.

If mother-love could but have the willing as well, we might safely prophesy a other influences have crept in, destroy ing the possibility of fulfilment. And with the removal of these, is to be found our best observance of Mothers' Day.

The greatest tragedy of human life is the throwing of a mother's child, chershed and cared for and planned for with nsinite tenderness and devotion, into the tossed about like a chip upon an angry sea, and too often cast high upon the barren sands of failure. There is no greater descent than that from the mo

ther's arms to the ignoble clay.

It is impossible to regard a wasted or a ruined life without memory or vihind it. One cannot forget the fact of all her dreaming and prophetic cessary.

And one cannot view such ruin without

glimpsing these ruined hopes as well.

This, then, must be our task—to give to every child the chance to realize the wish and dream of the mother; to give to every mother the care-free environment wherein she shall dream highest and noblest dreams of success and at-tainment and goodness for her child; to give to every home the assurance of safety and comfort whereby mother-love shall be able to exercise most fully the privileges of willing good to her child.

FOAM ON THE SCHOONERS.

(Montreal Star.) The strike in Munich over beer re ainds us that, while we are worrying bout reciprocity and marriage laws and that sort of thing, the people of the Bavarian capital are dealing with the realities of life. They have sent a man to prison for six weeks, and committed five of his waiters to keep him commany for part of his sentence, 'waide fining them handsomely; and all because he did not fill his "steins" of beer to the top. Munich is usually as mild as its beer; but an atrocious outrage, such as this fiend committed, does rouse it to the very centre of the Hofbrau.

THEY SCORE OCCASIONALLY.

The story runs that a militant suffragist, while speaking in Yorkshire last summer, was interrupted by a farmer who said, "If thee wor in thee proper place, lass, thee'd be up in the field yonder, helpin' ta mak' hay instead o' bleth!

"Thank you, sir," retorted the fair speaker. "And if you were in your proper place you'd be eating it."

(Philadelphia Record.)