

God Bless You!

God bless you! with His grace and love divine. God bless you! if your heart with pain repine. God bless you! when the sky of hope is clear. God bless you! when the pulse is still with fear. God bless you! in the early days of life. God bless you! in the midst of bitter strife. God bless you! when dark sorrows crowd around. God bless you! when not one true friend is found. God bless you! when doubt your mind assails. God bless you! when your sinking courage fails. God bless you! when the future all seems dark. God bless you! when of joy appears no spark. God bless you! when to you the world is blind. God bless you! when not one on earth is kind. God bless you! when your sight and hearing fail. God bless you! when your strength does naught avail. God bless you! when no certain path seems clear. God bless you! when the night of life is near. God bless you! when the end of all is high. God bless you! when He brings you home on high. God Bless You! -Rev. J. P. X. O'Connor, S. J.

A CORNER IN HOUSEHOLD GOODS

(Sarah Ruth Quigley, in New Ideas Woman's Magazine.)

The little brown house at the north end of Main Street put on mourning one day in early August. Old Dave Martin was dead after suffering five or twenty years from a complication of ailments, a single one of which would have put beyond the vale any other man in Centreville.

On the day of the funeral Hiram Gray, discoursing with "Lawyer" Shoop on the bench in front of the Palace Hotel, shifted his position and rolled his quid to the other cheek. "That Delia Martin oughter to have all the property and a pension to boot," he declared; "she took care of that cantankerous old father fer nigh on to sixteen years."

"Yes—but th' ain't no will, jerked out the lawyer, catching himself just in time to keep himself from tilting off from the other end of the bench, "and there's them brothers and sisters of hers," he continued, his professional drawl restored with his equilibrium.

"I s'pose she'll have to marry a home if she ever gits out," commented old Hiram, chewing industriously.

"Well, some folks do say that Nathan Lewis is sweet on her, but," with a knowing twinkle, "I'll bet ye he won't ketch an' of bech as clever as he is harnessin' up after these years."

"W'y, ain't ye heard 'bout him courtin' that Freeport girl?" asked old Hiram, with an air of superiority.

"No!" The lawyer was shocked at his own ignorance of current events.

"Well, it's jest come out within the last week or two," explained the informant, soothingly. "But them brothers and sisters oughter give Delia the prop'ty—that's my opinion."

The brothers and sisters had long since married and gone from Centreville—the younger, sister, Cora, some fifteen years before when Delia was twenty. The two sisters, accompanied by their brother John's wife, returned to the funeral, and remained for a few days to superintend the settlement of the small estate. Olivia, the oldest, was a widow, stout, self-sufficient, and prosperous in a little drug business that her husband had left in a Western town. It was by common consent—or at least by lack of common dissent—that she took charge of affairs.

A few days after the funeral, when all four women were assembled in the sunny little parlor, Olivia broached the subject of dividing up the property.

"I suppose we may as well get things together and settle up the business," she began, after exchanging glances with Cora. "Everything'll have to be sold to

Aching Joints

In the fingers, toes, arms, and other parts of the body, are joints that are inflamed and swollen by rheumatism— but such condition of the blood which affects the muscles also.

Sufferers dread to move, especially after sitting or lying long, and their condition is commonly worse in wet weather.

"I suffered dreadfully from rheumatism and have been completely cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, for which I am deeply grateful." Miss Frances Smith, Freeport, Ont.

"I had an attack of the grip which left me weak and helpless and suffering from rheumatism. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and this medicine has entirely cured me. I have no hesitation in saying it saves my life." Mr. J. McDONALD, Trenton, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Removes the cause of rheumatism—no outward application can. Take it.

make it legal," with a meaningful look at Addie, the sister-in-law. "I know you do not want any afterclaps—" She broke off suddenly as she saw the pain in Delia's blue-gray eyes.

"W'y—" resumed the widow, after a pause, "what's the matter, Delia?" Her large face reddened.

"I thought I could stay," said Delia in a choked voice. "I—"

"Stay!" echoed Olivia and Cora simultaneously.

Then the widow calmed herself, and her tones became persuasive.

"See here, Delia, you know the pension'll be stopped now that father's gone, and here you are without an income."

"But I'll have the place and the orchard," suggested Delia, her eyes assuming something of their old twinkle.

"That's just it," pursued the widow. "The little fruit there is on the place wouldn't begin to pay the taxes."

"And you'd be on the town," put in Addie.

Delia's face clouded.

"I know you've got the sense to listen to reason, Delia," Olivia continued, ignoring Addie's thrust.

"We've talked it over and over, and Addie brings John's verdict, which is to sell the whole thing—furniture and all, and be rid of complications," with another significant glance at the sister-in-law.

There was a brief pause, during which each woman seemed to be intent upon discovering the quality of her own dress goods.

"And there are two houses open to you, Delia," continued Olivia.

"Three, if you'll count mine," added the sister-in-law quickly, giving the widow a sharp look of her yellow-brown eyes.

"John says you're to be always welcome at his house, Delia."

"But I thought we'd planned—" quavered Cora, dropping the wad of black serge she had pleated with her thin fingers.

"Yes, yes, we planned it all out," interrupted the widow. "Cora needs you, Delia, with all those children."

Delia drew her hand across her forehead, "I—I must see about the supper," she said, rising and making her way to the kitchen like one dazed.

After supper the visitors assembled again in the little parlor. But Delia, when she had hung up her shining dish-pan and set the table for breakfast, slipped out to the kitchen porch. A few stars, still paled by the after-glow of the sun, were beginning to glimmer at the zenith. The wrens were chattering sleepily in the vines overhead. Their snug little home was concealed up there—carefully preserved by Delia—where they returned every year. Their home! Delia thought of her own dream, cherished, though vague, of a home and—love—some time. Her exacting old father had never tolerated the thought of a suitor for her. Nathan Lewis had been admitted to their home for years as a friend of the family, and had won the old man's favor by kindly ministrations.

Delia passed down the steps, where morning-glory vines rattled their ripe seed-pods as she brushed against them, and out into the garden—her own little garden, that she had always tended with such pride. A few blocks away, over the neighboring houses, rose the white spire of the little church. It reminded Delia of the few bright spots in her dull life of the past few years—the times when Nathan had come to sit with her father so that she

might attend service. Nathan's loyalty to her father had led her to honor him as she had never honored another man; and though he had never spoken of love, his friendship had been her inspiration and had helped her to preserve her youthful enthusiasm through all these years. But now it was all over; the bills for the sale would be issued on the morrow. The realization brought a sudden lump to Delia's throat. She sank down near a clump of marigolds and bowed her head upon her knees.

When Delia returned to the house she stopped in the kitchen and bathed her eyes at the sink before going into the parlor. Someone was just striding away from the front walk, and the sisters were engaged in an interested discussion. The widow looked blushing and complacent.

"To think Nathan would call!" she said, with a little sigh. "That's something more than manners."

"Isn't he married yet?" queried Cora.

"Certainly not," Olivia quickly assured her. Then she explained for the sister-in-law's benefit: "He's the one that used to come to see me before I knew the doctor." She bared her claim upon the ground that Nathan had frequented their home when they were girls, and she had managed to monopolize his attentions. "He was good looking, but poor's Job's turkey then—how many stores does he own now?" she concluded, turning to Delia, who until then had remained apparently unnoticed.

"Who?" asked Delia, absently.

"W'y, Nathan Lewis, of course."

"Oh, he owns the general store, and I guess he has a half interest in the hardware, and he's a director of the bank." Bertha recited this with perfunctory tone and manner.

"It's a nice-looking fellow; I wonder he ain't married long ago," Ada speculated with assumed obtuseness.

The widow shot her a disdainful look.

"But they say he's to be married soon to a Freeport girl."

Addie, who had a nose for gossip, had artfully reserved this announcement for her coup de grace.

Delia turned quickly away and busied herself adjusting the tidi on the big chair. During her father's last illness she had known nothing of outside happenings.

The widow was visibly disturbed. "Who said so?" she asked incredulously.

"Mrs. Simms told me about it the first night we came. He's been to Freeport three times within the last week."

"Umph! You never can believe reports," said Olivia closing the discussion with her usual dogmatic assurance.

An early date had been set for the sale. The intervening time was spent in getting the well-kept household furnishings ready for the display. Before one o'clock on the appointed day, the townspeople began to arrive, and soon the front yard had overflowed with prospective bidders. Mrs. Bates came to see if any of "Delia's pieced quilts was to be put up." Mrs. Shadley wanted "Delia's blue dishes." Others came of various ages and conditions and with varied wants.

"I believe everybody in town's here," remarked Squire Becham, the administrator.

"Mighty fine turnout!" admitted the auctioneer, and his dark eyes sparkled as he noticed, entering the gate with several business colleagues, a solid-looking man of medium height, with clean-cut features and a firm mouth.

"That's Nathan Lewis," he added. "I s'pose he's got his eye out for knickknacks, getting ready for that Freeport girl. He was down here day before yesterday."

Then he turned to the group about the kitchen furnishings and raised his voice, full and clear, at once persuasive and commanding: "Here good people, I want your attention,—here—right here now—stand back a little there, please." He put out his hand to prevent a lame old woman from stumbling over a dish-pan full of dishes. Then he addressed the crowd again.

"Here's a cook-stove as good as new, with all the utensils complete. What'll ye give?"

For a time Delia stood in the empty house with her hand on the knob, trying to summon courage to go out. Then as old memories came crowding upon her, she forgot her purpose, and began wandering aimlessly through the

DIARRHOEA WAS SO BAD.

Thought She Would Lose Child.

During the hot weather young children are very much subject to diarrhoea, in fact, more so than adults, on account of the more delicate construction of their constitution. It behooves every mother to look after her children on the first sign of any looseness of the bowels, for if they do not some serious bowel trouble such as diarrhoea, dysentery, cholera infantum, cholera morbus, summer complaint, etc., is liable to follow, and they will perhaps, lose their little one by not taking the precaution to check this looseness of the bowels by using Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

Mrs. R. J. Hillis, St. Mary's, Ont., writes: "My little girl was so bad with diarrhoea the doctor could not cure her, and we were sure we were going to lose her. A friend of mine told me to use Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, so I sent for a bottle right away, and by the time I had given her one bottle—she was able to sit up, and before that the second bottle used she was cured. I tell every body about this sure cure. The price is one a bottle, but it is well worth a try. It is 11 years since I first tried it, and it will always keep it on hand. It is good for old and young alike."

"Dr. Fowler's" has been on the market for the past 72 years, so if you want to be on the safe side be sure and see that you get "Dr. Fowler's" when you ask for it. The genuine is manufactured only by T. T. Millburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

naked rooms. In one of her circuits, she found the stairway and escaped to the attic.

Below the sale was in full sway. Every few seconds the auctioneer's hammer came down like the crack of doom, and his penetrating voice shouted, "Sold!" like the voice of the final judgment.

(To be continued.)

DECLINED \$7,500 SALARY TO SERVE PUBLIC FREE

MR. JOHN G. KENT, a man of wealth and extensive business interests, has refused to accept any remuneration whatever for his services as General Manager of the Canadian National Exhibition, preferring to serve the public free of charge. He is President of the Toronto Board of Trade and has been on the Exhibition Board since 1905, always showing a close interest in the work. He was President in 1912-13, the two best years in the history of the institution. Mr. Kent is head of the Boy Scouts in Toronto and is identified with many philanthropic enterprises. Loss and continued illness has compelled Dr. Orr, Manager since 1903, to seek a long rest.



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Mrs. A. M. Powell, Nerval, Ont., writes: "I cannot speak too highly of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I suffered for five years with my heart and nerves, but the last two years I have suffered terribly. If I went to bed I would wake up as if it was smothering. I did not get one night's sleep out of seven. I got so very weak that the doctor was called in, and he said it was my heart, and that I must take great care of myself. I saw your advertisement in your almanac for Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and said I would try them. I have only taken two boxes of them and I feel a new woman. I will recommend them to anyone afflicted with heart trouble."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c per box, at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of "note" by the T. T. Millburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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