

## FASHIONS AND THE HOUSEHOLD

RUNAWAY MATCHES  
WILL BE REDUCED

New Marriage Law Will Have  
Good Effect, Says Guar-  
dian.

## MORE REFORMS NEEDED

Fearless Discussion Also Is  
Advocated by the Method-  
ist Organ.

Runaway matches are likely to be  
reduced in number by the new mar-  
riage law before the Ontario Legisla-  
ture, according to the view of The  
Christian Guardian. The Methodist  
organ says:

There is not much in the new mar-  
riage act, introduced last week into  
the Ontario Legislature, which can  
readily be looked upon as reform legis-  
lation. We are sorry for that, for there  
is a crying need for the intro-  
duction of some rather far-reaching  
reforms.

It is true that the new act does  
provide a penalty for any issuer of mar-  
riage licenses who issues a license, or  
any minister who performs the mar-  
riage ceremony, for any party who is  
an idiot, or insane, or under the in-  
fluence of liquor, but that is not going  
so very far. And just what that  
last term, "under the influence of  
liquor," may really mean it is not easy  
to say. Whether it means the man  
or woman who has just taken enough  
to "feel good," or who has gone  
all the way to irresponsibility, we are  
not told.

The clause leaves very much to be  
desired from several points of view  
as a reforming measure. Between the  
classes that it specifies and those who  
are really fit to marry and propagate  
their kind, there is a somewhat large  
consequence, as everyone knows. The  
recognition of that fact and an honest  
and fearless grappling with it is  
very much needed before the reform  
in our marriage law has gone the  
length that it should.

Medical Examination.  
And has the time not come when  
the medical examination of the parties  
prior to marriage should be taken  
up and fearlessly discussed? The  
medical member of the Ontario Legisla-  
ture who is especially interested in  
the reforming of the marriage law has  
frequently urged the need of reform  
just here. Physicians and nurses  
everywhere, brought into contact as  
they are with the suffering and trag-  
ically that too frequently result  
from the communication of loath-  
some disease thru our present loose  
methods, are strongly convinced of  
the need of reform. In the name of  
innocent womanhood as well as in  
the interests of our children and of  
the children of the children, there  
will demand a medical certificate of  
freedom from certain diseases before  
marriage is absolutely demanded, and  
that the duty of public-minded citi-  
zens everywhere to demand it.

The clause in the new act which  
makes 15 days' residence in all or-  
dinary cases a necessity to the issue  
of a marriage license is evidence  
aimed at the undoubted evil which  
manifests itself especially in our bor-  
der towns. Whether it will remedy  
the evil of runaway and unpre-  
meditated marriages altogether may be  
doubted, but it is reasonable to hope  
that it may do something toward that  
end.

We are glad that the question of  
marriage reform is up for discussion.  
But we are sorry that the proposed  
reforms are not a little more thor-  
ough than they are. We would earnestly  
advise a little more serious  
thinking on this subject on the part  
of the people. It is a subject for far-  
reaching significance and importance.

**ART IN PIANO BUILDING.**  
The art series of upright pianos,  
built by the old-time Heintzman &  
Co., Ltd., 193, 195, 197 Yonge street,  
is commanding wide attention among  
people of refined taste. In some eight  
or ten different styles of cases they  
represent as many varying styles of  
architecture, meeting a variety of  
tastes. Take the Louis XV, a very  
beautiful upright piano, reflecting the  
ruling taste of the day of Louis XV.  
This piano is built of fancy mahogany,  
with lines and scrolls of most ar-  
tistic character. Heintzman & Co. are  
inviting attention to an exhibit of these  
art pianos now being made in their  
warehouses, Yonge street.

ORANGE CELEBRATION AT  
CHATHAM.

CHATHAM, April 8.—(Special.)—At  
a meeting of the Orangemen, held in  
Chatham, it was decided to celebrate  
this year on the 12th of July.  
Orangemen from all over the western  
provinces will be present to take part  
in the festivities.

## WANT LIGHT ON JETTY.

A petition is in circulation to have  
the harbor board place a light on the  
jetty at Cowan's Cove as a guidance  
to the small craft cruising on Toronto  
Bay. It is now going the rounds of  
the different yacht clubs, and hun-  
dreds of games have already been at-  
tached.

BREAK WHISKEY'S GRIP  
ON YOUR LOVED ONES

Drunkards tell you with tears of  
sincerity that they do not want to  
drink. The craving coming from the  
incurable membranes of the stomach  
drives them to it.  
Alcure will soothe the trembling  
nerves and remove the craving that is  
ruining your home and stealing your  
otherwise kind husband or father from  
you. It costs only \$1.00 per box and if  
it does not cure or benefit after a trial,  
the money will be refunded.  
Alcure is sold in tea, coffee or food  
form. No. 2 is taken voluntarily by  
those willing to help themselves.  
Alcure can now be obtained at our  
store. Ask for free booklet telling all  
about it. Alcure is a trial.  
G. Tambo, Limited, stores.

"EVERYMAN" GIVEN  
BY ABBEY PUPILS

Pronounced Success of Presen-  
tation Admitted by All  
Who Saw It.

Yesterday afternoon the Loretto  
Alumnae Dramatic Club presented the  
play "Everyman" before an audience  
that packed the large hall of the abbey  
to its utmost capacity. Many of the  
city clergy and a number of the teach-  
ing staff of the university were pres-  
ent. The offering of the Dramatic Club  
was one which tests the skill and en-  
durance of professionals, which makes  
the success of yesterday all the more  
pronounced, for that it was a grand  
success was the opinion expressed on  
every hand.

The leading role, "Everyman," was  
taken by Miss Teresa McKenna, and  
her interpretation of the trying and  
onerous part was admirable, adding to  
her already established reputation in  
dramatic circles. Miss Christina Col-  
lins as "Good Deeds" won fresh lau-  
rels and Miss Cecil McKenna as the  
Messenger, Miss Alice McLellan, who  
had the dual characters Death and  
Riches, Miss Eugene Defoe as Fellow-  
ship, Miss M. Twomey, Strength,  
were all especially good. Others in the  
cast were: Miss Nora Rooney, Dis-  
cretion; Miss Louise Foy, Kindness;  
Miss Aileen Clark, Friendship; Miss  
Alberta McNabb, Beauty; Miss G.  
Podger, Five Wits; Miss Eileen Clark,  
Confession; Miss Quirk and Miss C.  
Coughlan, Monks. The undergrad-  
uates of the school sang the choruses  
behind the scenes and the juniors  
made admirable acolytes and process-  
ionists. The play as a whole was  
probably the most ambitious thing of  
the kind attempted by amateurs in  
the city.

POPULAR YOUNG  
FARMER TALKS

TELLS WHAT DODD'S KIDNEY  
PILLS DID FOR HIM.

He's Back at Work Again. After Suf-  
fering From the Pains, Nervousness  
and Depression that Only Kidney  
Disease Can Bring.

POINT ALEXANDER, Ont., April 8.—  
(Special.)—M. D. A. Fournier, a  
well-known and popular young farm-  
er, living near here, who has been  
a sufferer from Kidney Disease for  
some time past, is back at work  
again, and he says, without hesita-  
tion, that his cure is due to Dodd's  
Kidney Pills.

"I was always tired and nervous,"  
Mr. Fournier says, in speaking of his  
illness. "I suffered from backache  
and neuritis, and my sleep was  
broken and unrefreshing. My eyes  
were puffed and there were dark red  
circles around them.

"My muscles would cramp. I felt  
heavy and sleepy afterwards, and I  
was depressed and low-spirited, while  
shortness of breath and dizzy spells  
served to make life yet more mis-  
erable for me.

"I was always thirsty; my limbs  
were heavy, and I had a dragging  
sensation across my joints. Every-  
thing I did seemed to be a strain.  
I had kidney disease, and I started  
to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. I have  
taken eight boxes in all, and I am  
very grateful for the benefit I have  
received from them."

If the disease is of the kidneys or  
from the kidneys, Dodd's Kidney Pills  
will cure it.

HARVEY ROBB GAVE  
GOOD PIANO RECITAL

Harvey Robb's piano recital at the  
C. O. Hall last night was attended by  
a large and delighted audience. Every  
seat was filled both downstairs and in  
the balcony. The gifted young artist was  
under the test of a series of groups of  
classical and popular selections covering  
most comprehensive repertoire. That he  
acquired himself to the entire satisfac-  
tion of the large audience demonstrated  
that Harvey Robb was a brilliant student  
of the highest order of piano playing.

Mr. Robb was congratulated upon the  
ability exhibited by his pupil. The pro-  
gram was enhanced by the assisting  
artists, Miss Wills, soprano, and  
Arthur Blight, baritone.

CONCESSIONS OFFERED  
BY LINCOLN LIGHT CO.

In Eagerness to Get Renewal of  
St. Kitts' Contract, Prices  
Are Cut.

ST. CATHARINES, April 8.—(Special.)—  
The Lincoln Light and Power  
Co., in quest of a renewal of a street  
lighting contract, has offered the city  
council to reduce the price to private  
consumers from seven cents to five and  
six-tenths cents per kilowatt hour,  
which, with a ten per cent. discount  
for prompt payments, will re-  
duce the rate to practically five cents  
per hour.

The company also agrees to abolish  
the 25 monthly meter rental and lower  
the minimum charge per month from  
\$1 to 75 cents per month.

Something New  
LIPSON'S COCOA  
At Your Grocer's  
Large Trial Package 10c

THE BUSY GARDENER

There will be so much to command  
one's attention as soon as spring  
really opens up, that the gardener  
may well be excused if he sometimes  
scarcely knows which way to turn.

The bulb beds, of course, cannot be  
touched just now, while they are rich  
with bloom of daffodils and narcissus  
and tulips and all the wonderful com-  
pany of glorious flowering bulbs. Save  
a careful trimming of the edges of  
the beds, to keep them tidy and  
neat, and the removing of such buds  
as have proved failures, there is little  
to be done among them.

I think just here, I had better tell  
about my dreadful experience of last  
spring. The preceding fall, having  
occasion to replenish my stock of  
bulbs, which had been degenerating  
for a couple of seasons, I therefore dis-  
carded entirely my old stock of tu-  
lips, hyacinths, daffodils, and narcissus.  
From one of our thoroughly reliable  
old firms, I had in Toronto, a complete  
new set-out was obtained. Dear me,  
the good money I did spend, in order  
to have perfect specimens.

With the usual care they were plant-  
ed in beds, the earth of which had  
been well manured with old, well-  
rotted manure. At the proper time,  
the top mulching was spread over,  
and everything made snug against  
the winter. Constantly through-  
out the ensuing winter, which, by the way,  
was by no means severe, my thoughts  
would turn to the coming spring and  
the splendid show of bloom and color  
that was bound to appear.

Early in the spring the top dress-  
ing was removed. Strong, sturdy  
shoots thrust themselves above the  
top of the rich brown earth. The  
blossoms appeared and then—some-  
thing happened—or, rather, did NOT  
happen.

The bloom seemed to be at a stand-  
still. Then—blossom after blossom  
withered—and died. But, after the  
pocus showed themselves failures, and  
then the hyacinths commenced to act  
quicker, I went out and investigated.  
What do you suppose was wrong?

The first bulb I pulled up by its  
roots—or, rather, it came up without  
any roots. The whole bulb felt soft  
and squishy between my fingers. Then  
I got a stick and probed up into the  
bulb of the bulb.

Never to my dying day, will I for-  
get the horrid shock I received. The  
whole inside of that bulb was one  
mass of wriggling, fat, black-brown  
worms, of the kind commonly called  
wire, or cut, worms. And bulb after  
bulb was pulled up and examined.  
Out of nearly one thousand bulbs of  
all kinds, not more than fifty were  
free from these monsters.

When I saw the case was hope-  
less, as far as bulbs was concerned,  
I simply dug up the whole wriggling  
mass of them and burned the debris  
in the lane. The next thing to do,  
was to clear all those beds of the  
vermin. Slaked lime, handful after  
handful, was mixed with the earth.  
Wood ashes and salt was mixed plen-  
tifully in some of the beds. But it  
took the best part of the summer to  
completely exterminate the pests.

Frequently, at intervals thru the sum-  
mer, the earth of those beds was  
well drenched with a solution made  
up of one pound of white oil soap  
to ten gallons of boiling water, which  
was allowed to cool before using. I  
mention this last fact, because, I  
dislike one person to whom I related my  
troubles complained of a like ex-  
perience. I told her about the whole  
oil solution. She came to me furious  
over the complete destruction of some  
rose trees on which she had used the  
spray HOT!

Now, where did those worms come  
from?

**MRS. WM. BLACKMORE DEAD**  
BRANTFORD, April 7.—(Special.)—  
Word was received in the city today  
of the death of Mrs. William Black-  
more, mother of Mrs. Lloyd Harris, at  
Southsea, England.

She was born in Brantford, and  
sister left tonight to sail from New  
York for England.

## Daily World Pattern Service.



A Very Pleasing Dress for the Little

Miss. Girls' Dress With or Without  
Separate Yoke, and With Yoke Band  
Trimming and Long or Shorter  
Sleeves.

This neat little model was developed  
in brown galatea, with white trimming  
and pearl buttons. The white is piped  
with red, giving a pretty contrast. The  
model is easily made, and with short  
sleeves and low neck, will prove a  
charming and cool dress for warm  
days. It could be developed in galatea,  
gingham, chambray, linen, seersucker  
or cloth. The sleeve in full length is  
trimmed with a wide white band, and  
length, a shaped cuff forms a neat fin-  
ish. The yoke trimming may be omit-  
ted. Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8  
and 10 years. It requires 3 1/2 yards  
of 40 inch material for an 8 year size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed  
to any address on receipt of 15c in sil-  
ver or stamps.

## Daily World Pattern Coupon.

Send Pattern No. ....  
Name .....  
Address .....  
Size .....  
Fill out this coupon and mail,  
with 15 cents to The Toronto  
World, Pattern Dept., Toronto,  
and pattern will be mailed to you.  
Write plainly and be sure to give  
size desired.

## McCORMACK'S CONCERTS.

Will Be Given Under the Distinguisht  
Patronage of the Lieutenant-  
Governor and Mrs. Gibson.

Seldom has any artist made such a  
triumphant tour of America as John  
McCormack, the Irish tenor, has this  
spring. From every city in which he  
has appeared, the reports are the  
same—the largest auditoriums crowd-  
ed and people turned away. McCor-  
mack is, without doubt, the most ef-  
fective singer of ballads in the world,  
in addition to his worth as a grand  
opera artist. Born in Ireland 29 years  
ago, Mr. McCormack received his  
musical education in Italy. It may  
sound unbelievable, but it is true  
nevertheless, that he sings the arias,  
in the old Bellini operas; in the Verdi  
operas, and in the modern operas of  
Puccini and Mascagni with the same  
purity as the great Italian vocalists  
of the past.

It is his ability to sing the ballads  
and folk songs so dear to all who pre-  
fer the old-time melodies, which he  
sings with such limpid use of the  
voice, such round, luscious, appealing,  
ringing tones, and throbbing under-  
standing of the words in his songs. The  
greatest prima donnas of the world  
have recognized Mr. McCormack's  
artistic merits, and he has sung with  
colossal success with the two most  
famous song birds, Tetrazini and  
Melba. The two McCormack con-  
certs to be given in Massey Hall, April  
17 and 18, will be unsurpassed in the  
history of the city.

The Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Gib-  
son. The seat sale will open at Mas-  
sey Hall and the Bell Ticket Bureau  
Monday morning next. Seats can  
be reserved by mail now at either  
place.

## KILLED IN SOO STEEL MILLS

Sault Ste Marie, Ont., April 8.—  
(Special.)—J. W. Barnes, former  
councillor of Sault Ste. Marie, was  
killed at the Soo Mill of Lake Superior  
Corporation, at 2:30 this morning, and  
died in the hospital a few hours later.  
He leaves a wife and four children.  
His funeral will be held at 10 a.m. to-  
morrow at the Catholic church.

**WINDSOR  
TABLE SALT**

Grocers are firm friends of Windsor  
Table Salt. They like to sell it, because  
it is pure and clean and good.  
Ask your grocer for his best salt, and  
he will give you Windsor Salt every  
time. Not because it costs more—  
it does not—but because the grocers  
know that Windsor Table Salt pleases  
their customers.

## A MAN IN THE OPEN

By Roger Pocock.

The widow had stumped about near-  
ly all night, weary to the tip of her  
wooden leg, poor soul, so when I woke  
again and crept to the lean-to door,  
it was a relief to find that she had  
gone to sleep. She had left me a  
saucepan full of bread and milk which  
I warmed, and it warmed me nicely.

Mrs. O'Flynn asleep is like peace  
after war. Dressing in stealth, I  
prayed for peace in our time, then  
with a sweet enjoyment of fresh quiet,  
stole out into the sunshine.

Instead of Jesse's whistling, Mick's  
barking, the alterations in the new  
ram-pasture where our cow-boys live,  
the sniffles of old Jones, our yard  
was filled with the exact opposite, and  
of course such sound has the opposite  
its shadow, making a gap in the cho-  
rus of things heard, and when all the  
homely voices are replaced by gales,  
one feels the desolation of the high  
loneliness. Yet I fled away lest the  
widow's vengeful stomp should over-  
take me. I was so tired of being in  
buds.

The silver spring, the glade of  
marigolds, the briar-rose brake, are  
all most necessary before one ven-  
tures into the cathedral grove, for it  
is not well to pass direct from any  
worldly home into a holy place. And  
yet I felt that something was badly  
wrong, for evil persons must have  
come in the night and stratched the  
trail to double its usual length. I was  
very angry, and I shall tell my hus-  
band.

I reached the grove, at this cool  
hour so like a green lagoon, where  
coral piers branch up to some ribbed  
vault. The waves of incense, the  
river's organ throbs, the glory in the  
windows, gave me peace, but the  
choir of the winds had gone away,  
and for once in that sweet solitude  
I was lonely. My sitting in at the root  
of the government tree, and Jesse's un-  
der the great father pine. If he were  
only there, how it would ease the pain.  
I needed him so badly as I sat there,  
trying to make him present in my  
thoughts. He had gone away, and the  
squirrel who lives in the widow tree,  
had taken even his match ends. Only  
the clear stars were left, which would,  
of course, be bad for the squirrel's  
children. I wasn't well enough to call,  
but I left my nut.

Close by is the terrific verge of the  
inner canon, and sitting on the very  
edge of death I saw into the mist.

It was so foolish, why should I be  
frightened of death, such a coward in  
bearing pain? And yet I had better  
confess the truth, that presently I  
ran away screaming, my skirt torn by  
brambles, my feet caught in the roots.  
Only when I passed the place where  
my anemones live, and beyond the seat  
of the grove came out into full  
sunlight, I could go no farther, but  
fell to the ground exhausted. Yes,  
it was very silly, and that blind panic  
shamed me as I looked up at the  
cremence of silvery birch trees who  
stood court at the foot of the upper  
cliff.

Something small and black was  
coming toward me, a clergyman, too,  
and nervous, because he twiddled his  
little hat.

"Are you in pain?" he asked.  
"Are you a fairy?" I answered, won-  
dering. I couldn't think of anything  
else at the moment, for my lost ranch  
is so far from everywhere.

"No, madam," he said, quite grave-  
ly. "I'm only a curate. May I sit  
down?"

My heart went out to him, for he  
was so little, so old, English like me,  
but with the manner of the great  
world. When he sat down he took  
care not to hurt one of my flowers.  
"I fear I'm trespassing," he said.  
"In your royal gardens. May I in-  
troduce myself? My name is Nistad—  
Jared Nistad, once an army chaplain,  
now a tourist."

Was he real, or had I imagined  
him? "My name is Kate," I answered.  
"My husband would be ever so pleas-  
ed to make you welcome. But he's  
away."

"And are you lonely?"  
"Not now." Somehow the pain and  
fear were gone as though they dared  
not stay in the august presence of this  
dear old saint. "Are you sure?" I  
ventured. "That you're not a—"

"Fairy? Believe me, dear lady, I'm  
staying in the august presence of this  
dear old saint. 'Are you sure?' I  
ventured. 'That you're not a—'"

"A humble admirer of yours, one  
Terrafel George, has been kind enough  
to bring me here in his buckboard,  
which has complaining wheels, a  
creaky body, and such a wheezy  
horse. He, Terrafel George, I mean,  
contracted for seventy-five dollars to  
bring me to paradise and back; but

as we creaked our passage thru that  
wild black forest, I feared my guide  
had taken the pathway which leads to  
the other place. I confess, the upper  
forest frightened me, and now, having  
come to paradise, I don't want to go  
back." He sighed. "George," he ad-  
ded, "is making camp up yonder. Mrs.  
Smith, will you laugh at me very  
much if I tell you a fairy tale? It's  
quite a nice one."

"Oh, do!" I begged.  
"Well," he began, "you know where  
the three birch trees are all using a  
single pool as their mirror?"

"Of course," I said, "the Three  
Graces. Mrs. O'Flynn and I had known  
for months past that the spot was  
haunted."

"That was true. I asked him if any  
one was there, and he said, 'There is a  
lady, yes.'"

"That's the minx," I whispered.  
"She's a fairy. But don't tell my hus-  
band. You know he laughs at me for  
being so superstitious."

"Indeed, Fact is, Mrs. Smith, she  
was bathing, and George insisted,  
most stupidly, I think, on watering  
his horse at that pool. I mounted  
guard, with my back turned, of  
course, and tried to persuade the good  
man to water his horse elsewhere.  
He wouldn't see any unsavory lady  
in the rosy pool, and you know the  
poor fellow has but a very meagre  
choice of words. He reviled me, and  
my prayers, and if you'll believe  
me, my dear mother was not at all  
the sort of person George described.  
He made me feel so plain, too, with  
his candor about my personal ap-  
pearance. And all that time, while  
George made my flesh creep with his  
comments, the lady in the pool was  
splashing me. I'm still quite damp."

"Did the horse see?"  
"Do horses wink, Mrs. Smith? Do  
they smile? Can they blush? The  
Graces shook their robes above our  
heads, the squirrels gossiped, the rip-  
pled pool caught glints from the ris-  
ing sun, and a slight humming bird  
came whirling, as though they had  
been thrown in George's face. Then san-  
guinary birds, he said, was always  
getting in the rosy wings. As to the  
old horse, he kicked up his heels and  
pranced off sideways down the glen,  
and the man followed, rumbling be-  
hind him."

I explained that my dear husband  
cannot see the minx, that my servant  
dare not look.

"I doubt," said Father Jared, with  
regret, "that very few fairies now-  
days are superstitious enough to be-  
lieve in our poor mortals."

For that I could have kissed him.  
"They used," the dear old man went  
on, "to believe in our forefathers, but  
there is a very general decline of faith.  
It is not for us to blame them. What  
gives for example, could be expected  
to believe in Terrafel George? He  
chews tobacco."

"Oh, tell me more about her. Did  
she speak to you? She's fearfully  
dangerous. We had a ranch hand  
here who went quite fey, possessed, I  
think, I'm frightened of her now."

"She thinks," he retorted, "that  
you're a wicked woman."

"Me?"  
"Yes, you. She said you would run  
away, and you did. I am to tell you  
that's very unwise."

"Please tell the minx to mind her  
own business."

"What is her business?" he asked  
mildly.

"Being a fairy, I suppose. I'll never  
forgive her for what she did to Billy.  
Besides," I added, "she makes fun  
of us."

"No wonder, for we humans are  
so stupid."  
"She's full of mischief."

"Of course." The old man's eyes  
twinkled and blinked as though I can't  
set words to fit that puzzling memory.  
He had told me twice that he was  
not a fairy. "I am to tell you from my  
lady, that she is not the minx. Winds  
are full of mischief and laughter. The  
sun has room to sparkle even in a  
tear, and Heaven touches our lips  
with every smile, for joy is holy. Spi-  
rits, angels, fairies, are human thoughts  
which have caught the light celest-  
rial, mirror-thoughts which shine in  
Heaven's glory. Children and happy  
people see that light, which never  
shines on any clouded soul."

"My soul is clouded. Help me."  
"Wonder," he smiled with his old  
kind eyes. "Have you a sense of hu-  
mor? Ah—there. Then you need  
never worry, or run away. As sun-  
shine and rain are to the dear earth,  
so are laughter and tears to every liv-  
ing soul. Humor, dear, is the weather  
in which the spirit lives."

"But sorrow and tears?"  
"Why, how can the sun make rain-  
bows without rain?"  
"You'll praise pain?"  
"That's a sacrament," he answered  
gravely, "the outward sign of inward  
grace. For how else can God reach  
thru selfishness down to the soul in  
need?"

My pain comes back, but it was  
welcome now.

On the left were the solemn pines,  
and at their feet, white flowers; on  
the right were my fair birch trees,  
and the glade between lay in warm  
sunshine.

"Lift up your hearts," whispered  
the priest, and I saw my trees, which  
in winter storm and summer sun alike  
show their brave faces to the chang-  
ing sky.

"We lift them up unto the Lord,"  
they seemed to answer.

"It is very meet, right, and our  
bounden duty," he responded, then  
looked as it seemed into my very soul.  
I saw the dear priest's face thru  
tears, but when I brushed them away  
the mist remained. He seemed re-  
mote, awful and beautiful.

"There is a place," he said, "where  
souls awaiting incarnation, rest, and  
from that place they come, borne by  
messengers. A messenger was wait-  
ing these woods, no evil spirit, my  
daughter, but one who came bearing  
a child to you. She stands august and  
lovely at your back, and in her arms  
she holds a child, just on the verge  
of incarnation, waits at the bound-  
ary of the spirit land."

"The light shineth in darkness;  
and the darkness comprehended it  
not."

"That light is all around you, and I  
must go. This very ground is holy.  
Fare you well."

Two days had passed since my dear  
Jesse left, then thru the long day I  
waited in the house, and the blue  
gloom of night swept to the blowing  
cliff. It was then I heard the signal  
shot from the rim-rock, and told my  
baby David that his father was com-  
ing home.

(To Be Continued.)

MAJOR CURRIE TO  
COMMAND KILTIES

Will Succeed Col. Hendrie as  
Head of Highland-  
ers.

The 48th Highlanders have a new  
commanding officer, Major J. A. Currie,  
taking the place