

Bear With Me, Lord.

Bear with me, Lord, and suffer me to keep My soul from earthly stain; for all day long The tempter's voice is pleasant in mine ear.

A Night On The Yeld

Marthinus Spijker was in a dull humor as he drove out of the village of Bronkhorstuit. He had gone there in hope of getting some Native farmhands to help him reap his corn; but though he scoured the district wherever he heard of Kafir boys willing to work all his searches had been in vain.

"No, baas! I want fifty shillings a week, no more thirty shillings." The news of the work of the Johannesburg soviet had spread even to the country districts of the Eastern Transvaal. The Natives wanted their pay higher as well as the Europeans. It was a dreary prospect for Marthinus. He simply could not afford the extra pound.

It was growing dark as he started out for his farm fifteen miles away. The reins hung loose in his hand, as he faced the dark prospect before him. A fine harvest had come up; and now he saw his season's work about to be swamped in the reverboration of European quarrels. It was impossible for him to reap the harvest himself. The only thing to do was to let the cattle in upon it, and send his harvest to market on four legs.

That was not too pleasant to think of. For a harvest on four legs is worth about one tenth of what it would be worth, if it went in the customary way—on wheels.

With his eyes fixed dreamily on the splashboard of the cart, Marthinus had almost forgotten about his surroundings. The sun had gone suddenly to bed in the long interval since they had left Bronkhorstuit; and now Marthinus perceived that it was growing dark.

There was no moon this night; and the stars, when they appeared, threw so much light upon the floor of Heaven, that the surface of the earth only looked the darker by contrast. Peering through the darkness he tried to take his bearings.

"In half an hour," he thought, "we should see the stile that opens on Fink's farm." He will know this stile even in the pitch dark, because Mr. Fink had built it near a hillock covered with prickly pear. At least ten times Marthinus pulled up, and examined the gates that he saw by the wayside, in the vain hope that he was near his journey's end.

"I must be bewitched," was all that he could say, after each disillusionment.

But this cannot go on all night, he thought. If his horse had only known the road he would have gone on trusting to its animal instinct.

Minard's Liniment for Garet in Cows.

Aching Joints

In the fingers, toes, arms, and other parts of the body, are joints that are inflamed and swollen by rheumatism—that acid 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, but have been completely cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, for which I am deeply grateful." Miss Frances Suter, Prescott, 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 saved my life." M. J. McDonald, Trenton, Ont.

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

But he was a new purchase, and had never done this road before. It was now clear to him that he had taken the wrong turn some where; and that the longer he continued on this road, the further he would get from home. There was nothing to do but outspan, and get to rest in some field alongside the road; and wait till morning.

To make matters worse, the mist was creeping up from the distant sea; and in a short while the rain might be coming down. They were near; but Marthinus was too weary to set out with his lantern to explore in the mist. The wide umbrella which he generally carried to ward off the midday sun, was now installed as a door to block the unguarded opening of his Cape cart.

In a mood of partial revolt, he settled down in the body of the cart, and murmured (somewhat mechanically, alas!) the night prayers, which had become a second habit, and never failed him under any circumstances.

They did lift him a little out of his sad plight. But sleep would not come at once; and the prayers of his childhood had stirred the memories of old days. Before his tired eyes there flitted the restless images of the dead and the living. His mother had always been against the idea of his farming. But he had obstinately flouted the advice of all his friends and surely he was paying for it.

His mother's mortal remains were now under the sod in his little cemetery on the farm, where Father Billings had laid them to rest two long years ago. That image roused him for a few moments. But oddly enough, his half-dreams were filled with the savoury odour of the sesettes that his mother could make, with a distinction that was beyond all comparison with other housewives. Such are the vagaries of the hungry mind!

Marthinus had tasted nothing since lunch that day; and he had not thought of bringing supper, as he had calculated on being home in time to share that meal with his wife. Hungry and cold as he was, his reveries were as mixed as his feelings, until he fell asleep exhausted.

It was late when he awoke in the morning. The sun was shining brightly in the clear sky. No trace of the evening mist or rain was to be seen, except the warm colored appearance of the hills and the fields. When Marthinus had refreshed himself in a little spruit near the road, he began to think of breakfast. Only a few yards away he could see a comfortable homestead, whose chimney was working away with an encouraging activity.

Though he had not the faintest idea where he was, he started mechanically in that direction. There was in his mind the unwritten law of hospitality on the veld, and he felt instinctively that he would find a warm South African welcome there. Nor was he disappointed.

He had not gone fifty yards when he saw a man standing on the side of a large willow, smoking placidly. Evidently he had taken refuge there against the cold zephyr, which is stinging in these uplands of the Transvaal, even when the sun is up.

Marthinus greeted him cheerily in Dutch, and the stranger answered in English with equal good humour. In the veld "who's who" is not a question.

"Mrs. Earl Farr, Ogema, Sask., writes—'Three years ago my heart and nerves began to bother me. I could not do my housework without being almost completely played out. After sweeping a small room I would have to sit down and rest, and would feel as if I could not get enough air.'

"Every few nights I would have horrid dreams, such as the well-caving in while I was pumping a pit of water, or the children, or my husband falling in, and I could get no rest, as I would be awake some time after. I went to my doctor, and he told me it was my nerves, that they had been shaken by a previous illness. He gave me some medicine, but as soon as it was gone I was as bad as ever again. I got half a dozen boxes of Minard's Heart and Nerve Pills, and they helped me so much I got more, and can truly say I have never had such health now, and don't feel so tired after a good day's work. I did before after sweeping one small room; also have had none of those horrid dreams for months and months." Price 50c. a box at all dealers.

Minard's Liniment for Diptheria

THAT PERSISTENT HACKING, RACKING, COUGH

Can Be Quickly Relieved By Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

The terrible, hacking, lung-racking cough that sticks to you in spite of everything you have done to get rid of it, is a great danger to your health, and the longer it sticks, the more serious the menace becomes.

The constant coughing keeps the lungs and bronchial tubes in such an irritated and inflamed condition they get no chance to heal.

You will find in Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup a remedy that loosens the phlegm and heals and soothes the lungs, thereby fortifying them against serious pulmonary disease.

Mr. J. W. F. Whately, Vermilion, Alta., writes—"I wish to express my thanks for what Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup has done for me. For a number of weeks I had been suffering from a very severe hacking cough, and all the remedies I tried failed to relieve me. At last I secured a bottle of 'Dr. Wood's,' and after taking it I secured great relief. Needless to say it is now my intention to always keep a supply on hand."

"Dr. Wood's" is a safe and reliable medicine. The genuine is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark, and is sold by The T. Millburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

who "preliminaries of an introduction do not take long to find out, and the two men had exchanged names and the details of their farms and families before they reached the stoop of the farmhouse.

The owner of the farm, whose name was Johannes O'Neil took it for granted that his guest would stay for the late breakfast. The preliminary cup of coffee was offered him at once on the stoop by the wife of Johannes. For Marthinus the short delay, before the serious business of breakfast began, seemed an age. For he was famishing.

Breakfast came at length. Marthinus sat down with O'Neil and his nine children, whilst the solid housewife bustled about with an agility that you would hardly have suspected, if you went by appearances alone.

Under the genial influence of the meal, Marthinus became talkative. He joined in the small chatter of the children, then paid an occasional compliment to the pleased housewife, and listened with much appreciative comment to O'Neil's recollections of the war of '81 and of the previous skirmishes with the Kafirs. He began to feel that this well-appointed homestead with its pleasant company was a fine interlude on the road home.

But what are they thinking at home? was his subconscious thought. Then he asked O'Neil whether his horse had been fed and watered and was ready for the journey.

"That schelm of a Hottentot has been idling, and will take another half-hour to get your horse ready," he said. "At any rate you can look about the farm, and see how we manage to exist in these parts."

Sulking the action to the word he led the way to the outhouses, where the real work of a stock farm is to be seen. The pride of this farm was a New Zealand ram, which was the envy of every farmer in the district. When Johannes bought it and the price went out into the surrounding farms, men said that he had taken leave of his five senses.

To be Continued.

A merchant can obtain an imitation of MINARD'S LINIMENT from a Toronto house at a very low price, and have it labeled his own product.

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HEART and NERVES BOTHERED HER.

Housework Played Her Out.

"Mrs. Earl Farr, Ogema, Sask., writes—'Three years ago my heart and nerves began to bother me. I could not do my housework without being almost completely played out. After sweeping a small room I would have to sit down and rest, and would feel as if I could not get enough air.'

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Life is made up of glorious changes. The whole world loves to LOOK FORWARD, in happy anticipation of the NEW.

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These are show days, when group by group we display what we have bought for you. Proud days for us—interesting days for you. Some things are more plentiful than they have been, and more moderate in price. Some are scarcer, and early selections will prevent disappointments. Come when you can.

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So many original ideas have been evolved this season. The lines are so soft and graceful—sleeves and collars show so many new effects. Some of the suits are so dressy—charming in so many quite new effects.

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Patons, Ltd

September 15, 1920—1st

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Farm Laborers For The West

Canadian National Railways will give Reduced Fares and Special Train Service on August 6th and 13th.

Harvesters are urgently needed in the West to garner in the wheat yield of Canada.

Estimates are that over 300,000,000 bushels of wheat stand ready for reaping. This in addition to other grains.

The call of the West is for 40,000 Farm Laborers to harvest immense grain crop. Canada's prosperity depends on the response.

The Canadian National Railways are prepared for the transport of Harvesters from all parts of the system. From Maritime Province points special arrangements have been made. Reduced fares to Winnipeg are to be granted on August 6th and 13th, and special trains will run via Quebec Bridge, and from Quebec to Winnipeg via the Transcontinental Line as the best and quickest route from Maritime Province points. The trains will carry the best type of new colonist cars, and special arrangements will be made for the supply of box lunches en route. Special provision will be made for women accompanying the party of desiring to take advantage of the excursion rates.

The fare from Charlottetown to Winnipeg is \$24.85, plus half a cent per mile to points West of Winnipeg. The return fare is half a cent per mile from all points West of Winnipeg to Winnipeg, and \$28.00 from Winnipeg to Charlottetown.

Verification certificates will be furnished by Ticket Agents when ticket is purchased, enabling the holder to secure return ticket at reduced fare.

Full information will be supplied by all Ticket Agents of the Canadian National Railways. July 28, 1920.

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April 14, 1920—1y

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Announcement

For the information of our many patrons, in both town and country, we deem it necessary to announce that the Coal Business, successfully carried on in the past by the late Mr. Charles Lyons, will be continued by the Estate under the old firm name of C. Lyons & Co.

We again thank our patrons for their past generous patronage, and respectfully solicit a renewal of their esteemed patronage.

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