

Sunset of Life.

Softly the shades of even fall around me. Flinging their mystic veils o'er woodland steep. While cooling zephyrs sweet are undulating. The placid bosom of the mighty deep. Far in the west the golden orb is sinking. Into the depths of crimson, burnished foam. And tinging with a grandeur half celestial. Ethereal masses of the spacious dome. The pine-clad mountains, rising in the distance. Reflect the beauty of the sunset grand. While land and sky and boundless waste of waters. Have been tinted by Apollo's magic wand. Into eternity the day is drifting. The evening bells are ringing out its dirge. As harsh discordant notes of screaming sea-gulls. Are mingled with the music of the surge. Slowly the twilight's glow subduces the splendor. A nightingale peals forth its joyous lay. And as the silvery shades steal o'er the waters. Mute nature weeps her farewell to the day. While gazing thus, in awe-struck admiration. Upon a scene that charms the human eyes. My soul is filled with ineffable longing. For the beauty of a realm beyond the skies. When twilight shadows linger o'er my pathway. And when the evening bells are tolled for me. Oh! may the sun of life descend serenely. Into the fathomless eternal sea. —Della Mae Downe.

His Saving Blood.

BY THOMAS E. BURKE.

The story may be found in legend lore. That long ago when Christ was crucified. And hung in mortal pain upon His cross. The barren ground in reddest blood was dyed. And whereso'er a precious blood-drop fell. There bloomed a rose with petals crimson red. Till all that stony hill—so legend goes— Was changed into a fragrant flower bed. Today I know those precious blood drops flow. Each morning at our Calvary—the Mass; And, bent in prayer, my sinful heart entreats. The same glad miracle may come to pass. That He who in the days of long ago. Caused blossoms from the arid ground to start. May pour His saving Blood upon my soul. And wake the sleeping roses of my heart.

Miss Indolence.

"There goes your Miss Indolence!" Robert turned sharply at his mother's words, his glance followed hers through the window to the languidly moving figure of a young girl under a dainty parasol. "She's going down to the Point," Robert remarked with studied indifference, "and her brother is not with her, nor that fellow Brown, either." He gazed longingly after her, but it was evident his mother wanted to talk to him. "What you and Jack Brown can see in that girl is more than I can understand," she announced irritably. "She never does a useful thing—you know very well you never saw a needle in her hand," and Mrs. Lee looking down at her own hands busy making a useless little hankerchief out of cobweb lace. "Well, it's vacation time, you know, and we all are taking it rather easy," Rob returned loyally. Not for the world would he

An Ancient Foe

To health and happiness is Scrofula—so ugly as ever since time immemorial. It causes blemishes in the neck, disfigures the skin, inflames the mucous membrane, wastes the muscles, weakens the bones, reduces the power of resistance to disease and the capacity for recovery, and develops into consumption.

"Two of my children had scrofula sores which kept growing deeper and kept them from going to school for three months. Untreated and medicines did no good until I began giving them Hood's Sarsaparilla. The medicine caused the sores to heal, and the children have shown no signs of scrofula since." J. W. McGinn, Woodstock, Ont.

Food's Sarsaparilla

will rid you of it, radically and permanently, as it has rid thousands.

have acknowledged that he thought Dorothy rather over-did it. Her habit of yawning when he was treating her to some highly original or clever conversation was at times disconcerting, and once she had actually gone asleep while he was reading her a love sonnet. Other people had noticed this languor also; indeed it was in reference to it that the "Household of Stammer" boarders had delightedly changed one letter of her name and called her "Miss Indolence" instead of "Miss Ingolence."

Beyond a withering look, Mrs. Lee paid no heed to her son's remark. "The girl is a flirt," she continued. "She is keeping you on her string, because she is not sure she can get Jack Brown. He's got packs of money, they say." Rob winced. He had anything but "packs."

"She's not that kind of a girl," he said firmly. "If you will excuse me I'll go and join her now. It is just possible I may propose," and Rob passed through the open French window and down the piazza, his head very high, his hopes very low.

The Point was some distance from the house; a path led up a steep hill, then the gradual downward slope ended in a point of land jutting into, though high above, the great Father of Waters. He paused as he neared the place looking about for Dorothy; and then the picture presented to his view, he kept forever after in the Book of Memory, as the fairest of his life. Beneath his feet, verdant, intensely green, the grass was as a velvet carpet. To one side, a patch of vivid color, a group of black-eyed Susans, nodded gaily at one another. To the right, to the left in the distance, the sheen of the river showed blue, and enshrouded in a hammock was Dorothy.

She smiled with pleasure at sight of him. "I'm so glad you came," she said, and there was something akin to enthusiasm in her voice. He beamed delightedly. "I wanted some one to swing me," she explained.

"Though it was the hottest day of the season, he proceeded to do as he was told. "Your brother is not with you this morning," he remarked presently with more politeness than regret. "No, he was feeling pretty good today so he went fishing with some man."

Watching Dorothy's face, Rob noticed immediately when the long lashes began to droop. The swinging stopped with a jerk; the girl sat up to gaze at him in wide-eyed, wondering reproach. "I'm tired," he said, wearily. "Rest awhile," she encouraged him, and then, mischievously, "on the bench."

He examined the bench conscientiously. "Chiggers and spiders," he announced. She shuddered slightly, and he glanced meaningfully at the hammock. "You could take the cushions out," he began. She flung him a cushion quickly. "Of course, you can have a cushion if you want to; for myself, I'm tired of swinging," and in a moment she was on her feet. There was nothing languid in the movement. She stood beside him, tall, alert, good to look upon, and a glancing sunbeam turned the brown curled softness of her hair to gold. Somewhat disarranged that hair had become by her reclining attitude in the hammock, and a daring wind

ALCOHOL is almost the worst thing for consumptives. Many of the "just-as-good" preparations contain as much as 20% of alcohol. Scott's Emulsion is a drop. Insist on having Scott's Emulsion.

HAD CHOLERA

INFANTUM.

Doctor Said He was in a Very Dangerous Condition.

Mothers cannot watch their children too closely for signs of cholera infantum, as this disease carries off thousands of infants during the hot summer months.

Mrs. Geo. W. Garland, Prosser Brook, N.B., writes: "Last summer my boy Joe, then a year old, was taken sick with cholera infantum. He was so bad the waste matter from the bowels looked as if it had come from a broken bowl. I sent word to the doctor, who was at a neighbor's, about a mile distant, and he said my boy was in a very dangerous condition. He sent me some tablets which made the child vomit, and when he learned that they caused vomiting he sent me more tablets to stop it. In the meantime I had been giving Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry which I continued using, and when the bottle was all used my baby was cured. I thought it only fair to let you know about it."

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry has been on the market for the past 70 years, and is known from one end of Canada to the other as a positive cure for all bowel complaints.

When you ask for "Dr. Fowler's" be sure you get what you ask for, as there are many rank imitations on the market. The genuine is manufactured by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont. Price, 35 cents.

Lachute, Que., 25th Sept., 1908. Minard's Liniment Co., Limited. Gentlemen—Ever since coming home from the Boer war I have been bothered with running fever sores on my legs. I tried many salves and liniments; also doctored continuously for the blood, but got no permanent relief, till last winter when my mother got me to try MINARD'S LINIMENT. The effect of which was almost magical. Two bottles completely cured me and I have worked every working day since.

Yours gratefully, JOHN WALSH.

"What crop do you make the most money out of up here?" asked the City girl on her vacation. "Summer boarders," was the thoughtful reply of the farmer.

"I'll run up to the house," she said. "I've just got time to dress for lunch. No, I don't want either of you to come with me. Stay and look at the river," and with a laugh hidden somewhere in her voice, she was gone.

Rob did not insist in following. It had occurred to him that Brown ought to be told the news, for he was gazing after Dorothy with a calmly possessive glance.

"Nice girl," he remarked approvingly, as he searched his pockets for matches preparatory to lighting a cigar. "Yes, and she's going to marry me," Rob informed him, wasting no moments to present the news in a diplomatic fashion.

Brown's face did not change a particle. The match fell from his hand. "Let me congratulate you," he said, then, with apparent sincerity and he advanced to shake hands with Rob. "I'm so glad you told me of the interesting matter, as I leave here tonight." Doubtless you have heard of my intended departure?"

Rob had not heard; indeed Brown himself had only so decided on Rob's announcement. "You must manage to be on hand to dance at our wedding," the fortunate man remarked. The taunt struck home.

"Who knows what may happen?" Brown replied meaningfully, "she has not married you yet."

But Rob turned, and walked toward the house, asking himself whether he had been rather brutal, and realizing that hereafter a black-eyed Susan would bring a bitter memory to Brown and the song of a river must be ever hateful to him.

Luncheon was the usual boarding-house affair; and the length of the table was between Rob and Dorothy. When the meal was over an old lady detained Rob to tell him about her son who had died at just about his age. He finally managed to escape, but Dorothy was nowhere in sight, though he searched all her favorite out-door nooks. Coming on the landlady in the neighborhood of the dairy, he asked her if she could inform him of the girl's whereabouts.

"Why, yes, she's with your mother in the living room," the woman told him. "I wonder now," she continued, eyeing him sharply, "if it's settled?"

Rob knew that Mrs. Moore and Dorothy were good friends. "I don't mind telling you," he returned smiling, "that it is."

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