

RESCUED.

Written for the GUIDE-ADVOCATE.

HARRY MAYHEW was a young man of good family, who found himself, at the death of his beloved mother, in possession of considerable property and a fine old mansion just outside the town of Reedport. His father, a careless free-hearted man, had died about twelve years before Mrs. Mayhew's death, so at the age of twenty-two Harry found himself master of his own actions.

Companions soon flocked around the prepossessing young man and they soon taught him many ways of lightening his pocket. At times the memory of his mother rose up to accuse, but even this failed to restrain him as time went on. Friends of former days did not attempt to help him. The members of the church he and his mother had attended, looked down on him, from their self-adjudged height and held themselves coldly aloof. They talked loudly of his misdeeds, sternly forbade their daughters to recognize him and cautioned their sons to avoid his society. The poor fellow soon found himself an outlaw from his old circle. Some of the young men had been his intimates since childhood and, when he saw their coldness, he felt at first deeply hurt. Then his wronged feelings asserted themselves into bitter denunciations of such friends and he turned more easily, to the offers of friendship held out from a different class of men. Now he might always be found lounging in the bar of the 'first class, hotels, drinking whenever his growing, graving appetite forced him to do so, once in a while conscience made itself heard and he would wonder what the end would be. Blackness and horror swept over him, as he thought of how he had changed. His brain at times seemed to be on fire. But the demon of dissipation held him in strong bonds and he invariably drowned his remorse in deeper floods of debauchery.

But one decisive check followed in due course of time—his money was nearly spent and his popularity with his present associates waned, just as the money went. There were only two things to do, work or beggary. Both were distasteful to him, though, if a genteel form of beggary had been practicable, he would doubtless have preferred it to work. He saw no way to turn and no one would offer him the least help. Somehow amid all his temptations, he had never acquired a love of gambling. Though he could become bestial in his drunkenness, he never when sober loved a game of cards, although he lost heavily many times, through the clever deceit of his companions. Now when the tempter whispered, that he might redeem himself at the gaming table, he knew that was impossible. Then while he waited helplessly, the old home was sold and he was an outcast indeed. There was no need to follow him through all the scenes of the next few months of his life, suffice it to say that Harry Mayhew, the once proud son of a fond mother, and the pet of a select circle of friends became a wanderer, a social outcast, begging a meal here and there, and drinking whenever he found any one willing to treat him.

One year passed. A year of sleeping in the corners of a zig-zag fence, in the shelter of hay stacks and even in noisome pig sties. At the close of one lovely evening in May, he found himself, weary and with bruised feet, on the road which led down to the edge of a narrow stream. The water rippled and murmured merrily, now sparkling in the sunshine and again gliding in the shadows of the trees on the bank. He limped slowly down the road without heed of the beauty of the spot, the sloping banks covered with the fresh emerald of spring, the joyous winding river, and the faint pink shadows of the sunset. A row of flat stepping stones above him above the water. He crossed these, hardly having thought of what he was doing, and he ascended the white winding road, that led up from the river, beside a narrow gorge whose rocky sides were covered with variegated mosses and small shrubs. Soon he came to a tiny spring that ran from under a large boulder at the side of the road. He took a deep draught of the clear sweet water and, then threw himself down full length on the grass, utterly unable to go further. The drowsy murmur of the stream among the rocks below and the tinkling of the water from the spring beside him lulled him to sleep. Overhead a robin sang his cheery vesper song with all the power of his little crimson throat.

The sun slanted still farther down the sky and its last red rays were tingling the water of the spring, when a young man walking slowly down the hill, stopped suddenly at sight of the man stretched out upon the grass.

There was no mistaking the newcomers' vocation. His very walk, his dress and his countenance bespoke the clergyman. He stood quietly scanning the sleeping face lying in the shade. The beauty of the spot, the solemn stillness of the evening, or the advance of disease seemed to have washed out many traces of sin from that face. It was very pale and there were occasional lines of pain around the sensitive mouth. His sun-burnt tapering fingers were locked tightly over his breast. George Ainscourt was a good reader of character, and he now studied carefully the countenance before him, glancing carefully at the clothes which proclaimed the vagrant. Then he said aloud "It would be worth trying, perhaps he is sent to us for that very purpose."

Whatever scheme he was revolving, he gave no other sign aloud, but turned briskly up the hill and crossed the road at the top of a substantial brick farm-house. He spoke to two young men who were standing at the side door "boys, where is your mother?" The question needed no answer, for just then the mother herself appeared. Ainscourt whispered her to let him have a room in which the tramp could be placed, for even his unskilled eye could see that the wanderer was ill. The tidy house mother stared for a moment, almost refused, and then reluctantly consented. The boys followed Ainscourt down the road to where Harry Mayhew lay. They raised him carefully and carried him to a room over the tidy kitchen of the farm-house.

For twelve long weeks he lay very near the shadowy valley, tended by gentle hands. Once in a while the burden seemed heavy to Mrs. Martin and she would fret at the stranger's trouble to her, and the additional work it imposed on her daughter, Maggie. But these feelings vanished at sight of the sufferer. Sickness had blotted out the stains of his past life and had left a pure boyish face, with soft rings of brown hair curling softly round the blue-veined temples. No one could see him without knowing at once that he had been nurtured in a gentle sphere of life. He still remained a mystery to the Martins. They could not reconcile the wretched clothes of a tramp with the face of the owner and he, as yet, could tell nothing of himself.

George Ainscourt was a cousin of the Martins, who had come from Toronto for a summer's rest and also to be near sweet Maggie Martin. Through the long days of convalescence he sat by Harry's bedside and poured into his ears the story of our heirship with God. Lying there thinking over all the wretched past, his fall and all the misery of it, Harry turned to the brighter future, accepted the hope held out to him and bravely began a new life. When he was able once more to go out into the world, a kind friend was found who helped him to get a situation in the city of Winnipeg. With a natural shrinking, but with firm thrust in the Strong One, he left the home where angels had surely ministered unto him, and began his new race in the world.

One day he met face to face with one of his old friends, from his early home. What waves of bitter memories came surging through his mind as he took the out-stretched hand of his one time friend, Dick Turner. The following letter, which went by next morning's mail to Miss Nellie Turner, Reedport, gave an account of the interview which followed the unexpected meeting:

Dear Nell,

I can't tell which end of this letter to call the beginning, everything seems so out of the general run. I was walking along the street last night when, whom should I run across but Harry Mayhew, looking, well just fine. I was stunned, you may be sure. He asked me to call on him and I went. He told me all that had happened since he left Reedport. He was taken ill and a family up near Sarnia took him in and cared for him. Do you remember George Ainscourt, the young minister, who visited the Murray's last summer? Well, he happened to be with this family at the time, and through him Harry was converted. Then an old gentleman took a great fancy to him and helped him get this situation in Winnipeg. He is working hard and studying in his spare time, for he wants to enter the ministry and his old friend will pay half expenses if Harry can raise the remainder, etc.

Your brother Dick.

To which we append the following extract:

My dear Dick,

To say that I am surprised at your account of Harry Mayhew, would be putting the case very mildly indeed. I have told all the girls and they are delighted; you know Harry was always a favorite, until he grew so wild that our man-

mas ostracized him. I hear to-day that Mr. Ainscourt is quite ill. I sincerely hope it is not true.

But it was too true.

And when Harry came to visit the Martin's during his summer vacation, he found George too weak to rise from his bed. The summer was dawning in radiant beauty, but to the young Christian fast nearing his journey's end, it was but a foretaste of the brighter joys of Heaven. He told Harry one day something of his aspirations and he said 'Harry, when I saw you that day by the spring, all tattered and unkempt I said to myself 'what if I can by the assisting grace of God, restore him to manhood and show him the way to eternal life. Why it would be worth trying, and dear friend, I have been more than rewarded.' The next day they all gathered around to bid him good-bye. Maggie was there, and he asked her to sing a little hymn he had learned at his sainted mother's knee:

"Good-bye, good-bye, till we meet in the morning,
Far above this fleeting shore,
To endless joy in a moment awaking,
There we'll part no more."

With a voice shaken by sobs she sang it, and when they looked up, wondering at the hush that followed, they saw that he had passed beyond the pearly gates. One more pure spirit had gone to dwell with the ransomed. Would that there were more young men like George Ainscourt.

Our story is nearly none.

To-day in a church, in one of our largest western towns, there stands a minister, whose stirring words of appeal brings home many wandering hearts, whose large charity is known far and wide. Especially is he a friend of young men. Enter his class room Wednesday evenings, and there you will find gathered, nearly seventy-five young men, all devoted to the service of their Heavenly Father and all bound to bring others into the fold. Their pastor is their friend and adviser, and he, remembering how his own life was nearly ship-wrecked, knows how to pity and how to help. His home is always open to them and his gentle motherly wife is a fitting help mate for him.

Maggie Martin still lives at the old farmhouse, loved by all who know her. Her heart was laid beside the sleeping one, on whose grave the sun of twelve summers has been shining, but whose memory still lingers in the thoughts of those, whose lives were blessed through him.

—MARY PARKINS GREEN.

They Learned Something.

Three men stood together on Monroe avenue yesterday. All were sweating and mopping. It was hot—awful hot.

"I've got to have a glass of beer to cool off on," remarked one. "You fellows have some?"

"You bet!" promptly replied one. "Excuse me," said the other, who was a doctor. "Now, then, let me show you something. You, Tom, let me feel your pulse. Now you, Henry. Now, then, Tom, get your beer."

All three entered a saloon. While Tom was drinking his beer the doctor seated Henry in a chair and gave him a fan. At the end of five minutes Tom joined them, saying:

"A-h-h but that touches the spot! I feel cooler."

"Do you?" queried the doctor. "Your pulse has increased just eight beats to the minute, while Henry's decreased six, making a difference of fourteen in his favor. Wait a bit."

"I wasn't over three minutes before Henry laid down the fan, feeling cool enough, while Tom pulled out his handkerchief and said:

"For Heaven's sake! I let's get out of this or I shall roast! I am wet all over!"

"There's the case I want to make out said the doctor. 'You are far warmer than before, and will be for an hour to come. Our friend here has lost his thirst and is cool enough for a foot race.'

EARLY RISERS.

The green finch is the first to rise, and sings as early as 1:30 on a summer morning. The thrush is audible about 4:50. The quail's whistling is heard in the woods at about 5 o'clock. The blackcap turns up at 2:30. By 4 the blackbird sounds his melody. The house sparrow and the tomtit come last in the list of early rising birds. At short intervals after 4:40 the voices of the robin and wren are heard in the lane.

DISPENSARY PEOPLE make no exception in favor of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. Its known virtues as a cure for diarrhoea, dysentery, cholera morbus and all bowel complaints cause all who use it to regard it as the most reliable and effectual remedy obtainable.

The Secret of Beauty.

The secret of beauty is health. Those who desire to be beautiful should do all they can to restore their health if they already have lost it, or to keep it if they have it still. No one can lay down specific rules for other people in these matters. The work which one may do, the rest he must take, his baths, his diet, his exercise, are matters for individual consideration; but they must be carefully thought of and never neglected. As a rule, when a person feels well he looks well, and when he looks ill he feels ill. There are times when one can guess without the glass, that the eyes are dull and the skin is mottled. This is not a case for something in a pretty perfumery bottle, or for a lotion that advertisements praise so highly. To have a fair complexion and bright eyes, even to have a graceful figure, you must be well. Health and happiness which comes with it are the true secrets of beauty.

No Wonder He Was Let Live.

Jamser—What a wonderful old man De Tanque is for a man who has always been a drunkard.

Flinser—He is somewhat advanced in years, but the cause of it is plain.

Jamser—I don't see it.

Flinser—They're afraid to admit him to the next world for fear he'll swallow all the spirits.

Save Your Carpets.

A sheet of sticky fly paper will do more damage to carpet and furniture than anything ever invented. No careful housewife would have one about. Wilson's Fly Paper Pads will clear the house of flies more quickly and surely than any other means. If placed near the light where the flies are thickest, Wilson's Pads will kill pints every day, and clear the house in short order. Sold by all druggists.

LITERARY NOTES.

The July number of OUR LITTLE MEN AND WOMEN reaches our table promptly, as usual. The little stories and verses are attractive and charmingly illustrated. The child who is so fortunate as to have this magazine is filled with new delight as each number comes from the post-office, and its happiness for the time is complete. D. Lothrop Company, Boston, publishers. \$1 a year, 10 cents a number.

THE PANSEY for July is filled, as usual with delightful reading and attractive pictures. No purer or better reading can be put in the children's hands. The Pansy is intended for Sunday as well as week-day reading. \$1.00 a year. D. Lothrop Company, publishers, Boston.

BARCLAY is always charming. The July number is now issued, and will be joyfully received by the host of *Babyland* subscribers. Every child from six months to six years old will be the better and happier for having the delightful monthly. It costs but 50 cents a year. D. Lothrop Company, Boston, are the publishers.

"Godey's Lady's Book" for July is looking as bright and fresh as if midsummer heat was unknown. The lover of morality, beauty, wit, humor, and chasteness of language, as well as the devotee of fashion, many find within it food to suit his or her particular taste. It contains within its leaves an encyclopedia of information to be found nowhere else. Every lady should be possessed of it. Godey Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa. Price \$2.00 per year.

Not in the "Book Trust."

The statement has been widely circulated, probably by parties who wished it might be true, that John B. Alden, Publisher of New York, Chicago, and Atlanta, had joined the "Book Trust," which is trying to monopolize the publication of standard books, and to increase prices from 25 to 100 per cent. Mr. Alden sends us word that he has not joined the Trust, and there is not an iota of truth in the statement. He has never been a member of the "Book Trust," which has accomplished such wonderful results within the past ten years, in popularizing literature of the highest character (no "trash" ever finds place on his list), still goes on. Instead of increasing prices, large reductions in prices have recently been made, particularly on the copyright books by American authors. A catalogue of 26 pages is sent free to any applicant. One of the latest issues from his press is "Stanley's Emma Pasha Expedition," by Wauters, a very handsome, large-type, illustrated volume, reduced in price from \$2 to 50 cents. This work tells a most interesting and complete story, beginning with the conquest of the Sudan, and continuing through years of African exploration, the revolt of the Mahdi, the siege of Khartoum, with the death of Gordon, the return of Dr. Junker, besides the story of Stanley's own adventures, including his successful Relief Expedition. It is one of the best and most complete works issued upon the subject. Send Alden your address, and you will receive his 96-page catalogue, and from time to time specimen pages of his new publications. JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, 393 Pearl St. New York, also Chicago and Atlanta.

Miss Mary Campbell, Elm, writes: "After taking four bottles of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, I feel as if I were a new person. I have been troubled with Dyspepsia for a number of years and tried many remedies, but of no avail, until I used this celebrated Dyspeptic Cure." For all impurities of the Blood, Sick Headache, Liver and Kidney Complaints, Costiveness, etc., it is the best medicine known.

The Edison Light Company, of Detroit, want to light Windsor with a \$50,000 plant.

G. T. R. TIME TABLE.

WEST.	Mixed.	EAST.
Express..... 8:47 a.m.	Mixed..... 7:25 a.m.	
Mixed..... 1:10 p.m.	Day Express..... 1:10 p.m.	
Accommodate..... 3:40 p.m.	Mixed..... 2:08 p.m.	
Pacific Express..... 8:00 p.m.	Accommodate..... 7:30 p.m.	

NOTICE

To all who contemplate going to Manitoba, British Columbia, Washington Territory, Oregon, or any of the Western States.

Through Coupon Tickets issued at lowest rates, and baggage checked through to destination, at Grand Trunk Station, Watford.

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Full information as to rates, routes, time table, etc., cheerfully given on application.

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Every Wednesday Sarnia and return, 60 cents; Watford to Sarnia and return, Saturday to Monday 95 cents.

F. GOODIER, Agent G. T. R., Watford.

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WATFORD AND WARWICK Stage leaves Watford Village every morning except Sunday, reaching Watford at 11:30 a.m. Returning leaves Watford at 3:45 p.m. Passengers and freight conveyed on reasonable terms. Jacob Smith, Prop'r.

WATFORD AND ARKONA Stage leaves Arkona at 9 a.m., Wisbeach 10:10 a.m. Returning leaves Watford at 3:45 p.m. Passengers and freight conveyed on reasonable terms. Frank Hoopes, Proprietor.

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COWAN & GUNN, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, CONVEYANCERS, Etc. Money to Loan. Watford Office—Main street, opposite the old Post Office. G. H. COWAN, S.A. [tel] G. H. C. GUNN.

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J. B. LISTER & COWAN, Barristers, Solicitors in the Supreme Court, Proctors in the Maritime Court, Sarnia and Watford. Ont. Sarnia Office—Over the Bank of Commerce. Watford Office—Over the Bank of London. JAMES F. LISTER. JOHN COWAN.

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M. D., C. M., Western University, London; M. C. P. and F. Ontario. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a.m. 1 to 5, and 7 to 8:30 p.m. Office—Cor. Main and St. Clair streets, Watford. Residence—One block west from office, next to Mr. T. Woods'. [tel]

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R. E. BOYLES, M. D., F. R. C. S., Edinburgh; M. C. P. and F. Ontario. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a.m. 1 to 5, and 7 to 8:30 p.m. Special attention paid to all diseases peculiar to women. Office and Residence—Queen's Avenue, corner of Wellington street, two blocks east of the Post Office, Watford Ont. [tel]

SOCIETIES.

COURT LORNE No. 17, C.O.F.—Regular meeting the Second and Fourth Monday in each month at 7:30 o'clock p.m. Court Room, over Rogers Bros. store, Main street, Watford. Thos. Kerfoot, C. R. Dr. U. M. Stanley R.S.; Thos. Harris F. S.

MISCELLANEOUS.

W. MANIGAUZ, Provincial Land Surveyor, Civil Engineer. Office: Arcade Block, Front St. Stratford. [tel]

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