PROGRESS. SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1901.

COLORISOCCE COLORIS COLORISCE Journey's End in Lover's Meeting. COLORIDE COLORIDO COL

'It is nonsense, Rob; you are imagining answered glancing down at her knitting. surselt in love and wanting to get mar. The old man was silent for a ter minute The old man was silent for a tew minute ried just when you are getting, a start in business and need all the capital you can as he watched the bright needles go back and forth. 'Do you remember that green silk purse you made for me once ? ' he asked.

ped in a confused way.

fiant look in the blue eyes.

leather pocketbook and took a yellow pap

er from one of the inner pockets. Do you

remember that John Slater who used to

ing some alterations to the buildilg.

you would not forgive me."

way.' She smiled sadly.

voice

We did a lot of business together, bu

about the letter and hunted it, up for me

The old lady's face grew scarlet.

nd. You shouldn't have your mind aken up with love and such things at a time like this. Just wait a few years and laughed. you will find that I am right,' and the old an brushed a fly from his grey beard.

But, grandfather, I am not the only one to be considered ; there is Laura, she loves me and I don't care for business on anything if I have to give her up,' the young man said, impetuously. 'Tut, tut, my boy! Love is all right in

story books, but in every day life there is not much of it; and Laura will get over it, don't you fear.'

You were married.'

'Yes, yes; because your grandmother was a home body. and was necessary to my comfort. She wanted a home and I wanted a housekeeper, and we understoo each other and never regretted our compact; and we were as happy together as though we had wasted a lot of nonsense and time over love."

The young man looked surprised. 'There's your train, Bob; think it over and I hope you won't make a young fool

of yourself. Good by; take good care of yourself and write to the old man often,' and there was a huskiness in his voice. The young man took the old man's hand

in a warm clasp. 'You be careful getting in and out of

the trains, grandfather; I don't like to see you traveling alone.' Then he jumped into his car, and the old man was left alone on the platform of the dingy little country station.

'A beastly place to have to wait at,' he muttered as he limped into the waiting-

"'Beg pardon, madam,' he exclaimed, a bumped against a little old lady who was turning away from the window of the tick-'I hope I didn't hurt you. I am not as nimble as I was fifty years ago; and this foot of mine will turn sometimes.

'Fifty years makes a difference in peo ple,' the old lady answered in a low, sweet voice, and a smile lit up the wrinkled face under the trame of white hair.

'I can't get along as fast myself as I did at one time.' Then she sat down inside of one of the windows, and, opening an oldfashioned traveling bag, took out her knitting, while the old man went out and walked up and down the platform.

But there was nothing to see there, excepting the green fields of corn on the other side of the tracks and the country well. I am going to John's now. I don't town half a mile away.

After a while he came in and sat down beside the old lady, resting his gold-headed cane on the iron rods separating the seats.

'Rather tiresome waiting here,' he said. 'Are you going far ?'

Just to Dowchester. I have been for some time with my daughter, but she is having some other visitors and said I had having some other visitors and said I had

s tick ; but dear, won't you have me ?' The old man's voice trembled and he held out his arms Presently the solitary porter opened the door and saw a tall, white-haired old man holding an old lady in his arms-her head rested against his shoulder, while black bonnet was hanging round her neck by the strings; and he heard, the old man

'I wonder what Rob will say ? I tried to talk him out of being in love only this merning. He thinks the old man knows nothing about it.'

SAY :

Bound for the Front.

Haven't you forgotten that ?' she In millitary courage the Montenegrin probably stands at the head of European 'No. I haven't, and the first time I used races. The best wish for a baby is, 'May it was the day we went to the picnic at Worm's Wood, and-' he suddenly stopyo a not die in your bed !' and to face death is, to man or boy, only a joyous game. Says W. J. Stillman, in his 'Autobio 'You remember things well; that was about'-she paused a moment-fifty three

graphy: ' I have seen a man under a heavy Turkish fire, deliberately leave the trenches and years or more ago." 'It is a good thing to have a good memclimb the breastwork, only to expose him self from sheer bravado. ory in some ways, but there are things

While lying at headquarters at Oreabuk, awaiting the opening of the campaign, in 1877, I was walting one day with the that are better forgotten. That Worm's Wood picnic and what happened after ward form a chapter in my life, Colonel prince, when a boy of sisteen or eighteen Marsden.' Her tone had a decisive ring approached us, cap in hand. in it, while she met his glance with a de

Now,' said the prince, 'l'll show you an in teresting thing. This boy is the last of The old man's face flushed and he fina good family. His father and brothers were all killed in the last battle, and I orgered the top of his walking stick nervous

dered him to go home and stay with his 'Jane, I don't blame you at all, he be mother and sisters, that the family might gan hesitatingly. 'I have often thought I not become extinct." would like to ses you and-and let you The boy drew near and stopped before know that it was not my fault as much as

us, his head down, his cap in hand. you think. I never got your letter for What do you want?' asked the prince over twenty five years alter you sent. Here it is now,' he drew out a large

'I want to go back to my battalion.' 'But said the prince, 'you are the last of your line, and I cannot allow a good family to be lost. You must go home and take care of your mother.

be clerk at Black's, the grocer, who was The boy begen to cry bitterly. also postmaster ? He gave me this once Will you go home quietly and stay ed again. when he met me in Chicago, it had slipped there,' 'or will you take a flogging, and down inside the desk or somewhere and be allowed to fight ?'

was not found for years, not until long The boy thought for a moment. A after Black was dead and they were makflogging, he knew well, is the deepest dis-

grace that can betall a Montenegain. 'Well,' he broke out, 'since it isn't for I never recognized him until one day he stealing, I'll be flogged.' asked me it I had not come down one sum

'No' said the prince, you must go home.' mer to see you, and then he told me Then the boy broke down utterly.

But he cried, 'I want to avenge my That is why I never came again, I thought father and brothers !'

He went away, still crying, and the prince said: 'In spite of all this, he will 'Why, Teddy,' was all the old lady could say, but there was a quiver in he be in the next battle.'

'He told me.' the old man continued A Question of Bills that you had married and gone away and A traveller in England rested at noon at he did not know what had become of you. wayside inn, and took luncheon. The 'I didn't get married for ten years.

landlord was a social person, and after Charles was good to me, but he didn't live long, and I had a pretty hard time of presenting his bill sat down and chatted with bis guest. it for a while with my two children, but I 'By the way,' the latter said, after a

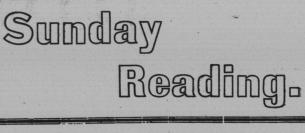
gave them a good education. John is a while, 'what is your name ?' doctor at Dowchester and Alice is married 'My pame,' replied the landlord in

Partridge.' care very much about it : his wite is kind 'Ab,' returned the traveller, with a

enough, but she likes to keep up a big show you know, sometimes old folk are in the humorous twinkle in his eyes, 'by the length of your bill I should have thought It was Wookcock !'

'I know all about it.' he said, Luowing This story, as it appears in a recent ly. 'I married to have a home. My wife book by a distinguished English diplomaty was a good housekeeper. I didn't love is credited with having amused Bismarck. her, but I did my duty by her; yes, I did

A Revival of Business. We are very sure it was not in Boston better go and stay with my son a while.' my home and didn't, for I had Rob with that this incident, narrated by a contribu- extended to the various wards to two es-



Campbell Morgan Rejected

late D. L. Moody's work in America, was given in an unprecedented gathering in the City Temple, London. Dr. Parker presided. At Mr. Morgan's special request, Miss Fuchs sang, 'I will go where you want me to go, dear Lord,' and the effect was very touching. The Rev. J. times. The message was a curious mixture Gregory Mantle told how, in 1886, he and of crude literal interpretation of Scripture try. Mr. Morgan says he distinctly resermon was not a success, and he was not accepted for the Wesleyan ministry. But it was all in the ordering of God. For it Mr. Morgan had become a Wesleyan minister he would not have been able to do the widespread work for God is this country and America which he had been enabled to do.' He concluded by dwelling upon Mr Morgan's sincerity, sympathy, and singleness of purpose. 'We are only going to lend him to America,' Mr. Mantle exclaimed, amid loud applause. 'He is bound to come back again.' When Mr. Morgan, whose mother was with him on the platform, rose to respond, the the whole assembly leapt to its feet and cheered and waved, and waved and cheer-

Stirring News From Japan.

The Rev. J. H. Ballagh writes on May 28 and 31 and June 6 of a widespread and increasing revival in Japan. His first word is 'Eight hundred decisions for Christ in the two weeks' service in Kyobashiku, Tokio. The work in Yokohama has also begun. Much peritence and zeal shown. The blessing is extending to distant places as well.

His next word is 'A revival of three weeks has resulted in one thousand converts or decisions for Christ and the work of no ordinary character in its demands in a multiplicity of ways.'

His latest word is 'The number of converts has been increased another thousand. five hundred in Tokio and five hundred here (Yokohama). We have services in eight churches every night and a four p. m. daily union prayer meeting and two early six a. m. meetings. One of these has been carried on for five years, and is the source, I suspect, of all this tide of blessing.

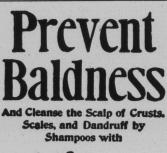
One hundred thousand special tracts prepared by the Rev N Tamura, of 'Jap anese Bride' fame, have been published, and several thousand of another written by Mrs Tara Ando. A pamplet called 'The Work of God,' has also appeared giving some of the notable incidents of the three weeks' work in the 'City Bridge Ward' among six or seven churches. It has now churches. The first prayer meeting had over three hundred daily and on Pentecos eight hundred, five hundred of whom had to stand outside in the yard. A general in the Tycoon's forces years ago was convert ed at this meeting. His wite has long been a Christian, and Tara Ando now a leading Christian and temperance man, was then an under officer. So God in working and blessed be his holy name.

itate to charge them, upon a firm The Rev. G. Campbell Morgan's fare historical facts, with shametul acts, and to take up part of the still more discreditable defences of their well to England, to take up part of the still more discret unholy deeds. The Christian Scientists had their annual

communion in the mother church in Boston on a recent Sunday, when Eddy's message an hour and a half long was read to audiences that filled the spacious building four times. The message was a curious mixture and bald pantheism. On the followers of two other ministers were appointed to hear and bald pantheism. On the followers of the atrial sermen by Mr. Campbell Morgan then a candidate for the Wesleyan minis than three thousand were present, some of members my coming into the vestry with a them from all parts of the world. No long cedar pencil in my hands, which I Oriental fakir is a greater master of the art was charpening. and that I greeted him by saying, 'Now I am ready for you !' The woman. Her appearances are rare and s glimpse of the prophetess. At 2 o'clock in the atternoon she appeared in an upper balcony where the people were permitted to gaze upon her for the space of five minutes All she said was : 'Beloved brethren : My joy in meeting you is my present text. When we shall meet again will be my next. I think you will all agree with me that you have heard sufficiently from me in my message. I will only look upon your near faces and then return to my studio.' For this commonplace utterance the crowd came, and then it melted away.

> Commandant Herbert Booth, the chief officer of the Salvation Army in Australasis, and his wife have been seriously ill, and are coming to England on a long holiday. A new commanding officer will leave for Australasia-probably the general's youngest daughter. with her husband, now in charge of the work in France and Swithzerland.

Carried along on the tide of progress, the committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society has at last come to the conclusion, says the 'Christian World,' that it is desirable' for it to issue the Revised Version; and even then it is understood that the Revised Version is only to be supplied when especially called for.





A sigh escaped her and an an came into the faded blue eyes.

'Not a very pleasant prospect ?' the old man queried, looking at her intently. The old lady started.

'Oh, I didn't mean anything !' she exclaimed. 'They are kind to me. I spend part of my time at one place and part at the other. Yes, they are kind to me. Have you a family ?'

"A daughter and a son, and a grandson whose parents are dead; he went by the last train. It seems to me there is something about you which seems familiar. I must have met you somewhere before, but I can't think where ?' the old man said.

'I am Mrs. Bowman, and you-yousan't be Teddy-Tom Marsden ?' she exclaimed suddenly dropping the knitting into her lap; her face flashed and she glanced up in an embarramed way. 'I must be the person, but they call me

colonel now, and you must be Jane. for no one ever called me Teddy except mother and you.' The old man suddenly sprang to his feet and looked down at her.

Well, well, who would have thought it ? Then he limped over and looked out of the opposite window; but presently he came back and sat down again.

This is rather a dreary place to wait so long; net much accommodation at these country stations, he said in a constrained

some and I always dislike, the 'It is tir long wait here, so I usually bring some workwith me to help pass the time,' she

me, but now they want the old man to tor. happened:

give it up, and I suppose I will have to. I have plenty to live on, but they say that that they are uneasy about me living alone and want me to stay with them, but don't want to. I never feel right, even if I make them a long visit; they are kind, but you feel strange and can't things just as you WAD them. Things might have been so differ-

ent if-if I had just got that letter.' 'Yes, that's so, but it's no use fretting over things now. I am glad we met as I used to think hard of you. It must be almost time for my train,' the old lady said, taking up her knitting.

'It's thirty minutes yet.'

Then the old man walked over to the vindow again.

Presently he came back and stood before

'Jane,' he began, then gave a little cough, 'your children don't need you, while I have no one, and I get lonely. Why shouldn't we get married yet ? We'd be company for each other, and-and-I have cared for you all these years. :Maybe you won't believe it, but I have. It you knew how I have kept that letter-and I want you as much as I ever did,' he said pleadingly.

'Why, Teddy, we are so old. I am pas seventy, and I am rheumstic, and John's wife says I am old and cranky.' 'I am elder than you by some years. with out

'James,' said the proprietor of a bicycle

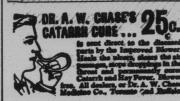
establishment to his assistant, as he came in and took a seat at his desk one morning the outlook for sales this season is decidedly slim. Mark down all our wheels iwenty five percent.'

'Yes, sir,' replied James, 'Hold on James !' exclaimed the proprietor a few moments later, as his eye caught sight of a short cable despatch in the morning paper he had picked up. 'Hold all our stock firm at present prices. King Edward has gone to wheeling again.

This item from a rural exchange— 'Nat Johns ton's mule was killed by lightening yester day. The mule was blind in both eyes and couldn't see the flash coming.'

A mother was showing her dear little Joe a picture of the martyrs thrown to the lions, and was talking very solemnly to him trying to make him feel what a terrible thing it was.

Willie-Pa, what's an 'old flame P Pa-My son, where a man speaks of this old fiame' he refers to something over which he used to burn his money.



We have heard lately, says the Presbyerian Witness,' that the Mormons are making headway in some parts of Canada. It is less wonderful and less humilisting to learn that they are making progress among the people of the Sandrich Islands (Hawaiians) of whom they/ have captured over eight thousand. They conningly adapt themselves to the weakness and the traditionary folbles and superstitions of the poor Hawaiians. They claim the power to perform miracles, sepecially of healing. It is a notoworthy fact that the most bitter opponents of Roman Catholic me-thods continue to be found within the pale of Rome. The recently published re-markable history of the Jesuits in England from 1850 to 1772 by Father Taun ton is another striking illustration of the of the anomaly. Writing as a priest, with a strong hatred of Protestantism, he nev-ertheless brings string after string of grave accusations against that order now so pow-erful at the Vatican, and he does not hes-



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