

if you're found out. You've failed me once — for aught I know betrayed me to Dark Rory. But if you've deceived me, you've deceived them. Your fate's bound up with mine now. Let my brother succeed and we're ruined. It's our last chance — the last throw of the dice. Take care, Maisie; you see what the result will be if you fall. Rory and sweet Mistress Helen will hunt you and the old man down like vermin. As for me — I shall be gone, over the seas. Don't look for mercy, a jealous woman knows none, and Helen's hate is not light. You'll go to Castle Sarno, Maisie Lamont, and do my work or — and he snapped his fingers in her face — "you'll snuff out."

She dropped her head in her hands and cried bitterly.

"Time plays the runaway," he said, our futures hang on tonight. Dark Rory must — go. If his mother's still alive — as you say, Hugh — my mother was not my father's lawful wife. Not that I care, but such things carry weight with some folk. The King's too busy looking after his own affairs to cast an eye on anyone else's. I can only catch Dark Rory while he's banned as an outlaw — at least with any show of justice — and its good to have a show of justice when you can. You'll open the door, girl."

She gave a wild half-articulate cry.

"If I must, I must," she said, "but I wish I'd never been born."

"There's more than you wishes that," replied Hugh, and tugged his dirty white beard.

#### SIMPLY TURNING DOWN A GLASS

By J. M. B.

A clergyman was once invited to the birthday dinner of one of his parishioners. As he seated himself at the dinner table, and saw the beautiful old lady wearing her eighty years as a crown, surrounded by her children and her children's children, there seemed not a discordant note in the song of harmony. When the waiter began to pass the champagne, he thought shall I decline but before his plate was reached he had decided to adhere to his usual custom, and quietly turned down his glass, too busily absorbed in conversation to observe that two others around the festal board did the same thing. A few hours later he found himself in the drawing-room in conversation alone with the widowed daughter of the household. She said to him: "I am going to take the liberty of commending you for refusing the wine at dinner; you did not know that the sharp eyes of that young lad just opposite you were watching you most closely."

He told her of his hesitation, and said: "I thought, does not this seem churlish; I am invited here to honor a dear old lady, shall I not be considered very rude to refuse to drink her health, but I am so glad if my determination to abide by my general habit helped you; tell me about it."

She said: "In a few weeks my son starts to college. We have been discussing whether he shall be a temperance man or a total abstainer while there. He has about decided to be the latter, but if you had proved yourself the former I know that arguments of many months would have been swept away at one stroke. I cannot tell you how much I thank you."

The minister says that when he went home that night he knelt down and thanked God for helping him to cast his influence on the side of right, and to help a young boy to do the same.

The man who is too proud to undo a wrong act cannot be trusted to do a good one.

#### A LARGE SPIDER

In the mountains of Ceylon and India there is a spider six inches long that spins a web like bright yellowish silk, the central net of which is five feet in diameter, while the supporting lines or guys measure sometimes ten feet or twelve feet. Riding quickly in the early morning you may dash right into it, the stout threads twisting around your face like a lace veil, while as the creature that has woven it takes up its position in the middle it generally catches you right on the nose and, though it seldom bites or stings, the contact of its large body and long legs is anything but pleasant. If you try to catch it, bite it will, and, though not venomous, its jaws are as powerful as a bird's beak, and you are not likely to forget the encounter. The bodies of these spiders are very handsomely decorated, being bright gold or scarlet underneath, while the upper part is covered with the most delicate slate-colored fur. So strong are the webs that birds the size of larks are frequently caught in them and even the small but powerful scaly lizard falls a victim.

#### SLUMBER SONG.

Adown the twilight river we float,  
Baby and I together,  
Gliding along in our little boat,  
Baby and I together,  
Down to the wonderful land that waits  
Where the river flows through the sunset  
gates,  
While the silvery stars keep watch and  
ward

As we drift beneath their loving guard,  
Baby and I together.

Adown the river we softly glide,  
Baby and I together,  
As the days go out on the ebbing tide,  
Baby and I together,  
The twilight river is broad and deep,  
So close to the shadowy banks we keep,  
While growly poppies nod and sway,  
And sleepily beckon us to stay,

Baby and I together,  
To Slumberland our craft we steer,  
Baby and I together,  
Slowly, but surely, our port we near,  
Baby and I together.

Where the Dream-tree spreads its  
branches wide,  
And scatter rare fruit on every side,  
Down the twilight river we float along,  
While lapping waves croon a tender  
song.

Baby and I together,  
A fair little head is drooping low,  
Baby and I together,  
Gently into the harbor go,  
Baby and I together.

Have reached the shores of Slumberland,  
By whispering breezes softly fanned,  
Amid the fleet that are anchored fast,  
Hush! we are safely moored at last,  
Baby and I together.

#### THE CALL OF THE WILD

Those interested in a place to go hunting this fall should write for a copy of "Haunts of Fish and Game" a publication issued by the Grand Trunk Railway System telling where all kinds of game may be found, list of game laws, descriptive matter regarding the several hunting districts, maps, etc., sent free to any address on application to J. Quinlan, District Passenger Agent, Bonaventure Station, Montreal.

The man who claims the right under all circumstances to "say what he thinks," would be a more popular man if he thought more and said less. He who is inconsiderate of the feeling of others is not a man to be welcomed into their companionship.

The icebergs are not all at sea. You will find many of them stranded in the back pews.

#### KEEP CHILDREN WELL

Your little one may be well and happy to-day, but would you know what to do if it awoke to-night with the croup, or went into convulsions or spasms to-morrow? The doctor may come too late. Have you a reliable remedy at hand? Baby's Own Tablets break up colds, prevent croup, reduce fever, check diarrhoea, cure constipation and stomach troubles, help the obstinate little teeth through painlessly, and give sound, healthful sleep. And they contain not one particle of opiate or poisonous soothing stuff — this is guaranteed. They are equally good for the new-born infant or the well-grown child. Mrs. Susan E. Mackenzie, Burk's Corners, Que., says: "Before I began using Baby's Own Tablets, my little one was weak and delicate, since then she has had splendid health and is improving nicely. I find nothing so good as the Tablets when any of my children are ill." Sold by all druggists, or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

One of the sublimest thoughts in the universe is that God cannot be misinformed in regard to any of his children. He lacks no particulars. There is no missing data. He knows us better far better, than we know ourselves.

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