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It is the only spring tonic used in thousands of homes to purify and enrich the blood—relieve that feeling of languor—and revitalize brain and body. Highly recommended by the medical profession. 25c and 60c.

A morning glass puts the whole system in trim for the day.

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PARTHENON LODGE, No. 267, A. F. & A. M., G. R. C.; first Wednesday, Masonic Temple, King St.

J. W. FLEWES, Sec'y.



WELLINGTON Lodge No. 46, A. F. & A. M., G. R. C., meets on the first Monday of every month, in the Masonic Hall, Seane Block, King St., at 7:30 p.m. Visit

ing brethren heartily welcomed.

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It is sometimes hard to love and honor if you also obey.

Minard's Liniment for Sale Everywhere.

There is often a wide gulf between the mark of breeding and the dollar mark.

A wishbone won't keep a man from having bad luck with a fishbone.

"Unto One of the Least of These"

By RICHARD BARKER SHELTON

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Van Ruyven followed the butler up the wide stairs, inwardly amused at his own trepidation. It was most absurd, he told himself, for a man to feel as he did under these circumstances. There were certainly no logical grounds for his vague fears. Still there was the haunting possibility that the bishop might raise objections. Remote this possibility was, to be sure, but none the less potent. Van Ruyven remembered the time there had been a case pending against him in the courts. It was a silly case, trumped up by an ambulance chaser. His lawyer had told him from the first it was nothing to worry about. And yet he had been more or less disturbed until the jury had brought in its verdict in his favor. His position now as he mounted the stairs in the wake of the solemn butler seemed analogous.

At the head of the stairs the butler drew aside the leather portiere, and Van Ruyven entered the big, dim study. A fire crackled cheerfully upon the hearth and sent flickering shadows dancing up and down the rows upon rows of books. Near by a green shaded lamp threw a soft light upon a table littered with books and papers.

As Van Ruyven crossed the threshold a fine figure of a man rose from his seat by the table and came forward with outstretched hand.

"Arthur, I'm glad to see you," said the bishop, with a smile that left no doubt as to the sincerity of his words. "Sit down here by the fire and give an account of yourself. I count myself in luck that you take the trouble to come up here to see me when Edith is in the house."

He drew two comfortable chairs before the fire and motioned Van Ruyven to one of them.

"Now, then, what sort of absolution do you want this time?" the bishop went on lightly, "or perhaps you came up here because you knew I'd let you smoke."

Van Ruyven smiled. "Thanks, I will smoke if you don't mind," he said, drawing out his cigar case. He selected a cigar with as much care as if the fate of an empire hung upon his choice, clipped the end and slowly lighted it. He smoked abstractedly for a moment or two before he turned to the bishop.

"The fact is," Van Ruyven began, "I have come to you tonight with a very delicate mission."

"Ah, I see," the bishop's words were formal, noncommittal, but his clear shaven, kindly face lighted up with a smile of understanding, and there was a hint of mischief in the gray eyes. Van Ruyven was looking into the fire again. He puffed nervously at the cigar.

"And this delicate mission?" the bishop suggested mildly.

"I came, sir," said Van Ruyven, speaking very slowly, "to ask you if you would have any objection to me as—Edith's husband—that is," he amended quickly, "if Edith herself has no objections. You see, I haven't ascertained that as yet."

The bishop straightened himself in his chair. With his broad shoulders and his iron gray hair he was a decidedly imposing man. Just now he regarded his guest with an odd expression, half of affection, half of amusement.

"So you came to me first," he said quietly. "Rather a rare procedure in these degenerate days. You show a delicate deference, sir, to certain ideas that I inherit from my ancestry on the other side of the Mason and Dixon line. I think I shall have to index you as a master tactician," he ended playfully.

"Then you have no objections in the matter?" asked Van Ruyven.

"Bless my soul, no," laughed the bishop, "and if I read Edith rightly she has none either."

He leaned forward in his chair and regarded the younger man intently. His face became suddenly grave.

"There is something about Edith, however, that I must confide to you," he said, "something that no one alive knows save I, myself. Under the circumstances, Arthur, you should know it too. I disclose it under the seal of the confessional as something you must never mention at any time nor under any stress."

Van Ruyven bent his head slowly in acknowledgment of his obligation.

"Edith," said the bishop very gently, as if even the confession of it cost him a pang, "is not my own child."

Van Ruyven sat up in surprise. "Not your child?" he repeated incredulously.

"No," said the bishop. "Years ago, when I was in charge of a very humble country parish, she was left on the steps of the rectory one night, a tiny mite, wrapped in an old horse blanket. We intended at first to send her to an asylum, but there was something about those big dark eyes and those tiny arms even then that cried out to us. You know there were never any children of our own, and she came to fill the vacant niche in our lives." He paused a moment and smiled reminiscently. "I thought you ought to know this, even if."

"My dear bishop," Van Ruyven interrupted, "I doubt if she could have been really more yours had she been born to you. Why, she has your ideas and your traits. She even has your penetrating way of looking at one."

"I don't think the accident of her birth has made very much difference with her or with me," the bishop said. "My own daughter could not have been more to me, Arthur." The bishop's eyes were moist in his earnestness.

"She has never once disappointed me. Even her intentions seem to be mine."

There was a commotion downstairs, then the sound of footsteps on the polished stairs and a vigorous knock on the lintel. The portiere was whisked aside, and an excited maid came into the room—so excited that she gave no heed to the bishop's frown of mild reproof at her unseemly entrance.

"Please, sir," she gasped, "Miss Edith do be waitin' yer downstairs at wance, sir. They's been a baby lift on the doortrip."

The bishop almost sprang from his chair. "A what?" he said.

"A baby, sir, lift on the doortrip, sir."

"There seems something almost ominous in this coincidence, Arthur," he said nervously. "Pardon me a moment. I'll be back directly."

After the bishop had left the room Van Ruyven tiptoed cautiously into the hall and peered over the banisters. It was indeed a strange group that stood in the hall below—Mrs. Briggs, the housekeeper, with the much swathed foundling in her arms; Edith, tall and stately, standing near by, her arms and neck showing like ivory against the dark tapestry on the wall; the bishop peering into the depths of the old shawl that wrapped the child; two maids craning over his shoulder and the statuesque Higgins explaining to such as cared to listen how he had come to find the bundle when he had answered the bell.

"And what'll we do with it?" asked Mrs. Briggs when Higgins' tale of woe had come to an end.

"Do?" said Edith. "Why, we'll take it to the home, of course."

"My dear," the bishop remonstrated mildly, "why not keep it here with us? To take it to the home seems to me to be very much like casting it into outer darkness. Of course we can't look after all the waifs, but suppose we take this one, who has been left at our very door, and give it a chance in the world."

Edith laughed unsympathetically. "Why, father, dear, what a silly idea," she began. "Of course we can't keep it."

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these," quoted the bishop.

"A very pretty sentiment," said the girl, "but most unpractical. You haven't the least idea what instincts this child may have. What would probably give it every advantage in the world only to have it disappoint you at every turn. It would probably grow up a most ungrateful little wretch. They always do."

Van Ruyven tiptoed back into the study and sat down before the fire. He heard the group below go into the reception room, and their voices came up to him inarticulately. For a time he sat there, smoking in a preoccupied manner. Then he heard Edith's voice in the hall below giving orders to the servants.

"Higgins, telephone for the carriage, and Mrs. Briggs get on your things, please, and be ready when it comes. We'll take the child to the home. I'll go with you. I can't conceive why father had such absurd notions about keeping it here."

A little later the front door slammed, there was a rumble of carriage wheels without, and then Van Ruyven heard the bishop's steps slowly ascending the stairs. He came into the study and stood for awhile looking silently into the fire.

"Did you hear it?" he asked at length, turning abruptly to Van Ruyven. The younger man nodded. The bishop sank rather heavily into his chair.

"She's not mine! I was mistaken!" he burst out. "She is no daughter of mine, after all!"

Van Ruyven rose. "I think I'd best go now," he said simply. "Please don't tell Edith that I have been here nor why I came."

The bishop looked at him narrowly. "It will be hard for her," he said, "but I think you are justified."

Suddenly the bishop's head drooped. There was a stifled sound very like a sob.

"She said it would grow up an ungrateful little wretch, and she was right, Arthur; she was right."

Salt.

The other day the writer saw a young girl upset some salt at the table and then pick up a pinch and throw it over her left shoulder. She said that if she didn't she would quarrel with her best friend.

It seemed silly to think that the tossing of some of it in a certain direction was going to help matters. But, like most old superstitions, there is some reason back of it.

Salt, as you know, is a great purifier. It prevents decay, is a tonic and strengthener and is necessary to the health and even to the life of men and animals. The ancients looked upon it as always pure and lasting and made it the token of friendship. Out of this undoubtedly grew the idea that when salt is spilled friendship is broken.

The Arabs regard salt as sacred, and Bedouin in the desert, who would roll and kill you perhaps otherwise, be comes your friend and protector against all enemies if he eats salt with you, his way of offering hospitality.—New York Times.

Earthly Riches.

The thief had broken through and was stealing.

"Scurves 'em right," he said, "for lay in 'up their treasures so nice an convenient on top of this bureau where 'em can get at 'em."

The moth and rust meanwhile were at work in other portions of the elegant and costly mansion.—Chicago Tribune.

Ministers of the Gospel Speak Out

TELL THE PUBLIC OF THE GREAT WORK PSYCHINE IS DOING

Psychine in its great work of healing those diseases that lead to consumption, and even consumption itself has naturally come under the notice of a large number of the clergy, and many of them have felt it their duty to let the public know what splendid results come from its use. Here are a few instances of what clergymen say:—

REV. J. S. ODERY, formerly of Broadway Tabernacle, Toronto.

"I have found Psychine to be one of the best remedies for throat and chest troubles that I know. It is prompt, efficacious and reliable."

REV. WM. H. STEVENS, Paisley, Ont.

"Psychine seemed just the stimulant my system needed. I shall add my testimony as to its efficacy at every opportunity."

REV. R. M. BROWNE, Amherst Head, N.S.

"I have often recommended Psychine since taking it myself, for I believe it is a cure for the troubles you specify."

REV. J. J. RICE, 51 Walker Ave., Toronto.

"My wife suffered two very severe attacks of La Grippe, one of which threatened rapid consumption, there being a hereditary tendency in that direction. They were speedily corrected by Psychine, leaving no trace of the disease."

REV. CHAS. STIRLING, Bath, N.B.

"I have used Psychine in my family; the results were marvelous. I have visited people who state they never used its equal. I have no hesitation in recommending it."

REV. J. S. I. WILSON, Markdale, Ont.

"I have taken two bottles of Psychine, and am pleased to say that I am greatly improved in health. I was troubled with my throat, but now I find it about restored to its normal condition. I find my work very much less taxing. I have reason to believe Psychine is all that is claimed for it."

Where sickness is there the minister of the gospel is found. His is the opportunity to note how the sufferer got relief, what furnished the relief, and what caused the cure. Large numbers of the clergy of Canada recommend Psychine. They know, out of their experience, that it is the greatest preventive of consumption, the greatest builder-up of weak men and women, science has given to the world.

Psychine is 50c. per Bottle. Larger sizes \$1.00 and \$2.00. At all druggists.

DISTRICT

RICHMOND.

A good time is anticipated at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. Steen on the 14th inst., afternoon and evening, where the Willing Workers will welcome their many friends to a five o'clock tea; also in the evening at eight o'clock with a good lunch and program.

The roads are not in a very good condition at present—plenty of mud. Mr. Neddam, of London, is buying horses and cattle in this vicinity.

A large crowd of men attended the sale at J. S. Glover's. Everyone found the electric car very convenient.

Miss Sarah Burke, of Mitchell's Bay, was spending a week with her sister, Mrs. W. Ross.

Miss Doyle, of Chatham, was the guest of Mrs. Richard Steen last week.

Mrs. Henry Beattie has an attack of rheumatism.

Mr. Henry Beattie left on Tuesday to attend the funeral of his father at Raleigh.

The Ladies Assisting Society held their monthly meeting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Steen.

SLIGHT CHANGE.

So he has failed eh? Well, I'm not much surprised. He was nothing but a mountebank anyway.

Well, he's a mountebankrupt now.

When told an unpleasant truth there comes a feeling of personal antagonism.

YOUR BRAIN HOLDS THE NERVE STRINGS

AND IF DISEASE TAKES HOLD OF THE NERVES THE BRAIN LOSES CONTROL OF ALL THE FORCES THAT CONTRIBUTE TO HEALTH AND MENTAL AND PHYSICAL COLLAPSE ARE AS CERTAIN AS SUNSET

South American Nervine

begins at the beginning to prevent and eradicate disease—it acts on the nerves that control the vital organs of the body, gives strength to the whole nervous system, fills the blood with that richness and purity that is so essential to health—because, remember this, that when these nerves become weakened and exhausted it means indigestion, torpid liver, stagnant kidneys, the heart flutters and becomes irregular and weak, the lungs fail to have the nourishment and weaken, and climax, naturally enough, is debility—and the next stage may be consumption. All such dire consequences may be saved by the wonderful potency of South American Nervine.

South American Nervine is greatest blood purifier of modern medicine. South American Nervine is woman's best friend in very deed.

You persist and it never fails.

SOUTH AMERICAN RHEUMATIC CURE cures in from one to three days. SOUTH AMERICAN KIDNEY CURE for diabetes, Bright's disease and all bladder troubles. SOLD BY W. W. TURNER, AND C. H. GUNN AND CO.

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Gives the Finest Quality to be Desired in a

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The more a man studies himself the less fault he finds in his neighbor.

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NOTICE.

We are still the leaders in all kinds of Design and Spray Work. Our Carnations are the finest ever grown in the city. Hyacinths, Tulips, Daffodils, Easter Lilies, Boston Ferns, Palms, and other Pot Plants.

CHAS. W. BAXTER, FLORIST. Phone 370.

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SILVER LEAFMINING CO., LTD. Special issue of Treasury Stock, 250,000 shares only at 25c per share (par value \$1.00). For samples and particulars apply to

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