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"However," Jonathan's smile reappeared—"I am fortunate to have found congenial friends here. Miss Summers is one. And now I add you to the list. With two friends a man ought to count himself rich, don't you think?" David agreed smilingly.

Jonathan started away for the second time, then caught himself. "I forgot. I am ashamed to have forgotten. Perhaps you ought to be with your family Saturday evening. I should hate to feel—"

"My family is away."

If David's voice had become suddenly curt Jonathan did not seem to perceive it.

"Then we'll consider it settled."

This time his departure was final, and the cloud, lifted a little by the efforts of a white faced bookkeeper and a comically ugly manikin, settled upon David once more. He bent grimly to his interrupted work.

At that moment Radbourne was obtaining Miss Summers' assent to the occasion of Saturday. It was not hard to obtain.

"I like that young man," he confided. "I think we're going to be very good friends."

"I hope so."

"Yes. It would mean much to me, Miss Summers."

"But I was thinking of him," she said gravely.

And the slate gray eyes as they rested on the little man were very gentle.

An unwonted excitement pervaded the offices of Radbourne & Co. on that Saturday morning, radiated no doubt from the head of the concern himself. He flitted about restlessly, tugged at his whiskers continually, and his voice as he rattled off his correspondence to Miss Brown had a happy, boyish lilt. Occasionally chancing to catch Miss Summers' eye, he would nod with a sly, knowing wink.

For the original program for Saturday had been enlarged. Miss Summers and David had been notified to be ready at mid-afternoon for an event as yet cloaked in secrecy.

Mid-afternoon arrived. Radbourne glanced out into the street, nodded with satisfaction, closed his desk with a bang—greatly to the relief of Miss Brown, who would now have leisure to recopy the letters she had bungled—and vanished into his cloakroom.

At the same moment David strolled into Miss Summers' presence, watch in hand.

"The hour has struck," he burlesqued. "What doth it hold?"

"Whatever it is," she answered, "you must seem to be delighted."

"I think I shall be." David was actually smiling. "For the last hour I've been looking at my watch every five minutes. This excitement is infectious. He hasn't grown up, has he?"

"But isn't that his great charm?" Miss Summers seemed already delighted over something.

"Charm?" David looked doubtful. "I hadn't thought of him as?"

But he did not finish. Quick staccato footsteps were heard; then a strange vision burst upon them—Jonathan Radbourne accoutred for motor-ing, in visored cap and duster, with a

softly upon her, and David thought her the most beautiful thing he had ever seen. A very wispy of a woman she was. He could have held her in his arms and scarcely felt the weight. But he would have taken her very tenderly, so fragile she seemed. Under a filmy lace cap her hair, still fine and plentiful, shone silvery. The face, though the face of age and white and thin almost to transparency, was strangely unlined. She wore a black dress with many folds and flounces and fine ruching at neck and wrists.

He thought she was taking one of those naps which are the prerogative of age at any hour and began to tip-toe away. But she started and sat upright, her face turned toward him.

"Who is it?" she asked. "But I know. You are Mr. Quentin, of course. I am Jonathan's mother." She smiled. But something was wrong with that smile. It seemed incomplete.

"You may come in."

She held out a hand. David advanced and took it. She caught his in both of hers in a soft, lingering clasp.

She smiled again. "It is a good strong hand. You are quite tall, aren't you?"

"Almost six feet."

"And broad too?"

"Rather, I believe."

He tried to speak lightly, but a hard lump was gathering in his throat, for he knew what was wrong with that smile—she was blind.

"I am glad of that," she nodded brightly. "I am very fond of large men. It has been my cross that Jonathan took his size from me and not from his father. I could walk under his arm and not even graze his sleeve."

She drew him down beside her.

"Do you mind if I touch your face?"

"It isn't much of a face, you know."

But that lump was very stubborn.

She reached up and nuzzled both hands over his face, a light caressing touch he scarcely felt.

"Now," she smiled, "I see you. You are quite mistaken. It is a good true face, and I like it very much. Ah! She had touched his lashes. "You are feeling sorry for me. But you must not," she chided gently. "I don't like people to be sorry for me."

To that David had no answer. But on an impulse—or it may have been an inspiration—the little hands left his face he brushed one lightly with his lips.

She beamed—always with that pathetic lack—just as Jonathan did when something pleased him.

"That was very pretty," she nodded again. "I see I am to like Jonathan's new friend very much. You know, you have quite won him. He talks of you all the time. You like him, do you not?" The smile had become quite wistful.

"Better all the time," David answered promptly and with truth.

"I am glad of that. And it is good of you to come here. We have so few visitors, I suppose," she sighed, "because we aren't very interesting. I am afraid Jonathan gets very lonely sometimes, having to spend most of his evenings here with no one but me. Not," she made haste to add, "that he isn't always good to me."

"I think he is good to every one."

"You have found that out? It is because he had a great disappointment once, I think."

"One would never guess that."

"No. Of course when one has had a disappointment or been made to suffer one makes up for that by trying to make the world brighter for others."

"It seems," said David, "that some people do that."

"He wanted to play the violin professionally. He had studied hard, and his teachers said that he had talent. But his father forbade it. He said it wasn't a man's work to fiddle in public. My husband," she sighed, "was a very firm man and wanted Jonathan to learn the business. So Jonathan went to the technical school here and studied engineering. Jonathan," she added proudly, "had been well brought up and knew that his parents were wiser than he."

"I see," said David. "The little lady went on after a pause, "we didn't know how hard it was for him. I understand better now. Sometimes, though he doesn't suspect, I hear it in his playing. Then I wonder if we were wiser than he and if I was selfish. Of course the music would have taken him away so much, and it would have been very lonely for me and very dark. Sometimes I wonder if that wasn't his real reason for giving up his music."

(To be Continued)

HUGE POTATO YIELDS

Seed From Northern Ontario Outyields All Others.

How to Lower Mortality of Young Lambs—Best Methods of Caring For Both Ewe and Lamb Explained.

(Contributed by Ontario Department of Agriculture, Toronto.)

PLANS are being carefully evolved by the Department of Agriculture to continue experiments, begun last year, which it is expected will have far-reaching results for the potato industry in Ontario. The investigations which officials of the Department are making are thorough and extensive, and consequently somewhat slow. But it is confidently believed that within a few years potato seed grown in Ontario will be in great demand not only by other parts of the Dominion, but by many districts of the United States. This, it is anticipated, will be a distinct boon to the farmers of the province.

The two-fold program which was inaugurated last year of certifying a high standard of potato seed and making a survey to detect diseases is to be carried on on a much wider scale this coming season. Reports from the various inspectors have now been compiled by the Department, and the statistics are of considerable interest to the progressive and up-to-date agriculturist. The two foundation varieties which the Department is showing—Irish Cobbler, the early seed, and the Green Mountain—have been the subject of widespread discussion. There has been much difference of opinion as to which is the better for general table use. The reports for last year clearly prove that the Green Mountain is the best variety for the general farmer. Seed of these two varieties from three different sources—Northern Ontario, New Brunswick and Old Ontario—has been experimented with and planted in clay and sand in nearby districts in different parts of the province. These show the following average yields per acre:

Irish Cobbler—Northern Ontario, 153.4; New Brunswick, 148; Old Ontario, 127.

Green Mountain—Northern Ontario, 177.5; New Brunswick, 137.3; Old Ontario, 167.8.

The general average per acre on the different plots was 151.5 bushels on clay, 126.1, which shows a yield of 25.4 bushels more to the acre from seed planted on sand.

Green Mountain planted on sand, 169.3, and 153.2 bushels planted on clay, a yield of 15.1 more bushels per acre from seed planted on sand.

The results when the yields from all sources for Irish Cobbler are combined show the average number of bushels per acre was 142.1, and Green Mountain, 161.4 bushels. Thus will be seen that the Green Mountain gave the larger yield, being 19.3 bushels per acre ahead of the Irish Cobbler variety.

With Ewes at Lambing Time.

The two main factors contributing to a satisfactory lamb crop are the proper feeding and care of the sheep during the six months previous to lambing time together with care and detailed attention given to the flock during the lambing period. Plenty of exercise coupled with a sufficient amount of the right kind of feed to maintain the flock in good thriving condition will usually result in the birth of active, rugged lambs for which the mother will have a liberal supply of milk. In practically every flock, no matter how well cared for, the attendant must be on hand frequently, day and night, during the period the lambs are arriving. A little attention at the proper time will often result in the saving of not a few lambs.

Absolute dryness and freedom from draught are very essential for the flock, and when the lambs are expected in March or even early April provision should be made for reasonable protection from the cold.

Wool balls in the stomach is often the cause of much loss in young lambs. This trouble as well as difficulty in getting the lambs to nurse may be avoided by clipping away all loose and dirty wool from around the udder and quarters of the ewes.

Provision should be made for a few small pens located along the ewe side of the building. The ewe to lamb is much safer separated from the main flock and in cases of difficult parturition, weak lambs, ewes disowning their lambs and numerous other difficulties that may arise they can be looked after in great detail more satisfactorily when confined in small enclosures. It not infrequently happens that a ewe has difficulty in delivering her lamb; this is more common in the case of young ewes with their first lamb. When the lamb has come forward far enough so that the nose and front feet are in sight and the head is unable to pass through the ewe should be assisted by gentle pulling on the forefeet. If this fails smear the inside of the vagina well with linseed oil, this has the effect of softening and allowing the opening to stretch and will, unless the case is a very severe one, give relief. No action should be taken until it is reasonably certain some assistance is needed and before investigating the hands should be perfectly clean and disinfected.

Lambs may be born weak and apparently listless, more particularly in case of difficult delivery. These may be revived by quick action on the part of the attendant. First remove the phlegm from the mouth, then hold the mouth open and blow gently a few times to start lung action. Next lay the lamb on its belly and gently beat it on the sides next to the heart just back of the shoulder.

—Prof. J. P. Sackville, O. A. College, Guelph.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)

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LESSON FOR MARCH 23

ISRAEL WARNED AGAINST COM-PROMISE.

(May be used with Temperance Applications.)

LESSON TEXT—Joshua 23:1-16. GOLDEN TEXT—Evil companionships corrupt good morals.—1 Corinthians 15:22. ADDITIONAL MATERIAL—Numbers 23:50-56; Joshua 9:3-27; Judges 2:1-3; 2:1-6; Colossians 2:8.

PRIMARY TOPIC—Loving and obeying God.—Joshua 24:16-28.

JUNIOR TOPIC—Standing up for the right.

INTERMEDIATE TOPIC—Dangerous company.

Joshua, knowing that his life was drawing to a close, summoned the leaders of Israel to appear before him. He knew the tendencies which the nation was developing and the peril which faced it as his leadership was coming to an end. His jealousy for God and solicitude for them prompted him to assemble them and point out the great dangers which confronted them.

I. A Review of What God Had Done (23:3-4).

1. God had fought Israel's battles (v. 3). He gave them victory over the strong nations which inhabited Canaan. Striking evidences of this are the capture of Jericho and victory at Gibeon when the sun stood still at Joshua's command. This victory had been secured quickly, which indicates that God had interposed in their behalf.

2. God by the hand of Joshua had apportioned the land among the tribes (v. 4) for an inheritance. In chapter 24 Joshua rehearses the wonderful things God had done for the nation, extending from Abraham down through the ages.

II. Points Out the Promises as Yet Unfulfilled (23:5-10).

1. "He shall expel them before you" (v. 5). The actual possession which God had given was the pledge that he would give them full possession. God's promise was the guarantee of this. In view of God's faithful performance of all his promises there should be no room for doubt.

2. "One man of you shall chase a thousand" (v. 10). The reason of this was because the Lord God would fight for them. To have the Lord fight for us is to have the assurance of victory regardless of how few or how many.

3. The condition upon which these promises would be realized. (1) "Be very courageous" (v. 6). At a time like this it required courage to look to God for all the nation's needs. (2) "Keep and do all that is written in the law of Moses" (v. 6). Fidelity to God's law was essential. Turning aside in any particular would forfeit their claims upon him. (3) "Keep aloof from the Canaanites" (v. 7). This separation was to obtain with reference to (a) marriage among them (b) idolatrous customs. (4) Cleave wholly unto God (v. 8).

III. Solemn Warnings Issued (23:11-16).

1. Take good heed that you love God sincerely (v. 11). Love to God is the sum total of duty toward him.

2. Refrain from intermarriage among the Canaanites (v. 12). For God's people to intermarry among the heathen is to set in motion influences which would issue in confusion and disaster.

3. God will make the heathen snares, traps and scourges instead of giving victory over them (v. 13).

4. Evil things will come upon them just as good things had been done for them even to their destruction (v. 15).

5. The wrath of God kindled against them (v. 16).

Peace and Righteousness.

Righteousness means victory with the help of the Spirit of God over ourselves, over our inclinations, our passions, our tempers, our whole sinful natures. There is no peace without victory in the spiritual life, and I am inclined to think that holds good between men and nations. There is no peace until righteousness is done. The Prophet said: "They have healed also the hurt of my people slightly, saying Peace, Peace, when there is no peace." There must be righteousness toward God and our fellowmen if there is to be peace and good will on earth.

If We Suffer.

"If we suffer, we shall also reign with him," says St. Paul. What a crown is that for this, O sufferer! "Thy pains and sickness are all cured; thy body shall no more burden thee with weakness and weariness; thy aching head and heart, thy hunger and thirst, thy sleep and labor, are all gone. Oh, what a mighty change is this which shines as the brightness of the firmament!"—Baxter.

God's Will.

The kingdom of heaven is not come even when God's will is our law. It is come when God's will is our will. When God's will is our law, we are but a kind of noble slaves. When his will is our will, we are free children. —George Macdonald.

Follow Jesus Only.

Let this be thy whole endeavor, this thy prayer, thy desire—that thou mayest be stripped of all selfishness, and with entire simplicity follow Jesus only.—Thomas à Kempis.



Nature's Way Is Best

Nature's laxative is bile. If your liver is sending the bile on its way as it should, you'll never be constipated.

Keep the liver tuned right up to its work.

Take one pill regularly (more only if necessary) until your bowels act regularly, freely, naturally.



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Colorless faces often show the absence of iron in the blood.

Carter's Iron Pills will help this condition.

He Ordered Pie.

My brother was telling me of a number of humorous incidents which took place at camp. This one cost the victim, a young rookie, a week end's visit to the guardhouse. He had been made believe by a few fellows who were in for some sport that if he wanted pie all he had to do was order it. When meal time came around the rookie ordered pie. Of course he didn't get it, so he raised a rumpus. After a few moments his commanding officer was heard to say, "You're in the army now. Perhaps we had better show you the guardhouse first."—Chicago Tribune.

Avenue of Honor.

The city of Cleveland has adopted a novel plan for honoring its soldier dead. For each Cleveland soldier that loses his life in this war a victory oak will be planted along one of the boulevards, and each of the oaks will be named for a soldier. This will constitute a beautiful and enduring memorial, with a practical as well as a sentimental value. Other cities may find it desirable to follow Cleveland's example.—Springfield (Mass.) Union.

The Attraction.

Slacker—What is there about a uniform that attracts a girl?

Girl—Nothing. It's what the uniform is about that attracts her. A real man, you know.

Loose Soil Dries Rapidly.

Soil heated up around plants has a higher average temperature than the level ground, but it becomes colder in the night, as it dries more rapidly.

Farmers, Attention!

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A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN

Miss Kelly Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Her Health.

Newark, N. J.—"For about three years I suffered from nervous breakdown and got so weak I could hardly stand, and had headaches every day. I tried everything I could think of and was under a physician's care for two years. A girl friend had used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and she told me about it. From the first day I took it I began to feel better and now I am well and able to do most any kind of work. I have been recommending the Compound ever since and give you my permission to publish this letter."—Miss FLO KELLY, 476 So. 14th St., Newark, N. J.

The reason this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, was so successful in Miss Kelly's case was because it went to the root of her trouble, restored her to a normal healthy condition and as a result her nervousness disappeared.

The late June sun was just sinking to rest when they entered the outskirts of the city and drew up before a rambling white house set well back on a velvety lawn. Two great elms stood in the front of the yard, and rhododendrons bloomed against the wide porch, their fragrance lingering on the evening air.

"That," said Jonathan, "was a very spirited ride. But I hope"—this to David—"you aren't sorry it's ended, because this is my home, where we want you to come very often. Miss Summers," he added, "already knows her welcome is sure."

He got to the pavement and helped Miss Summers to alight as deferentially as if she had been the finest lady in the land. And, despite red whiskers and cap and goggles, to David the manner did not seem absurd.

A little later David descended from the room where he had removed the traces of his ride. At the parlor door he stopped, looking uncertainly at the sole occupant of that cozy room. She was reclining, eyes closed and hands folded, on a pillow settee, where the glow of a shaded lamp fell

"Pa, what a funny word wholesome is," remarked the young Boston hopeful.

"What's funny about it?"

"Why, take away the whole of it and you have some left."—Boston Transcript.

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