

wonderful German. At last the train moved on slowly. The porter clung to the carriage door to the last. Then, breathing a parting malediction, he leaped down, panting and perspiring. Luke leaned back in the carriage, and as they plunged into the night, and congratulated himself on his firmness.

And then through all the wonders of Cologne and the Rhine; and up, up, through the Black Mountains of the Hartz, through the thirty eight tunnels that zapped out of the corkscrew railway, swallowed the train and disgorged it; up, up, through pine forests and along the crest of hills, in whose bosom nestled the loveliest valleys, each with its church and spire and cemetery, until at last they rested at Bingen. Then a plunge downwards and they were at Schaffhausen, where the mighty legendary river curls and ricochets in childish humor before assuming the majesty of its seaward course.

Here Luke sojourned for two days—golden days that ever shone pale but resplendent from the mists of memory. That Sunday at the Schweizer Hof was a dream for a lifetime. He went down to early Mass at the village, heard the beautiful Gregorian for the first time since he left Maynooth; heard, without understanding, the sermon in German that stretched through 45 minutes; breakfasted at 11.30, and lounged through the day under golden sunshine, the great river fretting itself at his feet, and the horizon serrated with the yellow crests of the mighty Alps. In the afternoon he sauntered out for a walk and climbed Hohen Flub. After the narrow and limited and choking surroundings of the past years, the superb panorama that opened to his eyes from the high summit of the hill fairly took away his breath. "Lord," he said, lifting his hat, "it is good for us to be here." He felt free again. The clear air, the almost boundless horizon, the vast infinity of the mountain barriers, closing the vista, yet opening the imagination to undreamed sublimities, the long ribbon of the Rhine flowing amidst its vineyards and orchards, the villages clustering under red roofs here and there across the landscape, a hill crested with a crumbling castle, as if Nature were trying her eternal masterpiece, and moving here and there, little groups of peaceful Germans, enjoying the sweet Sabbath air—Luke thought for a moment, as he sat and listened to three German children, singing a Sunday hymn, there amongst the pines, of the equal and factor, the smoke and sin, of the mighty mill called England. The noise and the j-r and the cold, deadly, soulless machine were in the air. "Ugh!" said Luke. "Thank God I am done with it and the ugly dream forever." He turned round to descend the declivity and came face to face with Halleck.

Had they been two Celts they would have passed each other with a scowl. One was a Briton, and he said: "How do you do, Mr. Dalmage? This is a rare pleasure."

"How do you do?" said Luke, too surprised to say more.

"I did not know that you had come abroad," continued Halleck. "Let me hope that you intend a long sojourn in this delightful country."

"A long sojourn of twenty-four hours," replied Luke.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE SALTING OF THE MAPLE.

"See them beans, Jessie! Stunned, I say, stunned! An' if 'tish' beans, it's potatoes, or carrots or what not. That plaguy old maple tree's a nuisance, an' it's got to come down."

"O father!—Not be cut down, that lovely tree? Why Mrs. Millray thinks so much of it!"

"What d'ye suppose I care what old Mrs. Millray thinks of it? What do I think of my garden, an' been thinkin', these last twenty year or so? Seems 'aif, though, this last year them pesky limbs hev spread out over my side like all creation. I say they've got to come o'ff!" As if summoned in defense of her favorite tree, on the other side of the fence from the lean and irate old man and his pretty daughter, now appeared a plump and placid middle-aged woman.

"Fine day, Mr. Benson."

"Not much fine about it, down under this confounded old tree."

"My tree, do you mean? Why, what do you under a tree for if you don't want shade? I often say it's the coolest place in Taylorstown out under this maple."

"Yes, siree,—an' what d'ye think coldness does for beans an' potatoes an' turnips? Half my garden's shaded by that plaguy old tree, an' I can't raise garden sass any more'n ye could pull teeth out of a hen."

"Now that's too bad, Mr. Benson," began the widow mildly. "Mebby sparrowsgrass—"

"Sparrowsgrass!" shouted the old man. "You'll be sayin' 'mushrooms' next, an' I'd as live eat one as tother. Seein' we're in the subject, I might as well hev it out. Air ye willin' I should cut off all them limbs that hang over an' shade my ground? I warn ye 'twill 'bout split the tree, seein' the trunk's only two foot from the line fence, but rights is rights. An' I hold no man nor woman has a right to cheat me under my garden sass."

"Why, Mr. Benson, what an outlandish idea!" said the widow, shocked out of her usual placid manner. "You know as well as I do how Ben used to call that our 'courtin' tree,' an' I wouldn't hurt it, no more'n you'd hurt Jessie there."

"I hops I'll be able to keep Jessie from injurin' other folks' property, an' you don't seem able to do that with that air tree. Now, Mr. Benson, I mean to be reasonable, I ever man was. We'll cut that tree at the right time, so's 'twont kill it, an' 'twill look 'bout as good on your side. Then seein' it's at the back o' your lot, what difference is it if it's a half or a whole tree, anyhow?" These last sentences were in a rather conciliatory tone, but as the widow kept silence, the old man's jaw set and he ejaculated: "Then all there is about it, I'll hev

the law on ye!" Turning on his heel, he strode away with all the dignity which a small, bent old man could summon. The kind-hearted widow, in whose eyes tears had sprung at the thought of trouble with her old neighbor, also turned hastily and went into the house.

Meanwhile Jessie, in a pink gown and hat, a music roll in hand and ready to go for her lesson, had stood amazed and silent through all this altercation, which was unexpected and shocking to her. She found all her sympathy going out to Mrs. Millray and the beautiful tree. She knew that her father was abundantly able to buy all the "garden sass" they could ever need, and Mrs. Millray had endeared herself to the motherless girl by years of unbroken kindness. So in a moment more a pink vision had flashed into the widow's kitchen without the ceremony of knocking, and an impulsive young voice cried:

Father's just mean, I think! He never shall cut that tree in two!" Then for the first time she saw her neighbor was not alone—a tall young man, wearing black glasses, was sitting in a rocking chair by the window, balancing a gray kitten on each knee. Jessie stopped short in her exclamations, and her cheeks grew pinker than her dress.

"I'm glad you ran in, Jessie, an' don't you worry about your father's goings on. I know him a good many years before you did, an' he'll calm down all right. Now let me make you acquainted with my nephew, Professor Waite." As the "idiot" said this with accents of pride, the young man promptly took both kittens in his left hand, rose and gave Jessie's timidly offered hand a hearty grasp.

"Seems to me when I visited Aunt Melissa last, I saw you out in your yard making mud pies. I'm very glad indeed to renew the acquaintance."

"Paul's eyes are trouble him so badly that he had to leave off teaching a spell, so he's here with me to rest."

The big fellow shrugged his shoulders saying: "I feel more like playing on a football team than I do like r-ating, but when you can't see any more than a bat, it shuts you off pretty much."

Genuine sympathy for his misfortune and as she started away in haste for the belated music lesson she said cheerily: "Well, your aunt Melissa will cure you, if any one can, and if I can help you pass away the time I'll be glad to."

The young man watched her hurry down the path and remarked, "Dandy little girl, aunt. Shame I had to look at her through these old black glasses. What sort of a bee has her father got in his bonnet, did she say?"

Almost at the same time Mrs. Millray was setting forth the case for the defense of her beloved tree. Mr. Benson, in a much more wrathful manner, was stating his case to Lawyer March:

"I tell ye, the law must be on my side. Haint I a right to complain of a nuisance? 'Twouldn't be so terrible hard to get it down to cold dollars an' cents, the damage that old tree's done in the last fifteen year. An' it's stretchin' an' growin' every year. Looks like pretty soon I wouldn't hev a sunny patch big enough for an onion bed."

Lawyer March heard him patiently through—opened a ponderous book or two, rubbed his head, and then gave his opinion with a gravity and wisdom worthy of Solomon:

"I'm sorry, Benson, but I think you've got a poor case. Supposing they were dead branches, now, maybe it would be different, but there's the sap where does it come from? No, sir, those limbs are nourished and fed by your neighbor, and they're a vital part of her property. Furthermore, she's unwilling to cut, you say. That brings in another factor. Now in the case of Brown versus—"

"Don't tell me none of your verbiages! S'posen I owned a dog an' fed him, an' he went mad. Wouldn't ye shoot him, even if I had fed him?"

"Now don't get excited, Mr. Benson. As I was sayin', had you served notice, say seven or eight years ago, and waivered against trespass of limb—"

"Bosh!" shouted the old man. "What's your fee? If this is all the good I get from law, I'll manage the case myself. Five dollars, is it? Well, mebbe it's worth it to see a child's idiot exhibition."

With this parting shot the indignant old man started for home as rapidly as he had left it an hour before. Jessie was still away when he reached there, and he went straight through the rambling structure, that like many old New England houses of a certain type, was narrow in width but long, with the various ells and sheds all attached endwise to the main structure. In his passage through he came at last to the particular shed known as "the shop," and a good variety of tools, for the genuine man of New England was a "handy man," who seemed to call a carpenter for every little job. Here Mr. Benson stopped to look enviously and vindictively at a shining ax hanging on the wall. How he would enjoy sending lusty blows into the very heart of that miserable tree trunk! Or, lacking that pleasure, what delight it would be to chop, chop, chop at those offending limbs till every one crashed down!

But how about the next row of tools? He perched his small frame on a sawhorse, grasped his pointed chin in his left hand and did some vigorous thinking. When he finally rose and started back kitchenward, there was an unpleasant expression around his mouth.

About the same time Jessie came in from her music lesson, took a big-sleeved apron from a closet, and began to make ready the supper. Stepping into the pantry for bread, to her astonishment she found her father already in there, with a sheepish expression on his face, and the shaft box in his hand.

"My, you scared me, father! What are you after in the pantry?"

"I was 'jast gettin' a mite o' salt, Jessie," said the old man in a suspiciously mild tone. "Jest a mite o' salt,

Jessie, to kill the pesky cutworms on the coveumbers."

"That's good, father," Jessie answered, unobtrusively. "I didn't have hardly any coveumbers for pickles last year." The old man disappeared with his bowl of salt, but soon returned to wait for his supper. Often a silent man, that night he was absolutely dumb, and by 8 o'clock he shut the door and went to bed. Jessie read her library book till 9, and then the still house sent her gapping to rest also. All was perfect quiet for two hours, but at 11 o'clock the old house saw strange By the moonlight that streamed into his room, old Mr. Benson dressed, except for his shoes, then with those in his hand tiptoed down stairs and on through the oil to the "shop." Here he put on his shoes, laboriously for want of his usual bedside, then taking the salt bowl and a shining tool, went out into the moonlight. Now for Taylor's! 11 o'clock was as late and disappeared an hour as 3 o'clock would be in a large city, and the old man felt care-free as far as watchers were concerned. So he might well have been, with native Taylor-townies, but he was entirely ignorant of Prof. Paul Waite's presence in the neighborhood. This young man liked with an existence that banished his beloved books, had spent much of the afternoon in a prolonged hammock nap, hence was decidedly unready for a 9 o'clock curfew. He tried the hammock for a while, then sauntered around the house in a vain search for amusement. He was just at the rear shed corner when a singular grinding sound made him stop in his tracks. A steady creak-creaking went on, accompanied by the perfect stiness revealed, as if by a laborer breathing. Were there burglars on hand? But every outer door of the house still stood open in the night, waiting for his final locking.

"It's over by the maple, by jove!" he said to himself. "Whatever is that old villain doing now?" The creaking came to a sudden stop, but the labored breathing continued, and the old man was certainly employed at some other work of mischief. Nemesis came suddenly upon him in the shape of a tall form which towered over him and sternly said: "Come out of that, whoever you are! What are you doing to that tree?" The agile old man sprang to his feet and brandished a gleaming something which his startled antagonist at first took to be a pistol.

"Git out an' lemme be! Who be ye, anyhow?"

But a powerful grasp was on the wrist of his "pistol hand" and the weapon was wrenched away—to reveal to the young man as he stepped into the light, a powerful auger!

"So that's your game, old man!" said Waite, with strong anger in his tones. "You deserve to be hit with your own auger—sneaking over in the dead of night to kill aunt Melissa's maple!"

"A few auger holes won't kill a tree," sullenly growled the old man.

"That's so," admitted Waite. "What in creation are you doing it for?"

Still keeping hold of his captive, he struck a match and bent down to the holes. There were three at irregular heights, every one bored deep, but they pointed to the young man as three white spots, for every hole was packed full of a white substance. Waite looked at it, then touched it with a moist forefinger and raised the finger gingerly to his mouth. His face darkened:

"You miserable wretch! A more sneaking thief I never heard of in my life than to kill this grand tree with salt! Over the fence, you go, I say, and I warn you to stay there!" He lifted the old man bodily and was about to pitch him over the pickets which he had piled from the fence.

"Go to bed, Jessie! What you up this time of night for?"

By this time the old man had come boldly into a patch of moonlight.

"But, father, you never get up like this. Something must be the trouble. Who else is out there? I surely heard voices."

"Oh, you was dreamin', Jessie. An' mebbe I talked to myself a little. I've been givin' them cutworms a dose. Now no more talkin'. Go straight to bed."

With this summary order the old man himself came in and went directly to his room without a further word.

There was certainly something curious about it all, and Jessie was by no means satisfied with her father's explanation. Away above all these perplexities the great moon was sailing tranquilly on, and Jessie dropped into her little white rocking chair by the window for a midnight meditation. Very seriously, however, there were some astonishing occurrences to be observed. Out of the widow's back door came a nodding and swaying lantern by whom carried Jessie could not see but as it came to rest under the maple tree where other operations seemed to be in progress, Jessie came to a hasty conclusion that mischief had surely been done there, and if trouble had been brought upon Mrs. Millray it was her own duty to do it. Girdling her hair a hasty brushing and dressing with the utmost speed in her morning dress. Hurrying through the dewy grass to the back fence, where the heavy shade of the maple was only faintly illuminated by the lantern, she reached there breathless to see—not the widow but Prof. Paul Waite. So to the professor, freed by the night from his black glasses, kneeling before the great tree while holding an undigested wash basin and dishcloth, it was a startling but rather delicious moment when he looked up into scared blue eyes and heard a nervous voice say:

"Whatever did father do to the tree?"

In springing up to reassure her, the washbasin was partly upset, and the dripping hand the professor held over the fence obviously could not be shaken.

"Your father? What made you think of him? I'm—er—er—performing a scientific experiment on this maple.

A—er—very superior kind of moth may come to this trap."

"But that's water, not stickiness. One of our high school teachers used to catch moths at night with molasses." The professor looked at her with genuine astonishment. He was certainly "blown up by his own miao." So even if it complicated the situation he felt a sense of relief when his aunt's voice called from the back door:

"Paul! Paul! Is that you out there? You'd better be in bed. Even with her eyes growing used to the semi-darkness, to her astonishment and horror she saw his golden-haired companion.

"Why, Jessie Benson! What does this mean? What in the world are you out in the yard for at this time of night?"

The professor was "hard put to it," in Benny's good old phrase, and feared there was nothing ahead of him but truth-speaking. His aunt was making a rapid journey to the fence, where it seemed to relieve her a little to see that the young people still had the pickets between them.

"Say, auntie, Miss Jessie's all right. She saw me tinkering over the tree, and it was the most natural thing in the world for her to come out." Decidedly this explanation did not suit Miss Jessie, and with cheeks fairly burning she leaned over the fence to say earnestly:

"Oh, no, Mrs. Millray, it wasn't that at all! I saw father out here first, and then I thought it was you out working over the tree, and I felt sure father had done—"

"That's that about father?" put in a gruff voice, and with a gasp of dismay, Jessie turned to see the arrival of the last actor on the scene. Then young Waite took a firm grasp of his common sense, and all peeping aside, began to tell exact truth:

"Aunt Melissa, about 11 o'clock I found this neighbor of yours trying to kill this tree with salt and filling them with salt holes into it and filling them with salt. I was so mad that I was going to throw him over the fence, when our talk waked up Miss Jessie, so I let him go home in peace. I sat in the hammock for half an hour to let things calm down, then I brought some water to wash out the holes—and since that you've all come."

The widow was looking reproachfully at her neighbor, whose gaze was steadily directed upon the stunted beans at his feet. Finally with a quiver in her voice she said:

"Jim, this don't seem much like old times, when you an' Ben used to sit out under this tree an' smoke your pipes. I'll—I'll pay for your beans, Jim—but as for cuttin' into Ben's tree I won't."

"Melissy!" the old man burst out with the stilled passion of years. "Didn't you know I've hated that tree ever since that courtin' time. By good rights, I'd a hated Ben too, if he hadn't been so good natured. Ye ought to 'a' been on my side o' the fence, Melissy, an' if I'd 'a' had the spunk of a sheep, ye would 'a' been damo and the dimesse, Jessie chook with meanness till she had to cling to the fence for support."

"Jim, don't talk so," said the widow, in a voice they scarcely recognized. "As true as I live, I never supposed you cared. You never said so."

There was a tense stillness, which it seemed as if eternity could not break. Prof. Waite was just thinking, "What on earth can be said by anybody now?"—when to his horror, a wholly unexpected, resounding sneeze burst from the doctor, and he could check it. But there seemed to be a magic in it for the loosening of tongues—

"Mercy on us! What are we all thinking of? Paul will get cold, an' it will settle in his eyes; Jessie will be too hoarse to sing at the concert, while Jim an' I'll have rheumatism for kithen an' be dosed with ginger tea."

Jessie expected rebellion on her father's part, but with meekness he crawled through the two loosened pickets and the girl obediently followed him. It was all like an amazing Arabian Night's scene to young Waite—the sudden change from the discomfort and passion of the group under the dark maple to the light and comfortable friendliness of his aunt's bright kitchen.

Meekly still, old Benson took his steaming cup of ginger tea, but the first gulp seemed to choke him, for he set it down hastily and went straight across the room to his neighbor—

"Melissy, I guess you've made me ashamed o' myself. D'ye s'pose I've killed the tree?" Here the professor broke in—

"Sure not, Mr. Benson! Miss Jessie and I will give it a good washin' in the morning." The widow laid a motherly hand on her old friend's arm—

"There, John, don't you worry no more. I've always meant to tap that tree and never got it done. Now you've saved me the trouble, an' if you'll jest stoop to work and whittle me out some spiles, I'll be all ready, come spring. Her imagination warmed as she went on, and with a beaming smile she added, "Why I can jest see Paul and Jessie sittin' here stirrin' of sugar together!" This sweet vision was almost too much for the young folks, but the old man slowly nodded.

"I guess Melissy had a good sap year, 'twould fix ye out for sirup," Grace Jewett Austin in the Springfield (Mass) Republican.

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A Hunt for a Protestant Clergyman
A correspondent of the Outlook gives the story of his hunt for a Protestant clergyman in New York on the evening of July 10. He was a doctor who had a patient about to undergo a very serious operation, the patient and his friends being strangers in New York. The quest lasted from 7 o'clock until 10 30 o'clock, when the physician secured the services of a superintendent of summer tent religious work. Without criticizing any individual, the doctor submits that the facts as set forth indicate a situation that is "a disgrace" to the Protestant Church in New York City. The doctor, of course, recognizes that clergymen need vacations no less than other people. "But," he says, "had I wanted a priest I could have had one in ten or fifteen minutes."

"We do not know," comments the Waterbury American, "that there is anything to add to that one fact. Protestant clergymen are, of course, in the main devoted to their work, but they do not systematize it as do the clergymen of the Catholic Church. There ought to be some arrangement between Protestant pastors by which such an incident as that recorded would be impossible in New York no less than in Waterbury."—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

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Archbishop Who Made Pope Leo Laugh.
Archbishop Murphy, of Tasmania, the record prelate, who has just entered on his ninety-third year, is a humorist, and the fact may account in some measure for his remarkable longevity, says the London Chronicle. He was held in high esteem by the late Pope Leo XIII. There was a bond of affinity between them, as both received their mitres from Gregory XVI, almost simultaneously. At the age of seventy-nine Dr. Murphy visited Rome, and at the close of a cordial audience Pope Leo remarked: "Well, my dear brother, I suppose this is our last meeting in this world." But five years later Dr. Murphy thought he would have one more run around the globe, and presented himself at the Vatican as pert and smiling as of yore. He repudiated the prophecy, and slyly added: "So you see you are not infallible after all." This is said to have been one of the few occasions on which Pope Leo laughed heartily.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

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