An Irish Bismarck

"Now, what do you think of that?
You say you're in love with Martha and Martha's in love with you, but you're afraid to tell her father for fear he'd say no. And if he said no what would happen?" asked old Martin Reilly, of his nephew John. "Well," said John, "I think Martha would feel very bad, and she might even think she oughtn't to see me any more if the old man once told her that she mustn't. This way we can at least be friendly, and hope that something will occur to

John?" asked Martin Reilly, you, John" asked martin honey, ooking admiringly at his strapping nephew with his dark blue eyes and curly dark hair. "There isn't a girl in the country that's too good for you, John."

John smiled a little.

John smiled a little.
"I wouldn't be too sure that the girls think so," he said modestly. "What's bothering me is how to get old man Schleier to think that I'm good enough for his daughter."
"What is it he has against you?" asked Martin Reilly once more.
"Oh, nothing much, I suppose, except that I'm not German."

cept that I'm not German."
['H-m-m.' said Martin Reilly, with fire in his eye. "What's he against the Irish?"

against the Irish?"

John shrugged his shoulders, but did not answer. He was not going to make it an international discussion. Uncle Martin kept on grumbing under his breath for a few minutes. Finally he broke out again. "I have an idea, John. I don't suppose tactics that will catch an Irishman will work with a German to courtin." I know blamed well

Irishman will work with a German in courtin. I know blamed well they don't in politics. Why, I've seen this here county lined up solid to win, except for a lot of spunky Germans who wouldn't come in. They're that set on having their own way that they'd stick to a brace of bow-legged mules against a 2.30 team if they took a notion to the mules first."

the mules first."
"There might be times," said John thoughtfully, "when the mules'd be

'Well, that ain't the question now. John, as I can see—don't be disturb-in' me wid fool talk when I'm trying plan a winning campaign for you. I don't know but what me experience in politics 'll stand in a courtship, and that is what set me thinking of this here Bismarck, that was such a boss and statesman among nans Now, Bismarck, it seems, had a way that went wid the Germans in love as well as in war, and old Schleier being a dyed-in-the-wool Dutchman couldn't mind any one fol-lowin' Bismarck's example now,

as cranky as old man Schleier. None of his girls could look at a fellow widout he was threatenin' to lock 'em up and swearing to punish the bold lad. When Bismarck fixed his eye on one o' the girls—I think her name was Johanna—the old man was worse than ever, for Bismarck was a young scapegrace then wid little money and not much prospects, but sure he had his wit in the right place. So he never said an ill word to the old man, but bled his time st hat Bismarck knew nd it's wid a state of the same of the s just as you're doing. John. The point is that Bismarck knew his time, and it's wid a view of enlightenin' you as to that I'm relating this tale. Well, then, they had some kind of a party at his father-in-law-to-be's house, and they had one of these dances that they calls co-tillyuns. I don't know much what. I don't know much what tillyuns. I don't know much what it's like, but I suppose it's something like the Virginia Reel, where everybody's out on the floor in turns. Bismarck hadn't noticed his sweetheart all evening, nor she him, and the old man was just about thinking how good and obedient and easygoing they both were, when didn't Bismarck go and choose the girl for

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this dance, that no one ever dances except with his best girl. Bismarck and Johanna were the last couple to have their turn, and when every-body was gone and sat down in and Johanna, were the last couple to have their turn, and when everybody was gone and sat down in their places he still kept on dancing with his sweetheart, and finally wound up by giving her a kiss fair and square right there before everybody. And then Bismarck turned round and told the people there that that kiss was to seal the engagement, and of course they cheered. By that time the old man got his breath and he came down like a thundercloud to see what it meant, but his wife was close behind him and his daughter fell around his neck as soon as he came near enough and between the two women they had him fixed. 'For,' says the old lady, 'don't you make a scandal now and say anything that'll spoil Johanna's chances in life.' And the daughter says 'Don't you worry none, father' he's able to take care of me!' And so he ended up by shaking hands with young Bismarck and telling him he was glad he was going to have such a fine son-in-law.' 'Said.' said

he was giad ne was gong to here such a fine son-in-law."

"Well, that was an idea," said John. "But," he added dubiously, "Bismarck didn't have old man Schleier to face."

leier to face."

"Away wid you now, what's come over you? Do you think that is Bismarck could face the old man who Bismarck could face the old man was was a duke, or a lord, or something like that, you ain't equal to facing an old German farmer on the Broken Kattle road?"

John whittled away at the stick in his hand and maintained a beautiful silefice.

"Small consolation I have in me better from a chicken-hearted new from a chic

old days from a chicken-hear phew like that. Why, when I

young man."
"Well, whatever you did when you were a young man," said John, impertinently, as he got up and walked away to get his horse ready to drive over to Schleier's for the dance, "there was little use in it, and the same arrised yet, uncle." for you're not married yet, uncle "Ye good-for-nothing rascal," c

"Ye good-for-nothing rascal, called out Uncle Martin, with a show of anger that died away in a chuckle as he watched his nephew swinging

along.
"Say, John," he called after him
then, "remember one thing—and that
is that Bismarck was sure of
sweetheart's mother before he
tacked the father." * * *

When John Reilly reached Sch-leier's place, byggies and spring-wagons crowded the big open space around which the barn and stables were built in a half-square—the court they would have said in Europe, and indeed, old man Schleier always spoke of his "Hof," to the mystifi-cation of his Irish neighbors. Joe Schleier and a hired man were helping the men put up their horses

Joe Schloier and a hired man were helping the men put up their horses as they came, while the girls went over the house, or wandered toward the barn—where the gleaming lantern lights and the occasional twanger of the light at wing the light of the second to the second transparent of the light at wing the light of the second transparent second to the second transparent sec

ger and difficult, but her smile made a warm spot around John's uneasy heart. "You spik mit Mart'a?" she asked. John's face suddenly colored dark-red and he glanced apprehensively over his shoulder in the direction of the old man.

Mrs. Scheleier nodded understandingly—her English was altogether too slow for adequate expression, so she patted John's hand a little and then a word of approval seemed to come to her happily, and she nodded again.

"All right, all right: du bis all right, Tschon—" there was a glance over his shoulder, gauging the weather-signs on her husband's face, and the right on to another young man over his shoulde, gashed ther-signs on her husband's face, and she went on to another young man and talked to him in German; but John noticed she did not pat the other fellow's hand. Martha had often told John that her mother liked him, and she looked as if she meant to show him her liking today. His Uncle Martin's story, which had seemed such a joke, came back to him. Ah, but it would not dott was not to be thought of here. Before great folk like Bismarck's people-in-law such a bluff might go, for, of oourse, they would not want any talk about their daughter. Then John's face flushed. What about

dark head and his eyes gleaming out at her. Suddenly it came into her heart like a pain that some other girl would ask him, and as for herself, she could not bring herself to ask anyone else. She saw John start forward a little, and if there were any other girl who had planned to ask him, neither he nor Martha ever knew it. "Seems to me," whispered Jimmy Mangan during a wait, "that you haven't daneed much with Martha to-night, John. 'Fraid of the old man? We'll have to make the best of your chance while you have it."

of your chance while you have and he chuckled as John blushed

of your chance while you have it."
and he chuckled as John blushed.

Up and down the couples went, until each had, had a turn, and then they waited to hear the "All promenade," but Jimmy sang out instead, "All waltz." and winked at John as he did so. The blood rushed to John's heart, instead of his face, this time, and he felt himself trembling as he and Martha commenced the turns of the waltz. Here it was-just like Uncle Martin's story. He knew the fiddlers would never stop playing as long as any one kept the floor, and he and Martha were surely good to dance them all down. And what then? Round and round they glided and one by one the other couples went to their seats, and at last John and Martha were dancing all alone. He swept the room with a quick glance and saw old man Schleier's eye fixed upon him with a wrathy glint in it, but beside him stood Mrs. Schleier, benign and approving. It was as if but beside him stood Mrs. Schleier, benign and approving. It was as if the scepe had been set on the Bismarck model.

"Martha, darling," John whispered on the impulse of the moment. "will you be mad at me if I do something terribly bold?"

Martha was nearly breatbless to be shook her besteen the stood of the moment.

she shook her head and smiled. So John gave a few more turns unt they were well in the middle of the room, when he stopped dancing an waited until the fiddles stopped. The he draw Martha toward him again and kissed her before everybody. agai little gasp went around the room, and then John spoke out, looking straight at the old man, "This is to ce that Martha and me's en

armounce that Martha and me's engaged to be married."

The old man looked for a moment as if he were going to have an apoplectic fit, and John was truly frightened, but Martha came closer to him. He saw Mrs. Schleier put to him. He saw Mrs. Schleier put her hand on her husband's arm as he started forward. She said some-thing to him which John could not hear and could not understand if he

"So, so," said the old man, when he came up in front of John Martha, "vat kind of foolishness

Martha freed herself from John's arms, and going up to her father said gently:
"No foolishness, father, only a lit

tle surprise. And you always said John was such a fine fellow." Her father looked at her as if he thought e was dreaming.
"Well, didn't you?" she asked

or ein Irishman." John bore the modification meel "I heard once," he said that this was the way the same simmarck was engaged, and I the maybe it was the way that maybe it was the way that of mans do," and at this a smile w around the room. Even the "So," he said, with a save chuckle, "you was

chuckle, "you want to be like Bis-

marck. You—"
"Don't you see, father," said Martha, "he's half a German already and we're only engaged, and maybe will be in the legislature yet."
"H'm, engaged, you engaged!" The

dreaded storm seemed gathering again, but Joe Schleier, who really again, but Joe Schleier, who really liked John very well, commenced clapping his hands, and the others joined in, until Jimmy Mangan called out, "Three cheers for Mr. and Mrs. Schleier and three more Bismarck and Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Reilly to-be, and then let's have a German waltz." They cheered and cheered until the roof of the barn shock and presently the band playcheered until the roof of the barn shook, and presently the tand played "Lauterbach," and John danced with old Mrs. Schleier and Martha with her father.

** ** **

"The more power to Bismarck and all belonging to him," said Uncle Martin Reilly the next morning when his nephew told him. "He was the last the brow how to get his way."

his nephew told him. "He was the lad that knew how to get his way, and here's another," and he slapped John resoundingly on the back.

And that is how John Reilly was B'smarck Reilly ever after, except when he signed his name to the marriage certificate.

ple-in-law such a bluff might go, for ourse, they would not want any of course, they would not want any talk about their daughter.

John's face flushed. What about Martha? Old man Schleier's daughter had no more call to be talked about than had that other girl, and the old man himself was as careful of his girls as ever "any of those way-up fellows." said John to himself. That was certain, and it made matters all the harder, for John ruther realized, if his uncle did not, that Bismarck's people had a settled code of conduct, while old man Schleier would be a law unto himself in the wrath of the moment. John danced perfunctiorily with one girl and then another and once or twice had a chance for a passing whisper to Martha. Between times he reflected miserably that she seemed to be having a very pleasant evening, and wondered how all was going to end. To Martha, on her part it seemed that all the girls at the dance had their eyes on John, and each time she joined in a new dance it seemed to the rise must leave he generated the partner and go over to John. Her only solace was when their hands must with a reagsuring pressure in the figures of the "quadrilles."

Sudenly Jimmy Mancan, who was careful of his side with a seemed to be considered to the constant of the body. That is why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills banish pimples and unsightly skin eruptions. That is why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills banish pimples and unsightly skin eruptions. That is why they cure sick headaches, back-tern, its round shadow falling on his

ral weakness and a host of other troubles that come from poor, watery blood. That is why men and women who use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills eat well, sleep well, and feel bright, active and strong. Mrs. Joseph Lepage, St. Jerome, Que., says: "My daughter suffered from head-aches and dizziness. Her appetite was poor. 'She had no strength and could not study or do any work. could not study or do any She was thin and pale as a sheet. A neighbor advised the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after taking a couple of boxes we could see an improvement in her condition, she used the pills for some weeks leaves, when they fully restored her an improvement in her condition, she used the pills for some weeks longer when they fully restored her health, and she is now enjoying the best health she ever did." Try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills this spring if you want to be healthy and strong. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The Evil of Sham.

From the Sacred Heart Review What is to be done to check the flood of dishonesty, fraud, extravagance, and greedy love of riches that is overspreading our nation? What is to be done to prevent the shame and disgrees that come to so many and disgrace that come to so many families; the financial ruin; the layfamilies; the financial ruin; the lay-ing bare of domestic wretchedness to the public gaze; the filling of the newspapers with scandalous details about our business man, our society women? Shall the standards of "plain living and high thinking" ever re-turn to our midst? Let us begin with let us teach ourselves, the common returning and fearlessly, "I cannot afford it." when we know that we have not money enough to pay for certain things. And why?

we are thus helping to pre Because erve our children from possible and only too possible sin, sorrow and disgrace. It is a shame for any one only too possible sin, sorrow and disgrace. It is a shame for any one to go through life on a living sham; living on other people's credit living in debt unnecessarily; living under a cloud; never paying bills if one can get out of it; living knowingly can get out of it; living knowingly and willingly beyond one's income. Yet this sort of thing is all in the air about us—unpaid bills, unpaid taxes, unpaid anything and everything the lack of integrity and business uprightness, the lack of honesty towards our neighbors and of a strain wards our neighbors and of a stearing fear of an all seeing and avenging God. This desire to emulate and
to surpass our neighbor; to wear fine
and expensive clothing when plain
clothes are all we can justly afford
to pay for; to buy costly furniture,
when for more necessary things are when far more necessary things are neglected in our homes; to build costhegiceted in our nomes, to built cos-ly houses, give splendid entertain-ments and bring up your children in lazy-and luxurious habits, slaves to self and unwilling to deny self for others—is this the way to uphold a noble nation and to form a loyal, self sacrificing people?

No! A different course must be fol-No! A different course must be followed, or we verge certainly upon our national ruin. Let us reiterate, and reiterate, and reiterate, and reiterate, in our teaching of our young people. Have a horror of small debts; have a horror of the what you are ror of seeming to be what you are not; have a horor of sham and of deeitful glitter and show! When you central gitter and show! When you cannot pay for a thing, do without it, if possible, until you can. Of course, this does not mean that we should teach our children literally that they are never to borrow or to lend. At any hour, any one of us lend. At any hour, any one of us may stand in sore need through may stand in sore need through sickness or some unexpected business crisis, some loss of place, some failure in investment. Then comes the Christian duty of Brotherliness, sympathy, true kindliness and practical help. But the point to be insisted on is this: Not to borrow or to spend for what we do not strictly need. And why should we teach our children this?

Tecause we are Christians, and be-

dren this?

Because we are Christians, and because it was by no means Parson Wagner who first preached "the Simple Life." Jesus taught us, by word and example, to be content with that which we have. When we disthat which we have. When we dishonestly go beyond that; when we run recklessly into debt, and thereby make people wait needlessly for the payment of their debts, perhaps most sorely needed by them—are we not coming dangerously near to breakling God's divine command: "Thou shal't not steal!"

"Thou shal't not steal!"

A grave temptation to grave sin les in our haste to get rich, and to make a show, and to emulate or surpass our neighbor. A child brought up in such surroundings is being educated, swiftly and surely, to say in its heart: "It does not matter if I cheat in politics, or in trade, or in my social life. I can live a lie with

its heart: "It does not matter it I cheat in politics, or in trade, or in my social life, I can live a lie with the rest of them!"

Some day there must come a reaction in our present methods of living, a horror for these smooth disguises a dread of the vengeance of the living God. But we must begin now with the children, now and without delay. Let us teach them that honor, integrity, obedience, truth, self-sacrifice, love of God and of our neighbor are far beyond, in value, all arts and sciences, all amusements and pleasures, all wealth and luxuries, of this passing world. Let us teach them the guilt of non-payment of debts; of keeping back their dues from those who have rightfully earned them; of spending what is not ours and of living beyond our means.

"Made in Ireland" to Mean Something.

The Irish Industrial Impro The Irish Industrial Improvement Association, whose mission is to revive the manufacturing enterprises of Ireland by working up popular interest in their favor among the Irish people at home and abroad, and all others interested, adopted a national trade mark of upique and

artistic design for the price of the manufacturers against unfait competition on the part of cheat imitators of their goods.

Under the British law the manufacturers of Ireland are helpless the matter of protection, as the English fiscal policy of absolute further than the price of the market with shoddy of every demarket with shoddy

nuine goods of Irish manufacture.
To put a stop to this ruin competition the Irish Industrial sociation, under the active leaders of Mr. Borland, M.P. for So of Mr. Borland, M.P. for South Kerry, took up the cause of the manufacturors, and, after long and painstaking efforts, devised and had adopted an Irish national trade mark, of artistic and intricate design, and having embodied in it, Celtic characters, the legend "Me in Ireland." This mark has b in Ireland." This mark has been surrounded by every possible safe-guard against piracy, and the association takes care that it does not get into the hands of any but bona fide manufacturers of goods made in Irish mills and factories.

In a town in the north of England, recently, a clothing dealer was detected selling a line of shoddy which he ticketed as gonnine Irish tweed; giving a fictitious name of a

which he ticketed as gontine Trist tweed; giving a fictitious name of a non-existent mill as the place of manufacture. The Irish Industria Association had counsel to prosecute the case, and secured a conviction for infringement of their trade mark and the court imposed a smart penalty. alty.

The association hopes to be

The association hopes to be so strongly organized soon as to be able to follow up such cases, so that cheap initations, most of them made on the continent of Europe, of Beleek pottery, of Balbriggan hosiery, of Belfast linen, of Blarney or Galway tweed or of Irish point lace shall be stopped, as far as it is possible to do so, so that both the Irish maker and the purchaser, whether the buyer be a Britisher or an American, may be saved from a type of fraudulent misrepresentation that has for years worked havoc upon Irish industries.

Holloway's Corn Cure destroys al kinds of corns and warts, root and branch. Who, then, would endure them with such a cheap and effect-ual remedy within reach.

fruly a Struggling Mission In the Diocese of Northampton, Fakenham, Norfolk. ELP! HELP! HELP:

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*present I am obliged to SAY MA'S
and give Renedition in Sarah

and give Benediction in a Garret. My average weekly collection is only 3s 6d, and I have no endowment except HOPE.
What can I do alone? Very little.

What can I do alone? Very little. But with your co-operation and that of the other well-disposed readers of this paper, I can do all that needs to be done.

In these days, when the faith of range is becoming weak. When the faith of range is reading one rull except of its development, and is about to treat development and is about to treat.

development, and is about to treat Our Divine Lord Himself as it treat-ed His Holy Church, the Eatholic ed His Holy Church, the Eatholic Faith is renewing its youth in England and bidding fair to obtain possession of the hearts of the English people again. I have a very up-hill struggle here on behalf of people agair. I hav ll struggle here on that Faith. I must succeed or else this vast district must be aban-

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THURSDAY, MAR

By Mar give that the chil thirteen had won stress laid upon it was solemmly pla as the owner what might, well ber life. That dimpressed upon twith a vividnes as never effaced last moments the third with good this God along the home of her husband of her of trange life began a woman.

PAR It is Sunday matter the marria Mrs. Harper after ding tour are bu proverbial doveready found that man whom ale loves. Still the not passed yet. Though her hur od of rule, what seemed to cyct since the hot out on their ne will has been adored without

will has been adored without out protest.
But twelve, pin three months ed upon to male pendent exertion attendance at M. Her husband, had never put way; in this ma absolutely pas manner, an air, aproval more words or action and she shrank gave her. To-day the we To-day the propitious, A rain had begun now continued The pleasant broadinty service and glass, its continued grate.

burnished grate, liness of the S ed so welcome, spot. The youn becoming morni pushed her chair and now going "Ugh!" she away.
Mr. Harper is
"My love?"
"Nothing, Geo
wretched, wretc
"Thus making

doubly dear, is "But I have t "Indeed?" "Indeed?"
What a chang
tle word. Rose
blast had struct
"George," she
Sunday; I have "Certainly,"

"but would it wait a little? T rious hours, are
"Not later
Rose trembling! "Then shall carriage?" She

"George, dear wish you would wish you would olics" wish you olics."

The arm that little firmer as in a calm voice "My own, I disapprove of my little wife a her do what sh happiness, and her duty."

her duty."
He paused a mo answer.
"Do you not
"Yes, but—it alone."
"Then shall the very door,

when very door, fully given; "slove?"

"You are so a gratefully, but go and dress; Monday."

She relucanti Mr. Harper, sur his order for the Had there be

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