

All Saints.

By Rev. James B. Dollard, Litt. D.

They gather round the Throne,
A wondrous band,
The saints of all the world
in dazzling state,
Their faces like the sun,
irradiate;

This is their Day, and confident
they stand
Close by the Trinity! Their
brows are fanned
By God's own breath; the Son
of Man, elate,
Gazes with love upon that
concourse great,
While angels sing high praise
at His command.

They are the conquerors of Death
and Pain,
Their tears and sorrows have
been wiped away;
The world's joys, pleasures, and its
sordid gain
They spurned, and joys of
Heaven their faith repay.
O! let us live soul-free from spot
or stain,
Eager to join that fair and
blest array!

Toronto, Oct. 21st.

Em O' The Logging Camp

(Continued.)

With Squire Peters it was a struggle indeed. To do as he would be done by, to follow out his kinder impulses, to protect a faithful employee by differentiating him from the idle and vicious and to do this though the heavens fall—such would have been his natural course. But the tempter of man was at hand with a snare. Lawrence! he must save Lawrence! He thought of the blue-eyed Elspeth, her little head haughtily poised like a lily on its stem; how could his boy make victorious stride, with the lure of that beauty ever present, ever in his pathway? To banish this Lillith was an effectual stroke—and now, he could make it.

Bennet quietly began re-reading his list of the men—Jones, McCutcheon, Pretzel, O'Brien, Gallagher, Brace.

"Yes said the Squire. And Bennet had his hour of triumph. The cause of Bennet's hostility Jem himself never divined, though his dear daughter could have thoroughly enlightened him. That little haughty turn of the head which the Squire appreciated had done the whole. On his first arrival at Duck's Creek, for Scott Bennet was not a native of that delightful village, he had seen the charms of its reigning princess. But Elspeth distrusted him, his face repelled her, and she would not hold out the golden sceptre. His wrath rose; he watched her and soon understood. For his chance was small as against Lawrence Peters. To part these lovers became his aim and the old Squire should be his tool. As we have seen by quiet management he had attained his object.

Yet he was curious to know its effect on Elspeth, and, meeting her one day, he expressed a feigned regret at the occurrence. "We were unwilling to part with your father," he averred glibly. "And I hope to find room for him again, if he remains in town."

No answer being vouchsafed to this suggestion, the clear gaze fixed on him transpired his duplicity, and in some embarrassment he added hastily, "I am very sorry myself." The blue eyes took on an icy gleam.

"Indeed, Mr. Bennet! I can hardly credit it! Good afternoon." With a decisive little bow, which did not lack dignity, Elspeth turned away; but her cheek flushed scarlet and an angry light fired her eyes.

She had not fully regained serenity at the close of a long walk, which brought her out in a nook by the mill-stream. Here, myriads of pointed firs flung moveless reflections into a black pool, whose glassy surface hardly knew a ripple. A few young pines near by carpeted the earth in dull, soft red. The silence and softness pleased Elspeth.

"I like deep water best," she said to herself. "It is still, as if it stopped to think. Then it comes out clearly, without any muddle, without mistakes or excitement. I wish I could!"

Beyond, through a gap in the firs she saw a sunlit clearing, where the stream rushed on again with added power and volume. So absorbed was she in all this that she did not per-

Get the Most Out of Your Food

You don't eat can't if your stomach is weak. A weak stomach does not get all that is ordinarily taken into it. It gets tired easily, and what it fails to digest is wasted.

Among the signs of a weak stomach are: uneasiness after eating, fits of nervous headache, and disagreeable belching.

Food's Sarsaparilla

Strengthens and tones the stomach and the whole digestive system.

ceive Lawrence Peters emerging from the shadowy firs. He darted on swiftly after catching sight of her and her reception of his embrace and kiss evidenced between them the perfectly good understanding of affianced lovers.

Elspeth had much to tell. Lawrence waxed indignant over Jem's discharge and laid the whole blame on Scott Bennet, not realizing the Squire's full complexity in the transaction.

"Father left in January for the logging camp," said Elspeth, gravely. "He must do something, you know."

"Yes and he is good at that. A sort of king among the loggers. They call him Jem O' the Logging Camp."

"I know. He was a great woodsman in his early years; but mother persuaded him to stay at home and go into the mill. Poor mother! she is so feeble—and logging is cold, dangerous work; she will worry every day father is away."

Mrs. Brace, in fact, was far from being self-reliant like her daughter. She covered under every blow and was now inclined to carry out Bennett's idea and remove to Kingston, her own native place. But Jem was of sterner mould. He would "settle up" one of these days with the Squire he openly avowed. He had no idea of being driven away from Duck's Creek—or any other spot where he chose to reside! Nor should his daughter be so hunted!

"She can't dress her weird here as well as elsewhere. The next town would only start up another Lawrence Peters! She will always have a lover, come what may. She's a brow beauty!" And a smile of pride lit up the logger's stern features. "An' the lover will always be over her head. She will take to nane else!"

To return to our tale, Lawrence had not been unsuccessful in his efforts to comfort the girl so plainly in real anxiety. But soon he burst out, imperatively, "Elspeth, I am done with this. I cannot bear it any longer! I will leave college and join Smith's Scientific Survey party; they pay a good salary and we can marry at once. Then, these miserable worries will stop for good and all!"

"Oh, Lawrence, I can not let you!" The clear Scotch decision behind the words made itself felt as the voice of authority, and the lover's face fell. "Your father is so fond of you, dear! And willing to give you this superb education. You can not disappoint him and throw it away."

Whereat the young man began to look downright unhappy, a rare occurrence with him.

"Yes," he rejoined slowly. "I have disappointed father once already. It was his darling scheme to build up the Megantine and enlarge it that I might go into the business and be his successor. But I wanted a scientific education; so the dear old fellow gave it all up, good-naturedly, too—and a pretty penny my precious science has cost him!"

"So you see, yourself, Lawrence dear, it would never do to vex him again. No, we must wait. Perhaps the costly science may bring the salary by and bye but not now!"

"My day of independence is far away, then," murmured the young man. His graduation was really fixed for the next year.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

is taken by people in tropical countries all the year round. It stops wasting and keeps up the strength and vitality in summer as well as winter.

ALL DRUGGISTS

but to the impatient wooer that one year seemed a life-time.

Jem Brace had started off for the woods in a feverish mood, dispirited and angered. Nor did his work beneath the fresh influences of nature, in the free air, and amid wondrous scenery of fir forest, exert its usual charm to soothe his soul. He fretted every day and pondered. Was the world unjust? Was the labourer always at a disadvantage, and this, of necessity? A God of justice—could He be unjust, too?

He would discuss these questions by their campfire at night with old Sol Quentin, the trapper; growing daily more irritated, his anger against Squire Peters slowly deepening into hatred. Yet he also felt it as more than an individual wrong merely from man to man; it involved the whole mighty pressure of the upper-classes upon the lower, of capital upon labour.

It's an ancient tale, "Sol!" he would aver. "I will be a swift witness against those that oppress the hiring in his wages and fear not Me," said the Lord. That was said to the Jews far back in Bible times; and it's the same now. But I can't see why."

"Why? Why do men hunt deer?"

Jem pondered. For no fault of theirs, sure! For their skins and antlers. Yes, and more still, from the love of prey! It is the savage instinct. Sol nodded, leaving the other to work it out.

"The rich hunt the poor man for his labour, which is really his life. This they coin into gold for their own greater uplifting."

"Like selling deer skin, eh mate?—Wall, ye ought to see one I lit on this season. I swear it a beauty!"

But Jem stuck to his point. "It is greed of gold, first. Then the native selfishness and savagery of men—which the Gospel came to slay."

"Wall, it ain't slain, yet," grunted the other poking the blaze. "The Devil's alive an' eavortin' ground lively, too. Meet him every day."

"Men ought to stand together like trees," pursued Jem, "each giving the other a chance for air and sun. The tall ones let the smaller ones grow in their lower plane; even the underbrush gets every bit of its share."

"Why don't you say ground pine, and moss, an' that har runnin' evergreen? I tell ye the very smallest ain't slighted! An' they all get on quietly."

"The peace of God that passeth understanding." There's more of it here, Sol, in the lone woods, than anywhere else."

The thought of Elspeth, too, haunted Jem continually. Was she not fair enough to be a lady? And sweet enough? Had she not due dignity of carriage? In fine array of that which could be bought with money, would she not shine also in all that money can not buy? Some instinctive sense told that Mrs. Sophronia herself measured by severe standards, was not a lady. Despite her rich clothes, she fell below even his ideal.

On this point also he took counsel. The trapper wondered at his queer questions.

"Tell us, Sol, what makes a lady?"

"Look 'ee here, mate," responded the wise man, "what makes a poby?" Softness, an sweetness, an' no airs! That's my idee."

"Pretty good, Sol. But—education?"

"Wall, that 'ere ain't book-learnin' I've seen book-learned chaps come up 'ere, who wanted education! just the worst kind!"

Jem had no cause to blush for his daughter's education. Thanks to the public schools, she had a fair amount of common knowledge, supplemented by a good course of English reading. Since Lawrence first appeared on the scene she had known no lack of books.

The more Jem examined his daughter's case the more unjust seemed the verdict against her. She had been anxious to bear him company on this winter trip, but he had sharply refused. "No camp life for her," he muttered setting his teeth. Yet he did promise her an outing of some sort in the deep woods, when summer arrived.

This February wore away; the March winds began to howl round their camp and it became a question of what should come next. Sol had his idea as usual. Now, Jem, it's no sort o' use

NEVER NEGLECT BRONCHITIS IT MAY TURN TO PNEUMONIA.

Bronchitis comes from a neglected cold, and starts with a short, painful, dry cough, accompanied with rapid wheezing, and a feeling of oppression or tightness through the chest.

You have, no doubt, wakened up in the morning and have had to cough several times to raise the phlegm from the bronchial tubes, and have found it of a yellowish or gray, greenish color, and you have received relief right away.

This is a form of bronchitis, which if not cured immediately may turn into pneumonia or some more serious trouble.

Cure the cold with Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and thereby prevent bronchitis and pneumonia taking hold on your system.

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go in back to the Creek. There ain't no work there. Go an' see yer folks, if ye want to, then come here again for the summer. There's drivin' and raftin' enough. All these 'ere logs got to get down to mill, somehow."

Jem was tempted. It hurt his pride to go home and idle about, a discharged employee in company with McCutcheon, Pretzel, O'Brien and the rest, all men of the baser sort. The Squire's cation was working out results far beyond its immediate effects and for which even Jem was unprepared. To be out of regular employment had never happened to him since he was a lad. He felt like a vagrant, a tramp, a n'er-do-well.

So to the woods he returned, finding plenty to do in a region where skilled woodsmen of athletic build are potential kings and rulers of men.

(To be continued.)

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This greasy imitation is the poorest one we have yet seen of the many that every Tom, Dick and Harry has tried to introduce. Ask for MINARD'S and you will get it.

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Little attention is paid to the slight weakness until the heart starts to beat irregularly, and they suddenly feel faint and dizzy, and feel as if they were smothering.

On the first sign of any weakness of the heart Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills should be taken; and this secure prompt and permanent relief.

Mrs. W. H. Ferrier, Kithridge, Ont., writes—"I was troubled with my heart for five years, and was so bad it would send me into fits and smothering. I could not do any work while I was affected, but after taking three boxes of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, I have regained my health."

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