The True and The False

ing. Here was the lifelong listlesness of a long-lost hope. So that the days flowed on and her children did not suffer, she did not care. She never took the trouble to inform herself of anything connected with the interests of the farm. If she could tell a field of wheat from a patch of potatoes, it was the extent o fher agricultural knowledge. She certainly could not tell a field of wheat

from a field of rye.

But for the invaluable presence and services of Big Len, the farm, and everything upon it, would probably have gone to the auctioneer's hammer! But Big Len was fidelity and skill combined. And, assisted by his strapping son, Little Len, faithfully worked the farm—such as it was, with a fractional field here, there and everywhere, broken up among rocks, wherever in some little glen or hollow the deposit from the mountains

had made a patch of arable soil.

Old Abishag was the cook, house-servant, spinner and knitter to the little establishment. And she, too, frequently added, by the works of her hands, a halfadded, by the works of her hands, a hard dozen pairs o fecarse yarn socks, to be exchanged at the village shop for "two pounds of sugar, a pound of coffee and a quarter of a pound of tea," or else for "a pair of number seven girl's shoes, and a pair of number ten boy's."

Ellen's only epistolary correspondence was with Mrs. Hunter, with whom she exchanged a letter every month, and from whom she continually heard the most satisfactory accounts of Honoria satisfactory, except in one respect— that Honoria seemed to have forgotten that Honoria seemed to have forgotten that she had ever had any other parents than Mr. and Mrs. Hunter. Mr. Hunter had legally and regularly adopted her. And she was known only as Miss Hunter, the only daughter and heiress of the great Daniel Hunter. And she was the beauty, the pride, and the boast of all the singing and dancing schools, and all the juvenile balls and parties, and "always Queen of the May." But in consenting thus to Honoria's premature entrance into vanities, rivalries and selfishness of a juvenile fashionable world, Mrs. Huntwrote that she had acted against her own better judgment, and that now, hav-ing seen the effect of these amusements the mind and manners of Honoria be anything but desirable, she should

put a stop to. Ellen had no neighbors—in fact, that rugged mountainous district was very sparsely settled, and the roads were so intolerably bad as to amount to a posi-tive embargo upon social intercourse. The tax-gatherer, Mr. Ipsy, was her only isitor, and he came but once a year Ellen's children, nurtured under the se

vere but salutary discipline of poverty, seclusion and self-denial, were good and intelligent, as they were beautiful.

Her son, Falcon O'Leary, was a fine, boy of thirteen years of age. He all and slender for his years, yet of firm, elastic frame, with nerves and sinews well strung for strength, agility and grace. He inherited the gypsy skin, black hair, and eagle eye of North. No step upon the mountain was like his-his flashing glance, quick, clear tones, and agile spring were in perfect unison. It was his delight to rise in the morning before the sun, and with his light fowling-piece to range the mountains, and return with a well-filled bag of game before the family were ready to sit down to breakfast. Or at noon to sit under the broad, spreading elm, or up-on some projecting point of rock, receiving into his expanding soul the beauty and the glory of nature; or simply chormed with some individual effect of light and shade upon mountain, valley or forest—trying to reproduce it upon paper, often throwing down his pencil with a tyro's diegust at his own awk-wardness and failure, but oftener work-ing on, inspired with the young artist's exquisite sense of genius, and the thrilling presentiment of future fame and

now at ten years old than ever before—
how shall I paint for you her exquisite
loveliness? The child of Daniel Hunter
But Augusta raised the lock and pressand Augusta Percival—the child of general ed it to her lips instead, murmaring:

"Not for the world. I would not remove ious and love, beauty and goodness, united and blended in perfect harmony— one of them for the world. I love those what shall she be but divinely beauti- few grey hairs. Daniel, they are eloquent

weak and sickly.

Scott's Emulsion.

NOW:

entire body.

blacksmith.

Ellen O'Leary. After the early storms, a deep calm had settled upon the lives of the soul within that gave the wondrous lived at the rock-bound cottage on Silver Creek, and were supported by the produce of the fractional farm. Ellen O'Leary was a very bad manager, or rather no manager at all. She knew little, because she cared little, about farming. Here was the lifelong listlesness of country of the friends, her resolution amount of the soul within that gave the wondrous charm to Maud's lovely face. She was not a child of quick impulses or strong passions. Her affections were quiet, pro-found and eternal. In self-reliance she seemed rather diffident, and in self-defense timid; but in the cause anr service of her friends, her resolution amount of the soul within that gave the wondrous charm to Maud's lovely face. She was not a child of quick impulses or strong passions. Her affections were quiet, pro-found and eternal. In self-reliance she unted to a total forgetfulness or disregard of consequences, and her courage would have seemed rashness but for her passionless, deliberate manner of pro-

eeding.
The little family was startled out of its quietude by the visit of Mr. Ipsy, who announced that Daniel Hunter was retiring from public life and coming to settle permanently at Howlet Hall; also that he was going to build a church and school at the Summit.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Will you rest now? Will you rest? Will you let this overwrought, toil-worn brain repose a little while?" murmured brain repose a little while?" murmured Augusta, softly passing her fingers over the great politician's corrugated brow. It was the first evening after their arrival at Howlet Hall, and they occupied their favorite, wainscoted sitting-room. The furniture of this apartment had been purposely left weekenged and

had been purposely left unchanged, and the room preserved its old-fashioned, the room preserved its old-fashioned, sober, slumberous air. It was cool, spring weather, and a fine wood fire was burning in the fireplace. Daniel Hunter sat before it in a large, stuffed, leather chair that might have belonged to the eighteenth century. Augusta entered, and came softly behind his chair, and was stronger against the might be some common to the state of the state and came sortly beaund his chair, and was stooping over him until her ringlets lay upon his cheek, as with sweet, grave tenderness she smoothed his brow, and muttered:

"Will you rest now?" "Will you rest now?"
He smiled gravely, put his hand behind him, and drew her around to a seat by his side and toyed with her ringlets, but in a thoughtful, abstracted manner: his mind was far away. The lady sighed and wondered what "question" had fol-lowed him to his hermitage to cheat him lowed him to his hermitage to cheat him of his rest. Both are changed in these six years. Augustus pale cheek is paler than ever, and her countenance has a calmer and profounder beauty. But the change that has passed over Daniel Hunter speaks of the fierce strife of political factions. His face is thinner and darker than before, and his great, ponderous forehead is—or seems—greater than ever by reason of the growing baldness of the upper portion, for his raven hair is falling off, and here and there a silver ing off, and here and there a silver thread shines amid its darkness. Yet the countenance, if sadder, graver and ster-ner, is also more majestic than ever be-

The lady sat by his side, with her hand clasped in his, watching the profound thoughtfulness of that noble countenance, and then she inquired, soft-

"Now, what is it—the French question, the Sub-Treasury bill—what is it that has pursued you even to this place, and

will not let you rest."

He paused in his thoughts, and looked at her in the most perplexed, amused

way, and then said:

"Why, you are mixing up past questions and present questions in the most unacountable manner, my love—bills that are dead and buried, and bills that are scarcely born. It was the French question that occupied me then. I con-fess I cannot at present see any way

"You know that nothing can be done in this matter before the next meeting of Congress; then why harass your mind with it? A problem that has racked the powers of Congress and the Cabinet for three months is not likely to find its so-lution in the present exhausted state of your mind. Do not labor with it. Restrest—recover, and then in some healthful, hopeful, strong moment, the answer will come to you like a sudden inspiration." As she said this she was passing her fingers lightly through his hair, and her

eyes unconsciously fived upon the silvery threads. He saw, or felt her look, and he smiled and said: "No matter, love!-so that yours is xquisite sense of genius, and the thrill-un oun; oun; on author of authority of the control of

*ᡭ*ᡎᡚᡚᡚᡚᡚᡚᡚᡚᡚᡚᡚᡚᡚᡚᡚᡚᡚᡚᡚᢙ*ᡚ*ᡚ*ᡚᡚᡚ*

He didn't have a strong muscle in his

the family for thirty years prescribed

would think he was apprenticed to a

ALL DRUGGISTS; 50c. AND \$1.00.

ၹႋၛၟႋၮၮၟၯႜၯႜ**ၯႜၯႜၯၛၣၛၣၛၣၛၣၛၣၛၣၛၣၯၛၣႜၛၟႜၯႝၛ**

A Boston schoolboy was tall,

His arms were soft and flabby.

The physician who had attended

To feel that boy's arm you

of your life's greatness—they are sacred and again she bowed her face and present the lock to her lips.

"I shall see them come with more philosophy than heretofore, dear," he answered, smiling.

Ellen received an invitation from Mrs. Hunter and prepared to make her a visit. She went by the shortest roate, the bridlepath and therefore took neither of the children with her, but only little Len, mounted on a plough horse, as her attendant. Ellen employed herself during the whole ride in trying to steady and strengthen her nerves for the interview with her daughter, lest her agitation might excite the surprise and curicosity of the latter, and lead to embarrassing inquiries. A brisk ride of two hours brought her to Howlett Hall, where she was received most affectionately by Mrs. Hunter, who took her at once into the sitting-room, where Miss Honoria, in her morning-dress of white muslin, sat at the piano practicing her Italian muslic. The young lady arose with her usual dignity to receive a new visitor. Ellen looked at her, a dainty, delicate, dignified little lady, and a strange pang shot through her heart.

"Honoria, this is Mrs. O'Leary, a dear friend of ours," said Mrs. Hunter.

And before the little belle could make

friend of ours," said Mrs. Hunter.

And before the little belle could make her formal courtesy, Ellen clasped her in her arms and burst into tears. Mrs. Hunter sat down, calmly waiting the issue. But Miss Hororia withdrew herself with an offended air, and resumed her seat. Mrs. Hunter instantly arose again, took Ellen's hand and, pressing it af-fectionately, led her to a seat upon the sofa. Ellen recovered herself and was the first to speak, albeit in a broken, faltering voice:

"You must please to excuse me, Miss Honoria. I knew your father well and loved him. I love Mrs. Hunter also—and

"Pray, do not mention it, madam. You are very good, and I am very much !lattered, I am sure," said Miss Honoria, haughtily, as she adjusted her slightly disordered dress.

Ellen was cut to the heart. Poor Filen Ellen was cut to the heart. Poor Filen did not recollect that at Honoria's age she herself was just such an inselent. affected piece of egotism and conceit. Mrs. Hunter rang the bell and ordered cake and wine brought, and when her guest had taken some refreshment, the lady bade Honoria sit down to the piano and sing for them. And the young lady, never unwilling to display her inusical powers, complied very gracifully, and sang several sweet songs, of the delight of Ellen. Soon after this dinner was announced. At the dinner table Ellen met Daniel Hunter and Miss Letitia, both of whom received her with great cor-

Daniel Hunter and Miss Lettita, both of whom received her with great cordiality. Early in the afternoon Ellen prepared to take leave, resisting all Mrs. Hunter's persuasions to stay by saying that the little girl, Sylvia, was not quite well and that she feared to leave there also all night. Therefore, Ellen bade well and that she leared to leave use alone all night. Therefore Ellen bade them all good-by, imprinted a passionate kiss upon the haughty, unwilling lips of Miss Honoria, received a warm, affectionate one from Mrs. Hunter, and so departed.

The family were preparing to receive a newly married pair—Mr. and Mrs. Lovel. And one lovely afternoon in April the bride and groom arrived, and there were kisses, and congratulations, and were kisses, and congratulations, and inquiries, and gentle attentions, and nursing tenderness, until they were refreshed from their journey, and comfortably installed in the parlor. The young couple were a pretty, innocent-looking pair of turtle-doves enough, a very nice match, some people said, because, forsooth, both were fair-haired and fairskinned, and both the best the same height. Mr. Lovel were fair-haired and fairskinned, and both about the same height, Mr. Lovel having the advantage of only an inch or so in this respect; though in every other respect of moral, mental and Christian worth. Mr. Lovel was greatly the superior of his pretty, gentle, frivolous wife—else had not Daniel Hunter called him to the pastoral care of his new church.

On Thursday before Easter Bishop S — arrived at the Hall to solemnize the rights of dedication, and was received with the utmost respect and cordiality. But the countenance of the venerable prelate was overcast, gloomy and foreboding. Kind and gentle in his manners, he sought to throw off the shadow from his brow and spirits, but in vain; and after dinner he requested an interview. after dinner he requested an interview with Mr. Hunter. His host conducted him into the library and they sat down on opposite sides of a small writing table, the bishop with an ominous sigh and groan, Daniel Hunter in quiet expec-

"Does your memory serve you to re-call the last occasion upon which we met, Mr. Hunter?" inquired Bishop S—. Daniel Hunter reflected a moment, and

then answered:
"Certainly, sir. It was upon the occasion of your calling, in company with several other gentlemen, at the Executive Chamber in A—, with a petition for the reprieve of William O'Leary, convicted of the murder of Burke."

"Yes, sir; and. Mr. Hunter, it is eleven

years to night since you refused to grant our petition for the reprieve of that man."

"To what end. reverend sir, is that painful event recalled?"

'To the end, Mr. Hunter, I fear, that you may regret your refusal more than you ever regretted any act of your life." "Be good enough to explain yourself, Bishop S.——"

"Heaven be pitiful, Daniel Hunter, so will. But when you have heard-listen, then. It is not two weeks since I was called to the deathbed of a man of the highest social position, who confessed, in the presence of myself and the Mayor f A—, that he was guilty of the mur-er of Burke, and the he was dying of emorse. He had killed Burke to avenge an insult offered to his sister; he had escaped and gone abroad instantly after the deed and, after remaining in Franc everal years, had only recently returned to find out that an innocent man had been executed for his crime. His deposi-tion was taken down, and he died in ten

ninutes after signing it."

Daniel Hunter was not a man to start
r ejaculate. He heard this terrible an-

or ejaculate. He heard this terrible annunciation, and lifted up his head, and his strong, massive face seemed turned to marble—and:

"God be merciful to human error!" he exclaimed; "for if the convict had been my own son, I would have done as I did."

CHAPTER XVII.

In the meantime, at the Silver Creek farmhouse, little Maud lay II. Ellen, on returning from Howlet Hall, had found her in a high fever, and had sent off to the Summit for the doctor. Her

illness was pronounced to be a congestive fever, threatening the brain. And all the family vised with each other in devoted, though profoundly quiet attentions to the gentle little patient. Ellen watched by her bedside day and night, scarcely allowing herself an hour's needful rest in the twenty-four. Old Abishag forgot to swear, and prayed instead. And Falconer learned a lighter step and softer tone when he entered her sick room.

And Maud, in her fevered dreams, babbled sweetly of a beautiful lady, that led her by the hand through green and shady woods and lawns, and who gave her cold, sparkling water from fresh fountains when she was thirsty, and sat down and took her upon her lap, and laid her tired head upon her soft bosom when she was exhausted. And sometimes this lady was her mother, come from heaven to visit her—and sometimes the was Mrs. Hunter, whose portrait hung above the mantelpiece at Howlet Hall.

As Ellen watched, alone, beside her, in the derkrass of the night, and saw

As Ellen watched, alone, beside her, in the darkness of the night, and saw her stretch her feeble arms, and her her stretch her feeble arms, and her countenance irradiate with joy, to welcome the vision of the sweet lady—so real seemed this vision to the sick child, that Ellen cowered in awe, and crossed herself, and uttered the Ave Maria, for she thought it was an apparition of the blessed Madonna.

And Falconer, when he heard the child babbling in the daytime of the lovely lady's smiles and tones—understood her visions—but somehow, even to him, they were invested with a sacred mystery that awed him into silence.

At last the crisis of Maud's illness passed. The fever waned, and with it

passed. The fever waned, and with it faded the bright vision of the lady. And Maud's thoughts returned to healthful,

maua's thoughts returned to heatened, erdinary life.

Mr. Bill Ipsy came over to see the little convalescent, and brought her some oranges and some fine apples, and sat down by her bed and told her of the beautiful new church that was all ready for addication at Faster and the new for dedication at Easter, and the new Sunday school that was to be opened the same day. He himself was to be the superintendent, he said; and Mrs. Daniel Hunter and Mrs. Lovel, the pretty wife of the young minister, and one or two other ladies of the county, were to be the teachers of the classes.

In the course of the next week, Mr In the course of the flext week, Mr. Ipsy called at the cottage to know if the children were not to be allowed to go to Sunday school. The children were very anxious to go—and their entreaties, joined to Mr. Ipsy's arguments, and Ellen's secret inclination to oblige Mrs. Hunter, provided over her scruples and Ellen's secret inclination to oblige Mrs. Hunter, prevailed over her scruples, and she consented, saying to herself (though she afterward confessed it as a sin, for she was a Catholic), that there was no other church or school in the neighborhood—that the Protestant Church was better than none at all, and that the sect which had produced Mrs. Hunter could not be so very far wrong.

So the next Sunday, very early in the morning, Falconer and Maud got ready, ate a slight, hasty breakfast, and set out together to walk to the Summit. By the footpath the distance was short. It was a lovely May morning, and Fal-

It was a lovely May morning, and Fal-coner and Maud had a delightful walk. They reached the Summit and entered the church. The sexton conducted them the church. The sexton conducted them upstairs into the spacious gallery, in which the Sunday school was kept. Here, dispersed about in the gallery pews, were about a half dozen of teachers, each with some eight or twelve pupils collected around her. Among the teachers were Mrs. Daniel Hunter and Mrs.

Lovel.

Mrs. Hunter had a large-sized square pew beside the great organ. There were about a dozen little girls around her. The black lace veil was thrown back, and the lady's beautiful face was unshaded, save by the drooping black

ringlets.
Mr. Ipsy, as superintendent, stood befor a large desk in the corner, c'oing something with pen and ink, and lightly kicking his neat boot toes together, and twinkling his eyes and eyebrows, and every little while sticking the pen behind his ear, and flying off at a tangent to hand a book to some pupil, or to to hand a book to some pupil, or to speak a word to some teacher.

Our girl and boy were evidently rather late. The morning prayers were over, and the exercises of the school comand the exercises of the school commenced. So Mr. Ipsy told them when Falconer walked up to his desk, made his bow, and presented his little sister. Nevertheless, Mr. Ipsy took a New Testament out of his desk, and opened it and handed it to Maud, and told her to read for him that he might test her read for him, that he might test her abilities, and know in what class to place her.

(To be continued.) SURE AND SAFE.

Baby's Own Tablets is the best medicine in the world for the minor ailments of little ones, and the saf-est. We do not ask you to take our word for this—we give you the guarantee of a Government analyst that this medicine contains no opiate or harmful drug. It is equally good for the new born babe or the well grown child. It is a certain cure for all the winor allments of childhood. minor ailments of childhood. Mrs. Andre Tremblay. Sayabec, Quebec, says:
"I have proved the value of Baby's Own Tablets as a cure for several of the troubles that afflict young children, including skin disease, indigestion and teething troubles." Sold by medicine s or by mail at 25 cents a box the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., dealers or from the Dr. Brockville, Ont.

A Deal in Bananas.

(T. A. Daly, in Cannelle Standard.)
No like da skeeny olda man
Dat com' to dees peanutta stan'
To-day an' buy da wan banan',
He mak' me seeks! Fef evra customer ees go For maka treecks an' talka so Like heem, you bat my life, I no Gat reecha queeck.'

Wal, dessa man he com' an' say:
"How moocha for bahan' to-day"
An' so I tell heem right away
"Eees two for fi!"
"Oh, my, I mus' be gattin' deef
Or you ees talka like da t'ief!"
He say to me, an' look as eef
He gona cry.

"Eees two for fi!." I say agen,
He shak' hees head at me an' den
He tal me: "Mak' eet fi' for ten
And tak' da mon."
"All richt." I say, "I guess weell do,"
Den "Fi' for ten ees wan for two."
eH say, "here ees two cent for you,
I tak' wan!"

He tak' da beeges' wan of ami Ha! what you theenka dat for gall? He ees so meana man, so small, He mak' me seeck! Bef evra customer ees go For maka treecka an' talka so Luke heem, you bet my life, I no Gat reecha, gueeck.

The Church Abroad.

IN THE MISSION FIELD.

The hop-picking season in England is

over and the special church mission to the fields has returned.

The Students' Missionary League of Georgia is to have its second annual conference at Macon early next month.

The Women's Baptist Home Mission Society has 2,936 auxiliaries in the States, of which 2,460 are for adults, the headquarters being in Chicage.

The immense missionary exhibition being planned for next Jupa in London by

States, of which 2,460 are for adults, the headquarters being in Chicago.

The immense missionary exhibition being planned for next June in London by the London Missionary Society will be opened by King Edward.

The greatest difficulty of missioaries in China is to find the teachers that are so much needed, over 1,000 schools being now without instructors of the right sort.

The Episcopal Sisters of the Church, who have their centre at the Missionary Training Home at Upton Park, London, are to occupy a building that has been a public inn.

la is likely to be the mission field Uga for all Africa, as there are 57,000 mem-bers of the Church of England there now, and they are supplying workers for the rest of the continent.

The Rast London church fund, in which the Bishop of London is especially interested, is trying to raise \$80,000 before the end of the year to keep up its mission work. mission work.

The Union Presbyterian Church of De

er believes that the best mission worl ver believes that the best mission work is done by having the edifice open at all times and providing some entertainment that will draw persons to the church. The American Board of Commissioners for foreign missions has just been notified of a legacy of \$100,000 from the estate of the late D. Willis James, the amount to be paid in three annual instalments. About \$90,000 is needed to put the

About \$90,000 is needed to put the Wesleyan East End Mission of London on its feet, the buildings now in process of erection threatening to be a crushing builden, despite the fact that they are

urgently required.

The New England branch of the Wa-men's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church received for its work last year \$46,576, besides a bequest of \$37,700 for the erection of school buildings in the foreign field.

buildings in the foreign field.
"Tin tabernacles," as many of the mission stations in England constructed of corrugated iron are called, are hereafter to be practically a thing of the past, as small buildings of cement covered with terra cotta are to take their places. The British Church Missionary Society

has just sent out two parties, about 175 in all, part going to Africa, Palestine, Northern and Western India, the nest to Turkish Arabia, Persia, Southern India, Punjab, China, Mauritius and Japan. Rev. J. E. Rattenbury has assumed charge of the West London mission founded 20 years ago by Rev. Hugh Price Hughes in what is called the wisk-edest section of the metropolis, and the man who superintends it can be no weekling. weakling

GENERAL CHURCH NOTES.

In less than five years nearly \$225,000 has been spent on churches in Canandaigua, N. Y., a town of but a few thonand people.

It has been decided that the next Eucharistic Congress shall be held in Westminster Cathedral in England some time

uring the coming year.

The rebuilding of the Campanile of St. Marks at Venice is progressing rapidly, but will probably require another two

years for completion.

The average attendance in the Sunday schools of Massachusetts has dropped in a year from 177,467 to 168,031, the decrease being laid to the shifting popula-

on. Trinity Church, Halifax, has purchased the chapel which has been used by the Government garrison, it having been de-cided not to make any further appointment to the chaplaincy.

ment to the chaplaincy.

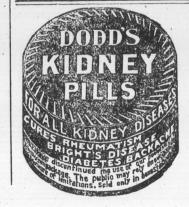
The Ladies' Humane Society of the First Universalist Church of Providence, R. I., which has just started on its seventy-sixth year of work, has laid out during its existence nearly \$31,000.

Because of certain alterations in the part of the service made by Rev. musical part of the service made by Rev. J. G. Adderley at St. Saviour's Church, near Birmingham, England, the whole

choir has gone on strike. With \$155,000 already expended for the preservation of Winchester Cathedral England, it is found that at least \$175,000 more will be needed, and until this is secured the work has been stopped. Catholics in China now number about 2,250,000, as compared with less than 500,000 in 1880; in Indo-China they have increased in that time from 300,000 to 1,000,000, and in Japan 50,000 have been added to the four that there were 25

years ago.
Rev. Davis Brook, of the new United Methodist Church of England, has been selected as president of the National Council of Evangelistic Free Churches

Cruelty to Animals in Hawaii. Afterward I was taken to Kawaihae, where I saw cattle loaded in a most o'clock when I landed on the beach among a lot of cowboys and half-naked natives. The cattle were corralled under he trees, and when one was ready to be the trees, and when one was ready to be taken aboard a rope was tied about its borns. A cowboy on horseback then rode into the surf, dragging the frightened steer into the water. The rope was tossed



to a half-naked native who was awimming, and he in turn carried it to the men waiting in a small hoat. There men pulled the animal, which must now swim or drown, to the boat and tied him by the horns to its side. After eight steers had been tied up in this manner the engine on the steamer was set to work and the boat pulled alongside by means of a rope. The cattle were then hoisted on board by the use of a belly-band. The method of handling these dumb animals is brutal, and while the men seem to use as much care as possible in moving them about, their pitcous bellowing caused by fear made as pathetic a scene as I have ever witnessed. Thousands are shipped every year, and it seems that some more turnan method of putting them aboard might be adopted.

The Japanese sailor on these ships is said to be the best for keeping the ship clean, while the native excels in handling the boats, especially in yough water. The Hawaiian is a born swimmer, and native boys will follow these vessels for several hundred yards as they are leaving Honolulu, swimming alongside and diving for coins thrown overboard by the travelers. The passage on these boats is always rough and en the Ewalani, as the ship lay at anchor out in the channel, the nights were intensely warm. Freighting in this way is necessarily expensive, but those in authority say that it is the only way practical as no wharf could withstand the lashing of the waves caused by the mad fury of the winds during winter. At that season it is often impossible to make landings along the rockey coast of Molokal. —Mrs. C. R. Miller in Leslie's Weekly.

SUFFERING WOMEN

Made Well and Strong by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Every dose of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills makes new blood. Every drop of pure blood brings the ill, disheartened woman nearer to health and happiness. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have brought the nearer to health and happiness. InWilliams' Pink Pills have brought the
glow of health to thousands of sufferers
who gladly bear testimony to that effect. One of these is Mrs. Elizabeth Danham, of Welland, Ozd., who says: "For
more than a year I was greatly run
down. I had sickening headaches and
my heart would palpitate so violently
that at times I feared death was near.
I was under the care of a doctor, but
insteadof improving I lost strength, and
my weight decreased from one hundred
and forty to ninety pounds. I was discouraged, but finally decided to give up
the doctors' treatment and try Dr. Williams' Pink Bills. I am glad I did so,
for after using the Pills a few weeks I
could see a marked improvement in my
condition. The headaches left me, I regained strength, the distressing heargapitation ceased and at the end of two
months I was fully restored to health
and felt better than I had for the past
twenty years. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills
are truly a marvellous medicine, and I
cannot praise them enough."

Heart palpitation.

cannot praise them enough."

Heart palpitation, anaemia, headaches, loss of appetite, general weakness, backaches, weariness and a host of
other troubles are all the outcome of
bad blood. Dr. Williams' Plnk Pills
make new rich and blood, the bad blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make new, rich, red blood—the pure blood does the rest. That is why these pills cure all troubles due to watery blood or weak, shaky nerves. There is not a nook or corner in Canada where you will not find some grateful person who has been cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. On the word of your neighbor we ask you to try this medicine if you are weak, ailing or run down. The pills are sold at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 at all medicine dealers, or from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

DO YOU KNOW-

That all odd fellows do not belong to a lodge? That a widow who wouldn't flirt is unknown?

That many girls would rather die than be an old maid? refuse an ice cream? That a faint heart is considered an easy mark for the modern girl?

That even a blind man can find trouble without much difficulty? That if you kiss a pretty girl one you'll feel hungry for more? That we sometimes write love letters we wish we'd never posted?

That the girl that cannot sing and will sing bught to be muzzled? That nothing costs more than things we try to get for nothing?
That it's only the pretty women at a show who will remove their hats?
That court-ship is a vessel in which few single ladies object to embark?
That you hardly ever are a policemore.

That you hardly ever see a policeman bother anyone larger than himself?

That smiles cost less than electric lights and they make the home bright-That it's easier for some men to

That it's easier for some a living? make love than it is to make a living? Council of Evangelistic Free Churches in succession to Rev. John Watson, better known as Ian Maclaren, who died shortly after being elected to the position.

That a woman never weeps more bitterly than when she weeps for spite?

That the most timid girls have a way of hinting at supper after the theatre? That you can't convince a woman that a bargain is a bargain unless she

That whenever a man angles for a pretty girl he baits his hook with flattery?
That the "better" half, whichever it

should build the fires in the morn

That truth is better than falsehood, but false teeth are better than no teeth at all? That about the second time you meet

woman she begins to tell you her troubles? That a woman enjoys ripping up something useful to make something

That no matter what a girl's political creed may be, she always wants pro-That you hardly ever can tackle a boarding house steak which is "tener and true"?

That no matter how good a church-man he may be, there is not one in a million who would not get the best in a deal if he could? That a man who was demonstrating

to a crowd that there was no such thing as hydrophobia was the first to climb up a lamp-post when a small yellow dog came running down the running down the street?-Sketchy Bits.