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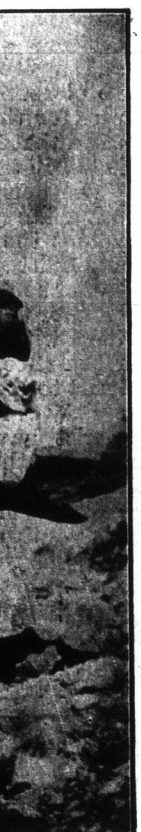
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tion of his journeys on foot, he never de-
spised, and indeed kept a sharp look out
for any chance of a ride, and had a special
partiality for an empty wagon. In one of
these jolting vehicles he was often met, ly-
ing flat upon his back upon a bundle of
hay, a position far preferable in his eyes
to sharing the driver's spring seat. The
wagon was now drawing near, and it was
with no great pleasure that he realised it
was Angus MacRae himself who was driv-
ing. Their intercourse was restricted, and
conversation when quite unavoidable
usually consisted of a colorless "good-
day," with perhaps a passing reference
to the weather. As it came abreast of
him, the minister affected to be deeply
interested in some object upon the hori-
zon; but to his surprise the farmer halted
his team.

"Good-day, Mr. MacDuff," he cried in
the friendliest tones: "And how are ye the
day?"

"My health is excellent, thank you,"
replied the minister over his shoulder.

"Terrible hot weather we're havin', are
we no?" continued MacRae.

"It is as you say exceedingly warm,"
again answered the minister, eyeing him
warily and preparing to proceed. But the
farmer ignored the hint and continued:—
"Ye'll be makin' for Mrs. McBain's the
night, I suppose, Mr. MacDuff?"

Now the Rev. James was known, not
without good cause, as "an inquisitive
buddy," and this last question touched
the very matter that was troubling him;
so turning, he replied in most professional

but though I gie'd chapter and verse for't,
as weel as ye could yersel, Mr. MacDuff,
she would na budge from 't. Sae I would
be muckle obliged, if ye could contrive to
speak till her aboot it."

"I—I—" stammered MacDuff, at a loss
what to say. "It is not an easy task you
are setting me, and besides," he continued
warmly, "our relations hitherto have not
been—"

"I ken what ye mean, Mr. MacDuff,"
interrupted MacRae, "but the Guid. Buik
tells us something for sic occasions. And
I needna tell ye," he continued, noting the
effect of his last words, "that as long as
I'm spared, ye shall never want a welcome
—gin we are marrit—at the house on the
hill. Ye'll ne'er regret it, Mr. MacDuff."

"Well, MacRae, I'll see what I can do to
remove her scruples," replied the minister
ambiguously.

"I'm mor'n obliged till ye, MacDuff,"
said the gratified Angus; and drawing from
his pocket a large leather purse with an en-
ormous buckle, he carefully selected from
its well-filled interior a whole ten dollar
bill.

"MacDuff," said he, bending over and
holding it towards the minister, "I guess
ye'll be needin' a new suit for the weddin'!"
And before the astonished minister could
find words to reply, he chirruped sharply
to his horses, and drove off smartly down
the road.

For some moments the Rev. MacDuff
gazed blankly at the stiff new bill which he
held by one corner in his outstretched
hand. His mind was filled with two con-

"A CURED MAN"

HIS INDIGESTION BANISHED
THANKS TO

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP.

For over ten years, Mr. C. R. William-
son has been the Postmaster at
Rowena, Victoria Co., New Brunswick,
and his word should carry weight when
he says he has been cured of indiges-
tion—after a quarter of a century's suf-
fering—by Mother Seigel's syrup.

A few months ago, Mr. Williamson
wrote up as follows:—"For the past
twenty-five years I have been a great
sufferer from Indigestion. I could not
sleep at night and would rise in the
morning with a nasty taste in my
mouth, feeling more dead than alive.
The pain after eating was terrible,
and many times I have vomited before
I could get relief. I lost about twenty-
five pounds in weight, and at times
had to give up my business. I tried
various remedies, but nothing seemed
to do me any good.

"Some two years ago I was advised
to try Mother Seigel's Syrup, which I
did and with wonderful good results. I
felt relief after taking two or three

doses. The pains in my stomach left
me and I felt my food was doing me
good. In all I took two bottles and
am now a cured man and feel that I
owe the result to nothing but Mother
Seigel's Syrup."

It is not an uncommon thing, but it
is a terrible thing, all the same, to
suffer for twenty-five years from the
tortures of indigestion! If you get up,
day after day, feeling tired and jaded;
if you never relish your breakfast, and
never eat a meal without trouble to
follow, you may well imagine that life
has no sunshine. But when, in addition
to these troubles, you have headaches,
bilious attacks and constipation, when
you can't sleep and your "nerve" has
gone, you may well do, what Mr.
Williamson did, look anywhere and
everywhere for relief!

But you won't look far, if you look
first to Mother Seigel's Syrup to help
you. The herbal extracts contained in
the Syrup tone and strengthen the
stomach, stimulate the liver and
bowels, aid digestion, expel the evil
products of indigestion from the sys-
tem, and thus restore your lost health.

No other medicine approaches Mother
Seigel's Syrup in world-wide popularity,
because its success has never been
equalled. Try it yourself!

In sixteen different countries, Mother
Seigel's Syrup is the regular family
medicine in hundreds and thousands of
homes. Keep it in yours.

WEARY DAYS AND WAKEFUL NIGHTS OF INDIGESTION

When you rise in the morning fagged out, and
dreading your work; when your head is dull and
heavy, your tongue furred, and your bowels costive;
when you have pains in the chest, stomach, back,
all over—your stomach and liver are out of order.
Indigestion is poisoning your blood and sapping
your vitality! But Mother Seigel's Syrup will
stimulate the action of your liver and bowels,
clean your tongue, renew your appetite and your
digestion, and give you new strength and energy!

ARE BANISHED BY THE DIGESTIVE TONIC

Mother Seigel's Syrup, the favor-
ite family remedy for indiges-
tion is made of more than ten
different roots, barks, and leaves,
which in combination possess
in a remarkable degree, the
power of toning and strengthen-
ing the stomach and regulating
the action of the liver and
bowels. This is the secret of its
great success in curing dyspepsia,
pains after eating, headaches,
bilious attacks, constipation, and
all kindred ailments. It cures
in a natural way, and better still,
it cures permanently. Take it
daily after meals.

Mr. James McPhee, Boulardie,
Cape Breton, says:—"I suffered
for years with severe stomach
troubles and sick headaches. I
could not eat without having
most agonizing pains, and
would often vomit after taking
food. My appetite failed, and I
could not rest day or night. I
tried all sorts of medicines, but
nothing seemed to do me any
good until I took Mother Seigel's
Syrup. I continued taking the
medicine for about two months,
and to-day I am entirely cured."
—Feb. 17, 1911.

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

The Dollar bottle contains 2½ times as much as the 50 cent size.
A. J. WHITE & Co., Limited, Montreal.

Autumn woods—Manitoba.

tones: "God willing, Mr. MacRae, it is
my intention to sojourn there this night."
Now the farmer, much as he disliked it,
was in the position, willy-nilly, of having
to seek a service from his enemy; so with
a smile he resumed: "Mrs. McBain thinks
a deal o' your guid sense and judgment,
Mr. MacDuff; she was e'en speakin' o't
this very afternoon."

"I trust I have the good opinions of all
sober and godly people, replied the minister
pompously, upon whom this piece of
brazen flattery was not without effect.

"Aye, na doot," replied Angus; "and
I'm no sayin' she isna richt—though the
women takes queer fancies whiles," he
continued, his gaze travelling over the
reverend gentleman's figure.

"Well?" the minister's tones were frigid.

"Well, Mr. MacDuff, to speak truth,
ye were the very person I was in search o'!"
replied Angus, most deferentially; "and
I'll tell ye for why."

"Ye've heard the
talk that's gangin' round' aboot me and
the widder makin' a match o't? Na doot,
na doot," he continued, as the minister
nodded. "I was ower there the day, and
askit her straight, but she canna quite
mak' up her mind till it, though it beats
me what's stoppin' her. However, it
seems she's gotten a queer fancy against
widder's marryin'—Well, Mr. MacDuff,
she finally said she wouldna gie me an
answer till she had your advice."

"This is most extraordinary," said the
minister, whose face was a study and who
mentally resolved that whatever his ad-
vice on the point in question, he should
strongly deprecate a marriage with MacRae.
"Tis indeed sae," agreed Angus "for
she will na hae sic a chance every day

flicting emotions. The novel and pleas-
urable sensation at the sudden possession
of so large a sum made him loth to part
with it; not within his recollections had
he been presented with so much at
once. But there arose the uncomfortable
thought—how could he reconcile it with
his conscience to keep it, while intending
to do his utmost to thwart the donor's
designs upon the widow. However Mc-
Rae was now too far off to make it possible
to return it at present, so folding it care-
fully, he placed it in his pocket and once
more continued his journey.

As he progressed onwards, a plan slowly
matured in his brain, which promised by
stretching a point or two to satisfy his
silent mentor, while still allowing him to
retain possession of his prize, and also to
repay MacRae for the trick he had once
played on him. Upon this, therefore, he
resolved to act immediately.

It still wanted a good half-hour to six
o'clock when a sudden turn in the trail
brought the minister abruptly upon the
widow's humble abode. The neat white-
washed log-house with its tiny windows
nestled closely almost in the centre of a
large bluff, and was securely sheltered from
whatever direction the searching winds
might blow. From the short chimney
curled comfortable wreaths of smoke,
which told his appetite, sharpened by the
long tramp, of pleasant operations in pro-
gress within.

At one end of the house had been added,
when necessity demanded it, a rather un-
sightly lean-to of plain boards, which
served as kitchen and dining-room.

On the threshold, her hands on her hips,
and her boxen figure completely filling