

ELLS a Specialty. Baltimore, Hd., U.S.A

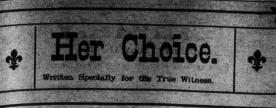
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LLS.

as agry blood tingling brow and check. "Don't mention him!" she cried. "You're not fit to brush his boots! Im tired listening to you and fa-ther and everyone. It's the same thing day after day and night after night. I'm sick of this life, of this farm, of everything and everyone. and of you!" She flung herself into the house, and the young man stared at the open door for fully a minute. "Ah, well," he said, turning and wilking slowly away. "It's no use you' after her an' askin' questions the fits on an' nothin'll do any

DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY



ters, but Little Billy was the best loved. "Bess's harness got broke to-day, Mr. Horner," said Jaka Smith, "an' a new martingale is needed." "If find that new piece o' land is awful stoney," said Bob Holley, raising a generous piece of best to his mouth. Miranda didn't make a grimace because she wasn't listening. "Never mind, Bob," said the far-mer: "it'll come all right after a little work. Miranda, I want ye to git me a few things up to the willage to-morrow, an' ye'd best use old Sally, for the pory's lame, an' ye kin take Little Billy with ye-eh, Billy, how'd ye lise to go?" Little Billy couldn't answer at the mo-ment, but his eyes danced with gladness.

<page-header><page-header><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text> uestion, which, you must know, albould not have been put. He is my "Yes, Mirande, I know; an' per-haps I wouldn't have asked it if ye'd looked happy; but, by jingo-" "I have not been well," she inter-rupted, and tried to smile as she looked into Grayson's honest, indig nant blue eyes. "I understand, Miranda. Ye're tryin' to take his part, but I kin see that ye ain't as pretty as ye used to be." She smiled again-a fairb, wan smile. "That ain't exactly whiat I meant to say, but it's plain that some thin's wrong or ye wouldn't look as ye do. When we used to okow on the lake to home, yerself an' me an' little Billy, why. I often though ye must look illes the girls the poets about a girl named Maud? Well, as ye want on I said to meself: 'WLy if that poet farew Miraada Horner, he could write twice as good a poem

A distant bell rang out in the cool air, and presently the farm-hands came in one by ome. The table was haid; supper disposed of, and the nightly round of small duties at-

assembled in the large kitchen, and the old man's voice was heard a



"No, Tom, not a word." The ans-wer was given slowly and as though the heart was weary. "The city's been searched from end to end but without any sight of her. It's a mighty big place to look for one lone girl." "Yes, that it is, but where there's a will there's a way, we're told. I've looked meself an' failed, but I'll try again an' again until she's found." "Ton, Tom, to think of little Mi-randa alone in that big, wicked city!" The old man's voice broke and the back of his hand brushed away a tear. "There's no mistake about Gard-ner's death, d'ye think? Ye're sure of it?" Chats with Young Men.

WHAT CONTRIBUTES TO SUC-

7.

CESS. Opportunity! Are you making the best of yours? Remember, it is the principal factor in life's successes, whether they be in their matune material or spiritual. Looking anound, we can see this readily enough so far as material things are concerned. It is not always the ten-talent men who fill the chief positions, nor is it always the one-talent men who are in obscure places. In church and state men very slenderly equip-ped by natural gifts are oftentimes seen standing higher than their fel-

ped by natural gifts are oftentimes seen standing higher than their fel-lows. And it is sometimes a source of wonder to us how they attained pre-eminence, So, too, we think it strange that possessors of many gifts are among those who all their lives remain unknown and unappre-cinted.

taken at its flood, leads on to for-ture." Well, truly, in spiritual affairs there is a tide, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune, and see-ing it, never need we be ignorant that it is the tide on which God wills we shall haunch ourselves for mobler work and purer lives than heretofore we have either done or known. In our life an opportune day will come-a day which will be to you more than any day you jave ever known, and apart from it you can do but little. Be it your wis-dom to watch for it, and, if need be, to wait for it till it comes. Then God give you space and powers to make the fullest use of it.

# CHEERFULNESS.

Promotly at half-past nice all were or dia finite-root was potent: Minite-root was potent minite-root was potent: Minite-root was potent: Minite-root We compare our circumstances with

gifts are among those who all their lives remain unknown and unappre-ciated. But explanation of the seeming in-justice is not far to seek. Opportu-nity came to this man, and he had sense to use it. The other man never knew when it came. I know we claim opportunity comes to every main. Aye, truly, but surely, in different ways. Coming to oue man he is gone before he is recognized; to another this stranger insists upon taking him by the hand, whether he will or no, and leading him to ho-nor. Being nothing in these days unless tearned, we must, needs talk about the psychological moment in men's lives. But that is only our old friend, opportunity, in a new garment; the same and not another; that which Shakespeare called, "The tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at its flood, leads on to for-ture."

"Her room air't bin touched since she-went away. That morn'n', when I found she'd gone, I went into her room an' saw she hadn't bin to bed; but there was a dint where her arms seemed to have pressed the quilt as she knelt down to pray. Well, that dint is there yet, an' every day I go up an' look at it. It seems to make me feel that she'll come back. It's a fool-ish thought, ain't st, Tom? But it comfort to me. Boy, it's some-times a penance to be a father!" The old man drew in his chin and pursed his hips as sorrowful recol-lections overwhelmed him. A distant bell rang out in the cool

eating Co OURES Summer Complaint, ere St. W-Diarrhoea, Street, MONTREAL.

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tiy-two years. Its effects are instantaneous and it doe not leave the bowels in a constiputed

at day servi ROS.. VEN. Lended Te.

od and publishe Monte Put

treet.

Do not be humburged into taking mething the unscruptions drugg[s1 ays is just as good. Mr. Ed. Stringer, Hammingford, Ownys: "I have used Dr.

treacr or WILD Streelent results. I al

that can be had

yit." After supper there was work to be done, and at halt-past nine the fam-ily were assembled for prayers. Again the old man's voice was heard: "Our Father, who art in heaven an' deliver us from svil.

an' deliver us from over Amen." At the house was quiet, and no volce was heard except that of the old man as he tailed to his daugh-ter. Her checks were wet, and the farmer imagined that the wise com-el he had given her would be heed-ed. To clinch the argument he con-

"An now, me girl, we'll see what i'An now, me girl, we'll see what ian be done to liven up the place a little. I know it's bin dull for a young woman, but I guess I see me way clear to git a place for ye; an' bailes that yr'll come into 'town with me mext Saturday, an' have yer plok of any dresees an' hats ye see. Now, Mireanha, kiss me an' run to

walling cry burst from the girl, heav hereall on he father's and put her arms eround the rowned, wrinkled note. Will do now, the'll do," seid id man, pavilag the silken hend

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be unsettled and discontanted or assionally, the latter are apply to be assionally, the latter are apply to be so as a rule, because their mirds, being imaginative, create for them-selves ideals which they soldom it ever attain. Nevertheless, the mor-mal condition of life is one of cheer-fulness. God teaches us this in ma-ture, which, as a rule, is bright with sumshine, gay with color and filed with Joycus sounds. Laughter and song, harmony and beauty are petitive whereby our Heavenly Fa-picture whereby our Heavenly Fa-ther points out to each the road to be better way to do so than hy showing ourselves satisfied with what He gives us. A preacher once by eating bitter aloes than by eat-ing honey." A cloudy, foggy, rainy do so much like the music of an-ter as the song of birds. A Good Medicine requires little sat-vertising, but on its great merits an a remedy for bodily pains and all-moths of the reputitive organs. It has carried its fame with the wher-ever it has gone, and it is prised at the mathpoles as well as at home. Doe much effect are: