



enjoy to-day.

in his handsome, soft jrown eyes, "for I want to explain that I would not have intruded on you had I had the least idea who the niece was about whom Mr. Craig for dinner. spoke with such very justifiable pride. I am afraid that—that I can not be a Very welcome guest to you."

na murmured a polite denial.

you." He colored slightly, but his eyes laughed. "Ob, I am quite sure you would not," cried Mona. "Yes, say anything you like." but was evident he had quite got over his eyes cried Mona. "Yes, say anything you like." but was evident he had quite got over his eyes cried Mona. "Yes, say anything you to more the here to short! Well, iet

like.

She felt herself again. "Thank you. Well I am very glad to see you, and awfully glad you have found see you, and awfully glad you have found ing was shown everything about the place by Uncle Sandy himself, who gener-ally bestowed a degree of attention and excuse me for speaking so unceremoniously

"Of course. He really is very good to me, and I am fond of him, as I ought to be. But it is not very lively at Craig-darroch in the winter. Now, Mr. Woring," coming over and standing by the fire-place, her hands clasped and dropped easily before her, "I am very pleas-ed to see you again, and shall be very glad to be friends—quite good friends

again." She smiled and blushed charmingly as she spoke. "So shall I," very shortly. "Do you "So shall I," very shortly "Do you "So shall I." very shortly "Do you barking at Liverpool. as she spoke. "So shall I," very shortly. "Do you know I have thought and tormented my-self a great deal about you. Oh, no!— not as I used, I mean; because I did not know what had become of you. I knew you did not stay on with the Everards. I am afraid they did not behave very well." barking at Liverpool. Mona could hardly steady her voice to bid him good-bye. It seemed too cruel that he should be expatriated merely for a little—not a little—imprudence; and, say what he might, Mona could not but perceive that had she married him, he would never have committed the faults and follies which had changed his life.

"I fear I deserved their displeasure." "I don't think you did. How is Mad-

"I fear I deserved their displeasure." "I foar't think you did. How is Mad ame Debrisay." "Very well indeed, and no longer Ma-dame Debrisay. She is married to Gen-eral Fielden. I fancy you know him-an old artillery officer." "No. Is it possible. I remember old Fielden. It will be very nice for him to rate fielden. I fancy you know him-an old artillery officer." "No. Is it possible. I remember old Fielden. It will be very nice for him to rate field with the to boked, for an instant, kindly and gravely, into Mona's eyes, holding her hand in a painfully tight grasp; that he mounted the phae-ton in which Kenneth was seated, and they drove off. "Well, she returned the compliment." "I am afraid she would not have though continued. I was very weak and vara little."

continued. I was very weak and | varra little." Mona made no reply; she would have

He looked steadily at her as he said given anything for half an hour's private thought, and the relief of tears, but this this

"I have heard something of the kind," need must be concealed at any cost. "Eh," continued her uncle, falling into murm red Mona, unclasping her hands, and putting back her hair with a pretty

'I am glad to have this chance of though he might have met with grander speaking," resumed Waring, suddenly, views. They found endless subjects for and looking full at her, a kind expression conversation, and when Mona proposed and looking full at her, a kind expression conversation, and when Mona proposed

was bound up, and that his coat sleeve had been cut open. "He had best go to his room at once," said Kenneth. "I have the doctor's di-rections; and there's composing medi-cine and what not in the trap. Come along, Phemie," to the cook, who had hurried to the scene of action; " and Mona, fetchesome wine." "I feel activity ashamed of muscle for Mona was surprised at her own lightheartedness, at the delightful sense of harmony which soothed her spirit after her short, confidential talk with Waring.

"I feel awfully ashamed of myself for giving all this trouble," said Waring, his eyes resting on Mona's for a moment

out a word.

with a deprecating glance. She, still silent and pale from the shock she had received, went noiseless-ly and brought the wine by the time the Alas, that it was so short! Well, iet to-morrow take heed of itself, she would And it went quickly, too quickly. War room, dismantled.

dismantica. She poured out a glassful and placed it in his left hand, which, as she saw it trembled very much, she steadied with favor on his guest such as Mona had never seen bestowed on any other vis-litor. Then, in the evening, Waring seemher own. "I fear you are suffering," she said taking

ed never tired of her songs, excusing his frequent denands on the score of his speedy departure to a land where the ditties of a cowboy, or the crack of his whip, were all the music he would hear. Then came the inevitable hour of part-ing.

time." "It canna' be helpit noo, my laddie," said Uncle Sandy, with unusual tender-ness, "and you are right welcome to my ing. Waring had still some business to set "He must get to bed" cried Kenneth.

with authority. "That's the doctor's or-ders. He must be kept ferry quiet, to avoid fever. Mona, will you see that the things are taken out of the phaeton? and the letters, Mona."

boxes, and that where one mary 'I a twinge of rheumatism since, and I his in the shafts. The driver left the bless the day Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cart at the side of the yard. Whether anything frightened the beast or no, I Dr. Williams' Pink Pills never fail

train! They had started in abundant time. Waring was leaning back in a languid manner quite unusual. "Uncle Sandy!" she cried, running to the library, "here is Mr. Waring retura-ing with Kenneth." "Ye don't say so!" cried Mr. Craig, stood in the corner beside his chair, and moving with unusual rapidity to the front door-"What's that for ?" Mona followed, her heart beating

"Fine! Poor Mr. Waring! In his most mona followed, her heart beating fine about him. It is wonderful how isemneth pulled up. "Where's the gardener" he eried, as "Where's the gardener" he eried, as the threw the reins on the back of the bld horse and sprung down. "Mr. War-ng has met with a bad accident, and Kenneth pulled up. "Where's the gardener " he cried, as he threw the reins on the back of the old horse and sprung down. "Mr. War-ing has met with a bad accident, and

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n scarce get out alone." "Guid preserve us! what has happen-

The first time that Waring left hos own room for the drawing-room was a great event. He looked pale and languid, and his eyes seemed unusually large. Mona and Mary had placed cushions and plaids on the sofa, and were ready to welcome him when he came in, leaning on Kenneth's arm. ed ?" cried Mr. Craig. "Rin-rin, and ca' Robbie; he's back frae his dinner." Mona sped swiftly to the garden with-"It's a stupid business," said Waring,

"So glad to see you able to get about again," murmured Mona, placing a pil-low to support his back, and another un-der his head. cheerfully, but in a faint voice. "I'm afraid I shall be on your hands for some time. Macalister will tell you all about it. My right arm is broken." Here the gardener came running up,

it. My right arm is broken." Here the gardener came running up, followed by Mona at a less rapid pace. "Here!" exclaimed Kenneth, "go to te dand made much of. It is a new and shoulder, Waring. I'll help you on the shoulder." "I't thirk I can get out well enough

myself." But when he tried to move, Mona saw quite ready to assist in the process of spoiling you." "Where is Uncle Sandy !" asked Ken-

but when he tried to maye, Mona saw spoiling you." "Where is Uncle Sandy?" asked Ken-"Where is Uncle Sandy?" asked Ken-"Where is Uncle Sandy?" asked Ken-"In the garden, I think. He has a dis-pute with the gardener about asparagus, and he has found some passage in a

pute with the gardenner about asparagus, and he has found some passage in a book on the Kitchen Garden,' which he thinks will annihilate Robbie Sanders." (To he continued.)

COULD SCARCELY WALK

A Rheumatic Sufferer Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Rheumatism is rooted in the bloodthat is a medical fact every poor rheuly and brought the wine by the time the little procession had reached Waring's matic sufferer should know. Liniments room, which the housemaid had not yet and outward applications cannot possibly cure rheumatism. They are a waste of money, and while the sufferer is using them the disease is steadily growing worse-is slowly but surely a firmer grasp upon the entire Rheumatism must be treated "Oh, of course, I am in pain, but through the blood. That is the only way there is nothing serious the matter; ou- in which the poisonous acid can be ly I fear I must be a nuisance for some driven out. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new blood and thus alaccuracy make new blood and thus al-ways cure rheumatism. Every dose of these pills helps to make new, rich, red blood, which sweeps the poisonous acid from the system, loosens the aching joints and muscles and gives the rheu-Every dose of matic new health free from pain. Among those who can bear witness to the truth of these statements is Miss Dorsina. the things are taken out of the phaeton? and the letters, Mona." This done, there was nothing for it but to wait till Kenneth was at liberty to explain the cause of the accident. Meantime she found a letter from Mary, evidently written in high glee, ac-cepting Mr. Craig's invitation, and pro-mising to be with her friends the follow-ing week.

Mising to be with her friends the follow - Although only thirty years of age the ing week. 'suffering I endured actually made me suffering I endured actually made me 'suffering I endur time, and when we found the ticket-clerk ing them, and in the course of a few was not there, we went into the yard to weeks I could see they were helping me. look at some horses that were waiting Little by little the pain began to go, for a box that was coming from Glas-and the stiffness to leave my joints. I continued taking the pills for several horses-and presently up comes fullach, months, when every symptom of the boxes, and that wicked black marging for the disappeared. I have not felt bis in the chaft. The the marging for the unmatism gince, and I a twinge of rheumatism since, and I bless the day Dr. Williams' Pink Pills

murm red Mona, unclasping her hands, and putting back her hair with a pretty troubled gesture, as she generally difficulty. "And-and (we are to speak freely, you know) I was infinitely distressed. I feared I might in some measure-" "No, no," he interrupted. I see what you mean. It is the thought of a kind puesture, as why the spon-isble. I ought to have been man enough anything frightened the beast of no, i Dr. Williams Fins they not in a sudden it start to cure rheumatism, because they go dividuals; ed off toward the gate, kicking and right to the root of the trouble in whole att house; the association relieves nim or all care and responsibility in grading, packing and marketing; and with this work in the hands of expert packers, the grade of fruit can be made uniform, and mia, neadaches and backaches, indiges-tion, neuralgia, St. Vitus' dance, gen-eral weakness, and the distressing irre-gularities that afflict women and grow-ing girls. If you need a medicine you will save money by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at once. See that the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. is wrinted on the wrapper card the packing can be done properly, which, in time, inspires confidence in the pur-chasing public. In short, the co-operative system of handling the apple crop under proper management, assures the People, is printed on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicine deal ers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six consumer of a better product, and realiz es to the grower a greater profit.—Press bulletin from the Ontario Agricultural boxes for \$2.50 from the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. College, Guelph, Canada.

A HOUSEWIFE'S EXPERIENCE.

Zam-Buk Tested by Results.

WOW

Judge a remedy by its cures. Zam-tuk has won its position by what it Buk has won its position by what it has done. If you have skin disease barbers' rash, eczema, scalp sores, a troublesome ulcer, an old wound — if you have a bad cut, chapped hands, or any sore, disease or inflamed condition of the skin, give Zam-Buk a trial, and contrast what Zam-Buk can do for you with what benefit you have reaped from other preparations. To help you in this the proprietors offer a free sam-

ple box to all who send in a one-cent stamp to pay postage. Merit alone should tell in medicine.

Zam-Buk has the merit. It is com pounded from the finest medicinal herbal extracts yet discovered. It is at the same time antiseptic and healing. It

same time antiseptic and healing. It kills all disease germs, it builds up dam-aged or diseased tissue. Doctors pre-scribe it, nurses use it, mothers of families swear by it. "I have been keep-ing house for forty years, and never found anything to equal Zam-Buk," says Mrs. Angus, of Fenelon Falls. "As a household balm and salve it is wonder-ful." Use it for ehapped hands, chil-bleins hurs bruise a buildeart initia ful." Use it for shapped hands, chil-blains, burns, bruises, children's injuries, etc. Also cures piles. All druggists sell at 50c a box, or direct from the etc. Also cures piles. All druggesse sell at 50c a box, or direct from the Zam-Buk Company upon receipt of price 6 boxes for \$2.50.

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Handling the Apple Crop

(By Prof. H. L. Hutt.) In commercial orcharding, the busines end of the enterprise, that of marketing the crop to the best advantage, is second only in importance to that of producing fruit of the best quality.

It is in this particular that there is the greatest need for improvement at

the present time. There are hundreds of apple growers who can grow first-class fruit to every one who can place it on the market, when and where it will bring the best price. The growers who make the most out of their apples are those who keep in touch with the best markets at home and abroad. During the markets at home and abroad. During the shipping season these men watch the market reports daily, and unless prices are satisfactory they hold their fruit un-til good prices prevail. The great ma-jority, however, of those who have ap-ples to sell wait for some buyer to come along and sell for whatever he chooses to offer, usually from fifty cents to a dollar a barrel, or a lump sum for the crop on the trees. The latter plan is nothing less than gambling in apples, and in either case the owner seldom gets one-half what his fruit is really worth, one-half what his fruit is really worth, if it were properly handled. The remedy for this state of affairs,

and what is going to put the apple trade on a better business basis, is for the growers in each apple growing sec-tion to unite and form a co-operative association, through which the grading, backing and marketing of the fruit may e acc plished

During the past year a number of these associations have been formed in various parts of the Province, and the prices obtained by some of them for last year's apples have made the growers en-bhusiastic over this method of handling the crop. An effective co-operative association

for this purpose involves the selection of an honest, wide-awake business manager, and the erection of a central packing and storage house at the most convenient point for shipment. Through such an organization, boxes and barrels can be purchased wholesale to better advantage

maker " Answer, a loose, hang broken limb, which is supposed always to mean danger to the man who gets under it.

under it. And so it goes. A "dead man," for instance, is a fallen tree, but, a "dead head" is a sunken log. A "dory" log is one that is decayed. A single sled is a "dray," but it likewise may also be a "bob," a "crotch," a "go-devil," a "lizard," a "scoot," or a "sloop," but rever a "sled." With fine insight into human nature the woodsman knows the sub-foreman as the "head push." A "loggers' dictionary" has been compiled, which contains all these and many more words just as picturesque. words just as picturesque.

MADEIRA.

Madeira is a little land rejoicing in melow ripeness. As soon as our steamer comes to an anchor off Funchal, the capital town, we realize that we are lying off one of the most beautiful places on earth.

The open roadstead affords at times none to comfortabe an anchorage to the numerou cipal ports of Europe and Africa, but as a ule calm and quiet reign supreme.

Let us hasten to our impression of Funchal from the sea before our venel is boarded and infested with hordes of piratical-looking Portuguese peddlars.

Funchal is seen spreading itself out in an amphitheatre of mountains, on whose great surface the town looks a mere sprinkling of

The town proper, a mass of irregular turreted white houses, interspersed with ancient church towers mounts higher and higher up he vine-clad hills, until it dies away in mere pin-heads of litle farm-houses perched up in almost inacessible positions on the mounain heights,

Here and there a mountain torrent fades its wayward course and takes a final desperate leap over the cliffs sheer into the sea

ate leap over the cliffs sheer into the sea surging far below. To redurn now to our more immediate sur-roundings. On board all is confusion, for the decks are swarmed with swarthy Portuguese, all shouting in despondent, querulous tones, de-manding extortionate prices for their native wares of inlaid wood and of wicker work, for lace, fruit, jewellery, photographs, and what not. The prices at which these articles eventu-ally change hands are ridiculously low. If the ship is surrounded by a flotills of dainty little turf-boats with high cutwaters and stornposts.

The ship is surrounded by a flottile of dainty little turf-boats with high cutwaters and sternposts. Where almost everything else is decaying or in bad repair, the wonderful spick and epanness of these fine little craft is very re-markable. Many of them hold a couple of boys, one a diver and the other his rower. The diver will plunge from the ship or his own cockle after any piece or any number of pieces of gliver thrown into the ses. And the brown backed creature, as much fish as man, never fails to attain his object. He will, if required, dive under the monster ship itself. On landing we are promptly best by a crowd of rascally looking follows, reeking of garlic, who fight for our luggage. This is eventually packed onto a bullock sled. Owing to the steepness and sippery-ness of the streats, there are practically no wheeled vehicles in the place, loccontion being accomplished on horseback in ham-mocks, toboggan sledges, or bullock casa. Morchandise is carried by nack mules or draged about on bullock sledges. All this adds to the picturesqueness of the streets. Each car is drawn by a pair of patient bullocks, in charge of a man and his boy. The former prods the beasts with a stick and shoulders the car round sharp corners, while the latter leade the way, and occasion-

and shoulders the car round sharp corners, while the latter leads the way, and occasion-ally lubricates the runners by placing a grease-laden rag on the ground for the car to run or run and the ground for the car

to run over. The animals ar treated to countenance The animals ar treated to countenance rounds of abuse and encouragement, admin-latered to them in the form of heartrending shrieks and shouts.

istered to them in the form of neartrenums shrieks and shouts. The cars look like gondola cabins on skates. No greater speed than a slow walk is in-duked in. The roads and pathways for miles around are bautifully laid by hand with little black pebbles, which are frequently arranged in intricate patterns.

intricate patterns. These pebbles have, through constant wear, been flattened on the top, and being covered with grease from the cars are difficult be walk upon.

Walk upon. To make matters worse, wherever a climbs a hill, its surface, in place of is crossed horizontally by a series of sli rounded ridges, to walk on which is t human surple science and matter imal a science and an art, for they

you mean. It is the thought of a kind heart; but you are in no way respon-sible. I ought to have been man enough to do right for right's sake. No one is to blame but myself. I let that pas-sion for gaming, which I confessed to ou once," he signed quickly, "quite rermaster me; in fact it was a bad bit vou once," of my life just before that day I met you in Kensington High street, walking with young Macalister. Then I had a se-vere attack of fever. I was all but gone. If I had been of any value to any one. should have died, no doubt, After that

I came to my right mind, and determined to do what I could with the remains of my fortune. In so doing I lost more. Then I fell in with my present partner, and threw in my lot with him. The life is healthy, and rather suits me. I shall

stick to it, and perhaps, make some-thing of it. Do you know, it quite cheers me up to feel friends and all right with

at any rate for the few hours 1 l'remain; and even after, though probably we may never meet again, you will give me a kind though, and a good

ometimes."

he fell, and got a kick from the mare on the shoulder, while the wheel went over his arm. He was insensible for a few From a' young Leslie (I canna bide his ither name) from a' he tells me, I'm thinking he'll do weel oot yonder. It's ried him to the doctor's, who, by good luck, was at home. He was some while setting it, for it's a bad break; but he a rough life, but it's honest and healthfu', and he'll get more guid oot o't than he'd find among a pack o' proud, upset-ting fule-bodies in London." Then with says it was a mercy he was so far from the beast's hoof, or the shoulder would have been smashed, which would be a much more serious matter. As it is, it's a groan, "Eh. but my limbs are bad the day. Noo, my dearie, just look at the city article, an' after that, there's somea nasty bruise. Waring seemed chiefly put out about missing his passage, but I promised to write to his partner for

thing aboot the colonies I want to hear." promised to write So Mona put away the strange, pas-

"It was verra unlucky," said Uncle ionate regret which had overwhelmed her, and read steadily for more than an Sandy. hour, by which time she was completely herself. Then Uncle Sandy wished for a "And there's his dream come out,"

observed Kenneth. "Ach! hold yer havers aboot dreams, an' sie like fule-talk!" cried Uncle Sanwalk, and took her arm, pottering about till nearly dinner time, and still Kenneth did not return. "I wonder what keeps the lad," said

an' sie like fuie-tark: cried Oncie San-dy, contemptuously. "Well, may be it is; but I heard him mutter to himself something about 'his fate,' and he is not a superstitious Hie-Mr. Craig. "He isnt' often so long on the road; and I begin ta want my denner." "We need not wait for him "Doctor Donaldson did not think his

"Naw, but it wants mair than half an hour yet to the time. I'll tak' a cup o' milk wi' a drap o' whiskey intilt, just to

"Dector Donaldson did not think his injuries dangerous?" asked Mona. "Oh, no! Specially if he did not get feverish. He's coming over to see him this evening. I'll just have the big easy chair in his room to-night, and doze a "I always thought kindly of you," said "I always thought kindly of you," said Mona, gently, while she felt the tears in her eyes. "You deserve so much from me. Yes, it is very nice to be good friends; and you must tell me all about your life in the wilds." "I beg your pardon," cried Kenneth; "I beg

me. Yes, it is very nice to be good friends; and you must tell me all about your life in the wilds." "I beg your pardon," cried Kenneth, bursting into the room; "but I could not get away before. Come, we hand lost too much time already." "Would your cousin come along with us," asked Waring. "I titled, and Uncle Sandy was not the man to forego a hair's breadth of his she can waiks to far. It is a fine morning. What do you say, Miss Craig?" "I should like to come very much," and Mona, frankly. She felt delight-edly at home and at case once more. "I must ask Uncle Sandy if he can spare me; and I can turn back when I hare gone far enough, so as not to imped your progress." She went swiftly away to seek her un-ele. Waring walked to the window, and stood with folded arms in deepest thought, quite oblivious that Kenneth mat in a few minutes the trio were dimking the hillside to cain the upper

that she had permission to absent herself and in a few minutes the trio were climbing the hillside to gain the upper road by a short cut. It was a very delightful expedition. Waring said the scenery surpassed all Waring was beside him! What had hap-the had ever scene before for beauty, pened? He could not have missed the "You will be of the greatest assist-"You will be of the greatest assist-

The Stay-at-Homes.

The summer months bring comparative leisure not only to the city dwellers who

"I thank you with all my heart for what Baby's Own Tablets have done for my little girl," says Mrs. An-toine Charette, jun., of St. Boniface, Que. "When I began giving her the Tablets she seemed to be pining away, but after using less than a box she was rapidly gaining and she is now a fine, fat, healthy little one, and I write you this as the acknowledge. flee to the country or the seashore to escape the hot weather, but to a great ma cape the not weather, but to a great ma-jority of the stay-at-homes. Many people who are too busy during the rest of the year to make a satisfactory selection of staple articles, such as household sup-plies, for intance, find time to do their buying in July and August. Newspaper appeals framed to catch the attention of this class of showners will be not

and I write you this as the acknowledge of this class of shoppers will help mat-erially to stave off midsummer dullness. This is the time for the merchant who wants to keep busy to solicit the trade of folks who are not busy. Advertise in the Times.

Gives a Good Excuse.

If some of the type is standing on the wrong end this week please excuse is, or we are in about the same fix; the cause is a ne wdaughter born on Monday in our home which

in our home which is a howling success.—Bosworth, Mo., Sentinel. DODDS KIDNEY PILLS L KIDNEY DISE BRIGHEUMATISH The public may

are messured to fit and tread and facilitate the cilmbing of bullocks only. Going uphill, it is best to amble, taking two ridges with one foot and one with the other, and, coming down, best to sit down and trust to one's breeches or walk and trust to Providence.

ond trust to one's breeches or walk and trust to Providence. To obviate these difficulties the natives wear brown leather to-boots with soft soles. A favorite way of coming down into town from the heights is to hire a sledge some two or three miles up and toboggan down. The sledge is saved from destruction by a couple of natives, who run or haung on behind and guide the flying vehicle round the sharp curves and dangerous corners en-countered on the descent. One gets an exhilerating sensation of being shot through space, for the way is so steep that it frequently looks as though one must fly off at a tangent, clear the town below at one bound, and plunge into the sea be-yend, or-horrible thought!-fall foul of the cathedral spire. The constant guitar playing, the architec-ture, and the costumes of the people all re-mind one of Spain. The me are atired in dark trousers, a white shirt, a wistcoat worn open, and a round somberen that, look like so many toreadors. Despite their flerce appearance, the men are polite, gentle, and kind-hearted; more-over, they are as industrious as they are poor. The only beauty posseed by the women

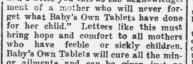
over, they are as industrious as they are poor. The only beauty poessed by the women lies in their hair and in their eyes. The bulk of the population is sallow and undersized, but the old people are very Rem-brandtesque and paintable. Charming pictures are always composing themselves around the fountain at the base of the Government House. There are several other most beautiful fountains scattered about the town, usually surrounded by a pitcher-haden crowd. aden crowd.

laden crowd. The quay with its promenaders its constant "valet vient" off all sorts and conditions of people is most entertaining while at sum-set time this quay and—on those ovenings when the military band discourses sweet musie—the public gardens will be found equal-

music-the public gardens will be found equal-ly anusing. The town swarms with flithy but pictures-que beggars of every age. Certainly the old people do appear to be in the direst want. Discase, hunger and other terble troubles have left their mark on their poor wisened faces and krecked bodies. These beggars sound the only sad not in one's joyous walks through a sunny land. At dusk the streets reveal to us new beau-tics.

At dusk the streets reveal to us new beau-ties. The quicter ones look mysterious and us-canny: they seem to shiver and tremble with awe at the approach of night. Deep down between the tall houses all the whitewashed fronts a cold blue and the pebbles of the roadway a deeper purple. Overhanging balconies and dark shutters increase the gloom which contrasts strongly with the colors of the dying sunset seen in a little strip of sky overhead. Underfoot is a mass of vegetable refuse, unheeded by the cadaverous-looking people who are moving about slightly and stealthily. The gentle moonlight comes as a relief, silvering, as it does, all but the gloomy shad-ows in the steepest, most toriuous parts of saw, a "bully" is a foreman of a logging camp, a "choker" is the noose of wire rope. "Of course," you say. But what is a "goosepen?" Why, a big hole barnad in the standing tree. Easy? Well, then, here's another. What is a "widow-

THE LOGGER'S VOCABULARY. Man of the Woods Has a Language of His Own. The language of these woodmen, of-en more forcible than elegant, 's as



A THANKFUL MOTHER.

or ailments and can be given just as or animents and can be given just as safely to a new born baby as to a well grown child. If you cannot get these Tablets from your dealer write The Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and get them at 25c a box.



