

The True and The False

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Joseph Barton arrived in a plain travelling carriage, on the last of May, and on the first of June Joseph and Letitia were quietly married at the village church, and amidst the smiles and good wishes of their friends, they departed for their far western home.

The wedding day of Maud and Falconer was appointed for Thursday, the 21st of June—the glorious summer solstice. Had the arrangements been left to the disposition of the beautiful, but unassuming, young heiress, or her gifted lover, their marriage would have been just as unpretending as that of the Bartons. But the management of the affair rested not with the youthful pair; they had scarcely a voice in the matter. Neither Falconer nor Maud were in the least degree responsible for the splendor that attended their marriage. Falconer, in fact, was in Washington, where he remained until the week of the wedding.

Mrs. Lovel, as the matron nearest of kin to the bride, as well as nearest at hand for the occasion, was properly and rightfully assumed the office of mistress of the ceremonies. Now, we all know pretty little Mrs. Lovel's passion for display, and to that was due the ostentatious splendor of the preparations. She took her niece to New York, and, without the least regard to cost, for the little maid were not drawing up on her own funds—selected a magnificent tulle dress, which was a bridal dress and veil of matchless beauty and splendor, and a set of opals of the purest water. They then returned to Howlet Hall, where Mrs. Lovel remained to superintend affairs until after the marriage. Months previous she had written to Sir Henry and Lady Percival, advising them of the approaching event, and expressing the great pleasure she should feel could they make a visit and be present at the ceremony. This she had written as a mere form of courtesy, little thinking that her invitation would possibly be accepted. It was, therefore, with as much surprise as pleasure that upon their return from New York Mrs. Lovel found a letter from Lady Percival, conveying cordial congratulations to the bride and bridegroom, and announcing the speedy arrival of herself, Sir Henry, and Lady Percival, with a costly and elegant corbillé—the baronet's offering to the bride.

"Friends shower gifts upon me—they overpower me with kindness," said the gentle girl, with tears of sweet emotion in her eyes.

On the Monday of the marriage week Sir Henry and Lady Percival arrived at the Hall, and were most cordially welcomed by Mrs. Lovel, in the name of the youthful lady of the house. Little Maud was well pleased to see the little bustle of their arrival would subside before the coming of Falconer, who was expected to reach the neighborhood on the twentieth.

Accordingly, on the morning of that day, the guests at the Hall had the thoughtfulness and good nature to keep out of the way and leave Maud to herself to that the first meeting of the young pair should be alone.

Without knowing why she was left, Maud was nevertheless very glad to find herself the sole occupant of her drawing-room.

She had attired herself with that poetic beauty which—say as you will—only can inspire and teach for the beloved one's eyes. Her morning dress was pure and delicate white cambric, slightly edged with the finest lace. Her luxuriant hair of golden autumn fell in resplendent ringlets down her beautiful and blooming face. Expectation had heightened the vivid flush of her cheeks and kindled the brilliant light of her eyes.

And then her heart fluttered in her bosom like a wild bird in its nest, for her spirit perceived almost before her ear the coming of her lover.

There was a quick, light sound of horse's hoofs galloping up to the door, the elastic spring of the rider from the saddle, hurried footsteps up the portico, a word with the servant in waiting at the door, and in another instant Falconer was in the room, and Maud was in his arms, pressed to his bosom, warm heart to heart, flushed cheek to cheek, and the golden ringlets to raven locks. It was a close, silent, impassioned embrace of fervid, pure, young love—a love ineffable and of joy—a joy too great for speech!

She was the first to recover self-possession. With her beautiful face dyed

with blushes, she gently strove to release herself.

And he, with a love too tender to constrain, freed her, still lightly holding one white hand, and gazing with unutterable affection upon her charming, downcast face.

And how handsome he looked, with his fine, athletic, yet graceful form, and dark, resplendent countenance full of strength and fire.

He spoke first. "Maud! my own Maud! faintest angel! look up! Let me see your blessed eyes!"

Smiling a little at his enthusiasm, she lifted her white lids and shot one swift, shy glance into the dark splendor of his eyes, and then dropped them again in a confusion so beautiful and bewitching that her lover nearly lost his reason, and snatched and strained her to his bosom in a delirium of passionate delight!

Again she extricated herself, suffused with rosy blushes, and he led her to a seat. And there, close by her side, with his arm enfolding her waist, with his other hand clasping her fingers, with his eyes resting in measureless content upon her lovely countenance, and reading there the prophecy of long years of love and joy unpeakable, he began to tell her of the fullness of his heart, to tell her of his infinite affection; of his long and bitter sufferings in the past; of his bounding delight in the present, and his rapturous hopes for the future.

And she spoke of his artist life; of his brilliant success; of the pride and pleasure she took in his growing celebrity, and her perfect faith in his future immortal fame. What joy to hear his praises from her lips! He felt almost overpowered by them. He could only raise her hand to his heart and press it there again and again, murmuring between his lips: "My queen! my queen! or some other epithet of enthusiastic affection."

When she ceased speaking, he arose, and with a bright smile took a rich casket from the table, and, with a charming blending of deference, with playful fondness, dropped upon one knee and presented it to her, saying:

"Here is the first ring of my labor, and I lay it at the feet of my liege lady, humbly entreating her acceptance of the poor gift."

It was a magnificent parure of pearls, that a royal bride might have envied. It had taken the whole proceeds of the sale of his greatest works to purchase them. He had condensed, crystallized the labor of years in one costly offering, and laid it at her feet. They represented, he said, many thousand vulgar dollars, but painful days and nights of toil and study, glorious days and nights of inspiration!

The worldly, the sordid, the cold and the prudent, might blame this extravagance. So did not Maud, his beautiful bride. The gift touched her heart, as it could not have done had her bridegroom been a millionaire, who had only drawn a cheque upon his banker for the price of the jewels. But this was the labor of years. Her eyes filled with tears, her bosom heaved with emotion, and her voice faltered, as in lovely humility she said: "I am not worthy, dearest Falconer; but I accept your precious gift; it is inestimable; its cost cannot be calculated; every gem here stands for daysof toil of an artist's priceless toil."

Yes! and priceless love, too. Heaven make me deserving of it! And she bent forward and clasped her arms around his neck and dropped her beautiful head upon his shoulder and wept such blissful tears! Presently she lifted her face, all radiant with light and love, and whispered:

"I, too, have a gift for you, dearest Falconer; but it is not so precious as yours. Oh, no; not nearly so worthy of your acceptance; for love has not toiled for it!"

And, rising, she went to an escritoire and took out a packet tied with red tape, and came up to where he stood and put it in his hand. He unfolded and examined it, while she leaned upon his shoulder.

It was a deed of conveyance of Howlet Hall, and the whole of her landed estate, signed by O'Leary, regularly and legally drawn up, signed, witnessed and sealed.

"I had reserved it for to-morrow," she said, simply; "but indeed I could not resist the pleasure of putting it in your hands to-day."

"And you—the richest heiress in the State—have thus conveyed to me the whole of your property, and left yourself penniless!"

"What of that? Are not our interests one?" she whispered, shyly, fondly. "Yes! blessed be Heaven; they are one; but, being one, why did you not keep the estate in your own right? It would have been the same thing, since our interests are inseparable. Answer me, why?"

"Oh!" said Maud, hiding her blushing face in his bosom, and speaking in the soft, low tones of shy devotion, "you do not know a woman's fond, dotting heart. She does so delight to depend upon her husband; to owe all things to his love; to receive everything from his hand! That is the way with her. God has made her so!"

This was a new revelation to Falconer. His face might have been an artist's study for a demi-god! It was all glorious with inspiration, and "Blessed be God for woman!" he ejaculated. Then, disengaging himself from her shy embrace, he tore the deed in fragments and threw it upon the floor.

Maud regarded this sudden change with a look of perplexity and trouble. But he turned, with a radiant smile, opened his arms, and gathered her to his bosom, saying:

"It was the idea of my taking this patrimony away from you that kindled my scorn! Dear love! sweet Maud! it was beautiful—it was lovely—in you to offer it, but it would have been loathly in me to take it! Sweet Maud! that lovely epithet of endearment suits you yet!—Sweet Maud!—for you are sweeter than life and immortality to me!"

Now, let the worldly-wise blame them if they will for that devoted affection, perfect trust, and generous self-abandonment so natural to youth and love—and making such celestial happiness at its last.

At 8 o'clock the next morning the whole wedding company assembled in the gorgeously furnished saloon of the Hall. The central group, the "cynosure of neighboring eyes," was, of course, the bridal party. I wish you could have seen the young pair as they stood there in the midst of the superb room, surrounded by the small but splendid company, and waiting to pledge each other those willing vows of love and faith to last through life and—in their hearts they added, beyond death!

Falconer looked handsome, imposing, princely. His dress was of invisible blue cloth, with the coat facing, the vest, stock, etc., of rich white satin. His figure was drawn up to its fullest height; his dark and splendid countenance was irradiated with the love and pride and joy he could not entirely suppress.

Maud was such a beautiful and peerless bride! She wore a magnificent dress of white brocade, deeply flounced with Brussels lace; the bertha and the sleeve falls of the same trimming. Her rich veil, of ample size and cobweb texture, fell around her beautiful form like a transparent mist; a wreath of orange blossoms crowned her head, and her splendid, gold-hued ringlets flashed down each side her blooming cheeks, making a sort of halo around them. Her eyes were fixed upon the ground. Three young ladies, in white satin and white rose wreaths, and three young gentlemen, in the proper wedding dress, officiated as attendants. The Rev. Mr. Henry performed the ceremony, and Sir Henry Percival gave away the bride.

Falconer pronounced his vows in a earnest tone, with his eyes fixed upon his beloved. But Maud's voice faltered very much, and her eyes constantly sought the ground, until when she came to be asked:

"Maud, wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband, to live with thee after God's ordinance in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou obey him and serve him, love, honor and keep him in sickness and in health, and forsaking all others, keep thee only unto him as long as ye both shall live?"

Then, making a generous effort over herself, she lifted her soul-lit eyes to meet her bridegroom's gaze, and answered, earnestly:

"I will!"

When the rites were over Mrs. Lovel lifted the veil from the bride's face, and friends pressed around with congratulations.

A sumptuous breakfast was waiting in the dining room, to which the company soon repaired. It was a breakfast after the French style, with meats, and game, and pastry, fruits, and light wines, etc. And healths were drunk, and toasts were proposed, and jests, and good wishes, and congratulations were passed around—and so the marriage festival came to an end at last.

A superb travelling carriage, drawn by a pair of high-spirited dappled gray horses, stood before the Hall door. And as soon as the bride had changed her wedding dress for a riding habit, the young pair bade adieu to their friends, entered the carriage, and set out upon their bridal tour.

It was to be a very extensive one. They proceeded to New York and embarked for Europe, where they spent several months in travel.

They had thought to glide very quietly and unobtrusively through the continental tour, but everywhere in the old cities of the Continent had the young artist's fame preceded him; and in every country where the love of liberty and the esteem of political righteousness prevailed was the memory and name of Daniel Hunter the watchword of the people. And in all places were attention and adulation lavished upon the beautiful young woman—the only daughter of the mighty Daniel Hunter and the bride of the first sculptor of his time. And everywhere Maud's heart beat high at the honors paid to the memory of her father and the genius of her husband!

They returned to their native country and reached Washington the following January, in the height of the session of Congress and of the fashionable season. Here also, quietly as they had glided in, they were received with great eclat. The celebrated young sculptor was the lion of the season. The memory of Daniel Hunter was green in the hearts of his countrymen; and parties, all of parties, united now to do his great nature justice; and his only representative, his beautiful daughter, was everywhere attended with the most distinguished honors. Maud once more found herself the reigning queen of the capital, while Falconer was its last and greatest celebrity.

In March the young pair sought once more their beautiful country seat at Howlet Hall—for a reason that will soon appear. For in June there was their heir born to the estate—a fine boy, who received baptism the name of Daniel Hunter. And the happiness to the young couple needed nothing to complete it.

And now in conclusion, it is only necessary to add that the neighborhood improvements which had been projected and commenced by Mr. and Mrs. Hunter were carried out in the most judicious and youthful proprietors of Howlet Hall. Under their auspices the mountain hamlet of Summit has sprung up to be one of the most flourishing villages in that section of the country.

And, at this moment, Howlet Hall is the elegant seat of refined hospitality; the honored shrine of genius; and the favored abode of domestic love and bliss.

The End.

MILLIONS IN SWAMP LANDS.

Those in Louisiana Alone Could Support All Holland.

Louisiana to-day embraces within its boundaries an area which is in its present condition as useless to its people as a corresponding area on the high seas.

Yet, according to the Southern Farm Magazine, this now worthless area, something over 7,000,000 acres, is the greatest body of fertility in the world, except probably in the Amazon flood plain.

The cultivated portion of the alluvial district south of Red River is to-day supporting the densest agricultural population of the United States—a population of 330 to the square mile of cultivated land, omitting entirely the urban population of New Orleans.

Based upon what the alluvial lands are now doing, the undrained lands of Louisiana—lands to-day wholly unoccupied—are capable of supporting, not counting the cities which would exist there, over 3,600,000, a population exceeding any one of forty States of the American Union.

Cultivated as the sugar district of Louisiana now is the annual wealth produced would be worth the present value of the cotton crop of the United States and exceed by millions the value of our entire wheat crop.

Holland, on an alluvial area (2,750,000 acres) considerably less than one-half of Louisiana's undrained area, and with a fertility not up to the Louisiana standard, supports about 5,000,000 people, and up to the highest standard of Europe. Holland is almost a synonym for wealth.

Egypt, with a cultivated alluvial district (6,340,000 acres) considerably less than the one under discussion supports 10,000,000 people, up to the European or American standard, but since the population supported to the square mile is about the same as in Holland, the lower standard of living is doubtless due to the character of the people.

On 1,500,000 acres of land Egypt produces fully one-seventh as much cotton as does the whole United States; that is to say, one acre of cotton in Egypt is worth approximately four acres in this country, and we are buying a continually increasing proportion of Egyptian cotton every year.

Egyptian is a more valuable cotton than our standard cotton, but it is worth less than our Sea Island cotton. It happens that Sea Island cotton grows to perfection on the sea coast lands of Louisiana, and we have here enough first class Sea Island cotton lands, when once drained, to duplicate in pounds and to exceed in value all of the long staple cotton produced in the world, Egypt included.

Beyond question the drainage of the remaining marshes and swamps in the United States is the most important natural development awaiting us, and is sure to be done by the present generation. Scores of drainage projects are now actively under way, and thousands of acres have already been brought under cultivation with most satisfactory results.

The production of these new lands far exceeds that of the older cultivated lands of this famously productive delta, and except where reclaimed by companies for the purpose of sale they are rarely offered at any price. Here the drainage movement is getting momentum, and it will not stop until south Louisiana has become the richest agricultural community of its size in the world.

WEIGHED FOUR POUNDS.

WHEN FOUR MONTHS OLD.

Most of the sickness that comes to babies and young children is due to the fact that they are out of condition. It is then that they are cross, peevish and upset the whole household. These are troubles that Baby's Own Tablets always cure promptly. Here is proof: Mrs. J. Stewart, Everton, Ont., says: "My little girl thrived so badly that at the age of four months, her stomach was badly out of order, and although the doctor treated her he did not help her. Then I got Baby's Own Tablets and right from the first they helped her and now she enjoys perfect health. If your little one is ailing try Baby's Own Tablets—always so good; cannot do harm. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25c a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont."

Case for an Expert.

"Have you fixed up my will just the way I told you?" asked the sick man, who was the possessor of many needy relatives and some well-to-do but grasping ones.

"I have," asserted the lawyer.

"Just as strong and tight as you can make it, eh?" asked the client.

The lawyer nodded.

"All right," said the sick man. "Now I want to ask you one thing—not professionally—who do you think stands the best chance of getting the property when I'm gone?"—Youth's Companion.

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FARM GARDEN

COW TESTING ASSOCIATIONS.

Dominion Department of Agriculture
Branch of the Dairy and Cold
Storage Commissioner.

The records of two associations in the Province of Quebec are full of interest.

In one association the highest yield of any cow in a certain herd during six months, June to November, was 132 lbs. fat. In a neighboring herd the best yield was 200 lbs. fat, or a difference of 68 lbs. fat. This is a difference in the earning power of these two cows of at least seventeen dollars in six months. This is not a contrast between a good and a poor cow, but between the best cow in each herd. In this case twenty cows of the one kind equal forty-four of the other, as regards value of product. Why should not the returns from scores, yes hundreds, of our dairy cows be increased by seventeen dollars? They could be very easily, if farmers were fully alive to the possibilities of systematic improvement. We must aim higher.

In another association a more startling difference is discernible. In one herd the best cow yielded 450 lbs. fat during the full period of lactation, while the best cow in another herd gave only 141 lbs. With butter fat at 25 cents per lb. the one cow is credited with \$11.70, and the other with only \$3.52. This is a difference of \$8.18 between the two cows. Assuming that the cost of feed is the same in both cases, and is \$30, we find that 12 cows in the one case would equal 188 of the other.

C. F. W.

Care of the Farm Well.

(London Free Press.)

A very important service rendered by the Chemical Section of the Experimental Farm at Ottawa is in the free examination of well water, from samples submitted.

The farmers of Canada can not only have their seed grains analyzed at this great establishment, and obtain all available information concerning vegetable and fruit crops, but the quality of the water which they drink or supply to their live stock is carefully inquired into and reported on, when they have reason to think that it is not as it should be, and send samples to be tested.

The report before us contains some valuable information on this point. In time of excessive drought, as was the case in the summer of 1906, over a great part of Ontario, the condition of the water in the farmyard and back door well frequently becomes a serious menace to health. Fortunately, by its offensive taste, odor or appearance, such water, as the chemist in his report remarks, carries its own condemnation.

The absence of such indications of pollution, however, is not to be taken as evidence of purity. In most cases the wholesomeness of a water can only be determined by a chemical process.

Of 281 samples sent to the department, only 90 were analyzed, the remainder being set aside for insufficiency of quantity for the purposes of a proper test, or dirty bottles or corks.

The ninety waters upon being analyzed were reported on as follows: Good and wholesome, 28; suspicious and probably dangerous, 21; contaminated and totally condemned, 30; saline, 11.

Two samples credited to London, Ont., marked "W. E. S." are returned as "suspicious." Samples from Forest and Winchester as "seriously contaminated." One from the latter was found "seriously polluted." One sent from London, Ont., marked "A. H. C." was returned as "decidedly suspicious."

Perfectly pure water is a rare exception. In many instances where the supply is thought to be absolutely beyond question, the chemist's report is a shocking revelation of misplaced confidence.

While the work at Ottawa is excellent and trustworthy as far as it goes, it is folly to suppose that it goes far enough, or is adequate to protect the vast bulk of people dependent upon pure food supplies from the farms of the country.

The report before us points out, the health and thrift of the stock depends on the quality of the water supply to which they have access. It is as necessary to have pure water for farm animals as for man, and intelligent, progressive farmers recognize this fact.

In the dairy and cheese factory pure water is essential, if the products are to be pure, of first-class quality and flavor, and keep well.

It is said that an active movement is on foot for the inspection and analysis of the water supplies of all farms, dairies, etc., in Ontario, supplying dairy products to the public, and such a measure is to be commended.

It is useless to expect pure food in meat or milk from sources where the water used is "polluted," "contaminated" or "suspicious." The water in farm wells, or in urban conduits, should be as far as possible above suspicion.

Blending Wheat.

Ontario farmers ought to be vitally interested in the process of blending wheat. Blending means not only better flour, it also means a growing demand and higher prices for Ontario wheat.

Stripped of all technical terms, blending is the process by which the millers grind Ontario wheat with a little Manitoba wheat. Just how much of each kind, has been found out by a series of careful tests running back for years. These tests show that a blend of flour, containing just the right proportions of Ontario and Manitoba wheats, has the good qualities of both, and is best for both bread and pastry.

The good housewives of the Maritime Provinces were not prejudiced against blended flour. They were perfectly willing to give Ontario flour a fair trial against the western wheat flour. As a result of impartial tests, blended flour is used in practically every home in the far east. Why do not our farmers see the extravagance of enriching the western wheat growers at the expense of their own pockets? Here are our farmers, raising little wheat—and

spending what money they make out of their crops, for western wheat flour. It certainly seems that all this money should be kept at home—and it can be if our farmers will stop using Manitoba flour and buy blended flour, made of their own Ontario wheat.

During the past season New York farmers did not raise flour enough for the beer brewed in the State. The hop crop fell to about 50,000 bales, or less than 10,000,000 pounds, the lowest figure for more than half a century. A decade ago the crop averaged between 20,000,000 and 25,000,000 pounds.

How Hot is the Sun?

A discussion as to how hot the sun is has been carried on between French scientists. Prof. Milohou, the physicist, says:

"We have seen that by applying Stefan's law to the numbers given by various observers for the solar constant, we find that the sun's temperature is between 5,600 degrees and 7,000 degrees. Wilson and Gray in 1902 made a direct measure of this temperature [by means of the thermoelectric pile] and obtained 5,573 degrees. There is yet a third method of evaluating the solar temperature; it consists in an application of the physical law of radiation known as the law of displacement. The product of the wave length corresponding to the maximum of intensity in the spectrum emitted by the body, multiplied by its temperature, is a constant quantity which has been found by experiment to be 2,900. Now the maximum of energy in the solar spectrum is found near wave length 0.5, which would make the temperature 5,800 degrees."

"The agreement of the results reached by these various methods is certainly not due simply to chance, and we may assert that the effective temperature of the sun is nearly 5,400 degrees C. [9,700 degrees F.]"

BRIGHT EYES, ROSY CHEEKS.

Every Girl Can Have Them by Keeping Her Blood Rich and Red With Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

In the early days of her womanhood every girl—no matter what her station in life—should be bright, active, cheerful and happy. Her steps should be light, her eye bright and her cheeks rosy with the glow of health. But the reverse is the condition of thousands of young girls throughout Canada. They drag along, always tired, suffer from headaches, breathless and with palpitating heart after slight exercise, so that merely to go up stairs is exhausting. This is the condition doctors call anaemia, which means weak watery blood. In this condition Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the only reliable and safe medicine. These pills actually make the new, rich, red blood that can alone give health and strength, and thus make weak, listless, pale-faced girls bright, active and strong. Miss Abina St. Andre, Joliette, Que., says: "I am more grateful than I can say for the benefit I have found in the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was weak, run down and very miserable. I suffered from severe pains in my back and chest; had a bad cough; no appetite, and would lay awake most of the night, and what sleep I did get did not refresh me. I tried several remedies, but they did not help me, and I, as well as my friends, feared I was going into a decline. At this stage a friend who came to see me strongly urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and providentially I acted upon the advice. After using a few boxes my appetite improved and I began to sleep much better at night. This greatly cheered me, and I continued taking the pills for some time longer, when the change in my condition was really marvelous. I was feeling as well as I ever had done. I could sleep soundly at night; the pain and cough had disappeared, and I felt an altogether different girl. I am so grateful for what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me that I cheerfully give you permission to publish this in the hope that it may point the way to health to some other weak and despondent girl."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are good for all diseases due to weak watery blood. That is why this medicine cures rheumatism, indigestion, neuralgia, St. Vitus' dance, paralysis, and the aches and pains, backache and headaches caused by the troubles women alone suffer from. You can get these pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

New Curative Agencies.

The present dislike of drugs and medicines has, of course, grown fanatical; nevertheless, there is a truth behind it which can no longer be ignored. And if medical science is to regain the esteem of the world, it must fairly and squarely take the ground that for the great majority of the ailments that afflict American humanity the contents of the pharmacopoeia are of very limited efficacy; that for these the directly curative agencies must be moral and physical. Indeed, it is to this position that the most advanced medico-psychological experts are now coming.—From Rev. Samuel McCombs' "Christianity and Health," in the March Century.

An Orchestra of Murderers.

In order to relieve the monotonous life of the convicts of Nuneaton, the capital of the French penal settlement in New Caledonia, the authorities have consented to the organization of an orchestra, recruited from the ranks of such prisoners as are musically inclined. The conductor who formerly played at the Paris Opera House, has thrice been convicted of murder, the first clarinet was an innkeeper who slew six of his customers, while the operator on the big drum made away with his landlord. The solo cornet murdered his father, and the trombone his wife.

The hands of a good home are forged in heaven.

Girlhood and Scott's Emulsion are linked together.

The girl who takes Scott's Emulsion has plenty of rich, red blood; she is plump, active and energetic.

The reason is that at a period when a girl's digestion is weak, Scott's Emulsion provides her with powerful nourishment in easily digested form.

It is a food that builds and keeps up a girl's strength.

ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND \$1.00.

