

Let Us Be Kind.

Let us be kind; The way is long and lonely, And human hearts are asking for this blessing only— That we be kind.

We can not know the grief that men may borrow, We can not see the souls storm-tossed by sorrow, But love can smile upon the way today, tomorrow— Let us be kind.

Let us be kind; This is a wealth that has no measure This is of heaven and earth the high est treasure— Let us be kind.

A tender word, a smile of love in meetings, A song of hope and victory to those entreating, A glimpse of God and brotherhood while life is fleeting— Let us be kind.

Let us be kind; Around the world the tests of time are falling, And for the loved and lost these human hearts are calling. Let us be kind,

To age and youth let gracious words be spoken, Upon the wheel of pain so many weary lives are broken, We live in vain who give no tender token— Let us be kind.

Let us be kind; The sunset tints will soon be in the west, Too late the flowers are laid upon the quiet breast— Let us be kind.

And when the angel guides have sought and found us, Their hands shall link the broken ties of earth that bound us, And heaven and home shall brighten all around us— Let us be kind.

SHORT STORY

A Soldier's Sacrifice.

(Continued.)

The news of Travers' arrest and of the charge against him had spread through the camp like wildfire and caused the greatest excitement. The men, disregarding for once the authority of their officers, rushed at the prisoner as he was marching through the lines and would have torn him to pieces had they not been bidden back by the guard, who so vigorously used their muskets for clubs. As it was, when, half an hour later, he was taken before the drumhead court martial, over which Washington himself presided, he was feebly bruised and covered with blood. He made no defense. He seemed to be completely crushed and returned no answer at all or responded in scarcely audible monosyllables to the questions addressed to him. It was agreed that his explanations to Col. Dayton were too weak to merit serious consideration when compared with the straight forward reports of the sergeant, given with great embellishment of detail.

There was no time to lose. The safety of the force depended upon a hurried advance, Washington's anxiety was depicted upon his martial visage. But it was imperative that the execution should be summary and as imposing as possible, in order to properly impress the troops with the heinousness of the offense and to serve as a warning to the prisoner's accomplices, for it was not doubted that there were other traitors in the camp. It was deemed impossible for any member of the rank and file to obtain needed information that had been sent to the enemy, and the court had exhausted every means of inducing Travers to disclose the names of his fellow culprits.

The army was drawn up in three sides of a square, with the commander in chief and his staff in the center space. The condemned man, after being marched along the front of the ranks, was placed against a tree. The muskets of the execution platoon were leveled at his breast and the officer in command had raised his sword, which, when lowered would give the fatal signal, when a shriek was heard, there was a commotion on one side of the square and a soldier rushed forward calling wildly upon the man not to fire.

The general held up his hand as a signal to the officer commanding the firing party to wait. Col. Dayton sprang his horse toward the man who was the cause of this sensational interruption. The soldier clasped the officer's knee and said something to him as he bent from his saddle. Suddenly Dayton shook him off, ordered a sergeant to arrest him and gashed pale, galloped back to the chief, who was waiting with visible impatience and annoyance at the delay. A few minutes' earnest conversation passed between them, while the army looked on in breathless wonder at it all. The colonel's report resulted in the postponement of the execution and the immediate resumption of the march to the Delaware

An Ancient Foe

To health and happiness is Scrofula— as ugly as ever since time immemorial. It causes blemishes in the neck, disfigures the skin, inflames the mucous membrane, wastes the muscles, weakens the bones, reduces the power of resistance to disease and the capacity for recovery, and develops into consumption.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

will rid you of it, radically and permanently, as it has rid thousands.

Meanwhile the condemned man had fainted.

The army had safely crossed the river and had quartered in a large village. Enthusiastic recruits were pouring in from every direction, and Washington was preparing to turn back and resume the offensive in New Jersey. Travers' imprisonment in an upper room of a farmhouse had roostered somewhat from the terrible emotions through which he had passed and the ill usage to which he had been subjected, but he was haggard and emaciated. He spent most of his time stretched upon his mattress. He did not know why he had been respited. None of the men who guarded him and brought him food ever spoke to him. He lived in hourly expectation of being led out to die, and indeed he would have welcomed death as a happy release from his sufferings.

On the afternoon of the fourth day of his incarceration the door was thrown open and Col. Dayton stalked in. Travers staggered painfully to his feet and the colonel faced him with folded arms. The prisoner stood at attention, with lowered eyes and dogged, listless mien, waiting to be questioned, but Dayton did not speak. Then the former looked up wearily, and a flush came into his white cheeks. His uncle, with heaving breast and the ears streaming down his face, was gazing at him with an expression of unspoken tenderness and grief.

"My boy, my poor, poor boy!" he cried, clasping him to his breast. "My old heart is broken. Can you ever forgive me? Could I, as I gladly would, give my life for you, I could not recompense you for your noble sacrifice and the suffering I and mine have caused you. Oh, Ernest, Ernest, I am not deserving of your pity, yet I need it sorely."

"Don't uncle; don't talk so; you are killing me! This is the hardest of all to bear, sobbed Travers, greatly agitated. "God could not permit the preparation of such a crime as the ignoble snuffing out of your life," said the colonel. "He has surely marked you for a higher destiny. In His infinite mercy, He maddened with remorse him in whose stead you had suffered and would have died, forced him at the supreme moment to confess his iniquity, and I, my pride justly humbled, thank Him on my bended knees for having saved my wretched son from the additional guilt of murder."

"The story of George's undoing is an old one—none the less pitiable for the retelling. Unknown to me he had been living a fast life with debauched and wealthy young fools than himself. To produce the money wherewith to gratify his vicious tastes and pose as their equal, he took to gambling, got heavily, hopelessly into debt and was shown the only way for to save himself and me from ruin by a brave companion, rich and in the service of the king. He succumbed to the temptation. "In whom can a father have confidence if not in his son? When I became attached to the general staff I employed George to do clerical work for me and in this way he was able to obtain from confidential dispatches and otherwise information valuable to the enemy. Of course, I never doubted him for a minute. He feigned to second me zealously in my efforts to discover the traitor who was betraying us. The improbability of your story, the suspicious circumstances of your arrest, compelled me to judge you guilty. George confessed that agents of the king's government are posted in every hamlet. He had the list and was seeking the nearest agent, whom he supposed was stationed at no great distance from where we were encamped that night, when he lost his way in the wood and was captured by you. He did not know who you were till you dragged him into the light after his appeal to you to let him go. You were misguided, my poor boy, in releasing him."

"How so, uncle? What else could I do? It was not for his sake. Had he been by own brother I would have had no pity. But could I by delivering him up to justice, wrick the lives break the hearts of you and my son, who have been more than father and mother to me, and of my gentle little Priscilla, my affianced wife? Surely not. I had intended on returning to camp to accuse him to a sense of the enormity of his conduct, force him to quit the army and to prove in some way, on pain of exposure, his devotedness to the cause for which we are fighting. I felt that this threat, held over his head, would keep him on the right path. But when I found myself in the unfortunate position in which I was placed, there remained only one way of repaying you—if it, in ever possible to repay you—for your kindness to me and that was by hiding the truth. Anybody in my place would have done the same."

"I fear not, my dear Ernest. Nevertheless, when George had confessed I divined your generous motives, understood the full extent of your sacrifice, and I have come with your pardon and an officer's commission conferred upon you by the commander in chief, who was greatly impressed when I acquainted him with the circumstances of the case, and orders you to report to him personally when you are in condition to return to service."

Her Cough Racked Her Terribly.

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP Effected A Cure.

Obstinate coughs and colds yield to the grateful, soothing and healing power of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, and for the racking, persistent cough, often present in consumptive cases, it will be found exceedingly beneficial and pleasant to take. The use of it is generally indicated wherever symptoms of throat, or lung troubles appear, but especially so with all persons of a consumptive or catarrhal tendency, as its prompt curative properties speedily remove the danger, and restore the throat and lungs to a sound healthy state if used in time.

Mrs. Edward Patterson, Young's Cove Road, N.B., writes:—"I have had occasion to use Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, and can say that it is certainly a good medicine. About a year ago I contracted a severe cold which settled on my lungs, and left them in a very weak state. The cough racked me terribly, and I was in despair until a friend advised me to give Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup a trial. I got a bottle, and used two bottles, and have never been bothered since. I would not be without it in the house."

Price, 25c; family size, 50c. Manufactured by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Woman Friend—Jack, your wife is unhappy. She says you are less attentive than you used to be.

Young—But I am engaged in business. I am just getting a foot hold.

W. F.—Yes and she believes that you think more of your business than you do of her.

Y.—Isn't that just the way! The moment that Fortune begins to flirt with a man his wife gets jealous.

MIRNARD'S LINIMENT CO., LIMITED. GENTLEMEN—I have used MIRNARD'S LINIMENT on my vessel and in my family for years, and for the every day ills and accidents of life I consider it has no equal.

I would not stir on a voyage without it, if it cost a dollar a bottle. CAPT. F. R. DESJARDIN. Sobr., "Storke," St. Andre, Kamouraska.

First Loader—Hello, Bill! Got a new overcoat, I see. What did it cost you?

Second Ditto—Six months I never wear cheap duds.

Minard's Liniment cure Neuralgia. "So Miss Lorena Lingorlong is to be married at last?"

"Yes, she has finally lived down all competition."—Judge.

W. H. Wilkinson, Stratford, Ont., says:—"It affords me much pleasure to say that I experienced great relief from Muscular Rheumatism by using two boxes of Milburn's Rheumatic Pills. Price a box 50c."

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff. Wife (complainingly)—The Williams' house is much larger than ours. Husband—Yes, my dear, and so is their mortgage.

Every man expects to find a dollar or two in an old vest pocket.

Mary Ovington, Jasper, Ont writes:—"My mother had a badly sprained arm. Nothing we used did her any good. Then father got Hagyard's Yellow Oil and it cured mother's arm in a few days. Price 25 cents."

Betty—I shall not wed until I can marry a hero.

Alice—Well, my dear, just show any man who proposes to you a schedule of your yearly expense and if he doesn't back out he is a hero.

Couldn't Do Housework HEART WAS SO BAD.

Mrs. Thomas Melville, Saltcoats, Sask., writes:—"I thought it my duty to write and tell you how much your Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills did for me. My heart was so bad I could not sleep, eat, nor walk about the house. I could not do my housework at all, what my husband could not do to go undone. I had two small children depending on me besides three men to cook for, and it worried me to not be able to do anything. My husband had taken some of your pills, some years ago, and insisted on me trying them, so I started, and before I had taken them two weeks I was considerably better, and before I had taken two boxes I was doing my own work again. Anyone suffering from heart or nerve trouble of any kind should just give your pills a trial. If anyone cares to write to me I will gladly give them all the information I know concerning your wonderful medicine."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c per box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Our store has gained reputation for reliable Groceries. Our trade during 1912 has been very satisfactory. We shall put forth every effort during the present year to give our customers the best possible service.—R. F. Maddigan.

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