

A L I E.

(London Evening Standard.)

There is no weapon that can balk its thrust, No steel or proof can cast it harmless by; No stainless honor or unscathed trust Can foil the fiendish malice of a lie. The poison sinks insidious from its sting; The taint corroder, the black absorb the light; And contradiction spreads a useless wing To check the hateful triumph of its flight. We speak of Time's correction, and of Truth, Whose great tribunal waits to test and try; We look for sweet oblivion—yet in sooth There are few things more deathless than a lie.

A Brave Coward.

'I don't know just how to explain it,' said Margaret West. The young man stiffened, and a slow smile, in which there was a hint of grimace, curved the corners of his mouth. 'I rather think I understand,' he said quietly. 'You are disappointed in me, isn't that it?' She was silent for a moment. 'Yes, that is it,' she said at length; and at something in her voice his face hardened. 'Then you want me to enter that road race on Thursday?' he asked. 'Yes, said simply. 'And because I won't.' She turned to him quickly. 'It isn't that I'm tremendously interested in the race, it's interrupted him, 'nor that I care a snap whether or not you win it. The point is—the point is—'

She paused; her brows drew together in a little frown; her fingers toyed nervously with a bit of wistaria she had broken from the creeper that covered the porch. 'I want you to be in it—to go over the course. That would be sufficient,' she finished. 'I see,' he said. 'You want me to disprove these stories that are going the rounds about my lack of nerve. Is that it?' 'Yes,' she said again. 'He drew himself up. His shoulders were squared. His attitude was that of a man summoning to his aid all his moral courage. 'The stories they have told you are quite correct,' he said somewhat haughtily. 'Oh,' she said, and in her voice there was something of pain, and something, too, of weariness, as if she had been expecting this very thing, and yet was unwilling, even in her preparedness, to hear it. 'They are perfectly right in what they say of me,' he went on calmly. 'I have lost my nerve. There's nothing would tempt me to take up road racing again.'

'Nothing?' she questioned. 'Nothing,' he repeated inexorably. 'I am not in the habit of offering an explanation nor any excuse for my position in the matter; but I would like you to know the circumstances. Would you care to listen to them?' 'If you choose to tell me,' she said dully. 'You remember that race three years ago over the Meadow Island course,' said he. 'Well, it was then it happened. Stanley was with me. He and I had a good lead. We were tearing past the curve at the old charob, letting the car go for all there was in her. As we swung that turn I saw a child just in front of us, not twenty feet away, it seemed. 'How she got past the ropes that held the crowd back, I can't say; but there she was right in the course, and not the ghost of a show, apparently, of escaping us. I don't know to this day what saved her. I only know there was a great gasping sigh from Stanley and a groan from the crowd. I tried to swing out from her, but there was so little time. Anyway it was some sort of a special Providence that saved her. We shot past her so close that I shut my eyes.'

The girl saw a nervous tremor shake the big shoulders. Her eyes narrowed. 'But the child wasn't hurt, you say?' she asked. 'Not in the least. But those few seconds were enough for me. I couldn't stand them again. That is why I am out of the game—a coward, if you choose to put it that way. The girl said nothing. She sat looking out at the sparkling lake with troubled eyes. 'At length Graham arose. 'I don't blame you in the least for thinking of me as you do,' said he, 'nor for being disappointed. Good-bye!'

He slid from the rail, and went down the steps to the big car standing in the drive. He had pulled on his gauntlets and was just climbing into the car, when around the corner of the boathouse came a wild-eyed dishevelled gardener. 'Mr. Graham, sir, he panted, 'will you be gettin' the doctor,

All Stuffed Up

That's the condition of many sufferers from catarrh, especially in the morning. Great difficulty is experienced in clearing the head and throat.

No wonder catarrh causes headache, impairs the taste, smell and hearing, pollutes the breath, deranges the stomach and affects the appetite.

To cure catarrh, treatment must be constitutional—alterative and tonic. 'I was ill for four months with catarrh in the head and throat. Had a bad cough and raised blood. I had become discouraged when my husband bought a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and persuaded me to try it. I advise all to take it. It has cured and built me up.' Mrs. HOON ROBERTS, West Lacombe, N. S.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cure catarrh—It soothes and strengthens the mucous membrane and builds up the whole system.

quick? Tim Conley's fell from the stagion on the stables where they're paintin' an' he's hurted bad, sir. 'Tis dead he'll be in ten minutes if the doctor's not fetched before that. Harry—for God's sake, hurry!' 'I'll have him here in five,' Graham called, and put on all speed. The car sprang forward like a thing alive, and went tearing down the drive in a great cloud of dust. Margaret, who had run to the edge of the veranda, saw him swing into the roadway beyond, and the drifting dust which tore high above the poplars told of the terrific pace he was setting.

It was four minutes later, after a nervous pacing of the verandah, that she heard the whir of the approaching car again. She ran down the steps, and hurried along the drive to the roadway. Up the hill, with honking horns, came a dull black streak. She could see Graham bending low over the steering wheel, and the doctor, halless and begrimed with dust, clinging desperately to the seat beside him. Then out of the cross road just below where she stood, and directly in the path of the incoming cyclone, came a rattling farm wagon, driven by old Mrs. Clark, who was deaf as a post. The girl covered her eyes and screamed. There was a wild yell, the sound of splintered wood, and a terrific grinding crash.

When Margaret looked again the wagon alone was in the road; the automobile, turned on its side, lay against the shattered fence. In the field beyond lay two huddled figures. In a moment the girl was running in that direction with all the speed she could summon. As she reached the scene of the accident, one of the two figures scrambled limply to his feet. The other painfully propped himself upon an elbow. Then she saw that the man who stood erect was the doctor.

Even as she came running into the field she heard Graham's voice, rather faint, it is true but perfectly calm. 'How badly are you hurt, doctor?' 'I'm all right. Never mind me. I'll be fresh as a lark when you get back.' Margaret ran to his side, and kneeling down began to wipe the blood from his face. Already the doctor was making a hurried examination, while Graham fumed and fretted, and bade him hurry to Tim Conley. 'H'm!' said the doctor at length. 'Pretty badly smashed up, but we're lucky, both of us, to get out of it as well as we did. Talk about your nerve! By Jove, the way he swung that car out of the way was magnificent. Never a thought for himself nor me, either, I'm convinced,' he ended.

He pulled a roll of bandages from his case and handed them to the girl. 'Just do up his head and stop the flow of blood as best you can, if you will, Miss West,' he commanded. 'I'll go up to Conley's and fix Tim up. Then I'll come back here and set Graham's fractures.' He went limping up the road, and the girl bent closer to Graham. 'It was splendid!' she cried, her eyes shining. 'That?' said Graham. 'Oh, that was nothing. I had to do that, you see. It was a question of killing the old lady or getting a bit banged up myself.' Her face was very close to his. Something warm and moist struck his cheek. 'Those wicked stories they told about you—she began. 'They're true,' he declared. 'I have lost my nerve. I couldn't go into a road race to save my life. This was different, you see. This was something that had to be done.' Two warm lips were pressed to his grimy blood-stained forehead. 'Had to be done?' she repeated meaningly. 'Oh, you delicious simpleton!'

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CONSUMPTION In the cure of consumption, concentrated, easily digested nourishment is necessary. For 35 years Scott's Emulsion has been the standard, world-wide treatment for consumption. ALL DRUGGISTS

How He Succeeded.

The train whistled out of the station and was getting under way. Suddenly an elderly woman started up with a hurried, bewildered manner, exclaiming: 'Was that Starkey? Starkey's my station! I must get off.' The 'must' was emphatic.

'This is Starkey,' her seat companion answered. 'You're too late, though.'

A tall newsboy was carrying his papers through the car. At sight of the distressed woman, he threw them down in a vacant seat, rushed forward and grabbed the conductor. In an instant the bell rang, and the train came quivering to a standstill. Everybody had taken an interest, though some laughed as people will when distress seems comical. Everybody breathed freer when the motherly figure walked away, with a parting wave of the hand. The newsboy gathered up the papers and renewed his monotonous call. Mrs. Pollard trudged back to Starkey station. Over a quarter of a mile she had gone beyond it. 'What did possess me?' she thought. 'The Lord helped me off—the Lord and that boy. I do hope He'll keep me till I can walk on something safer than railroad ties!' It took her ten minutes or so to reach the station, and she puffed painfully as she stopped to get her bearings. 'Yes, now I know where I am,' she said. 'That's Melissa's house 'round that corner. I expect she's up and about by this time. Frank wrote she was so much better.'

As she approached her daughter's home, a curious air of stillness struck and chilled her. No, there was no crepe on the front door; she couldn't help waiting to see. Hesitating to ring, she stole round to a side door which opened, as she knew, into the family sitting room. Softly she turned the knob and entered. Frank Henderson, the son-in-law, started from his chair where he was sitting dejectedly. 'Mother!' he said, in a whisper, while something approaching gladness crept into his eyes. 'Melissa? What does it mean?' Mrs. Pollard anxiously questioned. 'Oh, mother,' the strong man almost sobbed. 'She was doing so well—maybe she overdid. Yesterday she had a relapse—I telegraphed you; of course, you'd started first. Last night we doubted if she'd pull through till morning, much less till you could make the long journey. She couldn't speak much, but every time she did she moaned for mother. Doctor said you'd do her more good than medicine.' The poor fellow groaned anew. It had been hard to see his young wife pining for a mother's tenderness. 'I'm so glad you came,' he added, fervently.

Mrs. Pollard was a master hand in sickness, and courage seldom forsook her. Then and there she made her resolve. First lifting her eyes as if beseeching heaven, she placed her hand firmly in Frank's trembling fingers. Her very touch was strength. 'I've pulled Melissa through many a disease before you ever set eyes on her,' she announced cheerily, 'and please God, Him and me'll pull her through now, don't you worry, son Frank, it takes the heart out of you.' She set her lips resolutely to keep back her own tears.

'Just let me put on a white apron; I wouldn't look natural to her without that, and I'll go up.' 'Don't startle her, mother.' 'Startle her?' the tone showed that Mrs. Pollard needed no warning. Very quietly she walked into the sick room, and as quietly motioned the nurse to give up her chair by the bedside. Mrs. Pollard seated herself and laid her warm palm on the thin hand which rested on the counterpane, softly stroking it. The invalid stopped her moan, and softly lifted her tired eyelids. There was reason and recognition in the glance. 'Mother,' she breathed with a sigh. 'Yes, lovey, I said the tender voice. 'Now, mother's going to give her back this little bit of milk, and then baby's going to sleep. There, there, dear.'

The nurse looked on amazed. Was it magic? This treatment was not down in the books. 'You're wife is going to live, the doctor told Frank Henderson that night. 'And it will be mother love that did it. If Mrs. Pollard hadn't come in the sick of time I wouldn't dare to say she'd be alive this minute.' 'Two months later, when Melissa was quite recovered, Mrs. Pollard started for her eastern home. To all entreaties she answered, 'No, my child, I'm getting to be an old woman, and home is home. When you're both well, Almira needs me most. She hasn't any husband, and we've

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Mr. Harry Graves, Junken, Ala. writes:—'I can not say enough in regard to your wonderful Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills. For four years I was troubled with my liver, and at times it would go so bad I could not move around. At last the doctors gave me up saying it was impossible for me to get cured. My father got me four vials of your Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills, but I told him there was no use trying them and that it was only a waste of money, however I took them and to-day, six months later, I am a well man and weigh twenty-four pounds more than I did. I would advise all Liver sufferers to use them. Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills are 25 cents a vial, or 5 vials for \$1.00, at all dealers, or will be mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

'You seem to have a lot of money.' 'Do I?' 'Yes.' 'That's all right.' 'But I'd like to know one thing.' 'Spell away.' 'Where'd you get it?' 'Say, do you take me for a grafter?' 'Minard's Liniment Co., Limited, GENTLEMAN.—In June, '98, I had my hand and wrist bitten and badly mangled by a vicious horse, I suffered greatly for several days and the tooth cuts refused to heal until your agent gave me a bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT, which I began using. The effect was magical; in five hours the pain had ceased and in two weeks the wounds had completely healed and my hand and arm were as well as ever. Yours truly, A. E. ROY, Carriage Maker, St. Antonio, P. Q.

'How did you get through the census ordeal, Miss Backnumber?' 'Oh, very nicely.' 'Did you tell the man how old you were?' 'I certainly did.' 'Did he fall dead with surprise or was he polite about it?' 'Minard's Liniment cures Diphtheria

'Mr Speaker,' said the insurgent congressman. 'For what purpose do you arise?' asked the speaker. 'If I may judge the future by the past, for the purpose of sitting down again.'

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