### OUR SHORT STORY

"The Making of a Soldier." \*666666666

"Yes, Mary," said the old farmer, as he climbed into the wagon beside his wife to drive homeward, "I've got a letter, and it's from William. You

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take the lines and I'll read it." As they drove out of the village and over the bridge and up the long hill the husband and father slowly read aloud the words written by his soldier son-now at the fort. It was a gloomy letter. It told of hardships and sufferings and privations, and not one brave word was to be found from

beginning to end.
"Poor boy!" sighed the mother, as the reading was finished and she relinquished the lines.
"Wall, I don't like it!" replied the

"He was bound to go in father. "He was bound to go in spite of everything, and now he ought to put up with things and not be a baby. Them Spicer boys don't send home no such letters as this."

"I-I wish he hadn't gone!" "But he did go, and now he's got to grin and bear it, same as the rest. Don't you let on to nobody that he's homesick and ready to cry. If the nayburs got hold of it they'd poke all manner of fun at him and be sneering

"But we can sympathize with him," "A little, mebbe, but we ain't goin'

to say very much. I'm going to write him that he wants to take things as they come and be a man. There's them Spicer boys and Tom Johnson and Henry Doolittle and Ben Smith, and nobody ever hears a whine from

"It's 'cause William is homesick to

"Wall, he must get over it then. didn't want him to go, but bein' he's down there he musn't play baby, and make us ashamed. I'd feel like hangin' myself if our William flunked out of a fight or deserted his colors. You've bin doin' the writin,' and I guess you've writ too softly."

Down on the Rapidan, in the old Sixteenth, Private William Hopkins wasn't making a good record for himself. For the first four weeks of army life he was cheerful and enthusiastic, but after that a change had come. Homesickness is worse than a fever or a wound for a soldier. Every man with a home had had a touch of it, but most of them had thrown it off.

Perhaps he tried to, but if so he didn't succeed. The boys got onto him, and though they felt pity for him, they did not spare him their gibes and He was the booby of Company G, and even his tent-mate had a feeling of contempt for him. One day the orderly sergeant dropped in

on him to say:
"Look here, Bill Hopkins, this thing has gone far enough! You are making a first-class fool of yourself, and if you don't brace up the boys will give you away at home. Get out and chase yourself and fling this homesickness off. A boy 10 years old would be ashamed to mope around as you do!" Private Hopkins was hurt by these remarks, instead of being braced up, and turning his face away from the sergeant, he then and there resolved on a desperate deed. He would desent at the first opportunity. He wouldn't admit that homesickness had anything to do with it. He had been

They had given him an extra guard 11-used duty-extra work around camp-had bullied and jeered him in place of giving him a fair show. He could figure out that the captain and both lieutenants were down on him, and of the ninety men of the company he was the martyr. He had given no cause for this, and he wouldn't submit to such indignities. He was certain of sympathy from father and mother, and once more back at home he would stay there, even if he had to hide in the garret. Every soldier who lets the feeling of homesickness get the better of him follows the same train of thought and arrives at the same

An opportunity to carry out his conclusions. plan came to Private Hopkins much sooner than he had hoped for. Company G was ordered out on a night reconnoissance and, pale-faced and weak-kneed, the homesick boy took his place in the lines. No one expectany fighting, but it so happened that a small force of the enemy was in the neighborhood and there was a skirmish and the company was driven back. At roll call it was found that five men were missing. Two of those had been left dead in the road and two others were believed to have been wounded and crawled into the bushes. The fifth man was Private Hopkins, and it was altogether likely that he ad been taken prisoner. At any rate,

Body building, as they understood it in Greece and Rome, seems a lost art. Young men flat chested. flabby muscled. slouch along the streets, with scarcely one physical attribute of manhood. And yet these young men would like to be well muscled, supple, erect and hardy. But they don't know how to go about it. They try dumb bells, rowing and boxing, but only in a half hearted way. These sports should be play to them but are really work. The main factor in this condition is an ill nourished body. The stomach is not work-

ing properly. The digestive and nutritive organs are not in active health. The result is that the nutrition for the body is not distributed in proper proportions to make blood, bone

and muscle. Weak young men who take a course of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will find a marked change in their physical strength and energy. The body will be built up so that gymnastics will not tax and tire them, but be the natural exercise enjoyed by muscles which are

nourished into firm health. In a letter received from A. D. Weller, Esq., of Pensacola, Escambia Co., Fla. (Box 544), he states: "I have, since receiving your diagnosis of my case as stomach trouble and liver complaint, taken eight bottles of the Golden Medical Discovery' and must say that I am transformed from a walking shadow (as my friends called me) to perfect health. I value your remedies very highly and take pleasure in recommending them to any and all who suffer as I Gid. Four months ago I did not think to be in shape to assist our 'Uncle Samuel' in case of hostilities, but thanks to you, I am now ready for the 'Dons.'"

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure biliousness.

he was thus recorded on the company roll until something more could be

learned. As a matter of fact, the homesick boy had a narrow escape from capture, but the danger had no sooner passed than he found his opportunity to desert. Throwing away his gun and accourtements, he headed for the federal lines, and, having reached them, he set to work to dodge pickets and sentrice. When recepting some he and sentries. When morning came he was clear of those who would have halted him. With three months' pay

in his pocket he stood a good chance, and two weeks later, dressed as a citizen, and after a dozen close shaves, he found himself within a mile of home. Up to that moment, when a turn in the highway gave him a view of the old homestead, he had been con-sumed with impatience to reach the farmhouse. Of a sudden he felt dis-satisfied and began to wonder and re-

flect. He had departed amid the waving of flags and the cheers of hundreds. He was sneaking home as a deserter, almost dodging the cows and sheep in the fields. A loss of self-re-spect came to him and he heartly wished himself back at the front. He would go on, though.

He was penniless and way-worn and he wanted sympathy. Perhaps, after a stay of a week he would go back to the army. When he told father and mother how he had been abused they would not blame him-would not call a case of desertion. It was sundown when the boy approached the barn across the fields. He caught sight of his mother at the kitchen door and he heard his father in the barn. From the hour he had deserted up to this he had pictured to himself how he would rush into the house and take the old folks by surprise, but now he changed the programme. He went skulking along the fence until he reached the barn, and there was shame on his face as he entered and stood before his father.

When the old man heard a step he looked up and stood leaning on the pitchfork in his hands. He saw his son William before him. The boy had been heard of last at the front. He was here and in citizens' attire, and he had no shout of greeting. If it had been a case of furlough he would have been in uniform, and some news would have come in advance. Ideas passed through farmer Hopkins' brain like flashes of lightning, and after a long minute his face grew stern, his eyes had a cold look in them, and the watching son realized that the truth was known.

"Well?" hoarsely queried the father, with stern-set face.
"They—they didn't use me right down there!" almost wailed the boy

in reply. "And so you ran away?" "Yes. It wasn't exactly deserting,

"But ye sneaked off like a cur. never mindin' the disgrace sure to fol-

For half a minute they looked into each other's eyes. The boy's knees grew weak and his face went white, and the face in front of him was so hard and cold that he wondered if he had ever seen it before. By and by the father sternly said:

"Stranger, I take it from yer bein' here that ye'd like supper and lodgin's, but I must tell ye that we can't acmodate ye!"

boy felt a chill pass over him. "That is," continued the father, "unless ye was goin' right back to the army to do yer duty as a soldier, and to stay until honorably discharged. I wouldn't let a deserter share the pen with my hogs! Better come a leetle further into the barn while we talk and if yer moth-I mean if my woman comes out ye kin get into the

The deserter instinctively moved forward a few feet, and as he did so he heard his mother's voice singing a

"I've got a son down at the front," the farmer, in a voice which bled a little. "His name's Wilsaid trembled a little. liam Hopkins, and he's in Company G of the Sixteenth. If ye was goin' down I'd send word to him. I'd sent word that he was expected to be a man among men, and to come home with a record as good as the rest. I'd hev ye also say to him that if he deserted his colors he'd never call this place home Did ye say ye was goin' right back to the front?"

The son nodded his head. "And to stay there till the end of

the war Another nod. "Wall, then, I shall hev to do sunthin' fur ye. I'll go into the house and git ye a bite to eat, and when it comes dark ye kin take the hoss there and ride over to Strongville. From there ye kin take the kars, ye krow and I'll pick up the hoss next day. 've jest paid the taxes, and I'm short money, but I'll bring ye out \$20. I gress that will git ye through. If ye don't git through, ye—ye—"

"I shall get through," whispered the deserter. "If ye was a son o' mine, I'd expect ye to or die tryin'! Jest wait here till I git the things fer ye."

Ten minutes later the farmer was back in the barn, having a bite to eat in one hand and a \$20 greenback in "You are purty sure to see William?" he queried as he handed over

the articles. "Wall, tell him jest what I said, and tell him his mother won't know nuthin' about it. Ye-ye didn't meet anybody

what knowed ye as ye came along?" The deserter blushed and shook his "And ye won't meet anybody goin' over to Strongville? In about ten days I shall be lookin' fur a letter from William at the front. and he'll tell me if he's seen ye yit. There's the

hoss and saddle, and as soon as it's dark ye'd better be goin'. Good-bye to ve. stranger." "Good-bye." One day as Company G had just finished drill the missing private, William Hookins, walked into camp in He had

charge of the provost guard. on a portion of a federal uniform, and he had approached the pickets from the direction of the enemy.

"And so you were taken prisoner and escaped!" exclaimed the captain. "Yes. I got away." "Well, I'm glad to see you back.

feared you had been wounded and crawled away to die. Better write a letter home this afternoon, as the old folks will be worrving about you. You seem to have had a rough time of it, but you'll soon pick up." The prodigal soldier had finished a page of his letter when the orderly sergeant stuck his head into the tent

to say: "Say, I'm mighty glad it happened Those rebs have knocked some sand into you somehow. You don't look like the same man. How's the homesick

business? "Good! All it wanted was a sort four feet high w of shock to drive it away, and you got them comfortably.

one. If you hadn't gone out with us that night you would have kept on brooding over things until you'd have played, the fool and deserted. All played the fool and deserted. All played the fool and deserted. All right—all right, you'll make a soldier

And two months later Farmer Hopkins returned from town one day with a letter in his hand, and as he tossed it to his wife, he said: Wall, Mary, our William is gittin'

"What do you mean, Joel?"
"What do you mean, Joel?"
"Why, he fit so well in the last big battle that they've went and made him corporal, and he says he's purty sure to git up three or four pegs higher afore the war is over." "You don't say? Wall, I allus told ye he'd do suthin' to make us feel proud o' him, and now ye see I was

right." "Y-e-s," replied the farmer, as he led the horse into the barnyard to be unhitched.

"But ain't ye tickled about it?" "Sartinly I am, but I was thinkin'—thinkin'—whoa, there, but can't ye stand still a minit till I get this tug

#### Boys and Girls.

Dolly Takes Tea. When dolly sits down to the table.

And everything's ready, you see— With cookies and water for Mabel, And water and cookies for me, We nibble and chatter with dolly, And offer her "tea" from a spoon,

And often our meal is so jolly, It lasts through the whole afternoon. Till Mabel jumps up in a hurry, And says that she really must go, And I say, "Oh, truly, I'm sorry, And dolly's enjoyed it, I know."

Then gayly we clear off the table, When dolly has finished her tea, With cookies and water for Mabel, And water and cookies for me.

#### -St. Nicholas How Mildred Saved the Deer.

[By Anne Spottswood Young.] "I don't believe a lame dog or a sick cat or an old horse will ever come to this house!" wailed a small lassie not long ago. Brother Jack looked up from his newspaper with a puzzled expression. His little sister's eyes were full of tears and her lips were trembling very much indeed, and something dreadful seemed to be the matter. In a moment Jack's paper was thrown aside and the little sister was on his

knee being comforted.
"Why, Mildred," said the big brother, what can you want with old horses and lame cats and dogs? It's 'raining cats and dogs' outside now. Shall

I go out and get some?" Mildred laughed at this in spite of the lump in her throat, but she sobered in a moment, saying, with a little

"It does seem funny to wish for such queer things, Jack, but I know you won't think it's queer when I tell you all about it. I belong to a club at school, and everybody in the club must try to help some poor sick animal and make it better, or else feed hungry ones, and do all they can to make animals happier. We've had the club three weeks now, and all the girls and boys have fed starving cats and dogs, and one boy made a man stop beating his horse, and every one of them has helped an animal but me, and I have looked and looked for one, and all found was a mouse in a trap. that go, and the cook was awful cross about it, so I can't even do that now The club meets here tomorrow, and we all have to tell something we've done, and there hasn't a lame or hungry dog or cat been round yet. I've watched all day, and now it's raining and getting dark, and I know I won't have a single thing to tell at the club." Mildred winked very hard to keep from crying and Jack hugged her

close a minute as he said: "Well, I wouldn't cry about it. I know something you did a few weeks ago that you can tell at the club. You saved a little deer's life." Mildred was so surprised that she could hardly speak for a minute.

"Why, Jack," she said at last, "I haven't seen any deer for a long, long time, not since last summer at the Zoo; but—" she added, slowly, "it must be true if you say so." Jack must be true if you say so."

You find it hard to believe, don't

'Yes." admitted Mildred. "Well, this is how it happened," said ack. "About two weeks ago a cer-Jack. tain little girl I know was singing to her doll, and a certain young man, who happened to be the little girl's brother, was all ready to go hunting. As he came into the room where his little sister was, to say good-bye to her, she looked up, saying. 'Oh, Jack, you're going hunting! 'I wish you wouldn't kill any more dear little rabbits,' and the big brother said, 'I am going 'way up among the hills to hunt for deer this time,' and the little girl cried a wee bit and begged him not to go; but he laughed and teased her until she laughed too, and when he went away he heard her singing once more to her

"'Dear little dimpled darling has never seen Christmas yet. "Now it happened that there were not very many deer in the woods, and that the hunters did not have good luck. The big brother tramped and tramped through the woods, but no deer did he see until the very last day. Then he happened to be all alone standing near a brook, when suddenhe heard the soft patter of feet, and on looking up there stood the prettiest little fawn you ever saw, right on the bank of the stream, a few vards from The big brother stood very still him. indeed and drew up his gun, took a good aim, and was just going to pull the trigger, when the deer began walk slowly toward him. She had beautiful large brown eyes, and for a minute they looked like your eyes his little sister's eyes, I mean-and he seemed to hear the song the little girl was singing when he left home, 'Dear little dimpled darling has never seen Christmas yet.' and—well, the fact is, he could not have killed that deer any more than he could have shot the little oirl if she had been standing there.

The deer came quite close to him, and

then bounded away and was soon out of sight and quite safe." That was so interesting, Jack, that I almost forgot that you were the 'big brother' and that I was the 'little girl.' It was brave of you not to kill her when you had such a good chance. I guess I really did save its life, because if it hadn't been for me you would have shot it, wouldn't vou?"
"I'm afraid so." answered Jack.

"You're a dear, dear brother, so you are and I'm awfully proud of you, and I'll tell the club about it, and they will be glad too."—The Outlook.

A million silver dollars would oc-cupy, in round numbers, 120 cubic Therefore, a room, or rather a box, six feet long, five feet wide and four feet high would accommodate

## 

"It Micht Ha' Eeen Waur." When failures becloud the blue of your

And troubles begin in torrents to ust think of the floods that others have whelmed

And say to yourself, "It micht ha been waur,"
-You're drenched, but no droon'd; it micht ha' been waur.

When out on life's sea your vessel in wrecked, Beyond the relief of a humanly shore Cling fast to the spar God's put in your hand

And say to yourself, "It micht ha" been waur.' -Some haven't a spar; it micht ha' been waur!

When Death, blanching Death, stalks into your street And knocks with appalling hand at your door: Hold fast to the hope God's put in your

And say to yourself, "It micht ha' been waur! -What if you'd nae hope! It micht ha' been waur!

And when you shall stand before the Great Judge, Who'll open the Book and scan your May He in His love forgive where

vou've tried, And say to your soul, "It micht ha' been waur,"
"Gang ye wi' the sheep, it might ha' been waur.' -John H. Finley.

#### Common Things.

Give me, dear Lord, Thy magic common Which all can see, which all may

Sunlight and dewdrops, grass and stars and sea. Nothing unique or new, and nothing Just daisies, knapwood, wind among

the thorns; Some clouds to cross the blue, old sky above: Rain, winter fires, a useful hand, a

The common glory of a woman's love Then, when my feet no longer tread old (Keep them from fouling sweet

things anywhere), Write one old epitaph in grace-lit words: "Such things look fairer that he sojourned here."

#### The Inquest.

-The Spectator.

Not labor kills us; no, nor joy, The incredulity and frown, The interference and annoy, The small attritions wear us down.

The little gnat-like buzzings shrill. The hurdy-gurdies of the street, The common curses of the will-These wrap the cerements round

And more than all, the look askance Of loving souls that cannot gauge, The numbing touch of circumstance, The heavy toll of heritage.

It is not Death but Life that slays, The night less mountainously lies, Upon our lids than foolish day's F. B. Money-Coutts.

#### **Grace Before Meat**

A correspondent asks The Advertiser for some specimens of "Grace Before Meat." Accordingly, we give those Meat." Accordingly, we give those presented in Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott's Manual of Family Worship:

Lord God, Heavenly Father, bless unto us these thy gifts, which of thy tender kindness thou hast bestowed upon us; through Jesus Christ , our Lord. Amen.

Almighty God, Heavenly Father, we give thee thanks for all thy gifts and goodness; and pray thee, as thou feedest our bodies, so also keep our souls in the true faith and confession of thy name; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

We give thee thanks, O God, our Father, for all thy benefits, through Jesus Christ our Lord, who, with thee, liveth and reigneth; world without end.

Our Heavenly Father, sanctify to our use, we beseech thee, these provisions of thy love, and us to thyself and thy servce. Amen.

We accept, O Lord, these gifts as from thee, who art the giver of every good and perfect gift that descendeth from above. Teach us, in receiving them, as we live upon thy bounty, so to live in thy glory; for Christ sake. Amen.

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nnot speak too strongly DEAR SIL MENT. It is THE remedy in my househeld for burns, sprains, etc., and we would not be without it.

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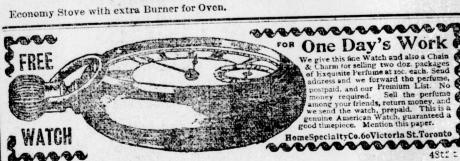


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