

# The True and The False

## CHAPTER XIX.

"I am pleased that you have brought this sweet little girl home with you, Augusta," said Daniel Hunter, as he received his wife, adopted daughter, and, lastly, little Maud—taking the latter tenderly by the hand, and leading her into the sitting-room. He drew her between his knees, and untied her bonnet and laid it off, while Mrs. Hunter and Miss Honoria went upstairs to take off their bonnets. The tea table was prepared in the room, and Mr. and Mrs. Lovel were present, and spoke kindly to the little visitor.

"A companion for Honoria, I suppose," said Mrs. Lovel, while Mr. Lovel bent his serious blue eyes earnestly upon the child.

"Yes, I suppose so. I hope so," replied Mr. Hunter. "Mrs. Hunter has brought you to spend some time with us, my dear—has she not?"

"The lady brought me to stay a week," replied the child, who, instinctively meeting his tenderness, nestled closely in the embrace of her unknown father.

The entrance of Mrs. Hunter and Miss Honoria gave a new impetus to the conversation. Mrs. Hunter partially explained the motive of her bringing the little girl over to the hall. And Miss Honoria rang for tea, which was soon brought in.

The next morning Daniel Hunter rode over to the north side of the mountain, to see a quarry, from which his laborers were digging stone, to build the new school house.

Mrs. Lovel and Miss Honoria, attended by Mr. Lovel, drove up to the Summit, to make some purchases and to bring the letters from the post-office. Mrs. Hunter commissioned them also to buy some gingham, Swiss muslin, lace, ribbon, and a little Leghorn hat, but she did not say for whom these things were intended.

When all had departed, the lady and the child were left alone in the sitting-room. Maud was seated on a little cushion, examining a book of prints that had been put in her hands. Mrs. Hunter sat in her large lounging chair, contemplating the little girl in silence. Presently she laid down the book, and called the child to her side, and tenderly encircled her with one arm, and softly smoothed back the burnished auburn curls from her fair brow, and earnestly gazed deeply down into her beautiful countenance. The child's eyes were raised in unshrinking, perfect trust to hers. And anyone might have taken them for mother and child. Different as their complexions were, there was the same keenly turned head and neck; the same graceful, gracious, noble expression. The child's eyes were raised thus, and then she bowed her regal head until all the long black ringlets swept around the child's bright hair, and pressed an earnest, lingering kiss upon her brow. Then lifting her head again, she began in low, soft tones to ask about her parents—whether she remembered them—whether she loved them. And Maud, leaning trustfully against her unknown mother's bosom, told her all she had heard of what she supposed to be her real story, and how her mother and father were emigrants, on their way to this country, when a contagious fever broke out in the ship, and only they died of it, just as they were coming into S—, and how, as the city authorities would not let them land, dead bodies who had died of the fever, her father and mother had been buried in the S—.

The lady's eyes were streaming with tears.

"Why do you weep, dear lady? Not for them—they have been in heaven this many a year."

"My child! my child! I, too, have lost a treasure in the sea—a treasure, Sylvia, that will lie there till the day when the Lord shall command the sea to deliver up its dead!"

"Was it your father and mother, dear lady?"

"No, Sylvia—yes, my dear father was lost in a storm on the Chesapeake Bay. I was with him, and was saved by Mr. Hunter. I mourned for my father many years, but I got over it at last. That was not what I meant. The sea has been very fatal to me! Oh, my baby! my sweet! my beautiful! my loving Maud!" exclaimed Augusta, dropping her head upon the child's shoulder, and sobbing as she had not sobbed for ten years. The little girl wound her arms around

her neck, laid her cheek to hers, kissed off the tears as fast as they fell, caressed her tenderly, familiarly, yet so strangely!

"Such a beautiful child she was, Sylvia! Such a sweet, heavenly child! Such an angel! And she was drowned! And she was drowned! Suffocated in the cruel waves, with none to save her—while I—I, who ought to have been watching her—I was idling on the deck! My child! My beautiful, sweet, loving child! All the wounds of her heart seemed torn open, and bleeding afresh—her grief seemed positively as keen as upon the first day of her bereavement."

And the little girl sought to comfort her.

She tried to comfort her—earnestly, because her sympathy was so sincere—sincerely, because she knew not what to say—clasping and kissing her neck—pressing her face to her cheek—kissing away the flowing tears, and, finally, dropping her head upon her bosom, and weeping, because she could not prevent her from weeping. At last the lady's passionate fit of sorrow spent itself and she raised her head and wiped away the last traces of her tears, and, kissing the child, she said:

"Little comforter, I have not wept so much for many years, and there are none that I could have borne to see me weep as I have you."

"Little comforter, I have shown you the very weakness of my heart, as I would not show it to any other; and while I hold you in my arms, and press you to my bosom, a peace and rest and contentment come to me as perfect as it is incomprehensible; but I am afraid that while you comfort me, I sadden you; that must not be. Come, love, go with me, and I will show you my dear child's portrait and all her little things."

And Mrs. Hunter arose and took the child's hand and led her upstairs—first into a large, handsomely furnished bedroom, where she said in passing: "This is my chamber, Sylvia," and thence into a small, well-lighted, beautifully arranged room, furnished with a child's property.

"Come in, love. No one enters this room but myself; they cannot bear to do it, they say. Here are all little Maud's things. That is her portrait. They cannot bear to look at it, or even at anything that belonged to her, because they loved her so much, and grieve for her so much. People must be very different—for I loved her more than anyone else did—I mourn her more than anyone else does. I have never ceased to love and grieve for her. Yet it is here, among memorials of her, that I come for comfort—that I come to pray. Look at her little girl! Is she not lovely?" said Mrs. Hunter, leading Maud up in front of the table, and directing her gaze to the portrait above it.

It was a charming picture, a picture of the mother and the child. But the mother was purposely thrown into the background, and into shadow by her dark ringlets, dark complexion, and dark drapery, and her attitude in holding the child. Maud gazed at her own unknown portrait with the strangest sensations; and as she looked into the bright depths of the picture's eyes, until they seemed to be living, conscious eyes, returning her gaze and laughing at her, a smile stole over her features.

"Why do you smile, Sylvia?"

"I don't know, lady; only it makes me feel so strangely to look into her eyes, and to feel her looking back; her eyes look as if they knew some secret that I don't, and they were laughing at me about it—and it seems to me as if I had seen her before, somewhere—in a dream—I don't know where—and somehow it does not seem to me as if she—"

"Why do you stop, my dear?"

"I was running on so foolishly, lady."

"What were you going to say, love?"

"I was going to say—but it was so foolish—I was going to say I did not think she could have been drowned."

The child trembled all over—she took the child's hand and led her to a chair, and sat down and encircled her with one arm, and dropped her forehead on her hand, and remained so several minutes; at last, without raising her head, she asked in a low voice:

"What made you think so, child?"

"I do not know whether it is the picture or not, lady—but as I looked at it I did think your little child must be still alive!"

## CHAPTER XX.

Ellen, in her little parlor, sat and wept. An open letter was in her hand; it was from Father Goodrich, in answer

to hers asking his counsel as to whether she should accept Daniel Hunter's proposal to put her son at school.

Father Goodrich directed her to accept the offer in the same spirit of kindness in which it was given. "Would you," he wrote, "prevent a man from making reparation for his sin—were it even a sin? How much less should you hinder him from repairing what was his own, as well as your, calamity?" And further down the letter, he wrote: "But why do you keep the secret of his father's fate concealed from Falconer? He is now fifteen years old; tell him how his father died, and why; tell him at once; if you do not, some one else will, in a less tender and truthful version."

That was the reason why Ellen wept, that she must turn back for Falconer this dark page in her life's history. Maud, full of happy reveries, had gone to bed. The colored people were nodding over their evening work in the kitchen. Falconer, who had gone to the Summit that afternoon, had not yet returned. Ellen was waiting for him—resolved to take that opportunity of quietness and solitude to tell him of the mournful past. It was early yet, not eight o'clock, and she heard the quick tramp of the boy's feet as he came running and bounding up the rocky ascent to the cottage—he threw the door open, and entered with a face radiant with youth and health and joy.

"It was so pleasant, mother, to see the light of the little cottage window, streaming across the water as I came along. Did you expect me sooner, mother? I should have been here half an hour ago, only I met Mr. Hunter at the Summit, and he engaged me in a talk, all about my wanting to be a sculptor, you know! And, mother, he did not talk as you and Aunt Abigail do about it! He didn't call it foolishness, but he talked wisely; he said it was a passion and a talent given me by the Creator for good purposes, that I must be faithful to it, and—and—he gave me these," said the boy, throwing a packet of books on the table. "Why don't you ask me what they are, mother? What makes you so unsympathetic?"

"I am not unsympathetic. I am glad to see you so happy. What is it, then?"

"Cunningham's Lives of the Painters and Sculptors, mother. And Mr. Hunter told me to pay close attention to their early struggles and perseverance of all successful artists." And Falconer put away his hat and gloves, and sat down and began to untie his books.

"Put them away now. I have something to say to you, my dear Falconer; the seriousness of your tone struck me; he looked up, and for the first time noticed the deep mournfulness of her countenance—it impressed him so painfully that he jumped up and put away his books, and was at her side in a moment, full of affectionate attention.

"My dear, dearest mother! You are in trouble, and I have been rattling on so. What is it? Is it the grocery bill?"

"No, Falconer."

"What, then—the taxes?"

"No, no—it is nothing like that—then, after a pause—"Falconer, did you never wonder about and want to hear the history of your father?"

In a moment the boy's face was as grave, as solemn, as her own.

"Say, Falconer, do you never think about him?"

"Mother, as far back as I can remember, I recollect missing him—and being ill—and losing my father, and then having you back again, but all that is like a very long past, confused dream. And much more distinctly than that do I remember Aunt Abigail telling me I must never ask about my father, and never as much as name him before anyone, much less before you. She had continued to tell me so all my life, but she never would tell me why. Now, dearest mother, open your heart to me—tell me all about it. Is he living? Did he go away and leave you? Open your heart, my dear mother, I will be so prudent. Say, did he deceive and leave you?"

"No—no, boy, you blaspheme! He was a saint, an angel, was your father—the greatest blessing and glory of my life, but he was sacrificed, Falconer, he was sacrificed to you and to me!"

Falconer did not. He fixed his large eyes searchingly upon his mother's countenance, but could not make out her meaning.

"Sacrificed!" he repeated, vaguely.

"He—your father—innocent—estimable—excellent—he died on the scaffold for another's crime."

The boy bounded like a wounded panther.

Ellen dropped her head upon her hands, sobbing convulsively, and so passed several minutes, until finally she rose, and stepped side of the room came a slow, heavy step, and a husky voice, saying:

"Mother! tell me the whole story."

Ellen repressed her sobs, calmed herself, and mournfully prepared to relate the dark and dreadful tragedy.

Falconer threw himself upon the floor at her feet, dropped his hot and throbbing head upon her lap, and prepared to listen.

Ellen told the story of her husband's arrest, trial and conviction, upon circumstantial evidence.

Falconer listened in stern silence, until this part of the tale was finished, when he broke forth, bitterly:

"And these are the laws of a model republic! So imperfect as to immolate the innocent and let the guilty escape!"

Ellen next spoke of her journey to A— to intercede with the governor for her husband's reprieve.

Here Falconer listened with the keenest attention. Ellen spoke of the great interest everywhere testified by the people in William O'Leary's fate; of the powerful intercessions made in his behalf; of her own and his mother's interview with the governor; and of the total failure of every effort to obtain a reprieve, and she dwelt with unconscious injustice upon the conduct of Daniel Hunter.

And again Falconer broke forth in passionate indignation:

"And this is the man—the demigod, who has the whole nation at his feet. Oh I am but a unit in many millions—I am but a boy—but here I consecrate myself with all my faculties of mind and body to the vindication of my father; to the overthrow of this people's idol; and perhaps—perhaps to the remodeling of this imperfect law!"

He exclaimed and gesticulated like a rash, presumptuous, vehement, passionate boy as he was—yet, nevertheless, his sudden indignation and hatred were not the least strong, earnest, profound and enduring.

His gentle mother was distressed—not

that she imagined her poor, boy could ever, even if he lived long enough, accomplish any of the Quixotic vengeance threatened upon the world-renowned statesman; but she was alarmed for her son's immediate interests; she feared that Falconer would spurn all the offers of Daniel Hunter to assist and advance him. She dared not now even mention Mr. Hunter's wish to place her boy at college—she only ventured to suggest that in refusing to grant a reprieve to O'Leary, Daniel Hunter had acted from a high sense of duty—and that, since their bereavement had been very kind to the family—a suggestion that was met by the excited youth with such a torrent—such a storm of impetuous, impassioned denunciation and invective, as terrified the weak mother into silence.

In striding distractedly about the floor, Falconer's eyes fell upon the packet of books given him that afternoon by Mr. Hunter—his eyes flashed forth again—he seized the parcel exclaiming:

"To degrade me! Shall I throw them into the fire, or send them back to him? He held them poised in his hand a few moments and then cast them upon the table, saying: 'I will send them back to him.' And then, exhausted by the vehemence and impetuosity of his passion, the boy flung himself down upon a stool, and buried his face in his open palms and sat silent and motionless until Ellen lighted the candle and placed it in his hands and bade him:

"Good-night."

Then he arose, and put his arms around his mother's neck and kissed her and silently went to his room. And Ellen retired to hers, where, sleeping the sweet sleep of peace and innocence, lay Maud.

The next morning early, as Ellen, Maud and Falconer were seated at the breakfast table, there was heard a rap at the door, Ellen said:

"Little comforter, I have shown you the very weakness of my heart, as I would not show it to any other; and while I hold you in my arms, and press you to my bosom, a peace and rest and contentment come to me as perfect as it is incomprehensible; but I am afraid that while you comfort me, I sadden you; that must not be. Come, love, go with me, and I will show you my dear child's portrait and all her little things."

And the latch was lifter, and John the messenger from Howlet Hall, entered, bowing.

Falconer started violently, grew red in the face and looked threateningly at the messenger.

"But John messaged him respectfully, laid Mr. Hunter's note before Mrs. O'Leary, bowed, and stood, hat in hand, waiting."

Ellen took up and read the note with a softening countenance. It requested her decision upon the question of sending Falconer to college, and an immediate answer. She finished it and handed it over to her son, saying:

"There—you see what Mr. Hunter is anxious to do for you, and the assistance and patronage of a man like Daniel Hunter will make your fortune."

Ellen took up and read the note, and with lowering brow and curling lips glanced over its contents. Then springing up, he turned to the messenger and fiercely exclaimed:

"Go and tell your master that my answer is this! He cast the note beneath his feet, and set his heel upon it, and ground it to the floor."

The man stared in astonishment; Ellen beamed in grief and trepidation and little Maud in wonder and sorrow.

"Go, tell Mr. Hunter that last night, for the first time, I was made acquainted with all my family's wrongs. Last night, I learned for the first time, that through his obduracy alone my guiltless father died a felon's death—lies in a felon's grave—and his poor old mother, his wretched daughter in a mad-house. Nor are my mother's nor my own wrongs forgotten—not the least of which is, that he tries to force upon us obligations which, coming from him, would degrade us. Tell him to remember that I live in placable enmity. Tell him that I live to vindicate, to avenge my family. He may laugh at that, for he is a great politician—I—a poor boy. Let him laugh now—the time will come when he will not laugh. Tell him that I am growing strong, and let him beware!"

All were silent except Maud, who in a complete chaos of sorrow and amazement, stole from her seat to her father's side and wept in his arms, saying:

"Oh, my dear mother, don't send that message—don't. What do you mean?"

Falconer put his hand round her and drew her head under his arm caressingly, protectively, but did not otherwise answer her, or even look at her, or for an instant avert his flashing glance, that was still turned toward Daniel Hunter's messenger.

And Maud stole her arms up round his neck and pressed her head to him and entreated:

(To be continued.)

## HELP YOUR BABY.

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## BRIDE'S TRAGIC REMORSE.

A tragic story of a bride's unfounded self-accusations was told at the inquest at Morland, Westmoreland, on Saturday, on Sybil Florence Collingridge, twenty-nine, wife of Dr. W. Rex Collingridge, son of the medical officer of health for London. Mrs. Collingridge was found dead from the effects of prussic acid poisoning, and the jury returned a verdict of suicide while insane.

Dr. W. R. Collingridge said he was married on July 24. Five weeks ago he was attacked by scarlet fever, and was removed to Ormside Fever Hospital. When he was taken to the hospital his wife went to stay with her father, Professor Klein, at Twickenham, and his mother went to Morland, where she died very suddenly from an apoplectic seizure.

His wife returned to Morland on Saturday, Oct. 5. Though she appeared in better spirits than usual, she blamed herself both for having given him scarlet fever and being the cause of his mother's death, both of which were without found-

# CURSE COMING TRUE.

## Kaspar Hauser's Ghost and the Baden Grand Dukes.

Grand Duke Frederick is dead and his son has succeeded to the throne of Baden. The new Grand Duke is now 50 and is not robust; in fact, 30 years ago he was reported to be dying of tuberculosis. The Grand Duchess is 44, and they are childless. On the death of the present occupant the throne will revert to his cousin, Prince Maximilian, of another line of the ancient house of Baden. This leads the superstitious among his subjects to wonder if the spirit of Kaspar Hauser is completing its revenge, for there is a belief current in the Grand Duchy that the ghost of the "mysterious persecuted child of Europe" has appeared in the royal bedchamber of the castle at Karlsruhe at every accession of a new Grand Duke with the warning that the line that supplanted the heirs of Stephanie should come to an end in the third generation.

Kaspar Hauser is a name not spoken in Baden, and no books are published here about him.

"Who is Kaspar Hauser?" asked the American at the pension table.

"Gottes Liebe!" cried the loyal mistress at the head of the table, dropping the dish she was passing. "Shut the window, that the police may not hear."

Further inquiry led the American to the bookstore.

"If we displayed a book on Kaspar Hauser," said the bookseller, "our stock would be confiscated and our shop probably closed before night. As a matter of advice I would say restrain your curiosity, for men who have asked that question have been escorted to Basel or beyond the border of the German Empire."

The stone over the grave of this mysterious person bears this inscription:

His name  
Kaspar Hauser  
aenigma ignota  
temporis, ignota  
nativitas,  
occulta mors,  
MDCCLXXXIII.

But so often has some unknown hand inscribed beneath the name "The real Duke of Baden," that the space is almost rubbed away from the constant erasures.

The story of Kaspar Hauser has dogged the house of Baden for two generations. With little tangible evidence to connect the two the story has nevertheless clung tenaciously, and even now it requires but a breath to set all tongues wagging with the tale of the changeling. If the story is true, the present Grand Duke, as well as his father and grandfather, owe their throne to the fact that the rightful heir, the last male survivor of his line, was first kidnapped and then murdered.

The story begins with old Grand Duke Charles Frederick, who died in 1811 and was twice married, his son by the first union, Prince Charles, being the heir apparent. After the death of his wife he married,morganatically, Mlle. Geyer, on whom he conferred the title of Countess Hochberg. She bore him several sons.

Prince Charles shortly before he succeeded to the title of Grand Duke married Stephanie, a niece of Empress Josephine of France. They had five children, two boys and three girls. One of the boys died of convulsions when less than a year old. It is the fate of the other, the little Prince Alexander, who is the subject of this article, that forms the connection between the house of Baden and the mystery of Kaspar Hauser.

If the sons of Stephanie could be prevented from succeeding to the throne the right heir, the last male survivor of his line, was first kidnapped and then murdered.

One of the chief conspirators with the Countess Hochberg was Major Hennenhofer, the story of whose participation in the affair was first published by Seiler about 1840. Seiler pretended to have obtained all his information while in the service of Major Hennenhofer. Although Hennenhofer was admittedly an adventurer, yet the accuracy of many of his statements was attested by the real with which the Baden Government attempted to suppress the story—procuring all the pamphlets that were put on sale and destroying them, putting every obstacle in the way of any attempt to investigate the story, and later, at the time of Hennenhofer's death, seizing all his letters and memoirs.

According to Hennenhofer's statement he himself admitted the Countess Hochberg to the royal nursery where the baby Alexander was lying. She was draped in white to conceal her figure and wore a white mask. The maids and nurses had all been sent away by previous arrangement, and while they were out of the room she took the royal baby from the cradle and put in its place the sickly, illegitimate child of a peasant girl, the substituted child having been first poisoned to ensure speedy death.

Hennenhofer waited outside the nursery for the Countess' return and when she came took from her the young prince. He placed him first in charge of a nurse in a neighboring castle and then later removed him to Falkenhausen, near Anspach in Bavaria. The child was kept there in close confinement until he

appeared to the world at Nuremberg as Kaspar Hauser.

Recent investigations appear to have supported this story. Alexander, Von Arta published a few years ago at Zurich a pamphlet containing two documents, the genuineness of which has never been disproved.

One of these is an autograph letter written June 5, 1828, a week after Kaspar Hauser appeared in Nuremberg, by the Grand Duke Louis, uncle of Charles, and the man who profited by the abduction. This note was addressed 'to Mr. Government' and read as follows:

"In Nuremberg last month everything goes wrong. Take measures that the peace of my Grand Duchy be not disturbed by this event."

Supplementing this was the deathbed statement of Von Berstett, who was a member of the Cabinet of Baden in 1829, and who received the note. Von Berstett's statement is addressed to a Prince, who is not named, and is in these words:

"It was not until after Louis' accession, in 1818 that I gradually discovered what I would never have known. The letter which I give into your charge was received by me just after midnight June 5, 1828."

"I immediately sent in my resignation, but it was not accepted. The official reports concerning the Prince were of such a nature as made it evident that he could not be put in possession of his rights. He was described as a person crippled and ruined in mind and body."

"Therefore, considering the welfare of the State as of more importance than the interests of a dynasty, I held my peace. Major Hennenhofer, whom I consider my evil genius, knows more about this matter than I do."

Another significant act of the ruling house was the publication in 1875 of what was considered a royal edict upon the matter. This was the court record relating to the baptism, death and post-mortem examination of the young Prince, alleged to have been abducted. Just how worthless this refutation was appears when it is considered that the Hennenhofer story provides for the death of an infant. How any record of baptism, death and autopsy could prove the identity of a baby with the one born to the Duchess Stephanie a few days before is not apparent.

## BADLY RUN DOWN.

### Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Came to the Rescue After Doctor's Treatment Failed.

The life of any constant traveller is always a hard one, but those whose work compels them to take long tiresome drives over rough roads, exposed to all conditions of weather, are in constant danger of losing their health. The extreme heat of summer or the piercing winds of winter, sap their strength, the kidneys become diseased or rheumatism sets in. What is needed to withstand this hardship is rich red blood—the pure blood that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills alone can make. These pills are the travellers' never-failing friend. Concerning them, Mr. George Dalpe, of St. Eloi, Que., says: "I am a grain dealer, and am obliged to make frequent trips, sometimes very tiring. I returned home from one of these trips last summer very much fatigued. I was overworked and tried to cool and rest myself by lounging on the veranda till late at night. I caught cold and the next day I did not feel at all well. I had a headache, pains in my stomach and a very weak. I went to see a doctor but he said I would be all right in a day or so, so I started on another trip. I had not gone far before I felt very ill and had to return home and go to bed. I had chills, headache, pains in my stomach and kidneys. The doctor came to see me and he said I was overworked. He treated me for several months, but instead of improving I continually grew worse. I wasted away almost to a skeleton and really thought I was going to die. One day my wife returned from the village with a supply of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She urged me to take them, as she said they had been very highly recommended to her. I did so, and by the time I had taken four boxes I felt enough better to decide to continue them, and I took about a dozen boxes. They fully cured me, and to-day I am able to go about my work without feeling fatigued."

Fatigue, or the least exertion, is a sign that the blood is poor. Replace the bad blood with good blood and labor will be a pleasure. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make pure, red blood. That is why they cure anaemia, rheumatism, kidney trouble, indigestion, heart palpitation and the nerve-racking ills of girlhood and womanhood. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50. From The Dr. Williams Co., Brockville, Ont.

## Defenders of Switzerland.

The report of the party who went from this country to study the military system of Switzerland will doubtless be unanimous on one point—that we have much to learn from the little republic. From the age of ten all boys go through a compulsory physical and gymnastic course until they are sixteen, and after that age for four years they have to take up rifle shooting in addition to gymnastic training. Every Swiss from his twentieth to his forty-fourth year is liable to military training. Very useful work is accomplished in Switzerland by rifle clubs, which are encouraged by the State for the purpose of improving marksmanship. The population is under three and a half millions, yet there are 35,000 rifle associations, with over 200,000 members. On this basis we should have over 2,500,000 members of rifle clubs instead of our 400,000. Court



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