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Father DeCarie's Remarkable Letter Will Interest ANY Health-seeker

The Rev. Father DeCarie St. Henry, of Montreal, Canada, writes under date of August 4, 1911:

"Dear Dr. Tyrrell: 'I am now so well since using the 'Cascade' that I may say you have saved my life. I was doomed to die soon, as I was suffering so much with my liver and kidneys (and that for over 20 years), passing gravel, which caused me intense suffering. For over two years I suffered with jaundice; my eyes were yellow colored, as well as my skin. Now every friend I meet tells me I am growing younger.

"I have advised the use of your 'Cascade' to some desperately sick people, some of whom were given up by the doctors as incurable; one, an epileptic, who at the same time was also paralyzed. He is so much better that we believe the epilepsy will not return, and he can move the paralyzed arm again. Another, that was paralyzed, is well again. I could name you fifteen persons that suffered from grave sicknesses, that chant your thanks and honors, and, for myself, I feel that I owe you more than I can ever repay."

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on him, but she glanced at him questioningly.

"No!" she said. "Now, I would have gone round by the old bridge, only that Allardyce told me you let him ride across this afternoon."

"Still," and the man stopped a moment, "it was daylight then, you see."

Maud Barrington laughed a little for his face was visible, and she understood the slowness of his answer. "Is that all? It is moonlight now."

"No," said Witham dryly, "but one is apt to make an explanation too complete occasionally. Will you let me help you down?"

Maud Barrington held out her hands, and when he swung her down watched him tramp away with the horse with a curious smile. A light compliment seldom afforded her much pleasure, but the man's grim reserve had now and then piqued more than her curiosity, though she was sensible that the efforts she occasionally made to uncover what lay behind it were not without their risk. Then he came back, and turned to her very gravely.

"Let me have your hand," he said.

Maud Barrington gave it him, and hoped the curious little thrill that ran through her when his hard fingers closed upon her palm did not communicate itself to him. She also noticed that he moved his head sharply a moment, and then looked straight in front again. Then the birches seemed to fall away beneath them, and they moved out across the dim gully with the loosely-laid planking rattling under their feet, until they came to a strip scarcely three feet wide which spanned a gulf of blackness in the shadow of the trees.

"HOLD fast!" he said, with a trace of hoarseness. "Sure you feel quite steady?"

"Of course!" said the girl with a little laugh, though she recognized the anxiety in his voice, and felt his hand close almost cruelly on her own. She was by no means timorous, and still less fanciful, but when they moved out into the blackness that closed about them above and beneath along the slender strip of swaying timber she was glad of the masterful grip. It seemed in some strange fashion portentous, for she felt that she would once more be willing to brave unseen perils, secure only in his guidance. What he felt she did not know, and was sensible of an almost overwhelming curiosity, until when at last well-stiffened timber lay beneath them, she contrived to drop a glove just where the moonlight smote the bridge. Witham stooped, and his face was clear in the silvery light when he rose again. Maud Barrington saw the relief in it, and, compelled by some influence, stood still looking at him with a little glow behind the smile in her eyes. A good deal was revealed to both of them in that instant, but the man dare not admit it, and was master of himself.

"Yes," he said, very simply, "I am glad you are across."

Maud Barrington laughed. "I scarcely fancy the risk was very great, but tell me about the bridge," she said. "You are living beside it?"

"Yes," said Witham, "in a tent. I must have it finished before harvest."

The girl understood why this was necessary, but deciding that she had on other occasions ventured sufficiently far with that topic, moved on across the bridge.

"A tent," she said, "cannot be a very comfortable place to live in, and who cooks for you?"

Witham smiled dryly. "I am used to it, and can do all the cooking that is necessary," he said. "It is the usual home for the beginner, and I live six months in one—on grindstone bread, the tinctured glucose you are probably not acquainted with as 'drips,' and rancid pork—when I first came out to this country and hired myself, for ten dollars monthly, to another man. It is a diet one gets a little tired of occasionally, but after breaking prairie twelve hours every day one can eat almost anything, and when I afterwards turned farmer my credit was rarely good enough to provide the pork."

The girl looked at him curiously, for she knew how some of the smaller settlers lived, and once more felt divided between wonder and sympathy. She could picture the grim self-denial, for

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