

Do It Now.

To health and happiness is Scrofula— as ugly as ever since time immemorial. It causes bunces 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.

An Ancient Foe

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"Two of my children had scrofula sores which kept growing deeper and kept them from going to school for three months. Ointments and medicines did no good until I began giving them Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine caused the sores to heal, and the children have shown no signs of scrofula since." J. W. McGowan, Woodstock, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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

valor, and of her boy's unselfish gaiety, but he drew a veil of silence over their sufferings and hardships for he remembered the tenderness of her mother's heart. After a while she left him, feigning to remember some duty, and bidding him not stir till she returned.

"Sure," his priest must do the rest; but he's Tim's convert, Glory be to God!" she murmured joyfully, as she slipped away and stole by a back lane to the rectory on the other side of the church.

Two years had passed, Padre Joachim walked slowly across the white sand to the brand new station that was one of the results of the war. He was old and the anxieties of that time had aged him still more, so that he had petitioned his superior to send him an assistant, for many of his people lived a day's ride from the mission.

SHORT STORY

Between Tim and The Padre.

(Concluded.)

The priest sighed a little when he was gone. He had partly guessed the young man's state of mind—perhaps, too, he had permitted himself to hope, but Padre Joachim's eyes grew strangely bright as he raised them for a moment to look into the sunset—there is always prayer, he murmured.

For a time the lieutenant almost forgot those painful days at the mission in the pleasant bustle of his return and the loving greetings of kinsfolk and acquaintances, who vied with each other in doing honor to the returned hero. In fact, for a few weeks a friend might have feared for him lest the universal homage might do him harm. But his own good sense—and the prayers of Padre Joachim—upheld him through the ordeal.

After a while he grew tired and slipped away into the country where he might have time to think. He told them that he needed quiet, and he spoke truly; he needed it more than he thought.

The village that he selected was not very remote from the city—just far enough away to be out of sight and sound of the noises and the people—and it stood amidst gently rolling country and green fields and pleasant woods, where the violets sprang blue amongst the tender green of young ferns, for it was May. Here he could sit and dream, and think, too, now and then of the long hot days at the Mexican mission, and the Padre, and the boy Tim who had taught him the one prayer that he knew and used. He strolled into a little graveyard one day, and wandered amongst the flowers and the tombstones until he came to a grey granite cross that stood alone.

He approached it curiously to read the inscription, and found that it had been just erected to the memory of the Catholic man who had fallen in the war, and amongst them was the name of Tim O'More, late of the Regiment. And the long list was followed by the usual prayer for the departed: "Requiescat in pace!"

"God help him, if he needs it!" he prayed, not knowing that he had said the words aloud.

A woman who had knelt behind him, touched his sleeve deprecatingly. "Twas you Tim's officer?" she asked, timidly.

"I—yes," he hesitated; "and you?"

"I am his mother, sir. Tell me how he died, if you can. Did he have the priest?"

"He died beside me, ma'am, while I slept. He was a good lad, and he was cared for by Padre Joachim. He—be taught me to pray, ma'am. I was a heathen before then, and 'twas Tim taught me to say 'God help me, instead of swearing at the pain."

"Then—you—you are not a Catholic, eh, she sighed.

"No, ma'am. But I may be one—and that soon—I don't know, but the boy's end and Padre Joachim's blessing have inclined me to believe."

She forgot her own sorrow for a while in the joy of her Catholic soul, while she poured out a flood of strange language which he dimly recognized as that in which Tim had held converse with the priest. Yet though he understood not the words of her canticle, he discerned therein the faith and love and wonder and gratitude of an Irish mother's heart. She grew silent at last, and led him to the tiny white and green cottage that nestled among the pink tipped apple blossoms close to the little white wooden church.

There she bade him be seated, and gave him butter-milk, and suffered him to tell her his story—and Tim's—in his own way. Soldier-like, he told her of fierce fighting, and of

in his office in Washington, sleepless and anxious on the night of the last of June. He and his cause faced ruin at the hands of the Confederacy. Beside him was Major Thomas T. Eaker, head of the military telegraphic service. Stanton received a message from some of his secret service men, telling him that Lee was turning on Meade. The situation was tremendous. If Lee could concentrate his scattered army before Meade could do likewise, he could cut Meade up in detail and have the North at his mercy.

There was a telegraph office in Frederick, Md. The sonder began spattering. An operator, Blockford, took the message. It was from Eckert.

"Call Fonda to the key. We have a dispatch we want him to carry." Then Ryok Fonda came. He was a boy of seventeen, of an old New York family, who now lives in Omaha, Neb.

Secretary Stanton wants you and two others to carry a very important dispatch to General Meade's headquarters, c/o Eckert, "Will you go?"

The boy knew that the country to the rear of Meade's army was now under Stuart's Confederate raiders under Mosby. But he did not hesitate.

"Yes," he clicked back. And this is the message, never before published, which Fonda took over the wire from Eckert, dictated to the sender by the great secretary in Washington:

"To Major General Meade, Commanding Army of Potomac, on March. The advanced guard of the Confederate army under General Early have entirely evacuated Wrightsville and other points on the Sago, Rappahannock River, and are making a forced march to join General Lee's main army at a point between Hanover and Gettysburg—part of their forces now at Hanover—and they confidently expect to be able to form a junction with General Lee's main army not later than tomorrow evening. Circumstances and conditions permitting, I would urge you to assume the offensive as quickly as possible on Lee's divided forces."

(Signed) "E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War." This was followed by the following: "To Fonda: Make every effort to deliver this message to General Meade in person. I cannot advise you definitely as to the location of his headquarters, but you can follow the main army tracks and try to locate him as early as possible."

"Ecker!" Boots and saddles! Would Rose and Hardy, his fellow telegraphers go along? Well, they didn't care much about it. But Fonda, thrilling with the sense of big things, appealed to their patriotism, and they went.

Horses! They got orders for the best. Each took a copy of the dispatch and "into the darkness they galloped abreast." Such galloping on such a mighty errand, on the road of which hung the destiny of the nation! Yet young Fonda was game and off he and his companions plunged on their wild ride, through a country infested with rebel patrol and outposts, when every moment might mean death—the shameful death of a spy. Never was such an adventure for a boy, and never did a boy face it more bravely.

Afterwards, Fonda said the three passed a Confederate raiders' camp at Taneytown. They fired off their revolvers and made a bluff at an attack, charged the camp with a cheer and a bull-brawl, as if they were just the advance guard of a heavy force behind and for all the world as if Phil Sheridan's cavalry were thundering in their rear. In this way they got past safely.

At four o'clock in the morning they came to a place where the northward road divided into three. They stopped.

"Let us each take a separate road," said Fonda, "and maybe one of us will get through. Ride like the devil."

Without a handshake or a farewell they parted—and Fonda never saw either of them again. They may have fallen into the hands of the enemy and met with short shrift. Fonda rode on alone in the glimmering dawn. At last, after what seemed to him interminable ages, he saw the Union headquarters flag and, putting spurs to his horse, he flew past the sentry, dashed up to Meade's tent and demanded to see the general at once.

Meade was acquainted with Fonda and knew his voice. "Sergeant," he called from within the tent, "let that man in."

Slagging with weariness, the boy almost fell from his horse, reeled, recovered himself, saluted and gave the general his dispatch, taking on the envelope his scribbled receipt. And then the boy telegrapher knew what it was to push the button that set in motion the machinery of the greatest battle ever fought on American soil.

While the terrible battle was at its height Fonda received this telegram of thanks from Washington, July 2, 1863: "Am directed by the Secretary of War to express his thanks to Fonda Rose and Hardy of their quick delivery of important telegrams to

DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY, SUMMER COMPLAINT AND ALL BOWEL TROUBLES ARE CURABLE BY THE USE OF Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

Mr. Wm. R. Green, St. John, N.B., writes:—"As I have had the pleasure of testing Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, I might say it is the only remedy I would recommend. Last summer, I had a very severe attack of Diarrhoea and Vomiting. My doctor treated me without result, and friends advised me to try the above remedy. After a few doses I was completely cured, and ever since I have never been without it in the house. I have used it with the children, and find the same result. I have recommended it to several of my friends who also join with me in saying that Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is the greatest remedy on earth for all summer complaints."

"Dr. Fowler's" has been on the market for over 60 years, and so popular has become that many dealers try to substitute other and cheaper preparations. Be sure and get what you ask for. Price: 35 cents. Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

General Meade, and that he fully appreciates the energy and effort constantly displayed by telegraph men in the discharge of many duties they may be called upon to perform. "Thos. T. Eaker."

Fonda still has the original copy of the dispatch. Baltimore, Md., Nov. 11, 1903. MINARD'S LINIMENT CO., LIMITED. SIRS—I came across a bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT in the hands of one of my students at the University of Maryland, and he being so kind as to let me use it for a very bad sprain, which I obtained in training for foot races, and to say that it helped me would be putting it very mildly, and I therefore ask if you would let me know of one of your agents that is closest to Baltimore so that I may obtain some of it. Thanking you in advance I remain, Yours truly, W. C. MURPHY.

14 St. Paul street, Care Oliver Typewriter Co. P.S.—Kindly answer at once. 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."

The lazy man aims at nothing and generally hits it. I sang a little song one day, But no one stopped to hear, My heart was very happy, so I sang it loud and clear.

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff. Few years with change advance, If I make dark my countenance I shut my life from happier chance, —Tennyson.

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

Woman, divorced from home, wanders untried like a waif upon the wave, —Johann Wolfgang von Goethe.

Minard's Liniment cures Neuralgia. "A man who lives right and is right has more power by his silence than another has by his words," —Phillips Brooks.

Would Faint and Fall Down Wherever She Was. Heart Would Seem All Gone.

Mrs. DANIEL DUNLEAVY, Mineral, N.B., writes:—"I take great pleasure in expressing myself for the benefit I have obtained from your wonderful medicine, MILLER'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS. I had been a sufferer for over five years, and took doctors medicine of every kind. I would faint and fall wherever I was, and my heart would seem all gone. I was advised by some of my friends to try your HEART AND NERVE PILLS. I only used three boxes, and I can say I am completely cured."

"MILLER'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS are a specific for all run-down men and women, whether troubled with their heart or nerves, and are recommended by us with the greatest confidence that they will do all we claim for them." Price 50 cents 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.

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