

when in a few minutes there was a gentle knock, she asked, "Who is you? Maybe it is Willie."

"It will be the minister, I am thinkin'," said Isabel, with some trepidation.

Both the minister and Willie entered when she opened the door. The shepherd of the little flock upon the mountain side had become infirm, and as his home was full two miles away, he had waited till evening that he might drive over in Willie's light wagon to see this sick member of his flock.

The minister talked with Mrs. Murdoch, but Isabel and Willie sat silent by the fire. Whenever he looked at Isabel one could read in his face love and intense pity. He was thinking how lonely she would be, and how much he wished to shield her from all she was passing through, or at least help her to bear it, when the minister turned toward them and said, "My children, for I feel that I am your spiritual father, I dinna doot but I can guess what you are thinkin' o' and your mother, here, can guess right easily, Isabel. Baith our hearts was glad to see you joined in wedlock. Surely you were intended for each other; I have watched you lang. It is now the time to stand by each other as only husband and wife can do. You, Isabel, will soon be left alone. It wad be no kindness to tell you anything to the contrary. It wad gie your mither pleasure to see you wedded to an one whom she has lang looked upon as a son, an' I wad be happier to see you made ane. You mayna ken it, but you twa are my favorites in a' my flock. God forgie me if I am too partial, but I love you haith weel. Too weel to see you dwelling apart when I can but think you fitted for ane hame."

The aged man looked to see the effect of his words. Isabel was weeping softly, and Willie seemed to have all his heart in his gray-blue eyes whose steady, pleading glance said so plainly, "Isabel, will you listen to him?"

"Stand up, bairns," said the minister. "Gie me the pleasure o' making you ane."

Mrs. Murdoch raised her head from the pillow that she might not lose a word or a notation.

"Stand up, Willie, an' she will come to you," said the minister.

Willie stood up, and waited but a minute, but in that minute his heart turned sick. Isabel understood it all, and she arose and stood by his side, saying, "What is the will o' my best friends is my will."

"Do you love me, then, Bell?" whispered Willie, huskily.

"Aye, I hate loved you lang an' weel, an' I could na thole to see you the husband o' anither."

"The Lord be praised an' thanked," said Mrs. Murdoch, and she settled back upon her pillow, satisfied.

"Will you indeed be wedded noo?" asked the minister.

"I will be wedded this day week," answered Isabel.

"That is weel. The lass has done weel to promise that muckle," said the mother, and both the minister and Willie assented to this.

"But," said Willie, "I maun hae the betrothal kiss," and Isabel put up her lips to receive it.

When the minister and Willie were driving homeward, the elder man said, "I am thinking I am taking back a happier man than I brought."

"There is nae mistake about that, sir, but for ane meenute I didna ken how it would gang. My! I didna ken that a meenute could be sae lang."

"Have you ever dreamt you were in heaven, Bobby?" "No. But I once dreamt I was in a jam tart."

Mrs. Au Fait—"Did you enjoy Mr. Henry James's lecture on Balzac?" Mrs. Distrat (in a mysterious whisper)—"I wish I knew."

"Father" is the key-word to all true prayer.

**A MUSCULAR MISSIONARY.**

Ottawa was visited last week by Dr. Grenfell, medical missionary to Labrador. Young Grenfell was one of Moody's converts in London. He at once set himself to find work for God, and he preferred the hardest and most unpleasant work. He joined the staff of the Royal National Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen, and established the medical mission to the fishermirdlu emfwyp emfwyp vlogkqv fishermen of the North Sea. In 1892 he sailed for Labrador, where he has "healed the sick, preached the Word, clothed the naked, fed the starving, given shelter to them that had no roof, championed the wronged—in all devotedly fought evil, poverty, oppression, and disease." "It's been jolly good fun," he says. Dr. Grenfell's round, in his steam-yacht Strathcona, extends along three thousand miles of shore. He is the only doctor, and his visits are anticipated with pathetic eagerness by those who are sick or have sick ones whom they are dreading to lose before the doctor can arrive. Dr. Grenfell is as eager in his work as they are to see him. That is the true British pluck turned in a noble direction.

**PERSONALLY CONDUCTED TOUR.**

A personally conducted excursion to the Pacific Coast via the Grand Trunk Railway system and connecting lines leaves Quebec July 9, and Montreal and Toronto July 6. The route will be via Chicago, LaSalle through Council Bluffs to Omaha, Denver, and Colorado Springs. Stops will be made at each of these places, and side trips taken to Mammoth, Crapper Creek, Garden of the Gods, etc. From there the party will continue through the famous scenic route of Lake DeWier and Rio Grande, through the Royal Gorge to Salt Lake City, thence to Los Angeles, San Francisco, Mt. Shasta, Portland Oregon, Seattle, Spokane, and home through St. Paul and Minneapolis. The trip will occupy about thirty days, ten days being spent on the Pacific Coast.

The price for the round trip, including railroad fare, Pullman tourist sleeping cars, all meals in the dining car, notes, side trips, etc., is \$100.00 from Quebec or \$109.50 from Montreal and \$109 from Toronto. This first trip is designed as a vacation trip for teachers, although many who are not teachers will improve the markedly low price and educational opportunity of taking the trip at the remarkably low price afforded.

For full particulars address E. C. Bowler, General Agent and Conductor, Bonaventure Station, Montreal.

**DON'T WORRY.**

Don't start nervously if a child makes a noise or breaks a dish—keep your worry for broken bones.

Don't sigh too often over servants' shortcomings.

Don't get excited if the servant has neglected to dust the legs of the hall table; neither the welfare of your family nor the nation is involved.

Don't exhaust all your reserve force over petty cares. Each time that a woman loses control over herself, her nerves her temper, she loses just a little nervous force, just a little physical well being, and moves a fraction of an inch farther on in the path that leads to premature old age.

Don't eat as if you only had a minute in which to finish the meal.

Don't go to bed late at night and rise at daybreak and imagine that every hour taken from sleep is an hour gained.

Don't always be doing something; have intermittent attacks of idling. To understand how to relax is to understand how to strengthen nerves.

Don't fret and don't worry are the most healthful of maxims.—Selected.

Do not despise any opportunity because it seems small. The way to make an opportunity great is to take hold of it and use it.—Beacon.

**SAVED THE BABY.**

"I was not a believer in advertised medicines," says Mrs. Chas. Van Tassel, Digby, N.S., "until I began using Baby's Own Tablets. When my last baby was born we never hope to raise her. She was weakly, did not have any flesh on her bones, and a bluish color. The doctor who attended her told me she would not live. After reading what other mothers said about Baby's Own Tablets I decided to try them, and I must now honestly say I never had such a valuable medicine in my home. It has changed my poor, sickly, fleshless baby into a lovely child, now as fat as a butter ball. Words fail to express my thanks for what the Tablets have done for my child, and I can only urge that other mothers do as I do now, keep the Tablets in the house always." Baby's Own Tablets positively cure all the minor ills of babyhood and childhood, and the mother has a guarantee that they contain no opiate or harmful drug. Sold by all druggists or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

"If we economize," said the husband, "we will soon have a house of our own instead of having to live in rented property." "But I'm not sure I should like that," answered the wife. "I couldn't drive nails anywhere I please in the walls of wood-work of our own house, you know."

"Wot are you smilin' at, Weary?" "I'm tickled by dis article on the danger in de soap dish. It says dat de way to avoid de germ is to have individual soap dishes and individual cakes of soap. But dere is a better way dan dat, me boy." "Wot's de way, Weary?" "Never use de stuff."

Sandy—"I want tae buy a necktie."

Shopman (showing some fashionable specimens)—"Here is a tie that is very much worn."

Sandy—"I dinna want ane that's very muckle worn. I've plenty of them at hame."

"Yes, there's something very feminine about opportunity," replied the pessimist. "She makes her call when she's pretty sure you're out, and that's the end of it."

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