

## The Sinners Bell.

(Translated from the German of Wilhelm Meißner by Helen Hughes Hilscher.)

There lived in Breslau city—  
An honest master workman  
Who founded bells and bells.  
And many a white and gold bell,  
He founded in those days,  
For churches and for chapels,  
To the Father's name and praise.  
And they sounded all so clearly,  
So pure, so sweet 'twould seem  
He mixed the gold of Faith and Hope  
Within the molten stream.

But of all the bells he founded,  
The one that doth excel  
Was cast in ancient Breslau,  
And is called the sinner's bell.  
In the tower of Magdeburg,  
This master-piece was hung,  
And many a hardened heart to God,  
Hath called its brassy tongue.

How skillfully the master,  
And true his work had planned,  
How tirelessly by night and day,  
He wrought with head and hand.  
And now has come the moment  
To test his craft and skill.  
The seething flood should ready  
The walled-in mouth to fill.

He called his boy: "I place thee  
As fire-watch while I go  
To slake my thirst and strengthen  
My spirits for the blow."  
"But listen, son: that spigot  
Dare not to lay a hand,  
For such a willful act I swear  
I'd slay you where you stand."

Alone beside the kettle,  
The boy stares in the glow  
That swirls and rolls and tumbles,  
All faint to overflow.  
If hisses and it whistles,  
And slowly round it swirls,  
Then fear took all his sense,  
He knew not what he did.

He ran into his master  
To tell his luckless deed,  
He clasped his knees and weeping,  
Began for grace to plead.  
The first word told the master,  
No further need to say,  
He drew his hand, for anger  
Quite carried him away.

And with his knife he struck him  
In the breast a cruel blow,  
Then how he reached the kettle,  
Himself he did not know.  
Perhaps he still might save it,  
Or stem the gushing tide,  
But see an empty kettle—  
No drop remains inside.

In haste he clears the form-wall,  
And sees and will not see  
The bell, complete and perfect,  
From spot or blemish free.  
On the floor the boy is lying,  
He'll keep the watch no more.  
O master! savage master!  
Tay blow was all too sore.

Before the judge he hastened,  
And straight his guilt confessed;  
With sorrow for the upright man  
The judge was sore oppressed.  
But nobody can save him  
For blood will cry for blood;  
He hears his own death sentence  
With calm and fearless mood.

Upon the fatal morning,  
E'er they led him forth to death,  
They brought the choicest dainties  
For his last meal on earth.  
"I think thee," spoke the master,  
"My worthless good and true,  
But there is yet one kindness  
My heart desires of you."

"Let me but hear, I pray thee,  
The sound of the new bell,  
'Twas I who made it ready,  
Would judge if I did well."  
His last request was granted,  
And as they led him forth to die  
The bell began to ring.

The master heard it sounding,  
So full, so pure, so clear,  
That down his cheek, perhaps for joy  
There stole a silent tear.  
And then his face grew radiant  
With a light no grief could dim,  
For more than music of the bell  
Came floating down to him.

He bowed before the headman,  
With courage calm and brave,  
For hope had come to brighten  
The threshold of the grave.  
So of all the bells he founded,  
This is the rool and crown,  
The bell of Magdeburg,  
In ancient Breslau town.

From that day by the people  
It was named the "Sinner's Bell,"  
If so 'tis called these newer times,  
God knows I cannot tell.

## Pains in the Back

Are symptoms of a weak, torpid or stagnant condition of the kidneys or liver, and are a warning that it is extremely hazardous to neglect, so important is a healthy action of these organs.

They are commonly attended by loss of energy, lack of courage, and sometimes by gloomy foreboding and despondency.

"I was taken ill with kidney trouble, and became so weak I could scarcely get around. I took medicine without benefit, and finally decided to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. After the first bottle I felt so much better that I continued its use, and six bottles made me a new man. When my little girl was baby, she could not keep anything on her stomach, and we gave her Hood's Sarsaparilla, which cured her." Mrs. Thomas Lewis, Wallaceburg, Ont.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
Cures kidney and liver troubles, relieves the back, and builds up the whole system.

## Short Story

The Dawning Of The Day.

(By Hamilton Bigart Dux.)

The ordeal was over; Miss Celia O'Rourke had given her answer and Mr. Jeremiah Costigan was supremely happy. Although his habitation was situated at least two miles from that of his lady fair, he did not ride home that night. He might have done so, could he have found a car; but one of those long and three hundred feet high, but one of those dimensions would have been intolerably cramped.

He was closer to pure insanity that night than ever before or since. He wanted to rush through the streets, shouting his triumph to the listening heavens. When a passing policeman wished him good evening he had all he could do to refrain from thumping the officer's broad back and yelling the news in his ear.

The three escape on an apartment building suggested the brilliant possibility of snatching the wife and threatening his head at each window to announce his formal engagement.

Not feeling entirely certain as to the advisability of these schemes, Mr. Costigan merely marched along like a conqueror, whistling fortissimo. "The Dawning of the Day."

When he reached his room he made no attempt to sleep, but sat, half dressed, staring out of the window at the moon now high in the sky.

In her chamber across the city, I think Miss Celia O'Rourke was asking the Mother of God to bless her lover.

When the news transpired, as it did almost immediately, for Jerry, of course, had to communicate it under pledge of absolute secrecy to his chum, Billy Peters, and Billy, equally of course, at once informed a fairly large circle of friends, many amusing comments were made. The ladies were inclined to give Miss O'Rourke credit for skilful angling, as it was supposed that other ladies had been baited for Mr. Costigan's attentions. Many of them "couldn't see what he saw in her; Celia was a dear, but after all there was not much to her." The men as a rule were most congratulatory toward Jerry, only Billy Peters holding the opinion that "there wasn't much to" Miss O'Rourke. However, Billy was practically a misogynist, and even he refrained from offending his views to his friend. Only when Celia left to spend the summer in Europe did Billy directly indicate his thoughts on the subject of the betrothal.

"She doesn't care as she should," he announced, "or she wouldn't be chasing off this way with a lot of rotten rich friends," and Jerry's fiery defence of his lady—that the trip was the opportunity of a lifetime, that they were to be married in the fall, and that Billy could go to thunder in any event—failed to impress the skeptic.

"She'll see some foreigner she likes better," he muttered prophetically, and turned to the file case through which he was searching.

Jerry, still grinning foolishly, took up his hat preparatory to departing for another part of the great factory wherein he and his chum labored. He reached the door, and as he swung it open there smote on his ears a shattering, rending roar that made the huge building tremble. He ran out, half stunned, and saw what had befallen.

The factory building formed a vast roofless, and every doorway was swarming with men and women seeking the open air. Two hundred yards away, one end of the dyehouse where the highly combustible dyes were stored, had been smashed in as if by the hand of a Titan. Smoke and flame were bursting out of the heap that had been roof and walls a moment before. Forty or fifty people were running from it with the fear of death upon them.

Jerry rushed to meet them. He

was in charge of that department. These people were in his care. His presence helped to restore order, and before the chief officers of the factory had reached the spot he had learned the horrifying news that a portion of the dye had exploded, and that two women and a man were imprisoned in the doomed building. They might be dead or no; no one knew.

"We'll have to be quick," said Jerry, quite calmly, and as if a rescue were a matter of course. "For God's sake, Mr. Costigan, don't try it!" cried one of the men, "The rest of the stuff might go any minute!" "That's all the more reason for hurry," answered Jerry, "come on, fellows."

A handful of men followed him out of the room to a very door of the dyehouse, and then bang bang, bang bang was making savage headway; it seemed certain death to go in! But it never occurred to Jerry not to go.

Only Jerry himself knows what happened when the smoke hid him from view, what passed in that groping search that was a race with death. But every employee of the factory knows and can tell how Jerry dragged two unconscious but living forms to safety; how he broke away from the men who sought to hold him and went in for a third time; how the second explosion came; how as if by some miracle, he came stumbling out of the ruins with a woman in his arms; and how, when they laid him down on the grass, they saw that the blast had spared his life indeed, but had torn the light of day forever from his eyes.

When the first wild rush of agony and horror had passed, Jerry's thoughts turned instantly to Celia, across the sea in distant Rome, to Celia, betrothed not to a stalwart vigorous man, but to a nimble and blinded wreck. And when he began to realize that the physical pain seemed slight beside the torment of the spiritual struggle he faced, for he was resolved that Celia should not suffer such a burden. It would have been his pride to protect and help her through life. She should never be obliged to take up the task of protecting and caring for so helpless a thing as he was now. He would recover, they told him, from all his injuries save one, but that one injured his helplessness. He would not let Celia share or make dismal her own life in an effort to lighten his. Though it cost him everything he must release her from the engagement. It was the only thing to do. Somewhere the finest and noblest course of action always appeared to Jerry in the lowly guise of "the only thing to do."

Nevertheless several days went by before he put his plan into execution. He wanted to be quite sure of himself, sure that he could write without seeming to plead for pity. He composed several letters before he finally commanded Billy, who sat with him every evening, to take pen and paper, and begin.

"Are you ready, Billy—Miss Peters?" asked Jerry, with a subtle attempt at feigning cheerfulness.

"Stop it!" snarled Billy, "What do you think I'm made of?"

"Good stuff, old pal," said Jerry, feeling for his friend's hand in the still unaccustomed darkness.

This is the letter (Mr. Costigan's voice never so much as quavered as the words came evenly from his lips, but the beads of sweat started out on his forehead, and Billy's handwriting would have disgraced a three-year-old).

Dearest Celia (ran the letter).

"I have met with an accident. There was an explosion at the factory, and I got in the way of it. As a result, my sight has been destroyed. I will be blind all my life. (Don't put that last sentence down, said Jerry, "it sounds whiney!")—But Billy disobediently wrote it.) Of course this means that our engagement must be broken off. Now I know, sweetheart, that you will pity me, and perhaps you will think I am wrong about our engagement, but you must trust me to know best about it. I love you far too dearly to be willing to let you sacrifice yourself, so we'll just be friends hereafter.

I know this will be a hard letter for you to read. I do not need to tell you how hard it was to write, but some things can't be helped—can they?

You must not think of shortening your trip. I don't look my best just now, but by September I hope to be as beautiful as of yore.

This is my first attempt at letter writing by proxy, and Billy says I must quit. He is taking famous care of me.

If you don't mind, I'd like to have you keep your ring.

Good-by, dear little friend. God bless and keep you always, and comfort you—and me.

Always your loving, Jerry

Billy was sorely tempted to add a surreptitious postscript, but refrained. "If she's the real thing, she won't need it," he sagely assured himself, "and if she isn't, why it's good riddance."

Presently the nurse entered and drove Billy away; saw to Jerry's bandages, re-arranged his pillows, and made him as comfortable as possible for the night. When he was sure that he was alone, Mr. Costigan had to set his teeth—hard! that no man might escape him.

(to be continued next week)

## Her HEART and NERVES

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To those who sleep in a kind of way, but whose rest is broken into by fearful dreams, nightmares, sinking and smothering sensations, who wake in the morning as tired as when they went to bed, we can recommend Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. By taking them you can have your old peaceful, undisturbed, refreshing sleep back again.

Mrs. Chas. Teel, Horncastle, Ont., writes:—"Just a few lines to let you know what Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills did for me. My heart and nerves were so bad I could not sleep, and the least noise or excitement would make me feel so that I used to think I was going to die, and I would tremble until I could hardly stand. I took doctor's medicine, but it did not do me much good. At last I tried Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and I can certainly say they did me a great amount of good. I can recommend them to anyone who is suffering as I was."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 75c. per box, 3 boxes for \$1.25 at all drug, or mail order on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Now let heaven be joyful,  
Let earth her song begin,  
The road world keeps high  
tramp.

And all that is therein,  
Let all things seen and unseen  
Their notes of gladness blend  
For Christ the Lord is risen,  
Our joy that hath no end.

Rev. J. M. Neale.

Minard's Liniment cures  
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Rev. T. A. Looby.

W. B. O. Wilkinson, Stratford, Ont., writes:—"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."

Of all virtues magnanimity is the rarest; there are 100 persons of merit for one who willingly acknowledges it in another.—Hazlitt.

Minard's Liniment cures  
Neuralgia.

Nature has placed me here; she  
shall not lead me away. She will  
not hate her work.—Goethe.

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Yours,  
W. A. HUTCHINSON.

One of the strangest things in this  
world is why a woman who can  
win up a hill with a pair of  
sneakers is not a natural champion to  
rope a alongside of a man who can't  
bake a better omelette on a hot griddle—  
Dallas News.

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sprained arm. Nothing we used  
did her any good. Then father  
got Hagyard's Yellow Oil and it  
cured mother's arm in a few days.  
Price 25 cents."

What is the first thing a man  
plants in his garden? His foot.

When sent.

Why is a cherry like a book? Be-  
cause it is red (read).

What will turn without moving?  
Milk.

Why are chickens, necks like door  
bells? Because they are often wrong  
for company.

Why did the fly fly? Because the  
piper spied her.

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Cold  
Settled On Her  
Lungs.

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