Weekly Monitor

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

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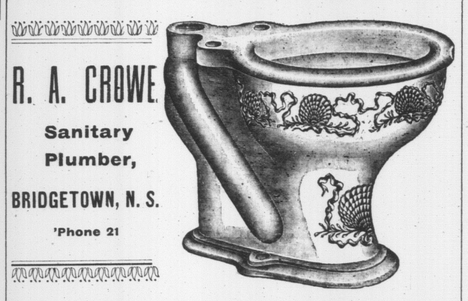

R. A. CROWE
Sanitary
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'Phone 21

Poetry.

PRESUMPTION.

Whenever I am prone to doubt or wonder,
I check myself and say, "That mighty One
Who made the solar system could not blunder,
And for the best all things are being done."
Who sets the stars on their eternal courses
Has fashioned this small earth by some sure plan
Bow low, bow low to those Majestic forces—
Nor dare to doubt their wisdom, puny man.

You cannot put one little star in motion—
You cannot shape one single forest leaf,
Nor fling a mountain up nor sink an ocean—
Presumptuous pigmy, large with unbelief—
You cannot bring one dawn of regal splendour,
Nor bid the day to shadowy twilight fall,
Nor send the pale moon forth with radiance tender,
And dare you doubt the One who has done all?

"So much is wrong—there is such pain such sinning,"
Yet look again—behold how much is right?
And he who formed the world from its beginning
Knows how to guide it upward to the light.
Your task, oh man, is not to carp and cavil,
At God's achievements, but with purpose strong
To cling to good, and turn away from evil—
That is the way to help the world along.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Select Literature.

A LASS OF ARRAN.

By Amelia E. Barr.

Between the fertile shores of Ayrshire and the rugged peninsular of Kintyre lies in the beautiful isle of Arran—a land of indescribable grandeur and loveliness, linked by many a romantic tie to the world and the church universal. Here the mighty Fingal kindled his signal fires when the fleet of Africoal darkened the waters of the Clyde; here Ossian, "the king of many songs" came to wait for "that dark and barrow house whose mask is one gray stone;" here settled the great, silent, fighting Norsemen, who hated lies and whose religion it was to be brave; here Robert Bruce lit the beacon that was the dawn of Bannockburn; here the Stuarts hunted the red deer, and Cromwell hunted the adherents of the Stuarts.

It was also in this rugged land that religion, pure and undefiled, took the deepest root, for what Knox planted there the covenanters watered and the free kirk perfected. No peasantry in the whole world are so proud of their spiritual lineage and so learned in their holy book that makes their title clear to a heavenly inheritance—brave, hardy fishermen and farmers walking erect in the ever conscious dignity of being sons of God.

Such a man was Robert Brodick, farmer and fisher, whose cottage was in a cleft of the hills between Catoool and Inachar. Five hundred years this cottage had stood in its naked granite strength. It had often been rethatched, but its original unmortared stones were as perfect as when Gillian Brodick first laid them on the few acres of land given him by Robert Bruce for some personal service. And through that 500 years Robert Brodick could trace his ancestry, man by man, fighters for truth and liberty and followers after righteousness. He was forty-five years old with the massive stature of his forbears; a simple dignified manner and a disposition serious, shrewd and straightforward.

He was sitting in the door of his cottage one summer evening watching the boats drift slowly out to the fishing ground and listening vaguely to his daughter Helen, who was singing softly to herself as she moved about the spotless interior putting things to rights after the evening meal. Now, Helen Brodick was a beautiful woman, tall and shapely, with a finely formed face; eyes gray, tender and eloquent; a brilliant complexion, wavy masses of fair hair rolled into a loose coil and possessing in a remarkable degree the fine Roman calm of a definite ancestry.

And she lived the very life of the sea. Her blood had tides in it and was subject to ebb and flow. Away from the sea she would have pined like a stormy petrel in a cage. Yet it was just this possibility which occupied her father's thoughts as he sat gazing at the outstretched waters. His staff was between his knees and his hands were folded on it, as he came suddenly to some decision he lifted it slightly and then let it fall with all the emphasis of a stamping foot.

"Helen!" he called in a tone of authority.

"I am near done wi' the tea things, father," she answered, "I'll be with you anon." And in a minute or two she stood beside him in all her homely sweetness, the odor and breath of the ocean around her.

"Are you wanting me in particular father?" she asked.

"I am. I was meeting the minister today and he was talking about you. He is loving you, Helen; loving you purfectly and unspeakably."

"Well, then, I am not wanting him to speak. What would the like of me do in a manse? It is a Glasgow pulpit he is seeking, and how could I live in the city, far away from the sight and sound of the sea? It is not thinkable, father."

"The minister is well to do. It is not a stipend that he is depending on. He has dry siller in the Bank of Scotland, and I would be fain and proud to see you marriet on him. It is a great thing to belong to the kirk and the ministry."

"I am thinking it is just as great to belong to the boats and the sea. The first kirk was a boat, and the first ministers came out the boats. I am minded to marry a fisher lad. They suit me—fine!"

"The siller though—the minister is rich and like to be richer."

"Siller is well enough, father, but there is something better than siller. It is to be leal and true to what is set dearest and deepest in the single hearted by him who made it. To marry the minister, and me not loving him, would be a sworn lie to God and man. You would not bid me to so forswear my own soul!"

"I would cut out my tongue first."

"I know that."

"Aye, but fisher lads differ—some good and some bad. I will tell you plainly, Helen, that Roy Anderson is not an improving companion for any good girl. I am saying nothing again Willie Anderson but Roy is not as he should be. You be to take care of yourself, Helen, with the like of him."

"Have you heard any special ill of Roy, father?"

"I cannot say that I have, but I have taken his measure, and I think him but a poor creature. I am judging the lad myself. I heard him talking about women a few days not long since to Will Sennex, and I know this—when lads give bad characters to lasses they have worse characters themselves."

"Why did you let him do it father?"

"I did not let him do it. I very quickly told him that the lad who spoke ill of women murdered his own mother's good name. He is a cunning, stealthy lad, and you will require to read him backward. Forby he has got up a quarrel with his cousin Willie about you."

"I will have nothing to do with lads that make quarrels out of me, and I shall tell both of the Andersons that very quickly."

"This is what I am hearing Helen. Willie Anderson bought a new boat, and he called her 'the Helen Brodick' and Roy Anderson bought a new boat and called her 'the Bonnie Helen.' Last night some ill willy fool passed a smirch of black paint over the name of Willie's boat, and he is thinking it was his cousin Roy—and saying so."

"That was a shameful thing to do."

"Everybody is saying that. As I went by the pier I saw the two lads pass each other. And Willie was stroking his arms bare to his shoulders—just asking for a fight you ken—and Roy went by him with such an ironical look and such a scornful laugh as might well raise the devil in any heart not full of the grace of God."

"Does Ray admit that he did it?"

"Roy admits nothing. He gets behint his questions. Does anybody think he would do the like? Will anybody say that he did it? Was it likely he would blacken the name he likes best in all the world? Do fools take him for a fool? What would he make by it? and the like of that. And all the time he is storming and swaggering and blustering like the sea gone mad. Now, then, Helen, if you could only take the minister'—

"Father, how can I take the minister, with his becks and bows and his 'Miss Brodicks' his small white hands his scented hair and his fine, tight fitting 'blacks'— I. that have lived with men with the sea and the wind in their hair; men who come home day after day with that grand look on their faces that men get who wrestle with the great winds and waves in the very presence of death, I, that know men only in their blue guernseys and big sea boots and their storm 'oils?' The minister is not my kind. He is good, and he may be great in his way but I know fisher lads that are ten feet high beside him."

"Well, well, I see that I have spoken too late. I'll away to the byre and look after the beasts. And it comes to my heart this night how the Almighty Father felt when he said by his servant Isaiah, 'the ox knoweth his owner and the ass his master's crib; but Israel—his bairns you ken, Helen—doth not know; my people—my bairns—do not consider.'

"Father you should not be likening your own leal daughter to the headstrong, murmuring Jews that no king could govern and that God himself could not please. It isn't kind, it isn't just. You know well I shall do the thing that is right if I break my heart to do it."

"What talk is there of breaking hearts? Perfect nonsense! A good heart never breaks. It has no occasion to break. What you cannot change you may call the will of God, and if you will what God wills then there is peace. Dinna let me hear again of foolishness as a breaking heart."

He waited for no reply, and Helen was not inclined to make one. She walked to the open door and let the fresh breeze blow in her face and her eyes wander away to the boats where her two lovers were busy with the lines. At least she thought so, but it was not many minutes ere she heard a step and a tune that made her heart beat to the tune it set.

"That is Roy," she whispered, "and I'll have the truth from him ere things go a bit farther." But she stepped out of the cottage and went down the little garden to the low stone wall which inclosed it. He waved his cap above his head and came rapidly forward, but yet timing his steps to the joyous melody—

"The wind's veering aft.
Then spread every sail;
She'll bear all her canvas a-trip!"

He was a dark, slim youth, much sunburned, with curling hair, splendid teeth and a voice that might wile a bird from a tree.

"Helen! Helen! My beauty!" He stopped in the middle of the song to say the words, and he said them on her lips, with his hands on her shoulders, as he stood face to face with her. Then he leaped the wall and asked if she would come down to the water and have a walk and a talk with him.

And Helen grew suddenly ten times lovelier. Her heart throbbed like a hive in June. Yes, she wanted to go down to the water, for love had still something of the sea, but she said, "I must go first and tell father, for he is in the byre."

"Let the auld man be my beauty. He will be sure to say, 'Don't go Helen,' or 'It's too late and near the exercise,' or 'There's a fog coming from the east' or the like of that. Take your own leave, you are no bairn."

"Aye, but I am. I am my father's bairn always. Wait a minute. I will be back anon."

She returned in a few minutes a little dashed, but she lifted her plaid and Roy took it over her arm. Then they strolled down to the sands together. As soon as they were a little distance from the cottage Roy asked:

"What did the auld man say?"

"Dinna speak of my father that way Roy," answered Helen. "I'm not liking it. Father isn't auld. He can do as 'Arran and he has neither sign nor feel of auld age yet. God forever bless him."

"I am meaning no harm, Helen. He was speaking very sharp to me the ither day and I was not liking it. But for you dautie, I would have given him as good as he sent."

"What were you saying to make father sharp with you? It isn't his way to be interfering."

"I was only telling Will Sennex of Mattie Robinson and her two lovers. The lass is a very butterfly of vanity and conceit, and any lad that will flatter her can."

"I am not caring to hear about Mattie Robinson. It is few people that know the lassie well enough to judge her."

"Maybe, but there is not a man or woman between here and Inichar who does not know how Archie Lagg is treated by that wife of his. She won't even go to the kirk he likes. She says she can think for hersel."

"How can she have the presumption?" asked Helen with a dubious little laugh, whose mocking character Roy did not like. "St. Paul would never have believed in such a woman."

"Indeed he wouldn't!" muttered the unsuspicious young man. "You know Helen, it is the scripture rule that women shall ask their husbands about things they are ignorant of. And I was just saying this and that about women in general when the auld man—I mean the elder—snapped me up with a very impertinent remark about my ain mother."

"Roy, father was hearing something I can scarcely believe possible about your cousin Willie's boat."

"I ken what you mean."

"Someone was telling you did the deed, but I am sure that is simply unthinkable."

"Of course! Of course! Would I, for anything, smirch the name of the woman I love better than my own life? I would be a born fool to do it !I would think shame of myself forever."

They had reached by this time a rock, and Roy sat down and drew Helen to his side. He then tried to turn the conversation but Helen was not satisfied.

"Roy," she said, "I am not doubting you, but I would be pleased to have the denial, straight and plain from you. There's folks that will be talking, and I want to be able to speak the words for you that you will perhaps be too proud to speak for yourself. So, my dear lad, did you paint your cousin's boat name out, or did you not?"

"I did not. I will swear it if you want me to."

"No! No! If I could not take your word, I would think less of your oath. Yes or no is enough for any man to say; more is a mere weakness."

"I say 'no' then."

"That is all I want. Who do you think is the guilty person? I would wish to give him, whoever he is, a warning. I know well the look on my father's face when he told me of his name and my name being blacked out. And just because he said so little and threatened none I know he is set on making an example of the blackguard whoever he may be. So I would like to warn him either to confess his fault to the elder and get his forgiveness or else put himself out of the reach of his just anger. Who do you think was able for such a bit of contemptible pride?"

"I think Will Anderson did the deed with his own hands."

"You do not know what you are saying, Roy."

"I know fine. Will Anderson did it himself. He thought I would get the blame of it and so lose your respect and liking."

"You are clean mistaken! Will did not do it. I would as soon blame myself. An act like that is clean below and beyond him. The very thought of blackening his heart and hands in von way could never enter Will's mind. Why, you fright me, Roy you fright me! If I could believe—tut, tut; the thing is impossible!"

"What for are you setting yourself in such a blaze of passion? Let the black mark pass. We have sweeter things to talk about. I am asking you to be my wife and I want your 'Yes' this night. I will not listen to 'No.' If I am right in thinking you love me Helen, Helen, say 'Yes.' I am that anxious I am fairly trembling with the fear that you did not mean aught by the smiles you have blessed me with and the kiss you let me take this very night. Helen, my dear lassie, say 'Yes.' If you don't I shall go to the mischief."

"Whist! Roy! You do not surely think I can be frightened into marrying you. I am not that kind of a woman. And if I thought you were a man like to go to the mischief for aught that a woman might do to you I would say a hundred-fold 'No' this minute. But—"

"But you will trust me? You will love me? Oh, my bonnie Helen, give me the one word that will make me prouder than king or kaiser. Will you be my wife, Helen?"

And she answered 'Yes.' Then she suffered him to taste the sweetness of her surrender. She allowed herself to confess that she loved him dearly, that she had long loved him and would love him to the end of life. And the tide came murmuring up, and the purple sunset brightened the seaward stretches as they told in the eerie loneliness of the rocks their tale of love and believed that it was something quite new and special to their own experience.

Waiting for their return, the elder knew what he would have to hear, and he tried to prepare himself for it. If Helen was resolved to marry this man, he must at least bear his disappointment without whimpering and with such silent dignity as would become an elder of the kirk. But it was a bitter trial, for he found out that hour how great was his dislike for Roy Anderson and how much he feared his influence over Helen; also he felt a little hard toward his daughter. She knew that he mistrusted his moral nature and that the general feeling in the village was not favorable to him, though it was hard to say on what grounds this prejudice existed, for Roy was a prompt observer of all that the little community held in respect, a constant sitter in the kirk and a ready helper when there was a stress of extra labor; but for all this, his cousin, Will Anderson, who made no particular effort to please, who was not a good singer or good story teller, who was shy of women and whose sole claim to favor was a manly heart, was a far more popular man.

If it had been Will Anderson, the father told himself, he would not so much have regretted the minister. He could at least have respected Will and would not have been ashamed of him among the great and honorable company of his forefathers. But Roy! "Ah well!" he said as he saw the young people coming home together. "There is room for hope yet. Promising is not marrying." He rose as they came near to him, and when Roy with the pride of a newly engaged man, referred to Helen as his "future bride" the elder grimly smiled and answered:

"Weel, weel, that will do for a passing remark."

"I hope you have no objections elder," said the lover, with a slight tone of offence at his want of appreciation.

"No, no, the circumstance is not likely to be far out of the way," was the doubtful rejoinder.

"I can assure you that I love Helen. She is my first love, and I would die for her."

"Nonsense, man! Only fools die for love. Wise men and women very often live to thank God that they did not get the first foolish desire of their hearts. We will make the exercise now. It has been waiting an hour on your self seeking."

When the worship was over, Roy, who wished to conciliate, said a few words about his excellency, adding: "We are going to have a big musical reunion in the village, elder. I have the charge of it, and it would be a good thing for us all if you would take the chair."

But the elder shook his head and answered sharply: "I will not go a step! A musical reunion! It is just incredible misery!"

Then Roy said "Good-night!" He felt hurt, though he could give no reason for the feeling, but he avenged himself by a very ostentatious appropriation of Helen and a long whispered conversation outside the door. And Helen was proud and silent when she came back to her father, whose dropped head and brooding face were a kind of reproach that irritated her.

"Roy was feeling perfectly annoyed father," she said. "He was thinking you were not pleased with him for a son-in-law."

"I am not. The lad has some discernment I see."

"You are not so kind as you should be, father. You are wanting me to marry that wee minister, with his scented hair and his white hands and his hopes of a Glasgow pulpit. It is not fair, it is not kind, to force on me a husband I can neither like nor respect."

"My lass! It is just as unfair and just as unkind to force on me a son-in-law that I can neither like nor respect. The laws of the household are equal laws. There is not one law for the parent and another law for the child. But I know this— that love is a clamoring selfishness, and it will put on any disguise to get its own ends. Go to bed, Helen, and rest and bethink yourself. You have suffered temporary collapse of reason. You will hold the balance truer in the morning. God be with you!"

And Helen could not go away without returning the blessing, nor yet say it and keep her anger. So they parted as usual with a smile and a handgrip. And love has always invincible hope.

"Father is a bit disappointed," she said to herself, "but he will get over it and he will be just; whatever comes he will be just. That is all I am wanting, for when he knows Roy better he will be liking him better I know. And I am very happy with my lad. Oh, what a wonderful thing is love! I can pray for the whole world tonight. Roy, Roy, I hope you are as happy as I am, my own dear lad."

II

Happy as Helen had declared herself to be, she rose in the morning with a certain degree of anxiety. For all changes to the thoughtful heart must have an air of melencholy. What we have to leave behind is part of ourselves. We are dying in a measure to the life we are quitting and must do so ere we can fully enter on the life we are going to. And although she did not tell herself these things, she felt them. Roy had spoken of their own home. Her heart was turned towards it, and the home she was to leave had already lost something of its charm. As she went about her usual duties she was dreaming of the cottage Roy was to prepare for her and of the life they were to live in it and her present life was poorer for this projection of her best self into the future.

Still affairs went on with their accustomed peace and regularity, and Robert Brodick was not once sensitive to the annoyance which the brag and pride of his future son-in-law caused him. Roy had won the handsomest and richest girl in the neighborhood and he was not able to bear his success modestly. A man so enamored so transported with love, no one had ever seen before, and the fisher wives shook their heads over his noisy happiness and said such hot love was soon cold.

It certainly soon became subject to moods which troubled Helen's nature to its very depths, for as the young man grew accustomed to his good fortune he began to find faults in it. He The elder was a standing grievance. He felt his presence generally to be a wrong to Helen and himself. It was true that the father was only sitting on his own hearthstone, but Roy wished him far away. He said he had "nae a consideration for other folk," and as the nights grew cold and dark the offense was aggravated. Then he vowed "there was no pleasing the auld man"—that is, he could not make Brodick laugh at his funny stories and mimicries. In the first place laughter was not natural to Brodick; he took life too seriously to make sport out of it. In the second place he had that contempt for mimicry and punning which all but the most elemental natures feel. There was not any obvious quarrel, but no disagreement is so intolerable as that divided by only one semitone. It is a far more intense dislike than one which explains itself in a vigorous dispute or contradiction.

To be constantly between these two opposite natures and feeling the fret of both was not a good discipline for Helen. She was nervous and fretful when her father and lover were together. She longed for her own home; but, though Roy talked continuously about the joy they were to have in it, he made no efforts towards its realization. He was waiting for Robert Brodick to do this, and Robert had a conviction that it would never be required. Sooner or later, he was sure, Helen's clear honest nature would divine the falseness of the man she had chosen, and then he knew it would be impossible for her to marry him.

But for three months Roy kept his position intact. Helen believed in him with all her soul and loved him with all the intense affection of a self restrained, truthful woman. No one could doubt her affection; it had the charm of absolute sincerity and of truthfulness without a flaw, But such an atmosphere was naturally too tiresome an endeavor for a man of mingled elements, and gradually Helen was aware of some change, too slight for analysis, too elusive to complain of, but—

Ah, the little more and how much it is.
And the little less and what worlds away.

It was just "the little less" and it made Helen's heart quake as she looked into the future. For if a man is not noble and unselfish when he is in love he never will be so either in this world or the next; and Helen could not disguise, could not explain away many a little incident which no noble or unselfish man would have been connected with. These events each made a distinct impression on her, but she told herself that no one was perfect and that Roy had been motherless all his life and had never been taught to define with imperious clearness the line between right and wrong. When she was his wife and had the lad always in his care, she was sure he could be made to see things with her eyes. Alas, women in love tell so many lies to themselves.

The dim doubt, however, grew suddenly, and in one fateful hour, to a certainty she could not deny or tolerate. It was a stormy night nearing the new year. The elder had gone to a kirk session, and Helen had given to the cheery home place a wonderful air of cozy beauty. The fire danced and blazed on the snow white hearth, on the deal furniture, scrubbed with meal till it was like ivory; on the gayly painted cushions and crockery, on the house plants in the window and the prints and ballads on the wall as Roy came in out of the storm laughing and shaking the frozen snow out of his black curls. He threw off his plaid, took Helen in his arms and then snuggled comfortably down in the cushions of the big chair she had placed near the fire for him. A little table was spread with bread and butter and milk, and he ate heartily and related to Helen as he did so the particulars of a trip. to Glasgow from which he had just returned. Then they became more loving and confidential, and some evil influence prompted Roy to say:

"I must e'en tell you a strange thing that I have found out about my cousin Will. He is wanting to buy a share in a North Sea trawler, and wherever he has got the siller for that outlay is mair than good folks ken."

"It will be true siller if it were in Will Anderson's purse," answered Helen. "But what way did you hear of it Roy? Father never spoke of the like, and he mostly kens what Will is planning."

"Weel, the lad thought to keep this plan secret for some reason, good or ill, but as it happened Lucky Hislop gave me a letter that she thought was mine, and it wasn't mine; it was his. The doited auld wife is losing her sight, I'm thinking."

"You surely didn't open it Roy! You would never do the like of that!" said Helen.

"I wasn't noticing the directions very clearly."

"When did you get this letter?"

"Oh, it is vera near a week since."

"Man, Roy!"

"Weel, what's the matter wi' you?"

"You never said a word about that before."

"I'm sorry I said the word now. What are you looking at me in that way for? Your eyes are like two pistols."

"I was wondering—I was wondering"—She ceased speaking, for Roy had taken a letter from his pocket and was offering it to her.

"Read that," he said.

"Is it Will's letter?"

"Aye, it is. Read it and see what the sneak has been planning and never saying a word to anyone, friend or kin."

She drew back with dislike and anger. "I would not touch it for a' the her. "I would not touch it for a' the siller in Arran. Roy, you have no right, you have not the shadow of right, with that letter. It is just downright theft to have it in your pouch. You are, maybe, wronging your cousin Will by keeping it from him. Go to him at once and make what plea you can for the wrong you have done, Oh, Roy, Roy, I can't believe it! I can't bear it!"

"Perfect nonsense! What are you crying about? A poor wife you would make for any man if he could tell you something but what everyone might ken. The letter came to me in the regular way. I might say it was a kind of providence, for it has let me into Will Anderson's secrets."

"You'll no dare to put your sins on Providence. I won't listen to such words."

"'Will and won't' " are for men to say, not for women folk. I'll read any letter I like to read. How was I to ken when Lucky Hislop put the paper in my hands that it wasn't mine?"

"Was Will's name on the outside of it?"

"Aye it was, but what of that? Will and Roy are near enough to pass particular notice. I saw the Anderson plain, and I opened it. Anybody might have done the same thing."

"Say that much. But you know as soon as you had read a line or two that it wasn't your letter. Then, no doubt, you looked well at the outside of it."

"Say that much, and what by it?"

"This—that knowing mostly at once that you held in your hand what was not yours in any sense you ought to have gone straightway to your cousin and said: 'Will I opened this letter by mistake, but I haven't read more of it than to let me know it did not belong to me. I hope you'll excuse me and poor Lucky Hislop likewise.'"

"Such evendown folly! I would just like to see Roy Anderson making a wonder and a talk of himself for a screed of paper."

"It comes to this—you can give up the letter or you can give up Helen Brodick. I will not put my hand in yours again until you have made it clean with your cousin."

"You are caring a deal for my cousin. I am thinking he ought to be in my place. Give him the letter yourself. There it is!" And he flung it on the table in great passion.

"I will not black my hand with it, forby you will make your own excuse and seek your own discharge from the blame and the shame of it. I'm not sure but what keeping a letter is actionable. It ought to be, I know that.

"And so you are going to fling me o'er for Will's letter. I have been thinking long that you were not caring for me."

"You are lying now. I have told you this very night that I love you better than all the world, and you know fine and well that I would not say them words unless they came from my heart. But it is the man I thought you that I love. I could not love—I would not dare to love—a lad that could open and read a letter that was not his—aye, and then keep it for a whole seven days afterward. So listen to me. You must go strait this very minute to Will and give him that letter that belongs to him and and if you don't do this, and all of it, you may count every word between us unsaid and unredeemable."

"You are not in earnest Helen Brodick?"

"I am, as sure as death."

"Weel, I cannot give you up. I would rather make a born idiot of myself. So I'll go to Will and do what you bid me. He'll laugh at the circumstance,I ken that, and he'll laugh at me likewise, but it's little you care for that."

"Oh, Roy, I want you to do right and only right, and—"

"I've said I would do what you told me to." Then he rose, kicked the chair aside in a temper and, taking his cap and plaid, went out without another word.

(Concluded next week.)

Now is the Time.

In view of the serious results likely to follow a forest fire it is time that some steps be taken to enforce the law dealing with the matter. The legislature has made many rules and precautions which if followed would certainly put an end to the veil, and now is the time, before the season be comes further advanced to call to account those parties through whose carelessness some unfortunate one may find himself homeless and penniless. The penalty provided is no light one, being a fine of from twenty to four hundred dollars, or if the amount of the fine be not forthcoming, then the pleasure of a day in jail for every dollar of the fine and costs.

WIRE WOUNDS.

My mare, a very valuable one, was badly bruised and cut by being caught in a wire fence. Some of the wounds would not heal, although I tried different remedies. Dr. Bell advised me to use MINARD'S LINIMENT, diluted at first, then stronger as the sores began to look better, until, after three weeks, the sores have healed, and best of all the hair is growing well, and is not white as is most always the case in horse wounds.

F. M. DOUCET.

Weymouth.

—If I do this or the other thing people will laugh at me, seems a very weak argument to urge when one is confronted with a duty, but it is strong enough to keep many a young man from taking a brave stand for the right. Boys smoke cigarettes not because they like them but because companions will jeer if they refuse. Boys use profane words or disobey their parents, through a fear of somebody's mirth, if they are pure of talk and obedient. Let the boy who means to be manly, study to be something bigger than a moral coward.

Is Your Back Lame.

Does it hurt to stoop or bend down? Have you a heavy dull pain at the base of the spine? If so, the best remedy is Nerviline; it will invigorate the tired, sore muscles, make them supple and strong. Nerviline will drive out the pain and make you well in no time. Nothing so good as Nerviline for lumbago, stiff neck, rheumatism, neuralgia and sciatica. Buy a 25c bottle of Polson's Nerviline today and try it.

Hamilton's pills cure constipation.

The total output of the collieries of minion for eleven months of the current fiscal year at the end of May, amounts to $356,924,896 as against $333,472,908 in the corresponding period last year, an increase of $23,496,687.

A pipeful of "Amber" Plug Smoking Tobacco will burn 75 minutes.

"Test it!"

Save the tags, they are valuable.

Minard's Liniment the best hair restorer.