

tone of relief, and pushed something out of sight beneath the dead leaves. Though Helen did not see it, it was an empty pistol.

"Yes," she said quietly, "it is I. Are you badly hurt?"

"Nigh to death," he muttered.

"Who shot you?"

There was a scarcely perceptible pause, then the words came with a slutter. "Some devil in the wood. He shot the Captain first and then me. Damn him."

Helen rose again. She moved as quietly and coldly as a ghost.

With her cloak she stooped, as best she could, the blood that flowed in a red stream from Rory's shoulder.

"Do you know Morag's cottage?" asked Helen.

Maisie saw the drift of the question.

"No," she answered unblinkingly.

"Then I must go. Stay here till we come."

Helen went away.

And the empty pistol under the dead leaves kept its own secret. Another was found in the morning in the middle of a thorn bush, but the coming of it there was stranger and more inscrutable yet.

Only Hugh Lamont had an inkling of it, but he, for his own sake, was bound over to silence.

LORD'S DAY DESECRATION AND INSANITY IN THE UNITED STATES.

There has been considerable comment on the appalling increase of insanity in Cleveland and all over the country. One doctor is reported to have said that it is caused by the advent of Spring. He might have rather said it is because the moon is made of green cheese! Dr. Howard of the Asylum suggests that alcohol, where the persons is under, nervous strain, noise and confusion of city life are productive factors, and that back of many cases is heredity. Dr. Howard is undoubtedly right; but even he has not gone back far enough to the great cause of the increase of insanity. We Americans are living on high pressure; and instead of having an opportunity of enjoying a quiet reverent Sunday rest, in which brain and nerve could recover their tone and balance, Sunday has become almost more trying on brain and nerve than the ordinary work and worry of the week. The Sunday newspaper is larger and more loudly sensational than any week-day issue. Then there are excursions, concerts, sports, parties, dinners, etc., not to speak of Sunday work and worry over the business of the week. There is no word here of criticism of any of the things referred to; it is only that they prevent people from enjoying the quiet and reverent rest of Sunday—nature's sweet restorer. In time the person, who practices that way of spending Sunday, becomes "run down," then he feels that he needs a "bracer," and takes it in the form of some liquor, or drug or patent medicine. By-and-by that fails, and the nervous system or brain collapses in disease or insanity or death. Judge Hadden is right, in asking for a temporary detention home for the newly insane—what they need is quiet, rest and a simple life. If anything human will restore them, that will. Unfortunately, it is very seldom that the brain and nervous system, when constitutionally disturbed, can be fully restored to balance and normal energy. The best way is to practice the cure before the attack of the disease—cultivate the quiet and reverent Sunday rest. It is the only hope for the insane—and for our country.—The Golden Day.

Peach Snow.—Wipe and remove skin from one peach. Force pulp through a sieve, and if there is much juice, drain. Beat the white of one egg until stiff, using a silver fork. Add peach pulp gradually, while continuing the beating. Sweeten with powdered sugar, pile on glass dish, and serve with steamed custard or cream.

THE FIRST SAW.

"What a funny thing!" said little Tom, taking up his brother John's saw.

"It's only saw, silly," said John.

"Why, don't you think it is a funny thing?" persisted Tom, as the saw worked backward and forward, separating the hard wood which no knife would have cut.

"Oh, all carpenters have it," said John disdainfully.

Still little Tom watched and wondered. "But who made it first?" he said.

"I'll tell you," said his brother. "Long ago a Greek sculptor, called Daedalus, divided a piece of wood with a toothed bone of a serpent; and it answered so well that he imitated the teeth in iron, and so made the first saw."

And Tom's inquiring little mind was satisfied.

MARCHING TO AVA: A story of the First Burmese War, by Henry Charles Moore (Gall & Inglis, 25 Paternoster Square, London, England). This lively tale of adventure will be read with interest by any boy. In addition to the interest of the incidents related and the little love story interwoven, the book gives an excellent idea of conditions in India and of the native tribes there.

It is stated that Queen's University now supplies nearly twenty per cent of the High School and Collegiate teachers of Ontario, a big increase in five years. According to the latest report of the Minister of Education, there are 122 Queen's graduates teaching in the secondary schools. Of this number 29 are specialists in science, 23 in modern languages, and 19 in classics and mathematics. All of which is very creditable to "our own university."

This from the Pioneer: "When the men who tell us they hate the license system say so into the baili-box, the government will go out of partnership with the liquor business." Nothing surer! All that is required is a united demand from the electorate—unequivocal and overpowering—and the thing is accomplished.

He is not a true child of God who does not love and desire the welfare of God's children, and especially those with whom he is in fellowship and labor.

How little noise there is about the activities of this summer world! The plants in the garden do not blow a trumpet to call your attention to the fact that a new blossom has unfolded. An old hen stirs up more commotion announcing that she has laid an egg, than a thousand acres of wheat will make in ripening their precious grain. Just remember that it is not the noisiest worker, as a rule, who accomplishes the most.

GOD'S LAMPS.

God's promises are all lamps to light up dark places, and I know of no brighter one than this: "As thy days so shall thy strength be." But may be you are all strength now. Or ready in the long, dark passageway. Or possibly the valley through which your steps are leading is a very dark and shadowed one. Then gladly I bid you look up and catch some of the light which God sheds down from this blessed assurance: When the sun withdraws its light,

Lo! the stars of God are there:

Present host, unseen till night—

Matchless, countless, silent, fair.

If we never had nights, we never could see the stars. And so if you and I never had any trouble, we could never enjoy such a promise as this of which we have written. We do not love sorrow and trouble, but we do bless God for sustaining grace. We do not love weakness, but we rejoice in such promises of God as will uphold us when weakness comes.—G. B. F. Hallock.

HOT WEATHER AILMENTS.

The best medicine in the world to ward off summer complaints is Baby's Own Tablets, and it is the best medicine to cure them if they attack little ones unexpectedly. At the first sign of illness during the hot weather give the child Baby's Own Tablets, or in a few hours the trouble may be beyond cure. These Tablets cure all stomach troubles, diarrhoea and cholera infantum, and if occasionally given to the well child will prevent them. Mrs. Edward Clark, McGregor, Ont., says: "I used Baby's Own Tablets for my little girl who suffered from colic and bowel troubles and I found them the most satisfactory medicine I ever tried." This is the experience of all mothers who have used this medicine. Keep the Tablets in the home during the hot weather months and you can feel that your children are safe. Sold by all druggists or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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