POOR DOCUMENT

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The Eleventh Hour

BY SIR WILLIAM MAGNAY, BART

Author of "The Red Chancellor" "The Fall of a Star" "The Heiress of the Season" &c.

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CHAPTER XXIX.—(Continued)

"Come back, Jack! It's death! Reneagle shouted desperately. But he gave no sign of obeying. He was gripping the submerged beam with a despairing effort now, for he knew that the feat he had essayed was an impossible one. The force of the water was more than human clutch could withstand. It drove him outwards till he hung over the fall, climbing helplessly with arms and knees. The water was over him, pouring down upon his head, till he could get no breath. Perhaps it was the imminence of suffocation that drove him to a supreme effort. He righted himself somewhat and contrived to get his head above water. By another he made a desparing dash to reach the next upright a few feet away. Exhausted and half stunned, he caught it, only to know that he had but prolonged for a few moments the agony of the struggle. The post was weak and rotten: his weight was too great a strain. It was cracking and giving way. He could do no more now, his strength was exhausted, he must go to his death, after all not unwillingly. His only pain was that he could not reach help to save Reneagle. Could the man hold on long in that chill water? But for a short time, he feared, and then he must go down.

All this flashed through his mind during the few seconds his support took in the breaking: then, with a sudden snap, it gave way and, with a cry to his Maker, he was hurled down to the foaming pool beneath.

Happily an interval of darkness prevented Reneagle from seeing the end of Fauconberg's attempt to save him. When in a few seconds the moon shone out again nothing was to be seen on that side of him but the steady slide of the water over the edge of the fall. Wondering dizzily whether his friend could after all have succeeded in what seemed an impracticable attempt, Reneagle, shivering and half spent, set himself to hold out in hope of the help which might after all be brought. So long as he could keep exhaustion at bay he was comparatively safe; the pier to which he clung seemed likely to hold: perhaps the rush of water was subsiding. Ah, if only it were! Suddenly he turned his head and listened with strained face. Was that a cry? He dared not think it was. Yes! there again! An unmistakable shout. He shouted back with what voice his condition had left him: shouted and shouted till he knew he was heard. Yes; help was at hand. Men were on the bank; by turning his head he could distinguish their forms as the moon broke out. They kept up the shouts; that was, he told himself, to encourage him to hold out. He answered back cheerily, now that hope had revived. So he waited—for an age, it seemed. The shouting was still continued, but would help never come? Only a crazy, rotten beam between him and death. Of a sudden the cries redoubled. Ah! rescue was coming now. Yes; a man with a rope tied round him had plunged into the pool and was making his way towards midstream, steadied by the rope paid out from shore. As he gained the central current he was caught and swept in remorselessly, his capture being checked by the rope which held him back. Steadily it was let go, nearer and nearer he drew to the fall. The question now was, would he be able to reach Reneagle? It was a critical business: to be held securely from going over the fall and yet to have freedom to reach the man he was to rescue. Happily the force of the torrent seemed to have somewhat abated; the great reservoir above was sinking to its natural holding, consequently the feat which a quarter of an hour before would have been impracticable was now, with nerve and luck, to be done. By a determined effort the strong swimmer was able to get out into line with Reneagle, and so, carefully let go by the paid-out rope, at length reached him.

"All right, my lord," he gasped. "Take hold of my hand; so! Now, let go and hang on to the rope."

With the energy revived by the prospect of life instead of the death at which he had stared so long, Reneagle clutched the rope, the man signalled with his arm, and they began to be drawn upwards and sideways towards the bank.

In Reneagle's exhausted state it was an anxious operation, since it was impossible to fasten the rope to him; the man, however, held on to his arm till at length bottom was touched and Reneagle, too weak to stand, was seized by his rescuers and supported to shore.

"Jack!" he gasped, trying to look round. "Where are you, Fauconberg?"

"Mr. Fauconberg is not here, my lord," one said.

"Did—did he not send you—to—the rescue?" Reneagle asked.

"No, my lord, we have not seen Mr. Fauconberg. We heard the reservoir had burst and that——"

He stopped, for Reneagle had fallen back insensible.

CHAPTER XXX.

"No! I shall still think nobler of the sex.
Believe a woman still may take a man
For the short period that his soul wears flesh,
And, for the soul's sake, understand the fault
Of armour frayed by fighting."

When Fauconberg was carried over the fall, he went down by the merest chance into a hole of deep water. Had the drop been from his original position two or three yards farther out he would have fallen thirty feet on to rocks and had the life dashed out of him. As it was he fell just at the point where the water happened to be clear of obstacles. He had made up his mind that death was inevitable, and it was only after he had been plunged down many feet below the surface that he realized vaguely that he was unhurt. Unhurt, yet, skilful swimmer as he was—and it will be remembered that he had once saved Paul Hascombe from a death-tray in the Thames—he was in imminent peril of drowning, since in the seething pool, under the tremendous volume of water which poured down upon him, he could not regain the surface. It seemed all a hideous dream, in which the roar of the water came faintly to his ears; still, it is not easy for a strong swimmer to drown, and at last, just as he could hold his breath no longer, he contrived to get his mouth above the foaming surface. Scarcely had he taken breath when he felt a crash as though his skull were cleft in two, the moon seemed to expand and burst before his eyes, and he knew nothing more. Before he had had time to recover from his suffocation he had been carried by the torrent head-foremost against a rock and stunned. But he was not to die so; for the force which flung him against the rock lifted and wedged him upon it in a position which held him safe above the now subsiding water. So he stayed, cut and insensible, but breathing, till at length the men who had helped to rescue Lord Reneagle came upon him at the very outset of what had promised to be a hopeless search.

In the days that followed it, the terrible event of that night was often discussed, yet hesitatingly and with a certain constraint, between Reneagle and Barbara. John Fauconberg lay between life and death; the specialist from London, who came bristling with cleverness and armed with an acute knowledge of the very latest results which the hospitals had to show, even he refused all hope beyond the merest turn of chance, and declared his conviction that the patient could not live. It was then that Barbara knew for the first time the real story, forced by his sorrow from Reneagle, of Fauconberg's deed, and the deeper motive of his self-sacrifice."

"He will have died to save you, Arthur," she said with a sob in her voice, as the news of the doctor's opinion was brought her by Reneagle. "Poor, poor fellow! He has atoned for the faults we in our superiority have chosen to impute to him. Ah! if he only would live that we might tell how we have misjudged him, and ask his pardon."

"It is terrible," Reneagle said gloomily, "that he should have to die after all. I am only glad to think I had done the best for him—for who could have foreseen this ending?—and taken him in when the world, our world, kicked him out. Of course, Barbara, he was a fool, but I don't think he was worse. And I suppose luck was against him."

"We cannot tell, she replied. "It may be all for the best."

"And to think he is dying there now," Reneagle exclaimed in an access of sorrow. "I can't think of it, Barbara," he continued impulsively, "you know why he gave up his chance to me?"

She colored a little at the meaning of this question. "Why was it, Arthur?"

"Surely you can guess," he answered. "It was for you, not me, that he did it. For you, because he loved you."

"How could you know that?" she asked, and her voice trembled.

"He told me."

"He told you? John Fauconberg?"

Reneagle nodded. "His last word was that he loved you."

Barbara could not reply, only turn away and hide her tears. "Poor fellow," she sobbed. "God forgive me for the way I treated you."

The confession extorted by her grief and remorse made Reneagle's face go pale, but either it did not surprise him or he mastered his feelings with abnormal power of will. He only looked very grave as he said, not unkindly:—

"I knew that he was in love with you, Barbara, but not that you cared for him."

"I never cared for him! How could I?" she cried in a passion of self-reproach.

"I think so," he maintained steadily.

"To treat him as I did? When I might ——" she stopped.

There was silence. He stood staring before him in painful thought. For a conviction was spreading itself in his mind, an idea that had sprung up three several times before, one that he had always crushed down, but could not uproot. For we must ever cultivate the weed of self-love, even when it chokes the flower of truth.

"I know now," he said at last, as though braced for the cold water of an unpleasant fact. "I know now what I have sometimes suspected. You do not love me."

If it was for her denial he paused, none came; only a little sob, comfirmatory rather.

"And," he went on in a voice from which feeling in its excess had driven all sign of feeling, "I understand why. You have all along loved John Fauconberg."

Even now she did not reply.

"You may as well tell me," he said. "It is hardly fair for us not to know exactly how we stand, even if it be not the fashion nowadays to care about such details."

"I did care for John Fauconberg," she admitted, speaking steadily but without meeting his eyes.

"If you cared for him once, you care for him now," he returned steadily but without conviction. "Why then would you marry me? Or is the question not a fair one?"

The stronger taunt stung her yet more to her defence. She faced him now. "You think I loved him and all the same could marry you for—what you have to offer me. Arthur, the insinuation is worthy neither of me—nor yourself. I could not marry John Fauconberg. No matter why. There was something which stood between us and made it impossible. I could not respect him, and without respect I, at any rate, could not love him."

"But you did," he insisted.

"Never in a way that could stand between my conscience and the man who should be my husband."

"I fancy," he said after a silence, "that you have more respect than love for me."

"How can I gauge it?" she rejoined.

"No; but I have often thought you did not feel towards me as, for instance, you would have loved this poor fellow could you only have respected him, as you would love and respect him now, if by a miracle he should recover."

She moved to him and took his hand. "Arthur, was it not enough that I could love you honestly, without an arriere pensee, that I could marry you with no unworthy motive? If any such reason has influenced others who wished for this marriage, it has not touched me. I will not wrong myself by insisting that you must believe me."

"Of course, dearest, I believe you," he replied. "Only—you do not love me."

"I do love you, Arthur."

"Yes—in a way. I know your love is genuine enough as far as it goes. But it is now what I ask. You give me garnets where I look for rubies."

"How can a woman tell how much love she is capable of giving?" she reasoned.

"It is the man who must call it forth," he said. "I understand that. And, moreover, that I am not the man. Why—Heaven knows! But I think you would have loved me if you had never met poor Jack."

"And now that he is to be nothing more than a memory, are you to be jealous of him" she asked earnestly.

"Jealous? Of the man who saved my life for your love? Barbara, what should I have done in his place? Jealous! I only wish——"

A man came running past the windows. Barbara clasped Reneagle's arm.

"Arthur!" she cried, with a catch in her voice, "it is all over. There is Scotson——"

"Poor fellow, poor John! Barbara, I can't bear it," he chied passionately. "I can't bear the news. And we have been talking nothing but ourselves, our ——"

There was a knock at the door and the man came in.

"Beg pardon, my lord," he said, breathlessly; "Dr. Kirkham sent me up from the Lodge to say he thinks there is a change for the better in Mr. Fauconberg——"

"A change for the better?" they both gasped.

"Yes, miss; yes, my lord. Doctor Kirkham had a horse saddled and sent his groom after the London doctor; he thought Saunders might catch him before the train came in, and bring him back to see Mr. Fauconberg again."

"All right, Scotson, I'll come up to the Lodge at once."

As the man went out, Reneagle and Barbara looked at each other. "He is going to live," Reneagle said, and there was an infinity of complex meaning in the simple words. Such a depth of significance that Barbara could not answer them. Next moment he was on his way to the Lodge.

"I am glad," said old Lady Reneagle that evening to her son, who had just brought her news of the patient, "that the poor fellow is likely to recover after all."

"Yes, mother; both doctors have the strongest hopes."

"Then I need not put off those people who are coming to luncheon tomorrow, the Scott-Purveses. Did I tell you she wrote to decline as she had a guest? Of course, I had to tell the woman to bring her too, although when one is a little uncertain about the people themselves one certainly does not want their friends."

"No, mother; but you can't help it. Let's hope for the best," he said absently.

"I am so releived about poor Mr. Fauconberg," Lady Reneagle continued. "Apart from the splendid piece of heroism which he performed which may have saved your life, dear——"

"Poor, dear Mr. Fauconberg," she went on; "how delightful to think we are after all to have an opportunity of thanking him. Beyond that, Arthur, it would have been so terrible to have the gloom of his death over us when we have to think of your wedding."

"Yes," he agreed. Then suddenly added: "Mother, what would you say if I did not marry Barbara after all?"

Lady Reneagle stared at him in blank amazement, "Not marry her, Arthur? You are joking!"

"No, I'm not," he replied, gloomily. "I don't think it will come off."

"But, my dearest boy, why not?" she exclaimed, in a tone of horrified expostulation. "Why not? You have never been so foolish as to quarrel——"

"No, indeed, mother. It would be a difficult thing to quarrel with Barbara. Only, I have found out that she does not care for me."

"Doesn't care for you? Absurd!" The idea was quite beyond Lady Reneagle's powers of comprehension.

"Up to a certain point she does," he continued, in a quietly reflective voice, strangely in contrast with his mother's excited incredulity. "But not as I would be loved and you would wish me to be loved by the woman I make my wife."

"Barbara Evandale does not love you?" she cried, still refusing to believe it. That any woman who had the chance could think twice about loving a man of her son's rank and wealth was too absurd an idea. "She never told you so?"

"Not spontaneously. I suspected, and she has practically confessed it."

"But," the old lady pursued aghast, "she never refuses to marry you?"

"Oh, no."

"Then of course the affair will come off. I am sure you are both very fond of each other; more so than nine out of every ten couples one knows of. My dear boy," she continued earnestly, "you are never going to throw away such a splendid chance of adding to your property and consequently to your dignity. It is madness, Arthur, sheer madness. Barbara's wealth added to what you have will make you one of the richest peers in the kingdom. And it means a step; she practically brings you that. It will more than make up for her family not being equal to your own. Arthur, what insanity! I have no patience with you." For all the effect of her argument had been a shake of his head.

"I am very sorry, mother," he said, "but I'm afraid it must be as I say. The property is nothing. I have more as it is than I can manage. And certainly wealth enough to put me above the danger of marrying or being married for anything but love. I don't say that the engagement will be broken; but it seems as though things were shaping that way, and I thought it well to prepare you. There's the dressing-bell. Now, my dear mater, don't take it to heart. I promise you I'll do my best with my chances and make a splendid match one day. Only I have a prejudice in favor of being loved by the woman I marry. Surely, mother, a man even in our state of life, may reasonably ask that his wife shall be in love with him. Rank and estates don't count for everything, although there seems to be an idea that they should. I have all along suspected that Barbara did not care for me as—well—as I have all my life looked forward to being loved. And now an accident has shown me that my fear was well founded. I thought, perhaps, her nature was cold; I know now it was only so to me."

He kissed her and went out, leaving her in a vortex of speculation as to whether the breaking-off of the engagement might not open the door to a still better match, and so, after all, be for the best.

The guest whom Mrs. Scott-Purves brought with her to luncheon next day turned out, to Barbara's great surprise, to be none other than Sybilla Caspari. She and Mrs. Scott-Purves had known each other well in town and on her recovery she was asked down to stay at Letworth and recruit.

She was just the girl the widow would take to—clever, smart, and with such splendid musical gifts. But now, Barbara thought, she seemed but the shadow of her old self. Not so much in appearance, for she had made, when once on the road, a rapid recovery. But in her manner, in her character there seemed to be something greatly altered, something that had not been there before—a spirituality, a suggestion that life was now less a reality than a memory, and a painful one. She could talk and laugh, but Barbara's perception told her that the passionate force with which the girl had once vibrated and which had been so strongly characteristic had been dulled and numbed.

As they were already well acquainted there was no invidiousness to the others when Barbara took Sybilla off to her room, leaving Mrs. and Miss Scott-Purves to drive poor Lady Reneagle nearly to lunacy with their inane chatter.

When they had talked a little, Sybilla broached a subject which Barbara would have shrunk from; she asked, quite calmly, about Fauconberg's chance of recovery. Barbara told her of the new hope which every hour was strengthening, and added,

"You knew, then, that he was here?"

Sybilla smiled a little wistfully. Yes; that was why I came down to these parts. Of course, Mrs. Scott-Purves has told me all about his being here, and the accident."

"She told you he went to risk his life to save Reneagle?" Barbara suggested quietly.

"Yes," Sybilla answered with an absence of constraint which surprised her questioner. "It is only what I could have imagined he would do. I wonder, though, if you see as far into the act as I can."

Barbara looked at her searchingly, as half comprehending her drift.

"What do you mean?" she asked, keeping reticent.

"I suppose, my dear, he is as much in love with you as ever," Sybilla replied, outspokenly.

But Barbara, with all her frankness of disposition, could not bring herself to break through her reserve. "Perhaps," she replied guardedly. "But how could you know it?"

Sybilla smiled. "On account, if it were so, for his facing death to save the man you are going to marry? Ah, I know John Fauconberg. If you know him as well as I—well, I don't think you would ever be Lady Reneagle. Oh, I know Reneagle is a splendid fellow and everything that he ought to be, but I very much doubt whether he has a thousandth part of the other man's devotion. And that is, or should be, everything to a woman."

Barbara was silent; she longed to answer, yet somehow she could not.

"John Fauconberg never cared, never could have cared for me," Sybilla went on steadily, without a touch of emotion in her voice. "I was a fool to let myself care for him, but I knew the man, knew what was in him and dreamt he might give me, what a woman might sell her soul for, the devotion he afterwards gave to you. It is the irony of fate. I could not call forth his love; no woman, of the many he must have met and flirted with, could, till he met you. And you didn't care for him—you, for whom he would have given his life."

"Ah, don't, don't say that," Barbara cried.

"He would," Sybilla insisted, mistaking the prompting of the other's protest. "Shall I tell you something? Something that is known in this world only to me and John Fauconberg."

Barbara was roused now to a palpitating desire. "What is that?" Her voice shook as she asked the question.

"Give me your word that you will never divulge it to a living soul," Sybilla demanded. "Your sacred word of honor."

"Yes, I give you my word of honor," Barbara responded, in fear and wonder.

Sybilla leaned forward and spoke in a low tone. "It was not Paul Hascombe but John Fauconberg who was holding the pistol when I was shot."

Barbara went white. "He shot you?" she demanded in a terrified whisper.

Sybilla shook her head. "No; I shot myself; at least it was an accident, a pure accident. But John was going to shoot himself; I came in just in time to seize his arm; in another second he would have fallen dead with a name on his lips. I heard it. You can guess what it was. Yes, 'Barbara.'"

The other had turned away, her breast heaving, her eyes full of tears.

"I drove him to that!" she cried with a half sob.

"You? No, I," Sybilla declared with the first passion she had shown. "I, and it was right that I should be punished. I poisoned you against him—yes, I did, I did——" for Barbara had made a deprecatory movement. "I was mad with jealousy then. I would have seen him dead rather than your or any other woman's husband. I was a fool to think that the man's love, the real depth of his devotion, such as he was ready to give you, could be compelled. He gave me once a kiss in a fit of recklessness, and I thought that was everything. It was to me; to him it was nothing, less than nothing. He was wrong, oh, yes. But not nearly so wrong as my mad folly made him. I told you something worse of him; hinted at least, of a crime; you remember? Of course you do. Our cruel words, our lies and half-lies are never forgotten. It was nothing. I had no right to allude to it as I did. I made it into a lie. What I alluded to was old Grisedale's death. It was an accident. I saw it myself through the window at Gains; Jack did not know I was there; I saw it was an accident. John Fauconberg can never be touched for that as long as I live to give evidence. And yet once, when I knew I could not keep him, I would, Heaven help me! I believe I would hav sworn his life away rather than have seen him married to another woman." She had spoken all this rapidly, almost breathlessly, goaded on by her remorse. She now threw herself on her knees.

"Barbara, can you forgive me? I have ruined his life, if he lives. I have wronged you hideously, but, as I live, I have repented. If you knew what it has been to lie all through the long hours of my illness thinking of this, of nothing but this, you would believe me when I tell you how bitterly I have repented—how I have vowed to atone. And now it is too late. Ah, if I had only written, but I dared not. Barbara, can I ever hope for your forgiveness?"

For a moment Barbara hesitated. Then she stooped and kissed her.

"I can understand," she said gently. "And I have treated him worse than you, for I had not your excuse. It was my head that condemned him against my heart; your heart fought for him in defiance of your head."

"But that is all over now," Sybilla said resolutely. "I am going to begin a different life. I have done harm enough, Heaven knows; I shall try after this to do some good. I shall never care for, never think of any man again, and next week I go to a life where love must be left behind. But I was bound to se you first and confess the wrong I had done. Now there is nothing to delay me."

Reneagle next day was sitting by Fauconberg, now fast recovering.

"Jack, my dear fellow," he said, "you were wrong after all to leave that post we were clinging to."

"Wrong?" Fauconberg opened his eyes in surprise.

"Yes," Reneagle went on, "or rather, I was wrong to let you go. I ought to have slipped off instead, except that perhaps I might have made a worse tumble of it than you did."

"But why?" John demanded still wondering.

"For the very reason that made you do it; Barbara's happiness."

Fauconberg flushed a little as with pain and lay back staring at him.

"It's a shame; I mustn't worry you, dear old fellow," Reneagle said, as he laid his hand affectionately upon the other's. "The fact is, Jack, as you did take me into your confidence in that supreme moment, I may tell you now that I have found out Barbara does not love me and for a sufficient reason—she loves you."

"Reneagle!" the poor fellow in his weakness could say nothing more, only cry out in a delirium of doubtful hope and joy. But the sight of it in the man who had to all intent given his life for him went far to compensate Reneagle for the unpleasant course he had set himself to take. "The long and short of it," he continued, "is that—I am not going to marry Barbara—now do keep still, Jack, there's a dear fellow—you wouldn't have me marry a girl who didn't care for me, especially," he added with a touch of bitterness, "as they tell me I can have anyone I choose to ask. Now, as I can't have her myself, under the only conditions I care for in marriage, the next best thing is to arrange it all for you, my best and truest friend, as you can't just now quite look after the affair yourself. Yes, yes; it's all right. I have settled it all with Barbara, who knows now from Miss Caspari the truth of everything. Yes; Barbara will tell you so herself when you care to ask her. It is all absolutely arranged, subject to your approval, even to the repurchase of Gains, which I fancy you won't let go again in a hurry. You know the lady in possession is only too ready to be paid out. So all you have to do is to get well as—John—John!" he cried, suddenly, "my dear fellow—if you only knew the pleasure and delight this gives me to do for you——"

For Fauconberg had turned his face to the wall and was sobbing like a child.

THE END.

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Owing to faulty action of the kidneys and liver the blood becomes filled with disease germs that peril health. The first warning is back ache, dizziness, headache or lack of vital energy. Act quickly if you would avoid the terrible ravages of chronic kidney complaint. Get Dr. Hamilton's Pills today; they cure kidney and liver complaint for all time. No medicine relieves so promptly—nothing in the world of medicine cures more thoroughly. For good blood, clear complexion, healthy appetite the proper treatment is Dr. Hamilton's Pills, 25c. per box at all dealers.

What Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets Cure

Dr. Pitcher does not claim that his Backache Kidney Tablets will cure everything. They are designed for diseases and disorders of the kidneys, bladder and urinary organs, and symptoms traceable to derangement of these organs, such as Backache, Lame Back or Weak Back, Pain in the Back between the Shoulders, Swelling of the Feet and Legs, Floating, Puffiness under the Eyes, Puffy and Pasty Appearance of the Face, Dropsy, Bright's Disease and Diabetes (except in the last stages), Gravel, Stone in the Bladder, Brick Dust Deposits in the Urine, Scalding or Irritation of the Urine, Frequent Calls during the Day or Night, Inflammation of the Bladder or Cystitis, Catarrh of the Bladder, Milky Color of the Urine, High Colored or Foul Smelling Urine, Sudden Stoppage of the flow of the Urine, scanty flow of the Urine, Dribbling, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Pains in the Joints or Hips, Uric Acid in the Blood, Heavy Feeling or Pain in the Head, Impure Blood, Drowsiness, Rapid Loss of Flesh, Great Thirst, Excessive Quantity of Urine, Specs Floating Before the Eyes, Bad Taste in the Mouth (especially in the mornings), Constipation, Torpid Liver, Dragging Pain in the Loins, Sense of Weight or Pressure in the Region of the Blader, Kidney Troubles of Old People, Bed-wetting of Children, Kidney Troubles of Women, and all symptomatic indications of Kidney Derangement.

The price of the Tablets is 30c a bottle, or three for $1.25, at druggists, or by mail. The Dr. Zina Pitcher Co., Toronto, Ont.

THE FARM

V. M. C. of Suffolk county (N. Y.), gives his idea on the important point of "raising one's own cows" in The Ohio Farmer of Nov. 5. We have copied his ideas in part as follows:

I have noticed that comparatively few farmers realize the importance of making the most of their heifer calves. The best bred heifer calf may be made a poor cow by careless and ignorant management in raising. Many calves are stunted the first half-year of their lives by being exposed to hot sun and flies and from lack of proper food, and a stunted calf will mature into an under-sized cow, and will be dwarfed in in usefulness in the dairy just in proportion as she is dwarfed in body, and a body that is hindered in growth means weakened digestion. I believe it is the experience of all, with dairy cows, that those with large stomachs and strong digestive powers are the most profitable in converting food into milk and butter fat. The aim, therefore, in rearing dairy calves should be to keep them in a growing condition all the time and encourage a large stomach by feeding largely on bulky food, such as clover hay, bran, etc., and especially guard against the digestive organs getting deranged.

We do not expect every heifer raised will make a better cow than its mother; however, the possibilities are that three-fourths of them will take this rank. There are three points upon which these possibilities depend—breeding, feeding and care. A good cow converts a very large per cent. of the food she eats into milk; the quality of this production depends largely on the breeding. Every intelligent farmer knows that young and growing calves should be fed generously from start to finish upon the kind of food best adapted to promote growth and thrift.

The development can be very much facilitated by proper handling and timely breaking. A critical period in the life of the heifer is that at which she has her first calf. Careful attention should then be given her, for it is at this time that her future usefulness, to quite an extent, is fixed. The man who is developing a cow for himself should not be discouraged by a light flow towards the close of the period, but should continue milking the heifer as long as possible in order to establish in her a protracted milking period. She must not be permitte to go back in her flow of milk, and to this end supply of food must be abundant, rich in milk-making qualities, succulent and appetizing, and she must be managed so as to consume as largely as possible without taking on fat from it.

Apple Growing on the St. John Valley.

Until this year apple-growers along the St. John River have never shipped fruit to Europe, but, acting on the advice of the Fruit Division, Ottawa, some of the growers this season made trial shipments, mostly to Glasgow. The "New Brunswicker," the "Duchess" of the other provinces modified by the later season and colder climate of New Brunswick, is quite a firm apple, suitable for fall shipment. It is quite largely grown, and a lot was shipped the first week in September, which netted $2.60 per barrel. This was followed by a shipment of the "Wealthy," which did equally well. In previous years this class of fruit was sent down the river in old barrels or boxes, with little attention to packing and grading, and the average price obtained from local dealers was 75 cents to $1 per barrel. Last spring a dominion fruit inspector visited the principal apple-growers in the St. John Valley, with the object of giving them instructions and encouragement in the work of building up a fruit industry. He found them discouraged with the prices formerly received for apples of the above sorts, which grow exceedingly clean and rich in flavor along the river. However, this year's export shipments have been so satisfactory that growers are quite pleased with the prospects, and many new orchards are being set out on the lines recommended by the Fruit Division. A storehouse has been erected at St. John where large quantities of Ontario apples will be regraded and repacked for shipment during the winter months. Young orchardists would find a visit to this establishment very interesting and instructive, as it would enable them to gain a practical knowledge of the essentials of packing and grading for the export business in a very short time.

Advice to Shoppers

Don't go shopping yet awhile,
Wait a bit.
Time ain't here yet, by a mile;
Wait and go another day;
Christmas is three weeks away—
Wait, and join the frenzied fray;
Wait a bit.

Wait till all the stores are jammed—
Wait a bit;
Wait till aisles are packed and rammed;
Wait a bit.
Wait till salesmen are half dead,
Tired of limb and daft of head,
Till the shopping time is sped—
Wait a bit.

Don't employ a bit of sense—
Wait a bit;
Wait till every one's intense—
Wait a bit.
Wait till you can never get
What you want, and have to fret
Like a hen with feathers wet—
Wait a bit.

—S. W. Gillian in Baltimore American.

The new waterway from Rotterdam to the sea has been formed so that large sea-going vessels can ascend to the city without difficulty.

Fruit is Nature's Laxative.

Fruit contains certain principles which act like a charm on the liver—and keep the whole system well and strong. But these principles in the fruit juices are too weak to have any marked effect on the internal organs. The value of

Fruit-a-tives

or Fruit Liver Tablets

lies in the secret process by which they are made. The fruit juices are so combined that they have an entirely different effect from fresh fruit. Their action is the action of fruit greatly intensified. They have a marked effect on the liver—toning it up—making it active. "Fruit-a-tives" are, without doubt, the only complete cure for all Stomach, Liver and Kidney Troubles.

50c. a box. At all druggists.

FRUITATIVES, Limited, OTTAWA.

Suffered Intense Pain Around The Heart For Four Years.

Was Very Dizzy.

Four Boxes of

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills

Effected a Complete Cure.

They are a specific for all troubles arising from a weak condition of the heart or from the nervous system. For troubles such as Palpitation of the Heart, Sleeplessness, Nervousness, Faint or Dizzy Spells, Shortness of Breath, Starting in the Sleep; Cold, Clammy Hands or Feet, Brain Fag, etc., we would strongly advise the early use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, as this remedy, taken in time, has been the means of saving many a life, and restoring strength to those who were weak, nervous, health-shattered invalids.

Mrs. E. Kilmer, Humberstone, Ont., writes:—"Allow me to tell you of the great results I have derived from Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. For four years I suffered intense pain around the heart, and was very dizzy. After using four boxes of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, I was completely cured."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, 50 cents per box, or 3 for $1.25.

All dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price.

THE T. MILBURN CO., LIMITED, TORONTO, ONT.

ELEGANT 14K. RING AND GOLD WATCH FREE

Anyone can see these handsome premiums by a few hours easy work. We are giving away handsome jewelry, watches, rings and watches to introduce our household goods. Send us your name and address and agree to sell only 12 packages of our famous Gold Finished Rings at 10c. each. We trust you with the goods, and when sold send us the money and we will give you an opportunity to secure a handsome "Gold" Watch without having to sell any more goods. Don't miss this grand opportunity. Address THE MUTUAL CREDIT CO., DEPT. 280, TORONTO, ONT.

HANDSOME 14k RING and GOLD WATCH FREE

Hundreds of beautiful Rings and watches free to girls. Send us your name and address and agree to sell 12 packages of our famous Gold Filled Rings at 10c. each. We trust you and send Rings by mail postpaid. Everybody needs Rings, and at only 10c. a package you can sell the 12 packages in a few hours. When sold send us the $1.00 and we will send you the handsome 14k. Gold Finished Ring, set with elegant large Marquette Pearls, Turquoises, Rubies, and Diamonds—handsome and costly Rings, if you will, to any of the Rings without delay we will give you an opportunity to secure one of our magnificent "Gold" Watches. The Marvel Ring Co., Dept. 285 Toronto, Ont.

FREE

Beautiful Bisque Dolls, handsome Gold-finished Jewelled Ring and a lovely set of Toy Furniture.

Girls, we are giving away 1,000 Dolls like some illustrated and set of Toy Furniture FREE to advertise our business. Our large Dolls are bisque, imported from Germany, nearly 18 inches tall, with lovely long curly hair, pretty jointed body. They will sit down, fold their arms, turn their heads, shut their eyes and go to sleep just like real live baby, stylishly dressed from head to foot with hat, shoes, stockings, elegant fancy dress, underwear, complete and lovely Dolls. Girls, send us your name and address and agree to sell only 20 of our beautiful Gold-finished Brooches and Scarf Pins, fine new designs. They sell quickly at 10c. each. Every customer is entitled to a handsome extra present free. We trust you and send goods by mail, postpaid. When sold return us the money, $2.00, and we will send you at once a lovely Doll, a handsome Gold-finished Jewelled Ring and a lovely set of Toy Furniture. We arrange to pay all charges on these presents right to your address. Don't wait. We take back all you cannot sell. If you answer at once, and sell the goods and return the money quickly, we will give you an opportunity to secure a handsome "Gold" Watch as an extra present without selling any more goods. Address THE MUTUAL CREDIT CO., DEPT. 309 TORONTO, ONT.