THE EAGLE'S NEST

er contentions in the Youth of ournan

with the case of the both at companies.

The cagle has carried off the sick and it cars rushing into the kitchen.

Then we'll fix him!" exclatined Tom, not a side prother, taking down its look and the carried that he was a side prother, taking down the idl. After rathming home a heavy churge of large duck shot, he went out, followed by Nat, and turned his stops toward the view which ran near the woods.

Presently there came a sharp report, followed, in a second or two, by a shout of triampli from Nat.

Borve the varmin' just right "muttored Mrs. Hogors, as sho bustled notly over the buckwheat; paneakes which she was frying for supper. She and nursed that lamb faithfully for nearly two weeks, feeding it with her own hands, and now, just as she was beginning to feel that she was likely to succeed in raising it, the eagle had been rash shough to interfere.

Mr. Rogors's farm was on the urper waters of the lovely Gasporeaux River, not half a score of miles from Evange-ine's village of Grand Pre. At this part of its course the river flows through a doep and wildly picturesque, thrust out beneath an overhanging cliff, a pair of eagles had built their nest. The nest was not visible from directly above, by resson of a jutting rock that sheltered it, but from a ledge some fifty feet to one side it was distinctly to be seen. It was in the only quite inaccessible spot for some indicated and the heart of the river in the milestication of the river in the milestication of the river in the milestication of the result of the results and small, wild creatures were numerous, the cagles wald into be tempted to raid the farm-yard.

Such care being taken not to frighten them, the birds began to indule their tasts for home decoration. One of Mrs. Rogors's red woollen stockings, left on the raid the farm-yard.

Their nest, af first, was a very coarsestructure of dry branches loosely thrown together, lined with finer twigs and withored grass. But before long is a second to c

oile ait tans voted themselves to the rearing of the offspring.

It was in the process of this labor that the sick lamb fell a sacrifice, and that the male eagle dropped before Tom's avenging gun.

As the Rogers family sat down to their smoking pancakes, Tom pointed proudly to the dead eagle's majestic hody.

As the Rogers family sat down to thoir smoking pancakes, Tom pointed proudly to the dead eagle's majestic body.

"Do you suppose, father," said he, "we could get that follow down to Halifax and have him stuffed? I'd like to give him to mother, partly to make up for the lamb, and to romind her how she was a victim of misplaced confidence. You know, mother," he continued, turning to her as she set the final plate of pancakes on the table, I always did mistrust the eagles!"

His mother laughed. "Oh, you're always right, aint you Tom?" while his father replied more slowly:

"Yes, lad, Iguesait can be managed. If you or Nat will pask the bird carefully and take it over to the station in the morning. I'll write a line to Elliot chout it. It cortainly is a magr. sleent bird, and ought to be preserved!"

"And what are you going to do about the other bird?" as well as the work of the work o

to death, then, you know!" explained Nat.

"But you want to kill them anyway,don't you?" inquired Mrs. Rogers, very practical and unsympathots so long as she had nover seen the helpless nestlings. Had the nestlings been brought to her however, she would have cared for them most tonderly, forgetting her sones of injury in the sight of their appealing holplessness. "No, boys," said Mr. Rogers, "you did quite right, It would have been heartless to kill both old birds, and leave the nestlings to die slowly of starvation. If the family must be otterminated—of which I am not yet convinced—the only way is to get to the nest and capture the young ones before you shoot the mother bird."

"One of these days we'll take a rope over to the cliff, and see what we can do," answered Tom. "Nat is a light weight, and I can easily lower him over!"

with you. Nat's not very heavy, but he s too valuable to be trusted to your

and a too valuable to bot rusted to your solitary care?

A fow morning later, Tom and Nat went to a pool at the bottom of the ravine, for a swim. The river at this point ran very quietly, and was bord cred by a stretch of smooth, shingly beach, over which the beeting children was a passed upon the shingle, they were surprised to see the eagle by the water-side, not twenty five yards distant. It stood with its beak toward them, glaring at them over its should or with its floree, golden eye.

Nat dashed forward to capture it. The bird made an ineffectual effort to rise, and then started swiftly up the beach in a sort of flopping, galloping run, with Nat pursuing it heitly. The boys were astenished that the bird did not take to its wings, being unaward to rise into the air from level ground. These birds must either launch themselves off some eminence, or dise gain a headway by running, before they can get their wings into full play.

In a few seconds Nat had overtaken the eagle, headed it from the water-side, and hedged it in beneath the overhanging ediff. Then it turned and stood at bay, with its back against the cliff, its round eye gleaming balefully upon its assailant.

"Look out for yourself, Nat." said Tom, coming up at his leisure.

But Nat knew how to deal with the force bird, for just as the eagle opened its wings to attack, Nat throw his towel defly over its head, and grasping its neck with his right head, held it off at arm's length. Its mighty wings buffeted him screly, but this held of the bird's neck.

Tom soized the struggling legs one in each hand, and presently, as the claws opened to take a fresh hold. Nat moved his knee out of their reach. He could fe-il the blood trickling down his leg, and his grip tightened instinctive ly on the eagle's throat. The bird made a choleing, againg noise, where upon Nat's heat relented, and tise hold relaxed a little. In another minute Tom had the feet wound round with his towel, and got the pounding wings it, a messure under control.

"What are we going to do wit

"Oh," said Tom, "we can get them somehow. Let's get the old bird home, and then perhaps father'll come and help us."
Wrapping the powerful bird in their towels and coats, so that its wings, beak and claws were confined, they worked their way with difficulty up the steep path that ide out of the ravine. At the top they sat down to rest. As there was yet nearly half a mile to go, Nat proposed they should bind their captive more securely, so that it would be less difficult to carry her.

As Nat undid her wings, Tom thoughtlessly set free her feet at the same instant. There was a sudden mighty flapping, and Nat, daxed by a buffet m the face, loosed his hold on the towel that covered the bird's head. At the same moment Tom's attention was distracted by a set of steely talons gripping his wrist like a vise. Then in the confusion the great gray and white body flopped over the creat of the height, and went searing, with a defiant and derisive scream, far over the valley tree-tops.

The boys stared at sach other sheepishly.

"What did you let go for?" snapped Tom.

"What did you let go of its feet

"What did you let go for?" snapped Tom.
"What did you let go of its feet for, you big stupid?" retorted Nat.
"Well," laughed Tom, recovering his good humor, "I don't know that it was your fault any more than mine. I guess we both muffed it, anyway." "We were foolish, anyhow!" assented Nat, cordially.

sented Nat, cordially.

The boys would not have told their morning's experience, had not the keen eyes of Mru. Rogers detected the rents in their clothes and the marks of the bird's claws. Thereupon there was a confession, and they were well laughed at. That same afternoon Mr. Rogers agreed to join them in an expedition against the eagle's nest.

agreed to join them in an expedition against the eagle's nest have cared for them most tonderly, forgetting her sense of injury in the sight of their appealing holplessness.

No, boys, "said Mr. Rogers, "you did quite right, It would have been hearrless to kill both old birds, and leave the nestlings to die slowly of starvation. If the family must be otterminated—of which I am not yet convinced—the only way is to get to the nest and capture the young ones before you shoot the mother bird."

"One of these days we'll take a rope over to the oliff, and see what we can do," answered Tom. "Nat is a light weight, and I can easily lower him over!"

"Thank you!" said Nat, dryly.

"You must not attempt it," commanded Mr. Rogers, "till I can go

one rope on the mossy turf that edged the descent, they were a.re that Nat was swinging himself to and fro, in an effort to reach the nest.

Tom lay down and thrust his head over the edge. If could see Nat during a portion of his swing, but could not see the nest.

"On your act."

over the edge. He could see Nat during a portion of his swing, but could not see the nest.

"Can you make it?" he inquired.
"Not quite, replied Nat, "but it's the best kind of swing I over struck. But I in mighty glad via father that shold of the rope! Get him to lower me a couple of feet further."

This was done, but still Nat had great difficity in reaching the nest. He secured a foothold on one of the branches of the tree, but the dead wood gave way beneath his weight, and out he swung again, duzily, over the abyas. The suddenness of it startled him, and took his breath away.

Again and again he tried, and at last got himself safely into the tree, beside the nest.

"Oh," he shouted, "they ro little beauties, two of them."

The young eagles were about half feathered, and they were full of fight. Nat attempted to pick one up to put it into the basket, but he met with so warm a reception from the little sav age beak that he drew back his bleeding hand with a cry of pain and wrath. Just at this moment Tom caught sight of the old eagle, winging home ward in terribot haste.

"Swing off! swing off!" he yelled. "Here's the old bird coming. Hurry up!"

"Hold on, 'replied Nat, "now I've to feet I were heave the second."

up !"
"Hold on, replied Nat, "now I've

"Horo's the old bird coming. Hurry up !"

"Hold on, 'replied Nat, "now I've got so far, I must have these youngstors!" And he strove to got the snapping and clawing little birds into his basket, but found it slow work.

"Come on," cried Mr. Rogers, anxiously; and Nat turning round saw the old bird close at hand.

"No!" he shouted, "I daren't swing off now. I can light her better hore where I am. Shoot her, Tom, shoot her quick!"

Tom grabbed his gun, took steady aim, pulled the triggor—and found he had forgotten to load the weapon. With a groan he made haste to romedy his mistake, while Mr. Rogers, chaffing under his enforced inaction, muttered a cuttingly bitter robuke.

Nat was somowhat afraid of the esgle, but his blood was up. Not hearing Tom's gun, he picked up his cudgel, which he had laid on the edge of the nest, and braced himself for the encounter. He was just in time.

As the bird swooped in upon him like a thunderbott, he swerved sharply saide to avoid its beak, and delivered a blow at its beak, and delivered a blow at its beak with all his strength. He missed the head, but struck the shoulder; and down came the great bird awong the branches struggling mighty, with a broken wing.

At the same time the shock dis-

wing.

At the same time the shock dis-lodged Nat from his foothold, and once more he swung out over the abyss, becoming strangely conscious, as he did so, of the rushing of the river far below.

As he swung back into the tree he shouted at the top of his "cice, 'I'm all right, Don't haul up till I say

so !"
When he regained the side of the nest the eagle had in part recovered itself. Disabled as it was, it was yet a formidable antagonist, as it stood on the edge of the nest and threatened Nat with beak and claw. Nat did not care to undertake a hand to-claw contest with it. He remembered his stratagem of the towel, and whisking off his coat he flung it over the bird's head.

stratagem of the towel, and whisking off his cost he dung it over the bird's head.

The struggle under the conditions was brief. Nat quickly had the bird's wings tied up securely in the cost. The head he thrust deverly into one of the sleeves, and then he felt master of his flerce assailant. With some of the twine which he always carried in his pooket he laced the bird's legs firmly tog, then. Then he helpless, nummy-like form, quite stripped of all its majesty, he knotted to the sling so that his arms might be free to ward off the rocks in his ascent.

In the flush of his victory, the swiftness and theroughness of which had surprised him slmest as much as it did the eagle, Nat scorned to be conscious of the beaks and claws of the nestlings. Though they made his hands a sorry sight in their struggles, he grabed them up and clapped them most unceremoniously into the basket. Then, in a voice that thrilled and choked with exultation, he gave the word to be hauled up.

As he gave the word to haul up he wiped his face with his bleeding hands, being very hot with the struggle. His hauds through his hair, so when his leads and face appeared at the top of the oliff Tom gave a cry of horror. He dragged Nat, with his spoils, back from the brink, and Mr. Rogers, at last sef free from his duties at the rope, rushed forward, exclaiming:

"Na', Nat, are you hurt, are you unch hurt?"

"Na', Nat, are you hurt, are you much hurt?"

much lurt?"

After his exploit at the nest, Nat felt himself the lawful proprietor of the eagles. He made a hood and hand-ours which pave him control of the fierce bird, but finding her untamable, he sold her to a travelling menagerie.

As for the neetlings, he succeeded in raising both of them, and in taming them so far that they graciously consented to adopt an attitude of armed neutrality toward him and toward mankind in general.

Nat kept there tethered by long, slender chains, and the cate or the farmsoon learned, bysharp experience, to give their corner of the yard a wide botth. Changa G. D. Roberts.

Man, an Ungrateful Animal,

Man, an Ungrateful Animal,
wa rate we accased in showing a
good had of discattofaction with the
weather and growth a great deal about
it. In summer we're too hot, in winter
too cold and during bright spring days
we complain that it won't hast long.
The great secret for doing away with all
complaint is to dress appropriately. In
summer, don't tress, were a neglige aniand watch your neighbor work. You if
be cooler than if you worked yourself.
But in winter, that shifterent, addige in
all the active work you can find, but
instead of burdening yourself with a
number of garments, have your outcoats interlined with thire Chamois,
It will keep, t. all wind, rain and frost
and yot is inexpensive and so light in
weight that you must feels its presence

Oblinary.

weight that you must feels its presence

Obitiary.

During a recent viit to Brockville, learned, for the first time, that, on the 5th of September last, an old friend—Mr. James Fletcher had passed away in that town, at the 1,0 age of 76 years.

Mr. Flotcher was a native of Iroland, but for many years resided in Black burn, Lancasiure, England, whore a brother still lives and carries on an important commercial business. He was the father of a large fam. y. most of whom were endowed with very rare gitts. A daughter is the wife of Mr. Connell, a most trustworthy employe of the Or.T.R. Co. at Brockville, another is a nun of the Congregational Order, whilst a third belongs to the Order of Mercy, having her home in New York. A son is in Vancenver, B.C., in the apacity of Chief Telegraph (poprator cfor the C. P. R. Co., and another in far distant San Diego, Cal., filling the important position of Manager of the Postal Telegraph (poprany). Mr. Flet cher was a good man, a law-abiding citizon, and a fevent Catholic, in the fatth and sacraments of which he did strong in the hope of a glorious immortality.

Doath has cast its dark pall over the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jules Houleau, of Smith's Falls, and within the Lussehold there is grief deep and unutterable, consequent on the death of their son, a most promising boy, which sad ovent occurred on the 12th of last mouth, at the age of 12 years and two mouths. Far in advance of those of equal years, in the measure of his lacks, the deceased, had his life been spared, was marked out for a caroor of honour, but the invasible hand of death, which strikes down youth as well a code by his school companions, respected by his school companions, respected by the school companions, respected by the school of the fatter of the fatter of the other of their afficitor I tends the dile bour of their afficitor I tends the dile bou

HOPE WAS ABANDONED.

THE PECULIAR CASE OF MRS. HILL, OF WINCHESTER,

The Doctor Told Her That Her Tromble was Crussmptiss of the Bowels-There was No hope of Receiver;—Rut Realts Was Almost Miraratously Restored.

The Man Almost Miraratously Restored.

The Minchester, not many months ago was looked upon as one whose days were numbered. To day sho is a landsome, healthy woman showing no traces of her former desporate condition, and it is therefore little wonder that her case has recated a profound sonsation in the neighborhood. To a reporter two called upon her Mirs. Itili expressed a willingness to give the story of her illness and recovery for publication, and she told it with an earnestness that conveyed to the listener better than more words could do, her deep gratitude to the "rediction which had brought about her restoration to health and strongth, said with an earnestness that conveyed to the deep strong the strong of th

DEADLY SPRING!

YOU SUFFER FROM

Spring Complaints, use ecora's sunsaramilla. It is the best spring medicine to be had anywhere. Brott's is plea ant to take, ruld and gentle in its action, and an absolute cure for Sciatica, Cour, Constitution, Scrolida, La Grippe, Indigestion Typepear, Female Troubles, Nervousness, the me Headache, Catarrh of the Head, Throat and Stomach, Syph. 3, Ston 11 cases arising from impure blood or a disorganized system, and

Gatarrhal Stomach Troubles.

Mr. Ioseph Morrow, Merchant, of Enterton, Ont, writ. "William Cornish says that Scott's Sarsayar as as the best family medicine he evertried. His son William who works for a farmer was laid up and unable to work. His system was generally run de wn. One bottle of Scott's Sarsaparilla cored from man dately." For further facts write either Mr. Morrow or Mr. A. T. th., personally Then

SCOTT'S SARSAPARILLA ONE EMBEDDAY ONE EMBEDDAY AND ALL MEMBEDDAY ON THE COMPLEXION!

REMEMBERED HIM.

REMEMBRIED HIM.

Rev. Pather McPhillips Presented With a Pure and an Address.

A gathering of a number of the members of St. Poter's church, took place at the residence of Mr. P. J. Bench, Second avonue, Orangeville, on April 22, for the purpose of showing their esteem for Rev. Father Mc Phillips. Also to express their sorrowing their esteem for Rev. Father Mc Phillips. Also to express their sorrowing their esteem for Rev. Father Mc Phillips. Also to express their sorrowing their esteem for Rev. Father Mc Phillips. Also to express their sorrowing their esteem for Rev. Father Mc Phillips. Also to express their sorrowing their esteem for Rev. Father Mc Phillips. Also to express their sorrowing their esteem for Rev. Father Mc Phillips. Also to express their sorrowing their esteem for Rev. Father Mc Phillips. Also to express their sorrowing their esteem for Rev. Father Mc Phillips. Also to express their sorrowing their esteem of the base ministry for the past five years, and to wish him God speed.

The matter had been arranged so unicity that the rev. gentleman land not the slightest idea of it until be entered the house. Mrs. Bench very kindly supplied a dainty farewell suppor, covers being laid for forty. Speeches, tender in tone and highly appreciative in sentiment, were made by the chairman and members of the assemblage was then announced by the chairman and members of the econgregation. The main purpose of the assemblage was then announced by the chairman and members of the congregation. The main purpose of the assemblage was then announced by the chairman and assured the sent production with the importance of vocal by the chairman and mambers of the congregation of the gift, as friends, with whom he had associated for many years, had joined hand in head to convey to him a lasting remerbance of the days they had spent together. The remainder of the even ing was pleasantly spent.

The Address.

The Roy, H. J. McPhillips, P. P., Orange-ville.

together. The remainder of the even ing was pleasantly spent.

THE ADDRESS.

Ic Rov. H. J. McPhillips, P. P., Orangeville.

REN. AND DEAR FATHER.—We, the partishioners of St. Peter's church, having heard with regret that you are about to depart from our midst, take this occasion to express to you our midst, take this occasion to express to you our high appreciation of the services which you have rendered us while our pastor during the past five years. Let a consider the service which and realous, never sparing yourself but always ready and willing under any circumstances to minister to the wants of your people and particularly to those silliceting, having on many occasions endangered your own health and, we might say life, attending those of us who were sick or our dear dying ones.

Not only have you been realous in attending to our spiritual affairs, but you have proven yourself to be equally so about the good financial standing of our parish. Coming, as you did, to us when we were burdened by debt you, in the short space of two years were instrumental in having, it completely suped out to that to day not one cent of indebtedness hances over us.

While greeving at the removal of so zealous a pastor owe nevertheless rejoice, since you must leave us, that your future field of labor is a much larger one, where you can

exercise if possible, in e greater degree the



BIG GIFTS IN GOLD FOR LITTLE TROUBLE

FUR LITTLE TROUBLE

Who Do You Believe Will be Our Next Premier

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the outputs the numerous circles in the mentioned before

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Trivial out faith and faily as promise.

CONDITIONS.

Hake a mark with prict or pen on the face of the destriction a that you believe will cest feel the rummin and enclose to as with 50 Center for a box of Fox's Liver fault visitemin. Pills will be malled to you at once together with a handsome precent if you what the falls you do not be read to otherwise. Competition closes about 70th 1500 acression of your application for both read to otherwise. Competition closes about 70th 1500 acression which we refer the restault nour previous of ometical references to four the restriction of our together who were not restault nour previous of ometical or of the restriction of our typiners. Full like of these who were not restault nour previous of confidences.

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205 Spadina Avenue, Toronto, Canada.