

THE HOME-COMING OF CECIL CLIVE

One did not need to be a clever student of physiognomy to recognize that the leading characteristic in Mr. John Barth was concentrated selfishness. It peeped from his small, pig-like eyes, from his heavy mouth, from his wrinkled forehead. It proclaimed itself in every note of his deep, self-satisfied voice. It lurked in every cut of his clothes, the bulge of his waistcoat, the sweep of his watch-chain. Moreover, it was reflected in the faces of the three people who sat at the breakfast table, his two sons, Arthur and George, and his daughter Mabel. Whilst those three endured, or descended, there was small possibility of the Barth tradition for egotism falling into oblivion.

It was Mr. Barth's practice at breakfast time to read his paper in pompous silence, though occasionally he unbent sufficiently to impart a paragraph to his family. Clearing his throat with much dignity he proceeded to do so on this occasion.

"The luck of some men is amazing," he observed. "Listen to this paragraph."

The report referred to a certain Mr. Constantine McIlwraith, who had succeeded in amassing a fortune of £500,000 in the goldfields of the Klondike. The small porcine eyes of Mr. Barth glowed hot with envy as he read the words, and he put down the paper almost angrily.

"It is a painful thing," he observed, "that men like myself, who have worked hard and steadily, should amass a mere competence, whilst these adventurers should wallow in millions."

"The governor's got the hump this morning," whispered Arthur to his brother. "No chance of my getting that fiver I expected."

"It's like your confounded sauce to expect it," growled George; "you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Shut up!" retorted Arthur, cracking an egg viciously.

Miss Mabel now put in her word. "He will have all the women after him, anyhow," she said. "I wish there was a chance for me."

"I wish so too," observed her father. "It is high time that you got married and did something for me in return for the money I've wasted on your education."

"Selfish old thing," thought Mabel, and then added to her inner self: "If ever I do marry a rich man I'll take good care that dad doesn't have a finger in the pie."

At that moment John, the aged servant, entered the room with a look of intense agitation on his face.

"I beg pardon, sir," he said, addressing his master, "but could I speak to you for a minute?"

"What the mischief are you making a mystery about?" roared old Barth. "What's happened?"

The servant hesitated. "It's about Mr. Cecil," he faltered.

Mr. Barth turned pale. Cecil was his nephew and the family prodigal; he had been brought up by Mr. Barth on a small annuity left to the boy by his father, and at the age of twenty-one had been promptly packed off to Australia, to sink or swim as he chose, or as the Fates decided.

Not a word from him had reached the Barth household in the interval, and Mr. Barth had long since congratulated himself on having got rid of the spendthrift so easily. When, therefore, his name was mentioned by the butler, it is not surprising that he turned pale with amazement and fear.

"Well," he snapped, "what of him?"

"If you please, sir, he's come back. And he wants to know if you can lend him a suit of clothes to put on, before he comes in here."

A suit of clothes! Those simple words told their own story. So, like the prodigal of the Scriptures, Cecil had come home, a beggar, ragged and penniless. It was disgraceful. It was unbearable. It was altogether scandalous.

"How dare he come to the house in such a state!" cried Mabel, who once, it was believed, had entertained a tender feeling for Cecil.

"Kick him out, governor," advised George.

"Or let me," pleaded Arthur.

"Silence!" roared old Barth. "When I want your advice I will ask for it, but until then be kind enough to keep it to yourselves. Admit Mr. Cecil, John, but tell him that at present I cannot deprive my wardrobe to suit his convenience."

"Very good, sir," replied the servant, as he withdrew from the room.

A moment later he returned, followed by a tall, thin young fellow with a bronzed, frank face. Looking on him, one perceived that his

desire for a change of clothing was highly natural. His garb, which had once been a lounge suit, seemed to have done a considerable deal of lounging since the day when it left the hands of the tailor, and altogether he was an exceedingly good imitation of a particularly shabby scarecrow.

"Halloo, uncle! Halloo, all of you!" he burst out when John had gone. "Glad to see you, though I suppose none of you will return the compliment. The only person who seemed glad to behold my handsome countenance was little Miss Holmes, the nursery governess, who almost cried with joy. But, then, she's unsophisticated, and doesn't count."

"You may sit down, Cecil," observed old Barth, in a dignified voice, "and I will hear what you have to say. I perceive, though, without any explanation, that you have come back to England in a highly deplorable state!"

"H'm! It looks like it, doesn't it?" said Cecil, as he plumped himself into a chair and smiled at everybody. "And, really, I haven't much to say. My clothes will speak for themselves and save me the trouble."

"You are penniless, of course," observed Mr. Barth. "And, of course, it is all your own fault."

"Well, I don't know; it was my confounded luck, I suppose."

"There is no such thing as luck, sir," declared Mr. Barth, severely, forgetting that ten minutes ago he had made a very different statement; "let me remind you that the rolling stone never gathers any moss."

Cecil laughed. "My dear uncle," he said, "as the quoting of popular sayings seems to appeal to you, let me remind you of one which suggests that you should never kick a man when he is down."

Mr. Barth snorted with indignation.

"How dare you, sir," he exclaimed, tempestuously, "how dare you address me in this manner? Is it not enough that you come back here like a beggar, without adding insolence and impertinence to your other disgraceful doings?"

The outcast smiled bitterly.

"It is as I expected," he said; "if I had returned home laden with treasure my sins would have been forgotten, and I should have had the fatted calf killed in my honor. As it is, I suppose that I cannot look for any help from you, uncle, or from my cousins. I must get on as best I can."

The stony faces of the four people regarded him with cold eyes as he spoke, and he nodded.

"Yes, exactly," he murmured; "your faces speak for themselves. There's not one of you will hold out a friendly hand to me, not one."

A sob sounded of a sudden at the open door, and an instant later it was flung wide open and a slender, pretty girl rushed into the room.

"It's a shame—a terrible shame," she faltered; and I can't stand it. Mr. Cecil, you were awfully good to me before you went away, and I haven't forgotten. Let me be your friend, now that the others have turned against you."

Amazement, horrible and overwhelming, was engraved on the face of Mr. John Barth and on the faces of his offspring. For a moment the former could scarce find speech, but when the words came they were Jove-like in their solemn portentiousness.

"Miss Holmes," said the magisterial voice, "this is most unusual—most extraordinary—I might almost say unladylike. Obviously, you have been eavesdropping."

"Yes, I have," she cried. "And I'm not ashamed of it. Was it my fault if you raised your voice that I could overhear every word that you said in the garden? And when I heard those cruel words I couldn't control myself any longer. I felt I must come here, and—"

Cecil turned towards her, and in his eyes there shone a light which not one of them had ever seen before. He went towards the girl and took her hand, raising it to his lips.

"Thank you," he said, gently. "I am glad that I have at least one friend left in this house. I—I shall never forget."

(To be Continued.)

NEW ARMY FOR AUSTRALIA.

Five Classes May be Called Into the Field.

Australia is to have a new defence law. Her present volunteer system produced only 20,000 volunteers out of 80,000 adults capable of bearing arms. Under the new act 82,000 men will be secured for only \$500,000 more than it is now paying.

In war time five classes may be called under the colors. First, unmarried men between 18 and 35;

next, unmarried men between 35 and 45; then married men respectively between the foregoing ages, while the fifth class includes all men between 45 and 60.

The act prescribes that all the male inhabitants of the Commonwealth, unless specially exempted who have resided for six months in Australia are liable to be trained from the age of twelve to eighteen as cadets, and from eighteen to twenty-six in the defence force. Prescribed peace training for cadets is fifty-two attendances of one hour each, and four whole days' attendance yearly. For the defence force in the first three years eight days' attendance, and in the last five years seven days yearly.

For the naval forces the artillery and engineers in the first five years 28 days yearly; in the last three years seven days yearly.

The act does not apply to those over eighteen at the time of its coming into force. At the termination of the annual training members will be classified as efficient or non-efficient. If the latter, they will be required to attend an additional training yearly until they are efficient.

OWES CURE TO ZAM-BUK.

Prominent Manager's Telling Testimony.

Mr. D. R. Gourlay, advertising manager for the well-known piano firm of Gourlay, Winter & Leeming, Toronto and Winnipeg, is amongst the prominent men and women who testify to Zam-Buk's great curative power. He writes to the Company as follows:

"Gentlemen,—I have pleasure in stating that upon the recommendation of a relative I purchased a box of your remedy (Zam-Buk), and by a few applications entirely cured a very severe sprain of the back. While not given to indiscriminate use of, or belief in, patent medicines, I can conscientiously recommend Zam-Buk."

"Sincerely yours, (Signed) D. R. Gourlay."

That is just where Zam-Buk proves its superiority! It is treated by men and women who have tried it, as altogether different to ordinary preparations. Doctors, hospital nurses, trainers, matrons of convalescent homes—all give Zam-Buk a good word; and better still they use it. Zam-Buk is as good for muscular stiffness, sprains, rheumatism and sciatica as it is for skin troubles. Hockey players and athletes in general find it invaluable. For eruptions, pustules, scalp sores, itch, eczema, ulcers, boils, abscesses, blood poison, cuts, burns, bruises, and abrasions, it is a speedy cure. All druggists and stores sell at 50c. a box, or post free from the Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. 6 boxes for \$2.50. Send 1c. stamp for trial box.

RATTLESNAKE WEED TEA.

Victim of Snake Bite Cured by Drinking Golondrina.

The rattlesnake has a part all his own in the desert practice of healing. Rattlesnake oil cures rheumatism and the stiffened joints a man gets working down in a wet mine; the oil rubbed in the ears cures deafness, and a rattlesnake skin, tanned soft and supple as chamois and worn around the waist, will keep a man well on the hardest trip—but the dust from the rattles will cause blindness which nothing will cure.

There is a plant which the rattlesnake fears—he will not crawl across it, and if it is dropped on him he uncoils and crawls away. Perhaps this is only a bit of myth, but every desert man knows the golondrina—the creeping plant with tiny, round, gray green leaves and minute white blossoms with a brown centre.

"Rattlesnake weed" grows in the little open spaces from the pines to the white sand hills that shift back and forth in each year's wind. The leaves pounded into a wet mass are bound on a snake bite, and the victim, man or animal, is given huge draughts of the bitter, dark tea, into which the whole plant is steeped. The golondrina tea is used as a liniment for rheumatism too, and the Mexican women know that it dyes cotton cloth an enduring purplish black.

If the golondrina is too far to find there is another desert cure for any snake bite—a cure well enough attested and one with which many an Indian fought bullet wound and sabre cut and mastered incipient blood poisoning. The leaves of any flat leaved opuntia, but especially the common prickly pear, are thrown on a campfire till the thorns are singed off and the skin puffs up in watery blisters, then spit open and bound hot on the wound. So many a pack mule has been restored to place in the train and many a limb that a physician would have amputated has been saved to do its owner good service on desert trails.

FROM ERIN'S GREEN ISLE

NEWS BY MAIL FROM IRELAND'S SHORES.

Happenings in the Emerald Isle of Interest to Irishmen.

Some country districts in Ireland have only one delivery of letters per week.

It is proposed to build 300 cottages for the Listowel rural district, County Kerry.

Boycotting is being carried on very extensively in the town of Carrick-on-Shannon.

Mrs. Eliza Collins died at Martley Workhouse Infirmary, Worcester, aged 103 years.

A man named Francis Bradley, aged 50, was burned to death at Ballalyoon, County Kerry.

A man named Michael Casey was the victim of a shooting affray at Rathcahaun, Co. Clare.

The Local Government Board have sanctioned the plan of the three-roomed cottage for Dunshaughlin district.

The Gaels of Tullow are about to organize a great athletic carnival in aid of the centenary of the Brothers of St. Patrick.

An old bronze vessel shaped like a preservering pan was recently dug up in a marsh near Newtonbutler, Co. Fermanagh.

David Orr died at Kilmarnock as the result of a cycling accident. Orr collided with another cyclist, who was killed on the spot.

Sir Samuel Black, Belfast town clerk and town solicitor, is shortly to retire. He is one of the oldest corporation officials in Ireland.

The announcement of the death of Dr. McHugh, of Emyvale, Co. Monaghan, occasioned much regret to his many friends in the North of Ireland.

Lord Devon is selling, under the Irish Land Act, some 35,000 acres of his property in County Limerick, practically everything that he owns except his castle and park.

Mr. E. Dean, for the past 17 years agent of the Cunard Co., at Queenstown, has retired from the company's service in which he has been engaged for a period of 40 years.

A lad named Devine, aged about 7 years, of Grantstown, Co. Louth, died from blood poisoning resulting from being injured in the face by the spur of a cock which flew at him while he was catching a hen.

The Queen's County Committee of Agriculture have adopted live stock schemes for 1908-9, involving an estimated expenditure of \$7,365, of which \$2,670 will be payable from the rates and \$4,695 from the department.

The threatened dispute among the Belfast iron moulders has been settled by the acceptance by the employees of a reduction of one shilling per week in their wages instead of two shillings proposed by the employers.

A resolution was passed by the Tipperary Board of Guardians at a recent meeting applying to the Board of Works for a loan of \$2,500, being the first instalment of amount sanctioned for the building of a dispensary and medical residence at Golden.

A GENTLE HINT.

A statesman at a dinner told a tipping story. "There used to be an old fisherman," he said, "who brought me the first of the month a present of a splendid salmon from his master. I always gave the old fisherman a tip."

"But one morning I was very busy, and when the old man brought the fish I thanked him hurriedly, and forgetting his tip bent over my desk again. He hesitated a moment, then cleared his throat and said:—

"Sir, would ye be so kind as to put it in writin' that ye didn't give me no tip this time, or my wife'll think I've went and spent it on rum."

HEART DISEASE.

Most so-called cases of heart disease are nothing but cases of indigestion or nervous disturbance. Whenever the heart is really diseased there are certain common-sense precautions whose observance will lessen risk to life. When one is lying down it is wrong to rise suddenly to the erect position. Even to sit up quickly is dangerous. The reason is that by rising one allows the blood in the veins of the head and neck to run with increased force toward the heart, and one also renders it harder for the heart to send out its blood, for now a large quantity has to be sent upward. Hence the heart is doubly tried.

Stand in front of a mirror when looking for your worst enemy.

GANANOQUE MAN

OUT OF TROUBLE

HAD RHEUMATISM, BUT DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED IT.

Hugh Abernethy on His Feet Again—Cure Is Easy, Simple, Natural and Permanent.

Gananoque, Ont., Oct. 19 (Special).—That Rheumatism can be cured surely, simply and permanently is the good news that Hugh Abernethy, a well-known resident of King Street, is spreading among his neighbors.

"I had suffered from Rheumatism and stiffness of the joints," Mr. Abernethy states. "My muscles would cramp. I could not sleep, and I had terrible headaches. I took many different medicines, but nothing did me any good till I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills. Six boxes put me on my feet again."

Others who have taken Mr. Abernethy's advice and used Dodd's Kidney Pills are also loud in their praises of the old reliable Canadian Kidney remedy. For Dodd's Kidney Pills cure Rheumatism and other blood diseases by curing the kidneys. Sound kidneys keep the blood free from impurities. And with no impurities, such as uric acid in the blood, you cannot have such painful and dangerous diseases as Pain in the Back, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Neuralgia, and Heart Disease.

Keep your Kidneys strong and well with Dodd's Kidney Pills and you can face the cold, wet days of fall without a fear of Rheumatism.

THE JOY OF SLIPPERS.

With the Added Contentment of a Stogie and the Evening Paper.

"Smoking jacket and slippers are synonymous with comfort," said Mr. Miffington, "but if I could have only one of these I should take the slippers."

"The feet are not commonly considered intelligent members of the body, they are remotest from the head and brain, and I think we usually regard them simply as useful things to walk with; but the longer I know my feet the more they appeal to me as having a mind of their own, they are so delightfully responsive to any kind of attention. They bear unconcealingly—if our shoes fit properly—close confinement through the day, but they may seem dull and without feeling; but give them a pair of comfortable slippers to put on at night and they discover a cheerful consciousness such as you might not have thought them capable of."

"I wear comfortable shoes always and so I am not one of those unfortunate mortals who, as they say, suffer with their feet. I don't; my feet are all right, and yet it is a very great comfort to me to get on my slippers when I get home at night, and I don't know but what it is worth wearing hard shoes all day for the sake of that comfort."

"I never owned a smoking jacket and I don't believe I want one. I have an easy old coat that will do. And after dinner, if we have nobody in, I put on that old coat and—my slippers."

"I have known my feet so long now that we have come to be, as you might say, friends, or at least I have a friendly feeling for them. And while I don't know that they have feelings, I do know that they seem grateful to me when I take off my shoes and release them from their day's imprisonment, and when I have put on my comfortable slippers they seem to say to me smilingly, 'Well, this is something like.' And it strikes me that way, too; and then my feet and I sit back in my particular chair and smoke a pipe and read the paper."

MOTHERS FEEL SAFE.

Mothers who have used Baby's Own Tablets for their little ones say they feel safe with the Tablets at hand, for they are a never failing cure for all the minor ills of babyhood and childhood. Mrs. Urias Cressman, New Hamburg, Ont., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for stomach trouble and constipation with marked success. I always feel that my little one is safe when I have a box of the Tablets in the house." Baby's Own Tablets are sold under the guarantee of a Government analyst to contain neither opiates nor other poisonous drugs. They always do good—they can't possibly do harm. For sale at druggists or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.