

THE FALSE SUMMONS.

The red curtains were drawn, the fire blazed cheerily on the hearth and the click of the sleet rain against the window panes only seemed to brighten the enjoyment within, where a shaded lamp gave out its serene glow and the pictured folds of an ancient Chinese screen shut all possible and impossible draughts away from the ruddy fire-side.

Dr. Field sat on one side, with the newspaper in his lap; Mrs. Field sat on the other tranquilly occupied in darning stockings, while a chubby year-old lay asleep in its crib, just where the firelight touched its curls with fleecy tresses of gold.

"Well," said the doctor, letting the newspaper slip down to the floor, "this is comfortable. I don't often get an evening at home since—hello! What's that? Some one knocking at the kitchen door."

Mrs. Field rose and answered the summons. Presently she came back. "It's Milo York, 'Jot,' said she. 'Milo York, oh?' Doctor Field's countenance darkened as he spoke. 'Didn't I tell Milo York never to darken my door again?'"

"But he's hungry, my dear," pleaded the gentle woman, "and homeless. Mr. Evarton has turned him away and—"

"I don't blame Mr. Evarton," tartly interrupted her husband. "A miserable, drunken loafer, who—"

"I don't think he has been drinking to-night. He looks pale and tired. He says he has had nothing to eat since noon, and has no place to sleep."

"That's no affair of mine," retorted Dr. Field, who, though free-hearted and hospitably inclined in general, had hardened his heart like flint against this particular specimen of humanity.

Mrs. Field still hesitated. "Tell him to go about his business," returned the doctor, energetically striking the fire until a stream of sparks flew up the chimney.

Mrs. Field closed the door and went back to the kitchen porch. "Milo," said she, "my husband will have nothing to say to you."

"I don't blame him much," dejectedly responded Milo York, who was, indeed, an unpromising looking subject, with his unkempt hair hanging over his brow, his garments in rags and the end of his nose chilled and purple with the bitter night air.

"But it's a dreadful night," softly added Mrs. Field. "Wait out here—the porch will shelter you from the rain. The coffee-pot is on the stove, and I'll bring you a plate of bread and cold meat and a bowl of coffee."

"Thank, ma'am," said the tramp, gathering himself, like a heap of rags, into the corner to wait. He drank his coffee and ate his supper like a famished hound, and then Mrs. Field gave him an old tattered shawl, long since cast aside by her husband.

"Take this," she said, "and tie down in the barn loft; there's plenty of good sweet hay there. But be sure you're off before the doctor comes out in the morning."

"Thank, ma'am," again replied the man, and he disappeared like a shadow into the howling tempest.

"Where have you been all this time?" suspiciously queried the doctor, as his wife came into the softly illuminated arch of Chinese screen again.

Mrs. Field turned scarlet under his penetrating gaze. "I only gave Milo a little—something to eat and drink," she faltered. "You know the Good Book says, 'Turn not away thy face from the poor man.'"

"Yes," dryly coughed the doctor, "but I guess the Good Book didn't make any allowance for tramps. And I tell you what, Dolly, it isn't safe to harbor these miserable wretches, let alone your own spoons and forks, especially as I am obliged to be so much from home."

Mrs. Field sewed on in silence; she was almost sorry she had told Milo York about the snug corner in the hay-loft, but she lacked courage to confess the whole thing to her husband.

"It will be all right, I dare say," she told herself. "But Milo York mustn't come hanging around here any more."

In the dead of the tempestuous night there came a ring at the doctor's night bell. Old Mrs. Castleton was very ill—dying, perhaps! The doctor was wanted at once.

With a yawn our good Esculapius rose out of his warm bed, dressed himself and, saddling old Ross, set out on his midnight ride of six long miles. But when he reached Castleton Court all was still and dark. He rang two three times before a night-capped head popped out of the window—that of the old nurse herself.

"Dear, dear!" said Squire Castleton. "What is the matter? Nobody ill, I hope."

"? ? Not a bit of it!" said the squire, in surprise.

"Didn't you send for me?""No, I didn't, and if you've got anything more to say, you'd better come in on this storm and say it."

"No," said Dr. Field, setting his teeth together; "I'll not come in, thank you."

"It isn't a joke, is it?""I'm afraid it's something more serious than a joke. Good night."

"Turning old Ross's head, the doctor set spurs to him and trotted rapidly away. Evidently the night call was a concerted plan—a plan to leave his home unprotected—and his mind turned with keen distrust to Milo York and his tale of distress.

"God keep Dolly and the little one safe until I get home again!" he muttered between his closed lips. "Faster, Ross, faster!" with a touch of the whip, which was scarcely needed, so thoroughly did the good horse enter into the spirit of the ride. "You know not how numb my depend upon your speed to-night."

Meanwhile Mrs. Field, who had just fallen into a restless slumber, after locking the door behind her husband, was unwittingly startled again by a low, continuous sound like the rattling of some hard instrument. She sat up in bed and listened a moment. Under her window the sounds of subdued voices were audible, even above the rattle and roar of the storm.

"Burglars!" she gasped to herself. "And my husband is gone—and—oh, Milo York is at the bottom of this! How wrong it was of me to give him shelter in the barn!"

Springing to her feet she threw on a dressing-gown and hurried to the cupboard where her few simple treasures were kept, besides the square morocco case containing Aunt Dorothy's service of solid old-fashioned silver. She turned the key and was just dropping it into her pocket when a ruffian grasp fell on her arm.

"No, you don't!" muttered a gruff voice. "Give that here!"

Mrs. Field's heart turned chill as death as she found herself face to face with a tall, ruffian man, whose face was half hidden by a sort of visor mask of black leather, while another man was busily engaged in ransacking the bureau opposite.

"Give it here," he said savagely, "or," grasping the throat of the sleeping baby, who had awakened with a cry of infant terror, "I'll wring the brat's neck as if it were a chicken's."

Mrs. Field gave a shriek of affright, but at the same second a stunning blow from a spade handle felled the man opposite like a tree to the floor, and a strong hand twisting itself viselike in the neckerchief of the nearest villain compelled him to loose his hold of the child.

"You will, will you?" thundered Milo York. "Not if I know it, I guess!"

Suddenly closing with the burglar there ensued a desperate struggle for a minute or two, during which Mrs. Field's blood seemed turning to ice within her veins. It was brief, however; Milo found his opponent heavily to the ground, and tearing one of the sheets from the bed, he twisted it around him, knotting it here and there, until the cowardly burglar lay helpless and motionless at his feet.

"I'd oughter to yer throat," said Milo, "a-fightin' babies and women, you mean skunk, you! But I won't; I'll leave you to the law, and if that don't grip you tight enough, I ain't no guesser!"

With equal rapidity he tied the hands and feet of the other man, who still lay insensible on the floor.

"It is he dead?" gasped poor Mrs. Field, scarcely daring to look in the direction.

"No," he said, gazing at his deserts; Milo answered wiping the sweat from his brow. "He'll live to be hanged yet, ma'am, never fear."

At this moment the sound of old Ross's gallop on the half-frozen road struck like welcome music on Mrs. Field's ears.

"My husband!" she cried, hysterically; "my husband!"

Milo York went down and unfastened the door—the burglars had effected their entrance through the parlor window—and Doctor Field found himself face to face with the tramp.

"York!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, sir," "York," nodded, Milo. "And if it hadn't been for York, your wife and the little 'un would have been in a bad fix."

"Oh, husband," shrieked Mrs. Field, flinging herself into his arms; "Milo York has saved our lives!"

"I ain't altogether certain about that," added Milo; "but I guess I've saved your money and valuables."

"But how came you here? questioned the doctor.

"I was sleeping in the barn; she told me I could. She gave me a blanket and food and drink when I was most ready to drop. God bless her! I heard their footsteps just after I had gone out, and I suspected all was wasn't right. So I just got up and crept after them, and here they is, with a nod toward the two captives on the floor. "And if you'll lend a hand here, doctor, we'll hist 'em out into the hall, where they won't interfere with folks, and then I'll go over to the village for the constable and the handstuffs."

"How can I ever reward you for this Milo?" said Dr. Field, in tones stifled by deep emotion.

"I don't want no reward," said Milo, stoutly. "I'd have done more nor that for her," with a twitch of his head toward Mrs. Field. "Ah, sir, you don't know the sort of feeling a man has for the only person in all the world as holds out a helping hand when he's ready to drop with hunger and faintness. And now," more briskly, "I'll go."

"Dolly," said the doctor, as the honest fellow vanished, "what would have become of us all this night if you had not been more merciful and ten-

der-hearted than I? God be praised that your sweet woman nature gained the victory!"

This was the last midnight alarm that our doctor's family ever sustained. The burglars, discovered to be old and experienced hands at the business, were safely lodged in State prison for the longest possible term; and the pang was effectually broken up, and the neighborhood was at peace again.

Milo York is an objectless, despised tramp no longer. He's Dr. Field's "hired man" now, as much as a friend at a servant, and you may see him any sunny day at work in the garden with the baby playing around him.

"All I wanted was a chance," Milo York says.

SUMMER ZEPHYRS.

It is very hard on a father to see his son start for the war at a time when his wife is cleaning house.

Clerk: "It is just twenty years since I entered into your employment." Principal: "That shows how patient I am."

Ho. "I never discuss matters upon which I am not fully informed." She: "What do you ever talk about besides cigarettes?"

Tom Barry: "Why did the Lord command us to love our neighbors?" Perdita: "Because we can get along with 'most anybody else.'"

First Merchant: "And you are actually making money?" Second Merchant: "Yes; I have induced my customers to accept regular salaries for patronizing me."

"Some men," said Uncle Eben, "is mighty proud ob dah ancestors. But of de ol' folks was alive I has my doubts 'bout wether de feelin' would be reciprocated."

Doesn't Affect Her Business.—"My hon sets a valuable example in these times of war excitement." "In what respect?" "She lays an egg every day just as if nothing was going on."

Mrs. Con Noisseur: "Isn't it raw-both remarkable that the cupids on all these vases are shown in the clouds?" Jeweller's Clerk: "Not at all, madam. You see, this is very high art."

He Understood.—Mr. Pig: "Happy the country that has no pig-tory. Do you understand that, Tommy?" Tommy: "I guess it means the kids are happy, 'cause they don't have to study it."

"What are you going to be when you grow up, Tommy?" asked Uncle Bob. "Mamma says it looks very much as if I was going to be a giant," said the little fellow, glancing down at his half-grown trousers and coat.

"Has that book any good characters?" asked the literary critic. "Well," replied the casual reader, "a few of the people had good characters in the first chapter. But they're all hopelessly lost before the middle of the story."

Caller (to child whose mother has left the room for a moment): "Come here to me, my dear." Infant Terrible: "No; I mustn't do that. Mamma said I stay sitting in the chair, because there's a hole in the cushion!"

A Bite of Whiskey.—First Klondike Miner (looking down the shaft): "What is it, Bill?" Second Klondike Miner (from below): "I wish you'd step over to the cab and out me off about two drink of whiskey. The ice saw is under the bed."

Three different waiters at a hotel asked a prim, precise little professor at dinner if he would have soup. A little annoyed, he said to the last waiter who asked the question: "Is it compulsory?" "No, sir," said the waiter; "I think it's most turtle."

Chances About Even.—Anxious Old Lady: "I say, my good man, is this bust going up or down?" Burly Deck Hand: "Well, she's a leaky old tub, mum, so I shouldn't wonder if she was goin' down; and then again, her bilers ain't none too good, so she might go up."

Family Physician: "Well, I congratulate you." Patient (excitedly): "Then you think I will recover?" Family Physician: "Not exactly; but after consultation we find that your disease is entirely novel, and if the autopsy should demonstrate that fact we have decided to name it after you."

Raw from Her Toes to Her Knees

DR. CHASE MAKES A WONDERFUL CURE Mrs. Knight, 17 Hanover Place, Toronto, makes the following statement:—

MY mother, Mrs. Wright, who lives at Norval, near Doncaster, suffered a summer and winter with Eczema in her feet. She could not walk, and very seldom got any sleep. It became so bad that she was perfectly raw from the toes to the knees. After trying every available remedy without receiving any benefit, she at last altogether certain about that, she was advised to try Dr. Chase's Ointment. She has altogether used 8 boxes since commencing, but with the happiest results, for she is now completely cured. There is but one scar on one of her feet, a memento of her fearful suffering condition. Any person desiring further testimony in this case is at liberty to communicate with Mrs. Wright at her address, Norval P.O.

Mrs. Knight says after such a grand success, is it any wonder we recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment?

Farm and Garden

From the Pacific to the Atlantic, throughout Canadian territory, there comes the one story of exceedingly brilliant prospects in almost every agricultural product. The seeding season has been generally favorable throughout, except perhaps in the far east, which was somewhat delayed by cold rains. All grains will put in have had a peculiarly favorable growing season. Fruit districts report very favorably, except where insect and fungous pests have committed depredations. Peach leaf-out seems difficult to combat even by careful and thorough spraying, but the loss from insects and other forms of fungus are being largely overcome by the use of the spray pump and proper mixtures. We have the country, the weather, the people, and the sources of information, which, if made the most of, can have but the one result of keeping us in the forefront of agricultural nations. Farmer's Advocate.

Some growers in the vicinity of Port Hope have secured a special crop, including the Twelve thousand tomato plants. The product is sold to canning factories at 90c per bushel of 60 lbs. The output of the canneries is largely sold in the Northwest, pioneer districts and lumbering camps.

John Craig, of New York, says in The American Agriculturist that the peach leaf curl seems to be universal this year. It is a very rare thing, he says, for this pest to occur two years in succession, but it has occurred in '97 and '98. Spraying will, he says, control the disease if carried on systematically year after year.

O. O. James, Deputy Minister of Agriculture, has in preparation a text book on agriculture for use in the Public Schools of Ontario. He expects to have it ready for use at the beginning of the fall term. The Sun has had the privilege of giving some of the advance proofs, and has no hesitation in saying that it will prove invaluable for use in the schools. Mr. James is thoroughly up to date, and his book is one that contains not only a great deal of information, but is calculated to stimulate inquiry on the part of the children and to create a healthy interest in the agricultural industry. One of the best moves made by the Department of Education was when it undertook the work of making agriculture a part of the school work and engaged the services of Mr. James in the production of a text book.—Weekly Sun.

Dairying, one of the greatest of Canadian industries, is being prosed out more vigorously than ever this year. Although cheese has taken a drop again, and is now quoted at about 5c, or a shade better, at outside points, producers are not at all discouraged. Even when cheese is 7c, said one prominently interested in the industry, there is a good thing in it for the farmers this year. Grass is so abundant that the output of the individual cow is very largely increased, and 7c is better than a considerably higher figure would have been in other years.

Oats as a green fodder are relished by all stock and particularly by sheep, lambs and calves. If the crop is cut before the grain hardens, and is properly cured, oats are a desirable substitute for clover or timothy fed during fall and winter. One of the best feeders for both horses and cows is a mixture of clover, timothy and oat hay, the latter cut and cured as hay. If desired, these may be fed separately to give variety to the ration, the oats being fed in the fall and near spring. It is not advisable to cut oats for soiling when crimson clover can be had, but when the clover crop is poor oats make a good substitute. There is certainly no reason why only the grain should be fed and the hay or straw used for bedding when it has the food value it contains.

The high price that butter brings during the winter months often tempts the dairymen to experiment with methods for keeping summer-made butter over to the season of high prices. Preservatives without number are recommended, but it is extremely difficult to carry the summer product over until winter and have it retain its flavor. Cold storage, when the temperature can be kept at about 85 degrees, is the only reliable method by which butter may be kept, and this method, to be successful, requires peculiar care in the manufacture of the butter. It must be made of young cream and be churned as soon as it reaches the first stage of acidity. The less butter milk left in the butter the better. The preserving process consists in packing the butter so as to exclude all the air before it is put in cold storage. To accomplish this the packages must be soaked in brine, then wrapped in packing the butter so as to exclude in solidly with parchment paper on the top and dry salt over this. These are the main points, and the dairymen must decide for himself whether his market will warrant the expense and trouble necessary to keep summer butter until winter.

..IF Your Digestive Powers are Deficient you need something now to Create and Maintain Strength for the Daily Round of Duties. TAKE THE PLEASANTEST OF MALT BEVERAGES JOHN LABATT'S ALE AND PORTER

JOS. E. SEAGRAM, DISTILLER AND MILLER WATERLOO, ONT. CELEBRATED BRANDS OF WHISKIES "83," "Old Times," "White Wheat," "Malt."

Premier Brewery of Canada

MCCABE & CO. UNDERTAKERS AND EMBALMERS

F. ROSAR, Sr. UNDERTAKER

J. YOUNG, THE LEADING Undertaker & Embalmer

M. McCABE UNDERTAKER

THE O'KEEFE BREWERY CO.

The Cosgrave Brewery Co.

ALES AND BROWN STOUTS

Brewing Office, 295 Niagara St.

GEO. J. FOY. IMPORTER OF

Wines, Liquors, Spirits & Cigars

MARSALA ALTAR WINE

Louis Quer Tarragona Mass Wine

Music AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

Music INSTRUMENTS

Music INSTRUMENTS

Music INSTRUMENTS

Music INSTRUMENTS

MONUMENTS. Now is the time to select. J. HAZLETT, 454 YONGE STREET

F. B. GULLETT & SONS. Monumental and Architectural Sculptors and Designers of Monuments, Tombs, Tablets, Altars, Baptismal Fonts, Crosses, Headstones and Scrols.

MONUMENTS. For best work at lowest prices in Granite and Marble Co.

CHURCH WINDOWS MEMORIALS

DOMINION LINE STEAMSHIPS

RATES OF PASSAGE—First Cabin—Montreal to Liverpool or Londonderry.

DAVID TORRANCE & CO. General Agents, Montreal; 17 St. Jacques Street.

EVSZYK DESCRIPTION OF CARPENTER WORK. Executed promptly by JOHN HANRAHAN,

DR. JAS. LOFTUS. DENTIST. Cor. Queen and Bathurst Sts., Toronto Telephone 5378