

MOTHER, SISTER AND BROTHER

Died of Consumption, but this Linden lady used Psychine and is strong and well

"My mother, brother and sister died of consumption," says Ella M. Cove, of Linden, N.S., "and I myself suffered for two years from a distressing cough and weak lungs. I suppose I inherited a tendency in this direction?"

"But thank God I used Psychine and it built me right up. My lungs are now strong; I enjoy splendid health, and I owe it all to Psychine."

PSYCHINE 50c. Per Bottle

Larger sizes of and 93—all druggists. DR. T. A. SLOBUM, Limited, Toronto.

The Break in the Schedule

"Would you mind if I sat in here with you, miss?"

A very gentle, inoffensive voice it was, but it gave Harriet Erskine a start of annoyance. She had hoped very much that no one would need a share of her single seat. It was so much more comfortable on such a warm afternoon to sit alone, with ample room for the unhindered spread of dainty skirts, and space for wrap and bag beside her.

She moved and gathered her possessions into narrower compass a little reluctantly, even perhaps ungraciously, and without looking up. But as her new companion sank into the vacant seat with evident care not to discommode her more than necessary, she heard a soft little sigh of weariness or anxiety, which stirred curiosity just enough to compel a quick look. Then, having looked, she looked again, with sudden interest which carried her thoughts completely away from herself and her own personal comfort.

A little worn old face, under a little worn old bonnet, so faded and out of fashion that it carried its own tale of poverty and hardship; a plain black gown, two nervous, little, wrinkled, work-scarred hands, clinging tightly to a meagre paper parcel; then timidly turned toward her, a pair of gray eyes, gentle, diffident, but with surprising light and warmth—that was what the girl's gaze included in that second swift look.

Because Harriet Erskine's perceptions were as clear and quick as the vision of her clear, dark eyes, and because something warm and sweet stirred instantly in her heart, she could no more have withheld a smile of friendly welcome than she could have given an unkind word.

"I'm glad to have company," she said. "Isn't it a lovely day? Let me take your bundle and put it up in the rack with mine. It's too warm to hold them." Then, impulsively, she added, "I'm going in shopping, are you?"

The little old woman surrendered her parcel without demur. "I'm going to Chicago," she announced. "Are you? I got off at the wrong place. I live at Hazelton, and I thought I had to change cars here, and I didn't after all." She paused, and a slow gravity overspread her face. "I'm going to see my son Alex," she added. "I haven't seen him for five years. He ran away."

"Five years!" said Harriet. "That is a long time." She tried to imagine how long five years would seem without a sight of her own people.

"Yes, 'tis. He ran away because his father wanted him to work on the farm, and he wanted to work in town. He was a wild boy, Alex was, and didn't mind very well, and his father and he had trouble about it, and he went. He was always a good boy, though. He was just obstinate, and that was like his father, and so they didn't get along. And we didn't hear from him at all—not once till yesterday."

She paused again. The little, wrinkled hands were tight clasped in her lap now, and Harriet suddenly realized that it was a story of real pain and trouble which was being so abruptly told to a chance listener.

"Not a letter, not a word till yesterday. I worried about him. I know father did, too, though he didn't say anything. He was a quiet man always, and most people would have thought he didn't care much, but he did."

She sighed again, the same sort, troubled sigh that Harriet had heard before, and to the girl, fascinated by the direct simplicity of the story, the little sound revealed things that the words add tone has left untold.

"James—that's my husband, you know—he's sick, very sick, the doctor says. He's never said anything about Alex. I wish he would, for somehow I think he's pining for him, just as I am. And I didn't dare tell him about Alex's letter, for fear he'd get excited. And I haven't ever said much about him, anyway, because his father's hard and set, you know, and—doesn't like to talk. So I don't talk. All the letters I wrote came back. I wrote to Chicago, but the post office people couldn't find any Alex Harkness there, so there wasn't anything to do—only wait."

The quiet finality of the tone brought the hot tears into Harriet's

eyes. She turned quickly toward the window.

"James went up to town after a while, and then again, but nothing came of it, and he got more quiet than ever when six or eight months went by; and then he gave up, I guess. I thought Alex'd come back all right after a while, but it has been a pretty long while. He was quite big and strong—nearly eighteen when he went away. He had the curliest hair!" She smiled at Harriet, who had surreptitiously dried her eyes, looked back at her. "He must be a big man. Five years would make a lot of difference. He's twenty-two, going on twenty-three now. But he wrote and wanted to be forgiven, and—I'm going to see him."

It was not a triumphant exclamation, but one of quiet certainty, in which the happiness rang deep and strong.

"Are you to meet him in Chicago?" "Oh, yes, he lives there. He's working for a railroad—Southwestern, you know—passenger train conductor. He doesn't know I'm coming! He said in his letter that he'd come home if we wanted him, and it seemed as if I couldn't wait to write."

Harriet looked out of the window again. They were entering the outskirts of the city. Put Harriet, accustomed to all its sights and sounds, saw nothing at all. She saw only the gentle, worn face at her side, the light in the gray eyes, the firm, sweet line of the lips. She wondered suddenly about this son to whom the mother was now going. What would be her reception at his hands? What sort of man could he be whose selfishness and pique over a petty quarrel long gone by could keep him so long silent toward this loving heart, to which he was like a sun and stars?

"It's a big town," said her companion at her shoulder, and the girl turned to see the placid gray eyes gazing in no little apprehension at the confusion of passing sights outside.

"Yes, indeed," said Harriet, "Chicago's a big city. Haven't you ever been here before?"

"No, never."

"You know where to find your son, do you?"

"The river?" murmured the woman.

The great railway station they went, an oddly contrasting pair, the worn, faded little woman in black, the radiant young girl in white, arm in arm. Harriet found a brass-buttoned official, and asked him her question.

"Superintendent?" Yes, at the Southwestern general offices, across the river. Two blocks over, right-hand side," directed the man, and turned to the next questioner.

"The river?" murmured the woman.

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BLOOD HUMORS

PIMPLES BLOTCHES ERUPTIONS FLESHWORMS HUMORS

Many an otherwise beautiful and attractive face is sadly marred by unsightly blotches, pimples, eruptions, fleshworms and humors, and various other blood diseases. Their presence is a source of embarrassment to those afflicted, as well as pain and reproach to their friends.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

This remedy will drive out all the impurities from the blood and leave the complexion healthy and clear. Miss Annie Tobin, Madoc, Ont., writes: "I take great pleasure in recommending your Burdock Blood Bitters to any one who may be troubled with pimples on the face. I paid out money to doctors, but could not get cured, and was almost discouraged, and despair of ever getting rid of them. I thought I would give B.B.B. a trial, so got two bottles, and before I had taken them I was completely cured and have had no sign of pimples since."

Burdock Blood Bitters has been manufactured by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, for over 30 years, and has cured thousands in that time. Do not accept a substitute which unscrupulous dealers say is "just as good." "It can't be."

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self right is to take my card to Mr. Savage at once," said Harriet.

The girl's tone was angry and authoritative. The boy hesitated, and then took the card and hastily retired out of sight among the glass doors of private offices.

"You sit down here, Mrs. Harkness, and let me see this man for you, while you rest a little," said the girl, gently pushing the woman toward a chair. "You'll get too tired."

She herself was rather breathless, and was trembling slightly with anger roused by the office boy's discourtesy. Moreover, here was a new undertaking she had not bargained for—to call upon the general manager of a great railway in his office on such an errand. It was a thing outside her experience, and calculated to inspire her with some awe.

As the boy returned and admitted her at the gate, she smiled back confidently at the wistful gray eyes, and followed him.

A quiet, dark-eyed man sat at a paper-strewn table in the inner office to which she was guided. He bowed, without rising or speaking, as she entered, but his eyes lighted up somewhat on a second glance at her.

"Mr. Savage?" asked Harriet.

"He nodded."

"I am looking for a man named Alex Harkness, who is employed by this road." She was conscious that her face was flushed and that there was a catch of embarrassment in her voice. But to her the importance of saving the poor little woman outside from disappointment overshadowed other considerations. "Can you tell me where to find him? He has his mail sent here, care of a division superintendent. He's a passenger conductor, I think. I do not know on what division he is or how to find him. I—" She stopped, at a loss.

"Did you inquire at the outside office?" asked the general manager.

"Yes, sir. They didn't seem to know."

Mr. Savage looked quickly and keenly at her. For an instant he seemed to consider; then he touched a push-button on his desk. "Sit down," he said, "and wait in here."

A clerk entered. The official gave him an order which the girl did not

understand. In a moment the man brought in some sheets of paper containing lists of names.

"Conductor Alex Harkness," said the manager to the clerk.

The man ran a finger swiftly down the list. "Western division. Been in charge of Numbers 4 and 7."

He paused a moment, then added, "Assigned yesterday to Omaha division. He left on Number 9, just ten minutes ago, sir."

Harriet started. "He has gone!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, miss," said the clerk. "Startled for Omaha."

To Harriet the quiet announcement was like the news of a calamity. She stared at the two men helplessly, while her mind went swiftly to the little woman waiting outside. "Oh," she cried, suddenly, "can't you stop him? His mother—she's here to see him. She's come to see him."

The general manager smiled a little. "I'm sorry," he began, and then looked at her curiously.

"Oh, you don't understand!" cried the girl. "She's not seen him for five years. His father is ill. She's only just heard from her son for the first time since he went away. Oh, how can I tell you? It's—its heart-breaking!"

The tears started into her eyes. "Oh, Mr. Savage," she exclaimed, in her agitation forgetting herself and her diffidence to plead her case, "can't you do something to help her? I never saw such a sad case. The boy thinks he is unforgiven for an old quarrel with the father,

Cheapest Building Material METAL. With your home constructed of Metal Walls & Ceilings. Metal Shingles and Sidings—you have a building that won't cost a penny for repairs, is absolutely fire and lightning proof, and warmer in winter and cooler in summer than stone or brick.

but he's written at last to ask. The father's ill—seriously—and the mother, who has been breaking her heart over it all these years, has come to bring him their answer and take him home to a reconciliation. And now he's gone—just gone! I suppose he was ordered away and had to go, but he's gone without knowing—and his mother's here waiting."

The girl's voice broke with a sob of intense emotion. She had no very definite idea of what she had said. The case seemed hopeless to her and pitiful beyond words. She paused in sheer despair.

But into the face of the general manager had crept an unusual color, and the grave eyes themselves had changed the quality of their seriousness, although Harriet did not see it.

Whether she had pleaded better than she knew, or whether the cold gravity of railway officials is not so thoroughly proof against the right sort of pleas, as outsiders who only seek selfish favors sometimes think, is not material. But Mr. Savage looked up at the girl with anything but coldness as she bent her head to hide her tears.

Then he coughed slightly and rose from his chair. He spoke with sudden decision to the clerk:

"Wire an order to Conductor Alex Harkness on Number 9, to get off at Quarries and return to the city on Number 6."

"Number 6, sir? Number 6 isn't scheduled to stop at Quarries." The clerk looked astonished.

Number 6 was the fastest train on the great road, the Southwestern's pride, for which every other train on the system must yield right of way. Quarries was only a little way station thirty miles from the city. His astonishment was natural.

"Wire conductor of Number 6 to stop for Harkness at Quarries. We'll break the schedule for once," he added, with a faint, whimsical smile, "rather than break this poor woman's heart."

Harriet's mind was never quite clear as to how she thanked the official or how she left the office or told Mrs. Harkness the news, and sometimes afterward she would feel her face flush hotly, as she became quite sure she had raised a surprising commotion and had made herself very conspicuous before the rows of clerks who had looked curiously on. But that night she did not trouble herself about it at all.

Number 6 was due at half-past six, and when the splendid train rolled in, not three minutes off her schedule time, the girl saw a big, handsome young fellow jump from a vestibule, take a worn little old woman in his arms and hold and kiss her in a way that left no doubt in her heart as to what kind of a son Alex Harkness was and would be to this loving mother. When she turned away to leave them alone together, she caught sight of a tall, dark-eyed man, who was looking on with interest at the little drama, and who, when he saw he was recognized, raised his hat gravely and walked away.—Henry Gardner Hunting in the Youth's Companion.

Seven birdies on a bough Huddled close together, All the air with snow was filled, Where's the sunny weather?

Seven birdies on a bough Shivered all together.

Seven birdies on a bough Hoarsely chirped together: "Seven April fools are we, To the sunny South we'll flee By the great 'Through Air Line' now, This is dreadful weather!"

Three Trying Times in A WOMAN'S LIFE WHEN MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

are almost an absolute necessity towards her future health.

The first when she is just budding from girlhood into the full bloom of womanhood.

The second period that constitutes a special trial on the system is during pregnancy.

The third and the one most liable to have heart and nerve troubles is during "change of life."

In all three periods Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will prove of wonderful value to the sufferer.

Mrs. James King, Cornwall, Ont., writes: "I was troubled very much with heart trouble—the cause being to a great extent due to 'change of life.' I have been taking your Heart and Nerve Pills for some time, and mean to continue doing so, as I can truly say they are the best remedy I have ever used for my trouble. You are at liberty to use this statement for the benefit of other sufferers."

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Ill fitting boots and shoes cause corns. Holloway's Corn Cure is the article to use. Get a bottle at once and cure your corns.



THE CHURCH AT LA SALLE, ONT.

"Oh—why, yes. He said to write him, care of the division superintendent's office." She stammered a little over the words, and a sudden misgiving sprang into Harriet's mind.

"Why—" she said, and stopped.

"Oh, I'll ask for him there, and they'll tell me where to find him," said the mother, patiently. "But—it's a big town," she added again, and the timid look crept back into her eyes as she gazed out at a crowd of thoroughfare, across which the train was now rolling with slackening speed.

"But haven't you any one to meet you?" asked Harriet, growing anxious.

"Why, no," said the other. "I can walk, and they'll tell me where to go."

Harriet looked at her, astonished. The girl's quick imagination pictured her helplessness among the impatient crowds, her bewildered questionings, her following of wrong or indistinct directions. She foresaw the scant attention her story would receive, the indifference and possible rebuffs from busy officials, which would be cruelty to her.

A sudden recognition of responsibility thrust upon herself made the girl act upon impulse.

"I'll go with you," she said, quickly, almost as she might have spoken to a child. "You just keep close to me. I'll find the way."

Threading their way, now in this direction, now in that, through the crowd, up the long platform, out at the exit gates and up the stairs into

"Yes, only a little way," replied Harriet. "We'll find him soon now."

"I hope so. I didn't think there'd be so many people."

"We'll go as straight to him as we can go," the girl said.

Her companion clung to her as they crossed the long bridge, over railroad yards and river, but when they had reached the Southwestern offices Harriet found the other able and eager to take the initiative.

"Is the division superintendent in?" asked the woman of the office boy.

"What division?" asked the boy, perily.

"Why I don't know," replied the woman, taken aback.

The boy turned away.

"Wait!" exclaimed Harriet, imperiously angered. "Perhaps you know his name, Mrs. Harkness. Isn't it in the letter?"

"No," replied the woman, shaking her head.

The boy shrugged his shoulders.

You might see General Manager Savage," he suggested, sarcastically.

Harriet looked at him a moment astonished. Then as she recognized his insolence, her eyes suddenly blazed.

"I will," she said. "Take him my card."

The boy grew sober instantly.

"What do you want of him?" he asked, dropping into a whine.

"I want to find a man, and I want to tell him what an insolent office boy he has," said the girl.

"I beg your pardon," said the boy, frightened. "I—"</