

THE STORY OF LADY-LIFTE.

[OUR BOYS' AND GIRLS' ANNUAL.]

In a pretty part of one of the prettiest counties of England, so at least they say which is still very steep, though its sides have been worn down, I should think, during the five hundred years that have passed over them since the hill first gained its name of Lady-Lifte. Then it was so densely covered with forest trees and under-growth that few people cared to push their way to the top, unless they knew of some good reasons for doing so. There was a path over the hill, it is true—Lady-Lifte was known as the Hill in those days—but even that was little frequented except by hunters going to or returning from the chase; for it started from the edge of the forest on one side and led down to the forest on the other, and to round the hill from one point to the other was both easier and more convenient. At the foot of the hill on a wide plain stood a castle wherein dwelt a noble knight and baron named Sir Hubert de Salvin, with his wife, the Lady Philippa, and their only son, a lovely boy of four years old. The knight was brave and courteous, charitable and devout; the lady pious, beautiful and wise. She seldom left the castle, loving better to spend her time in teaching her maidens to spin, weave, and fashion garments, or in the management of her large household, than in gadding abroad. In good truth, temptations to gadding were few, for towns were as rare in England in those days as bits of real beautiful country have of late years become, and near neighbors to the Salvins there were none. Of course Lady Philippa had never heard the scream of a steam-engine or seen a puff of railway smoke in her life; and could she have contemplated the invention of locomotives, would in all probability have considered them as a contrivance of the evil one. She spent a good many hours, however, in an occupation which has become, I am afraid, almost as unfashionable as spinning in these days, though people really believed in good earnest that they could not get on without it. She prayed in the castle chapel; and that not only on Sundays and holidays when the serfs and villagers were present to be edified by the lady's piety and impressed by her attire, but every day of her life, and for the sole purpose of prayer. And I think that a little remark may be made here. It is a fact that although the people who lived in those times had a great deal more to do than we have, since not only the baking and brewing, but also the spinning and weaving, dyeing and embroidering, cutting and fashioning had to be performed at home, through lack of any other place wherein such work could be done, our ancestors not having yet learned the wisdom of a division of labor, yet they found time for prayer and for a good deal of it. And they appear to have regarded it as quite as necessary a portion of the day's work as any other. It is all very well and quite the right thing that we should put aside our great grandmother's spinning wheels and embroidery frames, since far better ones have taken their place, and such work is done by hands which are more skilled in these matters than ours could ever hope to be. But who has yet invented a substitute for prayer? And then after lives so different, in this respect as in many others, from those of their descendants, our ancestors took care to leave directions before their departure from this life to have more prayers, and often a great many Masses, said for the repose of their souls. I suppose we expect to get into heaven more easily than they did, so let us hope that there may be no disappointment. The other side of the dark river is a bad place in which to meet with one; you have so little opportunity of setting things right there.

As she lived five hundred years ago the Lady Philippa was a very old-fashioned person, according to present ideas—I had almost written our ideas, but in this respect I should wish to be rather old-fashioned myself. She believed, not only that meat and Mass hinder no man, as the old proverb tells us, but that work went faster for being prayed over, and that moreover it was better done. So she prayed. The baron was well pleased that his wife should see to household matters and attend to the wants of the sick and the poor, all which concerns he considered to lie within her proper province; while he took care of the safety of his people and lands as a matter of duty and serious occupation, and by way of amusement followed the chase. I call his amusement useful; because the supplies of venison, wild-boar's flesh, and small game brought in by the baron and his merry men, who were never so merry as when a hunt was on hand, went far in providing the castle larder with food for the winter, and this was an important consideration. The baron differed from most modern gentlemen in a great many respects; for instance he heard holy Mass every morning, even though he might risk losing the track of a boar for doing so; and, however weary and worn he happened to be at the end of the day, never retired to rest without saying his night prayers. All this may appear childish to many people, I dare say, but then Our Lord once said that only those who become like little children can enter the kingdom of heaven, and neither Sir Hubert nor his lady had a thought of going to any other place. Also, they wished and intended to get in as soon after death as possible. The little Hubert had been presented to God at the baptismal font on the day of his birth, and to Our Lady at her altar immediately afterward. He learned to pronounce the names of Jesus and Mary with those of his father and mother, and in his own childish fashion to invoke Saint Hubert every day. The little boy's devotion to his great patron was almost too practical to please the Lady Philippa, for it took the form of an intense desire to accompany his father into the forest, and this she was by no means disposed to allow for some years to come. The child knew, too, that he was weighed on each successive birthday, not for the purpose of discovering how much he had increased in weight since the last, but in order that an equivalent quantity of food and other good things might be found for distribution among the poor in thanksgiving for the growth of the young heir. By the way, I wonder if that old Catholic custom of bestowing in alms as much food as would outweigh the baby had its origin in the desire to secure the prayers of the needy for the well being of the little ones, by making it a matter of self-interest that they should grow stout and strong? The sylvan propensities of his son delighted the baron, and he looked forward to the day when the little fellow would ride out with him, clad in a suit of Lincoln green like a tiny Robin Hood, to chase the deer that abounded in the forest round his home, almost as eagerly as did the child himself. Not that the Baron de Salvin thought of comparing his son with the outlaw of Sherwood, whom he would have looked upon as a most disreputable person, I dare say, and not much better than a common thief, although you and I hold a different opinion. But then opinions are so different in this world, and depend so much upon circumstances of time and place. I have met persons who considered Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel heroes. I do not think that their ideas on the subject of honesty were particularly clear; in fact I am sure they were not. Still, it was an opinion. As a proof of the manner in which truly excellent individuals may dissent from each other even on a matter of mutual interest, I may mention that on the subject of her son's riding into the forest the Lady Philippa did not agree in opinion with her lord, and was far from desiring the arrival of the day when, mounted on a mettlesome pony, he was to make his first attack on the deer. These comparatively harmless creatures were by no means the only or the most ferocious inhabitants of the forest, and she thought that her boy would be more safely occupied for the present in learning his prayers and practising with his tiny cross-bow on the battlements or in the courtyard under the eye of some trusty attendant, than in galloping through the wild-wood accompanied only by hunters whose heads would probably be too full of the chase to admit a thought of their young charge. She knew that any one of the Salvin retainers would gladly have died in defence of the little heir, but in the excitement of the hunt it might not be so easy to remember that defence was needed. Now it happened that on a certain glorious day in October the Lady Philippa, on returning from an apartment near the gate whither she was accustomed to repair daily for the purpose of doing out salves and ointments to any that might apply for the same, since no leech dwelt in those parts and the nearest monastery was situated at a considerable distance from the castle, sent for her little son. The bower-maiden who was the child's rightful guardian at the time declared that he was riding with old Alred in the courtyard; Alred had not seen the young baron, as the servants loved to call the boy, and was certain that he must be with the warden on the watch-tower; the warden had seen him crossing the green ten minutes before toward my lady's dispensing chamber, wearing the cap with a heron's plume in which he greatly delighted because it made him so tall, and brandishing his wooden sword as he went. So the fact of the matter was that the boy was not to be found and he had lost, in going from one to another, precious time that might have been spent in seeking him. You will readily suppose that they tried to make up for this now, and at once began each tower to search and each nook to scan; but in vain. It soon became evident to everybody that the heir of the Salvins was not within the castle walls. Just as this conclusion had been reached Alred discovered that a postern door which opened on a path leading directly to the forest was ajar. The Lady Philippa grew very pale when her tire-woman told her of the open door; but she did not scream or wring her hands, or tear her hair; she did not even faint, which is the least that is usually expected of the grand dames of the Middle Ages when something disagreeable occurs. She ordered Alred to go to the forest and make search there for the child, and her women to talk less and pray more; and then she betook herself to the chapel and knelt before the image of Our Lady.

looking more like a thing of stone herself, they said than a living woman she was so still and pale. But why should they have been so frightened because a boy of four years old had strayed toward a wood? Nobody would wish to injure a child of that age, and there were no gypsies in those days, were there? If gypsies were not yet invented he could not get upon the track. What did they think could have happened to him? Some thing worse than being carried off by gypsies, and more horrible than being on the railroad track. Nobody mentioned it, but every one mused and that a big wild-boar had his den in the forest, and that he had a cruel, cunning and ferocious of late as to venture out among the huts of the serfs in the village below the castle, and do so much mischief as to have become the terror of the poor men's lives. That very morning the baron and his men had ridden forth armed with bowspears and hunting knives to slay the monster if they might. And what if the noise of hounds and horns had driven the creature to the edge of the forest and he had met the child? Ah! Nobody wondered wherefore the Lady Philippa was so white and still.

Soon, too soon, Alred and his men returned. The old man carried in his hand a little cap of fine green cloth all trampled and soiled, its tall heron's plume broken, its gold medal of Saint Hubert—his jewel, the boy had proudly called it—hanging by a bit of broken chain, and part of a baby's wooden sword. Without a word he went to the chapel and laid them with the cushion where the lady knelt; and straightway she took up the tokens of her terrible sorrow and placed them at the feet of the image of Our Lady, while she said in tones which those who heard them never forgot: "He has been thine from the day of his birth, as thou knowest, and he is our only one. O Mother of Sorrows! save him if it be the will of God!" Then she signed to Alred to follow her and tell his tale. Alred was soon told. They had found the child's cap and broken toy on the borders of a streamlet just within the outer edge of the forest, where the ground had been trodden and the undergrowth of the wood trampled and torn by the passage of a huge beast—they knew only too well what traces these were. And in the mud by the stream were tracks of tiny footsteps, and a great passage had been torn through the thick bushes; there was no need to say more, and in truth there was no more to say. No one doubted for an instant but that through that pathway the young heir of the Salvins had been borne to his doom. It took but a few moments to tell the story, and then the men started again to search—for what? Nobody dared to say, or even think. But all knew there was small hope that the bright eyes and joyous shout of the little baron would ever gladden the hearts of his parents again. And yet before old Alred went forth he tried to speak some word of hope and cheer to the poor mother; but she only shook her head and turned away to the chapel, where she knelt before the image of Our Lady, her hands clasped around its feet and her brow pressed down upon the little cap—all that she might ever hope to regain of her lost boy.

The slow hours passed on. The chaplain knelt beside the silent lady and prayed aloud—but it seemed that she heard him not. Her women came and strove to rouse her from what they feared might prove a stupor that must end in madness or death—but in vain. Only once she turned a white face like marble to her bower-woman, and did not nod her head without a word. And the woman left the chapel frightened, nor did any venture near the bower again. All prayed that the good angels who had charge over the house of Salvin might hasten the return of the baron to the castle, since if his voice roused her not it seemed certain that none other could. Tidings of the loss of the heir had soon reached the huts in the village, and great was the distress of the poor people, for they loved the Salvins well. All day they came in silent, grief-stricken groups to pray in the chapel and mingle their tears with those of the sorrowing household; but it seemed that the lady saw and came. She made no moan and shed no tear. Only it seemed that at times her hands were clasped more tightly round the feet of Our Lady, and her brow pressed more heavily on the soiled cap and little sword of her lost boy.

All through the long hours of that day the Baron de Salvin rode through the forest, vainly seeking foot-traces of the wild-boar which had wrought such havoc on his lands, but little dreaming of the far more terrible disaster that had befallen his home. At length, worn out with fatigue, the huntsmen found themselves toward evening at the foot of the bridge-path that led over the hill, and urged by some unaccountable impulse, which he felt unable to resist, the baron, to the surprise of his companions, determined to follow it. The horses knew the road and took it willingly, steep as it was, for it led toward home. On the very summit of the hill there rose—and it stands in the same place now, since the dear old hills change less than anything else in this mutable world—a high rock, straight and smooth almost as a wall. As the baron, riding at the head of his men, approached this rock in the twilight he was surprised to see something that appeared to be alive—a fawn or some other wild creature he supposed it to be—living in a hollow which seemed to have been scooped out of the face of the rock. But what was his amazement a moment later when he heard the voice of his own little son, and saw that it was indeed the boy who lay there stretching out his arms and crying with delight: "Take me before thee on thy good steed, my father, for truly I have been well as the lady bade me, though thou wert long in coming and I was hungry and tired."

Almost stupefied with wonder the baron dismounted and found that the little Hubert was living in a hollow shaped like a babe's cradle, and thickly lined with soft green moss; and neither he nor they that were with him remembered to have seen that hollow before. The child wore his scarlet mantle and still grasped the tiny cross-bow and the bit of his broken sword. But his cap was gone, and the bright hair was tangled as though the October winds had been making merry among its curls all day. "How camest thou hither?" questioned Sir Hubert as he lifted the boy, and all the men gathered eagerly round the father and son to assure themselves that it was truly his heir whom Sir Hubert held in his arms, and not some impostor of mischief who had taken his form in order to betray them into the power of the evil one as they half feared; especially when they found that the child's cap with its medal of the blessed Saint Hubert was nowhere to be seen. "I found the postern open and followed thee to the hunt of the wild-boar," said the boy, his cheek flushing with a sense of guilt as he remembered the act of disobedience; "and I found him at the stream where we gathered wild strawberries in the summer."

"Found him! Found the boar!" cried the knight, beginning to marvel whether he could be in his waking senses. "You, truly! And I fought the brute with my sword, my father; for he was too near for me to shoot him with my cross-bow, as I would gladly have done. But the sword broke, as you see, and the boar seized me with his teeth and carried me away."

"But the boar brought thee not hither?" "Oh, no! he brought me not hither; I think he meant to devour me when he got further into the wood. Then I was greatly afraid, and I thought of my mother. Father, I will go out by the postern no more. So I cried out loudly as my mother once told me to do: 'Help, St. Marie!' and the lady came." "The lady? And what did she do?" "She took me in her arms and wrapped me warm in her mantle, and bade me not fear anything, for I was safe with her." "But who laid thee here?" repeated the baron. "My beautiful lady rose high up in air and flew over the tops of the great trees, above the thick woods, until she rested here. And she laid me on the moss and kissed me softly as my mother does. Then she bade me sleep, and said that wouldst come presently to carry me home. So let us go, my father, I pray thee; for I am hungry now."

"Presently, my son," said the baron; "but of what like was this wonderful lady who was so good to my boy?" "Like the image of St. Marie that my mother loves," said the child. "And she bade me tell thee to have the mass sung in her honor, and that ever after this the hill will be called after her."

"And she ought else, my boy?" "Oh, yes! she said she had commanded the great boar to abide under the scathed oak until to-morrow, and there thou wilt find him and slay him with thine own hand. And now, I pray thee, let us go home."

Then Sir Hubert returned thanks to God in his heart for this great mercy, and he sent on two men with tidings of the child's safety, for his heart smote him with anguish when he thought of what this day must have been to the Lady Philippa. When the hunters reached the foot of the hill the bells were ringing, bonfires blazing, and all the good people from castle and village waiting to welcome the lost heir. The lady was there first of any, and she took the boy in her arms and bore him straightway to the chapel, where she would fain have made thanksgiving to God and Our Lady; but joy did what sorrow had been unable to accomplish, and she swooned away. Her senses speedily returned when the baron spoke to her, and she felt the rosy lips of her boy pressed upon her own. There was solemn service in the chapel that night, and the mass was sung the next morning and for many days after to fulfill Our Lady's command. The baron rode forth again into the forest, and under the scathed oak tree he met with the wild-boar, even as his little son had declared; and there he slew the monster with his own hand. So every one knew then beyond all doubt that the Queen of Heaven herself had deigned to come to the rescue of the child in answer to his mother's prayers. And because she had borne him in her arms to the summit of the hill, the people called the place Lady-Lifte, and the name remains in that country to this day.

THE BEST WAY TO CURE Disease is to establish health. Pure, rich blood means good health. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the One True Blood Purifier. It tones up the whole system, gives appetite and strength and causes weakness, nervousness and pain to disappear. No other medicine has such a record of wonderful cures as Hood's Sarsaparilla.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best after-dinner pill; assist digestion, prevent constipation. 25c.

Powerful Speeches. Speeches in political season are very powerful. The gold and silver question are the topics of the day. Bryan, with his thousands of speeches, has not done as much good to the sufferers of coughs and colds as Menthol Cough Syrup has. It is the most valuable remedy in the season of coughs and colds there is. It is known to the public as not having its equal. Try it; only 25c a bottle. It is sold everywhere by all druggists and general dealers. T. F.

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla has over and over again proved its cures, when all other preparations failed, that it is the One True BLOOD Purifier.

USE SURPRISE SOAP. Best for Wash Day. For quick and easy work. For cleanest, sweetest and whitest clothes. Surprise is best. Best for Every Day. For every use about the house Surprise works best and cheapest. See for yourself.

lined with soft green moss; and neither he nor they that were with him remembered to have seen that hollow before. The child wore his scarlet mantle and still grasped the tiny cross-bow and the bit of his broken sword. But his cap was gone, and the bright hair was tangled as though the October winds had been making merry among its curls all day.

"How camest thou hither?" questioned Sir Hubert as he lifted the boy, and all the men gathered eagerly round the father and son to assure themselves that it was truly his heir whom Sir Hubert held in his arms, and not some impostor of mischief who had taken his form in order to betray them into the power of the evil one as they half feared; especially when they found that the child's cap with its medal of the blessed Saint Hubert was nowhere to be seen.

"I found the postern open and followed thee to the hunt of the wild-boar," said the boy, his cheek flushing with a sense of guilt as he remembered the act of disobedience; "and I found him at the stream where we gathered wild strawberries in the summer."

"Found him! Found the boar!" cried the knight, beginning to marvel whether he could be in his waking senses. "You, truly! And I fought the brute with my sword, my father; for he was too near for me to shoot him with my cross-bow, as I would gladly have done. But the sword broke, as you see, and the boar seized me with his teeth and carried me away."

"But the boar brought thee not hither?" "Oh, no! he brought me not hither; I think he meant to devour me when he got further into the wood. Then I was greatly afraid, and I thought of my mother. Father, I will go out by the postern no more. So I cried out loudly as my mother once told me to do: 'Help, St. Marie!' and the lady came." "The lady? And what did she do?" "She took me in her arms and wrapped me warm in her mantle, and bade me not fear anything, for I was safe with her." "But who laid thee here?" repeated the baron. "My beautiful lady rose high up in air and flew over the tops of the great trees, above the thick woods, until she rested here. And she laid me on the moss and kissed me softly as my mother does. Then she bade me sleep, and said that wouldst come presently to carry me home. So let us go, my father, I pray thee; for I am hungry now."

THE BEST WAY TO CURE Disease is to establish health. Pure, rich blood means good health. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the One True Blood Purifier. It tones up the whole system, gives appetite and strength and causes weakness, nervousness and pain to disappear. No other medicine has such a record of wonderful cures as Hood's Sarsaparilla.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best after-dinner pill; assist digestion, prevent constipation. 25c.

Powerful Speeches. Speeches in political season are very powerful. The gold and silver question are the topics of the day. Bryan, with his thousands of speeches, has not done as much good to the sufferers of coughs and colds as Menthol Cough Syrup has. It is the most valuable remedy in the season of coughs and colds there is. It is known to the public as not having its equal. Try it; only 25c a bottle. It is sold everywhere by all druggists and general dealers. T. F.

SCOTTISH UNION AND NATIONAL INSURANCE CO. OF EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND. Assets Exceed \$1,783,487.83. MONTREAL OFFICE, 117 St. Francois Xavier St. WALTER KAVANAGH, Chief Agent.

MISS ZELMA RAWLSTON.

A CHARMING SOUBRETTE WHO ATTRACTS LARGE AUDIENCES.

SHE TELLS SOMETHING OF THE HARD WORK NECESSARY TO MAKE A SUCCESSFUL ARTIST—MANY BREAK DOWN UNDER THE STRAINS—AN INTERESTING CHAT WITH A TELEGRAPH REPORTER.

Those who have attended the performances at the Academy of Music this week, will readily concede that Miss Zelma Rawlston is one of the brightest soubrettes on the stage. She is a clever musician and a charming singer, and as an impersonator shows a talent considerably above the average. She has winning ways, a mischievous twinkle in her eye, and a captivating manner. Her magnetism for drawing large audiences is not alone confined to the stage, as she is possessed of a character which is pleasing to come in contact with. It is full of good nature, amiable qualities, and a charm that endears her to all those who have been so fortunate as to have made her acquaintance. A Telegraph representative had the pleasure of an interview with Miss Rawlston which resulted in a biographical sketch of her life being published in these columns on Saturday. During the course of the interview, Miss Rawlston let out a secret, which she consented to allow the Telegraph to make public. For many years she has devoted the best part of her time to study, sometimes practising at the piano alone for ten hours a day. It is not therefore astonishing that under a strain of this kind, she began to feel the effects upon her nervous constitution. She is of a robust build, and apparently strong physique, and stood the strain without interrupting her studies, until she had perfected that which she desired to accomplish. Like many other artists who have gone before, she completed her work, graduated with the highest honors, and prepared to enter upon her stage career. The reaction of over study, and long hours, soon began to tell upon her, and although it did not interfere with her climbing the ladder of fame as an actress, she very soon became cognizant of the fact that she was suffering from a strain on the nerves which threatened sooner or later to result seriously to her health. Her sufferings did not interfere with her engagements, but prevented her from participating in pleasure of any kind. The nervousness increased to such an extent that she became a victim to insomnia, and slowly her digestive powers gave out, and she was fast becoming a chronic sufferer from nervous debility. After trying many remedies and prescriptions, she one day read an advertisement in one of the daily papers referring to the complete recovery of a similar case as her own, with the aid of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She had tried so many patent remedies that she almost despaired of trying any more. Something seemed to influence her to test this preparation, and she ventured to purchase one box of the pills. Before she had used half of them, she began to feel an immediate improvement in her condition, and by the time she had used two or three boxes, she was a different woman entirely, and to-day there are few actresses who display a better example of perfect health than our representative found Miss Rawlston in when he called upon her last week. The subject was suggested by our reporter seeing a box of the Pink Pills in Miss Rawlston's possession. "I always carry them with me," she said, "and would not be a day without them; although I do not take them regularly, I find them a very beneficial stimulus for one in our profession. If the benefit which these pills have worked upon me will do the public any good, I am perfectly willing that my name should be mentioned, and that the facts should be given to the public."

MISS RAWLSTON'S permanent address is in care of her manager, Mr. Tom McGuire, Room 5, Standard Theatre Building, New York City.

NEW INVENTIONS PATENTED BY WOMEN. Messrs. Marion & Marion, international patent solicitors, 185 St. James street, Montreal, report the following patents recently granted to women by the United States patent office:—

An improved vegetable grater, in which the perforations are punched in crescent form, so that the cutting edges have a gradual slope from their central point each way to the base of the plate or body of the grater; Evangelene Gilmore, Hamilton, Ont., Canada.

A state-pencil sharpener; Lucretia P. Spencer, Del., November 3.

An adjustable bicycle seat; Alice C. Nash, Minneapolis, Minn., November 3.

An ingenious folding chain; Wilhelmine Semler, Vienna, Austria-Hungary, November 3.

An ironing-able, with cabinet attachment.

most containing drawers for finished work; Lydia E. Dawson, Downing, Wis. Evelyn M. Querret, of Pookskill, also received a patent on October 20, for an improved hook and eye, which is formed by a peculiar shaped wire, which effectively prevents becoming unhooked. A pencil-sharpener, in which the pencil to be sharpened is inserted into a tubular holder, and a downward pressure on the holder causes the pencil to be rapidly revolved against a sharpening blade; Laura A. Stough, Durango, Col. The women are also entering the higher branches of mechanical invention. On November 3, Anna E. Wilson, of Houston, Texas, in conjunction with A. T. Wilson, received a patent for a rotary engine possessing some novel points.

Break Up a Cold in Time BY USING PNYNY-PECTORAL. The Quick Cure for COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, BRONCHITIS, HOARSENESS, etc. Large Bottle, 25 Cts. DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., LTD., PROPRIETORS, MONTREAL.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM One Way Weekly Excursions TO CALIFORNIA And other Pacific Coast Points. A Pullman Tourist sleeper leaves Bonaventure Station every Thursday at 10:25 p.m. for the Pacific Coast, all that is required is a second-class ticket and in addition a moderate charge is made for sleeping accommodations. This is a splendid opportunity for families moving West. For tickets and reservation of berths apply at 143 ST. JAMES STREET, Or at Bonaventure Station.

The D. & L. Emulsion. Is invaluable if you are run down, as it is a food as well as a medicine. The D. & L. Emulsion will build you up if your general health is impaired. The D. & L. Emulsion is the best and most palatable preparation of Cod Liver Oil, agreeing with the most delicate stomachs. The D. & L. Emulsion is prescribed by the leading physicians of Canada. The D. & L. Emulsion is a marvellous flesh producer and will give you an appetite. 50c. & \$1 per Bottle. Be sure you get the genuine. DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., LTD., MONTREAL.

Cramps, Colic, Colds, Croup, Coughs, Tooth-ache. DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY, and all POWER COMPLAINTS. A Sure, Safe, Quick Cure for these troubles. Pain-Killer. Used Internally and Externally. Two Sizes, 25c. and 50c. bottles.

Canadian Royal = Art Union. (Incorporated by Letters-Patent Feb. 14, 1894.) 238 & 240 St. James Street. This company distributes Works of Art painted by the Masters of the Modern French School. A novel method of Distribution. Tickets, from 25c to \$10 each. Awards, from \$5 to \$5,000 each. Art School opens Oct. 1st. Tuition free.

BRODIE & HARVIE'S Self-Raising Flour. IS THE BEST and the ONLY GENUINE article. Housekeepers should ask for it and see that they get it. All others are imitations.

As the lived five hundred years ago the Lady Philippa was a very old-fashioned person, according to present ideas—I had almost written our ideas, but in this respect I should wish to be rather old-fashioned myself. She believed, not only that meat and Mass hinder no man, as the old proverb tells us, but that work went faster for being prayed over, and that moreover it was better done. So she prayed. The baron was well pleased that his wife should see to household matters and attend to the wants of the sick and the poor, all which concerns he considered to lie within her proper province; while he took care of the safety of his people and lands as a matter of duty and serious occupation, and by way of amusement followed the chase. I call his amusement useful; because the supplies of venison, wild-boar's flesh, and small game brought in by the baron and his merry men, who were never so merry as when a hunt was on hand, went far in providing the castle larder with food for the winter, and this was an important consideration. The baron differed from most modern gentlemen in a great many respects; for instance he heard holy Mass every morning, even though he might risk losing the track of a boar for doing so; and, however weary and worn he happened to be at the end of the day, never retired to rest without saying his night prayers. All this may appear childish to many people, I dare say, but then Our Lord once said that only those who become like little children can enter the kingdom of heaven, and neither Sir Hubert nor his lady had a thought of going to any other place. Also, they wished and intended to get in as soon after death as possible. The little Hubert had been presented to God at the baptismal font on the day of his birth, and to Our Lady at her altar immediately afterward. He learned to pronounce the names of Jesus and Mary with those of his father and mother, and in his own childish fashion to invoke Saint Hubert every day. The little boy's devotion to his great patron was almost too practical to please the Lady Philippa, for it took the form of an intense desire to accompany his father into the forest, and this she was by no means disposed to allow for some years to come. The child knew, too, that he was weighed on each successive birthday, not for the purpose of discovering how much he had increased in weight since the last, but in order that an equivalent quantity of food and other good things might be found for distribution among the poor in thanksgiving for the growth of the young heir. By the way, I wonder if that old Catholic custom of bestowing in alms as much food as would outweigh the baby had its origin in the desire to secure the prayers of the needy for the well being of the little ones, by making it a matter of self-interest that they should grow stout and strong? The sylvan propensities of his son delighted the baron, and he looked forward to the day when the little fellow would ride out with him, clad in a suit of Lincoln green like a tiny Robin Hood, to chase the deer that abounded in the forest round his home, almost as eagerly as did the child himself. Not that the Baron de Salvin thought of comparing his son with the outlaw of Sherwood, whom he would have looked upon as a most disreputable person, I dare say, and not much better than a common thief, although you and I hold a different opinion. But then opinions are so different in this world, and depend so much upon circumstances of time and place. I have met persons who considered Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel heroes. I do not think that their ideas on the subject of honesty were particularly clear; in fact I am sure they were not. Still, it was an opinion. As a proof of the manner in which truly excellent individuals may dissent from each other even on a matter of mutual interest, I may mention that on the subject of her son's riding into the forest the Lady Philippa did not agree in opinion with her lord, and was far from desiring the arrival of the day when, mounted on a mettlesome pony, he was to make his first attack on the deer. These comparatively harmless creatures were by no means the only or the most ferocious inhabitants of the forest, and she thought that her boy would be more safely occupied for the present in learning his prayers and practising with his tiny cross-bow on the battlements or in the courtyard under the eye of some trusty attendant, than in galloping through the wild-wood accompanied only by hunters whose heads would probably be too full of the chase to admit a thought of their young charge. She knew that any one of the Salvin retainers would gladly have died in defence of the little heir, but in the excitement of the hunt it might not be so easy to remember that defence was needed. Now it happened that on a certain glorious day in October the Lady Philippa, on returning from an apartment near the gate whither she was accustomed to repair daily for the purpose of doing out salves and ointments to any that might apply for the same, since no leech dwelt in those parts and the nearest monastery was situated at a considerable distance from the castle, sent for her little son. The bower-maiden who was the child's rightful guardian at the time declared that he was riding with old Alred in the courtyard; Alred had not seen the young baron, as the servants loved to call the boy, and was certain that he must be with the warden on the watch-tower; the warden had seen him crossing the green ten minutes before toward my lady's dispensing chamber, wearing the cap with a heron's plume in which he greatly delighted because it made him so tall, and brandishing his wooden sword as he went. So the fact of the matter was that the boy was not to be found and he had lost, in going from one to another, precious time that might have been spent in seeking him. You will readily suppose that they tried to make up for this now, and at once began each tower to search and each nook to scan; but in vain. It soon became evident to everybody that the heir of the Salvins was not within the castle walls. Just as this conclusion had been reached Alred discovered that a postern door which opened on a path leading directly to the forest was ajar. The Lady Philippa grew very pale when her tire-woman told her of the open door; but she did not scream or wring her hands, or tear her hair; she did not even faint, which is the least that is usually expected of the grand dames of the Middle Ages when something disagreeable occurs. She ordered Alred to go to the forest and make search there for the child, and her women to talk less and pray more; and then she betook herself to the chapel and knelt before the image of Our Lady.