

LOCK-STITCH
TING SHUTTLE.

is specially adapted for Fam-
ore generally used throughout
other machines combined. The
ating shuttle is the perfection
movement being shorter than
ar machine, less effort is re-
tion.

chine carries the trade-mark.

Old machines taken in exchange.

DE AND SOLD ONLY BY

FACTURING CO.

NTREAL, P. Q.

ed Ruth immensely on her first ar-
at the French sea-resort.

However, the winter season had hardly
enced, and few English families had
ome into residence, so it turned out
the Vernalles found no acquaintances
and therefore were thrown on one
er for amusement.

Stopford was perhaps the best off, as
as able to have his whilst at the club.
Vernalle found the place rather too
for her to walk much about in, and
fore Ruth had to take her walks most-
one.

During these walks, she took herself
rely to task for having treated Frank
ert very badly, and set to work to
dy the fault as soon as possible by
ing to him.

He did not deceive him willfully, but
e was a good deal about aunt and
e, and descriptive matter about the
e, and very little about the billiards
the dancing and shooting at Grovnel
after he—Frank—had left it.

He loves me so much he says," thought
h, "that he is jealous of my very shad-
Poor dear Frank, he is so foolish,
he will get jealous and miserable about
ing, if I write and tell him about
y little thing which happens. There
that Major Sportwell who paid me
ridiculous compliments; I am sure I
t care for him in the very least, and
if I put all the nonsense he talked to
in my letters, Frank would be simply
ous."

o, somehow, Captain Rutherford was
tioned very casually, thrown in as it
e, with a half a dozen nonentities, and
nk, reading the letter, never heeded
ame of the man he was destined most
ate of all the men in the world.

It was not more than ten days after the
rmales' arrival that Captain Rutherford
de his appearance.

It was Ruth who first came across him
the little High Street, and he turned to
company her to the hotel, to call on her
at, Lady Vernalle.

However, they took the wrong turn and
ndered up to the Cote de Basque, and
on some little way along the cliff.

There was little said which even Frank
ght not have heard with equanimity.
But when they got back to the hotel,
lph had made a great stride in his ac-
aintance with Ruth, for he had ac-
med all the privileges of an old friend
d had not been rebuked.

In fact, the girl was too happy to mark
subtle change in his manner, and when
was received very graciously by her
at and Sir Stopford, who happened to
in, everything to Ruth seemed rosy and
ight, and she went to bed wondering
at the morrow would bring forth.

Now a good deal of gaiety goes on at
arrists in summer, and in a decorous
ay in the winter also, but in the
beginning of October, season
ason was over, and the other had
to take walks or rides, of which there
s a good number around Biarritz.

Good natured Lady Vernalle had quite
ken up Ralph Rutherford again, and
emed to see no difference between the
ckless soldier of fortune and the young
rnet of horse in the days gone by.

Sir Stopford liked him, too, so that three
four evenings a week found him dining
th the Vernalles, and the evenings he
did not come were voted dull.

To Ruth, the evenings they were alone
emed long and wearisome.
Her feelings might be compared to one
counted to be habitually in a brilliant-
lighted room, who found himself sud-
ly left to get along as best he could
with no other light than a kitchen candle.

And yet, so far, it had never entered
er head that Captain Rutherford was any-
thing more to her than a very congenial,
musing companion.

The first glimpse—and it was but the
aintest glimmer—of light which she ob-
ained of the change which was going with-
n her inner self came quite as a surprise.

The English post was in, and Lady Ver-
nalle, as usual, had the larger proportion
of letters.

When Ruth came in from a game of
ennis, in which Captain Rutherford had
been her partner, her aunt held out a letter
towards her.

"It is from Maud Gilbert," she said.
Frank is about to take her to Eg. pt,
where he will leave her, so we may expect
him here in some three weeks, I should
think; at all events, under the month."

A sudden faintness seized the girl, and
for a moment, she groped wildly in the
dark, for the letter had the larger proportion
of letters.

"My dear, what is the matter?" exclaim-
ed Lady Vernalle, anxiously. "I declare
you have no more color in your face than a
sheet of paper; and why don't you take
the letter? Are you feeling ill, dear?"

But the few moments had restored Ruth
to herself.

"I can't think, aunt, what it was; but all
of a sudden I turned giddy. Pray, don't
make a fuss; there is nothing the matter."

(CONTINUED ON FIFTEENTH PAGE.)

Sunday
Reading

The Mother's Prayer.

Starting forth on life's rough way,
Father, guide them;
Oh! we know not what of harm
May befall them!

Heed the shadows of Thy wing,
Father, bid them;
Waking, sleeping, Lord, we pray,
Go beside them.

When in prayer they cry to Thee,
Thou hast heard them;
From the slings of sin and shame
Do Thou clear them;

Mid the quicksands and the rocks
Do Thou steer them;
In temptation, trial, grief,
Do Thou cheer them.

Unit Thou, we give them up,
Lord, receive them;
In the world we know must be
Much to strive them;

Many striving oft and strong
To deceive them;
Treadeth in Thy hands of love
We must leave them.

—William Cullen Bryant.

From Unrecognized Heroes.

And what for the man who went forth for the right,
Was hit in the battle and slain of a limb?

Why honor for him who falls in the fight,
Falls wounded of limb and crippled for life?

Give honor, give glory, give pensions for him,
Give bread and give shelter for babes and for wife.

But what of the hero who battles alone,
In battles of thought where God set him down,
Who fought all alone and who fell overthrown.

I tell you 'twere better to cherish that soul—
That soldier who battles with thought for a sword,
That fights the steep ramparts where wrong has control,
And falls beaten back by the rude trampling horde.

Ah, better to cherish his words and his worth,
Than all the Napoleons that people the earth.

—Joaquin Miller.

Rev Dr. Cyrus Hamlin.

Thousands have the pleasure of knowing
Rev. Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, formerly American
missionary at Constantinople.

The following is from a recent article of Dr.
Hamlin, in The Presbyterian Banner:

When I went to the East in 1838, Com-
modore Porter was our minister resident
at the Sublime Porte. He was residing at
the time of my visit at San Stefano, about
ten miles west of Constantinople, right on
the shore of the beautiful sea of Marmora.

It was a charming place for a war-worn
veteran to enjoy the quiet evening of life.
In all that region north of the sea of Mar-
mora, extending beyond the Balkan moun-
tains to the Danube, the stork is a favor-
ite bird. Along the north of Marmora, there
are very few tall trees, the stork builds its
nest on the tops of chimneys, which in the
east are always covered, the smoke issuing
from side windows or openings.

The nests are very rude in appear-
ance, about as large as a two-bushel basket.
Sticks as long as your finger are skillfully
woven into them. They are made soft
and nice, with moss and cotton and wool,
or whatever the skillful bird thinks will
make her parlor comfortable. The stork has
two long legs, but for some reason or
other generally stands upon one, the other
drawn up among his feathers. I think I
have seen as many as fifty in a row on a
river bank, each one standing on one leg.
When thus standing in repose it is about
three feet high, the chief part of the height
being leg and neck. It stalks over the
fields with an awkward gait, its neck alert,
and its lightning stroke finishes the race of
any snake, lizard, toad, bug or other
"vermin" on the ground. From kitchen
refuse it selects what suits its taste, and is
bold in claiming it. It has no voice. The
strange clatter of its broad, flat bill is un-
describable. It seems to play rough tunes
to its mate.

Commodore Porter had a stork's nest on
the chimney of his kitchen, a building
separate from the house and connected by
a covered way. The chimney was tall,
round like a column, and very picturesquely
covered by this rough nest. The com-
modore took great delight in watching the
social life of his storks, especially when
they came to teach the youngsters to fly.

The young, awkward, long-legged thing
would stand on the rim of the nest and
flap its wings, but fear to launch away,
while the old storks would career around
and clatter their bill reprovingly and coax-
ingly but vainly. At length, patience ex-
hausted, an old stork would give him a
sudden push and topple him off. He
would then use his wings to purpose, and
the parent birds would be filled with pride
and exultation. If the untired wings
showed signs of failure in returning to the
nest, one of the parent birds would come
beneath him and lift him with powerful
wing to a height that would make his re-
turn sure and easy.

Unhappily, one of the commodore's
dogs, who knew better, seized one of the
storks by the wing and injured it so that it
dragged, and, of course, the bird could
not fly. The commodore, finding that the
wing was only lacerated, but not broken,
bound it up in place, put the stork in a
large cage in the night and had it out to
feed in the day time. Its companions
stayed by it in anxious sympathy all the
day, and only when it was housed would
they return to their nest. It seemed so
much like human sympathy that Commo-

What is Scott's Emul-

sion?

It is the best cod-liver oil,
partly digested, and com-
bined with the hypophos-
phites and glycerine. What
will it do? It will make
the poor blood of the anemic
rich and red.

It will give nervous energy
to the overworked brain and
nerves. It will add flesh to
the thin form of a child,
wasted from fat-starvation.

It is everywhere acknowl-
edged as The Standard of
the World.

See, and be convinced, all druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

There is another method of capture which
is more picturesque. Rows of dried
branches are placed on the shore. At the
foot of each branch is disposed a tuft of
fresh herbs in the middle of which is ar-
ranged an opening which ends in a snare.

The quail, tired by its journey, takes re-
fuge in the branch, then in the bunch of
herbs, naturally, without figuring to itself
that it is going to put itself into a trap
where a native will surprise and kill it.

With these means of destruction, it is not
astonishing that each year more than a
million of these birds are taken.

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able death trap of the terrible Valdes
Glacier. For days did these two wander,
until nature succumbed and they lay down
weary and exhausted, to sleep the sleep
from which there is no awakening.

Their faithful companion clung to them
and the warmth of his body was grateful,
as they crouched low with the bitter ice
laden wind howling about them.

Their scanty stock of provisions was
well nigh exhausted, when one of them sug-
gested sending the dog back to the camp.
This was a forlorn hope, but it was the only
chance they had. Quickly writing a few
words on a leaf torn from a book, they
made it fast around his neck, and encour-
aged him to start back on the trail.

The sagacious animal did not under-
stand, but after repeated efforts they per-
suaded him to go on and he was soon
sw allowed up in the snow, the mist and
the storm.

Two days and nights