THE BLOODLESS SPORTSMAN

Togo a-gonning, but take no gun, if fish without a pole, and I bag good game and catch

bolds.

And the best fish of the brooks.

A pollege bridg than wing the att.

Or lish that swim in the seas.

A polless Walton of the brooks.

A bioodless sportsman I.

I hunt for the thoughts that throng the woods.

dreams that bount the sky

The woods are made for the hunters.
The brooks for the lishers of some.
To the burners who hunt for the Kunless game.
The streams and the woods belong
There are thoughts that moan from the
soul of the pine.
And thoughts in Gover-hell curled.
And the the the control of the form
the free that are blown with
the went of the feet.
Are as new and as old as the world

So, away! for the hunt in the fern scented wood, Till the going down of the sun. There is pienty of game still left in th woods.

woods, For the hunter who has no gun
For the hunter who has no gun
For the fish by the mossbordered brook,
That flows through the velvety sod,
There are plenty of fish still left in the

here are plenty of streams For the anglet who has no rod —Sam Watter Foss

TOM'S HOME-COMING.

Outside, the apple trees were black and silver in the moonlight, and the danfodils that bordered the path shone faintly golden. Inside, the two old women rocked and knitted. It had been so long since either had spoken that the last words seemed like dim memories of some far-distant past. When Martha Whipple brought her chair to a sudden stop the movement had some far-distant past. If it is a sudden stop the movement had some memories startling in it; she leared forward impressively, her round, therid face settling into heavy lines of determination.

tiling into heavy lines of determina-tion.

"It's borne in on me to say some-thing to you, Mary," she began; "I've set out to do it more'n once, an' then I've backed out. It's jost what every-body's sayin'. I hope you won't lay it up against me if I tell you what's for your own good."

There was no answer. The little fig-ure opposite took on a certain alertness like that of an animal about to spring, yot there had been no perceptible mo-tion; it was rather the wariness of the brown eyes that seemed oddly at vari-

or oyes that seemed oddly at vari-with the wrinkled, weather-beaten and short, grey curls. The silence ed the visitor, but it was too late

face, and short, grey curis. The stience baffled the visitor, but it was too late for retreat.

"I'e four years now since Tom went away, an' three since he was married, an' he dain' never come home, though he knows how you're a lookin' for him. I guess there din't been a night since he was merried that you shirt lit up the best room an' opened the front door as if you thought he an' that city wife of his might come walking up the path any minute. Sometimes I've got fairly raging over it. All this time you've more set eyes on him nor his wife nor baby. Now, I tell you what I it, I'd jest make up my mind, if I was you, to left it all go. "Tain't right of you, a perfessor, to wear yourself out ao. You know what Flora Andrews was when she boarded at the Olivers' that summer that Tom first met her; 'tain't likely she's changed now, an' she's jest wearsed Tom from It all. If I was you 'I'd jest up and show 'em I could get on as well without 'em as they could without mo I'd—"

She stopped short, staring at her

without mo. I'd—"
She stopped short, staring at her friend. The old woman had rison to her feet, fairly trembling with excitement. "We've been neighbours thiryears, Martha Whipple," she said, "but if you say another word I'll never foreyo you as long as I live. I guess you'd better go—I guess 'twould be safer so; and, besides, I've got considerable to do to-night. I didn't tell you before, but I'm going down to Tom's to-morrow."

do to-night. I didn't tell you better, but I'm going down to Tom's to-morrow."

Miss Martha had risen in tragic indignation, but the news was too much for her. She turned back in undisquised amazement.

"For the land's sakel why didn't you say so." she exclaimed. "Can't I kelp you get ready! How long do you calculate to stay"

"I calculated I'd be gont about a wrek. Being in the spring of the year I can't stay longer, for there's the garden to see to. I shirt got much to do to get ready. If you'd feed the cat once a day—'twouldn't do no good to bring him over, he wouldn't stay—but I'l leave a saucer on the back porch. In' you can put his milk there."

"I will, certain," answered Miss Martha. She had quite forgotten her resentment in the keen relish of the new; the sewing circle would meet the next day. She looked back when she reached the doorway, and noded and smilled cordially. "I won't say good-bye," she said.

about 7.30."

"All right, I'll watch for you, an' if there is anything else I can take care of, bring that, too. Good night, Mis' Transall."

"Good night," she answered. Her voice had a curious, haif-frightened tone in it, and her eyes were full of dismay. She hurried into the house and shut the door; then she looked around her, and the look was that of an exile about to loave home forever.

"I dunne what made me say it," she

cried. "I said it before I thought, on' con I've got to go. An' Tom slight come, too—supposin' we should pass each other, an' lee come while Un gone! but I've got to go 'lolks shan', say such things about Ton—as If Tom wouldn' be gited to go 'lolks shan', say such things about Ton—as If Tom Wouldn' he gited to go home? What if he wint been home? What if he wint been home? What if he wint been home? It's comit, he alway says so. An' titere's the baby, too Haven't I wanted to see her more than anything in the world? It's—tt'a only that I can't get used to it, somehow. I thought Tom would come here, so that I wouldn't have to leave home. I allus thought Tom would come in the spring; I knew just how he'd look comin' up thotween the daffodlls—when he was a little fellow he'used to love 'em so' I thought mobb. Tom's baby would lov 'em, too 'she went to the window and looken.

little fellow he used to love 'em so! it thought mobbs Tom's baby would lov 'em, 100'. She went to the window and looked down the path where the flatfodlis were set like lights to guide the wanderer home. Then she turned resolutely away. Though so small and frail looking, she had a will that in an emergency was better than strength, she worked nearly all night packing her vallee and shutting up the house When moraling came she made her self a cup of tea before going carofully over the house for the last time; then she diagrade her valise out on the doorstep, and locked the front door behind her and went over to Martha Wilpple's.
Martha wolcomed her with effusive cagerness, "Come in an' have a bite. Mis' Haswell, do," she urged, "I meant to ask you last night, but I war so flustered I forgot ht. I've got hot big out here, an' they're good, it I do say so."

to ask you last night, but I war so flustered I forgot it. I've got bot big cult here, an' they're good, if I do say so."

Mrz. Haswell was standing very erect; she looked pale and tired, but her eyes seemed to dety any one to detect it.

"Im obliged to you, Martha," she said, "but I've had my breakfast, an' I guess I'd better go back. You won't forget to feed the cat?"

"No, I won't forget. I hope you in have a real good visit, Mis' Hasweth. You must tell us all the sights who you get back."

"Yes, I will," she answered, stend-lity.

"Yes, I will," she answered, stopal in.

She went back to her own house, must and down on the doorstep beside havailed. When the stage came she walked steadily down the path between the discoults, and the yellow blossom, seemed to dance. like flickering lights before reyes.

The day was close and sultry—an unseasonable one for spring. The old woman sat boit upright beside hey value, holdin; her ticket in her hand. As they left the fresh air of the blist he heat became worse; she grevialite, holdin became worse; she grevialite, holdin became worse; she grevialite, holdin worse her that she would never each the city. With a strong effortshe put it saide, and beckoned a sandwich boy who was passing through the oar, she selected a nam summinute his her and and the butter were unpaltatally her she had been every mouthful; then sat up, again, and through the long hours of the afternoon watched the dizzy race of trees and landscape peat her window.

At they neare the city the train began to be crowded. Presentily a lady stopped beside her, and asked her if the seat was engaged. She, did not understand the phrase, but, obeying a sudden instinct for companionship, he moved her vallee.

"You can set here if you v ant to," she yaid. "The car's real full now." The lady thanked her and took the wistfully; presently she leaned over and touched her.

"Is-is bloston very big ?" she saked, timidly.

The lady slanced at her companion with a quick smile that changed as she saw the worried old face.

"It is pretty big," she reptied, gently, "Yos," she said, "I thought if you want to what the present she had to the hardy in the hard to find the place."

The old woman miled at her eagerly. "Yos," she said, "I thought if you want to the hard to find the place."

It seemed as if her very character had been left behind with the familiar hillis; her face was full of a hesitating appeal that blotted out its round to the said. "It is rish on the car line, and the reference had been left behind withered now." The stranger tried to cheer he

to number. There, now, let me take our valls and put you on the car." The old woman rose confusedly, the traft had rolled into the depot, and the staddden change of tight and sound heralddened her who clutched her rearry, and looked with desperate eyes arross the crowd. The no force she ritized what nod has no ned, her fettend had put der on the car, and said good has shown about no come a street CAP.

is alized what and he is ned, hee felond had put aer on the car, and had goodle by a She had never seen a street car be but, and she had goodle by a She had never seen a street car be but, and she clung to the seat, but it is a street car be but, and she captured and accident, and when the conductor helped der off, for thist feeling was one of almost inci-dulous relief, then suddenly she saw the number that she wanted, and darted forward. She was panting with the weight of the valles, but she did not know it, she hurried up ho high stone steps and cagerly rang hab bell.

The bell echoed through he house, but no one came. She pulled it again ind again, a netwous terror stealing over her—she must make Tom heart Presently a window opened in the next house, and a gifts pretty face smiled down at he.

"Dut you want to see Mrs. Haswell?

"Dut you want to see Mrs. Haswell?

"Dut you want to see Mrs. Haswell?

"Dut you want to see Mrs. Haswell?"

"What did you say, dear?" she fal-

day."
"What did you say, dear?" she falbred. "I didn't understand. I want
t, see Tour-I'm his mother."
The girl's pretty face softened with
quick pity. She left the window and
and down the steps and across to the
old woman
"I'm so sorry" she said one."

old woman
"I'm so sorry," she said gently.
"Don't you understand? They went
away; I don't know when they'll be
back—they couldn't tell. Oh, don't lose! Come in our house and rest. You

must come.

She litted the valise and the old woman followed her; she did not seem to know what she was doing; she obeyed as a little child might have done.

The people were very good to her.

She wanted to go back that night, and they had to tell her over and over that there was no train before they could make her understand, and even then she seemed ddazed and bewildered. So they gave her a quiet room and left het alone. For hours she sat there in the dark trying to order ner dizzy thoughts, and graduloily one idea became clear—that no one must evek know. It was her fault—all hers—but people would not understand, and they would blame Tom, and they must not blame Tom.

She might stay in the city a week, inted to go back that night, an

blame Tom.

She might stay in the city a week, but her whole soul rejected that; she felt as if she was smothering, stiffed, in this hot, noisy piace!

And at home the apple blossoms were

And at home the apple blorsome were shaking their perfume down through the night and the valley brimming over with mounlight. She must go homehome! She leaned her tired hand on her hand and thought. Gradually the noises in the street below died away, and a strange stillness followed; then the air grew chill and the street Lamps saided, and finally morning, a dim, sickly imitation of the mornings she had known and loved, crept back to the city.

known and loved, crept back to the city.

Do rowe and straightened her hair and dress; she was pale and tired, but quite her old soif again. The giti was delighted at the change, and sat beside her at breakfast, coaxing her to eat, and finally went to the depot with her and put her on the train. Not until she reached home again did the hospitable girl know that the bed had not been touched, and fully understand what the night had been to their stuest.

been touched, and fully understand which the night had been to their guest.

All through the day the old woman sat looking out of the window. She did not realize that she was tired; all her resolution was bent to the carrying out of her plan. When, late in the afterioon the train began climbing up the hills once more, she pushed open the window and breathed the k-en uir with a sigh of content. She had left the city behind forever.

The train would reach Holmesburg about 7. Four miles before that was Farrar's, a new station, and between Farrar's and Holmesburg was a read hearly all through the woods, and not much used, except in summer. She had never been over this road but once, but she was sure that she could find the way. Only one or two other people, strangers to her, left the train at Farrar's; that was as she had hoped, and she plunged resolutely into the woods, and she plunged resolutely into the woods it was a long walk, and her vulire was heavy for her; as it grow dark too, she began to stimble on the road; she had to stop and rest more and more frequently, but her resolution never faitered. Several times she head some one coming, and she hid in the bushes until all danger of discovery had passed; once she fell and hurt her wrist, so that after that she could only carry her value in one hand; but nothing could daunt her.

It was 10 o'clock when she finally reached the house; she had crept around through back ways, and felt he had not been seen; indeed, for an hour the lights had been out in many houses. She stood still for a moment in the sweet, silent night; the apple trees were all allever in the moonlight, and the darfodils gleaned faintly down the path. She unlecked the door and ragged in her vallee, and fell down in a heap on the floor. She was home at last!

When she came to herself there were

in a heap on the floor. One was at last!

When she came to herself there were yellow streaks of light under the dock, and the room was full of a height gloom. Her wrist was paining badly; she crept to her foot, and started tog the arnica; then she stopped and shrank down on the states, for outside she could hear Marthn talking to the cat. She sat there guilty till she heard the heavy footsteps down the path, then

she lose cautionly, as if Mass Mattha could hear her, and went to the pantry she longed for some tea, but darried not baske a fire, so she at a little dry lited and felly. Then she went to the pantry she longed for some tea, but darried not baske a fire, so she at a little dry lited and felly. Then she went upstains to her beddroom, and my down.

Wher she woke she was startled by the dathness at first, but as memory came back to her she shpped downstairs. For a moment she stood think-ling then softly opening the door she revided to the woodpile. As she was returning with her arms full she almost stundhed over an animal at tradeor. Checking her exchamation, she was returning with her arms full she almost stundhed over an animal at tradeor. Checking her exchamation, she can be compared to the first down, it was her art, purpling softly about her feet. With a little cry of joy she picked him up, and carried him into the house with her. Sac made a fire, and went busily to work, so that by daylight, when she put out her first, her brakfast was ready, and fresh bread and cake in the clesse though and gave it to him, but she did not let him go out, she wanted someone to talk to. Late that afternoon she had down again she is not at all sheepy, but she would not ket up until mid-night, when she again did her cooking. She was very lonely and oppressed by a strange sense of uircellty, as she sat behind her closed blinds and watched the neighbours go by, she felt almost he had died, and from another well were looking back upon her oid life. Once the dector came to the gate, and she had died, and arthe call across to him that Mis 'Haswell was in the try visiting her son. A hot flush burned hastily away.

od in her old cheeks, and she turned hastily away.
Monday was the last day of her imprisonment. At daylight Tuenday she slipped out of the house with her valise and began to journey back to Farrair's.

The first up-train from Boston came at 10 o'clock, so that she had several hours to wait, but she had known that, and until the station was opened site sat on the platform cutcide with stoke all patience. When the train came she todo the four miles back to Holmesburg, and then took the stage back to the hotse. She drew a long breth as rode the four miles back to Holmes-burg, and that took the stage back to the house. She drew a long breth as she walked again up the path between the daffodis. She went in the front door and began pulling up the shades and uncovering all the ornaments. When Martha came over she talked nuch of the city and of Tom's alec neighbours, but little of Tom and his family. After her visitor had left she dropped her face in her hands.

"Oh, Lord, I hope I ain't done any-thing dreadful," she cried, "but I coulan't iet her say anything against Tom—I coulan't i"
She looked very old and tired as she was going to she remembered it as she was going to sit down to her supper.

me?" he cried, as he hugged and kissed her.

After supper she went over to the Whipples. Tom was lying out under the apple trees as he used to do years ago, but Tom's baby was clinging to her wist roll of dafforlis. Miss Martha met her at the gate.

"Well, now, I guess you are happy," he said. "When I see you come, thinks I, 'Well, that explains it; I couldn't undorstand what made Mary seem so sort o' numb this afternoon, but now I do see.' And this is Tom's baby! It certainly does favour him! Do come in..."

"Tve got something to tell you itrst," she said. "I deceived you avfully, Marana and the seed of the complete of the comple

Farmer Fahnstock thinks he ownse the stock he is so proud of. But as a matter of fact the track owns him. He is the humble servant of horse, cow and pig. He looks after himself, and feeds them beel of the state himself, and feeds them beel of the state of the hard own the state of the hard own the state of the hard own the state of the hard own.



breaks down.

No class of people have been more quickly appreciative of the tonic properties of Dr. Pierce's Colden Medical Discovery than farmers and stock raisers. They have found it prevents as well as cures disease. It keeps the atomach in healthy opera-

now thankful I am for the relief, as I had mai-ferred so much and it seemed that the doctors could do me so good. I got down is weight to know I reight nearly fo and can do a day a weight to the farm. I have recommended your medi-cine to several, and shall always have a good "Golden Medleal Discovery" contains. A single item of medical knowledge when life is at slake has a value past computation. Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adriace his tool pages of price and the second pages of price to the second pages of price to the second pages of price and the second pages of price to be second pages of price and the second pages of price to be second pages of price and the second pages of price to be second pages of price and the second pages of price to be second pages of price and the second pages of price to be second pages of price and the second pages of price to be second pages of price and the second pages of price to be second pages of price to the pages of price to the pages of price to the pages of pages of price to the pages of price to the pages of p

that I was und because of what you said about Tom, so I went off in a hurry, an' when I got to the city the house was all closed up. Flora's mother was taken sick guiden, an' they had gon-there, but I didn't know it then. Some folks was real good to me, an' took me to, an' I come back the next day. I've been L'ving in the house ever since. I thought I d's would talk against Tom it they since, an' I want't gon't to have

in, an' I come back the next day. I've been Lving in the house ever since. I thought I die would talk against Tom it they ince, an' I wasn't goin' to have it "

'She looked up ashamed, yet defiant. But Martha was blind to all line expressions. "For the land's sake!" shie exclaimed. "You've been living there all the week!"

'Yes, I sot off at Favar's, and come through the woods. I want you the everybody. Thus are all wheel of me, but I wasn't goin' to have everybody talk against Tom. He'll come over and see you to-morrow before he goes, but the baby's going to stay with me all summer. Flora's got to be there. I must go back now an' see Tom, but I want'd you to know what I had done. Come along, Mary."

Merthal's eyes followed her with ad-

Martha's eyes followed her with ad-

Martha's eyes followed her with admiring interest.

"The baby's named for you, ain't site?" she said The eld woman turned back, her face all slight. "Yes," she answered. "Tom said she shouldn't have any name but his mother's. Tom ailus was good to his mother. You allus was good to his mother the child up in a passion of tenderness, her brown eyes looked with a sudden softening over the yellow baby head.

"She ain't ever going to do such a wicked thing as her grandmother did," she said.

WILHELMINA AND THE POPE

WILHELMINA AND THE POPE.

It cannot be said that the exclusion of the Pope from the Peace Conference has been totally affective. On the last day of its sittings the following letters were read. The first:

Most August Pontiff.—Your Holiness, whose eloquent voice has always been raised so authoritatively in favour of peace, having quite recently. In your Allocution of April Ith last, expressed generous sentiments in regard to the relations existing between States, I have believed it to be my duty to communicate to you that, at the request and at the initiative of his Majesty the Emperor of All the Russian, I have convoked for the 18th of next month at the Hague a conference which will be charged to seek the means proper to diminish the present crushing military burden, and to prevent wars as far as possible, or at least to soften their consequences.

Jossible, or at least to soften their consequences. I am persuaded that your Hollness
will behold with a sympathetic regard
the meeting of this conference, and I
shall be very happy if, in testifying to
me the assurance of this deep sympathy, you would be so good as to give
your preclous moral aupport to the
great work which, in accordance with
the generous designs of the magnanimous Emperor of All the Russias, will
be carried out in my Residence.
I selze with pleasure the present occasion, most august Pontif, for renewing to your Hollness the assurance of
my high esteem and of my personal devotion. WILHELMINA.
Lipburg, May 7, 1899.

THE RURAL CRITIC.

us aside, and gave vent as follows.—
"I tell you, mister, ahe was a siasher. Our Jennie couldn't hold a candie to her. When she first ast down she looked wild, then with a howl dug her finger-nalis into them 'ere rough notes and shot 'em like lightning up into the thin onea. Then she paused for a reply, mister. She then commenced at the right-hand side, went a-righing down, hand over fist, till she you clean down, making a noise like thunder.

"She then yanked a handful out of the centre, and planted them at the end, then wiggied with two fingers, grabbed up another fistful, punched right and left, went ripety-hopety-scotchy up and down and I tell you that 'ere thunder howled." She then gave another snort, and when she went she busted in like mad, raised up off her chair, stuffed three fingerfuls there, crammed six more in the corner, gobbied up a few more unes, and settled their hash in about a minute. "After that she tackled it with the

tunes, and settled their nash in about a minute.

"After that she tackled it with 'er left hand alone. Between you and me, mister, the man that owned that 'ere planner went shiftin' about on his chair as though he had a carpet tack under him."—Tid Bits.

HOW BIRDS HELP US.

HOW BIRDS HELP US.

Birds do an immease amount of drudgery for man, if they do now and then reward themselves by a dainty tilbit of ripening fruit. A pair of robins have been watched while they carried a thousand earthworms to their brood. Woodpeckers destroy eggs and larvae which would develop millions of destructive creatures in forests and orchards; and one of the most inevitable foce of the canker worm is the beautiful oriole, were it but allowed to live and hang its swinging cradle to the clim. For every wing of black and orange on a young girl's hat an apple tree is stripped of leaves and young fruit, or an elm is denuded of its graceful foliage by the canker worm.

A CAT THAT LIKES PLEVATORS.

The Philadelphia Bourse is the home of a very intelligent cat. This tabby, which is coal black, without a single white spot upon her, has a fondness for inveiling in the elevator. She is perceivetly at home there, and travels up and down many times daily. She goes to the door of the clevator and innews until the elevator takes her on. The various elevator men very carried of her, for she is a great mouser, and in the Bourse, as in other big buildings, mice are troublesome. These little peats much a complex of the production of the country to the product of the country to the product of the particular story. In this way she makes a tour of inspection of the entire building.

A SEAL'S LONG SWIM

Earnest Whitehead captured a yo' g seal near Anaceps Island, California, recently, and took him on board his ship As the vessel started the mother seal was noticed swimming about, howling piteously. The little captive barked responsively. After reaching the wharf at Santa Barbara the captive was tied up in a jute sack and left losse on the deck Soon after coming to another the seal responded to its mother's calls by casting itself overboerd, all tied up as it was in the anck. The mother selzed the sack, and with her shaip teeth tore it open. She had followed the sloop eighty miles.

A Parisian flaneur relates that the following conversation took place in an emigration office.—

The father of the family presents Plimself and asks for tickets.

"How mary are you?" asked the

"How many are you."
"Three-I, my wife, and my child."
"Good, your age, your profession?"
Thirty years; carpenter; my wife, twenty-four, nectiewoman."
"The boy?" asks the agent.
"Seven munths."
"His profession?"
The father's cycbrows furmed Gothic

"His profession?"
The father's eyebrows formed Gothic arches on his forchead,
"His profession, I say," repeated the agent, angrit, 'we have no time to lose."
The father reflects, and at last replies:—
"Bachelor."

STREET CAR ACCIDENT.—Mr. Thomas Sabin, says: "My cleven year old boy had his foot badly inforce by being rover by a car on she Street Ball way. We also common the same of the

NIAGARA RIVER LINE

FOUR TRIPS. ON AND AFTER THURSDAY JUNE 187 Eteamers Chicors and Corona, will leave Yonge-street whar? (east aide) daily (except Sunday) at

daily (ecrops Sunaay) as '7 s.m., 11 s.m.ay) as '7 s.m., 11 s.m.ay p.m. and 4.45 p.m., for Niagara, Lewiston sud Queenston, connecting with New York Central and Field on River R.R., Michigan Central R.R., and Niagara Falls for had Mirr R.R., ORN NOY, Manager.

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