A Ramble in an

Old Cemetery.

***** BY ANNIE LAWRIE. *****

It was on a cloudless July morning | W. turned from an inspection of wonderful view of the Holy Citythat the constitutionally disagreeable woman, and the frivolous pretty girl, started on a tour of exploration and observation, which the old cemetery for its objective point.

Now, I should explain that these young women rejoiced in two or three names apiece-names which were theirs by right of inheritance, and others bestowed at the baptismal font, but those names will not be revealed by me. However, a cognomen of some sort being necessary, for identification, I' will use the ones given to them by their mutual friend the

write them thus: The C. D. W., and in to the end.

The F. P. G. moved on to inspec

the dignity of its position, for it creaked a loud complaint as the merry couple passed through. It was accustomed to people who passed with slow and measured tread, to voices attuned low and grave by sympathy or broken with grief. Perhaps some such thoughts came to them as they walk-ed down the path, and unconsciously their voices took a lower tone as they placed the bicycles against a tree, and sat down in the welcome shade. "The man with the scythe evidently

"The man with the scythe evidently rests from his labors," remarked the C. D. W., as she looked around at the grass, which would have done more credit to a meadow than to a cemetery, not to speak of the thistles, which would have disgraced any self-respecting meadow.

respecting' meadow.
"I don't think he has labored very about the place which holds their beloved dead. But, we forget-we for-

Silence, during which both industri-ously fanned themselves with their hats, while they lazily admired the scene spread out before them. It was fair enough. This City of the Dead was situated upon a hill, and on either side stretched cultivated fields, with cosy farm houses nestling amidst orchard trees. Great barns, brown and homely and empty now, but soon to be filled with the golden grain which now waved on the hillsides, and to com-

blete the picture there lay beautiful Lake Eric sparkling in the sunshine. All around spoke of life, joyous and full. Over there is a binder at work, and the driver-a picturesque figure in his blue jean suit and wide straw hat, whistles a rag-time tune, while keeping a watchful eye on the ma-chine, and the dog that trots behind sometimes leaves his self-imposed duties of watchman and guardian of the whole concern to rush across the field in pretense of chasing a bird but in in pretense of chasing a bird but in reality to indulge in a few joyous barks and a race which disposes of the superfluous vitality. And the ubiquitous small boy—he is there of course, and though he detests his job of "hillin" up" the late potatoes, he is waking the echoes with strains of "A Hot Time," and in the tree tops the birds are fairly bursting their its threats as they may out their little throats as they pour out their songs, while all the time solitary pines are keeping silent watch over those who sleep their last long sleep beneath their shade. Life and joy and music all around; here, death and silence and the unknown.

"Daily the tides of life go obbing and flowing beside them, Thousands of throbbing hearts where theirs are at rest and forever;
Thousands of aching brains, where
theirs no longer are busy;
Thousands of toiling hands, where
their's have ceased from their la-

Thousands of weary feet, where their have completed their journey."

"Let's explore," said the F. P. G., at

"Let's explore," said the F. P. G., at this juncture. So through the long tangled grass they went, drawing aside spreading rose branches to read the inscription on an old tombstone, sometimes penetrating a thicket of weeds and thistles to stand beside: a sunken grave, forgotten now, but once, perhaps, this spot was tended with loving care. Once, perhaps, flowers grew where now only rank weeds flourish; flowers long since smothered out, but once watered by despairing tears.

For so does time with healing touch soothe the pain which we once thought too hard to be borne. We love! We despair! We forget—and this is well. "It strikes me that there is a family resemblance in those epitaphs," said the F. P. G., as she stood before an old fashioned tombstone adorned by

supposedly—carved on a white marble tombstone, to find her friend stand-ing silently before a grave, an un-usually serious look on the fair, young The inscription on the ston

was simple—only a few words:—
"Sacred to the memory of———, who "Sacred to the memory of ——, who died ——, aged 17 years."

In a cemetery in France there is the grave of a young girl also aged seventeen, and the stone bears her name and age and underneath these words: "Helas! si jeune!"

An English lady, who had known perhaps, more of the sorrows than the joys of life, said as she read the words. "It should be 'so young to be

words, "It should be 'so young to be so blessed." Which was right? Only tification, I will use the ones given to them by their mutual friend the cynical philosopher, who was gifted with a talent for discovery and dragging to light the weaknesses and pet follies which his friends possessed, but which they fondly imagined were securely hidden away in the skeleton closets of their natures.

And the worst of it was that the names suited those young persons very well indeed; down in their hearts they acknowledged the fact, but truth, like medicine, is sometimes hard to take. And just now it strikes me that these names so kindly and gratuitously given take up joo much time and space to write very often so the reader will excuse me if I abbreviate and write them thus: The C. D. W., and Which was right? Only

the F. P. G.

The sun had chlimbed higher in the sky when the two explorers opened the cemetery gate. It was rather a crazy old gate; it did not hang very straight on its hinges, and was entirely destitute of paint, but it felt the dignity of its position, for it creaked a loud complaint as the merry cguple passed through. It was accuskneeling there, with her head against the cold stone was a young girl, who wept bitter, rebellious tears, because a loved one rwas gone and Heaven

seemed so far away.
"Come and see this one," called the F. P. G. "There is a whole story in this." They read it slowly, gravely, "In memory of ---, who died ---, aged about 40 years. A stranger in this place."

respecting' meadow.

"I don't think he has labored very hard here," the F.P.G. replied with a scornful note in her voice. "What a shame that people can be so careless shame the people can be so careless about the place which holds their becard it unto me. What lay be made that the people can be so careless and if he had, what tragedy had sent him a wanderer on the face of the earth?

in _____ sick and ye visited me.

And here in this quiet, country neighborhood the end came, and they buried im on this sunny hillside, Erie's blue waters, and the stranger who stop, and :with idle curiosity read the words on the modest tom stone, will feel their hearts stirred with that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin, for here lies ones who was lonely but who ha "gained from Heaven ('twas, all he

Scales, and Dandruff by Shampoos with



And light dressings with CUTICURA, purest of emollient skin cures. This treatment at once stops falling hair,

Millions Use Cuticura:
Assisted by Cuticura Olithment, for ping, purifying, and beautifying the sicionasing the scale of crusts, scales, and druff, and the stopping of falling

faces they left the spot where alien lay also waiting. "I told you to bring a note along," grumbled the F. P. G. w

have to keep this verse stored away in your memory till we get home," and this is what afterwards went in

Cast up by eternity's flow.
On the banks of quicks and to dwe for a moment its loneliness should be compared to the billion of the billion that cast it ashore.
See! another wave washed the san the beautiful shell is no more." And the beautiful shell is no more

"Pretty, is'nt it?"

"Very, and something new in the epitaph line. Perhaps I am hard to please in the matter of epitaphs. I wonder why they don't use scripture texts instead of poetry. 'He giveth His beloved sleep.' How much better that is than a jingling rhyme. The carly 'Christians always spoke. of

that is than a jingling rhyme. The early :Christians always spoke of death as 'sleep'"

They had almost completed the circuit of the little cemetery and were nearing the gate again. In one of the fields near by two men with horses and wagon, were loading grain, and the horses starting a little too soon, the driver angrily pulled them up with an oath.

up with an oath.

The girl shivered. "How can he? So close to them here; it will not disturb their rest but it seems almost brutal." Very quietly they finished the in-

spection of the graves and sat down under a tree to rest. The day had grown colder and the breeze had died away. Over there beyond the field Lake Erie lay like a sheet of pale, blue glass; not a ripple disturbed the surface or washripple disturbed the surface or washed the shining pebbles on the shore. The birds had ceased their melody and had sought a shady limb for a siesta. The boy's voice was no longer heard; perhaps he had finished the potatoes or perhaps he had concluded that the day was hot and it was an excellent time for a boy to lie in a shady fence corner and nibble green apples. Not a sound was heard. It has been said that nature is never silent, but it seems sometimes for a few mo-

it seems sometimes for a few monents nature rests and everything is hushed in expectancy.
"In the black ink of His power God wrote the book of nature; in the red ink of His love He wrote the Bible; and all this power is to bring us to all this love."

"I have always thought," said the C. D. W. apropos of the quotation which had been running through her which had been running through her mind, "that to convert an infidel you should not preach to him, but send him to the woods. Alone with nature he will find God."

"H'm, he might, Herbert Spencer says"—

"Now, look here," the C. D. W. in-

terrupted in a tone of alarm, "is this the sort of day to inflict Herbert Spencer upon a poor, unoffending mortal?"

"Oh, I won't insist," the F. P. G. while she said:

"ceplied, amiably, "but I'll just remind you that you brought it on yourself."

"Of course; most of our troubles fer?" come that way and then we rail a unkind fate."

unkind fate."

With hands clasped behind her head the C. D. W. lay back on the grass, gazing up through the leaves at the limpses of blue sky, while she thought of many things. Meanwhile the F. P. G. proceeded to restore a flagging tire to that perfect condition which the prospect of a long ride in the hot sun demanded, but the C. D. W. would have none of such practical things. It was a day for dreaming, for castle-building, and it was long since she had had time or opportunity since she had had time or opportunity to indulge in either. To be sure, she was old enough to know that day-dreaming was unprofitable, and that the castles tumbled remarkably flat

indeed, and that was probably why she soon drifted into retrospection. Days long gone by when she, ever a dreamer of dreams, had been wont a dreamer of dreams, had been wont to seek a favorite spot under the ma-ple trees with her book, but soon us-ing the book for a pillow, she would watch the flickering leaves overhead and let her thoughts wander at will. Sweet, idle, peaceful days gone by, So we dream our dreams and paint

our pictures of the future, and the pictures are all rose-tinted and every scene is arranged with an artist's eye for effect. But alast the pictures please only ourselves, and when fate, the master artist, takes them in hand to fit them into the great mosaic he tones down the high lights and paints in the shadows.

in the shadows.

"It is nearly noon," said the F. P. G. briskly, as she watched an inquisitive bee circling around a lunch box strapped to a wheel. "Le us hie away to that shady grove by the lake side where we may feast on the beauties of nature—and the contents of those boxes." hose boxes.

So, through the white glare of the summer noon, the two friends went down the path and paused at the gate to look back at the place where quiet, restful forenoon had been spent. And to one of them came thoughts of another day when with another friend she had wandered another friend she had wandered through a cemetery far away from this one on Lake Erie shore. An old cemetery where moss-covered slabs lay flat on the graves, and the velvety sward and ivy-covered stone wall and old-fashioned church made the quiet spot seem like a bit of the old land, so far removed it seemed to be from the busy western city close by. And that other friend? Far away in her home on a western ranch; never, her home on a western ranch; never, in all probability, to meet again this side of the river. But such is life—meeting and parting; a little joy and many tears. A few pleasant friendships formed by the way, and friendships formed by the way, and these we hold dearer when they begin these we hold dearer when they begin to slip away from us, one by one, into the shadow land. And by-and-bye, when the shades of evening gather found us, we will stand listening, not sadly, but hopefully, joyfully, for the "hells of the Holy City, the chimes" of eternal peace."

-The strong eat well, sleep well, look well. The weak don't. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes the weak strong.

tood thumping the floor with his cane as though he had a contract to thump a hole through it and was determined to accomplish his undertaking. All the while there was a smile on his wrinkled, tanned old face such as had not been seen there for many days. He was happy, and no wonder! He had worked and hoped and longed for this

all those four long years.

It was Sim who broke the silence. Taking Louisa's head between his hands, he raised it gently until their eyes met. Then he saw that she, too,

"Poor little girl!" he said tenderly. "It has been bard, cruelly hard, for "Yes," she sighed, "hard and dark, but it has been harder for you.

"And you pity me too?" She drew closer to him and met his eyes with bers in a look full of tender-

"It is not that, Sim." she whispered "It is not pity." He began to tremble. Ah, could it be that heaven was about to open right before him, with all its light and glory, after this long, weary night of bitter desolation? He dared not hope. It was too much to expect. In husky, ea-

ger tones be said: "Louisa, tell me, what is it?"

"It is love." Then to Sim Banks all the glory and loys of earth and heaven were unfolded, and in one moment all the dark sor rows and pains of the past, all the threatened dangers of the future, passed away as a dream. That was the one moment of supreme bliss in his

Holding her close to his heart, he said: "Loueesy, is it really true? Can it be

"It is," she replied. "It is all true. love you. I have loved you for a long time. How could I help it after all your goodness to me and the way you did when you went away?" Sim looked at her wonderingly.

"I don't understand," he said. "I ony tried to do my duty the best I could. It wasn't much."

"It was much to me. It was enough to show me that you are the noblest and best man in the world, and I love you with my whole heart and soul." Sim was too happy to speak, so he stood silently stroking her hair, absorbing the joy with which the very air seemed impregnated. After a little

"And now, Sim, can you ever forgive me after all I ha

"Forgive you, Loueesy!" he exclaim "God knows I never had a hard thought for you an never blamed you for anything in my life." "No, but for all that, Sim, I was

"You was not to blame. What you done you couldn't help. You was not

to blame one bit." She nestled her head on his shoulder and drew a long sigh of happy relief. "I know now," she said, "that I never loved before—not with such love

as this." Some there were who watched this reunion of husband and wife with curiosity, some who watched it with loy and two who watched it with malice and envy. These last were Mary Mann and Jim Thorn. They did not forget that Sim was under arrest and that probably the gallows or the state prison awaited him, but in spite of that they would have deprived him of the happiness of this

DUTY AND PLEASURE

The words of Emille A sensult in Ac knowledging his Gratitude to Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets-They Cured him of Dyspepsi ., like they have Cured so Many Others-He is Recor bodd's Lyspepsia Tableta to His

Again comes the news of a cure of chronic dyspepsia by Dodd's Dyspepsia

Tablets, in the Quebec village of Ruisseau Le Blanc.
Emile Arsenault suffered with all the misery of bad digestion and stomach weakness for many years. He was unable to eat without suffering for it afterwards. No matter how hungry, how much in need of food he was, he knew that whatever he are would lie like lead in his stomach, and pain him for hours after.

pain him for hours after.

All sorts of remedies and medicines were tried before Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. All sorts of remedies and medicines, but Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets, utterly failed to help him. No medicines, but Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets, utterly failed to help him. No wonder he couples the words "pleasure" and "duty" in expressing his gratikude for Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets, the medicine that did help him. "I feel it at once a pleasure and a duty to say that Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets have proven a blessing to me. I suffered from the miserable malady dyspepsia for years, during which I was unable to eat anything without "I tried all the other medicines an

"I tried all the other medicines and treatments without relief. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets helped me from the first box. I no longen suffered after meals. I found I could digest food which before using Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets I daren't touch. "I am now entirely free from any symptom of Dyspepsia, and can relish and digest all wholesome food, and can say I am highly satisfied with my experience with Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets."

son, he whispered:

"I'd give the world if Sim was only free. It seems so hard to take him from his wife now."

"Sim's innocent," Pap replied, "an I don't b'lieve he'll have to suffer."

"I wish I could b'lieve that, Pap, but I can't. I don't see no reason-"I'll hope to the last, Sam, reason or no reason. It 'pears like the squire an them others is stayin a long time,

"Does so. That feller must 'a' had a heap of business with 'em. I'd give a punty to know what it is."

"Mebby we'll know right soon now,

for I see 'em a comin."

Presently the squire entered the room, followed closely by Jason Roberts and Hicks. The squire looked very solemn, and his face was almost sad. Hicks was quiet and impassive, but Jason was smiling all over. The squire walked to his seat, and Hicks followed and sat near him. Neither of them spoke to anybody. Jason, however, stopped long enough to whisper a word to Sim. What that word was no one knew, but they all saw that it caused Sim to start and look wonder ngly around.

The squire put on his spectacles, tool a paper from his pocket and unfolded Then he looked around over all those assembled and said impressively: "I have here a paper that I am going to read, but first I want to say, in the presence of you all, that Sim Banks is an innocent man."

A flutter of excitement succeede these words, and two or three edged up to Sim and extended him their hands to show that they were glad. Sam Morgan gave a yell and threw his hat clear up to the ceiling, while Pap Sampson began a vigorous pounding on the floor with his cane.

Squire Beeson rapped on his table to bring Pap and Sam to order. Then he proceeded to read the paper he held in his hand.

That paper was the confession of Joseph Thompson, formerly known to Hi Jenkins and Jonathan Turner as Waite, but whose real name was Robert Marchand. He confessed in the presence of witnesses and under oath that he fired the shot that killed Frank Shelton, alias James Melvin. He did it, he said, to avenge the honor of his sister and the life of his brother, and he had no regrets for the act. He had tracked Shelton to that place, and he had come there under the name of Waite for the purpose of killing him. After that he had gone to the army under the name of Thempson, and fate had guided him to Sim Banks, the man who was suspected of his crime. When Sim came home, he had come with him, knowing Sim would be ar-rested and it would devolve on him to

clear him.
"So now," the squire concluded, before the world an innocent and free man. "An the happiest man this side of

"an I'm next!" Then was joy turned loose. Jim Thorn and Mary Mann slipped quietly



"Louesy, is it really true?" out and stole away, but all the rest re mained to congratulate Sim and reloice with him and Louisa. It was a great scene and one that was never forgotten, and if Squire Beeson's office floor was not punched full of holes it

was not Pap Sampson's fault. "Pap is my true and tried old friend." Sim said, with tears in his eyes, "for he stood by me from the first to the

"Lord, Sim, nobody couldn't ever make me b'lieve you done it," Pap re-plied, "an when these feliers 'lowed it was you I knowed they was jest bark-

in at a knot." And this is all, except that two days later Robert Marchand died in Sim Banks' arms and that Sim and Louisa have settled down to a new life, with the old dark past cut adrift, with all its sorrows, spfferings and misunder-

Sim is happy and contented, for he knows his wife loves him. THE END.

The Real Thing. nes the imitation of nature's forces on the stage surpasses the real thing. Franklyn Fyles says that once at a rehearsal of the storm scene Shakespeare's "Coriolanus" the trage-dian Edwin Forrest was asked, "How was that peal of thunder?" "Not a bit like the real thing," he relied testily. "You must do better th

"Oh, we can," said the manager, "but

SEE 900 Drops THAT THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomerhs and Bowels of -OF-INFANTS CHILDREN Promotes Digestion Cheerful-ness and Rest Contains neither IS ON THE Opnum. Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC. WRAPPER Augus of Old Dr.S.V.U.S. PITTER Punjskin Sand -Mx.Senras -Rochella Salts -OF EVERY BOTTLE OF Aperfect Remedy for Constipa-tion, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverish ess and Loss of SLEEP. Tac Simile Signature of darf Fleteter. NEW YORK. DOSES - 35 CENTS EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER





A Frank Question.

Are you satisfied with the shoes you

If not, try a pair of "King QUALITY." They are the most desirable shoe or the face of the earth for women.

The "King QUALITY" shoe is all that a really first-class shoe should be -comfortable, easy on the feet, stylish

Buy the King Quality shoe at \$3 a pair and get satisfaction. Made by THE J. D. KING CO., Limited, TORONTO.



Subscribe Now