

The Optimist

Never know a thing so bad But what somehow I could be glad It wasn't worse; Always when my troubles come And I am sitting, sick and dumb, About to curse, Somebody whistles, jogging by, That is ten times worse off than I, Lord, when I think about them all, Most of my troubles here are small And petty things; I don't believe I really know (Save one or two real bits of woe) Life's bitter stings, For I can hear and walk and see And health is still a part of me, Cripples and blind men and insane And invalids on beds of pain Are all about; I daily meet the deaf and dumb And I that still can talk am glum And wear a pout, And now a snail passes by That is ten times worse off than I, Each day of self I'm more ashamed, To think with rage I am inflated When plans go wrong, So many joys belong to me My life upon this earth should be One round of song, Why should I now my woes rehearse When many near me suffer worse? —Detroit Free Press.

Broken Lilies

(Continued.) Among the wounded soldiers was one whose eyes were attracted to the child and mother. Ever and again he wiped this pallid brow, beaded with perspiration. Perhaps having been most severely injured, he still suffered pain. This officer had lately been received into the Church by Father Andre, who took much interest in his convert. At the conclusion of the service the soldier took up his station close to the chapel door, leaning upon crutches, he waited whilst the congregation passed by. All pitied the disfigured and mutilated sufferer. Father Andre usually chatted with the soldiers after Benediction. He was moving down the almost empty chapel from the sacristy when Dolly's mother threw herself in his way. "Father!" she panted, clutching at his cassock. "I want you to hear my confession now—at once! Of course you don't, you can't, remember, but I am Ellen Clare whose first confession you heard years ago in the Rouen Convent. Oh Father, the confessional is in the sacristy, my child; follow me," said the old priest quietly. Raising his hand he checked her flow of agitated speech. Left all alone, she started Dolly was momentarily uncertain what to do. Turning, she glanced towards the chapel door. Should she not return to the enchanting garden, where birds still sang, and evening sunshine lingered? Just then a well-remembered yet strangely altered, figure arrested her attention. Her heart came to a standstill, then bounded, beating time to waves of ecstatic joy that surged within it. "Daddy! Why did you not write and tell me where you were? I've been most miserable about you, darling daddy!" "I am a horrid sight, too broken up for you to mend or care for any more, but I was going to write to you—and to mother—this very evening." "I never heard such nonsense!" exclaimed the little girl, with trembling lips, too broken up, indeed! "I love my broken toes the best, and mother made more fuss today over some broken lilies than she's ever made over any other flowers. Why, she was crying all through Benediction." Perhaps you'd better go after her—she's in the sacristy—and cheer her up. The old priest is in there, too, and he looks kind." "Presently I will go and see them both," replied the soldier. For, he thought, "perhaps we can begin our lives anew, leaving the past behind us. Maybe she will forgive my hardness and swift retribution, my violation of the law of Christ, even as I have utterly pardoned her frailty and fall under dire temptation."

The alabaster box which Mary Magdalen brought to Jesus was doubtless beautiful. Perhaps, like the ornaments in Solomon's temple, it was "wrought like the

All Stuffed Up

That's the condition of many sufferers from catarrh, especially in the morning. Great difficulty is experienced in clearing the head and throat. No wonder catarrh causes headache, impairs the taste, smell and hearing, pollutes the breath, deranges the stomach and affects the appetite. To cure catarrh, treatment must be constitutional—alterative and tonic. "I was ill for four months with catarrh in the head and throat. Had a bad cough and raised blood. I had become discouraged when my husband bought a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and persuaded me to try it. I advise all to take it. It has cured and built me up." Mrs. Eliza Roberts, West Liscomb, N. S.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cures catarrh—it soothes and strengthens the mucous membrane and builds up the whole system. Flower of a lily—yet it was far lovelier when broken, for then its fragrant unguents anointed and consoled the feet of him who binds up the bruised and broken lilies of His Garden, refreshing them with His Heaven's own gentle dew—mercy and benediction.

Am O' The Logging Camp

By Caroline D. Swan.)

The great bell of the Megantic Mills was clanging out over the poor little settlement, whereof the Mills seemed the first cause and ultimate conclusion. Everybody in Duck's Creek worked in the Mills, or outside, except the one or two men who owned them and whose families dwelt in French-roofed houses, the high strata of its social formation. One of these proprietors, a middle-aged man, whose iron-gray hair had begun to thin and his brow to show lines of care, was slowly striding down the shabby highway. He seemed much displeased with himself and his somewhat striking countenance bore marks of recent irritability. "I didn't like doing it!" he muttered. "I didn't want to do it."

Now, Sylvester Peters rarely did anything that as Jim Brace would have said, "went agin him" or "agin the grain." Jim was the oracle of the mill-hands and evolved most of their sharp sayings. In this case it was true that Squire Peters had succumbed to domestic pressure. His capable wife, Mrs. Sophronia felt the weight of society obligation, even existent in Duck's Creek, as consciously as any lady in the charmed circles of Washington.

These things are but relative; as Mrs. Peters herself would have said, "Surely! Why not?" Duck's Creek was her little world. This pressure, as of mill-stones, had been brought to bear on the head of the house. Mrs. Peters was going forth from Duck's Creek; a calculated eclipse was to take place and the brightness of her glory to be removed therefrom for a season. Mrs. Peters was going to Montreal. A relative had invited her for some weeks' stay; the railway fare would be slight, but how could she coax from her reluctant spouse the cash needed for the stateliness of apparel? For Mrs. Peters read the papers and learned thereby of unobtainable and glorious attire "suitable, and indeed, indispensable," so the fashion editor declared, "for the Carnival season." Poor Mrs. Sophronia lost her head altogether and made such tempestuous demand for these necessities that the Squire had yielded the point, sorely against his better judgment.

Sooth to say, Squire Peters was temporarily embarrassed. Some notes were falling due which he would be forced to meet; new machinery at the Mills seemed imperative; and his son at college sent exaggerated term-bills not to be postponed. So the harassed husband had done what he disliked doing, out down the pay at the mills. He had also dismissed six or eight men, whom he did not actually need, but whom he had kept on the pay-rolls in hope of easier times. None knew better than Squire Peters the consequences of his action.

"I hated to do it. They will suffer. Men always do, thrown out so," murmured he. "There's Jim Brace, for one. I like him first-rate! And what he will do is more than I know. Big family on his hands and the dead o' winter! Dear, dear!—You see spring will bring them out in debt, every one of the poor lads—and in bad sledding for next summer!—Confound the women and their fashion magazines!"

"That's Jim, now, over your ear," he added a moment later, as a dark figure loomed up against the snow. "I declare there's no end of fuss; this world's boiling over with it. Think of our Lawrence just infatuated with that girl! She is pretty as a pink, I know. Jim is as proud of her as two peacocks!—But he knows, too, that a girl of his can't have a son of mine. He ought to tell her so and put a stop to it!"

Meanwhile, Jim Brace went his way philosophically, whistling to keep his courage up. His discharge did not entail upon him or his immediate financial ruin; for this he was thankful. Unlike many of his mates, he had a net laid by for just such contingencies. Of Scotch ancestry on his mother's side, Jim Brace understood thrift and practised it. Yet the tiny hoard would last but a few months, should it become a sole resource. Besides, he had other plans; it was one day to dower his daughter, Elspeth, who with the name of her Scotch grandmother had inherited some of her canny traits. These did her essential service, making her a favorite with all and helping to vivify her somewhat grave beauty. Even Sylvester Peters, angry as he was at his son's misplaced attachment, had open eyes Elspethward and full comprehension of the loveliness which accounted for it. Not so, Mrs. Peters. She shut herself up in willful blindness, grim as a Gorgon and would have no such plea entered.

"Utter silliness, the whole of it!" she declared, without a ghost of compromise—and her indignation was at bottom half jealousy of her sober spouse—"How a man of your age can have so little sense is beyond me! Lawrence had no business to be dangling after any low-bred girl, pretty or not! Pretentious has nothing to do with it; he is simply inexcusable." But beauty has always awayed the world from the days of Homer and Helen of Troy to the modern reign of the village belle. Even the crass community where in Elspeth's lot was cast did her homage in its rough way. The friendly greeting of the mill-hands, as she passed, had its touch of reverence. Had they been courtiers, with doffed hats, they would have bowed at her approach, sweeping the earth with trailing plumes; but, being plain New Englanders and work ingmen at that, they only gazed at her with grave admiration—a quiet tribute of respect. No wonder Jim Brace was proud of his only daughter—willing to risk the future of his boys even, if heirs, thereby, could be made more certain. "The lads can fend for themselves," he would say, "but the lass is not going to saw cross-grained logs for her living. No sir!" So Mrs. Peters had this one bitter element in her cup of bliss—soon to overflow with the Montreal visit—there would be no one to keep Lawrence in order during her absence. His father was too easy, altogether! His vacation would occur before her return and his arrival home; for no persuasion would lure him elsewhere, while Elspeth was at Duck's Creek. As for Jim Brace, it did take more whistling than usual to keep up his spirits. Like the cool yeomen of the breezes, his first idea was to investigate the puzzling but crushing blow. "Something's gone wrong with the Squire," he muttered. "He wouldn't come down on us unless he had to!" Then his brow darkened. "But what ever made him light on me? He knows I'm an old hand and a good one, he's said so, scores o' times! That white-livered scamp, Bonnet, would have turned me off any day the past three years, if he could! Tisn't likely he's got any more influence now." The frown on his set face deepened into dangerous significance as he found himself nearing a conclusion. "Jim Brace," the other men said, "was pure grit. 'Tis the lass—and Lawrence!—cee!" The wrath in his dark

HAD A VERY BAD COLD and COUGH

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Mrs. C. Dresser, Bayfield, Ont., writes—"I want to tell you of the benefit I got from your medicine. Last winter I had a very bad cold and cough, but after taking two bottles of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup I was cured. I think it is about one of the best cough syrups that I know of. I always keep a bottle of it in the house so I can have it when I want it. The other week I told an old lady about "Dr. Wood's." She had been sick for three weeks with bronchitis, and had been getting medicine from the doctor, but did not seem to be getting much better. She got one bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, and she says it has done her more good than all the doctor's medicine she had been taking. Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is rich in the lung healing virtues of the Norway pine tree, and this makes it the best remedy for coughs and colds. The genuine is put up in a yellow wrapper; 3 pine trees the trade mark; price 25c. and 50c.; manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

eyes burst into blaze. He was touched on his sorest spot. His love of Elspeth swallowed up all else; his own misfortunes he could bear, but this blow aimed at her roused the latent fire of a calm nature. Scott Bennett, the bookkeeper at the mills, was a cunning man, who often urged the Squire to scale down wages and dismiss extra hands. Not once did he fail to mention Jim in his connection. "No, no," the Squire would ejaculate, "Not Brace! We must keep Brace, any way."

Still Bennett saw that the notion was slowly entering the Squire's brain, as a wedge starts a cleavage. One day he read to the latter a list of hands to be discarded, putting Jim's name last. "Brace?" said Peters, interrupting. "I'll be hard on him." "I don't know," replied the other, in a carefully assumed tone of indifference. "He is pretty fore-handed, they say. Able to take his family and move out of this." And he cast a sharp glance at the Squire on whom this new idea fell with force. If Jim would only leave Duck's Creek and take his daughter with him—away out of sight and hearing—Lawrence would soon forget her and one, at least, of the Squire's anxieties be set at rest. The temptation was a strong one, as Bennett had foreseen. (To be continued.)

"Your husband, madam, is suffering from voluntary inertia." "Poor fellow! And here I've been telling him he's just lazy."

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