

# The True and The False

"Ah! if you knew how kind, how good, how saintly she is—that blessed lady! She preferred to remain in town during all the rage of the pestilence, risking her precious life, and devoting her time, money and personal attentions to the sufferers—the saint!—the blessed saint!"

"I wonder why she did not take one of the other children—especially, why she did not take Sylvia Grove, who is really an orphan, and no child of mine?"

"My dear, the two children were ill as yourself then—only Honoria was well; besides, how could she have known that one of the three children was an orphan, when we did not know it ourselves?"

"Ah! true. I am all in the dark about what happened after I was taken ill. But, Sister, who is the lady that wishes to adopt my child? You told me she was of high rank. What is her name?"

"Mrs. Daniel Hunter."

"Yes—the governor's wife."

"Mrs. Daniel Hunter!" again exclaimed Ellen. "Why, she is not childless. She has a little girl, or a boy, I forget which—or at least she has done three or four—or at least she had done three or four thoughts painfully reverting to the sad time when she first heard of the governor's child."

"Oh, yes, she had a beautiful little girl—a child whose angelic loveliness was the theme of every tongue—but she lost that child so terribly—it was drowned in the Severn. While they were all on a steamboat excursion to the sea, that child dropped overboard and was drowned."

"God heaven! I never heard that before! Oh, how awful! And to think I envied her once! Oh! I envied her once; and now—"

"And now—"

"And now—"

"And now—"

"And now—"

"And now—"

"And now—"

"And now—"

"And now—"

"And now—"

"And now—"

"And now—"

Hill, Governor Hunter's seat in a country!"

"Yes, I remember."

"Of fifty acres, half in timber, half cleared, with a small dwelling house and a few outbuildings."

"Yes, I recollect the place perfectly. It is very much out of repair, and no one has lately lived on it but the three old negroes who have tilled the soil."

"He has left those negroes in your care, Ellen, and left you the farm, all stocked as it is—no great fortune, Ellen, but sufficient to keep you and your children, and your servants in the necessities of life. I have been appointed one of the executors of the will, and only wait until you are well enough to travel to take you thither, if you wish to go, as I suppose, of course, you do."

Ellen took his hand and pressed it, saying:

"Oh, Father Goodrich, to you I owe this piece of good for tune. You are the best friend I ever had. God bless and reward you. Oh, I am very thankful—very thankful! Thank God!"

### CHAPTER XIII.

Daniel Hunter and his family were domesticated for a short season at his country seat, the far-famed Howlet Hall, situated at the bottom of a mountain dell, from its remarkable shape widely known as the "Cauldron."

It was the first of October when Mr. and Mrs. Hunter, after a three years' absence, arrived at Howlet Hall. At no time of the year was the country more inviting. And they gave themselves up with a perfect abandonment to the repose and recreation they so much needed. The shooting season had commenced, and every morning Mr. Hunter would equip himself, take his gun, and go forth for a whole day's sport.

When Mrs. Hunter presented her little adopted child to the family they received the orphan with much tenderness, saying to each other that Augusta, with her ample fortune, had a perfect right to choose her own pets, whether they should be birds, puppy dogs or parrots. And Letty took the child on her lap and said it was a pretty little thing, but that it was no use, she couldn't love it! she had made a vow never to risk her happiness in loving any other child under the sun. But at the same time Letty's eyes were so full of sweet affection that the little one looked up in her face and told its little sad story in two words:

"Mother's dead."

And Letty impulsively pressed the orphan to her bosom, while her tears of pity fell upon his bright head.

Mr. and Mrs. Hunter had been at Howlet Hall a month, and November had already arrived before they received the unexpected information of Ellen O'Leary's escape from the plague, and her continued existence, and of her having come into possession of the Silver Creek farm. It was with unalloyed pleasure that Augusta first received this news. But then succeeded much perplexity in regard to the adopted child.

Mrs. Hunter knew that Sister Martha must have informed Ellen O'Leary of her adoption of the little Honoria, and she wondered why Ellen had not written to her upon the subject. She finally concluded that the mother deferred reclaiming her child until she could be comfortably settled at Silver Creek farm. But by the middle of the month Mrs. Hunter was advised that Ellen had established herself at her new home in the neighborhood, and then she waited daily in the vain expectation of receiving a visit or a message from her. But days past without any sort of communication from Ellen. And as the time approached when Governor Hunter would be obliged to return to the city with his family, in order to be present at the meeting of the State Legislature upon the first of December, Mrs. Hunter grew very anxious, and resolved to make Ellen O'Leary a visit.

### CHAPTER XIV.

When Ellen O'Leary was sufficiently recovered to be able to leave the infirmary her first care had been to go to the lunatic asylum and inquire after her unhappy mother-in-law. She had found Norah in a state that precluded all possibility of her removal from the care of her keepers, and she had been unwillingly obliged to leave the wretched maniac in their charge. She made her few preparations, and with the two children and old Abishag set out for their new home, which she reached upon the second week in November.

Silver Creek farmhouse was built just upon the spot where a torrent reached the foot of the mountain, and flowed under its shadow—a creek. It was a substantial cottage, with a steep roof, broad lattice windows, and walls a mosaic of various colored sandstone and quartz. A dilapidated barn and corn-house, and an old "quarter" for the negro laborers, comprised the sum total of the outbuildings. A small sum of money, left Ellen O'Leary for the purpose of repairing the cottage and farm buildings, by great economy in the outlay served also for the purchase of a few articles of necessary furniture for housekeeping. And in one week after her arrival she was comfortably settled in the farmhouse. Her family consisted of herself, her son, Willie Falconer, Sylvia Grove (our own little maid), and old Abishag. And her farm laborers were a negro family of four members—namely, Leonard Fox and his wife, Mary, and their son and daughter, Leonard, Jun., and Mary, Jun., common parlance, big Len and Little Len, and old aunt Molly and little Molly; though, he it known that little Len stood six feet on his bare soles and was stout "according," and little Molly weighed some hundred, and sixty pounds. Ellen sat alone on her doorstep, in the full blaze of the morning sun, listening to the song of the waterfall, watching the crystal flow of the creek and the rich, autumnal foliage of the woods on the opposite hills, and thinking what a serene and blessed day and scene this was, as she mechanically plied her knitting-needle.

She chanced to raise her eyes and, to her surprise, saw a lady equestrian, attended by a mounted groom, both carefully picking their perilous way among the jagged rocks and through the foaming water, along the narrow, dangerous ledge, between the precipitous rocks and the running creek. And while Ellen was gazing breathlessly with fear and wonder to see the rider's admirable management of her steed, the lady turned her head and revealed the beautiful, pale face, and long black tresses of Mrs. Daniel Hunter. The noble horse struggled up the bank and ambled up to the cottage. The groom followed, dismounted and came forward and assisted his mistress to alight from her saddle. Ellen O'Leary started up and ran to meet the lady.

"Your little girl is very well, and very playful, Ellen," said Mrs. Hunter, anticipating the mother's anxiety.

"I am very glad to hear it, and very glad to see you, Mrs. Hunter," replied Ellen, as she opened the gate to admit her visitor.

"You have a rather rugged and hazardous path to your picturesque home, Ellen."

"Yes, madam, especially after a rain, when the torrent is swollen and the creek high, as at present. Few would have ventured along that narrow ledge. I was frightened to see you, yet you were perfectly fearless."

"My Andalusian steed is as sure-footed as a mule, my dear."

"Mrs. Hunter! if I give you my little child for your own, will you love her as if she were my own? Must I have a child, and do for her as for your own? Forgive me the question."

"If you give her to me I will love her, and educate her, and provide for her as if she were my own. I must have a child, Ellen. It is the necessity of my nature. And I prefer this little one, because it seems to me that Providence laid her in my lap, and because I have learned to love her. And if you will give her to me, I will do as I said, and more also."

Ellen was sobbing bitterly, but it was because she had come to a resolution, and was shedding her last tears over it. And at last she raised her eyes to the saintly, pale face of the lady and said:

"I will give her to you, Mrs. Hunter. Heaven knows I would not do it to secure her mere advantages of rank and wealth, but I feel I can trust my child's higher interests, her intellectual and religious interest with you. With more confidence than with myself. Yes, you may have her, Mrs. Hunter, and I will keep entirely away until she has totally forgotten me, though that will be very hard."

"But remember this, dear Ellen, that this is not irrevocable—that at any time in the future, if you should feel you could not abide by the terms, you can take back your child; though I do not think you will. I will not deprive you of her— you have two others. And now, Ellen, I must leave you."

"But not until you get some dinner, indeed. It will be ready early."

"Indeed, my dear, I must set out almost immediately. I cannot risk your mountain roads late in the evening."

"Well, then, you can certainly stop fifteen minutes until I make you a cup of tea."

Mrs. Hunter smiled and repeated herself, more for Ellen's satisfaction than for her own. And Ellen O'Leary made haste and soon set a fragrant cup of Hyson before her visitor. And after partaking it, Mrs. Hunter arose, kissed Ellen and departed.

### CHAPTER XV.

Six years, with their vicissitudes, had passed over the lives of the two families who were the subject of our narrative. Daniel Hunter, with great credit, had completed his second term of office as governor of Massachusetts. And with these fresh laurels upon his God-like brow he would willingly have retired for a space from public life, but almost immediately he was appointed Secretary of State and was called to a seat in the Cabinet at Washington.

And Augusta, in the Federal city, among the assembled wisdom and beauty of the Western World, was still what she had ever been, by virtue of her imperial beauty, intellect and goodness, the queen of the truly "best society." At her house convened the most distinguished politicians, artists and authors; celebrated as much for moral and Christian, as for intellectual worth. And many also found a cordial welcome there whose names were only known to the few.

"In the unobtrusive paths Of quiet goodness known."

The hunters were still at Washington at the point of time at which we resume the thread of our story.

### RESTLESS BABIES.

If your little one is restless and cross it is more than likely the trouble is due to some derangement of the stomach or bowels, and if Baby's Own Tablets is given the child will soon be bright and cheerful, and when the mother gives her child this medicine she has the guarantee of the Government analyst that it contains no opiate or poisonous drug.

"I have used Baby's Own Tablets for constipation and other ailments of children, and have found them more satisfactory than any other form of medicine." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25c a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

### Plenty of Assurance.

"Do you really mean it, Mr. Spooner, when you say I am the best girl in the world?" asked Miss Flynn, after the young man had suggested that she should be the best girl in the world.

"Indeed I do, Miss Flynn," asserted the young man. "I say it again—you are the best girl in the world."

"And the loveliest, think you said?" "The loveliest, without doubt."

"I think you said something about my accomplishments, too?" "I did. I said they excelled those of any other girl."

"I believe you called me sweet?" "A sweet name, but I drew breath."

"You used the word 'perfect,' too, did you not?" "I did. I also pronounced you the pink of perfection, propriety and modesty, the crown of my heart, the peerless one among the beautiful creatures of your sex, a maiden adorable, enchanting, and worthy of the hand of the best man on earth. Say the word that will make me the happiest man, my own Dora!"

"The loveliest, without doubt?" "I think you said something about my accomplishments, too?" "I did. I said they excelled those of any other girl."

"I believe you called me sweet?" "A sweet name, but I drew breath."

## FARM GARDEN

### DOMINION DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE. Branch of Dairy and Cold Storage Cow Testing Associations.

In a report just received of some cow testing operations in Scotland during 1906, the following figures occur, and will be read here with interest.

In the Stewartry association, comprising 12 herds and 600 cows, the average yield of 10 per cent. of the heaviest milking cows in each herd during 214 days (28th March to 21st October, 1906), was 4,850 lbs. of milk, testing 3.9. The average yield of the poorest cows was 4,230 lbs., testing 3.6; this indicates a difference of 620 lbs. milk, testing 4.1.

The Dumfriesshire Dairy Farmers' Association comprises 22 herds, 742 cows. From April 2 to Nov. 10, 1906, 11 of the poorest cows (ages 4 to 11), averaged 2,790 lbs. milk; 15 of the best cows had an average of 7,000 lbs. milk.

In the Fenwick Society, embracing 18 herds, the average yield in 51 weeks of 1906, from 481 cows, was 6,481 lbs. milk. Only 12 cows have 10,000 lbs. or over to their credit, their average being 10,540 lbs. Ten of the poorest cows averaged 4,770 lbs.

The dairy industry at large is indebted to John Speir, Esq., of Newton Farm, Glasgow, for a conscientious compilation of milk records of five district associations since 1902.

Mr. Speir has the following remarks, which will be of interest to members of cow testing associations in Canada. Note his last sentence.

"The Fenwick Society is principally composed of farmers in the parish of Fenwick, between Kilmarnock and the borders of Lanarkshire. The district lies at a rather high altitude, much of the being from 400 to 600 feet above sea level. Cheese making used to be the principal industry of the district, but, with few exceptions, all the farms now send their milk direct to Glasgow or to the two collecting milk depots in the district. Breeding is largely followed on every farm, and in a very few years the milk records should exercise a material influence on the herds in this district. The farmers here have entered into the movement not simply because they were asked to do so, or because one or more of them were complete the number sufficient to make a good group of herds, but because they think it will pay them to do so. The work has now been carried on without any break for over two years, and the more experience the people have of it the more highly they appreciate it."

C. F. W.

Some of the recent records of cows in the cow testing associations organized by the Dairy and Cold Storage Commissioner are:

St. Mary, Que., Sept. 11, 123 cows average 546 lbs. milk, 4.0 test, 22.1 lbs. fat. Best yield, 950 lbs., testing 3.9.

Spring Creek, Ont., Sept. 1, 202 cows, average 750 lbs. milk, 3.6 test, 26.1 lbs. fat. Several individual cows gave over 1,100 lbs. milk in the 30 days.

Jonqueres, Que., Sept. 6, 133 cows, average 553 lbs. milk, 4.0 test, 22.5 lbs. fat. Highest yield, 1,020 lbs. milk, testing 4.1.

Ormsdown, Que., Sept. 6, 147 cows average 699 lbs. milk, 3.6 test, 25.5 lbs. fat. Best yield 1,772 lbs. milk, testing 3.3 from a 4-year-old Holstein calving April 27.

Pine Grove, Ont., Sept. 17, 129 cows average 538 lbs. milk, 3.7 test, 19.2 lbs. fat. Highest yield of milk 990 lbs. test 2.6.

Chilliwack, B. C., Sept. 5, 228 cows average 636 lbs. milk, 3.8 test, 24.6 lbs. fat. Several cows yield over 1,000 lbs. milk during 30 days.

St. Pierre, Que., Sept. 16, 223 cows average 463 lbs. milk, 4.1 test, 19.1 lbs. fat. Best yield of milk 820 lbs.

North Oxford, Ont., Sept. 21, 124 cows average 696 lbs. milk, 3.4 test, 24.0 lbs. fat. One yield of 1,205 lbs. milk.

Keene, Ont., Sept. 27, 114 cows, average 545 lbs. milk, 3.8 test, 21.1 lbs. fat. Highest yield, 1,103 lbs. milk.

C. F. W.

## THE RIVER OF GOD.

The river of God is full of water, never empty. The river of God is full of water, never bursting its banks and carrying devastation in its mad rush to the ocean. It is full, suggesting peace, plenty, fertility, and permanence, and just as the river is full of water, so the heart of the believer is filled with the fullness of Him that filleth all in all. We are filled with every spiritual blessing in the heavenly places in Christ.

It is for the want of thought and a more extended survey of the "fullness" that men are so ill equipped for the stern duties of life. How many think they have some religion, that they have saved on the instalment plan, a little now, more to-morrow, the fullness very far away. These are ill instructed souls. They neither know themselves, nor God, hence their halting progress in the path of life. Take this as a sure foundation for all time and all eternity. Man is one and indivisible. God is one and indivisible. God cannot come to a part of a man. Man cannot receive a part of God. It is now or never. A full Christ is a whole Christ. To be born is to sing a song of "deeps." To be born is not life, but death, a double death, the death of the mother and of the child. In the justifying righteousness of the Gospel there are no degrees. The stubborn sinner is condemned already, because he will not believe, the believer is freely forgiven, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life. A full Christ for a whole soul is the fullness and fitness of the Gospel.

### A FISHERMAN'S LUCK.

Weak, Worn and Almost in Despair When Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Came to His Rescue.

"My strength was almost gone, my health very weak, and I could hardly walk. I used many remedies, but they did not help me. Finally a friend advised me to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I did so and to-day, thanks to the pills, I am a perfectly well man."

This very emphatic statement is made by Mr. H. L. Porter, of Newton Farm, Mr. Porter is a fisherman, subject to much exposure. He further says: "I was in a state of debility and bloodlessness. Sometimes I could attend to my work but often was too weak and miserable to do so. I was wretched and restless at night, and during the day in the morning. I was troubled with pains in my back and shoulders, sometimes I could hardly straighten up. Then indignation came to add to my misery, and my condition was one that made me almost hopeless. I tried several medicines—but in vain. Then one day a friend said why don't you try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills? I tried them and I shall always be grateful for them. In a short time I began to regain my health. I could eat better, and could eat any kind of food. My strength returned. I got about to my work. I was, in fact, perfectly well again, and this is actually due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills build up the strength and drive out disease in just one way—they actually make new red blood. That is all they do, but they do it well. They don't act on the bowels—they don't purge and weaken like common pills. They don't bother with mere symptoms; they go right to the root of the trouble in the blood. That is why they cure anemia, with all its headaches and backaches, and dizziness and heart palpitation. That is why they cure indigestion, rheumatism, neuralgia, St. Vitus dance, general weakness and the special ailments that growing girls and women do not like to talk about and tell their doctors. But you must insist on getting the real thing with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around each box. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

BROKEN HEARTS' ANNIVERSARY. Many are the schemes that General Booth has brought forward for the relief of human suffering, and few of them have failed.

The latest is one that will appeal to every woman circle than any he has yet put forward. It is the cure of the broken heart.

For the moment the head of the Salvation Army speaks of it as a scheme for the establishment of a "University of Humanity."

He put forward this last of his enterprises at St. John (New Brunswick), where he was addressing a meeting of the Canadian Club.

There were colleges of all kinds in existence for the higher classes, but he wanted a university for men and women to deal with broken hearts and to teach people how to reclaim the criminal and the drunkard, and to rescue the children of the daughters of shame and all miserable creatures of the human race.

The scheme would require a large amount of money, but he trusted that the millionaires would come and say, "General, you shall have it."

Only a brief resume of what the University ought to be and do was furnished. But, as usually happens when General Booth outlines a scheme, the resume was comprehensive in its details.

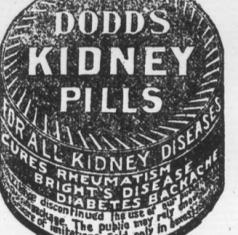
It should have two head institutions, he said, one on either side of the Atlantic with affiliated colleges in every land where students would be taught how to alleviate the miseries of the people.

"BRAVO, ANGLAIS!" Walking with his wife on the banks of the Aar, near Thun, on Sunday, Captain H. C. Holman, D. S. O., Indian Army, saw an excited crowd watch a Swiss drowning in the rapids of the swollen river. No one dared go to the rescue. Captain Holman immediately sprang in, reached the drowning man, and after a long struggle, which at times seemed likely to end in the death of both, landed the Swiss and climbed ashore himself in an exhausted state. He refused his name to those who questioned him, but the crowd cheered and shouted, "Bravo, Anglais!"

This is the first rescue at this dangerous part of the Aar, those who have fallen in before being drowned.

**Rickets.**  
Simply the visible sign that baby's tiny bones are not forming rapidly enough.  
Lack of nourishment is the cause.  
**Scott's Emulsion** nourishes baby's entire system. Stimulates and makes bone.  
Exactly what baby needs.

ALL DRUGGISTS, 50c. AND \$1.00

**DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS**  
CURES RHEUMATISM, BRUISES, BURNS, SCALDS, DIARRHOEA, COLIC, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE URINARY SYSTEM.