oottage. The groom followed, dismounted and came forward and assisted his mis-tress to alight from her saddle. Ellen O'-

Leary started up and ras to meet the

lous path to your picturesque home, El-

len."
"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 per-fectly fearless."

"My Andalusian steed is as sure-foot-

ed as a mule, my dear."

They walked on to the house and er

ed chair to the fire and established he

narrow windows with a door between

greens, just the things that may found in every old-fashioned farmhour

comprised the furniture of this apart

ment. But Mrs. Hunter missed some-thing as she looked around, and finally

"Where are your children, my dear?

"They are gone up the mountain to get chinkapins and chestnuts."
"Are your children well since the fever,

"Yes, madam, perfectly well. You know that every one who recovers from that dread to fever has better health

than ever before."

"I know. What are the ages of your children, Ellen?"

"Ah! not your child, Ellen?"

"No. madam. She is an orphan, but she was the only child of my husband's cousin, George Grove. Her parents died of typus fever on their way from Ireland. and I have taken the child, and will

"It will never be so again, dear Ellen

"It will never be so again, dear Ellen. You are very comfortable now."
"No, madam, it can never be so bad again, I trust. As you say, we are well provided for now. But if it were otherwise and the last piece of bread were broken among us, Sylvia should share it. for she is Willie's relation, and Willie's resistions are dear to me as my own.

lie's relations are dear to me as my own

-just as dear."
"I asve no doubt of it. Ellen. It is

"Mrs. Hunter, my mind was so tossed

"I thought you wished to adopt her, Mrs. Hunter?"

Mrs. Hunter?"

"And so do I, most devoutly. Ellen."

"Well, then why? Oh, does the childd
fret for me and give you trouble?"

"No, Ellen. For the first few days,

ndeed, she grieved after you. But that must have been while you lay in the lead—in the infirmary, where she could

not have been permitted to see you, of course. But after the first few days—you know the blessed elasticity of a child's heart—she grew very bright and cheerful and now she plays about all day long, the blithest bird in the world, the very life of our old Hall."

"Forgotten me so soon. Well! it is like a little child! It is very well! I ought to be glad! I am glad! I hope I am! I believe I am!" mused Ellen. Then she spoke: "Mrs. Hunter?"

"Well, my dear."
"If you—if you wish to adopt her—oh.

dear me. Do you love her, Mrs. Hunter."
"Very fondly and deeply, Ellen. The
little creature has crept into my heart
and is at home. She is a great comfort

and dalight to me."

ould like to see them."

Ellen drew a large, flag-bottom

"Ah! if you knew how kind, how good, | Hall, Governor Hunter's seat in 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

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

My dear, the two children were ill 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 its ourselves?"

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 ha 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 govern-"Ohaves, she had a beautiful little girl

-n child whose angelic loveliness was the theme of every tongue—but she lost that child so terribly—it was drowned the Severn. While they were all on steamboat excursion to the sea, that child dropped overboard and wah drown-

fore! Oh, how awful! And to think I envied her once! Oh! I envied her once; and now—" exclaimed Ellen, covering her face with her hands and shuddering At length she raised up her face and in quired: "Where is Mrs. Hunter now?" "She left the city several days since for Howlet Hall, the governor's country

And took Honoria with her?" "She took the whole family, I under-

stand;" said the Sister.

The conversion ceased here. The Sister's term of attendance was up, and she rose to take leave and departed, to she rose to take leave and uparted, be replaced by another. Ellen O'Leary, left alone, fell into deep thought, the result of which was a clear appreciation of the immense advantages that must accrue to her child in being adopted by Mrs. Daniel Hunter, and a determination that she would, for the present, leave her in that lady's undisturbed possession, reposing on the knowledge that she could, time she pleased, reclaim her

little daughter.
Ellen's convalescence was very rapid, The time was approaching when she felt it would be necessary to leave the infirmary, or be placed upon the paupers indeed. Autumn was also advancing, and it was expedient to provide her chil-dren with some sort of home for the vinter, and herself with some occupation by which to supply them with food and clothing. When Ellen was anxiously and painfully cogitating these subjects, without being able to see a ray of light in the darkness of her present prospects, she received a message from Father Goodrich saying that he was com-ing to see her in a few days with good

lieve in it at all. The only possibility she could think of was that Mrs. And this Ellen thought she could not submit to. It would seem to her like selling little Honoria for a price. No, indeed! if she gave the child, it should be a free gift, for the child's good-she could not receive any assistance that might look like pay, or, what was worse, alms.

But while she was still speculating upon this subject, Father Goodrich came in with a cheerful, open smile and brisk step. Ellen arose to meet him.
"You need not tell me, dear

"You need not tell me, dear Father, that they want to give me something for my little girl, for I don't take it—I won't, indeed! I can't take pay, however well disguised, for my child, especially from those who—oh! indeed, I do not can leave her there, anyhow!"

"What are you talking of, Ellen? I bring you no message from Mrs. Hunter. No one wants to pay you for your child, that I know of. I come to tell you that

Ellen could only gaze in wonder.
"You know, Ellen, that your relative,
Colonel Falconer, Willie's god-father, is

I heard it before I was taken ill. I was very sorry to hear it." of sorrow. Well, you know, he owned

"I know."

are not forming rapidly enough.

Exactly what baby needs.

Lack of nourishment is the cause.

ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND \$1.00

Simply the visible sign that baby's tiny bones

Scott's Emulsion nourishes baby's

entire system. Stimulates and makes bone.

PANAGONANTANTANTANTANTANTANTANTA

"Yes, I remember."
"Of fifty acres, half in timber, half cleared, with a small dwelling house and

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."

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 necessaries 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 absence, arrived at nowlet han. At the 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.

ed. The shooting season had commenced, and every morning Mr. Henter 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, with the country cottages. It was a large, equare room, with a low ceiling, with two days here and letter mindown and the surface here. ceived the orphan with much tenderness, room, with a low ceiling, with two saying to each other that Augusta, with broad lattice windows, and a door beher ample fortune, had a perfect right tween them at the south front, and two her ample fortune, had a perfect right to choose her own pets, whether they should be birds, puppy dogs or pauper them to the north, with a small door babes. And Letty took the child on her lap and said it was a pretty little thing, and the wide chimney-place at the west hap and said it was a piece, souldn't love end. And the homemade rag carpet, the it! she hd made a vow never to risk her white oak table. the flag-bottomed the sun. But at the same time Letty's round looking-glass trimmed with evereyes 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 its bright head.

Mr. and Mrs. Hunter had been at thing a sked:

"Who would "The Howlet Hall a month, and November had already arrived before they received the

o'Leary's cscape 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 per-plexity in regard to the adopted child.

plexity in regard to the adopted child.

Mrs. Hunter knew that Sister Martha must have informed Ellen O'Leany of her adoption of the little Honoria, and she wondered why Ellen had not written to her upon the subject. She finally conclude.

"My boy, William Falconer, or Falcon, as we call him, is about six years of age; but he is so well grown you would take him to be eight; and Sylvia is about four years old—but Sylvia is not my her upon the subject. She finally conclude." her upon the subject. She finally concluded that the mother deferred reclaiming her child until she could be comfortably settled at Silver Creek farm. Buy 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 the vain expectation of receiving a visit that the last crust, and it has often or a message from her. But days past without any sort of communication from Ellen. And as the time approached when Governor Hunter would 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

CHAPTER XIV.

When Ellen O'Leary was sufficiently recovered to be able to leave the infirmary her first care had been to go to and why have you not written to me the lunatic asylum and inquired after her unhappy mother-in-law. She had found 'Mrs. Hu Norah in a state that precluded all possibility of her removal from the care of her keepers, and she had been unwill"Why, my dear Ellen, you know there 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 dition in which you and the other children in which you are then, you know there is no one but yourself that has a right to decide. You have doubtless heard from Sister Martha. Ellen, the hopeless condition in which you and the other children is no one but yourself that has a right to decide. You have doubtless heard from Sister Martha. dren and old Abishag set out for their new home, which she reached upon the second week in November.

Silver Creek farmhouse was built just Silver

upon the spot where a torrent reached the foot of the mountain, and flowed under its shadow—a creek. It was a the month And now, my dear Ellen, she 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 cornhouse, and an old "quarter" for the negro air. At last she said, in a disappointed was very sorry to hear it."
"He was very old—upward of eighty, llen. He died full of years and good orks. His death should be no caused laborers, comprised the sum total of the country of money. and a sorrow. Well, you know, he owned outbuildings. A small sum of money, neh property in various parts of the autbuildings. 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 purpose of the state to his wealthiest relationship. "I know."

"As usual, however, he has left the mass of his estate to his wealthiest relatives; but, Ellen, he has remembered you furniture for housekeeping. And in one

"Mrs. Hunter! if I give you my little child for your own, will you love her and do for her as for your own? Forgive

ily consisted of herself, her son, Willie Falconer, Sylvia Grove (car own little Maud), and old Abishag. And her farm laborers were a negro family of four membess—namely, Leonard Fox and his wife, Mary, and their son and daughter, Leonard iun, and Mary iun in comand 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 a 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 wife, Mary, and their son and daughter, Leonard, jun., and Mary, jun.—in common parlance, big Len and little Len, and old aunt Moll and little Molly; though, be 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. Eften 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

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 relligous 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." mechanically plied her knitting-needle.

She chanced to raise her eyes and, to ber 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 foot of the precipice 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 ringlets of Mrs. Daniel Hunter. The noble horse struggled up the bank and ambled up to the oottage. The groom followed, dismounted

"But remember this, dear Ellen, that his 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 deprive us of her—you who have two others. And now, Ellen, I must leave you."

who 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."

"I'll then your necessity." Leary started up and raft 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 hazardons nath to your nicturesque home. Eldons nath to your nicturesque home. El-"Well, then, you can certainly fifteen minutes until I make you

Mrs Hunter smiled and reseated her self, more for Ellen's satisfaction than her own, And Ellen O'Leary made haste and soon set a fragrant cup of Hyson be-fore her visitor. And after partaking it Mrs. Hunter arose, kissed Ellen and de parted.

CHAPTER XV

Six years, with their vicissitudes, had passed over the lives of the two families whose interwoven fortunes form the sub-ject of our narrative. Daniel Hunter, with great eclat, had completed his second term of office as governor of M——. 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, a 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 names were only

"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.

(To be continued.)

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. Airs. J. F. Loney, Allanford, Ont., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for constipation and other ailments of children and have found them more satis factory than any other form of medi cine." 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 Flypp, after the young man had suggested that she should

become Mrs. Spooner.

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

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

"I think you said something about my complishments, too?"
"I did. I said they excelled those of

any other girl."
"I believe you called me sweet?"
"'A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath." quoted the ardent lover. "You used the word 'perfect,' too, did you not?"

"I did. I also pronounced you the pink of perfection, propriety and modesty, the empress of my heart, the peerless one among the beauteous 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!' "Before I give you an answer, Mr. Spooner, I should like to ask you one question."

"A dozen if you like." "One will be enough Don't you think you have a good deal of assurance to ex-pect a woman with all those excellent Then Mr Speaner wer Then Mr. Speener w

Telephone and Telegraph Poles. use, and, assuming that the life of a pole is twelve years, there are needed each year more than 2,650,000 poles.—Wood-



DOMINION DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

Branch of Diary 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.

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 (20th March to 31st October, 1906), was 6,850 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 2,620 lbs. Six of the best heifers, 3-year-olds, in this association averaged 6,030 lbs. milk, testing 4.1.

The Dumfriesshire Daary Farmers'

The Dumfriesshire Darry Farmers'
Association comprises 22 herds, 742
cows. From April 2 to Nov. 10, 1908, 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 451 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 distrist associations in the Newton Section 1999.

intion of milk records of tive distributions 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:

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 it 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 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 materia 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 were wanted to 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 peo-ple have of it the more highly they appreciate it."

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

St. Marc, Que., Sept. 11., 123 cows, av rage 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, 28.1 lbs. fat. Several individual cows gave over 1,100 lbs. milk in the 30 days.

Jonquieres, 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. Armstown, 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 calved April

Pine Grove, Ont. Sept. 17, 129 cow erage 538 lbs. milk, 3.7 test, 19.2 lbs. fak-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. Several cows yield over 1,000 lbs.

milk during 30 days.

Dixville, 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 caws, average 555 lbs. milk, 3.8 test, 21.1 lbs. fat. Highest yield, 1,103 lbs. milk. C. F. W.

SONS OF PEASANTS.

Some Frenchmen of Humble Birth Who Rose to Eminence.

Some time since I picked up in Paris curious little book by Alphonse Karr, called "Histoire des Paysans illustres; Plutarque des Campagnes," 1838. Among the number of peasants' or workmen's sons attaing iame or local celebrity figsons attaing iame or local celebrity fig-ure Elechier, perhaps best known to Eng-lish readers by his "Grands jours d'An-vergne"; Ney, "le brave des braves"; Amyot, the translator of Plutarch; Hoche, the pacificator of La Vendee; Ramus, mathematician and philosopher, a victum of St. Barthelomew; Palissy, the great potter, who narrowly escaped a similar late; the savant Mabillon; Marmontel, the author of "Belisaire" and friend of Voltaire; Chaptal, the great chemist and discoverer, who was summoned by the Convention to supply the army with gunpowder and did so; Laplace, the illustrious yhysicist—these in-Recent estimates give 800,000 miles on telephone and telegraph pole line in the United States. At an average of forty poles to the mile there are 32,000,000 in poles to the mile there are 32,000,000 in Alphonse Karr's interesting theme were and assuming that the life of a pole household the poles in the successor would be a pole to the mile there are 32,000,000 in the more of humble origin. And if Alphonse Karr's interesting theme were and assuming that the life of a pole to the mile there are 32,000,000 in the mile the mi be able to add the greatest name in French fiction—Enlzae!

"My name is on my certificate of birth as that of the Duke of Fitzjames is on

his," somewhat pompously wrote the au-thor of the "Comedie Humaine," and, unlike Rouget de Lisle, he had not knowingly appropriated the much coveted par-ticle. In all probability he firmly be-lieved that he had come of noble stock. But in his work "Honore' de Balsac" M. E. Bire relates that a well known an tiquary entirely disproves poor Balzac's title to the "de." This gentleman, M. Charles Portal, has indeed unearthed the Charles Fortal, has indeed unearthed the birth register of Balzac's father, who was born in 1746 in a village of Languedoc, and in that document is described as Bernard Francois Balssa, son of a laborer. The great Honore's father had literary tastes and even wielded the pen. Quite possibly he may have thus cuptemized his patronymic out of respect for that early master of French prose

(1897-1664) really belonging to noble de Balzac or de Balsac house that as it may, M. Bire truly says Balsac has earned his right to nobl —From the Westminster Gazette.

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 heart

the believer is lined with the liminess of this 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 surveyof the "fullness" that men are so ill equipped for the stern duties of life. How many think they have some religion, that they have been 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 God. It is now or never. A full Christ for a whole man. It is impossible to sing a song of "degrees." To be half-

Christ for a whole man. It is impossible to sing a song of "degrees." To be half-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 fatness a whole soul is the fullness and fatnes of the Gospel. H. T. Miller.

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 breath very short and I could hardly walk. I used many remediesh, but thew dil not help me. Binally a friend advised me to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I did so and to-day, thanks to the wills I am a perfectly well man."

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. R. L. Porter, of Maitland, N. S. 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 wateful and rest. able to do so. I was wakeful and restless at night, and could not eat in the morning. I was troubled with pains in my back and shoulders, sometimes I could hardly stragihten up. Then indigestion came to add to my misery, and my condition was one that made me al-niost hopeless. I tried several medi-cines—but in vain. Then one day a riend said why don't you try Dr. Wil-liams' 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 re-turned. I could attend 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 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 mon 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 anaemia, with all its head-aches and backaches, and dizziness and heart palpitation. That is why they cure indigestion, rheumatism, neuralgia, St. Vitus dance, general weakness and the created allowers that growing girls. the special ailments that growing girls and women do not like to talk about even to their doctors. But you must in sist on getting the genuine pills with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around each box Sold by all medicine dealers mail at 50c a box or six boxes for \$250 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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

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

For the moment the head of the Salva-tion Army speaks of it as a soheme for the establishment of a "University of Humanity." He put forward this last of his enter-prises at St. John (New Brunswick), where he was addressing a meeting of the

Canadian Chib. There were colleges of all kinds in exis-tence for the higher classes, but he wantdeal 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, "Genald come and say, "Gen-

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 out mes a scheme, the resume was comprehensive in its retails. 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, ANGLAISI"

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 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 fell en in before being drowned.