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'No. 10' is absolutely free from Opium, Morphine or any harmful drug, and is perfectly safe even for babies.

Trial size 25c. per bottle. Regular size 50c.

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Father Morrissey Medicine Co. Ltd. - Chatham, N.B.

WHIP-POOR-WILL.

At last they stood on the slope and gazed over the valley. Never had they beheld a lovelier view. And there they made their homes. If you want character and human interest, there is no more profitable ground than the vales and heights of this mountain country that zigzags from the Potomac River toward the Gulf of Mexico. Once, and not so many years ago as that, it was wilderness, and to the people of the coast towns it was far west. Those who had the adventurous spirit and the desire for abundant breathing space went thither and settled, and they found not only the delights of nature but the charm and stimulus of a perfect climate, with wild life everywhere.

And there the whippoorwill recited. The ballad of his grief. Kendrick Blanchard and Potter Dalton in left tide-water to seek ideal spots in higher ground. They had travelled far, and just as evening fell they had found the place. Presently they heard the voice of the whippoorwill. It was a final touch of sentiment in their prosaic romance, and thus the sound came sacred to them. They made their clearings and built humble houses within halting distance of each other, and then went back for their brides.

This was in the '50's. A boy came to the Blanchard home and a girl to the Doltons. In a few years the war began. Both men entered the army, leaving the children in the care of Big Ned, the trusted negro servant. As the dreary months crept along, the field of operations extended to their valley and mountainside,—their homes were often in the enemy's territory.

Whippoorwill. The shrill plaint was in the thick clump of trees down by the brook. If the enemy's men were around, the call would be answered in both homes, and soon there would be an impetuous reunion. If the coast was not clear, some one would creep down under the shadow of the hedge to the waiting soldier. 'Whippoorwill' was the sign and the signal. It was close enough to the cry of the bird to deceive the enemy; but it had a peculiar lilt at the end that told its story to the waiting wives and Big Ned.

The children—brown haired Richard and Lucy with the golden tresses—soon knew its meaning, and listened every night until their young eyes closed and shut out all the cares and sorrows of life and of war. The years of conflict passed with leaden feet and heavy hearts, and then the two men, aged by their service, returned to enjoy once more the blessings of peace. Major Dalton died four years later. Mrs. Blanchard passed away within the next twelve months, and then Colonel Blanchard and his son Richard and Mrs. Dalton and her daughter Lucy kept on in their different homes, though closely united in their social life and interests.

'Whippoorwill.' It began the call between the homes if anyone should be wanted quickly, and Dick and Lucy soon learned to make the sound most skillfully. They grew up in the joy of perfect health,—these the children of nature, who know no other save fresh air and wholesome food and right living,—Dick imperious and impetuous, as keen some a youngascal as ever trod this earth; Lucy, fine and strong and independent and more beautiful than the flowers which she loved.

Dick was twenty when the Colonel felt the beginning of the end. 'Before I die, my boy,' he said, 'I want a few promises from you. Here, Ned, I want you to hear, and Big Ned came forward and stood at attention with military dignity. 'First, I ask you to promise your word that you will let both of us and whiskey alone.' Second, that you will not sell or mortgage this land or allow the land of the Doltons to be mortgaged or sold until you have passed your twenty-fifth year.

'I promise, sir.' 'Now when I am gone you will be in charge here and will have the direction of the Dalton farm also. You will become a rich man. These farms are full of coal. Men will be after them. They will expect to buy them for small sums. Then when the railroads come here they will hope to realize millions. War is bad enough, but it is child's play compared with money greed, for men will stop at nothing when the prize is wealth. What I want you to do is to keep your head. I promise, sir.'

Colonel Blanchard was a good prophet. Within a year after his death strangers began to appear in the neighborhood and make overtures to young Blanchard, who had now passed his twenty-first year and had come into the management and control of the properties. But he put them off, and as each visitor went down the road Big Ned would chuckle. 'Ain't er bittin' terday, mister, ain't er bittin' terday.'

Death is sad; but it passes. Life is glad, and it opens new vistas at every turn of the journey. The departed were remembered and mourned; but flowers blossomed in the sickle graveyard and ivy clambered over the stones. In both homes cheerfulness dwelt. Dick had come to six feet and was as strong as a young giant. Riding and hunting and the exhilaration of the highland life vitalized him in mind, body and soul. Lucy could ride as well as he, and to her beauty was added a splendid vigor that made her glorious. Mrs. Dalton was a lady of the old school and in the strictness of her ingrained propriety Richard and Lucy were still children. They protested against her iron rules; but in vain. 'Mother Dalton, it isn't fair,' Dick would say. Here is a lovely full moon and we could ride to the top of the mountains and back by midnight, and nothing could happen to us.'

'Richard,' she would reply sharply, 'go right on home and tell Big Ned to put you to bed.'

'Whippoorwill.' It was a week later and the sound had the lilt of the call. Mother looked at daughter, and daughter looked at mother. 'I'll go,' said Lucy. She made her way; but just as she emerged from the foliage that hid her

Dick was not a coward, even when the brave fall most,—on the threshold of love. He got no sleep that night; but out of his wakefulness came a full determination. So early the next morning he appeared before Mother Dalton. 'I want to marry Lucy,' he said. 'You ought to want to apologize to me for calling her our last night,' began Mother Dalton severely. 'I want to marry Lucy,' he repeated; and I didn't come over to apologize or anything to anybody.' 'Sit down,' said Mother Dalton. 'Thank you,' said Richard, looking at her.

'Lucy, come in here and sit down,' said Mother Dalton, and Miss Lucy with downcast head came and sat down without even a good morning to Richard. 'I've been afraid of this,' said Mother Dalton, more softly. 'You know I love you both better than anything on earth, and that is why I tremble. You are grown up together; you have had associates; you cannot know your own minds until you have a larger experience in the world. It is likely they will come to us, and we shall have to move to the city and meet many people. Suppose after all this new glimpse of life you find you have made a mistake, and that what you think is love is only a friendly sentiment that came of your living so near each other. Marriage calls for more than friendship; it needs the choice that comes out of all the tests and knowledge of association,—the communication of the love that finds its own. Wait awhile, my children, and after you see the world it will be safer.'

'I want to marry Lucy,' declared Dick. 'If I lived a million years and saw a billion people, it wouldn't make a speck of difference. And I don't see why you should want to stand in the way of our happiness.' 'I need Lucy more than you do,' said Mother Dalton austerely. 'Lucy,' she exclaimed suddenly, 'do you want to leave me? Are you going, and then the tears gushed. 'No, mother, no dear,' answered Lucy prying to her side and holding her in her arms. Dick rose, fumbling his hat. 'Good-by,' he said. 'Sorry I came.'

Dick went home and ordered Big Ned to bring out Wild Rose, the fastest and hardest horse of the stable. 'Ned, I'm going to town for a few days,' he said. 'Keep things running usual.' Ned asked to go with him; but Dick refused.

From her window Lucy saw horse and rider flying down the road, and for in the day Ned told her. 'Sumfin' knocked him clean helterskelter 'ber and out,' he said, 'I see skered; aise I done promised de Colonel to look after him.' 'Then do what you were told,' said Lucy. 'I'll have the things attended to while you are away. And so Ned followed Dick to town. The town was ten miles away, the beginning of what was to be a thriving centre of the coal region. Dick had been there before, but only for short stays. Each time he saw how it was jumping toward its destiny,—booming with true American vigor and with all the virtues and the vices of the inland money spirit. Colonel Blanchard was right. Compared with money greed, war was child's play. There was ammunition in war; in money madness there is not even an armistice for burying the dead. In this raw, savage place the fight was for the control of the new coal lands. Nothing mattered or hindered. Lying, theft and even murder entered the game, and there were cards and dice and saloons and clubs and all manner of evil facilities for separating the mountaineers from their properties or the properties from the owners, just as you choose. Dick arrived on the scene with the demon of his nature ready for the fray. He had no intention of drinking or playing cards; but he was

eggar for excitement, and this was the opportunity of the smooth plotters that lay in wait for his kind. At first it seemed too good to be true,—young Blanchard who had stood out so long and had been so impregnable, now on hand and an easy mark. Gently, on workers of evil. Take him, in for slowly and lead him unobtrusively to his doom; for he is of the strong whose backs must be shorn after he has been made weak, and not before. They seemed fine, genial fellows, and Dick was glad to have them divert his mind. Diftly they gave the poison, and Dick found it good. He forgot the loneliness of the farm, the barrenness of the life without the girl he thought he loved. Thought he loved. That was funny. Mother Dalton was right; he was better off in the world tasting its joys. 'We've got him going,' said one to another as a look of content swept over the young giant's face. The new city's streets were not well lighted, and so there were many dark corners in which a big negro could hide and watch.

For two days Lucy waited, and after night fell on the second she heard the hoofs of a horse rapidly approaching. She darted out to the roadway, heedless of the darkness and of everything. 'Is that you, Ned?' she asked, and the big negro was off his horse in a second, crying as if his soul was in torment. 'Dey's got him. Dey's got him,' he almost shouted. 'God Almighty be merciful. Dey's got him. An' dis black man promise de Colonel. What mus' I do, Miss Lucy; what mus' I do?' His excitement calmed Lucy inexplicably. Bit by bit she made Ned tell what he knew, and how the men had finally succeeded in luring Dick into a private club which was little better than a gambling place. The faithful old negro had tried to reach Dick. He had knocked on the door and asked for his young master. But they drove him away. 'Mother,' said Lucy a few minutes afterward, 'Richard is in great trouble and I am going to him at once.'

It was useless to ask explanation or make protests; she was going. And she went, riding her horse at full gallop most of the ten miles, with Ned close behind. When the stake is big and the victim is new and the plotters are wary, haste makes failure, and so Dick was coaxed by careful processes and very gradual stages. The game had gone on, and he had won well, and then lost a little and then won again, so that there was built up in his mind a consciousness of fairness, and he was getting ripe for the slaughter. The drinks, which were represented to him as being perfectly innocuous but had been expertly drugged, had numbed his sense and his principles, and had at the same time heightened his interest in the game. So it went on with merry jest and snatches of song. Before Dick was a pile of debts that counted for more than his investment. The tragedy was scheduled for somewhere about midnight, and in the meantime matters were in fine shape. It was about time now to begin the turn that would plunge Richard Blanchard into debt, mortgages and all the rest of his undoing. 'I wish I had your luck,' said Dick's elbow neighbor. 'It looks like good playing,' said the man opposite. 'For a beginner, Blanchard, you're a wonder.'

'Whippoorwill.' As clear as a bell it sounded, and there was a wonderful lilt at the end. Dick's cards dropped from his hands. In a flash the whole situation burst upon his understanding. But he would show a proper control of himself. 'Excuse me a minute,' he said. 'I'm not used to a close room, and must have a little air.' Once out of the door, he paused as if undecided which way to go. Again 'Whippoorwill.' He jumped over a fence, and in a corner of a vacant lot he found Lucy and Big Ned waiting; Lucy trembling; Big Ned speechless. 'Ned,' he said, 'you go to the hotel and get my horse. I will ride home with Miss Lucy.'

Now, never a word was spoken about drinking or cards or any material fact of this episode. After a silence in which the necessary mental adjustments were made, Richard and Lucy talked about commonplace things, and found themselves enjoying the ride home. The next afternoon Richard called. 'Mother Dalton,' he said 'I've seen all the world I care to see, and it hasn't changed my mind. I want to marry Lucy.'

'But I need—' 'That's the point. I need her more than you do. But what is the matter with her taking care of us both?' 'That has been my idea all the time,' said Lucy, coming toward them. And if any reader chooses he may find this entry in the reports made to the corporation that was trying to gain possession of the coal lands: As for young Blanchard and the very valuable property he controls, matters were in excellent shape and we had him going all right, but the fool got married.

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Capital, \$3,000,000. Reserve Fund, \$1,000,000.

HEAD OFFICE, HALIFAX. GENERAL MANAGER'S OFFICE, TORONTO.

DIRECTORS: JOHN Y. FAZANT, President. CHARLES W. ... R. L. ... G. S. CAMPBELL, ... H. C. McLEOD, General Manager.

Table with columns for BRANCHES and CORRESPONDENTS. Lists various international branches and their locations.

Table titled PROFIT AND LOSS. Shows financial data for 1907 and 1908, including dividends and balance carried forward.

Table titled GENERAL STATEMENT AS AT DECEMBER 31st, 1908. Divided into LIABILITIES and ASSETS sections, showing detailed financial figures.

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