



land had ever produced, said the critics. In their far-off English home Richard and Madolin Landels had watched her career with the interest of love and admiration. But they had never met since Una went to Germany to study her art.

Again and again Madolin had written, imploring Una to take at least a share of what belonged to her, but steadily Una had refused. She could not fulfill the condition, was all she said; and surely Madolin would not urge her to lie to her conscience.

Una Cohen came to London at last; and Dr. Landels and his wife went to hear her. Her name was down to sing twice. Other artistes came on and sang—light, well-known secular songs. Then Madolin, leaning forward with tense nerves and parted lips, saw a figure, girlish as of old, dressed in black, with dashes of amber about it. The pale, beautiful face—it seemed beautiful to Madolin now—was turned for a moment toward the audience, the sad, deep eyes seemed to touch every face present, and then the organ above played a soft, slow symphony—all the other artistes had been accompanied by the piano—and the voice of the singer—

Poison—

In the Blood brings Humors and Boils, Salt Rheum, Eczema and Scrofula,

WEAVER'S SYRUP

Will cure them permanently by purifying the

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could anything be finer?—burst upon the enthralled audience.

Rest thee, sad heart—the day is done,
Thy weary eyes now close;
The tears that came ere set of sun
Have charmed thee to repose.

Rest thee till morn, and slumber now,
Thy way of grief is trod;
I only bend to kiss thy brow,
And leave thy soul to God.

The words were simple, but the effect of the voice on the crowd was extraordinary. For a moment there was a dead silence: it seemed almost profanation to applaud. Then it broke out—long and loud.

Madolin turned to her husband with tears in her eyes.

"Dick, what an influence she must have! I cannot understand how she is not a Christian."

They were able to see her afterwards. Madolin took her in her arms.

"My dear, you are wonderful! Oh, Una, what a power has been given you! You will come to see us?"

Landels repeated the invitation, and wondered a little at the strange look in the singer's eyes.

"I will come," she said. She told them when, and they parted.

A few days later the singer drove to the house tenanted by Dr. Landels in the West End. Madolin herself, with pale face and wide, tearless eyes, met her in the hall.

"You must not come in, dear. Our darling is down with diphtheria. It is a bad case; we are sitting up with him night and day. I cannot get a nurse, for Dick says it might kill him to see a strange face."

"Will you let me sit up with him tonight?" the singer asked presently. "I think I could soothe him, Madolin; I would sing to him."

"He loves music," said Madolin hesitatingly; "but—No, no, dear, I am not so selfish! What if anything came over your voice?"

But Una persisted. She was not a bit afraid, and she wished to do it. Dr. Landels came in, and his wife laid the case before him.

"There is very little danger," he said slowly, "if you do not inhale his breath. You must promise not to do that."

She did so. That night she and Madolin sat together. Dr. Landels was in the next room.

The boy, a beautiful little fellow of three, was very restless. Una sang to him, a low "Schlummerlied," and he fell asleep. Dr. Landels came in and bent over him.

"I believe you have saved him. Sleep was what he required. Miss Cohen, how shall we thank you?"

She smiled. "I do not require thanks. To know I have helped to save him is enough."

Madolin presently dropped into a doze; Dr. Landels had gone down stairs. The child opened his eyes.

"Kiss me—muvve," he whispered, weakly.

Una hesitated. The boy began to cry weakly.

"Hush, hush, darling!" Una bent down and pressed her lips to his. The next moment the child was asleep.

Una went home in the morning. She had taken a flat in Kensington; there was no danger of her carrying the infection. Madolin kissed her passionately.

"Dick says you have saved the child! Oh, Una, why should you do so much for us!"

Una smiled.

It was a week later that a message came to the Landels. Little Dick was quite convalescent now. The message was from Una, she was ill in the hospital.

She was dying. The dreadful contagion had struck her throat, and she could hardly speak. The wonderful voice of the nightingale was dumb for evermore.

Madolin fell on her knees beside the bed in a grief beyond tears.

"My dear, my dear! O God! this is hard! You have given your life for your friends!"

"And I am glad," the singer whispered, in that strange, choked voice. "Madolin, there was One who said it was the greatest proof of love that a man should give his life for his friends; and—I wanted to tell you, dear—I believe now in that One. I am a Christian, Madolin."

"Una, Una!" was all poor Madolin could whisper. She felt as if life would never be fair again.

But the dying singer knew better. She slipped her hand in Madolin's.

"I am—quite happy, Madolin; and you will be, too—some day. You will think of me—as of a dear dead friend, who did something for you—kindly. . . . Now you must go, dear. Good-bye."

Richard Landels, white and agitated, came forward to say good-bye also. He took the small hand, and Una's eyes rose to his. What did he read in them? Something that would remain locked in his own heart forever—the secret of the singer's life, so jealously guarded by her.

When Landels came again to see her, she was dead. The voice that had enraptured thousands was silenced forever; the great, sad, loving heart beat no more.

Landels stood looking down on her, his own face white and set. It was a noble ending of a noble life, and perhaps for her it was best. Death has its compensations, and those she had loved so deeply would love her more dead than they had done living. And for her there was the great reward for those who love much.

And as he bent to lay his lips on the cold brow, Richard Landels repeated to himself the words he had heard her sing so short a time ago:

Rest thee till morn, and slumber now,
Thy way of grief is trod;
I only bend to kiss thy brow
And leave thy soul with God."

—The British Monthly.

THE WORLD'S POPULATION.

A recent calculation of the world's population makes it 1,503,300,000, with an average density of about eighteen persons to the square mile of the earth's area, the greatest density being in Europe. There is evidently a need of distribution. We have room in Canada and a welcome for what is good. But we have an object-lesson before us in the experiences of the United States of the danger of promiscuous immigration. We must keep out the undesirable immigrant.

Narrow chested, weak lunged people can't be cured by medicine. Plenty of fresh air, mild exercise and "The D & L" Emulsion at the first sign of weakness or loss of weight is the best treatment.

IN MODERN DAYS.

THE WAYS OF DOING THINGS HAVE GREATLY CHANGED.

No Branch of Science Has Made Greater Advancement Than That of Medicine—Thousands of Lives Prolonged by Modern Discoveries.

"Few things have developed as rapidly during the past quarter of a century as the science of medicine," said a well-known practitioner recently. "And undoubtedly the most striking phase in its progress is in the treatment of the blood. In the old days it was thought that opening a vein and letting the blood out was a cure for most diseases. The utter fallacy of that theory was discovered after a while. Then the symptoms of the disease were treated and the blood disregarded. That also has been shown to be a wrong practice, for, though driven away for a time, the symptoms always return if the cause is not removed, and the disease is worse than before. It is the root of the disease that must be attacked, and the most important development of modern medical science has been in discovering that, in most diseases, this lies in the condition of the blood. If the blood is thin and poor, the nerves and vital organs cannot receive their proper nourishment, the system becomes run down and in a condition to invite disease. Build up the blood, restore the worn-out nerves and you remove the cause. When the cause is gone the disease will vanish."

An instance of the truth of this is given by Miss A. M. Tuckey, Oxdrift, Ont., who says: "I do not know what would have become of me had it not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. My blood seemed to have turned to water, and I was troubled with dizziness, headaches and general prostration. I tried several remedies, but instead of getting better, I was gradually but surely growing worse. I became so weak I could no longer work, and it was while in this condition I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After using the pills for a few weeks I began to gain strength; my appetite returned, the headaches and dizziness vanished, and before long I was enjoying as good health as ever I had done in my life. I cannot thank you enough for the good the pills have done me, and I hope they will long continue to help other sufferers."

Indigestion, neuralgia, heart trouble, anæmia, kidney and liver complaints, rheumatism, the functional ailments of women, and the host of other troubles are all diseases of the blood, and that is why they are always cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which actually make new, rich, red blood, thus reaching the root of the disease and driving it from the system. The great success of this medicine has induced some unscrupulous dealers to offer pink colored imitations. You can protect yourself against these by seeing that the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is printed on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicine dealers, or may be had direct from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

An American quarter of a dollar, with the figure of Liberty on it, is said to have looked contemptuously on a copper cent, with the head of a Red Indian on it, and to have said: "Oh, you dark-skinned, feather-trimmed barbarian, do you call yourself a coin?" "Well, whatever I am," said the copper cent, "I am oftener found in missionary meetings than you are!"