

"HORACE!"

By Edmund L Pearson in the Outlook.
Horace Winslow, from our point of view was entitled to sympathy—he was being "brought up" with so much care.

Not that any of us were neglected. School was our portion on week days for nine months of the year, and on Sunday we were duly despatched to the school appropriate to that day. Each of us carried the traditional cent for the contribution box. And, as in the story-books (which are sometimes faithful transcripts of life), it was with difficulty that we passed the traditional drug-shop, which displayed the traditional peppermint lozenges and coltsfoot.

And, still in the traditional manner, the Tempter's voice was loud sometimes in our ears—so loud that we turned and entered Dr Dbens shop and spent that cent for a roll of lozenges or a piece of coltsfoot or stick lick'rish.

But if we did this thing, so did Horace Winslow. And if sometimes we had to be sent from the table to remove a few burrs from our coat collars or to make another attempt with the hair-brush and comb, so did Horace. In such matters his experiences were not different from those of other boys in the neighborhood. His mind was being improved—that was all.

There was an afternoon, a warm afternoon in the summer vacation, when Horace and I were in his garden engaged in making a suitable home for turtles. The turtles—there were only four of them now—had been straying lately, and it was clear that something had to be done. It is distressing, after you have lavished any amount of attention on a turtle, and have tied him by a long string so as to give him wide liberty, to find, at the morning inspection, that he has twisted and tangled the string among the grass, and then departed, leaving one end of the string buried, as if in derision, in the ground.

This had been our experience, and we were now trying to construct a turtle-pen out of boards and shingles. I noticed that Horace was ill at ease. When the North Church clock struck two he rose nervously from the grass and muttered something about supposing he would have to go in now. He glanced apprehensively toward the house as he did so and sure enough the voice of Horace's aunt

came from behind the closed shutter of a window.

Horace!
Oh, I dont want to come in now!
Horace!
Well, I dont Aunt. Sam and I have got to build this turtle-pen.

HORACE!
I cant leave Sam here all alone, Aunt.

Horace, come in the house instantly. You may bring Samuel with you.

Oh, he dont want to come.
Doesnt want to come, you mean. Wouldnt you like to hear me read to Horace, Samuel?

I was greatly interested in the turtles, but I was also fond of being read to. Apparently I was about to lose the company of Horace, anyhow. Moreover, I was afraid of Horace's aunt. So I meekly said:

Yes'm.
But Horace still raised objections. We cant leave the turtles like this, Aunt. They will get away.

Horace, mind what I say this minute. You can secure the turtles well enough. I will give you three minutes longer, and if you are not indoors then your uncle will punish you this evening.

We collected the wayward turtles and put them in a basket. A few seconds later we presented ourselves before Mrs Vincent, who looked at us omniously over the top of a book. Horace sat down in one stiff-backed chair and I in another. Horace began to screw his face into knots as soon as he saw the book. It was unknown to me, and fifteen or twenty years were to elapse before I should know its title. Then, one day, reading The History of France, by M Guizot, I recognized a passage and realized that it was with that work we had been regaled—when we wished to care for our turtles.

Oh, Aunt—
Horace, be quiet. Sit up straight in your chair. Put your hand down.

She looked Horace over critically, and then began to read. The old Parliamentarians were triumphant; at the same time as Abbe Terray, Chancellor Maupeou was disgraced, and the judicial system he had founded fell with him. Unpopular from the first, the Maupeou Parliament had remained in the nations eyes the image of absolute power corrupted and corrupting. The suit between Beaumarchais and Councillor Gezman—

Oh, Aunt, I dont want—

Horace, if you are not still this instant, I will put you to bed!

Horaces articulations dissolved into snuffles and whines; we both hitched and wriggled in our chairs, and the reading went on. We heard what Chancellor Maupeou said to the Duke de la Vrilliere, and what M Turgot wrote to Louis XVI—if a process in which the brain took almost no part can be called hearing. These personages were strangers to me, but Horace greeted them as familiar enemies. I judged that he knew and hated them of old time.

An hour passed—a long, hot hour. M de Malesherbes had gone the way of Turgot, and Horace and I were reduced to a mere coma. Then the book was closed and we were told we might return to our turtles. We did so with profound joy, and Horace, seeing the Tiltons cat hurrying over the fence, remarked that she was Chancellor Maupeou, and throw a green apple at her.

With such careful training of the vine it was remarkable that Horace, of all of us, was least fond of civilization—of those phases of it, at any rate which obtained in our town. Among the guardians of youth there was perhaps none more inclined than Mrs Vincent to view with distaste the attempt on the part of her ward and nephew to take a turtle to bed with him. Yet it was Horace who conceived the idea, and for one or two nights carried it out. And it was Horace who, on circus day, reduced his uncle and aunt to a state of unutterable horror.

It happened in this fashion. When Ed Mason and I returned from our attempt to cross the Western prairies—an expedition which had been interrupted after two hours flight by an untoward incident at Browns icepond—we met with an unsatisfactory reception at our homes. For an hour or so all was effusiveness, but we soon discovered that our revolt had put in jeopardy our chances of seeing the circus on the following day. In the morning the parental severity had so far relaxed as to permit us to go to watch the street parade, but the half-dollars necessary to secure admission to the great show in the afternoon were still withheld.

Before ten o'clock we all set out for Main Street—Ed Mason, Rob Currier, Peter Bailey and myself, together with an unavoidable convoy of small sisters and other relatives. The streets had that appearance which o'reus day and no other always

brought. Toy-balloon men and sellers of paper whirligigs wandered up and down, and strange-looking persons clutching children with one hand and paper bags of luncheon with the other stood or sat on the grass, bankings, edgestones, and lawns in front of the houses.

Through a sort of family privilege enjoyed by Peter Bailey, and always exercised on such occasions, we took up our position on the steps of the Merrimack Bank. Mr Vincent, Horaces uncle, could be seen at his duties inside the bank, but he did not come out. Circus processions did not interest him.

Horace was unaccountably absent. There were two or three false alarms, two or three mistaken announcements by members of the crowd: Here they come! Twice we thought we heard in the distance the faint blare of brass instruments, as well as a deeper sound which Ed Mason declared to be the roaring of lions. But at last they did come. Majestically, and with clashing cymbals, they descended Main Street.

At the head was a gorgeous wagon carrying a brass band. The men were in red coats, and they blew their trombones and cornets and beat their drums with the utmost vigor. A cavalcade followed, and then came four or five large and gaily painted cars, containing, so the pictures and legends indicated, the blood-sweating behemoth, the laughing hyenas, two Nubian lions, and the man-eating iger of Bengal. But the carts were all closed, and the blood-sweating behemoth, if he were there, gave no sign. Nor did the other animals. We had to be contented with their painted likeness on the side of the carts.

(Continued next week.)

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portions of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflame condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Sold for druggists, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

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Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion, Rheumatism.

A Dying Woman Rescued Through the Timely Use of Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

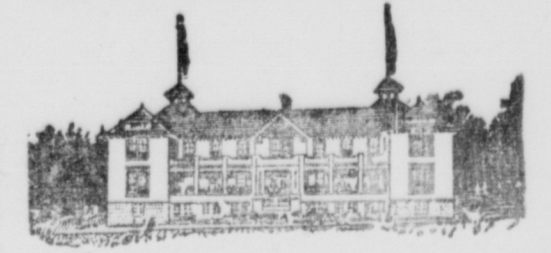
"My doctor told me I had only six weeks to live—that nothing human could help me, but to-day I am hearty and well, because I took a long treatment with Dr. Hamilton's Pills—they saved my life."

Continuing her declaration, Mrs. Jamieson says: "I had from childhood been a sufferer from biliousness and liver complaint. I suffered excessively from wind and could not eat my food without feeling ill afterwards. Sometimes I was so bad I couldn't stand up straight for the pain. The wind settled in my stomach, chest, and sides, and always caused blinding headaches. At times I seemed one mass of aches and pains—I became rheumatic because my blood was so poor. The benefit I received from the first box of Dr. Hamilton's Pills encouraged me, and I continued their use three to five pills a week, for several months, and was brought to the most perfect condition of health."

If you suffer from constipation, flatulence, indigestion, palpitation, anaemia, headaches, nervousness, sleeplessness, depression, general debility, loss of appetite, liver and kidney trouble, acute and chronic dyspepsia, or any form of stomach and digestive weakness, you may look with certain hope for a complete cure by the use of Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut. Safe, mild, and sure to cure. Price 25c per box, or five boxes for \$1.00, at all dealers, or The Catarrhzone Company, Kingston, Ont.

Would You Provide for the Care of Canada's Needy Consumptives?

THEY SEND YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE MUSKOKA FREE HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTIVES



MUSKOKA FREE HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTIVES. MAIN BUILDING FOR PATIENTS.

A national institution that accepts patients from all parts of Canada. Here is one of hundreds of letters being received daily:—

John D. McNaughton, New Liskeard, Ont.: A young man not belonging here, and suffering from, it is believed, consumption, is being kept by one of the hotels here. He has no means and has been refused admission to our hospital. The conditions where he is offer him no chance. Could he be admitted to your Free Hospital for Consumptives? If not, could you inform me where he can be sent, and what steps are necessary to secure prompt admittance?

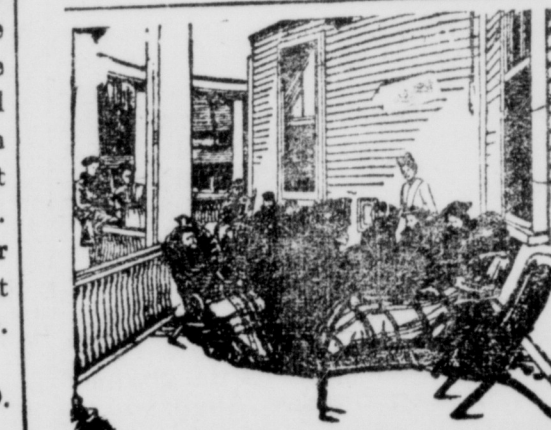
NOT A SINGLE PATIENT HAS EVER BEEN REFUSED ADMISSION TO THE MUSKOKA FREE HOSPITAL BECAUSE OF HIS OR HER INABILITY TO PAY.

Since the hospital was opened in April, 1902, one thousand five hundred and twenty-four patients have been treated in this institution, representing people from every province in the Dominion. For the week ending November 20th, 1909, one hundred and twenty-five patients were in residence. Ninety-six of these are not paying a cent for their maintenance—absolutely free. The other twenty-nine paid from \$2.00 to \$4.00 a week. No one pays more than \$4.00.

Suitable cases are admitted promptly on completion of application papers.

• A GRATEFUL PATIENT

Norah P. Canham: Enclosed you will find receipt for my ticket from Gravenhurst, hoping that you will be able to oblige me with the fare. I was at your Sanatorium ten months, and I was sent away from there as an apparent cure. I am now working in the city, and I am feeling fine. I was most thankful for the care I got from the doctors and staff, and I must say that I spent the time of my life while I was there.



TAKING THE CURE IN WINTER AT MUSKOKA FREE HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTIVES.

The Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives is dependent on the good will and gifts of the Canadian public. Money is urgently needed at the present time to make it possible to care for the large and increasing number of patients that are entering the institution.

Will you help?
Where greater urgency?
Truly, Canada's greatest charity.

Contributions may be sent to W. J. Gage, Esq., 84 Spadina Ave., or J. S. Robertson, Sec'y-Treas., National Sanitarium Association, 817 King St. W., Toronto, Canada.

A DAILY THOUGHT

"How it costs, if we give it a thought,
To make happy some heart each day!
Just one kind word or a tender smile.
As we go daily on our way.
Perchance a look will suffice to clear
The cloud from a neighbor's face
And the press of a hand in sympathy,
A sorrowful tear efface.

An extreme interesting experiment has been carried out in the general post office, Edinburgh, G. B., as the result of which it has been proved that communication by telephone between Paris and Edinburgh is now possible. The connection was established over the circuit from Edinburgh to Glasgow and London thence to Dover and then to Paris via Calais and the conversational tests were a complete success.

PURITY FLOUR

"More bread and better bread"

Makes just the kind of biscuits you like to make

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