

PILES

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Zam-Buk

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that was almost intoxicating to the unaccustomed givers.

On Sunday, Amalias suggested that they should drive to 'Lympus to meeting to show off little Amalias and his new clothes. It was a somewhat novel proceeding, in view of their relations with their neighbors.

A great many curious eyes were turned on them in that country church; and after meeting was over, Amalias and Deborah were so anxious to exhibit their new possession that they were really cordial in their demeanor, and more conciliatory than for months past.

'Lawdy,' said one good woman, 'Amalias Hicks actually seems to set store by that child—and him such a sickly puny, white-faced slip! I didn't know that Amalias would put up one minute with anything that couldn't work! My it would make me jump out of my skin to have them great, solemn eyes staring at me the way they do at Amalias!'

Deborah and Amalias had declared to each other resolutely that Letitia should 'lie in the bed she had made,' and that she need not expect help from them after casting in her lot with shiftless Charlie Cane. But in some way, after little Amalias came, they began to talk about sending Letitia a bit of a box.

That box grew and grew until it turned into a barrel of potatoes, a barrel of apples, a barrel of comforts, and other things made by Deborah's industrious, hard-working fingers, and a barrel of flour from their own wheat. With the freight paid—though that was a tug—they went to Letitia, and the first warm, loving thoughts she ever had had of her home since she left it, came to her when she stood before those homely, country-looking barrels.

The bitterness of her reminiscences seemed to drop from her. After many an effort she wrote a short note. 'Cold and unfeeling it would have seemed to some, perhaps, but there was something in it that made Deborah think for many a day of the little Letty of years ago, and made Amalias wish he had also sent some maple sugar and a few beets and cabbages, and even a little money.'

Little Amalias became the most important member of the Hicks household. He began to fill out his clothes better, and wasn't quite so 'peaked.' As time passed, he was even guilty of laughing in a solemn way quite frequently, and he dogged his grandfather's footsteps from shed to shed, and sniffed his grandmother's good cooking with his appreciative little nose, to the increasing satisfaction of them both. He slept in a little trundle bed, not in the attic room prepared for him before his arrival, and was tucked in warmly and safely several times a night without a thought being given by the tucker to the trouble he made.

Then came the accident. Little Amalias was very ambitious to help his grandfather, and had grown to be very useful in his willing way. He was manifold and always confident of his ability to be of assistance in everything. Amalias would laugh and slap his knees and 'Ho, ho, ho,' at night as he told Deborah what little Amalias had said or done.

But one day the boy was trying to open the heavy stock-yard gate for his grandfather, when the wind took it out of his weak grasp. It knocked him down, and the weight slipped and struck him.

Amalias did not think that his grandson was much hurt until he picked up the little, pale still child, and finding he did not move or seem to breathe, carried him—oh, so gently!—to the house, wondering dully that the boy could be so light and little. Then he drove furiously for the doctor, while Deborah worked with a heavy heart over the moaning boy.

That was a terrible week. The 'Ho, ho, ho,' all died away in Amalias. The little looked at him in a dazed fashion,

—they didn't know their strange master. He was too restless to stay in the house and too restless to stay out of it. He hated the doctor. What business had the doctor to say, as he did, that little Amalias would be a cripple as long as he lived, and would not live long at best; that he could not have lived long, in any case, for he had no constitution? Why, he was going to leave little Amalias the farm! 'Money's nothing. Deborah!' he said, desperately. 'I'm going to have a Boston doctor if it takes the farm!'

And he did; but it was a bitter disappointment to him. The verdict was the same. The child would never be anything but a cripple, and there was n't one chance in a thousand that he would live through his fourteenth year.

Then toys came into that house—there never had been such a thing as a toy in it before—and a music box, and many things that Deborah and Amalias had scorned in the good old days.

Deborah got slips of flowers from her neighbors, and wasted her valuable time over a window full of bright blooming plants. She and Amalias urged people to come to see them, for company pleased little Amalias; and the neighbors began to feel that they would meet their friends in a pleasant way in the evening in the Hicks living room.

Deborah in her recently-acquired sympathy with suffering, found time to make clothes for a waif of a baby; and Amalias began to know where his pocket-book was when other people were in need.

They did not realize that they had changed, but other people were wide awake to the fact.

'The change that's come over the Hickses on account of little Amalias is astonishing.'

'The Lord visited them with a heavy hand; but the loving-kindness of it is shown forth in their renewed hearts,' said the minister, gravely, and his listeners nodded in solemn assent.

Even little Amalias heard remarks of that kind as he lay in his trundle-bed, and he pondered over them in his philosophic fashion.

One night, when Amalias thought the boy was asleep, he broke out in bitter bewailings of the accident to Deborah.

'His life is ruined—the wick is all to be burned out in seven years. Doctor said tonight, out to the road gate that little Amalias is jes' gettin' weaker and weaker, and that chances are that he'll drop asleep some of these days and never wake up again—and him gettin' so strong and chipper before that gate acted so. Wish I'd never had a gate on the farm! Deborah, we've never known what it was to live before little Amalias came. And just as we're finding out, he's to be taken from us!'

'It's a judgement on us for our hard ways,' sobbed Deborah. 'I've laid a wake nights feeling it in my bones.'

'What good is it if we must lose him? Money, nor the farm, nor nothing is now where compared to that little feller with me!' And Amalias groaned, with his head in his hands.

Then came a clear, wise little voice from the trundle-bed:

'You needn't to mind, gran'per and grammer. I think I like it better this-a-way. You needn't to mind about me. It would be awful resting to fall asleep and not wake up no more.'

He paused. The old people lay still, waiting for the child's voice in the dark.

'And I guess that was a good gate,' went on the small philosopher, 'for Theophilus Bangs told Sam Beech that Deborah and Amalias Hicks were a sight Christiner and wonderful nice people since little Amalias was hurt, and he guessed it was a good thing. And I'm awful glad if it's a good thing, for you're so good to me. And don't you mind any more.'

'So it happen that, long after a small white stone bearing the words, "Little Amalias, Son of," and so forth, "aged eight years," had been put at the head of a tiny new mound in the graveyard, people in all the country round looked to Deborah and Amalias Hicks for sympathy in affliction and in time of trouble.

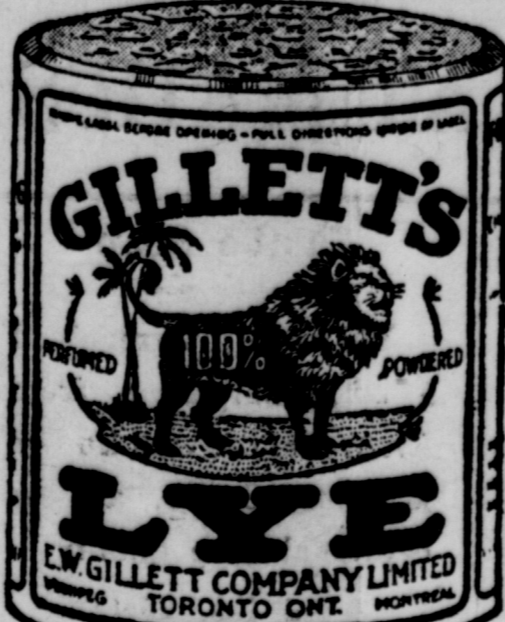
Some there were who remembered the story and occasionally told in reminiscence how Deborah and Amalias used to be "terrible hard close and that a way before little Amalias came."

—Forward.

Never does human nature seem so glorious and so wicked all at once as when we stand before the cross of Jesus. The most enthusiastic hopes, the most profound humiliations, have found their inspiration there.—Phillips Brooks.

To be true to God and to yourself,

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you must be alert and responsive to all the grace and virtue that solicits you. You must walk the summer fields with every sense expectant and inquisitive with chastened thought and holy purpose, humble enough to take the grass of the field for your tutor in celestial knowledge and the art of life, and earnest enough to live according to what you learn."

To do wrong is to inflict the surest injury on our own peace. No enemy can do us equal harm with what we do ourselves, whenever and however we violate any moral or religious obligation.—Channing.

"Like the fabled Venetian glass, which shivered into pieces when poison was poured into it, the thought of God's presence, the loving vision of his face, passes out of our hearts when we yield ourselves to sin, and the test of evil is, 'Dare I do it before the flashing Shekinah on the mountain top?'"

God is ever helping us to help ourselves, and ever weaving his ministries of help through and around our human efforts, till we cannot say where the one begins and the other ends. And often we say, "I alone did it"—Percy C. Ainsworth.

A soul in which the spirit of a divine purpose is at flood glorifies everything it touches, ennobles every place and act lifts the meanest thing to be divine, sends the thrill of its energy through the dustiest, puts life into that which seems death. Such a soul transfigures, if it may not transmute, everything it comes in contact with.—J. F. W. Ware.

In the High Hills

(By Maxwell Struthers Burt.)
God has lent the wind to you.
Swept the great sweet mind of you
Keen and clean and splendid as the
morn on peaks agleam.

Peace of sunny hidden hollows
Down whose slope the long light
follows,
And the hush is musical with dripping
mountain stream.

God has lent His coolness, too,
Wet green woods and bramble-dew;
Scent of quivering aspen leaves still
joyous from the rain;
Ah, if one were burned with sorrow,
Sleep would come until to-morrow
From a dream of fine cool hands to
bless with peace the pain.

Morn among the high white hills,
Evening where the forest thrills,
Magical with moonlight, the scented
ambient hush;

Things like these are part of you;
Soul and mind and heart of you;
Winds and storms and sunny days and
sparkling dawn-wet brush.
—Scribner's Magazine.

Coal Pit Afire at Stellarton

Halifax, N. S., July 10.—Early this morning fire caused by spontaneous combustion broke out in the McGre gor pit at the Albion Mines, Stellarton, owned by the Nova Scotia Coal Co. At noon the fire was practically under control, and it is thought little damage will be done. It will not affect the working of the pit.

Mrs. Thomas Seahill, of Ipswich, N. Y., recently opened and used a can of blueberries which had been kept in the cellar for 20 years. They were used for pies and were as good as if they had been this season's fruit.

SUNLIGHT AND FRESH AIR.

The word disinfectant has become a household term, and almost every one knows that it means something that destroys germs, though comparatively few know what our best and cheapest disinfectants are.

The most useful and efficient all round disinfectant that we have is the

sun, and the air is his worthy ally. Fresh air dilutes germs as water dilutes filth, and the lustiest germ will quickly curl up its toes and die if exposed to the sunlight. But fresh air and sunlight are abundant and cheap, so of course we usually prefer to use some disinfectant that smells bad and can be bought at the drug store.

Open windows and rolled up shades would save many lives, but what do we have windows and shades for if not to keep them down? Besides, if we left them up it would let in the flies and fade the carpets, so we pamper the germs and employ the doctor.—Rural New Yorker.

Starting Place For Flying Boat

St. John's, Nfld., July 10.—W. D. Walker, agent for Lieut. Porte, who plans to cross the Atlantic in the flying boat America, has arrived here to select a starting place for it. He will take a motor trip with President Reid of the Reid Newfoundland Railroad, today, to inspect various harbors along the coast between St. John's and Cape Race.

The Nest

I found a bird's nest in a tree;
Now what was that to you or me—
A last year's bird's nest in a tree?
And yet I marvelled when I saw
The tiny nest of hair and straw,
Designed and built by nature's law.
A vacant home, and lovely still,
Though buffeted by winds at will;
A finished work of wondrous skill.

A thing of beauty to conceive,
With only beak to form and weave,
A dream of art, so soon to leave.
The little nest that pleased and thrilled
My heart with reverence had filled—
God taught the robin how to build.

—Our Dumb Animals.

Added Attraction For Newly Wed's Mecca

Toronto, July 10.—A Spanish company, incorporated at Bilbao, with the Canadian headquarters in Toronto, has obtained concessions from the Niagara Falls Power Commission to construct and operate an aerial tramway across the whirlpool rapids at Niagara. The span across the gorge will be 1,180 feet, the longest of its kind in the world used for passenger traffic. The car will be suspended on six huge cables, fastened permanently at one end, while the other they are suspending on great weights. The company already operates a similar tramway at San Sebastian, Spain.

Home Rule Bill Amended by Peers

London, July 9.—The House of Lords concluded today the committee stage of the bill amending the Home rule bill. The only additional important change was the insertion of a new clause giving the Lord Lieutenant control of the Irish constabulary, instead, as provided in the Home Rule bill, of transferring the control of the constabulary to the Irish government after six years. The amended bill will come up for its third reading on Wednesday.

A magazine writer recalls the days when no American in a foreign land would have dared to call himself an American without being able to boast that he had seen Niagara falls. Fashions change, and going to Europe is the fashion now, which may be partly due to the zeal with which the steamship lines keep their wares before the public. But happily these foreign tours are not producing a sham cosmopolitanism. They are merely an elaborate form of amusement seeking.

Volcanic Activity At Alaska Peninsula

Seward, Alaska, July 10.—Further details of the tremendous volcanic activity in progress along the Alaskan peninsula, west of Seward, and reaching to the Aleutian Islands, were given today by Capt. McMullen of the steamer Dirigo, which brought the first news of the outburst. Observations made by the crew of Dirigo, July 1st., showed that a new crater had opened on the north side of Mount Shishaldin, the most westerly of the three peaks reported in eruption. Flowing lava had cut a wide path through the snow for miles down the side of the mountain. A strong westerly wind blew a heavy cloud of smoke from the mountain. Mount Shishaldin, which is on Unimak Island, is one of the most active volca-



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noes in the world and has been in a most continuous eruption for years.

Pauloff volcano, on the Alaskan peninsula, west of the Shomagin Island, one hundred miles southeast of Mount Shishaldin, was also active when the Dirigo passed. The action of Pavio was peculiar, the mountain throwing out a black ash, the light fall of which was noticed on the Dirigo. Pauloff, which is less active than Shishaldin, has not been in eruption since 1912.

The passengers on the Dirigo said that fishermen reported two of the six craters in the mountain ridge, west of Cook Inlet, known as Mount Kai mai, have been emitting dense volumes of sulphur laden smoke, but none of the other craters have been active. When the Dirigo was at Gold Bay, thirty miles west of the volcano, a week ago, the smell of sulphur was strong, but the smoke coming from the mountain, was so thick that the extent of the eruption could not be determined.

Opposed To Teaching By Congregation Of Sisters

Ottawa, July 10. The Iroquois Indians of the Caughnawaga reserve, near Montreal, object strenuously to the institution of a system of education on the reserve under the supervision of a Congregation of Sisters. The Indians do not want any white women on the reserve and declare that the traditions of their forefathers are opposed to it. They have, therefore, addressed a petition to Dr. Roche, Minister of the Interior, protesting against the new order and one of their number, P. J. Delisle, was in the city Thursday bringing the matter before the Department or Indian affairs.

Mr. Delisle states that according to the tradition no white woman shall enter the reserve. The present system of education is under the control of secular lay teachers and the Indians are satisfied with the results. The petition, which is signed by many prominent residents, including Dr. A. A. O. Patter, the local physician, commences with a protest against the entry of a certain or any other Congregation of Sisters upon the reserve of our forefathers. It says: 'We have always rigorously barred their entry and we persist to refuse to allow their coming for various and many reasons. Our religious welfare is well looked after by the Jesuits; it is better that secular instructions be engaged to educate our children. The schools in vogue at present have never been better in the whole history of education at Caughnawaga.'

One of the most severe hail storms ever experienced in Northern Saskatchewan began on Tuesday at 5:30 o'clock in the afternoon and lasted until after 6 o'clock. Glass in the local greenhouses was smashed and windows in other houses were broken by the stones, which were very large, some of them being as big as hickory nuts.