MOTHER LOVE.

The flaming red of the evening sky was paling into violet shedows. Night came upon the earth. over the little village, and the lonely bouse near its borders.

Dark shadows crept into the low, old-fashioned windows. They painted the white washed ceiling a somber black, and filled with gloom the narrow angles of a room in which an old woman sat bending over her knitting.

Not a sound was heard save the monotonous click, click of the needles, and now the whirr of the clock just before the striking of the hour.

Eight o'clock! It is night. Before long he will be here.'

A sigh relieved the breast of the gray haired woman. She pushed aside her knitting and set the smoky little oil lamp going. This she placed near the window that the light might greet the wanderer on his home coming, and then took up her knitting

Three years had gone by. It was autumn now, and the old woman sat in the self-same place near the big warm stove, waiting for the return of her only son. Yesterday be had been released from the army at the expiration of his term of service. But the night passed, and then a day and another night, and still her son came not. Almost a week went by, full of tedious waiting. One day at noon the postman rode up to the littla house in the

'A letter, Mother Kathrine, a letter from your 'only one' !' he cried. He recognized the stiff, ungainly character of the absent pessant lad.

Mother Kathrine fortified her eyes with her old horn spectacles and hobbled with her letter into the broad strip of the noonday sun that came streaming through the small window. The wrinkled hands trembled, as she broke the seal. Is he coming home at last? No. not yet!

On the worn-eaten bench the old woman dropped, clutching the letter which was soon soaked with the tears that rained from

her poor old eyes. No, her lad was not coming! He may never come again. He was locked up in a prison cell because he had killed a man in a drunken broil.

'Mother,' he wrote, 'I am innocent. I don't know how it happened.'

Yes, she knew. First a boy's rejoicing, because he was free to go home, then a spell in the tavern over the wine cup—a quarrel, insulting remarks, fierce, angry blows, a knite, and then murder. Yes

Three more years to wait! At the end of that time his sentence would have expired. The wrinkled hands resolutely wiped away the tears. Mother Kathrine arose, put on her Sunday bonnet and her friendless mien, and went to see her relations in

She told them, hesitatingly at first, and then glibly enough, that Jano, her only son, had shipped as a sailor on a big manof-war and was making a trip around the world The relations listened to her tale with astonishment, and praised the lad's courage. Soon the whole village knew it. The women came and congratulated her, and she, simple woman, turned dissembler in her old days for the love of her son.

Mother love must shield him from disgrace. The villagers must never know that Jano was a murderer. No, nor Katha, his sweetheart, who loved him and had been true to him, counting the days till his re-

In the night, when the villagers slept, Mother Kathrine sat weeping before her Bible, and prayed for Jano, her only son. Another care presented itself to the everthoughtful mother heart. Jano must have new clothes when he returns, and moneyhis savings from his long journey. And she began to save and stint to pile up a little store of silver. Like most women of her age, Mother Kathrine was fond of sugar in her coffee, but from now on she drank it unsweetened. All day and half the night she knitted socks for a large concern in the city, and every week she carried the humble product of her industry to the store for the small, hard-earned pay. Nobody ever saw Mother Kathrine at these things, for nobody must ever know, for Jano's sake.

Thus, the time sped by. Three yearsand this was the day that would bring him home. The old woman opened the cupboard and took from within a package of warm, woolen socks, a knitted kersey, a pair of new boots, and a large silk neckerchief. These things she laid out on the white pine table. From under the pillow of her bed she added a coarse linen bag, such as sailors carry, filled with clinking coin. Thirty silver dollars! The little fortune had grown apace, and Mother Kathrine chuckled with glee whenever she thought of her boy's surprise.

Bread and ham, sausage and butter, and a mug of cider made the old pine board look like a Christmas table. Everything was in readiness-Jano could come! On the bench by the stove she sat waiting, straining the half-deaf ears to catch the

sound of his footsteps. It came. The door opened slowly. As if stricken with palsy, the faithful old mother sat glued to her seat. The tall torm of a man, stooping as he entered, stood in the moonlight that came with him through the door. Two dark eyes looked

into hers out of a white set face. The mother's arms opened wide.

'Jano!' With a bound the man knelt at her feet and buried his head in her lap. Jano, her only son, had returned

Mother love had banished the penitentiary speeter. The villagers welcomed him cordially. The lads who had grown up with him took him to the tavern, and demanded that he tell them of the strange sights he had seen during his long absence. Jano related what he had heard others say, and what he had read in books. It was like gospel truth to the young men, who had never been twenty miles away from their village. After

the first days of greeting Jano hired out as a farm hand and worked untiringly In the evening Katha, his sweetheart, came to the little bouse, and the three sat together and made plans for the future, when Katho and Jano would be man and wife. Soon Jano forgot the ugly past. It seemed like a dream that had nigh wearied Mother Katherine and her son to death.

One sultry afternoon Jano came along the dasty turnpike with his rake over his shoulder. Toward him trundled the bent and ragged figure of a man. A tramp, thought Jano, then stopped suddenly, pale when he saw Jano.

mate from No. 7. Don't you know me? Lanky Jake, your old cell mate?

'What in God's name do you want here? stammered Jano. The beggar laughed. 'Picking up what

can get-don't you see ?' out a dollar.

'Take that,' he said. 'and go away. Don't go to the village, and don't tell anyone that you know me!

The ex-convict pocketed his coin. 'Ashamed to know me, hey?'

'Not that,' said Jano, with a shudder. But they don't know here that I've been in prison. I'm leading an honest life.

'I'd like to do that myself. Have no fear, I'll not teil 'em. You were good to me in those days !' He laughed and hobbled away. Jano

stood still and looked after him till he disappeared from view. 'The storm has passed,' thought Jano

and hurried home. He had scarcely turned when a goodlooking young peasant, who had watched the scene between the two, emerged from | version of the facts are: - 'I became very ill behind a thicket and hastened after the

handsome young farmer learned from the tramp Jano's secret. He was Jano's rival was his wont, hastened to Katha at the end of his day's labor, to bring her to his home were riveted upon him

'Katha!' he said. 'You are crying. What troubles you? Katha buried her l face in her hands and sobbed aloud.

the hands from her tace

'Jano,' taltered the trembling lips, 'by our love, tell me, is it true, that you have not been around the world, but have been in prison the while?'

Jano was horrified. 'Katha-who told

t true Jano?' she reiterated.

From the finger of her right hand Katha took the little gold band with which she had plighted her troth to him. She threw it at his feet and left him.

Jano did not rave. The blow stunned bim and the loss of the girl seemed small when he thought of his mother.

'Poor mother! You have hungered, and torturad, and stinted yourself for nothing. Tomorrow everyone will yell it into your face that your son is an ex-conviot, and your old days will be filled with shame and misery. Poor mother !'

The night was unusually dark, not even the stars came out. The crickets chirruped in the corn to lighten the gloom. The splash of the river was eery and sad, and from away off there came a shrill cry of

In the dawn of the early morning a little procession wended its way toward the village. Two men carried a stretcher. over which a black cloth was thrown, outlining a human form. Behind the bier strode the miller and the justice.

'I don't know how he got into the mill pond, but when we found him he was stone dead. He must have come down with the current in the river.'

'I wonder,' said the justice.

'I'm sorry for the old woman,' continued the miller. 'To be taken from her like like this, after waiting so many years for 'Yes, poor old Mother Kathrine!

reiterated the justice They reached the little house. 'Wait outside,' said the justice, 'till we break the

The sun was on its upward way. The skp was aflame with red. Its reflex licked the tiny windows, swished over the white pine table, and over the face of old Mother Kathrine, who sat with folded bands in her armchair. The small white head inclined upon the breast. A sweet, peaceful smile hovered around the pale lips only the wide-open eyes were glassy

She had been spared the blow.

A HUNTER'S STORY.

EXPOSURE BROUGHT ON AN ATTACK OF RHEUMATISM.

Nervousness and Stomach Troubles Followed-Sleep at Times was Impossible -Health Again Restored.

From the Amherst, N. S., Sentinel. The little village of Petitcodiac is situated in the south-easterly part of New Brunswick, on the line of the Intercolial Railway. as death. The beggar, too, made halt, Mr. Herbert Yeomans, who resides there, follows the occupation of a hunter and 'Halloo!' cried he, with a sneer, 'my | trapper. His occupation requires him to endure a great deal of exposure and hardship, more especially when the snow lies thick and deep on the ground in our cold win-ters. A few years ago Mr. Yeomans tells our correspondent that he was seized with a severe bilious attack and a complication Jano put his hand in his pocket and took of diseases, such as sour stomach, sick headache and rheumatism. Mr. Yeoman's



and suffered the most excruciating pains in That night in the tavern over glass that I could not rest in any position. I long ago as the year 1600. upon glass of fiery wine and silver frequently could not sleep nights, and when coins piled up to the height of five, the I did I awoke with a tired teeling and very much depressed. My appetite was very poor, and if I ate anything at all, no matfor the love of Katha, the prettiest girl in | ter bow light the food was, it gave me a the village. The next evening Jano, as dull, heavy f-eling in my stomach, which would be tollowed by vomiting. I suffered so intensely with pains in my arms and for the chat under the apple tree, and the | shoulders that I could scarcely raise my walk back through the blooming fields. | hands to my head. I tried different remetried Dr Williams' Pink Pills ?" I had not but then determined to try them, and procured a box. and before the pills w-re all gone, I began to improve. This ena few weeks the pains in my shoulders and arms were all gone and I was able to get a good night's rest. My appetite came back and the dull, listless feeling left me. I could eat a hearty meal and bave no bad atter effects and I felt strong and well enough as though I had taken a The girl paid no heed to his question. Is new lease of life. My old occupation be came a pleasure to me and I think nothing of tramping eighteen or twenty miles a day. I know from experience and I fully appreciate the wonderful results of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a safe and sure cure and I would urge all those afflicted with rheumatism or any other ailment, to Pink Pills as they create new vigor, build up the shattered nervous system and make a new being of you. The genuine Pink Pills are sold only in boxes, bearing the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.' Protect yourself from imposition by refusing any pill that does not bear the registered trade mark around

> WHERE OLAY PIPES ARE MADE. Braseley, England. Where One Family Has

Made Them for 297 Years. It is difficult to state with any degree of accuracy when tobacco was first introduced into Europe, but it is generally believed that Sir Walter Raleigh took it to England towards the end of the sixteenth century. With the introduction of tobacco came the) need of tobacco pipes, as before tobacco smoking began the smoking of herbs and leaves even for medicinal purposes was not at all general. It is stated that at Braseley, in Shropshire, the first clay pipes were made; and although many are made in Glasglow and elsewhere, yet the Braseley clay pipes are the best known among old smokers the world over, and their manufacture is still continued by descendants of the original makers.

The clay for making the pipes is and al ways has been obtained from Devon and Cornwall, the absence of coal in these districts and the abundance of ic in Braseley having offered sufficient inducement to the early manufacturers to settle there. Pipe making in the early days of its introduction was a very different matter from what it is now. Then the greater part of the manipulation was performed by the master, and twenty or twenty-four gross were the

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outearly, done quickly, cleanly, white. Pure Soap did it SURPRISE SOAP with power to clean with-out too hard rubbing, with-out injury to fabrics. SURPRISE is the name, don't forget it.

largest quantity ever burned in one kiln. This required about a ton of coal. Each pipe rested on its bowl, and the stem was supported by strings of pipe clay placed one upon the other as the kiln became filled; the result was that at least 20 per ous prayer. Water power, too, is often

cent were warped or broken in the kiln. At the present time the preliminary preparations of the clay are made by men, but the most delicate part is almost entirely intrusted to the hands of women. The pipes are placed in 'saggers' to be burned after the Dutch mode, and from 350 to 400 gross in one kiln are not an uncommon my arms, legs and shoulders, so much so hailing from Braseley, and being dated as ply.

A MYSTERY OF NATURE.

Why She Provides Nectar and Fragrance in Flowers.

The great leading object in nature in providing nectar and fragrance in flowers is still a subject of discussion in scientific journals. That some flowers are unable This night Jano looked into a pale, dis- dies, but all to no purpose. A neighbor to fertilize themselves and must have the tressed face, and eyes, trantic with fear, came in one evening and asked "have you aid of insects to certain; and it is also certain that in many cases this fertilization is accomplished by the insect while on foraging expeditions for the sweets which 'Katha, tell me, your lover!' He lifted | couraged me to parchase more and in | flowers furnish. But these well-ascertained tacts cover but a small portion of the ground. The fertilization is often accomplished by insects in search of pollen as in search of honey; but it is not contended that pollen is given to flowers in order to make them attractive to insects, as is said of the sweet secretions. It is believed that nectar must be of some direct value to the plant as well as the pollen; and the effort is to find out what is the chief office of nectar in the life history of the flower. 'Since thought has been turned in this direction a new class of facts is being recorded. In California grows a lupine which often takes exclusive possession of large tracts of land. It does not yield a particle of nectar. It has bright crimson-violet flowers, and these are produced in such adundance that the color of the mass may be noted at long distances. But it has fragrance. This is so powerful that the traveler notes it long before he meets with the growing plants. The pollen-collecting in sects visit the flowers in great numbers. It is believed that cross fertilization can be affected by these pollen-collecting intruders. At any rate, the fragrance would be thrown away if it were provided for the mere sake of advertising for insect aid—as the other numerous species of lupine which have no fragrance are as freely visited by bees for the sake of the pollen as is this species. The cross-fertilization is effected as freely without fragrance as with it. This point has been made before, though with no reference to the philosophical question invol ved. Fragrant flowers are the exception not the rule. In some families of plants where there may be several scores of species, only one or two are fragrant. This has been especially notted among the wild species of violets. But no one has so far been able to note the silghtest advantage in life-conomy which the sweet scented ones possess over the odorless ones.—New York Independent.

PRAYING BICYCLES

Japanese Now Attach Prayer Wheels the Hubs of Their Bicycles.

The bicycle is now employed to aid the pious Buddhist in praying with greater ease, but yet, as he hopes, with great effect. It is from the ingenious and enterprising country of Japan that this new departure is reported.

The Buddhist has done his praying with the assistance of a wheel. The prayers are placed inside the wheel, which turns around, following the direction of the sun, and delivers up to Heaven the prayers of the owner, or of all whose thoughts are fixed upon it. Some enormous wheels are capable of praying for thousands of people. This mode of worship may seem somewha irresponsible to Western people, but the Buddhist, who is a subtle reasoner, would be able to explain why it is satisfactory.

In various parts of the vast territory in which the Buddhist faith is held different motive powers are used in these prayer wheels. Some humble persons turn the wheel by hand, but not it they can help it. On the hills of Thibet, a great stronghold of pure Buddhism, the wheels are usually times cheaper.

so built that the winds turns them. In other places they are moved by water power.

SEE THAT LINE

It's the wash,

But it is obvious that the wind must fail occasionally, and that this may happen when the Buddhist is particularly in need of copilacking.

So the ingenious Jap now attaches small prayer wheel to the hup of his bicycle, and when he takes a ride he combines worship with recreation. By glancing at the pedometer he can tell just how much praying he has done. He can also keep an accurate daily record, which will enable him to tell quantity. The breakages amount to not after a number of years just how much more than 1 per cent. One collector has a praying stands to his credit In this way splendid collection of old clay pipes, the Buddhism seems to have given a zest to oldest of them, from there trade marks, bicycling which no other religion can sup-

Mr. Ward's Two Hundred Words.

Some men talk too much and others not quite enough. The latter kind are not numerous, but they exist, and Mr. Henry Ward is one of them.

Mr. Ward is a stationer, and lives at Barton-in-the-Clay, near Amphtill, Bedfordshire. On September 19th, 1893, he wrote us a letter of about two hundred words a together. Ordinarily we should regard that letter as a model, for brevity is not only the soul of wit, but it is also a de-lightful quality in nearly all verbal communications and writings. Still, we wish Mr Ward's letter had been four times as long as it is, because the story he has in mind covers a period of twenty years, and two hundred words are hardly more than a guideboard on such a long road as that. He will, of course, accept what we say as a high compliment, for there are very few persons of whom we say, "Would they had talked longer." So we will give you his letter just as he wrote it without a syllable

omitted. 'Off and on,' he says 'I have suffered for twenty years from a sluggish liver, My eyes were tinged of a yellow color; I had a dull, heavy pain at my side, and a mist seemed to come before my eyes. I had a foul taste in my mouth, and pain and fulness atter meals. I suffered agonies from colic; when the bad attacks came on I writhed and groaned with pain, and often thought I should die. In August of last year (1892) I became as yellow as a marigold and suffered excruciating pain in the intestines, with a fearful diarches. For weeks this continued, and I grew very low weak, and anxious wondering if I should ever get better. At last I began to take Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. The first few doses gave me relief, and after I had used one bottle and a half I was completely cured. Siuce then, through an occassional dose of the Syrup, I have kept in good heath. (Signed) Henry Ward.'

Mr. Ward thus gives us a glimpse of an experience of which we are sure the full details would be both interesting aud instructive. For, if all the men and women who are oppressed and balf crushed with chronic indigestion, dyspepsia, and liver complaint (in England alone) were to move into Bedfordshire, it would crowd that county with the saddest lot of people you ever laid eyes on. And not one of them but would be glad to read what a fellow victim had to say. Nevertheless, thousands of them will see this article in the papers, and find out what cured him, which is the very nub of the case after all

In fact, one has already heard of it through Mr. Ward himself-personally. It is a lady, living at Sharpenhoe, near Luton, Bedfordshire. She says that the early signs of her complaint appeared in the spring of 1886. Her symptoms in many respects resembled those named by Mr. Ward. She was frequently sick, and would strain and vomit for as much as twelve hours at a time. "I had great pain across the stomach," she adds, "and what seemed like a lump that would rise into my throat, causing me such agony that the perspiration ran from my face in streams. got so nervous and frightened that e a knock at the door would startle me. I got little or no sleep of nights, and grew so weak that I could barely get about. The doctor gave me medicines, and recommended mustard plasters, but they did not help me. One day Mr. Ward, the stationer of Barton, called at our house and told me what Mother Seigel's Syrup had done for him, and urged me to try it. I acted on his advice, and after I had used the Syrup a short time, all pain left me; I could eat, and my food gave me strength. By taking a dose once in a while, I were kept well ever since. (Signed) (Mrs.) Kate Smith.

Now, please mark this. Liver complaint, loss of appetite, sick stomacn, constipation, rheumatic pains, nervous pro-stration. &c., are all one thing, and that one thing is indigestion and dyspepsia. Cure that and you cure them. And what cures that the writers of the above letters

have told us. Why will people go on suffering year after year when it is easier to be well than to be