

"True Love Though Given in Vain."

Have you seen the blue of the gentian flower  
Nestle the Indian Summer skies?  
Have you heard the musical call of a bird  
As home to the nest it flies?  
—Such was the misty hue of her eyes  
Deep as the great, blue sea;  
—Such was the voice of a little maid  
Who went to school with me.

Have you ever gathered a full-blown rose  
And felt the exquisite touch  
Of its scented petals upon your palm  
As they dropped in a swift? Such  
Were the tender touches of her small hands.  
But I owned their mastery;  
For they always led me as she would  
When she went to school with me.

I was only a poor, rude lad  
And she of the best of earth.  
She married a duke, in a far-off land,  
—A man of wealth and worth.

And I hear them say that she spoiled my life,  
But I can only see  
That a tender grace has touched my soul  
Since she went to school with me.

For when I turn from a wrong that tempts,  
Or yield to a right that pleads,  
I know it is only her dainty hand  
That still, through the distance, leads.

And ever, in life and death, her soul  
Shall be the queen of my own soul;  
For more than the best another could give  
Is her memory to me.

They say that afar in her stately home,  
She lives but for power and show;  
But I have measured her soul's fair depths,  
—She is true to herself, I know.

And in spite of homage, and rank and wealth,  
To me she will always be  
The same little true-hearted, blue-eyed maid  
Who went to school with me.

ANGEL FOOD.

Farmer Love's wife had just finished washing the dishes when a neighbor came in.

"Why, I do declare, it's Sally Rice," said Mrs. Love. "I'm glad to see you, Sally. John's just gone to the city. Make yourself comfortable; take the rocker."

"Thankee, I'm dretful fond o' rockin'," and Sally Rice drew the chair to the window. "Mr. Love gone to your brothers?" she asked, as she loosened her bonnet strings.

"I do know. I guess not. Molly's visit aint through till day after tomorrow, and she'll probably come home by the train."

"Oh, I didn't know but Mr. Love had gone to fetch her home. Did Molly think of gittin' married when she went?"

"Gittin' married! My Molly?" the farmer's wife gasped. "Why, she's comin' back to teach school ag'in. What do you mean?"

"It's in the paper," said Sally Rice. "What paper?" and the florid face grew pale. "You must be out of your wits, Miss Rice. Our Molly never thought of such a thing as gittin' married. She's down to her uncle's visitin. Our Molly! why, it's just absurd. The child never had no secrets from her mother in all her life. What paper was it in?"

"There's only one Molly Love in Rockville, to my knowledge," said Miss Rice, a grim smile crossing her angular features. "It does seem queer on the face of it, you two knowing nothing about it, and you her own mother! But girls do such strange things nowadays, and—"

"Not my Molly, Mrs. Love hastened to say, the pride of her Puritan ancestors lighting her face. "No, no; the girl has been too well brought up for that."

"Pity it's in the papers, then," was the response. "However could it have got there?"

"That I don't know, Miss Rice, but it isn't my Molly; that I do declare. So you may contradict it on the word of her mother, whosoever you go, or whosoever you see."

"That settles it," and Miss Rice rose to leave.

The farmer's wife watched her retreating figure till the brown dress grew gray in the distance, then turned and came back to the kitchen. Her face was flushed, and her eyes emitted indignant fire.

"Why, this," she fumbled in her pocket, and presently brought out a fragment of newspaper. It's the Daily Messenger. Brother Jim brought it over. I declare you could have knocked me down like a feather when I heard it. Just you listen, and she read in a high nasal voice:

"Marriage of Miss Molly Love of Rockville."

"Miss Molly Love of Rockville was married at her uncle's home in L—, last Tuesday night. The ceremony was performed by Rev. R. S. Lane, performed his part to the satisfaction of all concerned. Never was a happier looking bridegroom or a more beautiful bride. The graceful manner with which her uncle gave the bride away must have been very gratifying to the company assembled."

The farmer's wife listened, frightened and incredulous.

"Her uncle gave the bride away!" she repeated. "Her uncle, my brother Sam! Why, I never heard of such a piece of nonsense in all my life! Do you suppose a child of mine could get married and her mother never hear of it? She's straightened up, as she went on: 'It's all a mistake; there's someone else meant,' she said, sternly.

"Such a ridiculous mistake!" she repeated again and again, but she moved about restlessly, and often forgot herself as she went from closet to table, making arrangements to mix a pudding for dinner.

"Let me see—raisins," she muttered, and nutmeg—what will the neighbors think? My Molly! that's always been a sech a good girl, marrying 'bout my consent or her father's knowledge; that's to say, if she had, which isn't possible—there, I forgot, the flour! What is the meaning of it all?" and she stood still, quite oblivious of the work in hand. As Miss Rice says, there aint but one Molly Love in town. What will people think? But, no, it can't be possible. Our Molly! Oh, no, no! and she went about her work again, her face pale, her manner preoccupied. Other neighbors came in with enquiries and every hour the situation grew more perplexing.

"They'll drive me to think there is som' thing in it," she said as the day wore on. "O, dear, I do wish John'd come home sech 's I couldn't endure it alone much longer. I've read of such happenings, but Molly's different, she snorely is. I'd never'd forgive her, never, if I thought it was true."

"It might 'a' been sudden like," said the last comer, and possibly he's a millionaire. Maybe that's why it was hurried on. Jest think if he was a millionaire!"

"If he was ten times a millionaire Molly wouldn't marry him 'bout lettin' her father an' me know," said the farmer's wife, indignantly. "Thank blessed heaven, there's John!"

Th' reupon her visitor hurried away and farmer Love came stamping into the hall, for the weather had changed and he was cold.

"Terrible sudden snap," he said, as he entered, "and I'm right glad to see a fire. Why, what's the matter, Marthy?"

Poor Mrs. Love was almost hysterical what with the trials of the day, and the overwhelming news that everybody seemed to believe.

"John, did you go to brother Sam's?" she asked, grasping his coat lapels, and trembling from head to foot.

"Why, no. Business kept me till a'mos' dark. Why should I? Molly's well and happy or we should have heard. What's the matter Marthy?" for the wife broke into sobs.

"Everybody—all the neighbors—say Molly's gone and g—got m—married," was her weeping response, and I 'lowed it was a terrible lie—but, oh, John, could it have happened, and we not know it, our Molly?"

"Thunder! no! exclaimed the farmer, staggered a little, nevertheless. "How in the world come folks to tell you such a thing?"

"John, it's in the papers," said his wife almost hysterically, "and here it is. Miss Rice brought it over."

Farmer Love fumbled for his silver spectacles in some agitation. The news had come so suddenly that the self-possession on which he prided himself failed him for the minute.

"It's a joke, Marthy, it's only a joke," he said, with a grim smile, but his hands trembled and his voice. "I wonder you cared for it a minute. Why it's ridiculous on the face of it—Molly married for nigh a week and we knowin' nothin' about it! Sam isn't a fool and all the family hasn't gone daff, I should think."

"I s'pose it is silly," said his wife, smiling through her tears, "but to see such a thing published in the papers is so mortifying! Then to have your neighbors hinting that it might have been a millionaire she married, and they gone off to England without a word. And we do read and hear of such strange things happening!"

"Well, well, I want some supper; we'll talk about it afterwards," said the farmer, "it's either a joke or a piece of mischief, and we're not likely to find out which to-night I reckon. I'd like to forgotten the good news I had to tell," he went on, brightening up after his first sip of tea.

"The mortgage is paid and I've bought the corner lot!"

"Molly always wanted that," said, or rather sighed his wife.

"Yes, I know, and it Molly behaves herself like a good little lass she ever has been, God bless her! and takes a notion some day in the far future to make herself a home, I'm going to build a snug little cottage on that lot and give it to her."

"Oh, father, how thoughtful you be!" said his wife, "Oh, dear, it only this miserable news—"

"Now, stop right here," said the farmer. "We won't mention that matter again. I'm goin' to town tomorrow, and I'll drop in at Sam's on my way. If they don't laugh well at all this fool business I miss my guess."

By morning the weather was fine again. "Now, don't you worry one mite, ma," the farmer said, as he stepped into the somewhat shabby old carryall. "I'll bring Molly home with me if she'll come."

"The Lord grant it," his wife sighed to herself, as she went into the house, for she had gone out to see him off.

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herself, as she went into the house, for she had gone out to see him off. I s'pose some of the neighbors 'll be comin' to hear the news and to pester me with useless questions," she went on to herself. "I believe I'll go down to aunt Timmins', and get that receipt for French rolls I've been wanting so long. That'll take up the best part of the day. And I can call in at Deacon Paulding's, and see how his sick son is gittin' on, poor lad. And, oh yes, I might carry a bottle of my grape jelly to Miss Lane, who's been ailing so long. She don't git no time to do such things, and it 'll taste so good with her tea!"

She went upstairs, full of her purpose to meet no inquisitive neighbors that day, and had taken her gray bonnet out of the bandbox when the car whistle sounded, certain signal that somebody had stopped at the little station. She wondered vaguely who it could be, and as the depot was not far off, looked out of the window while tying her bonnet strings, but saw no one on the road.

Presently she went downstairs, her reticule in one hand, and the glass of jelly with a few other delicacies carefully packed in a basket in the other.

The front door opened as her foot touched the last stair. There stood Molly, smiling, alert and beautiful.

"Molly!" her mother exclaimed shrilly, both full hands raised, "how came you here?"

"Why I came in the cars, of course," laughed Molly.

"And you haven't seen your father?" "Did he go riter me?" asked Molly, "then I'm glad I came. Something told me to cut my visit short. I feared you were sick and as school begins next week, why, I'm glad I'm home, that's all. What makes you look so queer? Mother Love, arn't you glad to see me?"

"Why, my darling, and she opened her arms, as she said, half hysterically, "and to think you're not married, after all."

"Not married! why, mother, what can you mean?" Molly exclaimed, disengaging herself from her mother's embrace, "what in the world can you mean?"

"I mean that I'm so happy to see you I hardly know what I'm doing. And to think there's your father gone after you. Come in, and I'll tell you all about it."

So the story was quickly told and Molly's face grew first wondering, then puzzled, then radiant. She burst into a fit of laughter, and laughed so merrily that her mother joined in out of pure sympathy.

"I don't wonder you thought it was queer," Molly said. "You see it was this way it happened. Cousin John had arranged for some comic theatricals, and at the last minute one of the performers was taken sick, so I was cast in her place. Oh it was such fun! At the end of the play in the last act I was married—stage-married, you know—and you should have seen me! My dress was perfectly splendid, real satin, real diamonds, and real lace. Cousin George was the groom, and the performance was so much applauded and so realistic that it was written up for two or three of the city papers and the article ended with that same paragraph. Some one stupidly or ignorantly published that in some country paper and others copied it. I meant to write you all about it, but put it off from time to time. You poor, dear little mother! how dreadfully you must have felt. But you should have known your little Molly better than to even dream that she would do such a thing as to marry even a millionaire without your sanction."

"Of course I did," her mother said stoutly.

"No, indeed, and I'm going to stay with you for years yet, perhaps all ways, who knows?" the girl went on, with a fond glance and another kiss. "My highest ambition at present, is to teach school in dear old Rockville, and be a good daughter to one of the best of mothers."

And when farmer Love came home there was a jubilee.

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my warnings—at his Cousin Mary's when we took dinner with them.

"But when he recovered, he said it might have been something else that made him ill; so he insisted on having the salad made at home, and eating a great deal of it. Then, after he recovered from that attack, he said he didn't feel sure the trouble was caused by the cucumbers; it might have been the dressing."

"So, as soon as he was able, he ate half a large cucumber, sliced, just with vinegar. This has been the worst attack of the three, and I think he is satisfied."

Just then Mr. Wilson, the picture of forlornness, entered the room.

"Maria," he said, looking at his wife with a gleam of fresh hope in his eyes, "I believe it was the vinegar that upset me, and not the cucumber at all! I'll try sugar next time!"

Mrs. Wilson groaned, and the sympathizing neighbor left the room without a word.

Banished For Ever by Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Snow cannot withstand the heat of the midsummer sun. There's no ice on the creeks in August.

No more can indigestion and dyspepsia exist when Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets are used. The sun melts the snow; Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets digest the food. That's all that is needed to banish indigestion and dyspepsia.

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If the bowels need treatment Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets won't give it. But, in each box is a package of smaller tablets that will. Thus there is a double treatment in every box.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets, each box containing the double treatment, can be procured from all druggists, at 50 cents a box, or will be sent, on receipt of the price by the Dadds Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto.

THE BREAD-FRUIT TREE.

Something About This Strange and Useful Plant.

The bread-fruit tree is a native of Southern Asia, the Pacific Islands and the Archipelago. In appearance it resembles somewhat the wild chestnut; it grows to a height of forty or fifty feet, has dark green leaves, many of them two feet in length, which are deeply divided into pointed lobes.

Hidden among the great leaves the bread-fruit grows; it is sorosis, is nearly spherical, often weighs four or more pounds and has a thick yellow rind. The fruit is the chief food of the South Sea Islanders—they seldom eat a meal without it. The eatable part lies between the rind and the core, and when fully ripe is yellow and juicy. It is better for food before it is matured, and the natives gather it when the pulp is white.

Before it is ready for table use it must be roasted, when it looks like wheat bread, and is both palatable and nutritious. Usually the fruit is cut into three or four slices and roasted or baked in an oven.

Frequently the people of a village join in making a huge oven, in which several hundred bread-fruits may be baked at one time. Thus they are all supplied with bread without it costing any of them much labor. Prepared in this way the bread will keep for weeks.

The bread-fruit is in season eight months of the year; when the season finally draws to a close, the last fruits are gathered and made into a sour paste called 'mashe'. This paste will keep good for months and is made into balls, wrapped in leaves, and baked as needed.

Bread is not the only product of the bread fruit tree; from it cement, cloth, tinder and lumber are also obtained. A glutinous, milky juice oozes from the trunk

of the tree, which makes an excellent cement when boiled with coconut oil. From the fibrous inner bark a kind of coarse cloth is made, and the big leaves make good towels. The lumber is light, of a rich yellow color, and is used for building houses and many other purposes. Besides all this, the dried blossoms are used as tinder when fires are kindled.—Philadelphia Times.

10 YEARS A SUFFERER

From Kidney Disease—Gravel and Stricture—An Absolute Cure Found in South American Kidney Cure—A Remedy that Never Fails in the most Distressing Cases.

The solid evidence of experience is behind South American Kidney Cure. Mr. Wilbur Goff, of Chippewa, Ont., is simply one of hundreds who have spoken in equally strong terms. He says: "After taking six bottles of South American Kidney Cure I was completely cured of stricture and gravel, having suffered from these complaints for over ten years. I found great relief after taking one bottle but continued the remedy until I was perfectly cured and I am now enjoying the best of health."

A BALLOON FOR AN ENGINE.

It is a new and Novel Device to Prevent all Accidents.

A railroad upon which the motive power is supplied by a balloon will certainly be a novelty. Official permission has been given to construct such a railroad in Austria. Its object is to carry passengers up and down the Hochstaufen Mountain at Bad Reichenhall, a beautiful watering place in the Austrian Alps.

The top of the Hochstaufen Mountain affords a splendid view, but the climb to the summit is tedious and uninteresting. In these circumstances, it is expected that the thousands of visitors who frequent the place will appreciate the labors of the captive balloon which is to convey them to the summit without effort on their part.

The balloon will be made to run along a track built at the side of the road-bed. A trailer, furnished with many wheels will clasp this wooden rail, or track, and to the trailer the passenger-car is to be fastened. The operator will sit in the car, with a cord swinging between him and the balloon by which he can regulate the supply of gas. He will have several brakes and safety devices at hand, in case of accident.

Before the car starts up the mountain, the balloon will be charged with sufficient gas to enable it to ascend to the summit, and when the top is reached, and all is ready for the return journey, some of the gas will be allowed to escape, whereupon the car will start down-hill, its speed being checked by the retarding effect of the gas still left in the balloon.

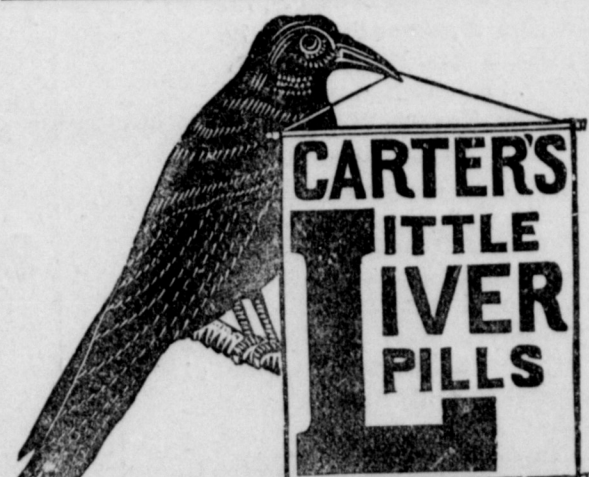
It was not until the most vigorous investigations had been made, and the comparative safety of this method of journeying demonstrated, that permission was given to build the railroad. There are many novel safety devices to prevent accident.

The tank and generator from which the gas is to be drawn will answer the double purpose of supplying power for the railroad and furnishing the gas for the illuminating of the town.

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If so you cannot find anywhere a preparation to equal DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINSEED AND TURPENTINE for the throat and respiratory organs. We have hundreds of testimonials from public speakers, singers, ministers and others. One rev. gentleman says: "I never think of entering my pulpit without Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine at my side." Such endorsements from the ministry should give confidence in Dr. Chase's Medicine.

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Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price. Substitution

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Carter's Little Liver Pills.