

## Ordered to Africa.

All the doors in the corridor were still closed—all except mother's. She had left hers ajar through the night, in case Bob, waking, had called her name. But Bob had not called; he had slept like a top.

Presently the gray dawn grew pink, and little shafts of light crept through the Venetian blinds, picking out the pictures on the walls, the mirror of the wardrobe, and the gallant figure of Bob himself on the mantelpiece, photographed in full uniform.

Mother's vigil was ended. She rose softly, slipped on her dressing gown and slippers, and stole along the corridor to Bob's room.

Bob lay, six foot of British manhood, yellow haired, straight limbed, deep chested, sound asleep.

The few dreams that had visited him had been sweet to the heart of a soldier. Not a shadow of fear had disturbed his slumbers. He had been assisting in killing the enemy by shrapnel, rifle and bayonet in thousands, and now they lay around him like corn after the sickle, and Bob smiled and awoke, and saw mother standing looking down upon him. It was no unusual sight to see her there; and yet today something stirred in his breast, and Bob put up his arms and drew her head down to his breast.

"My baby—my boy!" mother murmured. "Oh, my darling!"

Bob bore it with admirable grace, but he did not like it—not a little bit; and as soon as he could he wriggled himself free and asked the time.

There was time and to spare and mother said, if he did not mind, she would like to read one of the morning psalms to him; it would comfort her, she said. And Bob consented, like the gentleman he was, and lay still while she read, thinking what pretty hair she had—it fell in a long plait right below her waist. Then she kissed him again, and went; and when he was quite sure he could count on isolation Bob got up and wandered among the litter of uniform cases and portmanteaus that lay about the floor. Then he took up his Glengarry, and, putting it on, regarded his reflection in the mirror with complacency. And his pride must be excused, for he was a newly fledged subaltern of twenty years, recalled from leave to rejoin his battalion, which sailed on the morrow for the seat of war.

Having adjusted the cap at every conceivable angle, here placed it and continued his toilet. His cheeks were perfectly innocent of beard, and twenty minutes saw him full attired, immaculate in a brand new suit, and the stiffest and highest of shiny white collars.

Just at this moment a knock came at the door, and his sister, his junior by three years, entered the room. It was easy to see she had been weeping, but Bob expected as much, and in his heart did not resent it. He put his arm round her waist and kissed her.

"Nearly time to be off," he cried, with almost brutal cheerfulness, and turned to strap his portmanteau, whistling a martial ditty.

Nell sat down on the edge of the bed and surveyed the array of baggage with mixed feelings. She was very proud of Bob. He was a dear hero; but if only the war were over and he back again, crowned with glory! Other girls' brothers had gone, and—well, she would not let herself think. She wished she had been kinder to Bob in the days gone by. Now the little unthought-of omissions would be ghosts to haunt her conscience till he was back again. She would like to have told Bob she was sorry, but she knew he would laugh at her for a little goose; and besides, it would look as if she felt this was indeed goodbye; so she choked back the lump in her throat and sat with brave eyes stoically watching Bob, who stood in the window examining his revolver.

But, strive as she would, she could not check the thoughts that the sight brought to her mind. Bob with a revolver in his hand—yes, but far away in the midst of the din and smoke of battle, surrounded by the foe; nonetheless, wounded, bloody—dying! With a little cry she rose to her feet.

Bob, who had been taking careful aim at the gas globe, turned at the sound. "Halloo!" he exclaimed, "what's up, Nell? You look as if you had seen a ghost. Then his eyes followed her gaze. "Little coward!" he cried teasingly. "I believe you got funky at the sight of this revolver."

Nell stopped short on her way to the door, then she gave a queer little laugh. "Well, perhaps I did," she said, and went quickly from the room.

Bob went back and finished his packing; then he caught up his portmanteau and helmet case and went downstairs.

# Healed of Her Heart Pangs!

After doctors had said no cure---Acute heart disease had put Mrs. Fitzpatrick well nigh in the clutch of the "Grim Reaper." But Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart met her at the hospital door, offered her life, she accepted the great healer and to-day is well and strong.

In these days of hurry and bustle, nervous strain, poor digestion, the struggle of the humble classes for an existence and the everlasting run of the married man for more money, the heart, the human engine, is wrought upon for double the duty that

Providence originally assigned it. Thus it is that we may pick up any newspaper any day and read of the sudden taking off this that and the other person, here, there and yonder—the cause assigned, heart failure, strain too great, and no assistance offered nature to help her carry her load.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is a peerless remedy. Thousands of cases where sure and sudden death seemed imminent, its wonderful curative powers have been demonstrated, and in most acute forms of heart disease relief has come in-

side of 30 minutes after the first dose had been taken. Some of the most pronounced symptoms of heart disease are: Palpitation, shortness of breath, weak and irregular pulse, smothering spells, swelling of the feet and ankles, tenderness and pain in the left side, chilly sensations, uneasiness if sleeping on the left side, fainting spells, hunger and exhaustion. Any one of these symptoms is enough to convince of the seating of heart disease—and any one of them, if neglected, may mean sudden death to the patient.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart not only gives almost instant relief, but in the most stubborn cases it will effect a rapid and permanent cure. It is not an untried nostrum. It is a heart specific, leaves no bad after effects or depression. It acts directly on the nerve centres, induces ner-

vous energy, dispels all weaknesses, and generally tones the system.

Mrs. John Fitzpatrick, of Gananoque, Ont., was a great sufferer from heart disease. Her's was a stubborn case of over five years' standing. She was treated by several eminent physicians and heart specialists without any permanent relief. She became so bad that she went to the hospital, and was in a short while discharged from there as a hopeless incurable; but, to use her own words, "As a last resort, I bought a bottle of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. One dose gave me almost instant relief from a very acute spasm. I felt encouraged and persisted in its use. It just took three bottles to cure me completely, and I gladly bear my testimony to this wonderful remedy as a life saver."

What it has done for Mrs. Fitzpatrick it can do for any sufferer from heart disease.

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder relieves cold in the head in ten minutes, and has cured catarrh cases of fifty years' standing.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment will cure blind bleeding or itching piles in from three to five nights. One application relieves the most irritating skin diseases; 35 cents.

Dr. Agnew's Pills, for constipation, sick headache, biliousness and stomach troubles generally. Only 20 cents a vial. Sold by E. C. Brown.

### Rouen's Remarkable Bridge.

A bridge in the form of an aerial ferry has just been opened at Rouen on the river Seine. In order to avoid interference with shipping, it was determined to place no structure in the stream, or near its surface. Instead of a bridge in any of the ordinary forms, a horizontal flooring, sustained by steel towers and suspension cables, was stretched across the river at an elevation of 167 feet. On this flooring run electrically driven rollers, from which is suspended, by means of steel ropes, a car which moves at the level of the wharves on the river-banks. The car is 36 feet wide and 42 feet long, and is furnished like a ferry-boat with accommodations for carriages, and foot-passengers. The ropes that carry the hanging-car are interlaced diagonally in such a manner that the support is rigid, and a swinging motion is avoided.

### A Doorkeeper's Prophecy.

When Madame Eames was making a Western tour recently she consented to sing at a church festival in aid of the cathedral of a certain prominent city. The church authorities decided to charge an admission fee to the cathedral to all who wished to hear the great singer. Most people paid willingly, but one crank demanded admission on the ground that he should not be charged for going into a public place of worship.

"Do you mean to tell me," he argued with the doorkeeper, "that I shall require a ticket to enter the kingdom of heaven?"

"Well, no," explained the ticket seller suavely, "but then you won't hear Madame Eames in heaven." Then when the enormity of his remark dawned upon him that ticket seller turned and fled.

### The Shortest General's Long Titles.

"Bebs," who is sometimes known as Lord Roberts, has, next to the royal family, the longest list of titles in Great Britain. Here is his official designation: Baron Roberts of Kandahar and Waterford, P. C., K. P., G. C. B., G. C. S. I., G. C. I. E., V. C., D. C. L., L. L. D. And yet he is the shortest general in the service. Should he be triumphant in South Africa he may count on a few more letters to his name.

### Don't Run Chances

by taking whiskey or brandy to settle the stomach or stop a chill. Pain-Killer, in hot water sweetened will do you more good. Avoid substitutes, there's but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis' 25c. and 50c.

### A Question of Height.

"You should cultivate the higher criticism more than you do," said the Boston maid.

"Well, I don't know," replied the editor thoughtfully, "our book reviewer lives in the attic."

### Immense Increase

in the sale of the D. & L. Menthol Plaster evidences the fact that it is useful for all rheumatic pains, lumbago and lame back, pain in the sides, etc. Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., manufacturers.

Women are, born so faw declares, To smooth man's linen and his cares; But in this world of push and shuffle, Both she's very apt to ruffles.

In the hall Perkins, the man servant, met him, and hurried forward with a scared face. "Oh, sir," he cried reproachfully, "you shouldn't, really, sir! I wouldn't have had it happen for worlds, sir," he said pathetically, as he took the case and portmanteau from Bob's hands.

"Oh, it is all right, Perkins," Bob answered, with splendid condescension; whereupon one of the housemaids, who was a witness of the scene, hurried off to the kitchen below.

"He's down," she exclaimed breathlessly, "a-carrying of his own portmanteau and looking as handsome and cheerful for all the world as if he was a-going to be married, instead of off to the war."

"Poor dear!" said cook, as she turned the chops; "poor innocent dear!" Perkins hurried down at this moment.

"To think," he cried tragically, "as he's strapped his own traps and carried down his own portmanteau, and he off to the war! I'd have lost a whole month's wages sooner than this 'ere should have happened. Supposing he's killed and I've got to remember that he waited on himself the last morning!"

"Ain't he cheerful?" said Mary, the house maid. "He don't look as if he meant to be killed."

"Oh! they none of 'em mean to be killed but that don't make bullets blank cartridges," Perkins answered grimly.

In the meantime mother had dressed. She had borne up bravely throughout. Once, though, her lips had trembled; that was when the sound of Bob's gay whistling had reached her ears. But even then loving pride had flashed into her eyes and choked down sorrow. Her boy was brave—brave and true; and duty, she knew full well would find him a hero.

She wondered if father, who was in the dressing room, could hear the sound. She would like to have called to him, only she was just a little hurt at his apparent unconcern at his son's departure. But after all, she thought, he was only a man; he could not know a mother's heart; his breast had not pillowed the little sunny head in the years gone by; he had not cried with joy when the little feet had taken their first unsteady steps across the floor. How well she remembered that day, and how proud she had felt of her son! He was such a fine big baby. She had placed him against a chair, and he had looked up at her with round eyes of wonder; then, when her meaning came to him, he had not hesitated a moment, he had thrown back his little head, and with a scream of delight, walked bravely forward right into her loving arms. And now—now—she brushed aside her tears, for she heard father coming.

Father entered the room quickly, but paused on the threshold. To tell the truth he had thought mother downstairs. He had been trying to remember, that day when Bob had ridden the new pony for the first time so pluckily, whether the lad had been breeched or not. He knew the picture was on mother's dressing table, and he had come in to look at it, and there stood mother with the photograph in her hand.

"Humph!" exclaimed father, "so you have not gone down?" and his voice was not con-

solatory, for he felt that every one that morning, himself included, was wearing his heart on his sleeve, and a sense of lost dignity was irritating him.

Mother's heart swelled at the tone; she put down the photograph and looked up at father with a look in which reproach and sorrow mingled, and then suddenly she turned aside, and her hands busied themselves among the brushes and trays on the dressing table, for her quick eye had detected that father was wearing odd boots—a buttoned and a laced up one. To think of it! He, the soul of precision, to thus betray himself. But there his abstraction stood confessed. And oh, how mother loved him for it! He had been such a stoic too. Well, there was no accounting for man's ways, but, thank God, he had put on odd boots that morning. She no longer felt lonely in her grief. He dared, too; his heart was aching also for their son's departure. Oh, those blessed odd boots!

But she knew his nature, and stood for a moment wondering how best to tell him of his mistake without annoying him. And presently, mother, on her way downstairs tapped at the dressing room outer door. "One of your lace boots," she said. "I stumbled over it; I have put it down out side." Then she waited until she heard father swearing softly to himself. Then she knew matters would right themselves and went downstairs.

As breakfast somehow nobody had much to say. Bob wanted to talk, but felt that his one topic—his luck at being sent to the front—would not be exactly congenial to his listeners. So he refrained, and ate a hearty breakfast.

He would carry the memory of his last meal away with him to the far off land.

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