POETRY.

GRIN AND BEAR IT.

'Tis not a motto, fine as some,
Perhaps, in tone high sounding;
But as from coal rare colors come,
Truth richly worth expounding,
Lies in this adage—truth sublime—
And I would here declare it;
And if a bore you deem my rhyme,
Why, simply "grin and bear it."

When cherished projects come to naught,
Or pain embitters pleasure;
When banks and bonds your firmest thought
Bring loss to hoarded treasure;
When friends forsake, and foes increase,
Put on, though hard to wear it,
A sunny smile of perfect peace—
'Twill help—just "grin and bear it."

When woes come thick and still more thick
Disasters gathering daily,
When hope deferred, the heart makes sick;
While round you jesting gaily,
The world knows not how sad your soul,
Dreams not what griefs do tear it,
Keep over self a calm control;
All bravely "grin and bear it."

Ah neath these homely words there lies,
Vast mines of deepest meaning,
Whole tones of sound philosophy,
Well worth most careful gleaning;
Yet not mere stoic's lore I urge—
Forever I forswear it—
Let earth's and heaven's best wisdom merge,
Trust God, then grin and bear it."

SELECT STORY.

BONNY ADAIR.

By the Author of 'Mrs. Delamotte's Lover' 'Black Pool Grange,' Etc.

TO BE CONTINUED.

"I know there are," he agreed, cheerfully, "and I have chosen the prettiest of them all. What have you done to yourself? You look simply charming."

"Please don't," Bonny implored. "I saw myself in the glass before I came, and though I look better than usual, I don't look up to much."

"I wish everyone else thought so," he said, passing his arm about her; and Bonny, trembling slightly, was whirled away among the waltzers.

Light as a feather, swaying and gliding with him in the slow, dreamy dance, with one hand in his and her flushed face so near his breast, what wonder that Alec Doyle's good resolves almost broke down. He longed to kiss the ruffled, dark hair, to whisper into those small, delicate ears; to tell her how desperately, madly, he loved her—better, yes, even better than in the old days at South Bay. It seemed to him that every time they met, every minute he spent with her, that love grew and grew, taking a stronger hold upon him, and he had not the strength of will or mind to shake it off. He had not the moral courage to step into the narrow, rough path of duty—a path he had never cared to pursue, and which now appeared to him positively hateful.

When at length they paused, Bonny's calm, innocent gaze seemed to quell the passion that was swaying through him; it dispelled the vain dreams and visions of an impossible future. Her purity and goodness, and, above all, her trust in him, made him feel ashamed of his weakness.

She should never know how near he had been to breaking down their friendship for ever, by begging her to defy the world—to cut herself adrift from all—for his sake. Together they wandered through the many spacious rooms and beautiful conservatories, and Bonny was so lively and happy, so full of fun and merriment, that Doyle's dark mood was forced to give way to a lighter one; and when he left her with her next partner, he felt somehow a happier and better man. Bonny Adair for the time had put aside dull care.

She had made up her mind to enjoy that evening—in fact, to enjoy the rest of her life, by striking out from it all sinful and harmful thoughts. She was going to be Alec's friend, staunch and true to the very end, and his wife's, too, if she would let her, but Lydia Doyle was not fond of girl's, she was a thorough society woman and cared for little beyond gaiety.

After the two first dances, Bonny's card filled rapidly, and Mr. Dixon had not the pleasure of sitting out more than one dance, which rather annoyed him, though he carefully concealed the fact. Still, when he saw Bonny taking her third dance with Mr. Doyle, he did mention to his mother that she ought to give Bonny a hint that it was not quite the right thing to do, but as it was the end of the ball, the suggestion came rather late, and Mrs. Dixon, who was sleepy and just a trifle cross, forgot her little visitor's misdeeds in her anxiety to get home and to bed.

She slept peacefully during the drive; Nelly did likewise, curled up snugly in a corner, and George Dixon, leaning back in the shade, watched Bonny as she sat upright looking out of the carriage window; the cold, grey light of early morning making her face look pale, almost unearthly, with its tender mouth and pathetic, grey eyes. By-and-by he leant forward and gently touched her hand.

"What are you thinking of, Bonny?"

"All sorts of strange things," she said, softly, withdrawing her gaze from the weird, ghostly dawn.

"But what sort of things?" he persisted, and Bonny answered with a smile.

"I don't think I can put them into words," and just then the carriage stopped at Lyndhurst, and Mrs. Dixon awoke with a start, saying—

"Dear me, I should have dropped off to sleep in another minute. Come, wake up, Nelly."

The next afternoon Doyle called, and the next overtook the girls in their walk; after that he was always dropping in on some pretext or another. There was never anything but the most friendly intercourse between him and Bonny; he was never off his guard; he never scared her with an approach to love-making; he felt that the slightest allusion to anything of the kind would frighten her away from him for ever. He knew that it could not last, yet he would not give in and go before it was too late; he was drifting with the tide and dragging Bonny with him to destruction; but *he* would not, and *she* could not see it.

Mrs. Dixon had noticed the growing intimacy, and at first knew not how to act, and George being away, she had no one to consult; still she could not let it go on. So at last she spoke to Bonny. It was one afternoon, when a party from The Towers was expected for an "At Home," and Bonny had just come down ready dressed.

"I thought I should be late," she said, glancing at the clock. "Has Mr. Dixon come yet?"

"No, dear, his train does not get in till 3.30. But, Bonny, dear, why not call him George? He never calls you Miss Adair, and you are quite one of the family now, so much so that I am going to say something that may offend you very much."

"I don't think you could do that," the girl said, kneeling on the hearthrug beside Mrs. Dixon's chair. "Why, fancy my feeling offended with you over anything, when you are always so good and kind to me."

"Well, dear, I want to be kind now, or I should say nothing, which would be much easier. It is about Mr. Doyle, Bonny."

Bonny's face flushed scarlet, but Mrs. Dixon considerately stared into the fire, and went on in her placid, quiet way—

"I don't suppose it has ever entered your thoughts before, but you ought not to see quite so much of him. I mean, when he is here, or you meet him out, don't let him monopolise you, as he seems rather fond of doing. This is a very cruel and harsh world, and the worst construction is put upon every action. People don't say 'Oh! that girl is marvellously innocent and inexperienced;' but they don't mind saying, 'What a horrid little flirt—carrying on with a married man, too!' Mr. Doyle is a nice and very charming man, and one, I think, to be rather pitied than otherwise for possessing a wife who is a mass of falseness and affectation; but still she is his wife, and he was not obliged to marry her, so he is bound to make the best of her, and not go seeking solace in friendships with every pretty girl he meets. I must say he has earned for himself the reputation of being an outrageous flirt; so you see, dear, what people will think when you are so often together. You might easily manage to be less alone with him, and yet keep on quite friendly terms. Ah! here are the first; run and tell Nelly."

Bonny flew upstairs, but did not stop at Nelly's door; instead, she rushed into her own room, shut and locked the door, threw herself down by the open window, and buried her face in her arms as they rested on the broad sill. Poor Bonny! that brief lecture had stirred up a multitude of feelings. It was the first time, too, that any third person had interfered between them; somehow it seemed to her to have made the gap so much wider; but a short time ago Alec Doyle had been her friend, her brother; now he was neither—never could be either brother, friend, or anything else. The scales had fallen from her eyes; she saw and knew that she had been deluding herself, and that for ever and ever they must be as strangers

It was a bitter awakening; the old pain had started into life, but a hundred times more stinging, more unendurable. She tried to pray, but the words froze on her lips; she tried to look into her future life, but the narrowness and darkness frightened her. There was no one to advise or help her, for weak, indulgent Mrs. Adair possessed her daughter's love, but she was not the one they could turn to in great distress; it was she who was always demanding their sympathy and help over difficulties, not they hers.

Whilst the girl knelt there, battling with herself, someone knocked at her door, and George Dixon's voice called out—

"Are you not coming, Bonny? They are asking for you."

She rose at once, and went out to him. She had not been crying, the inward emotion was too great and real for outward lamentation, but the white, scared face, with the feverishly bright eyes, rather alarmed Mr. Dixon, whom she overtook on the staircase.

"How do you do? Have you only just come?" she asked, trying to speak cheerfully.

"I have been in the house about half-an-hour, and find they have an 'At-home' on. You are not looking well. Have you not been happy?"

"Quite," she declared, with emphasis, and blushing hotly beneath his inquiring gaze, and straightway George Dixon formed an opinion from her altered looks, which was extremely flattering to himself, and which caused a very self-satisfied smile to linger on his face for the rest of the afternoon.

The long drawing room was full of people when Bonny entered, followed closely by Dixon. In the general buzz of conversation, her entrance had only been observed by a few, among them Mr. Doyle, who, though apparently making himself agreeable to everyone, had been watching for Bonny Adair ever since he had arrived. For one brief second her eyes met his, went straight to his as if by magic, the moment the door opened. She had looked away at once, without the usual bright smile of welcome, and then had seated herself in a corner between two ladies.

George Dixon stationed himself before her, and a meek young curate had squeezed his small person in too, so it was impossible to get near her.

He felt disappointed and annoyed at the turn of affairs; he had looked forward to sitting near her, watching her, talking to her, and now the golden opportunity was fast slipping by. To-morrow he would be out with the hounds all day, though, had it been possible, he would gladly have given up the day's sport just for the sake of seeing Bonny.

For once in his life Alec Doyle was really in love—not a boy's fancy, but a man's deep, passionate love, that had grown, he knew not how, but which had awakened thoughts and feelings of which he had not deemed himself capable. But it had come too late in life. He inwardly cursed the folly which had tied him to a woman he could not love, but one whom, to do him justice, he had always treated with unvarying kindness and patience. He was not thinking of these things that afternoon; he was puzzling over Bonny's altered behavior.

Once during the afternoon he managed to get near, near enough to ask softly, "What is the matter?" and she replied, in her usual voice, "Nothing that I know of—why?" and without waiting for an answer, moved away, and began talking to someone else.

After that Doyle lounged in one of the doorways, with a face like a thunder-cloud, wishing the crowd of chattering women at the bottom of the sea, and himself well out of the whole thing. He would not look at Bonny again, little guessing how it hurt her to hurt him, nor what an effort it had cost her to act as she had done. So the afternoon ended—ended wretchedly for two.

Doyle trudged home through the gathering shades of evening, and Bonny sought refuge in her room—heart-sore and weary. She had made up her mind to leave Boombridge at once; the trial was beyond her strength. That night before she retired, she pulled the curtain aside, opened the window, and leaning forth tried to take to herself a little of the calmness of the moonlight; half kneeling on the sill she gazed up at the eternal blue heavens—serenely peaceful, looking down upon her restless young life.

As she knelt there, her whole soul seemed to go forth in one passionate prayer for strength and light. Below, in the shadow, a man was standing with folded arms, watching her; and long after she had closed the window and drawn her blind—even long after the light was put out, he remained standing there, weakly fighting with his better nature, arguing—excusing—in the vain attempt to make a sin look sinless. Yet when he turned away the evil had conquered; he could write to Bonny, asking her to meet him, and then he would lay bare to her tender pitiful eyes his hateful life; his misery and his love, and beg her, implore her, beseech her, to brighten it with her presence, to put her hand in his and let him lead her away from the rough, dark side of life, to where they two could dwell in happiness and love.

He knew how she loved him; when he thought over her coldness of the afternoon he had seen through it all; and had he not just seen her in the moonlight, sad eyed, pale faced, so different from the little girl he had met in the train at Hepworth Junction?

Early the next morning the maid brought Bonny a cup of tea, and on the tray was a thick square envelope directed in a very masculine hand. The girl had no idea whence it came until she opened it, then her eyes at once fell on Alec Doyle's signature. There were only a few other words scrawled across the page—

"Bonny, I beg of you, in the name of our friendship, meet me in the wood this afternoon. I must see you; do not disappoint me.

Yours,
ALEC DOYLE."

Bonny read and re-read that short epistle, then she slowly tore it in halves, and setting fire to it, watched it brown, and blacken, and curl, till there was nothing left but a few charred flakes. She would never go again to that little wood in the hollow, never meet him there or anywhere else, never again in fair weather or foul.

That afternoon a man paced the mossy paths alone, while the girl he was waiting for was flying from temptation. Bonny had thrown herself on Mrs. Dixon's mercy, had told her something of the truth, and had begged to be allowed to go home at once.

Mrs. Dixon gave her good sound advice, mingled with motherly sympathy, and so Bonny's visit abruptly ended. That night she slept in her own little bed, or rather lay in it, for her eyes were wide open and wakeful all through the long, silent hours.

Mrs. Adair was glad, though exceedingly astonished at Bonny's sudden return.

Lenore was away, staying with Mrs. Charters, who had returned to England, and as Mrs. Adair had grown tired of her own company, she welcomed her youngest daughter with delight. Poor Bonny! From morning to night she had to talk about everyone and everything at Lyndhurst, especially about Mrs. Dixon, whom Mrs. Adair still looked upon as a future son-in-law. On the second day Bonny escaped, and without any definite idea as to where she was going, wandered on and on until she found herself on the heath.

She had never been there since that summer evening, which belonged to the painful past. It all looked so different now. The tall ferns, through which she loved to pass, had withered down; around the place where she had thrown herself in such heart-broken misery, a clearing had been made for some purpose, and looked hideous with blackened stumps of burnt gorse bushes. She wondered if the narrow rustic bridge still spanned the little rushing stream, or had that run dry and the bridge fallen to decay. She had a great longing once again to see the place where she had been so intensely happy, where she imagined that the brief taste of joy would make up for every evil the future might hold.

It was a wretched day, damp and cold, not raining outright, but from over the hills a grey mist kept sweeping down, making everything feel chill and clammy. It swept across the desolate heath and soon wet Bonny to the skin, but she heeded it not; she was blind and senseless to outward events, she was living through the past again, through the pleasure and the pain of it all. She had reached the bridge now, that at least was unaltered. She did not pass over it, but stood leaning against the rail, with the gurgling eddying water sweeping on its restless course. Then through the mist across the drenched soft sward she saw Alec Doyle coming towards her.

She did not feel surprised; she was dazed and bewildered, and he had come upon her in the midst of her dreaming. She had no time to realize that at last he had brought her to bay, that her weak attempt at escape had proved futile. He was pale and haggard, the sleepy look had left the deep blue eyes, which were strained and bloodshot, as if the lips had never closed for many a night over their aching sight.

"Bonny, you ran away from me, cruel child," he said, and she noticed that even his voice was different. "Why did you do it? You don't know what I have suffered, what torture it has been. I thought to let you go, but I could not; I thought to put an end to myself, but, oh, child, I felt I could not even die without seeing you again. I hungered for you, Bonny, love. My darling! my litle sweetheart! Don't turn from me. Don't leave me again. There can be no sin in such love as ours; the sin is in the unholy bond which binds me, which would separate us forever. But, Bonny, you are not afraid. You can trust to my great love. You can feel sure it can never grow cold or less. Oh, my love! my darling! you will not let me go away alone."

The hands with which he sought to touch her were trembling; his wild words and altered looks frightened her, and she shrank from him. He noticed the slight action at once, and with an effort steadied himself, speaking with a studied calm.

"Bonny, I followed you down here to implore you to put an end to this misery. Life is so short, why should we not take what happiness comes in our way? Before us are two lives; one spent together, Bonny, you and I cut off from the world, living for one another—child, I would take you to some lovely, foreign land, where I could spend my life in trying to make you happy; the other would be spent apart. What more is there to add than that? What words could make it sound more hateful? Apart! Forever! Which is it to be?"

There was silence between them; the driving mist blotted out the distant hills, and blew cold and wet on the pallid faces of those two as they stood side by side, the girl leaning against the wooden railing; the man standing upright with his arms folded over his heaving chest, his features set and rigid, his eyes fixed, waiting for the answer she could not force her stiffened lips to give.

"For heaven's sake, end this suspense!" he at last cried, hoarsely; and to him it seemed as if on the chill wind a whispered word was borne—

"Apart!"

"Bonny, think!" he urged. You are driving me to desperation. You did not say 'apart!' My darling, you could not be so hard, so cruel. Bonny, I love you so!"

He took her dress and pressed it to her lips; he tried to put his arm about her to draw her to him, but she would not.

"Oh! go, go!" she cried, drawing her breath with a sob. "I can bear to hear no more. If you have any pity go!"

"And is that your answer?" he sneered. "Your love, at least, is not worth much. I have no doubt the next I hear of you, you will have become Mrs. Dixon, or Mrs. Somebody else; women are incapable of deep affection."

His castle in the air was falling about him in ruins; his dreams of a golden future was turning to a nightmare, goading him to madness, with pain and disappointment.

"You are the last woman I will ever trust in—you are all alike—but I put such faith in you. I am a bad man, I know, but I can love. I would have given my life for yours, and you would not even sacrifice the opinion of this vain hollow world."

He laughed a jarring, mocking laugh, turned on his heel and strode away.

Yet, even in his madness and anger, he knew she was right, and afterwards—yes, later on—he thanked heaven that she had not fallen, that she had not let him drag her down to the low, degraded depths in which he had vainly imagined they might find peace and happiness.

* * * * * * *

A year later Lydia Doyle's name appeared in The Times, beneath that short, terse heading, 'Deaths.' She had met with an accident in the hunting field, which proved fatal. At that time Bonny was working hard as a hospital nurse; she had bravely put away all sad repinings, and had thrown herself heart and soul into her work. It had been uncongenial work at first, but she so wished to do some good with her life, that she would not give in, and after a time grew really to like it; till Alec Doyle found her out, and humbly begged her to be his wife. For two years they had not met, and during that time he had tried to lead a better life. He had done his duty to his wife, and afterwards had endeavored to become more worthy of Bonny Adair. And she did not let him go away again, without the promise he craved, a promise that gave equal happiness to both.

THE END.

"WE THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD."

A Dramatic Scene Between Lovers at a London Railway Station.

[From the London Telegraph.]

A curious scene was witnessed outside Paddington station. A respectably-dressed young woman who had arrived at the terminus from the country was quietly proceeding in the direction of Edgware road when a young man, also respectably dressed, met her, turned deadly pale and exclaimed: "Oh, Helen, we thought you were dead!" and would probably have fallen to the ground in a fainting condition had not the young woman and sympathetic wayfarers who witnessed the unusual occurrence assisted him into a temperance refreshment house where restoratives were obtained.

Their case proved to be a strange one. The girl had for some time been a shop assistant at a village on the outskirts of South London, and had there become engaged to the young man. She left her place and returned to her parents in the country for a holiday. Somehow or other a report was spread in the village that she had suddenly died from influenza, and the news appeared so circumstantial and detailed that it obtained general credence. The lover was disconsolate, mentioned his grief to the pastor of the Methodist chapel where he and his sweetheart had worshipped, and the minister next Sunday preached a funeral sermon, drawing suitable lessons from the unexpected decease of their young friend. All was over.

The young man was, it appeared, actually on his way to Paddington station, en route to the home of the girl with the view of visiting the grave, when he met her in the flesh, alive, and looking very well. She declared that she had written to him once, and was astonished not to have got an answer. He, on his side, avered that the missive never reached him. It is very probable that the Methodist minister who pronounced her funeral oration will soon be asked to officiate at a still more interesting ceremony, in which she will be one of two principal participants.

THE ROOTS OF PLANTS.

Farmers who take the pains to raise good crops every year, and give to them good cultivation, and who have not studied vegetable physiology, would find great practical advantage in examining and studying the length and form of the roots of plants. They can perform this examination during leisure minutes and hours, removing the soil above the roots and tracing them out. Some of them at least will be surprised to find that roots of the corn plant when only half a foot high have already grown horizontally a foot or occasionally a foot and a half; and potato plants, long before the new tubers have set, will have met together in the spaces between the rows. The corn roots will be mostly found much nearer the surface than those of potatoes, suggesting several practices in potato culture. Young apple trees, which have been planted in mellow ground, can have their roots traced to a distance on each side greater than their entire height; trees 12 feet high and 12 years old have sent out roots 16 feet long. These few examples are given to show what an interesting field for exploration every farmer has before him, to be examined by the very simplest means without any scientific research, but yielding in time a practical fund which will give him many suggestions in modifying courses of culture.

HENS FOR MOTHERS.

Ducks are best hatched and reared by a quiet motherly hen, when one does not use an incubator and brooder. Those who rear them in large numbers for market, use incubators and brooders, finding them economical. The food of young ducks may consist, for the first three or four days after hatching, of hard-boiled eggs and bread crumbs, crumpled fine and mixed in the proportion of three parts of bread to one of eggs. After this, a very good food is made by mixing three parts of Indian meal and one part of shorts with boiling water. Once a day the ducks should have a meal of boiled potatoes or other vegetables. Cracked corn, wheat and water to drink, not to swim in, can be kept before them all the time. The addition of one part of ground beef scraps to the Indian meal and shorts, after the ducks are a week or ten days old, will be found advantageous, as they require considerable animal food.

They should be prevented from getting wet for the first two weeks of their lives, and do better if yarded than if allowed to run at large. If properly cared for, they are ready to market at ten to twelve weeks of age. If they are to be retained for breeders, after reaching ten weeks of age they can be allowed more liberty, and will become more vigorous from the exercise they take.

English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses, Blood Spavin, Curbs, Splints, Ring Bone, Sweeney, Stifles, Sprains, Sore and Swollen Throat, Coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known. For sale by W. Carten and Alonzo Staples.

A Betrayal.—I'll never invite an editor to my home again, said the young author. I had Bluepencil up over Sunday, and my boy brought out the mucilage pot and said, Dat's what my papa w'ites storwies wid.

A Perfect Cure for Cold in the Head.

"It cured me of a severe cold in the head," is what Mr. A. D. McDonald, of Framboise, C. B., says of Hawker's Catarrh Cure. Sold everywhere, only 25 cents.

Overlooked.—Lady (to tramp)—Here is food enough for two meals. Tramp (piteously)—And what will I do for the other one?

Itch, Mange and Scratches of every kind, on human or animals, cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion For sale by W. Carten and Alonzo Staples.

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THE RETORT DISCOURTEOUS.

Husband (at the close of the first act)—I guess I'll go out and stretch my legs a little.

Wife—The last night we were at the theatre you went out to stretch your legs so often that it was all you could do to get home on them at the end of the performance. Really, I think this leg stretching exercise is too violent for you at your time of life.

His limbs forego the stretching process for that evening.

RELIEF IN SIX HOURS.—Distressing Kidney and Bladder Diseases relieved in six hours by the "Great South American Kidney Cure." This new remedy is a great surprise and delight on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. For sale by W. Carten and Alonzo Staples.

NOT GIVEN WHAT ASKED.

Emily had been eyeing the newly arrived baby with some disgust, and her mother thought it time she should be made to appreciate the blessing.

"My dear" she said. "You should be thankful for a dear little baby sister. God sent her to you from heaven."

"Huh," sniffed Emily. "I don't see what He did that for. What I've been praying for is a tricycle."

A SURE CURE FOR BILIOUSNESS.

Mr. M. Rooney, a well known Halifax merchant, writes: "I am using Hawker's Liver Pills and can recommend them as a sure cure for Biliousness." What Mr. Rooney says is endorsed by thousands who have tried these pills. Once tried they are always sought for when the trouble recurs. They are easy to take, exceedingly mild in their action and effective in a marked degree.

NEWS TO BOTH.

Mamma—What is the matter?

Little Jack—Me an' sister was playin' keep house, an' I was the papa an' she was the governess, an' she told me to kiss her, an' when I did, she slapped me hard—boo, hoo! I didn't know that was in the game.

Mamma (thoughtfully)—Neither—did—I.

Rheumatism Cured in a Day.—South American Rheumatic Cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause, and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. For sale by W. Carten and Alonzo Staples.

A Model Son.—My son, said Mrs. Spriggins, proudly, is a very thorough young man. He ain't going to go through college like most boys does. He's just wrote home that he's goin' to take his Freshman year over agin, so's there won't be no question about his knowin' what he'd oughter know.

The modiste may have the artistic and æsthetic sense, but except she have the right material to work upon, the result will be, not a creation, which every lady desires in a costume. Priestly's well known dress fabrics, by their softness, richness and wonderful quality of perfect fitting and draping, achieve beautiful results in the hands of the tasteful dressmaker. Ladies should ask for Priestly's famous black dress goods.

Mistress.—So you are going to leave my service! Now what motive impells you to go away? Servant—It's no motive, madame; It's a soldier.

THE CHILDREN'S ENEMY.

Scrofula often shows itself in early life and is characterized by swellings, abscesses, hip disease, etc. Consumption is scrofula of the lungs. In this class of disease Scott's Emulsion is unquestionably the most reliable medicine.

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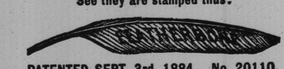

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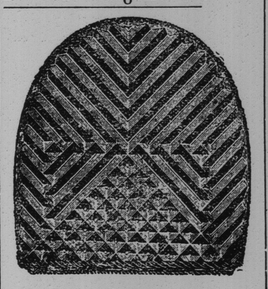

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