

The Best Thing.

Two who had been friends of long standing, though separated by distance and circumstances, talked together in a woodland place regarding life and its meaning. They had not met for ten years, but had arrived by different paths at almost the same point of view. But this neither knew. In the interval there had been no correspondence, and the sense of separation had at times, for the woman, been keen. There was no romance, nor anything in the friendship to warrant the misused term Platonic being applied to it. The woman in the meantime had married, and the man remained as before, and she had been surprised to find in him so little change. It was a meeting she had dreaded, perhaps because she had something to hide.

For her lot, though to the outward vision apparently a happy one, had failed to satisfy. It had a secret care. "You seem unsettled now you have come home," she said, as she took a side glance at his face. It was by no means a handsome or interesting face, and she had been a worshipper of beauty from her childhood up.

It had been one of her grievances that the outward shape of her friend had none of the ideal about it. Solid worth was there beyond a doubt, and that winning and understanding sympathy which is a chord of the heart of woman does not resist. Equipped with such quality, a man may go up to the dragon's mouth, for he must certainly win.

He was one to inspire trust, albeit too grave for the prinnose paths of flattery, and many told their secret care to him, certain of his sympathy and whatever help was at his command. And he had never in his life betrayed, even in thought, the confidence men and women had bestowed on him; for his friends were of both sexes, and he was trusted by both.

"Ten years is a big slice out of life," he made answer. "Seeing you now, the wonder is that no more has happened in it."

"What do these words mean?" she asked. "You told me yesterday there was very little change in me. In you, so far as looks go, I find no change whatever. Do we not begin precisely where we left off?"

"It was just here where we talked last," he said, pausing on the ridge, where a sweep of Surrey moorland met their view. "It was an April morning, too. Do you remember?"

"I remember, and we spoke of this day, then—the day of our meeting. I mean—and I predicted how we should feel."

"Yes, and has it come true?" he asked. "So far as you are concerned, yes," she answered, without even a momentary hesitation. "We might have parted yesterday. But I am another woman. I suppose it is inevitable. Ten years in a woman's life! O! it does not bear thinking of."

"Why?" he asked, gently. "Ten years you might be as ten months or weeks ago, so lightly does time bear you."

"I don't look old," she said with a sad

den bitterness. "I take care of that for two reasons; because I dread old age—it has no to-morrow; and also because I owe it to myself. Do you know that I shall be forty the day after to-morrow?"

"I know it, and if I did not know it, I should not believe it," he answered. "I am forty-three."

"Yes," she said pensively, "on the 25th of the month." "It isn't a question of years," he reminded her after a moment, "but of living—of experience. Neither of us has been pursued by that harassing care spectre which is so cruel and wicked in its work. I could almost predict that in ten years there will be even as little change."

She shook her head. "You can never see it," she said, "for I shall be gone."

"Gone where?"

"She amplified her hand towards the grey softness of the far horizon.

"Beyond, then I must know what perplexes you. If I did not believe I should know and be satisfied then; I could not bear myself today, nor any of the interminable days that are coming after."

"From another woman these words would mean happiness," he said. "But you are not unhappy. You told me so yourself."

"No, I am not unhappy, but I have missed the best things of life, and you know it as well as I."

"What are they?"

"Yes, what are they? I should like to hear your views. We talked on this very subject that April morning of ten years ago."

"I remember your talk. I remember that we agreed that the very best thing about life and its most attractive feature was its uncertainty."

"And I have proved that fallacy, that delusion and snare," she said, unexpectedly. "Uncertainty is the one element in life that strains the heart of a woman. She must be secure, or she drops by the way."

"She knew enough about the outward circumstances of her lot to grasp her meaning up to a certain point. But he was none the less surprised at her admission. For she had a strong heart, and had always taken a certain joy in overcoming. It was her courage in untoward circumstances, her sweet sensibility that had at first attracted him. And he realized that when he told himself yesterday she had not changed a hair's breadth, he had spoken without discernment."

"It was of the best things of life we talked, and I remember we said it was quite possible to be independent of the common thirst for personal happiness, that it was possible to stand on the outside and get a good deal of satisfaction, and from merely looking on. You quoted Emerson as right in saying that life, even though unhappy, is always interesting."

"Interesting, yes, I don't deny it. The trouble is that interest is not enough; that after a time it becomes horrible."

"Both were silent, for the bitterness of her tone troubled him, and looking at her face he saw lines where none had been before. And in her eyes dwelt unthoughtable shadows."

"You have done well," she said suddenly. "Without effort you seem to have come within measurable distance of the top in India."

"Yes, I had a mind to feel how the air felt at the top."

"And now you have a title and recognition on every hand. Is it enough?"

He shook his head. "No, it is not enough. The best things of life are not necessarily up there. I begin to think they are lowly, like the violets you picked an hour ago."

"I was like you, I married for ambition. I have what I want, and do not complain. Look you, friend, it is certain that here we get our deserts. Life only gives us back what we bring to it."

"It is so," he answered. "I have proved it."

"Today," she said steadily, with her proud head a little high in the air. "I met a beggar woman with a baby at her breast and I said to myself, 'She is richer than I. But I am glad I am childless. Children should be the heritage of the happy.'"

Both knew the mistake that had been made would not bear talking of.

"Shall we go back?" he asked gently. "It is almost your luncheon hour."

"You will come in with me. You know Gerald is always glad to see you. He likes you and he likes so few."

"Not today—tomorrow, perhaps; and we won't talk of that other April morning. We were children playing with things that matter."

"Yes," she answered gravely. "But we are not giving in."

"Far from it. There are the next ten years. I wonder if we shall meet on an April morning then and compare the outlook?"

She shook her head. "No, for then I shall know," was all she said.

NOVA SCOTIA LOBSTERS.

Thirty Cases Being Taken to Be Set Out in the Pacific.

There left Halifax last week for British Columbia, in charge of the Dominion Express Co., a car load of Nova Scotia and P. E. Island shell fish to be transplanted in the Pacific in the hope that they will thrive there and eventually give the Pacific coast a good supply of bivalves and crustacea.

The shipment is upon order from the Dominion Government and the lobsters were supplied by Messrs. Neville, the well known lobster packers. The fish were all specially selected, some coming from Sambro and some from Petpeswick, and by permission of the government a number of female spawn lobsters were included. There is great difficulty in getting them to the Pacific coast alive, as the trip takes seven days, while salt water will turn bad after a day and the fish will not live in fresh. Tanks are therefore out of the question, so the lobsters were carefully packed in damp sea weed in thirty cases and iced. Part of the shipment is in miniature refrigerating cases patented last year by John Neville. They are all

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of a special size, thought best by the Marine and Fisheries Department for transplanting, and Mr. Kempt, Fishery expert of that department, accompanies the shipment. Experiments in transplanting lobsters on the Pacific coast in the past have failed, most of the fish dying on the way, but John Neville, who has been experimenting on a small scale in landing live lobsters at Vancouver has been pretty successful and he feels sure this shipment will get through all right with good attention.

The oysters were from P. E. Island and were specially selected stock. They went in the same car with the lobsters.

A LUCKY GIRL

Saved From Deadly Decline by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills

"When I think of my former condition of health," says Miss Winifred Perry, of West River, Sheet Harbor, N. S., "I consider myself a lucky girl that I am well and strong today, and I owe my present good health entirely to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I suffered almost all that one can endure from weakness and nervousness. I was as pale as a sheet, and wasted away. The least noise would startle me, and I was troubled with fainting spells, when I would suddenly lose consciousness and drop to the floor. At other times my heart would palpitate violently and cause a smothering sensation. Night and day my nerves were in a terrible condition, and I seemed to be continually growing worse. No medicine that I took helped me in the least until I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after I had taken a half dozen boxes, I felt so much better that I stopped taking them and went on a visit to Boston. I had made a mistake, however, in stopping the pills too soon, and I began to go back to my former condition. I then called on a well known Boston doctor, and after explaining my case, told him how Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had helped me before. He told me to continue their use, saying I could take nothing better, and I got another supply and soon began to regain health. I took about eighteen boxes in all, and they fully and completely restored my health, and I have had no sickness since."

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Ambrose Kee, of the Union street firm of Kee & Burgess, will leave this evening for the west on a trip for the benefit of his health and to see the country. He will go as far as McLeod, South Alberta.

FORESTRY AS A BUSINESS

Massachusetts Takes Active Steps to Increase Its Wood-land Wealth.

(Boston Transcript).

For the first time in its history the Commonwealth has a "departmental" report on "Forestry in Massachusetts." Bulletin No. 1, in which the newly appointed state forester, Alfred Akerman, deals with this subject, is fresh from the state printers. By way of introduction, the state forester gives a definition of the word "forestry," stating that it means the science and art of producing forest supplies. By supplies he means saw-logs, masts, railroad ties, telegraph poles, turpentine, tan bark, firewood and the like, and thus he comes to the conclusion that it is a practical business proposition which will enhance the value of property if handled right. He finds that three fundamental conditions must precede the permanent development of forestry, namely, the presence of a considerable area of non-agricultural land which is capable of producing forest growth, a good market for forest supplies and the presence of good transportation facilities. All these conditions he finds fulfilled in Massachusetts.

According to the federal census of 1900, there are only 1,290,000 acres of land under cultivation (improved) and in permanent pasture. The total area of the state is 5,321,000 acres. Thus, less than one-fourth of the area of the state is used for agricultural purposes. Probably one-half the area of the state will always remain uncultivated, and unused for agricultural, residential or manufacturing purposes, and most of this area is capable of producing a growth of forest trees. The greater part of the forest supplies now consumed within the state could be produced right here in the state, if the available land were made to produce all that it is capable of producing. Much of it is occupied with scattering or decrepit growth, and much of it has been burned over and otherwise abused until its productive capacity has been greatly reduced. But still it is not beyond reclamation. It is not suitable for other purposes and therefore ought to be permanent forest.

A part of the state's forest policy is to establish and maintain a nursery for the propagation of forest tree seedlings on such lands as the trustees of the Massachusetts Agricultural College may set aside for that purpose on the college grounds at Amherst. The stock raised in this nursery is to be furnished to the state reservations free of charge, and to private owners upon such terms as the forester may fix, subject to the approval of the governor and council. I have met a committee of the trustees and have talked the matter over with them, and this committee has recommended to the trustees that a tract of three acres be set aside for the nursery.

Another line of work is the practical assistance to private owners in the management of their woodlands. This is perhaps the most important line of work that the state has taken up; and as much of the time of the state forester service as can be spared from other duties will be devoted to it, for it is believed that the forest problems of this state are to be solved largely by private owners. While the

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state has acquired some lands for park purposes, and a part of those lands can be used to grow timber, and while the state will probably follow the example of other states in the acquisition of lands to be managed as state forests, still, the great body of the woodlands in the Commonwealth are and always will be in the hands of private owners. It is therefore very important that these private owners should be encouraged to practise improved forestry methods. The state has taken the position that it will furnish to the owners the services of experts, and leave the owners to make use of their services or not, as they see fit. Just at present the state's offer is being accepted faster than the forest service can do the work.

The state forester suggests that some of the park reservations could be used for timber growing.

But the lands mentioned are small in area, and the state might well follow the precedent established by several other states, and acquire lands for the specific purpose of growing timber on them. New York has a forest reserve of 1,430,000 acres, and Pennsylvania has acquired 572,000 acres for forest purposes.

ACTION DISMISSED

Toronto, June 13—(Special)—The action of the Tobique Gypsum Company, against Hon. John Costigan, of Madawaska, (N. B.), and Mrs. Costigan, has been dismissed. The action was to set aside the sheriff's sale of the plant to Mrs. Costigan. On August 5, 1904, winding up proceedings were commenced in Osgoode Hall, but on August 15, the sheriff's sale was forced on, and the property was sold to Mrs. Costigan.

The action was dismissed as Hon. John Costigan has paid off all the creditors.

It is expected an increase of the bounty and protection of binder twine will be announced in the dominion budget. The International Harvester Company is reported to be quoting prices to crush Canadian and domestic competition. It is anticipated some duty may be imposed on cream separators, which are now on the free list.

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