NO. 34, 1912

ENCED MECHANDO and tool work, when me MECHANDO Gargerown, Cat.

stal work, hirdwoods, and wages required, the falls, Ont ANTED - MUST BE erred, lughest wages Amprior, Ont.

ROBATION NURSES street, Chicago, III. FRIENCED DINING highest wages; perma-pply Waldorf Hotel,

RS, BENCH HANDS. & Baldwin Mig. Co.,

rinsmittiing and mass and pudding, with order and pudding, with order and the business for our agount of oil age. Ing. V. Vance, insex,

RALDONS-WE HAVE SAIJHHANS—WE HAVE hope soon, in this most look and, manufactur-call for lot. Judson & bot, Magara Falls, N.

FOR SALE.

LACK CLAY LOAMwo miles from Fer-ravel road, in banner ettt. Thamesville, Ont. STMENTS.

ENT WITH SMALL have many opportuni-s, absolute security; 8 avestor; improved pro-Northern and branch a district in Province; age, city, orchard and rmation and literature kinson & Fisher, Ke

USE DISCRETION.

nod politician one must ply the old story told of the arrived one morning a little church in Ken-

aro in! here grows it divorced an' soencon, "you can lam-

ing please there ent Cures Colds, Etc.

AIN OF PUNCH.

apers have recently deto the origin of punch, enteenth contury drink

originated in the West however, it actually Best Indies and the rive derived from the " five on account of nts arrak fafterward lemon and hot water. nificent bowl of punch ver seen was probably withe Gight Hon. Ed-who, when commanding press in the Mediterrantertilined 0,000 gnests ro a large marble founwith the liquor, the in-

in lamons, twenty galice, eight hogsheads of nds of grated nutmegs pated bisouttatond thir eight of fine white su-

### IN NAMES

f Thirteenth May Now r Semi-Centennial

have been made for of names in connection ration of the senii-cen-Thirteenth Royal Regitoped that all ex-mem in their names. The sames will be made at maie store, 19 King This is the only means e of getting into touch a and it is hoped that and ex members who celebration will inform whose whereabouts that they may accept the affair as an invitatheir names. As soon received personal invisent out and informaarding the celebration. operation of all memmbers who know of the hat are being made, the nade the success the ofd as elaborate arrangeg made it is believed ance will be very large 3. 11 and 15.

POSSIBILITIES.

s innocent on its face, but lurked a most sinister

Senator Clarke, was dislle Rock a measure of

a Rock urchin's question nocent enough in appear ws, was this; mind making a noise like said the uncle, with an why Tommy, do you do a now like a frog?"

unde



## THE DEAREST GIRL IN THE WORLD

earl's room. They were his solicitors and he had sent for them, and excused the two girls from the room. Frances tens had been handsomely remembered; castle whose towers were almost con-Smith did not dream that the earl was so ill. She did not know that death was lurking about, waiting for his victim. Each day she expected her mother, who did not come. One day the physicians summoned the two girls and in an hour the Earl of Dunraven had died in the arms of Dorothy Wynter. His face, though aged and time worn, gave no evidence of his disappointments or sorrows peaceful and calm as a sunny June day. His life had ended with a disappointment, but when he had given up his idol, life had lost its charm for him. It was evening, and the guests at

Westmoreland were assembled in the great drawing room. The Countess of Dunraven was conspicuous among them. She was attired elegantly and her spirits were the gayest of the gay. The gentlemen had joined them. Captain Trenton opened a newspaper

that had just come. He ran his eye over the headlines and read aloud: "Death of the Earl of Dunraven." He could not recall the word in time. Beside him sat the countess and she heard every word he had said. At that moment a servant had brought her a telegram, but she could not read it—a mist came before her eyes. She did not see the expressions on the faces of the guests, nor the strange look of enquiry in their eyes. She reeled and fell, "Read it," she had said to Captain Trenton, and he read aloud: "Mother, for my make, come—the earl is dead." It was a pleading from a daughter to a mother. Everyone knew now that the countess had received other messages but failed to obey them. A sense of horror went room to obey the summons that she had tors in behalf of my daughter, and she ingly. The great fear that encompass frozen with pride, now became animation obeyed too late. When the countess has disposed of them as she saw proper. ed her for so many years had added ed and interesting. Lord Wedderburn The reached the Stanley House every preparation for the burial had been attended to. She had no place anywhere now. It had all been caused by her own vanity and ingratitude. Dorothy Wynter had returned to her lonely lodgings. Stanley House was quiet, and gravelike since its generous, noble old master lay

There was no surprise when the solicitors had requested all of the family to hear the late earl's will read. The countem felt sure of sharing in his great

CHAPTER IX. Dorothy Wynter went from Stanley House to her own humble lodgings. Is seemed so desolate and lonely now since her last friend was gone. The weight of her sorrow left its traces on her sweet face, and left it shaded. The world seemed all at once to rise up as a mighty host against. She must now face it alone. It seemed that fate would not allow her to have one friend, and she realized that her means had now become so low that she had only a few pennies left. What way, and to whom could she turn? She walked the floor. She puzzled her mind to think. There was only Madame Brown left. Perhaps, if she went to her, Madame Brown could find something for her to do, that she and now we have twenty thousand might have a shelter. She spent her last pennies, and she now found she must be up and doing. She would kneel down and pray again. She had prayed, and prayed that God would spare her friends to her, but God had not listened to her prayers. She would now pray once more, and ask the intercession of the blessed Mother Mary. She knelt to find herself in possession of a huge down and prayed, again, that God would roll of fresh, crisp. Bank of England

not leave her alone, and she felt notes. As she walked home, Dorothy more courageous than she had for several days. She intended making that the awakening would come and preparations to start to Madam Brown't at once, but a knock on the little lodgings. Dorothy remembered door startled her from her thoughts. The postman brought her a letter, and night before, and she hastened home. it was indeed a strange thing for Dor- Her landlady awaited her. She saw, at othy Wynter to get letters now since her friends were dead. She looked at face and understood it. the inscription. Could it be possible that Lord Wedderburn had remembered her? She asked herself this question and her heart bounded with joy. When about it. Did she leave you her forshe found courage she opened the letter tune?"

and read: "We have the honor to tell you that by the late Earl of Dunraven's will you inherit a princely estate. That the will was read at Stanley House three days been thinking that now you must have seems like coming home to come to Cas scating herself in the great window. since. The property embraces many a maid, and I have thought of one-a of the finest in the realm, a property is the Indies, ships, etc., and an immense sum of money in the Bank of England. At the request of the late Earl, having been his agents and solicitors for many She will just suit you." years, we offer our services to you, his heiress. Will you call at once at our office, at No. 6 Gray's Inn, or send us Dorothy. your future address. Respectfully, your

obedient servants, "Ward & Tyler." Dorothy re-read it all before she understood its meaning. The Earl of that for some time her house had few Dunraven had left her his property and occupants. The rooms had almost all reshe was a rich heiress. She could not mained vacant, and rents were so high

fathom it. she started out to No. 6 Gray's Inn. ised. That night a vague letter went

One day several strangers entered the 1 to meet the Earl's solicitors. The Countess knew of no kith nor kin, and was gloom that came over her by the death about certain that herself and daughbut after hearing the first few words a great chill of doubt passed over her. The Earl had left her a long, private letter, sealed. This was delivered, in due form, first. Then the Countess heard that, after many small bequests to old friends, he left her daughter, Frances Smith, the sum of ten thousand pounds. This was in payment of a debt of gratitude that he owed her; and to the Countess Dunraven he bequeathed of living verdure—great trees stretched ten thousand pounds for the kindness protecting arms around and about the shown himself and child. The estate had been left to Dorothy Wynter, the from off the sea whispered unceasingly friend so devoted to himself and child. The Countess was enraged. "She would protest," etc.; but it was a matter that as they unceasingly lapped the shore. Dunraven had willed it, and it must cular stairway that led to the principal stand as presented.

the worst was that their home must be dark, old towers and ivy-covered winonce more on miserable Curzon street. dows. The bracing air of the North Sea In the privacy of her own room the must bring back the treant roses to her

"Marcia: You will, perhaps, be asfortune you felt sure of, and I intended | ing of the waves, and in the distance the doing so. I was in the library and heard great white sails of the vessels as they your abrupt dismissal of my daughter's passed, and here she spent the happiest friend. I heard your conversation re- hours she had ever known in her checkgarding myself, in which you plainly ered life. gave your reasons for marrying me.
When you think over what you have There was a large number of guests Your youngest daughter I left a small legacy—she has a kind heart and is honorable in the highest degree. I have offered her some advice which, if followed, will lead to her benefit. I am sure, Marcia, you will feel that you have not been unjustly treated, when you remember that my home that we planned to build and my last days were a bitter disapointment. May God forzive you, Marcia, for 1, too, have done

The Countess tried to think herself treated unfairly, but she could not when she remembered that the Earl had been lavish of his wealth, and that, in her own weakness and folly, she had lost it all. The Countess was ill indeed. It was more than she could bear to go back to Curkon street from Stanley She felt that she could not do so. At the first appearance of trouble, her eldest daughter had aunounced her intention of marrying Colonel Blain, whose pay was barely sufficient to enable him me." to live. The youngest daughter was all go back to Curzon street and live very happily there. Why, mother, we are rich. We lived there once, and had a very few pounds that we could call our own, pounds." She was so self-reliant and

hopeful, the Countess took courage. Before Dorothy Wynter left the solicitor's office, he handed her a cheque for a large amount on the Bank of England, and Dorothy walked there, cashed her cheque, and was astonished felt as if she was in a dream. She felt she would find herself back in her own that she had eaten nothing since the once, the queer expression on Dorothy's

"Pardon me, Miss Dorothy, but the Earl's daughter kept her word, didn't she? I heard her telling her father

"Yes," answered Dorothy, wondering

if it were really true. "I am so thankful for you. It was a hard life you had at first, and I have friend of mine. She went down to the Castle to service, and has been there for long years, but her health is beginning to fail her, and she wants a change.

"Thank you, I do need some one. Then you may engage her for me," said

"How glad she will be. I am so tired of my life. If you have a vacant place, remember, me, will you?"

Dorothy promised her. She had seen that she had made no monew. Dorothy Instead of going to Madame Brown's would remember her, for she had promher daughtens were in the fibrary young lady lodger that was very rich felt kindly to every one that loved Cas- business unless you want to lose both.

indeed, and she must have a maid, and the writer felt sure that everything would suit all around.

It need not be told that Parkins came up from Castle Royal in a few days, and was astonished to find it was her Dorothy, the child she had always loved and intended to take as her own. Great, indeed, was her surprise and her joy seemed unbounded. She could hardly realize all that had passed.

"It sounds like a fairy story. And to think how often Lord Wedderburn-"That name is one that must be dead between you and me. I never wish it to be called in my hearing. It would destroy every vestige of my happiness to hear that name."

Dorothy spoke bitterly and with emotion. Parkins knew that in some way Lord Wedderburn was connected with Dorothy Wynter's life. She remembered how often he had spoken to her of Dorothy, and his tones had always been tender. She knew there had something occurred between they that had caused a great bitterness, but she did not dare and ask any questions. There was an immensely valuable property belonging to the heiress of the late Earl of Dunraven on the island of St. Lucia. This property consisted of valuable coffee plantations and now since the earl's death it became necessary to dispose of them. While the cura agents had embarked to repair at once to St. Lucia to dispose of them, it was | Ointdecided that Dorothy Wynter and her few faithful followers should repair to Dunraven, a small Scottish estate on the North Sea. It was necessary that she should live quietly for a time, that she might throw off the great mantle of of her friends. Dunraven was an old cealed by the moss and ivy: It was in a good state of preservation. The grand old rooms had been closed many years. but now a few suites had been refitted and refurnished for its new owner. The purple hills were on the right and left, and the waves of the North Sea washed the terraced grounds. It was a beautiful, weird old place, situated on a gen tile rise from the sea. It was a mass

quaint old castle whose great pointed towers reached heavenward. The winds through the leaves, and the soft murmur of the waves was heard always, admitted to no change. The Earl of There was a great entrance hall and cir-Countess opened the letter and read: | cheeks, and Dorothy threw off her cares, walked down the pathway to the sea for tonished that I do not leave you the hours watched the unceasing switch-

done toward making my tast days at Castle Royal now. It was the largpeaceful and happy, I am sure you will est and gayest party that the grand old feel that you have had justice. The Court Royal had seen for many a year. er seen her melt from her icy hauteur are hatched. But it's not the poultry through every mind, as she left the family jewels I transferred to my soil- Lady Alicia Home entertained charm- before. Her fact that had always been that engages attention in the poultry silver to her hair, and care lines to her still handsome face. Lord Wedderburn, too, had aged. His

his handsome face wore a habitually sad expression. Lady Home had decided to urge her

deadful shot had been fired at Lord Wedderburn, her fears had increased ten fold. She felt sure it originated with the Weston Homes. Lord Wedderburn's death would not be advantageous to any one but them, and she felt that it was in the waiting room.

"Miss McRay will be with us to-night," she said. "Yes," he said, but there was no interest in his tones.

"You would please me if you met her at the station." she said. "Is it necessary, mother?" he asked. "Yes, since the promise you made me;

that promise I rely upon. It is life to

There was much sentiment in her her stay and comfort. "We two will voice, and much earnestness also. He saw that she had built all her hopes on his words, and the thought gave him pain. Not that he disliked Miss Mc-Ray, for she was a most magnificent woman. Cold, proud and regal in her manner; a woman that would grace the proud old home, yet he did not love her. There was no room in his heart for her, for it was filled with the thought of a childish face, whose dark eyes looked wistfully and frankly into his own, and he could not forget her words. The words that besought him to remember that it was no fault of hers that she was thrust upon him. He could think of no one else with love, yet he knew that the time had no weome when he must keep his word. That night he drove to the station to meet Miss Mc-Ray. She was delighted that he had was cold and proud, yet she was hopelessly in love with Lord Wedderburn. When she saw him, her face was aglow with happiness. Lord Wedderburn saw it, and the thought of his own feelings made him most unhappy. They rode home in the soft sum or moon-

> light, and each enjoyed the Crive. "Have your guests all arrived?" she asked. He anmed many that were there.

> "I am so glad," she said, "for we are to have a delightful visit I am sure. It tle Royal."

say you like the old place," he said. like one of Reynold's pictures. "Why shouldn't I? It is one of the prettiest and oldest in Scotland. It is exceedingly interesting to me. Every time I walk out to the old most I can imagine the drawbridge is still there. I can picture the great drawingroom where Charles I. and his bride were entertained. I can see the picture of who was married about a year ago, was horror on the face of all those present constantly arguing with his wife about horror on the faces of all those present when Patrick Home rode across the drawbridge wounded unto death, and, dismounting from his horse, fell in the great doorway and expired. Every spot here has a history." She had taken interest enough in the dear old home to study all this and Lord Wedderburn ly." At Stanley House the day came for off in the post, but it said "come to was pleased and flattered. This was one to be read. The Countess town at once." for the writer had a of the shortest routes to his heart. He Don't put your pleasure before your

**Treatment** 

Warm



Although Cuticum Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, a liberal sample of each, with 82-page booklet on the care and treatment of the skin, will be sent post-free, on application to "Cuticura," Dept. 6M, Boston, U.S.A.

tle Royal. It was sweet to Lord Wedderburn to hear these words from her. The Castle Towers rose high and gloomy before them. Through the trees, sombre and almost hidden, lay old Lenthill. Its dark towers were silhouet ted against the sky, and the soft moonlight shed a radiance and quiet over it. Miss McRay pointed it out.

"There is dear old Lenthill. It is alrooms. The castle had been refitted most in ruins, is it not? Such a pretty The Counters took her letter to her and refurnished for its new owner. To old place it is too, and such a sad, own room. She was humiliated and Dorothy Wynter it was a haven of de- sad story as it has hanging over it. I deeply disappointed. The miserable sum light. There was the same charm that have so often wanted to go there. I of ten thousand pounds to live on; and had always clung to old Lenthill with its | think to-morrow morning, very early, I will take a run over and go over it."

"I shall be pleased to go with you." Lord Wedderburn said, but he dreaded the trial of his feelings. It was like the burial place of his dead, and he liked no strange feet to wander ruthlessly over its sacredness, but he had promised and he would go. "What is the programme for to-mor-

row?" asked Miss McRay. "All are going to visit the ruins of Old Bunco Castle, another old place

with a sad history," he said. "I shall be delighted, for I love these dear old places," she said. He had nevfelt more kindly than ever he had toward her.

Lady Alicia welcomed them, heartily. hair was also tinged with gray, and This coming was the best of all, for in her heart she hoped to secure her for her daughter-in-law. She saw at once the pleased expression on the son once more to marry. Since that lady's face and there was a peculiar Mission's department of transportation, one about the son's face-an expression of friendship, nothing more, but this pleased her.

The next morning Miss McRay arose early-even before the sun was up. It fer object lession for the home gardenwas a glorious morning soft, balmy air, ing plan than most other cities. It is not all ended yet. Mother and son met and the birds were chirping in the trees just out from their nests, welcoming each other with little carols-all nature seemed glad. The flowers along the the hardest.
pathway raised their tiny heads all. The great dew covered, Miss McRay tripped down the well worn path beside Lord Wedderburn, Her heart was filled to overflowing with happiness, for she realized that it was Lady Alicia's dearest tard greens gathered from their own wish to have her for a daughter-in-

Lord Wedderburn had never thought of bestowing love on her, for he had not that to give. His heart was buried with Dorothy, and it would be faithful unto the end. The Homes were a queer old race of people. They could not love to-day and forget to-morrow. A love to a member of this race was as life itself-it lasted all their lives. They climbed through broken arches into the great marble halls. They went | end than the other, yet they are exup the broken stone stairsteps, where actly parallel. The small diagonal each step was well worn with the foot- lines which cross them appear to jog steps of the dead generations. In some ahead as they cross, but they do not. rooms there were broken marble col- The illusion is caused by slightly umns, and arched windows fallen into filling up the acute angles made by decay. In one great square room was the intersections. a box bed; this was built in the wall after the fashion of ages gone; the room had one large, double window from which the view was grandly beautiful-the Cheviot hills loomed high and thought to come for her. Miss McRay purple on the left, and the Lammermoor hills rose against the sky on the right, and to the front there was one vast sweep of North sea-it was a grand old room, Miss McRay walked to the great window and looked out enraptured.

"What a beautiful old room!" she exclaimed-"How I should love to ait here and watch the ever-changing sea!" "It is a melancholy room to medo you know the sad story of it?" asked Lord Wedderburn.
"Yes, I think 1 do," she said,

"It is pleasant to me to hear you hill tops, and the whole landscape looked (To be Continued.)

> WISDOM IN COMPROMISE. "Compromise," says a prominent Bull Moose politician, "is usually objectionable, but is sometimes a good thing, For

instance:
"One of my constituents, a young man

whether they should buy an automobile or a power boat. When I met him the other day he said:
"Well, my wife and I have wrangled for months, but thank goodness, we've compromised at last."
"What have you compromised on?" I asked.
"'A baby carriage,' he answered, proud-

VACANT LOTS.

Kansas Town's Solution of High Cost

of Living. (New York Sun.)

Two thousand acres of land within the limits of Kansas City, Kan., is under cultivation. It is estimated by the city officials that if all the garden plots in that city were cut up and divided among the differnt families that there would be 900 square feet of cultivated garden for every home in the city.

Thus the metropolis of Kansas has out-Pingreed Detroit and out-Johnsoned Cleveland, Figuring on the population basis Kansas City, Kan. leads the cities of the world in the utilization for gardening purposes of its vacant lands.

The largest garden in the city, says the Kansas City Star, is at Quindaro. It contains thirty three acres, all under cultivation. It is said to be the largest farm within any city of 100,000 population in this country. It is owned by Mrs. Rosamond Scruggs and the land is valued by her at \$66,000. On this land is every variety of truck usually grown in gardens.

Along the right of ways of the differerent railways in Kansas City, Kan., 500 acres of land is under cultivation. No rent is paid for this land. Some one living near by simply spades it up and plants a garden and the railway companies do not interfere.

At Seventh street and near New Jersey avenue is a sunken tract that has been a wet swamp in other years, but this spring a man drained it and ploughed it and planted it with potatoes that are six inches above ground now and very thrifty.

It is estimated that in the Croatian district alone there are 300 gardens in ront and back yards. Those foreigners earned the art of gardening in a country where every foot of cultivable land is utilized and they follow out that plan here. Every square foot of available space is planted. Many of these little gardens are on steep terraces.

Extensive farming is meeting with successful experiments all over the city, one of the finest examples of this being on the 25 foot lot of the Tidings of Joy Mission. The Rev. Evan W. Howard, the pastor there, besides being a minister of the gospel and a home missioner, aiso is a farmer. He learned farming in Indiana.

On a lot twenty-five by sixty feet the Rev. Mr. Howard has been supplying about every one in his district with their lettuce, onions, radishes and mustard green. Amateurs would do well to examine the Tidings of Joy Mission back yard garden. On that small plot of ground the minister has already raised in abundance early spring vegetables his radishes and onions now being in their third crop. In addition to these he has lettuce and mustard, pumpkins (with the vines climbing over the back porch), cucumbers, pie plant, beets, beans and tomatoes.

On a lot about twenty-five feet square is the Tidings of Joy poultry department. The missioner started with five hens and a rooster. He has about two dozen hens now and four hens are "settin'." How many he'll have in a week or two the minister won't say, for he never counts his chickens before they

triangle in which Mr. Howard already has produced enough green oats to start his chickens, and in another fenced plot, about ten by ten, is probably the smallest alfalfa "pasture" on the face of the earth. The alfalfa is coming up and it will go to the chickens and the Home which is John Wesley, the Home Mission's energetic and industrious horse. A student of home gardening save that Kansas City, Kan., can offer a betessentially a workingman's town. It is essentially a community where high prices on necessary food products hit

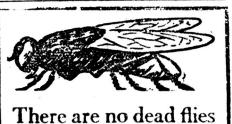
The great number of home gardens this year will go far to solve the problem of the high cost of living. The amateur gardeners already have been eating lettuce, onions, radishes and musgardens. The green grocers have no ticed it and they see a still further decrease in demands for vegetables.

Do Your Eyes Fool You?

AHHHHHHHHHH

Two illusions in one: The long lines appear farther apart at one

Lending money to a man is about as easy a way as there is to find out he has bad points.- New York Press.



lying about when

# WILSON'S FLY PADS

are used as directed. All Druggists, Grocers and General Dealers sell them.



### WEARY THEDNESS CHANGED TO VIGOR

THAT PLAYED-OUT FEELING WAS QUICKLY REMEDIED AND HEALTH RESTORED.

Story of a Merchant Who Almeet Lost His Business and His Health

toms of Disease.

Through Neglecting Early Symp

"My life for years has been of ceden-tary character," writes T. B. Titchfield, head of a well-known firm in Bucking ham. "Nine hours every day I spend at office work, and took exercise only on Sunday. I disregarded the symptoms of ill-health, which were all too apparent to my family. I grew thin, then pale, and before long I was jaundiced eyes and skin were yellow, my strength and nerve energy were lowered, and I was quite unfitted for business. In the morning a lightness in the head, particularly when I bent over, made me very worried about my health. Most of the laxative medicines I found weakening, and knowing that I had to be at business every day I neglected myself rather than risk further weakness. Of course I grew worse, but by a happy chance I began to use Dr. Hamilton's Pills. I was forcibly struck by the fact that they neither caused griping nor nausea, and it seemed incredible that pills could tone, cleanse and regulate the system without causing any unpleasant after effects. Dr. Hamilton's Pills acted with me just as gently as nature-they gave new life to my liver, etrengthened my stomach, and won me back to perfect good health. My skin is clear, dixziness has disappeared and my appetite,

strength, spirits are perfect." Refuse anything offered you instead of Dr. Hamilton's Pills, which are sure to curs. Sold in 25c boxes, five for \$1.00. at all druggists and storekeepers, or postpaid from The Catarrhozone Co. Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Canada.

### A RASH PROMISE



Mrs. Nagger-You promised to love meas long as I lived.

Mr. Nagger-But how was I to know that you would hang on this

#### Fat Is Not Strength BY A PHYSICIAN.

Don't load the body down with fat. Eat according to your needs; not according to your likes. Outside of "looks" which are sometimes in and sometimes out of fashion, obesity is a hindrance to the enjoyment and comfort of life.

When a person grows fat, each organ gets its portion. The consequence is often serious if these fatty deposits grow so large as to interfere with the normal action of the

organs. Shortness of breath, malpitation, bronchitis and other unpleasant and unnecessary difficulties are occasioned.

The two great causes of obesity are too much food and too little exercise. It is very easy to overest and underexercise in hot weather. Strong able-bodied persons with a moderate amount of time should make it a duty to take enough exercise in the open air to regulate their weight.

Persons who are obliged to sit or stand all day should endeavor to eat strengthening foods,—but not fatproducing foods. It is particularly necessary that persons who are disabled should

take great care in choosing their Fat is not strength. AXIO ACT

A BURNS RELIC.

The discovery of a hitherto unknown The discovery of a hitherto unknown poem of Burns is an event of great interest in more than literary circles, for the poet was the most remarkable singer of the people, the closest to the popular heart that ever appeared in any country or among any race. The occasion of the poem was this: A nobleman, falled with curiosity to see this extraordinal; peasant, invited him to his house, and at dinner time sent min to the servants quarters to dine. Burns had no objection to this company for dinner, but quarters to dine. Burns had no objection to this company for dinner, but when the Lord sent for him to come up to his drawing-room to amuse himself and his titled guests, the bard felt justly offended. He sat down, wrote the poem, took it upstairs to His Lordship, turned on his neel and walked out whout a word. Mrs. John Morfatt, of St. Androwed has given the neem to the publication. word. Mrs. John Morfatt, of St. Andrew's, has given the poem to the public, it having been copied from the original by her grandfather, Mr. Edward Saunderson, a hundred years ago. Such is the history given. Here are the verses:
"My lord, I would not fill your chair, Tho' ye be proudest noble's heir, I came this night to join your least. As equal of the best at least; "Tis true that cash with me is scant, and titles, triffes that I want.

Tis true that cash with me is scant,
And titles, trifles that I want.
The king has never made me kneel
To stamp my manhood with his seal.
But what of that? The King on High
Who took less pains with you than I,
Has filled my bosom and my mind
With something better in its kind Has fined my bosom and my mind With something better in its kind Than your broad acres, something which I cannot weil translate to speech. But by its impulse I can know "Tis deeds, not birth, that make men

low.
Your rank, my lord, is but a loan!
Your rank, my lord, is but a loan!
But mine, thank heaven, is all my own!
A peasant, 'tis my pride to be;
Look round and round your hall, and see Look round and round your hall, and see
Who boasts a higher pedigree?
I was not fit, it seems, to dine
With those fox-hunting heroes fine;
But only come to bandy jests
Among your lordship's hopeful guests,
There must be here some sad mistake—
I would not play for such a stake,
Be a buffoon for drink and meat,
And a poor earl's taxpaid seat:

Be a buffoon for drink and meat,
And a poor earl's taxpaid seat;
No, die my heart, ere such a shame
Descends on Robert Burns' name.
The lines certainly have a Burnsian
vigor and biting directness, but it was
the poet's usual habit when in a bitter
humor to write in his own "braid
scotch." not in English as the above.