THEN AND NOW.

When my old beart was young, my dear, The sarth and heaven were so near That in my dreams I oft could bear The steps of unseen races; In woodlands, where bright waters ran, on hills God's rainbows used to span, I followed voices not of man, And smilled in spirit faces.

Now my old heart is old, my sweet, No longer earth and heaven meet; All life is grown to one long street Where fact with fancy clashes; The volces now that speak to mo Speak probe instead of poetry; And in the faces now F see Is less of soul than ashes. -Madison Cawein in Leslie's Weekly. The girl shook her head.

"How can that be?" she

"Emily!" cried the man.

his home-disgraced, disowned-"

madam."

asleed.

the stage."

net.

you are?

madam."

trusting smile."

The lady turned.

hand.

this?"

clenched.

"I have never been on the stage,

"When-when Thomas

"Hush," Richard," said the woman

When Thomas went away he vowed

Without money, without friends,

he had no way to hold her fickle re-

gard. No, madam, he did not see her

again-and I am certain he has never

regretted the fact. In one way, mad-

am, you did your son a great service

"I am not used to having my acts

of conversation," she coldly said.

"You are not an actress, you say.

Perhaps you will tell us who and what

The girl smilled in her quick way.

"I am Tom's wife," she answered.

"If you are trying to harrow up my

feelings," she said, "I will ask you

to remember that even the torn heart

of a mother in time becomes seared."

"I am sorry if I have hurt you,

She looked about the room

"That's all I can remember just

The lady stirred uneasily.

The girl slowly nodded.

"You have not hurt me."

"I did not mean to hurt

madam. I am young, I am forgetful.

To me my Tom seems all that is man-

ly, and worthy and true. I cannot

picture to myself any other Tom-ex-

cept the little lad who sat here alone

by the window. I like to think of him.

I like to nicture him looking up at

your mother's portrait, madam, and

The lady suddenly arose and went

The girl glanced at the old man.

"Do you think that I forget?" she

suddenly asked. "Do you understand

that the son I cherisned, and hu-

mored and pampered, turned upon

me and shamed me, and defied me?

Do you know that he disobeyed my

Her voice rose, her hands

"And you sent him away?"

"Yes. He had disgraced his home.

were

gether.

He nodded quickly and waved his

to the window and tooked out.

The lady drew back.

coldly

left

It

MRS. PRODIGAL. 3

How She Strove With Her Mother-in-Law, and Prevailed. (W. R. Rose in Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

S THE THE THE THE THE THE

A young woman was standing in Richard Hazen stepped from the car at the corner of the cross street. She waited for him.

She was a trim young woman straight and slender, and her eyes were grey and very bright. Richard Hazen did not see the girl until he was close to her. His gray head was bowed and his thoughts were far away.

Then he looked up and saw the bright eyes intently regarding him. The owner of the bright eves smiled and put out her hand.

"I am Tom's wife," she simply said. The old man gave a little gasp and

his lip suddenly trembled. "Tom's wife!" he whispered. "Whwhy I was thinking of Tom at this

very moment." He stared at the girl. 'Tom's wife!" he dully repeated. "Yes," said the girl. "Don't you

see my hand?" He saw her hand and then took it

in both his own. "Tom's wife," he murmured. "I am

very glad to meet you, my dear." Then he gave a quick start and stared at her garb. It was a walking costume of steel gray and he sighed with relief. "Tom is well?"

"Tom is very well and very busy How is it with you, father Richard?" He gave a little start at the title.

"I am always fairly well, and always busy." She glanced at the worn figure and

tired face and her voice grew gentler. "I have wanted for a long time to know you, father Richard. That's why I am here.

He suddenly looked from her toward the house. "Have you seen Tom's mother?" he

asked.

"Not yet. I waited here for you They told me at the office you would stop at the bank and so I took the car ahead of yours. Shall we go in ?" He hesitated and again looked to-

ward the house. "Let us walk around the block, my

dear." he said. "I have something to explain to you." "Very well," she said. "I doubt your

ability to tell me anything I do not know, but I'm glad to walk with you, father Richard. Don't forget that. I've wanted to meet my Tom's father for a long, long time,"

The old man suddenly smiled. "I like your appearance, my dear," he said. "I like your voice. I am sure you ars good to my boy, and I know he must be proud of you." He hest-tated as they moved away. "But have you thought of Tom's mother?'

The girl softly laughed. "Very often," she answered. "And I'm not afraid."

"She is very proud." "So am I. father Richard."

"She does not forget."

when you took from him the means of gratifying his extravagance. The latter stood in the center of would have been better had you done front of the Hazen residence when the room, her head just a little this before." raised, her eyes very bright. "I am Tom's wife," she simply announced. made the basis of criticism or even

The lady gave a little start, and then

her face grew hard. "This is quite unexpected," she coldly said.

The girl slightly bowed.

"Yes, madam," she answered, with gentle dignity, "I quite appreciate the fact. My only apology is that even DOW." the most exacting courtestes have been numin. "Poor little Tom," she softly said. "The rooms seems so big and known to weaken at the touch of he must have looked so very small." kinship. I do not look upon this as a call of state, madam. 1 am you son's wife.

The lady hesitated.

"We are not prepared to acknowlsdge you," she said. "In fact, we have no authentic knowledge of your existence.

A faint smile hovered about the girl's mouth.

"I exist, nevertheless," she said. 'And if you don't mind I will remove my hat and coat. 1 find them rather

warm."

The lady was taken aback, "Am I to infer that you consider yourself welcome in this house?" she

slowly asked The girl laid aside her hat and coat. meeting that loving glance with a "I only remember that I am your

son's wife-Tom's wife-and that The lady winced a little.

"Perhaps," she said, "you do not know Tom's story ?"

The girl slowly nodded. "I believe I know it all," she an-

wered.

"And you came here knowing this?" "There is no doubt that I am here," said the girl. She looked around. "I have come a long way," she said. "I

am rather tired. May I be seated?" The lady flushed. She pointed to chair.

commands, that he slighted the girl "Do not construe this into any adhe should have married, that he chose mission that you are welcome," she companions who were unworthy of said. "It is a courtesy that I would him? Do you think I can forget all

grant to any stranger who found her way into my home." The girl leaned back against the

cushions on the davenport. "It is a courtesy that your son's

THE EASY CHAIR.

Only the Englishman knows the science of sitting down, alone has evolved the chair which recovers for its students all the comfort that has been lost in the day, all the hope that the morning may so inhospitably have barred. Watch, say, a Frenchman in an English easy-chair and you will find him no worthy apprentice of He is ill at ease and out of sympathy with the chair. the science. But the Englishman has no such quarrel with comfort. He does not, as the Frenchman, sit at attention. There need not, in fact, be any doubt that England's position as the optimist among the nations is due largely to this appreciation of the easy-chair. Had Schopenhauer lived in England and been instructed in the art of sitting down he would have written dainty testimonials to the charm of human nature. Pope had no optimism, and it is not surprising that he complained of the "rack of a too easy chnir," for only an optimist can be comfortable. Whistler refused to have an easy-chair in his house, and quite inevitable wrote a book on the art of making enemies. Carlyle lived among the hard angles of uncomfortable furniture and wrote irritably. A man's literary taste, it may as well be said, is not fored so much by his education, or his early life, or his friends, as by his chars. A man without an easy-chair would develop an austere taste. He would read Bacon, Hume, Macaulay. A man with an uncomfortable easy-chair would read Hazlitt, Carlyle, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, Ibsen. A man with a chair which he had moulded to all the whims of his body would read Dickens, Lamb, Shakespeare, Meredith, Flaubert, Tennyson, No one fortunately has a finer instinct for comfort than the Englishman, and so long as this is so there should be no danger of the decline of good books and poetry and optimism. Only the man who has an easy-chair can read the right books.

The girl's amile still lingared. 'And I am the wife of the prodiga she said. "And that brings it all back to me. I am to be in the city a few days. There is some machinery for our mines that I am to inspect before it is shipped. We learn to do many things in those far western towns. Will you take me in during my stay in he would marry some dancing girl of the city?"

The lady hesitated.

"Yes," the girl assented. "He told "You try to beat me down at every me of this girl. But he did not marturn," she feebly protested. ry her. He saw the folly of such

The girl nodded. "I fear I should have presented my credentials sooner," she said and drew forth an envelope. "You do not even know that I am what I claim to be. This is a letter of introduction from my Tom. When he found I was determined to come here he gave me this. Believe me, I have not seen a single word he has written there."

She arose and handed the letter to the lady. The latter turned it over in a hesitating way.

"Richard," she said, and her voice had suddenly softened, "will you read this aloud to me. My eyes are troubling me and the light is poor."

He took the envelope and went to the window. Adjusting his glasses he bent his gray head and slowly read the letter aloud.

"Father and mother," it began, "I am sending you the dearest treasure I have on earth. No, that is not guite right. It was my wife's wish to go to you-it had been her wish for a long time. I only consented when I saw that she was determined to make the journey. No doubt she has told you why she comes. But there are some things she will not tell you. She will not tell you how immeasurably much I owe to her, how poor we were, how her courage never faller, her love never failed. She will not tell you how we prospected togeth er, and how I fell and was hurt, and how she fought away the wolves, and all alone in that cruel desert nursed me back to health again. Nor will she tell you that we are joint partners in all our ventures, and that she means to send me to congress next year. I ask nothing for myself, but I would be glad to have you treat her as she deserves-no matter how you may regard her mission. I am going to miss her greatly-we have never been part ed before, but if Anna wants me she knows she has but to hold up her hand, From your son, Thomas Hazen." The letter fluttered from the old man's fingers.

Then he arose and went to the girl and took her hands in his and kissed her cheek.

"My son's wife," he proudly said. The lady's head was bent. But presently she arose and took a faltering step toward the girl.

"Oh, my dear," she suddenly sobbed, "hold up your hand and bld my son come home!" Then the arms of the girl quickly encircled her and the prodigal's mothor, and the prodigal's wife clung to-

CHEESE MAKING MONKS.

The Trappists of Canada and Their Farms and Vineyards.

Scattered throughout Capada are many curious religious communes, especially in the province of Quebec, but there is none more curlous or interesting than the settlements of the Trappist Monks.

.This brotherhood has three settle ments in the Dominion-in Nova Scotia at Tracadie, in the wilds of northern Quebec, near the Lake St. John district, and on the banks of the Ot-

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

The just man falls seven times. Bible.

Luck is a small matter.-U. S. Grant. A good resolve will make any port.

-Horace. Make your life your monument.

Ben Jonson.

Who sows courtesy, reaps friendship.-Basil.

In all thnigs let reason be your guide.-Solon.

Joys are our wings, sorrows are our spurs.-Richter.

Suspicion is the poison of friendship.-St. Augustine.

Jealousy is a secret avowal of one's inferiority.-Masillon,

Mon prize a thing ungained more than it is.- Shakespeare.

What makes life dreary is the want of motive.-George Elliot.

Genius begins great works; labor alone finishes them.-Joubert.

In marriage there is always one who rules the other .- Home Notes.

There is nothing on earth so cruel to a woman as woman .-- Ouida.

It is the duty of men to love even those who injure them .- Marcus Antonlus.

Frugality is a fair fortune; and habits of industry a good estate.-Benjaman Franklin,

The blessedness or misery of old age is often but the extract of our past life.-De Malstre.

Opportunity knocks, but importunity grabs one by the buttonhole and hangs on.-Home Notes.

A woman may only believe half she hears, but she generally repeats it all.-Philadelphia Record.

One of the greatest sources of happiness in young married life is a lack of relatives on both sides .-- Puck.

When a woman goes to call on another to see how well the baby is doing, it's a sign she really came to tell her something she heard somebody say about her .- New York Press,

GROTTOS OF THE LAMAS.

Voluntary Exiles for Life From the Light of the Sun.

Of the people who live where the mountain tops in the morning are "dreams of roses and eternal snow," Dr. Hedin had much of absorbing interest to tell during a recent lecture delivered by him in London. There were the Lamas, or priests, who voluntarily go into grottoes, the entrances to which are closed against them for the rest of their lives. They live in this solitude in absolute darkness, not even the secondary light of the sun being allowed to enter. One man, he was told, went into darkness when 16 or 17 years of age, and lived there for 69 years. The reason for this voluntary martyrdom is that the Lama be lieves after death he will be reborn into a very happy existence. He has no communication whatever with the outside world, and the other priests of the temple send in his food by means of a long pole, to which are attached bowls. These are withdrawn after an interval, and the only means of accertaining the death of the inmate of the grotto is by the food and drink not being touched. These grottoes are found in many places in Tibet on the banks of the Upper Brahmaputra, and in the interior of the country.

The Tibetans have some strange 1921s for ascertaining the character of a man. One is by means of a hole in a block of granite, through which the individual has to crawl. If he is an honest man he will, according to the theory of the Tibetans, creep through, but if a scoundrel he will stop in the middle. "We had a very funny experience with one of these blocks of granite," said Dr. Hedin. "A

DIDIGESTION MUNYONS PAWPAW PI BETTER TRANADOCTOR DITUS NABO Munyon's Paw Paw Pills coax the liver int

TRIALS of the NEEDEMS

DICINE JOHN AN

NOT GETTING ANY ETTER THE DISCION OE SN'T SEEN TO BE CING ME ANY GOOD

activity by genetic methods. They do not source or waken. They are a torito to the atomach is the source of the source of the source of roundation of the source of the source of the four the high source of the source of the roundation to endowed the source of the genetic of the source of the source of the genetic of the source of the source of the plus contacts to endowed the source of the s

Munyon's Cold Remely cures a cold in one day. Price Ec. Munyon's Rheumatism Remedy relieves in a few hours and cures in a few days. Price 25c.

In eigteen months there will be direct rallway communication between Buenos Aires and Ascuncion, the cap-Ital of Paraguay.

Only One "Bromo Quinine," That is Laxative Bromo Quinine, Look for the signature of E. W. Grove, Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day, 200

The new bridge over the Ganges river at Sara, India, for the Eastern Bengal Railway, is to cost \$6,500,000.

Did you ever have a good, old-fashioned boy's stomach ache? Of course you have, A little dose of Hamlins Wizard Oil will chase away a colicky pain in the stomach like magic.

England sends many of her orphan

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens thegums, reduces inflamma-tion, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

Teaches Children by Toys.

rope is said to be Mme. Marie Montes-

sori, a lecturer in the University of

speaker, she has gained a still wider

reputation from her ideas as to the

teaching of children. She plans to carry instruction to the minds of the

young by means of toys, and has built

a model house in Rome especially

equipped for children, the rooms of

which are furnished with toys of her

own invention, designed to teach the

little ones to read and write without taking them through the laborious

rudiments of the alphabet and ordin-

ary spelling. The model house in

Rome has proven so successful that

Mme. Bontessori has been invited to

build a similar house, exclusively for

children, in Milan.-New York Press.

Perjury a Common Crime.

failed to notice that there is much

false evidence given in our courts.

The fact is thrust upon one's atten-

tion. Not only in sensational mur-der trials, but in almost every civil

proceedings or quasi-judicial investiga-tion which is of sufficient general in-

terest, to gain publicity, the reported

Even a cusual observer cannot have

Rome.

An eloquent and convincing

The most intellectual women in Eu-

and deserted children to Canada.

"I am glad of that."

'You may find her sadly prejudiced." "I expect it, father Richard."

He looked at her and his face brightened.

"You are not at all what I-what we imagined you might me, my dear. And I am very glad."

"You knew Tom was married?" "Yes. The news came to us through several hands, and there were no particulars. And now tell me about Tom."

The girl laughed.

"He is well, he is busy, he is happy. I am going to ask you to wait for further particulars until I meet his mother.

His face clouded.

"If she will listen to you."

The girl-she seemed no more than a girl in years-nodded lightly.

The old man laid his hand lightly on the girl's arm.

"You inspire me with confidence, my dear," he gently said. "I am sure that Tom's mother grieves for her boy, but she is very proud and unyielding." "I know," said the girl, "but she will find that I'm a Western girl and something of a fighter myself, and dreadful stubborn when I think I'm right."

And she laughed lightly.

They had returned to the house and now they went up the walk towither and the old man opened the door and they passed into the lib-THEY.

And the girl saw that the old man pemed to grow older and grayer when e entered the house, and he looked about him with a nervous air.

"Wait here, please, and I will call Tom's mother," he said. And she smiled back at him.

As he passed through the door she have a quick glance into the long nirror between the old fashioned winws, and straightened her hat and gave her plumage a quick little shake, and threw a confident glance at the sted image.

As she turned away a lady came to the room, and Richard Hazen

"Do you wish to see me?" the lady The old man sized anxiously at

wife-also a stranger-gratefully ac- | He was no longer worthy of it." "Do you know, madam, that the hour you sent him forth was, after all,

"Yes."

moved.

The girl smiled.

"What do you mean?"

"He has prospered then?"

"I mean that it throw him on his

own resources, that it aroused all that

was manly in him, that it gave him

the one incentive he needed-the in-

"I did not mean to ask about him.

"I will tell you gladiy. He is well,

and happy and prospering. We live in

Virginia City, where Tom is regarded

as a coming citizen. No man's word

is better, no man's record is cleaner. It

The old man by the door suddenly

"My son," he softly murmured. "I will not deny that what you

have told me has a cortain measure

of gratification in it," she slowly said,

The lady had seated herself and one of the most fortunate hours my Richard Hazen had slipped into a chair near the door. Tom has ever known?"

For a moment or two the room was very still. The bright eyes of the girl leisurely took in the furnishings of the room. The eyes of the lady watched the bright, young face. "I know this room," said the girl

cepts."

centive of bread and butter, of lodg-"Tom has so often described it. It ing and clothes." was at this window that he sat when he learned his lessons. There is the bookcase where he found the copy of This is the por My heart is very bitter. Tell me what 'Robinson Crusoe.' trait of his grandmother, whose gantle you will." gaze he fancied-in his childish way -followed him about the room. But don't see his little chair anywhere. Has it been taken away, madam?" The man near the door made a chok

ing noise.

has meant hard work and many set-"That was very well acted," she backs, but the strength and the amsaid. "I beg your pardon, but are bition were in him, and he was sure you still in the profession?" to win. The bright eyes opened wider.

"The profession, madain? What pro-

fession? The lady suddenly frowned.

"Is the phrase puzzling? Then let me ask if you are on the stage?"

The girl suddenly smiled. "Now I understand," she quickly said. "No, madam, I am not on the "but it is not the way the story of the prodigal should end-for my son was a prodigal, & wicked, deflant pro-

You left it recently, perhaps? disal. tawa River not far from Montreal. One of the most interesting of the monasteries is that near the village of Oka, on the Ottawa River.

The Trappist is a farmer as well as a priest and the Oka farm of 800 acres is one of the best tilled in that part of Canada. All kinds of grain are grown, an excellent vegetable garden is maintained, and a large orchard and vineyard add pictures queness to the rural scene. But the Trappist is a stock grower as well as an agriculturist. There are few finer thoroughbred stocks than the Percheron stallions and huge bulls kept there. The order owns at Oka several hundred cows, 300 sheep and thirty-five horses.

Adjoining the barn is the dairy, where a fancy cheese is produced that has a high reputation in the Montreal market, as have the claret and wines produced from the vineyards .-Busy Man's Magazine.

Why She Couldn't Speak.

A photographer in an Iowa town was called upon not long ago to make some pictures of an old lady of 70 years or so, but of surprising agility and quickness of perception. The picture man was, therefore,

somewhat surprised to find that no words of address could induce the old lady to speak until the operation was completed. Then she put her fingers into her mouth, whence she withdrew several wads of paper.

"You wouldn't have me photo graphed with my cheeks falling in, would you?" she asked the photographer. "I stuffed two pages of a news paper in my mouth to fill out."-La

The Bachelor and the Benedict were wending homeward their weary way. "Ah, you lucky married man!" sighed the Bachelor. "Think of having a hearth, a real home awaiting you Look-there is a light in the window for you!"

"Gee! So there is." muttered the Benedict. "Well, there's only one way out of that-let's go back to the chib." -New York Journal.

fellow could not continue and could not come back, and so all our men had to the ropes to his feet and drag him out in that way."

Roman Waterworks Still In Use.

The town committee of Szamosvar has decided to utilize the remains of the thousand year old water mains and reservoirs which have remained since the Roman occupation. The water mains were discovered by Profesfor Ornstein, an archaeologisci, who states that the great reservoir and the extensive canals served the water supply of a large late Roman military camp-Congricastrum. The great reservoir lies on a high hill near the town. The dirt which has collected in the basin and mains during many centuries has been removed, and now it is almost incredible that they should be a thousand years old. The medical officer of the town has declared the water basin and the mains to be fit for use .- Budapest correspondence the Lancet.

Same Old Story.

The budding playwright was reading his latest creation to a party of friends, but as he plodded through the second act he heard an odd sound and looked up, to see one of his audience asleep and breathing heavily. He was greatly annoyed.

"Sir," he said, "sir, wake up. You might remember that I am reading this piny to the company, in order to got its opinion. How can a man who is bop give an opinion?"

"How?" said the drowsy one, with a pawh, "Easily enough. Sleep is an pinion -Pack

The municipality of Peterborough dend, has enriched its treasury by engaging in the celery testimony is always contradictory, and nearly always to such a degree as to be utterly irreconcliable. There seems to be little or no regard for the sanctity of an oath, and yet with this multiplicity of instances of reckless or wicked swearing one rarely hears a word of reproof from the bench, and, to judge from the number of prosecu-tions, perjury would seem to be the rarest of crimes .- Buffalo Express.

WHEN DINNER COMES One Ought to Have a Good Appetite.

A good appetite is the best sauce. It goes a long way toward helping in the directive process, and that is absolutely essential to health and strength.

Many persons have found that Grape-Nuts food is not only nourishing but is a great appetizer. Even children like the taste of it and grow strong and rosy from its use.

If 's especially the food to make a weak stomach strong and create an appetite for dinner.

"I am 57 years old," writes a Tenn. grandmother, "and have had a weak stomach from childhood. By great care as to my dist I enjoyed a reasonable degree of health, but never found anything to equal Grape-Nuts

as a standby. "When I have no appetite for breakfast and just eat to keep up my strength, I take 4 teaspoonfuls of Grape-Nuts with good rich milk, and when dinner comes I am hungry. While if I go without any breakfast I never feel like eating dinner. Grape-Nuts for breakfast seems to make a healthy appetite for dinner.

"My little 13-months-old grandson had been very sick with stomach trouble during the past summer, and finally we put him on Grape-Nuts. Now he is growing plump and well. When asked if he wants his nurse or Grape-Nuts, he brightens up and points to the cupbeard. He was no trouble to wean at all-thanks to Grape-Nuts." Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A n one appears from time to time. The are genuine, true, and full of huma interest. The

dies' Home Journal. The Signal.