said. "I want so much to help you to see, now, what might not come to you until too late. It is with people, Lidy, as it is with most other things. Sometimes you can judge better of their grandeur and their beauty if you are at a little distance. If you were right up there on the side of Round Top Mountain, for instance, you wouldn't know that it is so high and so beautiful with its mingling of the colours of the trees. Would you?"

Lidy looked at the mountain blocking the eastern sky.

"No," she said, after she had reasoned it out.

"Well," went on the minister's wife, "that is the way it is with people, and perhaps, most of all, with our own people. We ought to try really to see them. When you are able to do that with that mother of yours, dear child, you will realise how wonderful she is. Stop and think about it now, Lidy. Do you know any one with so much pluck, persistence, patience? Do you know any one who has the ingenuity, the skill, the cleverness that she has? Do you know any one who has done as much with a little as she has? Do you realise that she is made out of the stuff of which the great women of history were made?"

Lidy's dark eyes took fire in their depths and her lips quivered.

"Your mother"—the ministers' wife stared at Round Top a minute, then her eyes came back to the young girl's face—"your mother, Lidy Beacock, is a woman whom I delight to honour, and whom you, dear little girl, will always reverence beyond words—oh, no!" with one of her sudden, gay laughs, "not beyond words! That's the very catastrophe we want to avoid, isn't it? Well, you know what I think, and you're going to flatter my judgment by following it, aren't you?"

Lidy's lips being occupied in struggling with quivers, she said nothing except with her eyes.

"And to-morrow you and I will go bark-hunting for the new dyes. I must go now—and so must you." The minister's wife looked wistfully at the girl. "It may be wrong to envy, but, oh, I do envy you! To think that you can, in five minutes from now, put such happiness into a human heart! There, go on, and God bless you."

Lidy looked after the minister's wife a moment, then turned and ran up the slope beyond whose crest sat the Beacock dwelling.

During the hour since the close of school Mrs Beacock had been wearing a path to the bedroom window. It was not that it was unprecedented for Lidy to remain after school—by request; but, somehow, Mrs Beacock's troubled mind could not help connecting this hour of absence with what had been, for her, the tragedy of the noon revelation.

So, while she sliced the inevitable potatoes for supper, she continually wandered, knife in hand, to the window from which she could get the first glimpse of any one approaching from the Institute. When, on one of these excursions, she saw Lidy coming at last, Mrs Beacock hurried back to the potatoes and began slicing as if her thoughts had never wandered from that particular occupation.

She did not even turn around when she heard Lidy on the porch. She wanted to say, in her usual quiet voice, "Is that yew, Lidy?" but somehow the voice insisted on being altogether quiet. It stuck in her throat. Then, before she could arrange another course of action, two strong young arms were around her own tired ones; a red but rather shapely and unmistakably young hand took the potato-knife out of her own fingers, limp with surprise. The two arms turned her about.

"I reckon I know somebody that 'll have to learn to do as she's been told," said the girl, with mock solemnity. "Didn't I tell you to leave supper for me to get?"

Lidy was beginning with banter. She wanted it to be in the style of the minister's wife. She didn't want to precipitate things. She intended to do it all very naturally and permanently. But, suddenly, all her intentions went to nothing, dissolved in a rush of tears; and she put her arms around her mother's neck, and her head on the breast that had nursed her as a baby and yearned for her ever since, and there she clung and cried and tried to say things, and, happily, could not.

Mrs Beacock stood transfixed and transfigured. Her arms were tight around the girl, her head bent a little and resting on the brown hair, which she began to smooth soothingly, as Lidy kept on sobbing. She did not say a word. Her eyelids were heavy with joy.

Finally the sobs grew less violent, then stopped altogether, except for little catches of breath. It was so still that an exploring hen, advancing with much jerking of the head and with muted cluckings away down in its throat, actually adventured within the open door and stole a fearful joy from the contemplation of the cook-stove.

Mrs. Beacock had not moved except to stroke Lidy's hair while the girl was sobbing. Now she stood absolutely still. One would have said she held her breath. She caught it as Lidy's hand stole timidly upward and rounded itself to her mother's thin cheek. Here were marvels! Which was greater, that a cheek should be laid to one's hand, or a hand to one's cheek? Mrs. Beacock had felt a soft thrill of pleasure and surprise at the pretty caress of the minister's wife; but only the mother heart, which knows the purest yet keenest of raptures, could vibrate as did Mrs. Beacock's at Lidy's touch of tenderness.

"Yew're the best mother that ever was," whispered Lidy.

Mrs. Beacock's arms tightened convulsively, but she said nothing. Lidy's hand patted the thin cheek. The burst of tears had relieved the tension with her, and her heart was ready to be flooded with sunshine.

"Yew air the best mother," she repeated, unconsciously going back to her ante-Institute accent.

She was not at all conscious that the little speech lacked variety. Something within her impelled her to words, but she did not choose. Without realising it, she took those which said everything.

"Just the best mother," again. Then with a sigh, somewhat hopeless but far more happy, "If I could ever be as nice as yew air!"

That brought words at last.

"Yew'll be findin' yure mother aout some o' these days."

"I hope so," said Lidy, suddenly serious and strangely older. "I hope so. The more I find out about you the more I'm bound to think of you. I've found out that much already."

At this point Lidy remembered that she had had a plan of campaign; a plan which was to have begun with banter, after the manner of the minister's wife. She made haste to resume operations along that line. Shaking her finger at her mother—her mother whose eyes were shining softly and whose face was indescribably altered by happiness—she exclaimed:

"Now I'm goin' to play I'm your hired girl, so you've got to set down—set, sit—oh, anyhow, you've got to set in this here chair an' boss me. No, sir! no, sir!" as her mother protested. "Now, mother! you got to let me or you—you—you ain't the best mother!"

Thereupon wise Mrs. Beacock sat promptly down in the splint-bottomed chair and prepared to boss her hired girl. She proved to be a very cheerful person, the hired girl. She laughed and chatted while she finished the potato-peeling. She told tales out of school about school. She rehearsed her latest encounter with Piety on the subject of why you must say "the Beacock family is," when said family is plural to the extent of ten members. She referred to the papering of the kitchen walls, which, so she informed the mistress, was "almighty well put on."

"An' wheer'd ye git the paper?" asked the hired girl, with her best twang. "Pears ter me ez ef I done seen that thar pattron afore. It's one o' them new ones thet's black 'nd white 'nd read all over, ain't it?"

Mrs. Beacock dutifully and, it must be admitted, delightedly laughed at the old pun. Lidy had used it to good purpose, for her mother had papered the walls with old newspapers.

"Yaas," said Lidy, halting, dishes in hand, in front of a staring head-line. "Naow here's a nice figger in the pattron." She read aloud:

"GREAT PREPARATIONS FOR THE CORONATION OF EDWARD VII.

"Yaas'm, I dun'no's I ever seen a paper I tuck a better likin' tew. That coronation figger's almighty interestin'. Yew ain't a-thinkin' o' going' tew the coronation yerse'f, be ye?" with a happy carelessness as to present possibilities.

Mrs. Beacock drew the girl down to her knee.

"No, honey," she said, with a wistful smile. "I don't care much ter see other folks's coronations. I'd a heap ruther stay ter home an' hev one o' my own—same's I've hed it to-day."

Mr Choate, the American Ambassador, is a first-class after-dinner speaker, and altogether one of the wittiest of men. Everybody knows the old story of Mr. Evarts, when Lord Coleridge expressed surprise at the alleged feat of George Washington, who was said to have thrown an American dollar across the Potomac at its widest. "Well," said Mr Evarts in extenuation, "you must remember a dollar went very much farther then than it does now." This story was once told in Mr Choate's presence. His eyes twinkled. "I guess," he remarked, "that wasn't much for George Washington. I've heard that once he threw a British sovereign back across the Atlantic." Mr Choate is a tall, fine-looking man, with kindly eyes, the smile of diplomacy, and the mobile mouth of the practised orator.

The East and the West.

In the days when we imbibed wisdom from a governess, we were first informed that the East and West are opposites. The statement is true in more ways than regarding the compass. Of mighty London, the East is synonymous with poverty, toil, and squalor; the West, with wealth, leisure, and splendour. Of the world, the East stands for apathy and stolid contentment; the West, for restless energy, an unceasing striving for better things. The Mahommedan merchant of Bombay or Lahore sits cross legged in the bazaar, dreamily smoking a pipe some three feet long, his goods heaped promiscuously around him, and will scarce raise his eyelids when spoken to by a probable customer. The merchant of Melbourne or Sydney sits in his office, surrounded by telephones, by aid of which he is, in effect, present in all his departments at once, while the cables keep him in constant touch with his agents scattered throughout the world. The Man of the East and the Man of the West are as unlike as a burnt-out crater and an active volcano. "Hussein Ali is dead," said a Chicago man to the American Consul at a Turkish port. "You don't say so!" exclaimed the Consul; and presently added: "Well, I guess it makes very little difference to him."

When a man of the Anglo-Saxon race is notably deficient in energy, it is a thousand to one ill health is at the root of it. He is not apathetic from conviction, but because he can't help it. 'Tis the same with a woman. Listen for a moment to this, written by Mrs M. J. Clark, of 68, Hutt Street, Adelaide, S.A., 22nd February, 1904. "Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup has made such a blessed change in my life that I cannot speak too highly of it. For years I was in a low state of health—thin, weak, pallid, utterly without energy. I had no appetite, and suffered extremely from indigestion and flatulency. Doctor after doctor exerted his skill upon me, and many medicines were recommended to me and faithfully tried. But all my efforts were barren of good results until a relative brought me a bottle of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. After so many disappointments I had little faith in it, and was therefore very agreeably surprised to find, after taking a few doses, that it was doing me much good. Thus encouraged, I continued to use the Syrup until I had taken five bottles of it, by which time I was perfectly well. That was ten years ago, when I was living at Edwardstown, a few miles from Adelaide; and I have remained well from that day to this."

It is a prominent characteristic of the dominant race, that it is only patient under such physical sufferings as cannot be removed. Thanks to modern science, suffering that can be so described grows less with every year.

The Day's Work

is faced most easily by those who keep the system Strong and Healthy.

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Nourishes. Invigorates. Sustains.

Try it for yourself. It is as delightful to the taste as it is beneficial to health.

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THE BEST NATURAL APERIENT WATER.

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For CONSTIPATION.

Professor D. LAMBL, of Warsaw, Professor of Clinical Medicine at the University, writes—
"Hunyadi János Bitter Water, besides being an excellent general aperient, has proved specially efficacious in the treatment of chronic constipation, venous obstruction and congestion, hæmorrhoids and obesity."

AVERAGE DOSE:—*A wineglassful before breakfast, either pure or diluted with a similar quantity of hot or cold water.*

CAUTION.—Note the name "Hunyadi János," the signature of the Proprietor, ANDREAS SAXLEHNER, and the Medallion, on the Red Centre Part of the Label.