

HER FATHER'S GUARDIAN

Mr. Baxton Miller was the wealthy owner of a steel plant in Northern Illinois. It appeared to be no trouble to him to accumulate dollars, but it did appear to the outside world that Mr. Miller's ever-increasing wealth was accompanied by an equal increase of avarice and an unbearable tyranny over his employees.

The more they did the more he exacted from them, while he invariably refused to raise their wages. In fact, things had reached such a pitch that the men would bear it no longer and the result was a general strike.

Things were in this unsettled state when one day a group of the strikers congregated outside their place of labor in no very peaceful frame of mind, judging from the expression of their faces. It was noon hour and a very hot day in July.

Prominent among the men was one Anthony Dwyer, a noted desperado, for whom nothing was too daring. He was the centre of attraction just then, for he was in the act of telling his companions that he would do something desperate to end their trouble.

"To-day, my friends, to-day," he said, "not later than to-day," and as though to add earnestness and determination to his threats, he disclosed the shining muzzle of a loaded revolver, which he had concealed in an outside pocket.

Look well at him, dear reader, as the demon of murder takes possession of his soul. See his haggard face and wandering eye. Watch him as he leaves the others and steals into his master's garden, with a grim smile of satisfaction as he spies the object of his search, Mr. Baxton Miller, among the flowers. That gentleman is giving instructions to his head gardener, utterly unconscious of the danger which lurks near him.

Dwyer, pleased with the situation, crouched behind the shrubbery to await a satisfactory moment in which to do his cowardly deed.

It came sooner than he expected. Mr. Miller finished his instructions and walked off to more secluded part of the grounds where he sought a rustic seat, deep in thought.

"There he is!" hissed Dwyer between his teeth, as though communicating with an unseen companion. "Doesn't he hide well his rascality? Oh, how I hate him! See, his sins are weighing him down. Now's my chance," and with a devilish chuckle he stole through the shrubs till he found himself close behind his hated master. His hand sought his revolver and with another fendish glare of triumph was just about to pull the trigger, when a tiny girlish form sprang upon Miller's knees and broke the awful stillness with her rippling laughter.

"I knew I would surprise you, papa," she said, settling herself on his knee. "I've been hunting you high up and low down. And now that I've found you I'm very tired and would just like to stay here and rest."

"You can rest here, darling, but I'm afraid papa will not be able to stay with you, for he has important work to attend to."

"Oh, papa, you have always 'portant work to do. Don't you think that I'm a little bit 'portant sometimes. Since mamma died I've only you, and you know, papa, I ran away from nurse just to talk with you. And now you won't stay with me," and with a suppressed baby sigh she hid her curly head on his shoulder.

"Now, Hettie, do not be unreasonable, child. I thought all good little girls understood that their papas had to work to make money."

"Work, indeed!" thought Dwyer, as he studied the contrast between father and child. "You would be a darned sight better if you did have to work, you hardened scoundrel. Now I would love to put this bullet through you, but the sight of that little angel makes me. Heavens! I feel as if I had no strength left! Why did she come here at this minute?"

"But why must you have money, papa," she was saying. "Everybody isn't rich and they can live just as well as we can."

"Perhaps," he replied absently. "Sometimes I think it isn't worth the trouble. But then there is the glory of it."

"I don't know anything about glory," said the little daughter, "but I s'pose I will when I get big."

"Yes, that's it, Hettie, that's it, dear," and he stroked her golden hair. "When you get big, I can talk of these things to you, but now you are too young."

"You may play with your dollies now, pet, or run after butterflies in the meadow while I go and arrange my business. What a kiss? All right. Now, good-bye."

He took the garden path towards the house, while Hettie, overjoyed at the permission to hunt butterflies in the meadow, skipped off in that direction, her large lace handkerchief by its strings from her neck. Dwyer followed and kept her within sight.

"Butterflies, butterflies, come when I call, High-a-fly, sky-a-by, over the wall, Yellow or red or purple or blue, Butterflies, butterflies, I will catch you."

Over and over again she sang these sweet lines with an air all her own, as she ran heedlessly along among the sweet-smelling clover. Presently a big yellow butterfly fluttered just under her eyes, and dared her to follow him in his uncertain course.

"Isn't he a beauty," she exclaimed, as she darted after it.

First on one bow, then on another he alighted, but however quietly she tiptoed after him, he always eluded her little fingers.

after his innocent child? He did not mean to harm her, then why did he follow her?

To none of these questions could Dwyer find an answer. Some unseen power had forced him to abandon his murderous intentions and keep watch over the little wanderer.

"After all, how could I harm the father of that angel?" he thought as he continued to look at her. "To kill the father would mean to leave the child an orphan, and surely what could be more cruel."

"Oh, no, my God!" he cried, and his strong frame shook with emotion. "I will not do it. Heaven help me to be strong."

"How sweetly and calmly she sleeps," he thought, "all unconscious that she has saved her father's life, and me from becoming a murderer! A cold-blooded murderer!"

He shuddered at the awful meaning of the word became clear to him, and from the depths of his soul rose a prayer for pardon which pierced the clouds and found favor with God.

Hettie turned her golden head and a smile—Dwyer thought it a heavenly one—played around her dimpled mouth.

He moved cautiously away lest he should wake her, and sitting down at a short distance, he continued to keep his vigil over her.

Before long, discordant sounds broke on the still air and lending an attentive ear, Dwyer discovered that they were the voices of his enraged fellow-laborers, coming, no doubt, in maddened desperation, to seek redress of grievances at the master's house.

In an instant Dwyer was up, his blood boiling with anger as the old rebellious feelings were awakened on hearing the shouts of his comrades. But one glance at the little form outstretched in sleeping beauty, and all rebellious thoughts were stilled within his breast.

On came the noisy band of strikers from their cottages. They were now in the meadow, and close upon the spot where lay Hettie asleep and Dwyer concealed.

"Hello! What's this?" shouted the foremost, as he caught sight of the child. "I'll be blowed if it isn't the boss' young'un. What d'ye say, boys, if we make short work of her to begin with?" and he advanced to the now awakened and terrified Hettie.

"Stand back, you infernal murderers!" yelled Dwyer, springing at them like a tiger. "Stand back, I say! Touch not a hair of her head or it is with me you will have to deal!" and he took the weeping baby in his arms.

"Now stand aside and tell me what brought you here."

His comrades looked at him and got one another, ungle for the instant to give an explanation. Then one stepped out.

"We want what we have always wanted and what you yourself want—fair treatment. You told us this morning you were going to free us, and an hour after you had—made your escape, no one knew where, while the boss extorts more unbearable regulations. We won't stand it. We want justice."

"And you will get it if you let me have my own way," replied Dwyer, cooling down. "Return to your homes and if in the morning you are not satisfied with the outlook of things you can follow your own course. Can't you trust me, boys. When I say a thing I'll do it if it is in the power of man at all. But I must have my own time and way. Now go and don't stand scaring this little one to death."

They turned without a word, for when Anthony Dwyer spoke it was law.

"Please, sir, what is it all about?" timidly asked Hettie, when the retreating figures had disappeared.

"It is, dear, that your papa won't oay his men enough money for the work they do for him, and they are angry with him."

"Angry with my papa? Oh, they mustn't get angry with my papa. He has lots of money and he will give some to these men. I know he will."

"But he won't. That's just what makes them angry. They have asked him more than once."

"Well, p'raps my papa din't un'stand me either when he is thinking about 'portant business, you know. But if I talk to him about mamma, then he always un'stands me and gives me whatever I ask. It makes papa cry when I talk about mamma. But he says he loves his little Hettie and would do anything for her, so s'pose I ask him to give money to those angry men."

Dwyer could not have asked a better arrangement. In fact, it was just what he had in mind.

"That's what you must do, Miss Hettie, so be sure you tell your papa that the angry men want money."

"Yes, yes, I know. Papa has plenty of money. It is 'portant business, but I don't like it 'cause it makes men angry. Guess I'm hungry now," she broke off abruptly, looking at Dwyer. "Is it dinner-time yet?"

"No, miss, not yet. But we can get a bite to eat at my cottage over here, and then I will take you home. You will see my little daughter Mabe; she is just about your size, but not so nicely dressed, for she is poor."

ler paced the ground in front of his house, trusting to see the familiar little figure run to him from behind some tree. When, however, his servants returned from a fruitless search he was like one dazed.

"Keep on hunting, storm or no storm," he commanded, "my child must be found. Go now, don't waste the precious minutes. It may mean life or death to her. My God! What rain! And my Hettie can't be found. Oh, hurry, my brave men, for her sake, for God's sake, hurry! Five hundred dollars to the man who will bring her back to me!"

They obeyed, despite the raging storm, and left him alone.

"She was all I had to live for," he cried, in real, heart-felt, sorrow, as he paced his room during the long, weary hours that followed. "All I had and she has been taken from me. My poor little Hettie! Merciful Heaven. Have they stolen her from me?" he gasped, as threats he had heard flashed suddenly across his mind. "Great God! Why are such deeds allowed? My child! My flesh and blood! The image of her dead mother. Is she to be thus taken from me? Oh, no! It cannot be! It cannot be. God is good after all. He knows how I love her and what I have suffered for her sake. He will not allow harm to reach her."

These and many such thoughts filled his gow feverish brain. The hours sped on. The storm increased with the approach of night and still no news reached him. He threw himself into a chair and butted his face in his hands.

Pictures of his enraged workmen came up before him. Their homes, wives and children lay exposed before his troubled gaze, deprived of work, food and money, and for the first time thoughts of how they were suffering caused him some uneasiness.

"And all because of my stubbornness," he reasoned. "My God! You are punishing me. I know it! I feel it! But I am sorry, just God! I repent! I will make amends; only give me back my child. I cannot live without her."

The long hours of the night dragged slowly on. From one room to another, out into the grounds where the storm seemed to mock at his grief, anywhere and everywhere went the stricken father like a restless spirit.

Daybreak brought him no consolation—no hope. He passed out to the garden once more where the air was pure and refreshing after the night's storm. He turned to the old rustic seat where he had last seen and talked to her.

He sat there for some time when approaching voices met his ears. His heart gave one bound. He listened and looked. It was her voice chattering gaily. There she was, the darling, coming towards him, but at the head of his rebellious workmen. What can it mean?

He knows very soon what it all means, for in less time than it takes to tell it, Hettie is in his arms and between kisses and hugs is pouring out her little story.

Anthony Dwyer is there, too, and in a rougher but perhaps more satisfactory manner added that he had not been for the storm he would have brought the child home the night before. As it was the passed the night in his cottage.

"Yes, papa, only for him, p'raps your Hettie would really and truly have been lost, or maybe killed."

"Hush, dear," said her father with a shudder, as he held her to him.

"But deed, papa, I know it," and she drew his ear close to her baby lips to whisper the rest of her story.

"Won't you now, papa?" she asked aloud with a knowing little glance at Dwyer.

"Yes, pet, I will."

"Dwyer, you can tell your comrades that they can go to work as soon as they like. I agree to their terms. You, yourself, may come to my office in the afternoon to receive the \$500 reward which I offered to the finder of my little Hettie."—Mary J. Lupton in The Rosary Magazine.

Port Arthur, Ont., Nov. 7.—(Special)—That Dodd's Kidney Pills cure the Kidney ills of men and women alike has been proved time and again in this neighborhood, but it is only occasionally they get a chance to do double work in the same house. This has happened in the case of Mr. and Mrs. Dick Souvey, a farmer and his wife, living about seven miles from here. In an interview Mr. Souvey said:

"My wife and myself have used Dodd's Kidney Pills and have found them a big benefit to our health. We had La Grippe two winters and were exposed to much frost and cold. Our sleep was broken on account of urinary troubles and pain in the kidneys, and each took six boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and now enjoy good health."

A good conscience is the testimony of a good life, and the reward of it. There is no honor in the victory when there is no danger in the way to it.

Who can govern that has not suffered? Who can avoid error but by experience of its evils?

The man that would be truly rich must not increase his fortune, but retrench his appetites.

Just the Thing That's Wanted.—A pill that acts upon the stomach and yet is so compounded that certain ingredients of it preserve their power to act upon the intestinal canals, so as to clear them of excreta, the retention of which cannot but be hurtful, was long looked for by the medical profession. It was found in Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, which are the result of much expert study, and are scientifically prepared as a laxative and an alternative in one.

THE TWO ROSES

AN ALLEGORY.

In a luxuriant garden, shut off from the street by a high wall, two roses bloomed side by side. They were singularly lovely, their creamy petals of a velvety softness and exhaling a delicate fragrance. The bright sunshine fostered them and the cool nights bathed them in dew. The bush grew tall and one day the roses leaned over the fence and took their first look at the world.

Heretofore the sister blossoms had been contented and happy. Their garden home was an abode of peace and beauty. There were many flowers, but perfect harmony reigned among them. The weary hours that followed. "All I had and she has been taken from me. My poor little Hettie! Merciful Heaven. Have they stolen her from me?" he gasped, as threats he had heard flashed suddenly across his mind. "Great God! Why are such deeds allowed? My child! My flesh and blood! The image of her dead mother. Is she to be thus taken from me? Oh, no! It cannot be! It cannot be. God is good after all. He knows how I love her and what I have suffered for her sake. He will not allow harm to reach her."

"I didn't notice, sister," answered the other rose, "but if he did, it was only a compliment and meaningless. We are high up, you know, and distance enhances beauty."

But the discontented rose only sighed. "Oh, I am so unhappy. If only I could deck a bride, or even grace the lapel of a bridegroom's coat, I should be perfectly content. Look, sister, see that lovely lady in her carriage. The rose in her hair is not half so fair as I."

"Cease your repining," said the wise rose. "The world has many trials and vexations. You would be no happier than here. And how could you leave me alone when I love you so dearly?"

The rose bent forward with a loving gesture, but the other said scornfully: "Love alone will never satisfy me. I want admiration and praise."

"Even at the cost of happiness? Flattery implies so little."

But no arguments could convince the foolish rose. It continued to sigh and grew more discontented. One morning, before the sun had climbed very high up the eastern steep, a young woman entered the garden. She carried a basket and a pair of gleaming scissors. She moved among the flowers and culled the choicest ones. Then she stood beneath the rose bush and espied the twin at the top. She brought a ladder and mounted it.

"How beautiful they are!" she said admiringly. "They are my lady's name flower, and because of it she wants just one rose to mingle with the delicate lilies that compose her bridal wreath."

Filled with joyous anticipation, the discontented rose leaned forward eagerly. The scissors flashed in the sunlight and it fell among the lilies in the basket. Something like a sob broke from the rose left clinging to the stem, but the wind was whispering to the leaves and the sound was lost in their rustle. Neither sob nor sigh escaped the severed flower. It reared itself proudly and looked with contempt on the valley lilies. "Insignificant things. How much more beautiful and queenly am I. My wish is fulfilled. I am going to deck a bride." It was carried away without a farewell word to the loving sister, who wept over its loss and whose mind was filled with apprehension for the future.

During the next few hours the rose was inexpressibly happy. In a human life of many years, one can rarely count more than a few days of perfect enjoyment. The rose, then, was fortunate, for a flower's life is but a span. The fair bride was the lodestar of every eye. Over her brow the rose reclined, softening the blushes that mantled her cheeks and enhancing the brilliancy of her eyes. Not every rose is so favored.

After the crowning event of the rose's life, its existence seemed rather artificial. The cool breeze no longer fanned it, the blue sky no longer arched above it. Its petals languished for the refreshing dews of night. The lilies, scorned and reviled when the rose's bloom surpassed their modest beauty, comforted each other, but spoke no word to the lone flower. After a time it was put in the unpraised hand of a tall marble Flora, and placed on an ornamental table. It revived immediately, for the water was cool and fresh and the environment appealed to its artistic sense. "This is a fitting home," it said proudly, as it noted the frescoed walls hung with costly paintings, the ceiling that rivaled the azure sky, and the green moss of the velvet carpet. One time, the rose thought it was evening although the room was flooded with mellow light, the beautiful bride came in attended in her bridal robe and stood before the long mirror. With a pang of jealousy the rose noticed that she carried a bouquet of fresh roses and the same flowers nestled in her dark hair. Then the bridegroom entered. "Are you ready, Rose?" he asked and held up a long cloak of snowy silk.

"Yes," she turned toward him, "Are you not going to wear a flower?"

"I had forgotten—give me one of yours."

"But I have just enough. The florist arranged them, you know—but wait—here is the rose from my bridal wreath. It is still beautiful and quite fresh." She went to the statue and took it. "Remember"—she smiled up in his eyes as she fastened it on his coat lapel—"to bring it back. I am going to have it waxed."

"Ah, I am going to be preserved in wax," said the rose to itself proudly. "How grand I will look." The bride and groom entered their carriage and were driven to the home of a wealthy gentleman and his wife who were going to give a party for them. The rose enjoyed the novel scene and was very happy. After the banquet the host invited the bridegroom and a few other gentlemen to his private room to enjoy a social half hour.

Before long the poor flower began to feel very faint. The smell of tobacco smoke and the fumes of wine were overpowering. The bridegroom's hand became unsteady and the wine spilled on the rose and stained its creamy petals. The tongues of the gentlemen became loosened and their hilarity increased. After a time their voices grew thick and indistinct, then conversation ceased altogether. Their heavy breathing told that they slept. Fainter grew the rose and dropped on its stem. When the pearly dawn lighted the east, its vigil was still unbroken.

Some time before the bride, pale and tearful, had returned home alone. A ray of sunshine fell across the bridegroom's face and awakened him. He passed his hand over his aching head, rose unsteadily, and left the house. A feeling of longing took possession of the rose. "To be back once more in the quiet garden, where the dews are so refreshing," it said, with a low moan. "To see the face of my sister, whose love and advice I scornfully rejected."

But regrets were unavailing. In crossing a street the bridegroom started suddenly to escape a heavy vehicle. The rose became unfastened and was thrown violently to the ground, where it lay unheeded. The bridegroom, unconscious of his loss, hurried on toward home. For some time the rose lay, drooping more and more, and covered with dust. Then the sky began to grow dark and a great wind came up. A storm was coming. The rose shivered as the gale increased. In its brief life it had never witnessed a storm, but it had heard the other flowers in the garden tell of the fearful havoc wrought by wind and rain. Still it feared to be trampled on and have its feeble life crushed out more than it feared the tempest, so it raised its voice and prayed to the wind that had always caressed it so gently. "Oh, whispering zephyr that so often lulled me to rest, lift me now, and waft me home to die." The prayer was answered. Into the air the rose was tossed and whirled through space. Great clouds of dust accompanied it. Eddying around, blown hither and thither by the relentless force, the flower was dashed against a high board fence and thrown to the ground where it lay quivering, dying, on the soft turf above which, still young and beautiful, its sister blossomed.

The queenly head was bent toward it, and above the din of the tempest its voice arose clear and sweet. "Welcome wanderer—sweet rest is yours." The rose heard and was comforted. Then great raindrops began to fall and soon beat out its life. The storm clouds rolled away, the sun shone once more in the smiling heavens. A pall of leaves covered the dead rose, and above it the other rose kept watch and listened to the gentle zephyr whispering a requiem.

HOW LOT WAS FAVORED. Sunday School Teacher—Can any of you tell me in what manner Lot was especially favored? Little Elmer—Yes, ma'am, I can. The Lord turned his wife into a sack of salt.—Chicago News.

THEY NEVER STOP. "Jessie, I have told you again and again not to speak when older persons are talking, but wait until they stop." "I've tried that already, mamma. They never do stop."

True joy is a serene and sober emotion and they are miserably out of that take laughing for rejoicing. It is a brutal entertainment, and unworthy of a man, to place his felicity in the service of his senses. Things looked at patiently, from one side after another, generally end by showing a side that is beautiful.

The World is Full of Pains.—The aches and pains that afflict humanity are a multitude of indistinguishable causes, but in the main owing to man's negligence in taking care of his health. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil was the outcome of a universal cry for some specific which would speedily relieve pain, and it has filled its mission to a remarkable degree.

Table with 4 columns: DAY OF MONTH, DAY OF WEEK, COLOR OF VESTMENTS, and THE SOULS IN PURGATORY. The main heading is 'November' with '1904' below it. The table lists days from 1 to 30, including feast days like 'ALL SAINTS', 'Twenty-fourth Sunday After Pentecost', and 'First Sunday of Advent'.

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IN THE KINDERGARTEN. "What day is it?" asked the teacher one Friday. "Saturday," guessed one, and "Monday" another. "Wrong," declared the teacher. "Do you know, Arabella?"—this to the littlest girl, who was holding up her hand. "Yes, ma'am," lisped Arabella. "It's Fish Day." It is Good for Man and Beast.—Not only is Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil of incomparable value in the household, but the farmer and stockman will find it very serviceable in the farm yard and on the cattle range, often saving the services of a veterinary surgeon. In injuries to stock and in cases of cough and pains it can be used with good effect. Human affairs are not disposed so happily that the best things please the most men.