

Alessandro.

(By Hope Lesart.)

he jumped into the nearest
a third.
sat beside a little girl,
ntly he observed that she
ing uncomfortably at him
ing uneasy, and it dawned
that he was sitting on her

he said, pulling the paper
r him and handing it to
sorry."
girl did not look quite
le, she said nothing till
er later, the train drew
station.
sir," she then inquired
may I have my fried fish?
out of the paper and you
on it."

METIMES WORSE.

lady was recently visiting
al office, and being shown
the editor. Approaching
drawers upon one of which
label "MISS," she said,
ow would you pronounce
id the editor?" "sometimes
nce it must and some-
," Lippincott's Magazine.

CONTRADICTION.

young doctor is a queer
on."
t way?"
an exceedingly good tem-
et he is lacking in pa-

EXPLICIT.

fanchester's sextons in
report of burials is ex-
commendable degree. For
ch entries as this occur:
John Green, male, aged
unmarried.—London Tit-

CONSISTENT.

ple who say that women
ant and inconsistent," de-
philosopher of folly, "are
a few years ago a
me she was just twenty-
she sticks to the same
—Cleveland Leader.

ment and give its defini-
the school teacher.
-n-t. ferment, to work,
diminutive maiden.
ce it in a sentence, so
be sure you understand
," said the teacher.
er I would rather play
than ferment in the
returned the pupil,
oleful frankness that the
and it hard to suppress a

IN HIS LINE.

Reporter tells this story
E. Watrous of Burling-
the deputy collectors of
venue: Travelling along a
d, Mr. Watrous was at-
trifling screams coming
house not far from the
ran to the house and
little boy had swallowed
and his mother was
Watrous caught the
by the heels, and hold-
gave him a few shakes,
he coin dropped to the
ister," said the grateful
certainly know how to
Are you a doctor?"
am," replied Watrous.
ctor of internal re-

corn be of old or new
must yield to Holloway's
the simplest and best
to the public.

SURPRISE PARTY.

you gain, ma?" asked
of the five children.
to a surprise party, my
the mother.
I going, too?"
you weren't invited,"
v moments of deep

LITTLE AFRAID.

n, who had been to
n by a noted divine,
ruck by the oft repeat-
by that gentleman of
shall be given there."
after his parents heard
"Lord, please give me a

repeated whenever he
s alone. Finally his
him a fine football
beside him in bed.
led him in the morning
pered to observe the ef-
would have on him.
looked at the ball long
then he popped out of
his knees and said, fer-
nk you, dear Lord! I
fraid you didn't know
all was!"

That Everyone
ay Enjoy
wan's
le Buds

is stamped on
every cake of
Surprise Soap.
It's there so you
can't be deceived.
There is only one
Surprise. See to
it that your soap
bears that word—
Surprise
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ly Pure and
faithful
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less day! I half made up my mind
to leave it, to go inside and devote
myself to letter-writing. Then I re-
membered my wide window looking
over the gray sea. I was in no
I kept on, high steps, not minding
with their high steps, not minding
where I went, only keeping my eyes
fixed on the white-capped mountains.
The storm clouds had scattered be-
fore I turned my back to the hills,
and when I reached home Giuseppe
was standing in the doorway, his
bronze-brown eyes twinkling merrily
from under his wild thatch of hair.
"The Signora has a visitor," he
announced with much ceremony.
"And it is—" I inquired careless-

ly. Alessandro, Signora. He said he
would wait for the Signora's re-
turn.
I found big Alessandro standing be-
fore my window, looking strangely
out of place in my low-walled room.
He saluted me courteously—these pe-
sants' manners put mine to shame,
and after two years' absence the
contrast was all the greater.
"The Signora can see far," he re-
marked after he was seated. "Almost
as far as C—." He named the land
that lay below the horizon.
I laughed. "Yes, is it not wonder-
ful? You like it, Alessandro?"
"Yes Signora; and yet—" he paused
and looked at me as if in doubt.
"What is it?" I asked.
"It is as the Signora says—wonder-
ful out there—it is so near; while
in here—" He glanced around. "I feel
caged—trapped. To have it so near
and yet not to be on it. I could
not bear it, Signora. It is calling
me. It does not call the Signora?"
"Sometimes," I answered. "I am
not a sailor like you, Alessandro.
I am neither brave nor skilled on the
sea. I am afraid of it, yet I love it
and this is the only way I can have
it." I pointed to my wide window.
He nodded, apparently understanding
my whim.

A glowing, flaming sunset was
tinting the water and lighting up the
few sails that were lazily drifting
before the breeze. The old sea-wall,
with the nets drying on it and the
waves lapping idly at its foot, seemed
part of creation, so blended was
it with the earth color around. A
couple of fishermen with baskets of
vivid-hued fish came up the beach,
a group of sun-tanned, shouting chil-
dren following every step. From my
point of vantage we gazed at the
joyous life, somewhat amused by these
of Olympian dieties amused by these
mortals of a little day, whose in-
tense, beauty-loving nature was ever
a source of joy. Nothing morbid,
nothing unclean ever came near to
this little sea-town.

Alessandro was laughing heartily
at the bare-legged children hopping
around the well-filled baskets.
"Little pests, Signora, they could
well be called. Look at Nicola, a
small imp that he is. The Signora
knows he is too old to play all day."
Alessandro muttered something under
his breath that my quick ears failed
to catch. Rising rapidly to his feet
an inscrutable look in his velvet
brown eyes, he bade me a courteous
farewell, praying me to remember
that always, always his boat was at
my disposal. I told him truthfully
that I was looking forward with
great pleasure to many days spent on
the sea with him for boatman. A
red tint that the compliment called
to his cheek showed beneath the
brown. A final bow and he was
gone.

It was some days before I could
claim the promised boat. The day
was golden warm, with a blaze of
sunshine, when I stood on the beach
watching for Alessandro. He soon
came, and close at his heels was Ni-
cola, the dancing, shouting boy, who
whom only the other day he had so
indignantly dubbed "an imp, a pest."
The imp stood, silent enough now,
all suspense—with bated breath—
while Alessandro asked my permis-
sion to take him with us. His eyes,
that I knew could hold so much mis-
chief, looked solemnly into mine, his
brown, naked toes digging into and
grasping the sand. The permission
was given, and with a shout of joy
he made off in the direction of the
boat. I looked inquiringly at Ales-
sandro.

"The Signora is too good," he
protested. "She should not be wor-
ried with such wickedness. Nicola is
wild, but he has made me prom-
ises. He has no one to mind."
"Why has he no one?" I asked.
Maddalena was always a good moth-
er.

"The best—the very best!" he
added. "Only she is young and
alone."
"Alone?" I laughed at the notion.
"With that youngster?"

"She needs some one to help her."
He looked at me in all seriousness,
as if to chide me for laughing.
We were soon cutting rapidly
through the clear water, the boat
careening under the big sail.
The gorgeous splendor of the sun-
set was before us when we turned
homeward, and when the little town
came in sight it was glowing with
the reflected glories of the flaming
sun. Maddalena was watching for
us from the sea wall; Alessandro
greeted her with a loud, ringing call,
and a glad toss of his scarlet cap.
Nicola tried a feeble imitation, and
nearly lost himself overboard.

"He is safe, thanks to Alessandro,"
I called as I jumped from the boat
and climbed the stone steps to
where Maddalena stood. She seemed
absurdly young to be the mother
of the sturdy little ragamuffin that
capered beside me.

"You should have been with us,
Maddalena, the day was beautiful,
and Alessandro's boat went as easily as
a sea gull."
"The Signora knows I have work
to do," she answered. "I cannot
spare so many hours; besides, I care
not to be on the sea, only to look
at it when the sun shines. Has Nicola
been a wicked boy?"

I assured her nothing could have
been more lamb-like than Nicola's
behavior, owing, I promptly added,
to his regard for Alessandro.
She sighed. "I try—but he will not
listen. Ah, he is always good with him,"
she sighed. "I try, but he will not
mind me. We are good comrades
we play games together, but when I
try to discipline him—he runs
away."

"Alessandro," I said, as he ran
quickly up the steps, "Maddalena
says she wishes she could make Ni-
cola mind like you do. She wants
to know how you manage it. Will
you—?"
"Ah, Signora! Never, never did I
say that," she cried.

I stopped, astonished at the em-
phatic denial. Alessandro, looking
like a convicted criminal, stood
twisting his cap, the red that
mounted to his cheeks vying with
Maddalena's kerchief. I glanced
from one to the other. Alessandro
finally broke the uncomfortable si-
lence.

"Will tell, if Maddalena wishes,"
But Maddalena shook her head with
great energy, and raised a pair of
beseeching eyes to Alessandro.
"You are both certainly very
foolish," I continued. "There can be
no reason why I should not be told.
Nicola is a very bad boy—sometimes,
and if Alessandro knows—"
"No, no, Signora; Nicola is not
bad, he is never bad, not like—" She
would have named a dozen imps had
I not interrupted.

"It is as you please, Maddalena.
The Signora is tired," I broke in
rather ungraciously. "I will say
good-night."
"Adieu!" I called back, standing a
moment to watch the three as they
moved off. Nicola waving frantic
good-byes from his high perch on
Alessandro's shoulders, and Madda-
lena laughing merrily at the happy
nonsense of the two.

"Giuseppe!" I was sitting at sup-
per, the antique lamp giving little
light beyond the white cover—"the
sea was more beautiful to-day than I
have ever seen it. It was glorious.
We went on—on, as if there was no
ending; then home, straight home—
into the golden sunset."
"The Signora should have been a
fisherman," he replied; which matter-
of-fact speech brought me down from
my airy flight.

"Never, Giuseppe, never!" I cried,
with more energy than the situation
demanded. "I hate killing things,
and I'm afraid of the water."
"The Signora need not fear," he
replied soothingly. "She can never
be a fisherman."
"Giuseppe, why has Maddalena so
much trouble with Nicola?" The old
man stopped in his serving and start-
ed at me. The change in the con-
versation had been too swift for his
slow-working mind.

"Is Nicola a very wicked boy, Giu-
seppe?" I asked, putting the ques-
tion in simpler form.
"Not wicked at all, Signora, only
mischievous."
"Then, why?"—returning resolutely
to my first proposition—"does Mad-
dalena have so much trouble with
him?"
Maddalena is young; she yields to
all his demands too much; she is
wrong."
"Giuseppe," I said, in a coaxing
voice, "this salad and wine are too
good to be enjoyed alone. Take that
chair and this." I filled a glass and
held it towards him. Protesting feebly,
he did as I bade him. "Now, tell
me all about Maddalena."
"There is nothing to tell. The Sign-
ora knows she married very young.
Her husband was a brave man and a
good fisherman. One October day he
was drowned, and she was left with
the child."
"She loved him?" I asked.
"She adores him still," he answered.
"Poor Matteo was a good man,
but not handsome. The Signora
must remember him—a short, broad
man, with small eyes and red
cheeks, and hands—hands like that,"
he cut a swift circle in the air with
one finger.
"And Maddalena is so beautiful,"
I murmured, a picture of the depart-
ed Matteo rising before my eyes.
"And Alessandro," I went on medi-
tatively, "why should the boy mind
him—what does he do?"
Giuseppe drained the last drops in
the glass, put it down on the table,
pushed back his chair and stood up.
"The Signora must know," he an-
swered.
The Signora did not know, and for
all her adroit questioning was not
going to know, so, with few more
words, I left my host and climbed the
narrow stairs.
One of the great feasts of our Lady
was near and the town was fairly
seething with excitement. It was
the most important festa of the
whole year. The church was dressed
in the gayest and stiffest of pa-
per flowers, green boughs stuck
everywhere, the tallest tapers only

were used to light the altar. At the
head of the procession our Lady's
statue was to be carried, gowned in
gorgeous clothes and covered with a
lace veil, the work of her loving chil-
dren. The stiff, overdressed little
figure, that to my critical Northern
eyes seemed but a travesty, was to
their loving Southern hearts and vi-
vid imaginations almost a living me-
morial of their Blessed Mother.

I donned a white dress, and in-
stead of my sombre black ribbons
tied on our Lady's own color, in
honor of her festa, as a token that,
for once, I would forget I was a
calculating, critical Annunziata, and
became forthwith a gay, glad-heart-
ed child of Italy, prepared to walk
beside her image with a fervent pray-
er, and—if necessary—to dance mer-
rily with a light heart. So did my
simple blue ribbons become symbolic.
I ignored Giuseppe's astonished stare
at my unusual adornment.

Annunziata, with my namesake
comfortably asleep in the bend of her
arm, walked home with me after
Mass to my studio.
The baby of many names had be-
come familiar with every nook of
my small domicile, and often risked
his precious person many times a
day by sucking my brushes, licking
paints, or bedaubing his little face
with indiscriminate colors. Annunzia-
ta and I became so occupied in sud-
den life-saving onslaughts that we
could think of little else.

"I began, 'do you
not consider children a great care?'"
"No, Signora," Annunziata an-
swered instantly. "Speranza is not
a care—he is a pleasure, a joy."
"That is just the way," I replied
dryly. "He is a play-toy now, a doll
that you dress—"
"And love," the mother added wise-
ly, wondering, I am sure, what was
coming next.

"Yes, and love," I amended. "Then
when they grow big they run wild
and are hard to control."
"Why is the Signora thinking such
thoughts?" Annunziata asked me
soberly, looking at the wee man on
the floor.
"My thoughts are with Maddalena,
for I remember when Nicola was as
he is," I answered, pointing to the
baby on the floor. "There is nothing
talked of in the town but Nicola's
pranks and the trouble he gives Mad-
dalena."

Annunziata looked at me, with an
expression in her big black eyes that
I did not understand.
"Well?" I inquired.
"If the Signora does not know—"
This was too much.
"No, I do not know," I answered
very decidedly. "But you are going
to tell me."
"It is no mystery," Annunziata be-
gan. "The whole town knows it. Ales-
sandro wants to marry Maddalena—
ever since the last festa, a year
ago—and she will not have him. She
thinks, and I do also, Signora, that
they are not right. We all think
so. She said, with a tone of
grave decision in her voice, as of one
who sat in judgment.
"That is why he cares so for Ni-
cola!"

"It is the short way to the moth-
er's heart."
"And Maddalena?" I asked.
She shrugged her shapely shoulders.
"Second marriages are wrong," she
maintained doggedly, merciless as
happy people can be. "We have told
her. Again the official tone, the red
lips set firmly together, the narrow
brows nearly meeting in a disapprov-
ing frown.
"You mean that you want to be
told her she must not marry Ales-
sandro?" I questioned.
"Not—must not—Signora," she
corrected, "only better not. We told
her that in the memory even of Giu-
seppe there had been no one wedded
twice."

"I propose," I suggested, after we
had talked some time. "Suppose she
cares for you as you care for Mar-
co?"
"Impossible," she answered quick-
ly.
"May be so," I replied carelessly,
hoping she might remember the un-
happiness of her own courtship, and
have mercy. "That true love seldom
runs smooth is as old—as old as—It-
aly." I finished. "Speranza mia!"—
stooping to pick up my ridiculous
namesakes—"tell your mother—some
day—remember how desolate her
heart was when she stood on the
shore and watched a tiny boat, with
two men in it, tossed about by the
mad fury of the sea." I longed to
add to the mother—"that all your
unhappiness came from foolish, nar-
row prejudice, because in the memo-
ry of man a Galdi had never wed
any but seamen, and Marco, to whom
you gave your heart, was a follow-
er of the gentle craft, a son of St.
Crispin."

I think from all the stories I heard
that Nicola's guardian angel must
have had a busy time. I almost doubt-
ed some of the pranks, when I thought
of the small figure I had seen at the
festa, walking beside our Lady's sta-
tue, holding the lighted candle brave-
ly aloft—though his arms must have
ached with the heavy burden. From
the seraphic expression of his face
one might have thought he was ab-
sorbed in prayer. Maddalena had
pointed him out to me with trium-
phant pride.
"The Signora sees for herself," she
whispered. "He is an angel, I am in-
deed fortunate. Yet they would make
me believe he is wicked."
I assented faintly, doubt in my
heart. Had I not seen him, on his
way to church, give Angelo a duck-
ing in the fountain, tripping him up
skillfully, in all his gay attire, as he
was running past, and disappearing
before me skillfully before the vic-
tim's screams brought his mother,
who gave him a sound spanking?

Some days after I met Maddalena
looking as if all the cares of the uni-
verse had settled on her shoulders.
"Had I seen Nicola?" I shook my
head. She had heard about Angelo,
she told me. "And on the festa"—
the tears rolled unchecked down the
smooth olive cheek. Nicola had been
severely chastised and forbidden to

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leave the house. I think, from Mad-
dalena's vivid description and the
tears that fell during the recital,
that it was the first punishment—
the very first—she had ever inflicted
on her offspring in the whole course
of his seven years. Being absolutely
unprecedented, he had resented it bit-
terly, and Maddalena's voice choked
with sobs as she told me that he had
run away, and she could not find
him. What could she do? Where could
she look for him? She knew he had
gone to join the brigands.

"The idea of Nicola (trailing off on
his fat brown legs to join the brig-
ands was amusing. I consoled the
disconsolate mother as best I could,
begging her not to worry, that he
would come home when he was hun-
gry, which I felt sure would be soon.
The town was a small one, and
before sunset every nook and cranny
had been searched for the runaway,
but no trace was found. Maddalena,
dry-eyed now and desperate, sat at
home and refused to be comforted.
The boys were all in, all but Ales-
sandro's; he had sailed for a port
twenty-four hours, and would be gone for
the next day, boats and fishing
neglected, with only a few hours
sleep, the men started out again;
a single thought possessed the town
—to find Nicola, imp though he was,
and to see the sorrow leave Mad-
dalena's eyes.

When I passed through Maddalena's
open door, I found her sitting idle,
about hope, stricken to the heart.
"You must have breakfast, Mad-
dalena," I said. She shook her head.
"This is nonsense," I went on. "Ni-
cola will be found, and you will be
ill. I will cook your breakfast, and
you must eat it." I had hoped my
words would rouse her—the idea
of the Signora waiting on her—but
they failed utterly. Her eyes never
left the open door that showed the
steep little street and the olive hills
above it. I soon had a makeshift
meal ready and she ate it obediently.
I do not think she had touched
food since the morning of the day
before.

"Maddalena," I repeated to her,
"you must not despair. Nicola will
come back; he is a big boy and can
take care of himself. If only Ales-
sandro were home he would know
where to look for him! Come—
now." I thought anything would
be better than this dumb despair.
She looked at me startled. "Where
would the Signora go?" They were
the first words she had spoken, and
I felt rejoiced.

"To the sea—first—to see if Ales-
sandro's boat is in sight." We went
out into the brilliant sunlight. She
shaded her eyes for a moment like a
creature blinded and would have
turned back, but I took her hand in
mine and led her on, praying that the
joyous day would put hope into her
heart. I think it did, for soon she
was talking to me—telling me all
that had happened since early Fri-
day morning, when she had punished
Nicola.

"Why had Alessandro gone to V-
—?" I asked. This, too, she told
me slowly, in a dull monotone—as if
it all concerned some one else. He
had again asked her to marry him,
and she had said "No."
"You do not love him?" I queried.
"Second marriages are not right,"
she answered, and went on to tell
me how Alessandro had become an-
gry; he would leave M— and go to
America; so yesterday he had sailed
for V—, a busy seaport some miles
south. I looked at Maddalena in
amazement. She was sending Ales-
sandro—happy, wholesome Ales-
sandro—to that land of violent contrasts.
My next words came quickly, and
were not premeditated, for a faint
color crept into the pale cheeks and
she asked me timidly:

"Does the Signora think to marry
again is not wrong?" I was glad she
put it that way, for I could answer
truthfully.
"Decidedly not wrong Maddalena."
"Ah, Signora," she cried, gazing
across the shining water. "Why does
he not come? He would find my
Nico! Suppose I never see Nicola
again, never hear his voice, never
hold him in my arms. He is lying
somewhere hurt and I cannot get to
him." Sobbing violently she called:
"Alessandro, come quickly, come,
come! You will find him." Then
turning to me as the sobs wore
themselves out: "Ah, Signora, I
must go back—maybe he is at home—
I should not have left." Breathless-
ly she flew up the sea-wall steps and
did not slacken her speed until she
reached her house.

It was past noon when Ales-
sandro's boat came in. He had with
him a strip of paper, for which he
had paid, that entitled him to be
carried across the dark ocean, away
from bright Italy, to the modern
Land of Promise. He had also a
letter—he had not paid for this, it
was tendered him freely, payment
would come later—to a man in this
promised land, a man who was gua-

ranteed to wring water from a stone.
Armed with these bits of paper,
harmless in appearance as the three
wishes of the fairy tale, but quite as
subtly malicious, he secured his boat
and turned toward home. That he
would never see Maddalena again, he
had quite determined. He would
become an Americano and—maybe—
when he came home in two or three
years, his pockets lined with yellow
gold, as the man had promised,—he
would buy the villa on the hill, and
there—maybe then— the were very
childish thoughts, we who are wise
in the world's wisdom know how
absurdly childish they were, but to
Alessandro—whose love and pride
had been wounded by Maddalena's re-
fusal—they were very real, and as a
child would, he found comfort in
them. I saw the broad shoulders
moving steadily up the narrow street,
his head well back, looking neither
to the right nor the left. With a
hasty word to Maddalena I rushed
through the door, stumbled down the
crooked steps, and caught him before
he disappeared.

"Per la vita mia!" was his start-
led exclamation when I told him the
story. "Lost—and since yesterday,
Signora? I found him hidden in the
boat when I started for V—; but I
put him ashore and told him we
could be friends no longer." Poor
Nicola! a fallen idol and a chaste-
ment all in one morning! "The
Signora knows," continued Ales-
sandro as his head went up straighter.
"I am going to America next week."

"But Nicola—" I began.
"His words, 'You must find Nicola,
Maddalena will lose her reason if—'
"I will find him with God's help,"
he replied quietly. "Will the Sign-
ora tell me where the men have
sailed?"

"Everywhere," I answered. "They
are still looking. Surely, Alessan-
dro, he was with you so much you
must know his fancies, did he ever
talk of running away? Battista
says he was always talking of being
a brigand."
A smile lighted his face as a recol-
lection of the boy's talk came to
him. "He was forever one thing or
another; a brigand one day, a padre
another, and again a noble signor
with a villa among the olive hills.
Yesterday, when I put him out
of the boat, I told him if he did not
mind his mother would punish him,
he said he was too old to be pun-
ished by a woman, even though it
was his mother. And he only comes
to my elbow," he added admiringly.
"He must be found, Signora. I will
go at once. You know the old
ruined villa," pointing towards the
sunset. "We were always talking of
it—both of us. I will look there
first."

"But the road is so steep," I cried.
"No boy could climb that path."

"Boys are monkeys—but I must
start, it is hard to find in the
darkness."

"You must see Maddalena before
you go tell her of the villa, it will
give her courage," I said. He hesi-
tated as if in doubt, then, raising his
(Continued on Page 6.)

An Unscrupulous Druggist Will Try and Sell You a Sub- stitute for DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY Why?

Because "Dr. Fowler's" is the
oldest and best known cure, having
been on the market for 63 years,
for DIARRHEA, DYSENTERY, COLIC,
CRAMPS, PAIN IN THE STOMACH,
CHOLERA INFANTUM, CHOLERA
MORBUS, SUMMER COMPLAINT, SEA
SICKNESS, AND ALL FLUXES OF THE
BOWELS.

When they offer to sell you a prepara-
tion "just as good" they have not the
welfare of your health at heart but that of
their pocket. All honest druggists will
give you what you ask for. Ask for "Dr.
Fowler's" and get the best.

Mrs. Thomas Miller, Allandale, Ont.,
writes—"I suffered terribly with diar-
rhoea and asked the druggist for something
to cure it. He gave me a small bottle of
medicine of his own manufacture, but I got
no relief from it. A friend advised me to
get Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry
and I was cured after taking a few doses.
The genuine is 25 cents, and manufac-
tured by The T. Milburn Co., Limited,
Toronto, Ont."



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A pure hard soap.

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A pure hard soap.