

"I Never Will Forsake Thee!"

By Amadeus, O. S. F. "I never will forsake thee" What solace may be mine, Whene'er I think, my Saviour, Upon these words of Thine!

The Return Of Sluggo Dillon.

(Elizabeth Brady, in The Queen's Work.) Unless you have a really beautiful disposition and are endowed with a serenity unaffected by a crowd of struggling women, the silk section of a department store, on the day after a sale had been advertised, is no place for you.

So she hastened to the shop and made her way to the counter where was displayed the desire of her heart for the moment. There were several women ahead of her turning over the silks with practised hands.

There was another tug, and the silk left Elinor's hand. She could have selected another blue, but she had been told recently that she was too easy-going a nature, and she would cheerfully have pursued the other prospective buyer for miles rather than let her have it.

Headless of the jostling shoppers, deaf to the scornful remarks of the princess behind the counter, they stood and exchanged greetings and felicitations. It was not until a Hebrew lady set herself, with the determination of her race, to the task of enumerating Sarah's ribs with her elbow that they became aware of the necessity for moving somewhere.

Itching Skin

Distress by day and night—That's the complaint of those who are so unfortunate as to be afflicted with Eczema or Salt Rheum—and outward applications do not cure. They can't.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

What a life I've had! I know every inn on the back roads of Europe, I've eaten more kinds of wild stews! I've been out of bed, shivering at dawn, to see sunrises, and if I shut my eyes I see the galleries of Europe going round and round!

"What's Mary Monica doing? She said she was going to be a nun." "Too mournful looking, and too good for a place where they merely strive after perfection. She'd discourage them. But she had to be an example to somebody after she left school—so she's gone into social service."

"I've come to have a talk with you, dear," said Mary Monica, "and to get you to help me in my chosen work. Do you know what it is?" "I met Sarah Smith to-day, parried Elinor. 'It's helping the poor, isn't it?'"

"Not me, and especially as you tell me she's in society. With whom does she go?" "Do you remember that Haskins girl who stayed at St Mary's a year? The Haskins are related to some socialists or anarchists, or those women who dress in ancient style and have schedules pasted on their mirrors and believe in serious reading."

"I had it first," said an icy voice at the other end of the silk remnant. "There was another tug, and the silk left Elinor's hand. She could have selected another blue, but she had been told recently that she was too easy-going a nature, and she would cheerfully have pursued the other prospective buyer for miles rather than let her have it."

She opened her mouth to make a scathing remark, raised her eyes to stare at her opponent, and—dropped the silk. "She'll do anything she sets herself to do. Do you remember how she learned that Beethoven thing, when none of us could or would, because she wanted to play for the Bishop? Is her hair as lovely as ever?"

SCOTT'S EMULSION is now a summer as well as a winter remedy. It has the same invigorating and strength-producing effect in summer as in winter. Try it in a little cold milk or water. ALL DRUGGISTS

Had Awful Cramps Last Summer.

Suffered Two Days And Nights. "Dr. Fowler's" Cured Her. There is no other kind of disease common on so quickly and with so little warning as an attack of cramps, colic or bowel complaint in one form or another.

"What's her name?" "Nice easy name. 'Miss Moo,' 'Moo,' she repeated, as Elinor smiled. 'It is her name. Twice I made her say it, and I said it after her, 'Moo, Moo,' and she retreated angrily down the hall, while Elinor went in to her visitor."

"You dear thing!" she said, as she would say it to an infant or a puppy or a piece of Dutch silver. Elinor was as cordial, as could be. Mary Monica had the same appealing gaze, the same shrinking-violet manner which mutely reproached the outbursts of others while it made them anxious to shake her to find out what would rattle—since there must be something alive in her.

"I met Sarah Smith to-day, parried Elinor. 'It's helping the poor, isn't it?'" "Yes, but not on the old hazardous plan at all. For instance, we don't give groceries, nor meat, like in old times. We have tickets which call for nutritious food, and we give those. But you come around with me or Millicent, and I'll show you how it's done. I've affiliated myself with Carey House, and it is non-sectarian altogether. In our work creed has no place. We use every means for these—"

"Betterment of the race," said Elinor. "You see that all men are brothers, and you work hard for the common weal, and you reach down a hand to uplift the grovelling masses—"

"Exactly. You always grasp ideas so quickly! I almost envied you in school for the way you saw things at once. Now that you're in the world you must be wonderfully progressive!" "Is she ridiculing me?" thought Elinor. She walked about the room, pushed a chair into place, and calmed down. She said: "I haven't gone as far as you, Mary Monica. How did you get into this work?"

"Through Millicent Haskins. There's a meeting of workers this afternoon at five. Will you come? And perhaps you will join." "Wait until I change my dress." She knew Millicent Haskins by sight, and the attire of Mary Monica was "the last word." She would robe for the fray.

"I have my own car," said Mary Monica, "so it won't take us long to get there." On the way down, Elinor was enlightened as to the personnel of Carey House, the charms of Samuel Haskins, and the advantage it was socially to do some charitable work. Incidentally she learned that Mary Monica favoured woman suffrage, and thought the Church a little narrow in many matters, especially as regarded marriage and divorce.

When the car took its place in the long line before Carey House, Elinor had become acquainted with a new set of ideas, a peculiar standard of morality, and a side of Mary Monica's character she had never suspected.

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