

Under a Banner Of Black

The smile was still lighting her face as she left the room, but it died as quickly as she was out of sight. There was one way of granting her mother's request—one way.

She turned on the light in her room, and kneeling down before her secretary drew from the lower shelves a heavy pile of manuscript. Twelve! The city clocks were striking far and near. One! Two! Still the light shone from one solitary window along the avenue. Still Enid Byrne sat turning over the sheets of writing and reading rapidly through the night. It must have been near morning when she lifted her face again and her eyes had an excited brightness and her cheeks a glow. Yes, it was by far the best thing she had ever written. She was not mistaken in it. Dreamy woodland and hurrying city, breath of wild flowers, smoke of factories, love and labor, greeting and parting, death and life, she had woven them all in with a hand that was strong and faltered not. Nothing she had ever written compared in any way with this. It was the work that would make her name, if published. But for six months she had been secreted in under her secretary instead of submitting it to a publisher. She had let her old friend, the editor of the "Woodruff Magazine," read the first chapters as she wrote them he had asked to see the rest of it.

Oh, Miss Byrne, you have made your name this time, he had said. I can't praise it enough. You will let me find a publisher for it. Our columns cannot pay you a just price for it. Our columns cannot pay you a just price.

Thank you very, very much, Dr. Workfield, but I have decided not to publish it at any price.

Not publish it! My dear Miss Byrne, why such a strange decision? It is not right, not just to the world and yourself to stifle the children of your brain like that. Why, it's positively alive! It's so much alive it bleeds when you touch it.

But Enid Byrne steadfastly refused to publish it. It was so much alive. That was the secret of it. It was her own heart-story. She had written it with the same power before. Perhaps she never would again. But this story was too sacred to sell for money. Besides the world would not be slow in recognizing some of the characters. It would recognize herself in the girl with the pen. It would recognize the night-editor of the "Woodruff." And what of Irwin Chambers the man himself? Even if the world were blinded there was no deceiving him. There were occasions the very words that had fallen from his lips among those pages, there were the life-dreams and ideals he had confided to her in his better moments, the passion he had given vent to in his bitter hours. The heroine was a young journalist like herself with many of the same ambitions, traits and joys that he knew to be hers. Into this woman's heart she had breathed all her love for him—aye, a step further, she had let that

love be returned in the pages of her story—for the sake of making a master-work of art she had let them weave their ideal of life together. He could read it there. The world could read it. This was the price of sending her mother to England—she could see no other way. Yet on that trip her mother's life might depend—her mother's life. She could publish the story under a nom de plume, to be sure. But there was danger even then of her style being recognized. And no nom de plume would veil her from Irwin Chambers' eyes; he knew her hand too well. And what would he think of a woman who sold her own heart-story for money and for fame? She turned the light off and went to the window, the manuscript still held like a child in her arms. The storm had ceased, the stars were shining bright in the darkness just before dawn. The snow lay in a great white cloak on the foot and towers of the mighty Cathedral opposite, and the great bell hung silent and dark in the starlight. No sound, no step of paterfamilias, the street was still. And while the city slept the woman at the window with the manuscript on her breast stood fighting the bitterest battle of her life.

Nay, but she could not finish the fight tonight! And she laid her treasure away with a sigh.

I will wait just a little longer, she said. Perhaps another way may open. I will wait.

A month passed; it was night again, a winter Sunday night. Enid Byrne stood at the same window again. Her mother had had another bad spell that day, but had just fallen asleep, and Enid had come to rest awhile after her day of watching. Her room was dark and she could see distinctly into the street below. The snow was falling as it had fallen that other night, myriads of little white things floating down among the electric lights. But the cathedral was aglow to-night, and the great bell was swinging forth its ponderous call. Enid sat watching the crowd pouring in at the entrance, and stopping to shake off the snow in the brightly lighted hall. Suddenly Irwin Chambers and his two sisters ascended the steps into the light. She watched him as he shook their magnificent sable furs, then they passed on out of sight, but not before he had cast a backward glance toward her home. She felt it rather than saw it—that look.

Then the doctor's carriage stopped at her door, and she roused from her reveries.

A few minutes later she was descending the stairs with the family physician.

There is one thing only can save your mother's life, Miss Byrne—that is an entire change of scene. She must be roused from that couch where she lies.

Would a—trip to England be—

The very thing. If you could manage it toward the close of the summer even, I think that would spare her to you a few years.

Dr. Carson wondered at the sudden pallor of the girl's face as she answered. It shall be managed, Dr. Carson. Three months later the literary world was talking of a new serial in the "Woodruff Magazine." Who was its author? No one knew; the secret had been carefully guarded by both writer and publisher. The nom de plume of Cache concealed, indeed, everything that the world might ask. Enid Byrne had been mistaken in believing her style would be recognized. She was still a young writer, and this story so far transcended anything she had yet done that no one pointed to her.

But one man read her story sitting alone in his editorial chair, and his lips close a little more firmly. His hand trembled slightly as he read. Irwin Chambers pierced the veil as she knew he would. She was to leave for England in a fortnight's time with her mother, and it was surprising how seldom she met with her co-worker after that. Naturally she avoided him, though he did not appear to avoid her, and made no mention of her story. I anything he was more polite and friendly than usual, but with a strange, icy distance of manner in the case no more to



Not New.

Don't think our Vapo-Cresolene is something new, for it isn't. For more than twenty years it has been extensively used for all forms of bronchial and throat trouble. Mrs. Ballington Booth said of it, years ago, that "No family where there are young children should be without Vapo-Cresolene." You breathe-in the vapor, it goes all through the bronchial tubes, soothing, healing, curing. It's pleasant, safe, economical.

Vapo-Cresolene is sold by druggists everywhere. The Vapo-Cresolene Company, 815 Broadway, New York, N.Y. Extra supplies of Vapo-Cresolene 25 cents and 50 cents. Illustrated booklet containing physicians' testimonials free upon request. Vapo-Cresolene Co., 100 Fulton St., New York, U.S.A.

read manuscripts to her at No. 90 Armure Ave. The breach was too delicate to bridge over between them. She had written her heart-story; she had written him as her hero; she had sold it—sold it for money. She could picture all the scorn his sensitive, aristocratic soul would feel for a woman like that. He might even think more. He might think she had published it that he might read and know her secret. Thus she stood before him in heartbreak and shame. And neither spoke a word. Oh, if she could only flee from his presence! It came at length, her last day in the office before sailing. But there was one member of the staff who did not come to say farewell; he was out of the city that afternoon.

The breeze fluttered among the mast-flags of the Sea-girl Isle next day. Men and women hurried to and fro among the decks. Husbands and wives, mothers and sons said farewell. Children fluttered their little kerchiefs from the wharf. The Sea-girl Isle was about to sail. Enid Byrne came back to the deck for something after settling her mother comfortably in the cabin. A man had just left a group and was turning shoreward. Her heart gave a wild throb. It was Irwin Chambers. So their farewell was to be out here, then, on the blue harbour with the sky above.

Oh Miss Byrne, happy to have an opportunity of saying goodbye. I have just resigned my position on the Post to-day. May not see you again for some time.

Resigned? Yes, going abroad with my sisters for a couple of years. There's the signal to go ashore. Good-bye. Bon voyage!

He hurried off the ship. The gangplank was pulled up. The ropes fell with a crash into the water and the Sea-girl Isle was loose from her moorings.

So that was to end all.

A sudden resignation, a parting on the ship's deck, a decision to go abroad, and so life passes! Out in the blue, out on the billows—dream clouds—foam-caps—and the towers and smoking chimneys of old New York grow fainter on her vision!

She looked up at the mast-flags floating above and out on the blue of the sea, and she seemed to see herself setting out on the life-voyage afresh. But the mast-flag of her ship was of black—the black banner of a past that was dead.

Years passed—one, two, three—seven of them. Two gentlemen sat reading on the verandah of a country summer resort one August morning. A third, a man of extreme dignity of bearing sat down some little distance away.

There's another of Enid Byrne's stories in this magazine, said one of the twin.

Bladder Troubles, Kidney Disease

Old people are especially liable to derangements of the kidneys and bladder and it is therefore not unusual to find them great admirers of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Mr. John Lalane, Woodworker, Trenton, Ont., states: "I am seventy years old and have been using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills for some time. I have been troubled a great deal with my kidneys and bladder and at times would go two or three days without passing any thing. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills have proved to be exactly what I needed, and I owe it to them that I am in such good health to-day. They acted promptly on my kidneys and bladder with the most satisfactory results, bringing quick relief and setting these organs in perfect working order."

One pill a dose, two, a box, at all druggists, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Toronto. Insist on getting what you ask for and refuse substitutes.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

Yes, I always read her stories. Wonderful gift, hasn't she? None of your penny-a-liner about her. Let's go down to the fish-pond, Mulharg.

The two rose to go. The stranger was left alone. He reached over immediately and possessed himself of the magazine they had left in the chair.

What he read was the story of a young writer who had written her own love-story without meaning to publish it; the hero and she were simply family friends. Months later poverty was making itself felt in the home; her widowed mother was sinking slowly into a decline, and to save her from want she sold the story that was to her as her own flesh and blood. The man's friendship was killed by the blow. The story was beautifully told, a gem from a literary point of view, but oh the pathos of it!

I wonder if that is her own story too, said Irwin Chambers. Her mother died in England that fall. I wonder if she published the story for her sake. I wonder what has become of her. I wonder if she cares—yet.

Irwin Chambers had never seen her face since that day he had said "Bon Voyage" on the decks of the Sea-girl Isle. He had heard of her mother's death, of her resignation on her return. He had from time to time seen her stories in the most prominent magazines. She was successful, "as a woman ought to be," he told himself, "that would lay bare her own love for money and for fame." But was it possible after all, that he had been mistaken—that money and fame were not her motive? Was it possible—such a sacrifice?

His own mother was dead now his sisters married, and the past came before him with a new force in his loneliness.

Down in the doorway of a farmhouse kitchen a woman stood fanning herself that hot August morning. A display of fresh baked bread testified to her well-earned rest of a few minutes. But she did not look like a woman accustomed to the toil of a farm-house. She was too erect for one thing. For another she surveyed the bread altogether too proudly. Her hair was rich, luxuriant and silvery, but her face was fresh and youthful. It would have been girlish but for a certain "mothering air." She was probably but little past thirty, and she did not look even that. She stood a moment looking over the pasture lands, the sheep in the shadow of the elms, the sunflowers and the blue patches of lupus on the hillsides, and then across her vision there floated a city dwelling an artistic little nest where she lived with her maid and tried to welcome and "mother," in short, young writers, artists, journalists, young strugglers of every description in old New York. Enid Byrne had laid her mother to rest beneath the English sod. Her spirit had faired at first but not for long. She had devoted herself heart and soul to her stories after that. Her name had risen like a star. Wealth had come to her; she had bought a dainty home in the suburbs of New York, and a large and aspiring family had been sheltered gratis beneath her roof in times of stress and storm. And if she had lost the love of one, the love of the many was given her instead, and so she worked cheerily and here she had not lost their roundness nor her eyes their light.

Just now she had come to visit her only remaining relative, a cousin. Her cousin's wife had

fallen ill the day before, and until help could be secured Enid was installed as mistress of the farmhouse. She put another batch of cookies into the oven and went to the door to fan herself again. A man in a black cloth was coming down the road. He was probably a boarder from the summer resort across the hill. There was something about him familiar to her, but the next moment she was looking away toward the morning shadows on the hillsides.

Pardon me, madam, but could you tell me which road leads to—

The voice of the stranger startled her as he came around the house corner.

Enid: Miss Byrne, pardon me. I have been reading your last story this morning.

Their eyes met in the long moment of silence that followed.

Then the pigeons gathered in a row along the kitchen eaves and heard a great deal more that summer morning. This last batch of cookies was still in the oven over an hour later; then Irwin Chambers helped her remove her blackened confectionery. Afterwards he feasted in a farm house kitchen on a fresh home-made bread baked by a celebrated writer.

WHEN LIFE IS NOT LIFE

"Without health life is not life; it is only a state of languor and suffering—an image of death." The use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food gives the weak, languid and discouraged a new hold on life. It makes the blood pure and rich, creates new nerve force and instils new energy and vitality into the whole being. It makes weak and sickly people strong and well by building up the system.

Mrs. Figg—I ought to go to that club meeting this afternoon, but I can't get up enough energy to start.

Mr. Figg—Would it help you along if I were to tell you not to go?

F. WILSON'S PILLS CURE CONSTIPATION.

He—So you give me the mitten? She—Yes.

He—And this is all? She—I might throw in a few moth balls.

HAMILTON'S PILLS CURE CONSTIPATION.

Little Miss Wayupp—Is your butler English? Little Miss Highupp—N-o, but his clothes is.

LOST HEARING QUICKLY RESTORED.

No matter whether of long-standing or not deafness can be permanently cured by Catarrhazone, which never fails even in the worst cases. The pleasant-scented vapor of Catarrhazone allays inflammation, prevents and cures the catarrhal condition that causes deafness and relieves right away. Thousands have proved the efficiency of Catarrhazone, and with such a valuable remedy, within easy reach, there is no longer any reason for people to remain deaf. Catarrhazone is recommended also for Coughs, Colds, Catarrh and Bronchitis. Complete outfit, \$1.00; trial size, 25c. Druggists, or N. C. Poisen & Co., Hartford, Conn., U. S., or Kingston, Ont.

The more I pull this molasses candy, said the little girl at the waifs' party, the darker it gets. But my hands is gettin' awful clean.

A Pleasant as well as effective Remedy for Coughs and Colds, Bronchial and Asthmatic Coughs.

The Bird Company's Wine of Tar Honey and Wild Cherry is very agreeable and pleasant to take, it does not disturb the stomach nor cause any unpleasant after effects and is entirely free from any objectionable ingredients.

Don't worry, Scribbs, you'll awake yet and find yourself famous.

If I could believe that, I'd go to bed and stay there all the time.

Did you hear what Reginald gave Lueretia for a graduation present?

What was it? A commutation ticket on a down town soda fountain.

Doctor—Put out your tongue. Little Tommy—Not on your life! I did that to the teacher yesterday and got a licking.

Doctors are prescribing Park's Perfect Emulsion quite freely in their practice. This medicine has special qualities which appeal strongly to the medical profession.

Baby's Own Soap

PURE, FRAGRANT, CLEANSING.

ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MFRS. MONTREAL.

If you Require any Fire Accident Life Plate Glass or Guarantee

CALL ON J. W. DAVIDSON GENERAL AGENT

Office in the Deane's building Newcastle

CUSTOM TAILORING

Mr. J. R. McDonald has moved to the rooms over J. Demers' grocery store where he will be pleased to see his old customers and friends.

Pressing, Cleaning, Repairing executed with neatness and dispatch.

J. R. McDONALD.

GOOD-BYE TO WHISKERS

on your pots and pans, if you use PORT HOOD Coal

The Coal that makes a hot fire quickly and lasts well.

The cleanest Coal on the market.

DO YOU USE A LINIMENT?

Then of course you want the best. The best Liniment is the strongest, other things being equal.

GATES' Acadian Liniment

Is certainly the strongest in use. The moral is obvious, GET GATES'!

A bottle kept constantly on hand will save many a pain and ache. Lumbermen have found Gates' the best they can get for man and beast.

Manufactured by C. Gates, Son & Co., Middleton, N. S.

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS DESIGNS COPYRIGHTS & C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Agent for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year, four months, \$1. Sold by all news-dealers.

MUNN & Co., 361 Broadway, New York

Branch Office, 25 F St., Washington, D. C.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

W. D. Carter

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION.

DO NOT TAKE HEADACHE.