

JANUARY 24 1908

THE HEART OF THINGS.

DEREK VANE IN BLACK AND WHITE.

She had just returned from the crowded concert hall, where she had enjoyed a veritable triumph. Her face was flushed and smiling, and she still held in her hands the great bouquet of roses—her favorite flower—which had been given her as she left the platform.

"I think it right to let you know that the boy is seriously ill," MICHAEL.

Unconsciously she crushed the message in her hand, and her thoughts flew to the Lincolnshire village where it had been written. She saw again the flat fen-land, the long stretches of empty wastes, which she had grown to loathe, almost to fear; all the grayness and barrenness which were so antagonistic to her joy.

"Bring me an 'A. B. C.' and pack a bag. I am going into the country." "Shall I attend, madam?" "No; I don't know how long I shall be away. I will write." Her lips twitched as she thought of the fashionable French maid in the bare manor house with old Hannah for company.

"I wonder if he is really very ill?" she pondered, as she sat in the train. "I think Michael is not quite, though I am sure he is not well. The meeting will be as awkward and uncomfortable for him as for me. Poor little Michael—what a name to give a child! I wonder what he is like now? He was not a pretty or interesting child. I remember he was always crying."

There was no one to meet her when she arrived, but that she did not expect, though the village fly had been sent to the station on the chance of her coming.

After a drive of nearly an hour she recognized a familiar gateway; she remembered the old coat-of-arms cut in the stone-work, though she could not see it now, with the motto, "I live I die I die." Yes, that was all the Fieldens did in being done for generations. It was a decaying race, and they had not had the energy, or, perhaps, the power, to stop the ruin that was creeping on them, and the man who lived there now had grown sour and bitter with his banished life.

"Master is upstairs," old Hannah said, "distantly in reply to Denise's greeting. "He hoped you would excuse him coming down, but the child is very restless to-night, and can't well be left. If you will please sit down and take something I will tell him you are here." And she opened a door which led to a room where a frugal meal was laid.

"I don't want anything, thank you," Denise said, hastily. "I will go up at once if I may," and before Hannah could raise any objection she was half way up the stairs.

things. Perhaps if you had reasoned with me—if you had pointed out— "Do you think I wanted a captive instead of a wife?" he asked, harshly. "I saw how you fretted and pined like a caged creature; I saw the hunted look in your eyes; I know you would wear your life out in a little if it went on."

"It was so dull—so dreary," she murmured, "and nobody wanted me, not even you. I think, after a little while, I interrupted your studies, I was restless and disturbed your routine, so when my legacy came it seemed to open a way of escape. I thought it was better for us to go our own road before we learned to hate each other. I had a gift—only one—but it would not let me rest until I had tried what it was worth. I ought not to have married."

"No doubt it was a mistake, but in justice I must say that that was more my fault than yours. I was years older and I took advantage of your youth and ignorance to fasten a bond on you of which you did not understand the import. No doubt you knew yourself best. You have the life that suits you; you were free to go your own way."

"As you yours," "As I mine."—Something in the voice made Denise move uneasily. For six years the man and the child had lived here together; her husband, her child. For six years she had nearly forgotten them both not quite, though she had tried to do so. The man and the child had been growing old together—without love or happiness—while she had laughed and sung. There was nothing young in the house—not even the little form she held in her arms.

A week had passed, and little Michael thanks (as the doctor plainly said) to his mother's devoted nursing and the interest she created in the child's mind, was picking up his frail life again. He was never tired of looking at her, of admiring all the pretty things that gathered about her as a matter of course; he had never seen so many flowers, so much dainty luxury in his brief existence.

"You use these every day?" he asked in an awed voice, as he amused himself with the silver pots and bottles on her dressing table. "Yes, every day," she said with a gay little laugh. "Do you think I am very extravagant?"

"Father hasn't anything pretty in his room. I like to be here best," he said, lying back luxuriously among the bright cushions which his mother had ordered from a neighboring town. She opened her lips to speak, but closed them again without a word.

Denise was sitting alone one evening in the faded drawing room when her husband came in. As a rule she saw very little of him; they seemed to avoid each other by tacit consent. "There is something I wish to say to you if you are at leisure," he began. She thought how worn and gray he looked, though he was a man in the prime of life, as he looked from the crevices of chimneys, the deep, sad, monotone of the sea; the weary flash of rain in the night; the sound of the water, falling from the bubble streams; the despondent from in the leafless tree; even the zephyrs amongst the young leaves of spring—all have an undertone of sadness, as if they too felt the burden and weight of all the unattainable world.

"I am quite at your service," she answered, and I have nothing to do." "It is about him I wish to speak," he said, as he sat down. "He is almost well again now." "He is very delicate still," she said quickly. "He needs a great deal of care—he could not stand much."

mother? How lovely!" springing up in bed with shining eyes. "And is father coming, too?" "Father does not want to come, darling." The childish face grew grave. "It will be dull for father alone here," he said seriously. "You ask him to come, mother; he'll come for you."

"Not for me, for me perhaps least of all," she murmured, forgetting that she was talking to a child; but little Michael was wiser than his years. "Go now, mother," he said coaxingly. "Try. . . Wait. I'll tell you a secret; it can't be wrong to tell you. Father keeps a picture of you locked up, and I saw him looking at it one night, and I saw him put it away. People must love a person very much to kiss their picture, mustn't they, mother?" Kisses had been rare luxuries in his life.

"Kissed my picture? Are you sure, little Michael?" The child nodded, watching her intently. Denise thought of how she was going to make the desolate home more desolate, and the tears rushed to her eyes. "I'll try, my sonny—I'll try for your sake," she cried, and went from the room. Her heart was beating fast with fear and excitement as she hurried down the stairs before her courage failed her. What if he should reprove her? She shivered at the thought.

She softly opened the library door, where he was in the habit of sitting at night. A lamp was burning dimly on the table in the centre of the room, and its light fell on the bowed head of a man; some books and papers had been overturned as he threw out his arms and mutely emphasized that aspect of despair. Denise forgot her fears.

"Michael!" she cried in a sobbing voice, her arm round his neck, her cheek to his—"Michael! I've been a bad wife, but I want to be a better one. Will you take me back?" He looked up, and she saw that his eyes were wet. "Is that you?" he said, heavily. "What is it?—what has happened?" "Nothing," softly, "except that I have found out that I want you. We both want you—little Michael and I. You won't send us away—or you will come?"

"Want me?" he said in a husky whisper. "Is it really true, Denise?" He held her in his arms as one holds something very precious that one is half afraid to touch. "I had almost given up praying and hoping."

NATURE'S MINOR STRAIN. THE UNTOLED AND MYSTERIOUS LONGEVITY OF THE ELEMENTS.

The voice of Nature is a voice of loneliness—the voice of one crying in the wilderness. The infinite paths of suffering seem to be everywhere. The autumn winds moaning in the crevices of chimneys, the deep, sad, monotone of the sea; the weary flash of rain in the night; the sound of the water, falling from the bubble streams; the despondent from in the leafless tree; even the zephyrs amongst the young leaves of spring—all have an undertone of sadness, as if they too felt the burden and weight of all the unattainable world.

Low beatings coming after me and sounds of undying things. I am glad to stand almost as silent as the turf they tread.

Open-air preaching in London's slums. NOBLE WORK UNDERTAKEN BY REV. BERNARD VAUGHAN, S. J.

From his beautiful church in Farm Street, one of the best residential sections of London, Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J., has gone to the "slums" of that great city and is there engaged in a grand and noble work amongst her inhabitants. He has rented a room in the Commercial Road district, in which he lives, a poor man amongst the poor.

For years, it is said, the reverend Father has thought over such a method of reaching the submerged masses and now he has achieved his desire and is laboring with excellent results.

His unique methods are described in the following excerpt from a report in the London Monitor and New Era: "Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J., in continuation of his slum crusade, spoke at 4 o'clock on Sunday in a dark, grimy hall of Perivinkle Street and in the courtyard of the 'slums' of that great city and is there engaged in a grand and noble work amongst her inhabitants.

Mother Gray's Warm Extremities is pleasant to take care and effective in relieving various ailments. It has been tried with best results. Known to Thousands—Pierrel's Vegetable Pills regulate the action of the bowels, purify the blood and keep the stomach and bowels free from deleterious matter.

NO ALCOHOL IN IT.—Alcohol or any other volatile matter which would impair strength and vitality is not contained in the manufacture of Dr. Thomas Electric Oil. Nor do climatic changes affect it.

CHOLERA MORBUS, cramps and kindred complaints usually make their appearance in the warm months of the year. Green fruit, cucumbers, melons, etc., and many persons are debilitated from their use.

THE WALKING SICK, what a crowd of them there are! Persons who are thin and weak but not sick enough to go to bed.

"Chronic cases" that's what the doctors call them, which in common English means—long sickness. To stop the continued loss of flesh they need Scott's Emulsion. For the feeling of weakness they need Scott's Emulsion.

LUNG WEAKNESS. Is Due to Poor and Watery Blood. THAT IS WHY SOME PEOPLE CANNOT GET RID OF A COUGH, AND WHY IT DEVELOPES INTO CONSUMPTION.

The lungs are just like any other portion of the body—they need a constant supply of pure rich blood to keep them sound and strong. If the lungs are not strong they are unable to resist disease, and that is the reason why an apparently simple cold clings until the patient grows weaker and weaker and finally fills a consumptive's grave.

Such cases as these tell better than mere words the power of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They cure all constitutional weakness because they get right to the root of the trouble and build up the blood. That is why they never fail to cure rheumatism, lumbago, kidney and liver troubles, headaches, backaches, indigestion, biliousness and all other blood diseases.

From his beautiful church in Farm Street, one of the best residential sections of London, Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J., has gone to the "slums" of that great city and is there engaged in a grand and noble work amongst her inhabitants.

THE WALKING SICK, what a crowd of them there are! Persons who are thin and weak but not sick enough to go to bed.

"Chronic cases" that's what the doctors call them, which in common English means—long sickness. To stop the continued loss of flesh they need Scott's Emulsion. For the feeling of weakness they need Scott's Emulsion.

It makes new flesh and gives new life to the weak system. Scott's Emulsion gets thin and weak persons out of the rut. It makes new, rich blood, strengthens the nerves and gives appetite for ordinary food.

There's new strength and flesh in every dose. We will be glad to send you a few doses free.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto, Ontario. 50c. and \$1. all druggists.

INSIST ON ABBEY'S Ever Feel Stretchy and Dull? If you do there can be no doubt as to the reason, no guess or gamble about it.

Ask your druggist for ABBEY'S Effervescent Salt.

BELLEVILLE BUSINESS COLLEGE LIMITED. We teach full commercial course. As well as full shorthand course. Full and part time courses. Full telegraphic course.

ASSUMPTION COLLEGE SANDWICH, ONT. THE STUDIES EMBRACE THE CLASSICAL AND COMMERCIAL COURSES. Full and part time courses. Full telegraphic course.

NORTHERN BUSINESS COLLEGE OWEN SOUND, ONT. Our courses in both business and shorthand departments are up-to-date, thorough and complete.

BOARDING SCHOOL AND ACADEMY CONGREGATION DE NOTRE DAME. Cor. Bazel and Johnson Street KINGSTON, ONT.

ST. JEROME'S COLLEGE BERLIN, ONT. CANADA (G.T.R.) Commercial Course with Business College features. High School or Academic Course—Preparation for Professional Studies.

The London Mutual Fire INSURANCE CO. OF CANADA. ESTABLISHED 1825. HEAD OFFICE LONDON, ONTARIO.

STATUTES FOR SALK. Statutes of the Sacred Heart, blessed Virgin, Anthony, colored in flower. Very artistically made. Suitable for bedroom or parlor. Price one dollar each.