The Ray of himsight.

Just as the rays of the afternoon wan hesitated to enter the open door of Joseph Shage's hardware store in Sunrise Cove and langued on the sill, so the little girl in the black frock and hat, with twin braids of sunshiny hair on her shoulders, hovered at the entrance of the dim and dusty place.

She carried a satellal in one hand, while the fingers of the other were hooked into the river-studed collar of a mottled, homely monered dog.

"Oh, dear me, Prince?" signed the little girl, "this must be the place. We'll just have to go in. Of course I know he must be a nice man; but he'e such a stranger." The Ray of Bund

know he must be a nice man; but he's such a stranger."

Her feet faltered over the door sill and paced slowly down the shop between long counters. The saw no clerk. At the back of the shop was a small office closed in with grimy windows. The uncertain visitor and her canine companion saw the shadowy figure of a man inside the office, sitting on a high stool and best above a big ledger. The dog, however, assetted something place.

alse.

In the half darkness of the shop he and his little mistress came anexpectedly upon what Prince considered his archenemy. There nose up on the end of the counter nearest the open office door a big, black tomest whose arched back, swellen tail and yellow eyes blaxed defiance.

"Passt—yeow?"

The rising your broke the affence of the shop like a trumpet call. The little girl dropped her bag and seized the dog's collar with both hands.

"Prince!" she cried, "don't you speak to that cat—don't you dare speak to it!"

Again,

Nothing so startling as this had extered Sunrise Cove's chief "hardware emportum" for many and many a year.

Hannah Stagg, the hardware merchant's only sister, had gone away from home quite lifteen years previously. Mr. Stagg had never seen Hannah again; but this alight, blue-ayed, sunny-haired girl was a replies of his sister, and in some dusty corner of Mr. Stagg's heart there dwelt a very faithful memory of Hannah.

Nothing had served to estrange the brother save time and distance.

"Hannah's Car'lyn," muttered Mr. Stagg again. "Bless me, child! how did you get here from New York?

"On the ears, uncle. You see, Mr. Price thought I'd better come. He may you are my guardian—it's in papa's will and would have been so in mamma's will, if she'd made one. Mr. Price put me on the train and the conductor took care of me.

"Who is Mr. Price?" the storekeeper asked.

"He's a lawyer. He's written you a long letter abourtet. It's in my bag. Didn't you get the telegram he sent you last evening. Under Joe? A 'night hetter,' he called a."

"Never got it," re last Mr. Stagg shortly.

"Well you see when and and man.

She was not a young woman—that is, not what the child would call young. Carolyn May thought she was very nice looking—tail and sobust. Her brown eyes flashed an inquiring glames upon Carolyn May, but she did not look at Mr. Stagg, nor sid Mr. Stagg look at her.

"Oh! who is that has Back Jose asked the little girl when they was out of earshot.
"Hum!" Her unders threat as the dy Parlow Mass Amenda Barlow" he corrected himself with dignity.

The finsh did not soon fade out of his face as they want on in sitema. It was half a mile from his acceptant to the Corners. These was tall the ber all about fluorise Cowe, which was built along the shore of a deep intercutting in from the great labs, whose bite waters speaked as far as one might see towards the seath and went "Hum—i don't snew." The hardware merchant mused grimly. "I—I guess we'd better go up to The Corners and see what Aunty Rose has to say about it. You understand, I couldn't really keep you if she cape 'Ne'."

"Oh, Uncie Jee, couldn't you?"

"No," he declared, wagging his head decidedly. "And what she'll say to that dog—"

"Oh!" Carolyn May cried again, and put both arms suddenly about the neck

widening aperture.

"Hey! call off that dog!" begged a musiled voice from under the trapdoor.

"He'll eat me up, Mr. Stagg."

"Lie down, Prince!" commanded Carolyn May hastily, "It's only a boy. You know you like boys, Prince," she

"Come on up out o' that cellar. Chet. I'm going up to The Comers with my unite niere. Hannah's Car'tyn. This is Chetwood Gormley. If he ever stops growth' longitudinally mabbe he'll be a man some day and not a giant. You stay night here and tend store while I'm gone, Chet."

Catolyn May could not help feeling some surprise at the finally revealed propostions of Chetwood Gormiey. He was lathlike and gawky, with very prominent upper front toeth, which gave a sort of how-window appearance to his wide mouth. But there was a good-immoved twinkle in the overgrown boy's shallow eyes; and, if uncouth, he was kind.

"I'm proud to know ye, Car'tyn." he

"Oh, Uncle Joe !" quivered his mees.
"You go shead and get acquainted with her," urged Mr. Stags. "She don't like dogs. They cheen her chickens and run aver her flower beds.

Annty Rose is possiliar, I might say.

"Oh, Uncle Joe !" reseased the little girl faintly.

"You've got to make her like you, it you want to live here," the hardware dealer concluded firmly.

He gave Carolyn May a little show up the path and then stood back and mopped his brow with his handkerchief. Prince strained at the least and whined, wishing to follow his little mistress.

Mr. Stagg said: "Tou'd better keep mighty quiet, dog. If you want your home address to be the Corners, sing small!"

Gaoing to Bed.

Mr. Stagg had fastened Prince's wirap to the porch rail and he now came in with the bag.

"Is that all the child's baggage, Joseph Stagg?" asked Aunty Rose, taking it from his hand.

"Why—why, I never thought to ask her," the man admitted. "Have you a trunk cheek, Car'lya?"

"No, sir."

"They sent you up here with only that bag?" Mr. Stagg said with some exasperation. "Haven't yeu got any clothes but those you stand in?"

"Mrs. Price said—said they weren't suitable." "You see, they aren't black."

"Oh!" exploded her uncle.

"You greatly lack tact. Joseph Stagg," said Aunty Rose, and the hard ware dealer cleared his threat loudly as he went to the stak to perform his pre-supper ablutions. Carolya May ald not understand just what the did not understand fust what the woman meant.

"Annual of the prince's mistage has fastened Prince's mistage had the how came in with the bag.

"Is that all the child's baggage, Joseph Stagg?" asked Aunty Rose, taking it from his hand.

"Why—why, I never thought to ask her," the man admitted. "Have you at trunk check, Car'lya?"

"No, sir."

"They sent you up here with only that bag?" Mr. Stags and the herd.

"You see, they aren't black."

"Oh!" exploded her un

"Oh!" Carolyn May cried again, and put both arms suddenly about the neet of her canine friend. "Prince is just the best dog, Uncle Joe."

Mr. Stagg shook his head doubtruffy. Then he went into the office and shut the big ledger into the oute. After locking the safe door, he stipped the key into his trousers pocket and glunced around the stime.

"I'd like to know where that useless Gormley bey is now," mutused her. Stagg.

is Chetwood Gormley. If he ever stops growth' longitudinally mabbe he'll be a man some day and not a giant. You stay sight here and tand above while 'C'm gene, Chat.''

Catolyn May could not help feeling some surprise at the family revealed proportions of Chetwood Gormsey. He was lathlike and gawky, with very preminent upper front toeth, which gave a sort of bow-window appearance to his wide mouth. But there was a good-humored twinkle in the overgrown boy's shallow ayes; and, if unsouth, he was kind.

"The proud to know ye, Carlyn," he said. He steeped quickly out of the way of Paines when the latter started.

There was ne sound of life at The Corners was a stylinize "cinnic above fall of the Corner."

On the fourth corner of the greater that the corner of the corner of the greater than the great

girl, her sober face all a-smile. "He'll be de-light-ed."

She carried the pan out to Prince. When the door closed again, Mrs. Kennedy went to the stove and instantly, with the epening of the oven, the rush of delicious odor from it made Carolyn May's mouth fairly in her fluity little her mater.

water.
Such flaky biscuit—two great pans
tull of the brown beauties! Mr. Stagg
sat down at the table and actually

miled.

The little girl took her indicated place at the table timidiy.

"Joseph Stagg," said Annty Ross, sitting down, "ask a blessing."

Uncle Joe's harsh voice seemed suddenly to become gentle as he reverently said grace.

Mr. Stage was to be a be reverently said grace.

said gloomily.

"Oh, dear me, Uncle Joe!" exclaimed
Carolyn May. "If he did that, he'd die
of indignation."

carolyn May. "If he did that, he'd die of indignation."

"Huh? Oh! I guess 'twould cames and gestion," agreed her uncle.

Aunty Rose did not even smile.

"Bless me!" Mr. Stagg exclaimed suddenly. "What's that on the mantel, hunty Rose? That yaller letter?"

"A telegram for you, Joseph Stage," replied the old lady composedly.

"Well!" muttered the hardwars fealer, and Carolyn May wondered it he were not afraid to express just the smetion he felt at that instant. His face was red and he sot up clumsily to secure the scaled message.

"Who brought it, and when?" he asked finally, having read the law-per's night letter.

Mrs. Kennedy quite ignored any suggestion of impatience in Mr. Stage's roice or manner. But he seemed to

"Where is the letter that this Mr. Price wrote and sent by you, Cariyn?" he asked as he was about to depart for the store.

The Hitle girl asked permission to leave the table and then ran to open her bag. Mr. Starz said doubtfully.

Like a marconed sailor upon a desect island the little girl went about exploring the bedroom which was to be hers—and which had once been her mother's. That fact helped greatly. Then she looked at the high, puffy bed.

"How ever can I get into it?" sighed Carolyn May.

Carolyn May.

She had to stand upon her tiptoes in her fluffy little bedroom slippers to pull back the quift and the blanket and sheet underneath it. The bed was just a great big bag of feathers!

"Just like a big, big pillow," thought the little girl. "And if I do get into it I'm lible to sink down and down and down till I'm buried, and won't ever be able to get up in the morning."

and down till Fm buried, and won't ever be able to get up in the morning."

The window was open and she went to it and leoked out. A breath of honeysuckle blew in. Then, below, on the porch, she heard the uneasy movements of Prince. And he whined.

"Oh, poor Princey! He doesn't know what's become of me," thought Carolyn May.

Downstairs, in the greaf kitchen, Aunty Rose was stepping back and forth, from table to sink, from sink to dresser, from dresser to pantry. As the daylight faded she lif the lamp which swung from the ceiling and gave light to all the room.

It would have been impossible for the wisest person to guess what were the thoughts in Aunty Rose's mind.

A glad little yelp from the dog tied to the rail of the porch sounded saddenly. Even Aunty Rose could not mistake that cry of welcome and she knew very little about dogs—to their credit, at least. She had heard no other suspicious sound, but now she crossed the room with firm tread and opened the porch door. Yes, a little white figure was down there hugging the whining mongrel.

Carolyn May's tenrful face was raised from Prince's rough neck.

"Oh, Aunty Rose! Oh, Aunty Rose!" she sobbed. "I just had to say good night to somebody. Edna's mother came and heard our prayers and tucked us into my bed after my papa and mamma went away. So it didn't seem so bad.

"But tonight—why! tonight there

"But tonight—why! tonight there isn't anybody cares whether I go to bed or not! But Prince! Prince, he knows just how—how empty I feel?"
"You would better come in now and wash your face and hands again before going to bed. That dog has been lapping them with his tongue.

Sobbing the little girl obeyed. Then she would have gone back up the stairs without a word had not Aunty Rose spoken.



question and cross-question yours Question and cross-question yours Chetwood Gormley regarding the pos-sible customers that had been in the store during his absence. "And I tell you what I think, moth er," Chet said, with his mouth full, at

er," Chet said, with his mouth full, at supper that evening. "I think has coming's going to bring about changes, Yes, ma'aim!"

Mrs. Gormley was a faded little woman—a widow—who went out seeking for better-to-do people in Sunrise Cove. She naturally thought her bog Chetwood a great deal smarter than other people thought him.

"You know, mother" he said, of this evening of the arrival of Carolyg May, "I never have seen any great chance to rise, workin' for Mr. Joseph Stage:

"But he pays you, Chet," his mother and anxiously.

said anxiously.

"Yen. I know. Don't be afraid Pleave him till I see semething better, he reassured her. "But I might be clerkin' for him till the cows come constant." home and never see more'n six or eight dollars a week. But now its apt to be different."

"How different, Chef?" she asked puzzled.

"How different, Chet?" she asked puzzled.

"You know Mr. Stagg's as hard a nalis—as hard as the goods he sells, declared the gawky boy. "Mind you, he don't do nothin' mean. That ain't his way. But he don't seem to have a mite of interest in anything but his shop. Now, it seems to me, this little niece is bound to wake him up. He calls her Hannah's Car'lyn'."

"Hannah Stagg was his only sistes," said Mrs. Gormley softly. "I remember her."

"And she's just died, or something and left this little girl." Chet continued. "Mr. Stagg's bound to think et something now besides business. And abbee he'll need me more. And I'll get a chance to show him I'm worth something to him. So, by and by, he'll put me forward in the business," said the boy, his homely face glowing. "Who knows? Mebbe it'll be Stagg & Gormley over the door one of these days. Stranger things have happened."

Perhaps even Chetwood's assurance

pened."

Perhaps even Chetwood's assurance would have been quenched had he just then known the thoughts in the hardware merchant's mind. Mr. Stagg ast in his back office poring over the letter written by his brother-in-law's law-per friend, a part of which read:

(Continued Next Week.)

Chocked for Air. Some little tant becomes lodged in the hi chial tubes, others gather, and the awful chocking of asthma results. Nothing offers quite such quick and positive relief as Dr. J. D. Kellogg's
Asthma Remedy, The healing, sooth ing, smoke or vapor penetrates. clears the passages and gives untold relief. Usually it completely cures. It has behind it years of success. It

ESTABLISHED 1841

## IMPRESSIONS OF THE MANLY MacDON

Well Known Canadian Artist of Paintings in His Studio

In Belleville at the present time is well known young Canadian paint- in disti er, who has during the past few the sur years been winning distinction by ed the his remarkable work with the brush. work o He is Mr. Manly MacDonald, a native ting or of Point Anne, who has exhibited his woods work in Toronto and Montreal. Mr. MacDonald studied art in Toronto, inspirat

Buffalo and Boston. A step from Front street to Mr. mile fro MacDonald's studio on the first floor ed the of the East Robertson block brings on a la you at once from the region of busi- said he ness into the atmosphere of art. Once spot age inside the door, Mr. MacDonald sions ar makes the visitor feel at home.

Mr. MacDonald occupies a high group of lace in Canadian art. He is an As- cottage ociate of the Royal Canadian Aca- photogr demy and member of the Ontario So- The sce ciety of Art. In the spring of 1918 he artist. was awarded a traveling scholarship the bric in Europe in competition with seven mill in other artists, one of the conditions Art was that the artists should be under How me thirty years of age. He will go over in Janu to Europe for study at a not distant wharf date. This scholarship is the gift of cury wa

the Royal Canadian Academy. His art is distinctly national as treating far as one can see from his finished doubtle work in the studio at Belleville. Re- Donald cently he was appointed to paint five cury wa anvasses on agricultural subjects the arti for the Canadian War Memorial at and ske Ottawa. These he has completed and can inva work will be hung in the gallery see a f at Ottawa. This fact shows the posi-them hi

at Ottaws. This fact shows the position Mr. MacDonald has begun to fill glow with the sphere of art.

The newspaper man asked the nature young artist how long he intended staying here. Are the positional asid he painting would not be remaining very long "It number is fine to come down here to do a Belleville would not be remaining to the painting would not be remained to the painting with the painting would not be remained to the painting with the painting with the painting would not be remained to the painting would not be remained to the painting would not be remained to the painting with the painting would not be remained to the painting would not be remai little work and get local color. But He h

Mr. MacDonald's interest is wide. painted He knows country life and depicts it pass awa in a large number of sketches. There live in h are scenes relating to fishing and the life at Point Anne. To decution, h That the horse has a true friend sense of

in Mr. MacDonald is evident. He has tude tow painted a number of magnificent an artist canvasses relating to man's noblest man doe helper. The work-horse type has The a come in for a fair show at the ar- But in I tist's hands, Cattle scenes are num- modest l erous. The artist has studied close | On hi to nature's heart as his studies of with the fields, woods and atmosphere indi-appears:

## METHODIST NATIONAL FORWARD MOVEM

Methodist National Campaign Forw ard Mos

Date Remark \$34,000 \$34,352 Over \$35,000 \$27,655 No rej \$31,000 \$30,007 will be \$27,000 \$21,324 No rep \$23,000 \$26,200 Over Bowmanville \$41,000 \$25,000 No rej Whitby \$23,000 \$15,000 No rep \$25,000 \$20,200 No rep \$29,000 \$26,866 Expect \$43,00 \$47,966 Expect \$30,000 \$34,160 Over Madoc \$22,000 \$23,630 Over Conference Totals \$363,000 \$333, 960 will

## **Belleville** District

tive when reports are all in.

Toronto Conference \$1,205,000 Dominion total to date \$4,215,000

London Conference Hamilton Conference

Forward Movement Reports are incomplete owing to Foxboro ere storms, and telephone lines Point ut of order. Sidney circuits reports anvass will be resumed next week. churches in the district pass tives. Official reporting ending

\$8,500 \$12,041 \$3,800 \$ 1,800 urement \$3,100 \$ 3,600 Hellowa \$2,6000

Warts

Bayside Shanno W. Hu

\$506,000 \$568,000