

Lucky Ted

That was the nickname they called him by— The boys at his school—and this was why: He was bound to win from the start, they said; It was always the way with Lucky Ted; The earliest flowers in his garden grew; The sums on his slate came soonest true; He could sail a boat or throw a ball. Or guess a riddle, the best of all. You wondered what could his secret be. But watch him a while and you would see. He thought it out till the thing was plain. And then went at it with might and main. Trusting but little to chance or guess. He learned the letters that spelled success. A ready hand and a thoughtful head— So much for the "luck" of Lucky Ted! —Blanch Trenner Heath.

Allen Gray's Trust

By Anna C. Minogue, in Benziger's Magazine.

"It's no use trying to dodge the truth any longer, Allan. I'm a dying man!" and John Stone turned from the suddenly dimmed eyes of his friend, and gazed down the lawn, beautiful in autumn's aftermath of green. Since spring he had been ailing, and the bright October days found him bound to an invalid's chair, and instead of the free glad life his wealth and position allowed him he must perforce, sit by the window and watch the hours creep by, each wearing the silver cord a little closer to the last strand. But he was no coward. He had stood without quailing before the enemy's gun on San Juan Hill, as became the son of a father who had followed Lee to Appomattox; and the same stout heart was with him now in the bivouac. It was chiefly of his hostage he thought. "So I sent for you, Allan," he continued, his eyes coming back to his friend's set face, "to talk to you about the boy." "I think you are taking too gloomy a view of this illness," replied his friend quickly; but his listener only shook his head and said, a little sadly: "Even the doctors do not hold out any encouragement. I should like to live—that's natural; yet I am ready when God calls me—if it were not for the boy." His fingers twitched on the cigar he had not lighted. Had he no thought of Alice, the boy's mother? There had always been a perfect understanding between the two friends; perchance that enabled the dying man to know of the unspoken question, for he added instantly: "His soul, I mean." The pause that followed was a little awkward. Religion, which was different for both, had been the one topic which had never come up between them; it argued some unknown quality in John Stone, thought his Protestant listener, that now it was brought forward, in this solemn moment, and in connection with his only child. "I am leaving the boy much, Allan," he went on; "a devoted, loving mother, a good name, wealth, and position; but the best part of his inheritance is his faith. Had I lived this would have been safeguarded, for Alice would never have tried to withdraw from her promise. Nor do I think she ever will consciously, but who shall say what the future will have in store for another—especially such a woman as she is? Or, can I be absolutely certain a Protestant mother, with no other motive than the fulfillment of a promise, will watch the fire of faith and keep it brightly burning in the soul of her Catholic son, when I have seen the sons of Catholic mothers grow up indifferent, or without faith at all? And so, Allan, I sent for you to take my place by the boy in this respect." "I!" exclaimed Allan Gray, dropping the cigar in his astonishment. "I—who am even a stauncher Protestant than Alice! You ought to see, John, I am not the one for that—" "Yes, you are the one," said John Stone, with the smile that

All Stuffed Up

That's the condition of many sufferers from catarrh, especially in the morning. Great difficulty is experienced in clearing the head and throat. No wonder catarrh causes headache, impairs the taste, smell and hearing, pollutes the breath, deranges the stomach and affects the appetite. To cure catarrh, treatment must be constitutional—alterative and tonic. "I was ill for four months with catarrh in the head and throat. Had a bad cough and raised blood. I had become discouraged when my husband brought a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and persuaded me to try it. I advise all to take it. It has cured and built me up." Mrs. Hows Rogers, West Lincoln, N. S.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cures catarrh—It soothes and strengthens the mucous membrane and builds up the whole system. had made all men love him glowing upon his wasted face. "If you promise me that you will see that the Faith of his fathers suffers no loss of strength and purity in the soul of my son I shall go to the grave with the one fear that tortures me removed. But I do not ask you to make me your promise until you have considered it; and I love you too well to force it from you, for the hour may come when its fulfillment might be hard."

"What foolish talk, John!" he cried. "Am I the man who ever needed time for consideration when a friend was to be served? Or looked ahead to consequences?" The other's thin hand sought his.

"Forgive a sick man," he said. "I'll try to take your place in this respect, John, if the need arises, which I do not foresee; but what will Alice say, or think?"

"Allan, in this matter I must consider what God will do," he replied, solemnly. "I alone am accountable. Ah, if I only realize our responsibilities earlier!" His eyes again sought the prospect the opened window showed, and the other did not break in on his self-communion. He was absorbed in his own thoughts and they, too, were leading backward. All their youth he and this man's wife had been friends; and as that youth had reached out toward manhood and womanhood they had been drawn together by a deeper tie; then his friend and classmate had come to visit him, and what he might have foreseen had resulted, for few women but would have preferred John Stone above all other men. He had loved them both well enough to step out of their lives, and so rejoice sincerely over the happiness which their mutual love had brought. But now, in this alliance he asked if the husband had proven the true lover; he felt that he should not have thus mistrusted Alice in this final hour.

"I do not think Alice would misunderstand, even if she did know," John Stone began. "A woman such as she is learns how supreme a thing Faith is to a Catholic, when she has been his wife for ten years. But she need never know, unless the occasion arises."

"And then what am I to do?" "Do what I should do."

"But she may resent my action?" "In spite of that you will hold Alice to her promise," he said, looking his friend steadily in the eyes. "That is why I said it may be hard—harder than either of us now deem—but the boy's soul is worth even that! Allan," he cried, "a friendship such as ours can not end with time! It is part of my belief that I shall know, that I shall not forget in the life to come. If this be true, and if we are allowed to help those we love on earth, in that hour, my friend, when you stand in need of help and no man is by to give it, I shall be there."

Then Allan Gray bowed his head on the arm of the invalid chair and wept.

Time wore on, and as Alice Stone showed no sign of failing in any way in the fulfillment of her pre-nuptial agreement, the heavy thoughts that had lain upon the mind of Allan Gray during the first years of her widowhood passed away. The boy was now a manly youth with all the endearing qualities of his father, and wearing in the sterner masculine cast, the beauty of his mother. Full of the spontaneity of life at its source, and with all

the means of wealth and position at his command, the world opened its arms for him; and there were many who predicted the too common career for a youth left entirely to the direction of a fond mother. But the companions who knew him best would have laughed away such fears. Back of all young John Stone's jocular acceptance of life there was always in evidence the fine restraint that the development of the soul along religious lines gives. They could also have told that on many an occasion his presence among them had kept their hilarious enjoyment of liberty from leading them on the first step downward.

"If he knows, as he held they do know who have gone before," thought Allan Gray on the evening of the boy's graduation from the Catholic college, as he watched him moving among the guests at the reception his mother held in honor of the event, "then must John Stone find his joy the deeper beholding his son."

He turned and found the mother regarding him with wistful eyes. Time had but added to the beauty of Alice Stone, as it brings the half-blown rose to be queen of the garden. And Allan Gray knew that as "the moonlight is to the sunlight" even was his love for her in the morning to this which filled his soul at noon-tide. And there were times when he found himself asking if it might not be so with her; if the girl's love for the man whose name she bore, while it would have grown with their day together, was passing into a secret memory with his death. Then he knew a joy that appeared too great for earth; but there would follow a season of rebuke for the temerity of his love; even in his grave, he would tell himself, John Stone would still rule him out of the heart of Alice.

Her eyes drew him to her side. "I feel very old to-night," she said, "among all these youths and maidens. Is it not dreadful to think, Allan, they regard us as—old people? But we should not complain—it's what we did ourselves. And that was not so long ago, was it?"

"It all depends on how one reckons time," he answered slowly. "For myself I do not feel that such a vast gulf separates today from yesterday. I know it has given us something we had not then—something more precious to us than even youth. Am I right, Alice, or wrong?"

Very slowly she lifted her eyes from her fan, and let them rest fully, comprehendingly on his; and then answered him as he would have been answered.

The wonder and the joy of the moment held him silent; but all his long and chivalrous devotion, all his deeply buried love poured down upon her from eyes, where, for years more than her son was old, the shadow of a heart's loss had lain.

Others now came up, among them her sister-in-law; but their words of the day's happenings, the success of young John Stone, at first passed over him as the unconsidered murmurings of a brook; then he found himself listening with strained ears, as Alice said: "No, he will enter the University here. I could not let him go far away from me."

"Oh, Alice, forgive me for saying it! But that is not the place for him. It is professionally atheistical. His father would never have allowed John to go there."

He saw Alice's form stiffen and her beautiful face grow cold. "I have taken every precaution," she said, "that John shall grow up as good a Catholic as he would have been if his father had lived."

"Oh, I know you have, darling," her sister-in-law hastened to say. "Every professor in the college says John is a model Catholic boy. But all your fidelity, all your work might avail nothing, if you turned him over at this time of life to the woful influences of the University."

"Then you mean to say he must either be deprived of his degree or I must be separated from him? I can not wrong my son that way; I can not wrong myself the other. My husband would never, never have asked that of me; he would not expect it of me now, when all I have is my boy!" Her voice had not risen, but it was tense to the point of a sob, and Allan Gray seemed to feel a cold hand, reaching out of the tomb to kill his re-born love, as his old promise to John Stone resounded in his ears. Then he

Entire Family Stricken With Cholera. Youngest Child Died.

The chief symptoms of cholera are vomiting, and purging occur either simultaneously or alternately, and are usually sudden and very violent, and the matter ejected by the stomach has a bilious appearance and a nasty bitter taste. On the first symptoms appearing Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry should be taken, and the trouble cured.

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realized that the husband had known her better than did the lover.

When they were again alone she turned her eyes to him; but the expression on his face chilled her; yet it did not hold back her indignant words.

"May I come tomorrow to talk over this matter of John's future with you?" he asked, as an answer. Too surprised to speak she could only bow her consent; and Allan Gray turned from the brilliantly lighted room with lagging step. He seemed suddenly to have become the old man these gay boys and girls deemed him.

(To be continued.)

Lachute, Que., 25th Sept. 1908. Minard's Liniment Co., Limited. Gentlemen—Ever since coming home from the Boer war I have been bothered with running fever sores on my legs. I tried many salves and liniments; also doctored continuously for the blood, but got no permanent relief, till last winter when my mother got me to try MINARD'S LINIMENT. The effect of which was almost magical. Two bottles completely cured me and I have worked every working day since.

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For further information apply to JAS. CARRAGHER, Agent, P. E. I., July 4, 1915.

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Possibly from an oversight or want of thought you have put off insuring, or placing additional insurance to adequately protect your interests against loss by fire.

ACT NOW! CALL UP DeBLOIS BROS. Charlottetown Water Street, Phone 521. June 30, 1915—3m.

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