

Loves Awakening.

whither it would. Across the hall, up the stairs, along the gallery above to the door of the room that had once been my mother's, I sped. Then I stood still, leaning panting against the wall, and knocked. The key turned in the lock, the door was opened a little way, and Little, more blue-eyed, more serene, more beautiful than ever, looked through the aperture. She was short in stature so that I could see into the room over her head, and once again a mirror told me the truth about the idol I had worshipped so blindly. The mirror, tall and wide, faced the door, and gave me a full view of the widow's lithe and slender figure draped in black. She was bending over a milliner's box, and her hand held some gauzy fabric which she had evidently been examining when I knocked. On her knees beside the box with the fresh-cut string still in her hand, knelt a dark-faced woman, doubtless the new maid 'from foreign parts.' Eulalie, still holding the filmy black stuff, turned her fair face towards the cot in between myself and her cousin.

A handkerchief that Miss Lettie held to her nose, and which gave forth a most abominable smell, somewhat impeded her utterance, but I made out that she was expressing her sorrow at the 'sad home' I found myself in. 'Had she been to the—'

Thus far I caught a whisper from Lady Vansitart, and then, as the dark woman answered in the same low tone, I saw her sink down upon a chair beside the open box of mourning materials, and heard her gasp, 'Then tell her not to come in—please.'

'Surely you know,' mumbled Miss Dove, 'that Sir Charles died of diphtheria? You see how nervous poor Eulalie is. I really must ask you not to insist upon coming in.'

'You need not be afraid, any of you,' I cried, 'I do not want to come in. I have been to papa—I have kissed him. Perhaps God in His mercy will let me die, like he did. But that is not what I came here to say. I came to ask you if

it is true—if it can be true—that she—Eulalie, his wife—left him to die alone? As to you, you are nothing to us, you were nothing to him; no one could mind what you did, or expect to be of any good.

Eulalie! Eulalie! remember how we loved each other once; remember what I did for you in those days, and tell me—tell me that this thing is false!

'Have you no respect for her sorrow?' urged the muffled voice close to me she is shattered, absolutely shattered, by this blow.'

'And what am I? I went on, heeding her not. 'Do you know how I loved him? Do you know that you have robbed me of what you can never—never give me back?'

'We can none of us rebel against the decrees of Providence,' she said, sniffingly, blinking reproachfully at me over the camphor-soaked handkerchief. 'Eulalie, why did you not send for me? why did you not let me know? why have you been so cruel to me?'

All the time I could see her in the glass, but not her face, for she had turned away and covered it with her hands.

'I feel that some responsibility rests upon my shoulders,' put in Miss Dove indistinctly, 'regarding Eulalie's shattered state; and I feel it to be my painful duty, Nell to ask you to go. You are in a condition of much excitement; I hardly think you are answerable for what you say. I remember you were quite hysterical once before—I make all allowances.'

'Ah, now, Miss Ellen, come away, won't you? I knew you'd get no good at all—at all by coming here,' whispered Terence, who had crept up the stairs and now stood at my elbow.

At sight of the one who had tended Sir Charles to the last, and who might naturally be looked upon as the very personification of contagion, Miss Dove closed the door with promptitude. We heard the bolt slide into the lock and Terence and I were left looking at each other in blank bewilderment outside.

'I told ye, Miss Ellen, how it would be,' he said plaintively; 'come down and taste your cup of fine hot tea; it's famishing ye are, just famishing, and nothing less!'

He stood at the stair-head bowing in his own quaint fashion and waiting for me to pass. I went down; I tasted the tea the old man brought in; I tried hard to swallow some food; I touched poor Frizzle's head that bobbed up and down by my knee; I tried my best to put a brave face on things, but the heart within me was breaking. Every now and again cruel fancy would mock my ear with the echo of a firm, quick tread and a low whistle that I had once been wont to hear, and—oh, my God—that I should never, never hear again!

When the tea was cleared away I said to Terence, 'Now, tell me all about papa—don't keep back a single thing; they have robbed me of all the memories of his last hours, give me some of them back again; give me something to think of; tell me that he thought of me, spoke of me, longed for me!'

Poor Terence cast a helpless look all

round the room, sighed, twisted his hands together, and yielded to fate.

'There's no way out of telling ye the story of it all, is there, Miss Ellen?' he pleaded, nervously moving about, displacing and replacing this thing and that.

'None,' I said, sitting in my big chair by the fire as if I were a judge and he a prisoner arraigned before me; 'absolute ly none.'

But even as I spoke with outward firmness I grew sick with the dread of what was coming, and grasped the arm of my chair like a vice.

'Well, the master he took a chill—he took one of the worst chills as ever was; the doctor he came, and said it was as bad as bad could be. Master, he said, as how he was going—was going—'

'To see me,' I put in as Terence hesitated.

'To see you, Miss Ellen,' he went on, drawing a deep breath; 'and couldn't be kept in his bed nor nothing of that sort; but he was in great pain was master, even while he was sayin'—'

'In great pain—O God—have pity on me!' I moaned.

'Miss Ellen,' said Terence, taking

out his red handkerchief and wiping the sweat from his poor wizen face; 'if you spake like that I can't get on—I sha'n't never get through, I know.'

I made a sign to him that I would be silent.

'His throat was as dry as the potsherd that the Lord gave Job to scrape himself with, and it was hard for a body to hear what he said, he spoke so thick-like. Well, Miss Ellen, that night the doctor he said as what ailed master was the diphthery, and Miss Dove she went into the worst 'stericks as ever I see. "We'll all be dead in a week!" says she, squeakin' like a rat caught by the tail 'I a trap; and her ladyship was skeered as bad, though to be sure she made less noise about it. Well, from that time they came no more night master, and he got wuss each hour: "Master," says I, "for God A'mighty's sake let me write to Miss Ellen?" "No," says he; "Lady Vansitart has done that; but I bid her to tell my dear child not to come; the risk," says he, "would be too great, Terence." But he'd a kind of a hungry look on his face while he was spakin' as if he were longing for a sight o' ve for all as he'd said you mustn't be let come.'

I had promised to be silent. I bit back the moanings that rose in my throat and choked me.

'Twer'n't long after that as he began to spake nonsense, did master. I tried hard to make out what he said, but his words was like bits o' things as wouldnt join now; he kept scrabbling on the blanket w' his fingers like as if he were searching about for something—'

'Well, go on; don't stop like that,' I said; or some one said, for surely the voice that spoke was not mine?'

'When the doctor came that night he brought another with him. Her ladyship and Miss Dove they wouldn't see the doctor unless he went to them first of all; they were afraid for him to come from master's room to them.'

Some one laughed.

It must have been me, for Terence stared at me with frightened eyes, thinking no doubt, that his tale was driving me mad.

'All along master was very anxious for the ladies not to come anigh him, and I let him think they were kept back against their wills; it seemed more nat'ral like, you see, Miss Ellen.'

An impatient gesture of my hand was all the reply poor Terence got.

Master was very bad that night; he couldn't swallow no so much as a drop of water. . . . I held him up against my shoulder for to try if he could get his breath easier that way. I kep' him like that most through the night, and the doctors they kep' comin' in as aisy as if they were treadin' on eggs, and shakin' their heads, and spakin' low the one to the other. I think there must ha' been a late moon, for Roderick took to keening shockin', and master, he heard him. He turned his head towards the window, and give a kind of a smile, too, did master; 'Is she come?' he says, says he; and his eyes looked up into mine, dim-like, and as if he was trying to see me through some sort of a daze. He was thinkin' of you, Miss Ellen, was master—'

He was thinking of me—thinking of me! My heart throbb'd thick and fast; my eyes were suddenly blinded by a thick mist of tears. I gave a choking cry, and for the first time since that awful moment, when I opened the letter little Amy brought me, I wept.

I had a confused consciousness of Terence and the housekeeper, and the upper housemaid all hovering about me and all offering comfort according to their lights. I heard the housekeeper say, as one who spoke from a vast fund of experience on such matters, 'She'll be better for this, poor dear!'

Truth to tell the 'poor dear' was in most sad case; she was fording a terrible torrent of deep waters—stumbling through a darkness like that in Egypt of old, that 'night be felt.'

When at length my storm of sorrow had somewhat spent itself and I lay

back weak and weary in my chair, a sudden thought struck me: 'Surely,' I said to Terence, 'poor Roderick must know that this is a house of mourning; I have never heard him bay once since I came home. I shall go and see him the very first thing in the morning; he loved papa, and papa loved him; he must be my dog now—'

Terence looked wildly round as if for help; once more he brought out the red handkerchief and wiped his forehead. As for the two women they shrank up to each other as women will when some bewilderment comes upon them, and I caught the sound of a hurried whisper: 'Have you sent Roderick away to keep the place quiet?' I said.

No one answered me at first; and then Terence, making believe to pounce upon a whole peck of dust, in an unexpected place upon the sideboard, began to speak in a quavering voice:—

'Don't ye go to the yard, Miss Ellen, don't ye now! there's no doggie at all, at all there now; he's gone, is Roderick.'

'Where to!' I put in authoritatively.

'Ah, now, and is it the likes of me can tell that, Miss Ellen? They say as beasts have no souls; but anywa' Roderick he followed the master bes, as he knew how. . . . When I went a look at him the morning after master died he lay there dead upon the stone, . . . he'd drawn his chain out as far as it would go, and laid him down, and followed his master. . . . best as he knew how—'And here the old man broke out crying like a child.

CHAPTER XI.

Aunt Idumea.

'The man must have been mad!' The speaker was my Aunt Idumea, otherwise Mrs. Bertie Lumley.

We were all assembled in solemn conclave in the long library at Hazledene, where the books papa had loved lined the walls from floor to ceiling. An empty chair stood in the recess formed by the oriel window, and in vain I strove to banish from my thots the picture of the dear presence that had been wont to fill it.

The family lawyer, a fussy little man, evidently in a high state of suppressed excitement, had just finished reading the will of Charles Lewis Vansitart, Bart., of Hazledene Hall, by which will all his personal effects were left, without reservation or exception, to Eulalie his dearly loved wife.

The only dower my own mother had brought to her husband had been her beauty and her love; and now I, her daughter Eleanor, was commended to the loving care of the woman who had been her successor, and all provision for my future welfare was left in her hands. Hazledene itself passed to a cousin of my father's, but all else was Eulalie's; not absolutely, but for her lifetime, after which it reverted to me. It seemed that papa's unquestioning faith in the woman he so dearly loved had led him to look upon her as identical with himself, as much so in his love for me as in all else. If I married, she would make a fit provision for me—so ran this will that set the country talking for many a long day to come.

A graceful, pathetic, and perfectly beautiful figure of chastened woe, Eulalie sat on the couch near the fire spurted on her right hand by the tender and sympathetic Lettie, who, smelling-bottle and fan in hand, appeared to be armed at all points for anything that might happen. On the other side of the fire-place sat Aunt Idumea, and my place was close beside her with my hand in hers.

At the time of his second marriage, papa had 'had words' (on paper) with this his only sister. She was a little woman capable of much fierceness, but loving of heart and true to the core. She had spoken (on paper) what he chose to consider hard words of Eulalie and had been even less measured in her language about himself, telling him that she looked upon him as a 'fool,' of which genus there was no specimen so pronounced as an 'old' one. After that is the old lady, for Aunt Ida was many years her brother's senior, had gone off with a maid as peppery as herself, and a pug dog as peppery as

Laid Up For 2 Months WITH PAINS IN BACK.

Pain in the back is one of the first signs showing that the kidneys are not in the condition they should be, and it should be gotten rid of immediately, if neglected, serious kidney troubles are likely to follow.

There is a way to "shake off" for ever the constant pain of backache, the annoyance of urinary troubles and all dangers of kidney ills. Go to your druggist or dealer; get a box of Doan's Kidney Pills; take a few doses, and see how quickly your backache will disappear.

Mr. Hugh Weston, Daysland, Alta., writes:—"I am glad to feel it my duty to let you know what great relief I found by using your Doan's Kidney Pills. I was laid up for two months with pains in my back and I found relief after having taken half a box of "Doan's." I cannot recommend them too highly to anyone having weak kidneys, as they have been a great help to me."

The phenomenal success of Doan's Kidney Pills in all parts of the world has brought forth many imitations. See that you get "Doan's" when you ask for them. Our trade mark "The Maple Leaf" is on every box. Price 50c. at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. M. B. Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

ALL THE NEWS FROM GREAT VILLAGE.

Jan. 20—Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Anderson of this place were agreeably surprised when their son Roland walked in from Londonderry Station to his home in the early morning on Thursday, Jan. 16th.

Pte. Roland G. Anderson, 901621, sailed from England Jan. 3rd in the steamer Scotia, arriving at St. John after a voyage of twelve days. This steamer had on board about 1100 soldiers, two of which belonged to the Londonderry Mines, Privates William Frost and Roy Rogers. Private Anderson enlisted in October two years ago in the 193rd Battalion. He was wounded at Vimy Ridge in the arm, April 1916 and again in the battle of Arras Aug. 1917 his wound being in the leg, but is looking robust and well.

Private William Williams, who has been a Prisoner of War for the past 18 months arrived in Halifax on the steamer Olympic, Friday Jan. 17, coming to Londonderry Station Saturday morning on the Maritime accompanied by his sister, Miss Marion Williams, who is attending Normal School in Truro. Quite a number of our young people drove to Londonderry Station to welcome him home and no doubt there was a happy reunion in the home of Mr. J. D. Williams, Saturday evening.

Lieut. Frank Archibald who enlisted from Kamloops, B. C., and has been overseas fighting for King and country also arrived at Londonderry station and was met at the station by Mrs. Archibald and a number of friends. Mrs. Archibald was formerly Miss Maud Chisholm of this place. We gladly welcome our boys all home again and trust that in the near future we will have a reception or Social for them and hear them relate some of their experiences on the other side.

Miss Margaret Chisholm spent the week end with her sister, Mrs. Max Layton.

Mr. Harold Tinkham is with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Tinkham, Mt. Pleasant.

Mr. James Copp is visiting his mother, Mrs. S. B. Copp.

Pte. Angus Fulmer is home for a short stay with his parents Mr. and Mrs. A. Fulmer.

Miss Una Layton has returned from her visit to Halifax.

Miss Edna Newcombe is spending a few days at her home in Parrboro.

Mr. Merton and Miss Ada McLaughlin returned to New York, Miss Zella McLaughlin to Boston and Mr. David Cummings to Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward, Mrs. Reid and Miss Newton were in Truro Saturday. On the evening of Jan. 14, 1919 the Social Committee of 1918 of St. James Presbyterian Church met at the home of Mrs. E. G. McClough to disband and bid bon voyage to their Secretary, Treasurer Miss Belle Hill who leaves on village shortly to attend B. B. S. College in Halifax. Two Social Committees were not present at the gathering, Mrs. Walter L. an anemo (sic) (sic) Georgi Morash to Calgary, leaving Mrs. Spence our in efficient chairman and Mrs. McLaughlin, Mrs. Johns, and Boyd. All chipped in for the eats, "Mother" Blair tea and coffee maker at all socials made and poured the coffee, after a most excellent supper served at 9.20 P. M. the little company was called to order and presented an address to Miss Hill thanking their comrade for her faithful work on that committee and wishing her every success.

Mrs. McClough proved a charming hostess.

Mrs. Andrew Newton of Boston arrived home Wednesday evening of last week with the remains of her mother, Mrs. D. V. Spencer who had not enjoyed good health for some time and had gone to Boston to visit her friends. Mrs. Spencer was taken very sick Christmas eve at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Adams at Medford, Mass. She passed away on Sunday Jan. 12. Thursday morning we were shocked to hear that Mr. D. V. Spencer had also passed away on Friday afternoon the funeral service of these respected citizens took place in the Presbyterian Church of this place. The service was conducted by Rev. Wm. Gillespie. Mr. Spencer was born at Mt. Pleasant and Mrs. Spencer at Debert River. We deeply sympathize with the family bereft of kind and loving parent two daughters and three sons.

We are sorry to report the death of an old resident of Montrose this week. Mr. Daniel Corbett passed away on Sunday, Jan. 19.

FRED BOURQUE DIES AT WEYMOUTH.

The death took place in Weymouth, N.S. on Jan. 10 of Fred Bourque, aged 23 years, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Bourque. This bright young man was ill about a week only, with bronchial pneumonia, and the best medical aid and attention was procured, he was unable to resist the disease.

In his immediate family are left, a father, mother, and five sisters, one brother having been killed in France about a year ago.

Three sisters, Misses Marguerite, Jean and Gladys have been residents of Truro for some few years, the two former, being members of the Job Printing department of the Truro News.

The News and all connected with this establishment, besides many other Truro friends extend deep sympathy to these popular and much esteemed sisters in their sad bereavement.

Howard S. Cruikshanks, the Taxidermist, who fell while boarding his carriage on Prince Street on the 24th and was rendered unconscious by striking his head on the curb, is much better today. It is expected that he will be removed today or tomorrow from the Hospital to his home.

A PLEASANT FUNCTION.

Zion's Reception to Rev. Constantine Perry and his bride on Wednesday evening, Jan. 22nd, was an unequalled success. The auditorium of the church was well filled with members of Zion and invited guests, the clergy of the town being well represented.

Rev. Clarke Hartley of First Baptist Church acted as Master of ceremonies, introducing the members of the audience to the pastor and his fair bride as they came forward with their congratulations. The bride, though a stranger in Truro, seemed quite at home among the people and made a most favorable impression.

Chaplain White, a former pastor, who has just returned from overseas was present, and when he appeared upon the scene a storm of applause burst forth. The audience sprang to its feet and greeted the returned hero with continuous cheers. He was then called to the platform and in his own popular style delivered a most interesting and amusing address, relating some of his experiences in England and France. A solo given by Miss Byard with Miss Ford of New Glasgow as accompanist, was received with applause.

The women folk of Zion, ever ready to do their part, and never failing to do it well, served an abundance of ice cream and light refreshments.

Rev. Mr. Knott of Immanuel Church in a few brief words expressed his interest in Zion and his best wishes for her prosperity.

Pastor Perry being called upon responded promptly. He appeared to be a decidedly happy man, and well he might be, for he said he "had married the best girl in the land, and he loved her from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet." He promised that he and his wife would do their very best for Zion and for Truro.

After singing the National Anthem the company dispersed, well pleased with the whole performance.

I. O. O. F. ENTERTAINMENT.

The social evening given by the Brothers of Phoenix Lodge, I. O. O. F. to visiting brothers and Rebekahs, on Tuesday evening the 21st, was a decided success.

A short programme was rendered, consisting of vocal selections. Dancing was the main feature of the entertainment and card tables were provided for those who did not care to indulge in this pastime.

A fine Edison Phonograph furnished the necessary music for the hop. This machine was very kindly loaned by Messrs. Crowe Bros. and the Brothers of Phoenix Lodge are deeply indebted to them for their kindness. During the latter part of the evening a tempting lunch was served. It is to be hoped that this may be only one of many such evenings spent in the Lodge rooms during the winter.

"GEM OF THE ROCKIES."

An exceedingly artistic and handsome 1919 Calendar, with a grand picture of a scene in the Rocky Mountains, entitled "A Gem of the Rockies," has been received by a number of Truro friends from R. S. Fitch, Real Estate Broker etc, etc, 568 Columbia Road, Dorchester, Mass.

Mr. Fitch showed great taste in the selection of his large and useful Calendar, with figures on the Pad that can be seen without Sam Weller's "double million magnifying glass."

If any of the Truro friends of the popular "Bob" Fitch want to engage inland estate deals in Boston or vicinity, this Calendar tells them just where to apply.

VISITING THE HOME TOWN.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Walton of Wenatchee, Wash., U. S. A., now visiting at Mrs. Walton's former home, Great Village, were in town on the 23rd. Mr. Walton was born in Minnesota, tho his father was a Blue-nose man from St. Andrew's, N. B.

His wife, formerly Miss Blaikie, daughter of J. A. Blaikie, Great Village, was visiting her sister, Mrs. Hermon Spencer, in Washington and there met "her fate;" and now she and this "fate" are having a little winter's visit at the "old home at home."

Mr. and Mrs. Walton have been here since the first of December and will likely return to their far-off home on the Pacific coast some time next month.

It will be remembered that this Blaikie family lost son and brother—noble lad—who died some months—fighting for us or "Flanders Field."

A NEW RESOLUTION.

That you will save during 1919; That the sum will be worth while; That the sum fixed will necessitate that you eliminate some luxury; That you will use the War Savings Plan; That you, accordingly, will buy War Savings Stamps; That if you can't afford to pay \$4.00 down for a War Savings Stamp you will buy Thrift Stamps.

THE V. O. N.—SOME OF ITS WORK—ANNUAL MEETING.

The value of the service rendered the public by the efficient nurses of the Victorian Order cannot be over-estimated. Much greater would be the suffering, and doubtless much larger the death rate, were it not for these workers.

The town of Truro has had many faithful nurses and none more so than those who are at present laboring among us. They are called upon day and night and are untiring in their efforts to assist every needy one, whether rich or poor.

The children in our schools are cared for as never before, and lives that might have been nothing but wrecks on account of ailments not attended to in their youth, are spared to usefulness and worthy citizenship.

Encouragement from the people makes the burdens of the nurses easier to be borne and appreciation gladdens their hearts.

The Annual meeting of the Order is to be held on Thursday evening Jan. 23 in Academy Hall at eight o'clock.

Go and by your presence at least, and if possible by your word, show that you do appreciate what these noble workers and this great humanitarian organization are doing among us.

The meeting will be made more interesting by the presence of Rev. D. C. Ross of Stewiacke, who has promised to deliver an address.

There will also be a solo by a talented singer, Mrs. F. C. Owens. Altogether a very profitable and pleasant evening may be expected.

PENSIONS.

(1) Soldiers are not pensionable for service only.

(2) Pensions are awarded only in cases of disablement due to a wound or disease occurring on, resulting from, or aggravated on service.

(3) Disablement is estimated only by the effect it may have upon the soldier's capacity for ordinary work. That he cannot return to his former occupation does not entitle him to a higher pension than the extent of his disability warrants.

(4) If a soldier is so disabled that he is completely incapacitated for ordinary work, he receives a "total disability" pension, which has been fixed at \$50 a month.

(5) If by his disablement a soldier's capacity for ordinary work is lessened, he receives a percentage of the "total disability" pension equal to his handicap.

(6) This percentage has been most carefully and thoroughly worked out for every disability, and it is as accurate and fair as it is possible to make it.

(7) The earnings a man may be capable of making, or the amount of his pre-war earnings will not in any way affect the amount of pension awarded. The extent of his disability is alone considered.

(8) Widows of sailors or soldiers who have died are entitled to pension for so long as they do not marry.

(9) Children of sailors or soldiers are entitled to pension up to the age of sixteen if boys, or seventeen if girls.

(10) Pension is only granted to the parents of a sailor or soldier when he was their main support previous to his death.

Authorized by the Board of Pensions Commissioners of Canada.

Any information or assistance regarding pension matters will be furnished by either the Head Office, Ottawa, or any of the branch offices of the Board of Pension Commissioners.

A GOOD RESOLUTION.

New Year's being the time when good resolutions are made it is desirable that some regard should be paid to the nature of them. It is not enough to make resolutions; if they are to be of value they should possess utility.

Every Canadian should begin the New Year by resolving to save. One should set before himself, or herself, a definite amount to be put by during the course of the year, and unflinchingly stand by it.

In Canada saving is now made easy through the War Savings Plan, by which any sum from 25 cents up may not only be saved but invested in the best possible kind of security and draw interest at the rate of 4-1/2 per cent compounded half-yearly.

A War Savings Stamp costs \$4.00 for which the Government will pay \$5.00 in January 1924. A Thrift Stamp costs but 25 cents. With a War Savings Stamp goes a Certificate and with a Thrift Stamp goes a Thrift Card, on which the stamps may be conveniently carried.

No one will ever regret having resolved to save a certain amount of money in 1919 by the War Savings Plan.

We know where the invalid soldier is who lost some \$32 in Truro on the 22nd. Did you find this purse? If so please send it to the News.