

By BURFORD DELANNOY.

furred her hands on the frame side
 of the bed as he sat. Now she had
 but to bend to reach the disengaged
 hand. The burning of the fingers
 was all that all the heartfelt
 fervour inspired by a mother's grate-
 tude surely the strongest inspiration
 for her.
 Ere she took her lips away he felt,
 in her drop—drop. The eyes of
 the woman to whom, in her grief, his
 heart opened. Despite the tears
 which were in his eyes as he gazed
 for ever.
 His heart was very full just then. A
 flood of love was in his
 eyes as he looked at her. Passionate
 words were framed in his mouth
 but they were choked
 Except for that strained expression
 in his eyes, his face was as
 calm as marble. But the woman's heart was bent; his
 suffering was unseen by her.
 He had done little to deserve it. He
 had done so would have been a brute had
 he done less. His gratitude. He
 acceptance of them made him feel
 himself in a false position. But he
 could do no more. He restrain her
 of waking Grace.
 She moved a little away, glancing
 again at the sleeping child with a
 deep sigh. The eyes of the child
 of his head, a look in his
 eyes, beckoned her to come closer.
 She understood. She stood
 on the bed rail. Her head was close to
 his, as he sat in an undertone—
 "Medicine?"
 "She should take it in two hours."
 "She must."
 He spoke in a whisper, with a
 meaning glance at the child's flushed
 face.
 "Will it be wise to awaken her?"
 "Distinctly, in case of fever. Pe-
 sides, at this stage, the more she
 sleeps the more she suffers."
 "Again. Poor little thing! This is
 not half so comfortable a position for
 her as she would be in bed."
 "I can't move her till the sun-
 ber feeling gets a tighter hold on
 her. I shall leave her for a while
 now. She will go to sleep quickly
 enough by then in any position.
 Drink."
 "Talk. There is some."
 She pointed to a jug standing on a
 table near by. He took the jug
 and drank. "Good, he nodded.
 "Good. Now, lie down on the
 sofa. I shall get some sleep your-
 self."
 She drew back at astonishment at
 his suggestion. Shook her head; then
 she lay down.
 "I could not!"
 "You must!"
 "You don't want to annoy—"

seriously annoy me, do you?"

The voice was very earnest; that voice which she found so wonderfully deep and that she had heard in the distance, was, for her, all the power of great music, even in the lightest words he spoke.

"No," she answered, from her eyes. Once more he bent and kissed the hand which was resting on the rail.

"Let me ask you to lie down—to oblige me. Will you do that?"

"No," she answered, "no, no, you know, an a veritable owl; a complete night-bird. My consumption of midnight oil is too great for me. It is much easier for me to keep awake than to go to sleep—oblige me."

All the boy in him had departed. For the time being he had no effort, no conscious assumption of manly dignity. On the contrary, he was a creature of a very lovely another phase of his character.

Her answer was in an earnest, conscious, and very strangely phrased request; she said—

"Would you think anything in the world of you asked me."

"Then lie down. Remember that the greatest pleasure you can give me is to see you at rest. That is not very complimentary to you, is it?"

That was said in an endeavor to make her smile. He was sorry he had spoken so when he saw how the tips curved.

"Very long," he continued—

"And you may sleep in peace. Your fears may be at rest. You are not a night-bird. You have been sleeping, so far, I feel the temperature is lower—her breathing to be more regular."

But fully, obediently, she went to bed.

There are some men who must obey the commands of a Master. One of those—when he chose that was not often. He was so kindly a nature that he would not use authority; usually on occasions rendered that course absolutely necessary.

There was on the other side of the room. He furtively watched her for a long time.

Watching her unavailing fight against sleep; smiled when at last she won; and when she conquered, she went to sleep; a sound sleep deep and

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STUDENT ACQUITTED.

Savannah, Feb. 16.—Sam Bowman, a 17 year old negro, student of the Georgia State College for colored youths, at college G. A., was found not guilty last night of the charge of murder of Prof. E. Cotton, a member of the Faculty whom he killed with a brick on Feb. 2. The professor had ejected Bowman from a classroom after an altercation. He followed the boy out, threatening him with a stick when Bowman hurled a brick, striking Cotton on the head. Several hours later Cotton died in a hospital in this city.

A BANKER IN TROUBLE.

Chicago, Feb. 16.—President W. H. Hunt, of the defunct Pan-American Bank, arrived in Chicago late last night in charge of an officer and was given a cell in the county jail. He would not talk, declaring that he was tired and cold. The banker was indicted on four charges of receiving money, knowing his bank to be insolvent.

A GASOLINE EXPLOSION

Queenstown, Ire., Feb. 16.—An explosion of gasoline occurred on board the new sub-marine boat "A 5", this morning while the officers and crew of eleven men were engaged in charging the tanks. The crew were hurled in all directions. Nine of them were picked up by boats and taken to the hospital two are missing.

DEFECTS IN FOG SIGNALLING.

(Electrical Review.)

The present arrangements for fog signalling are antiquated and out of touch with the requirements of the times. While perfectly satisfactory for the more leisurely working of railways prevalent during the seventies of last century, they are not

(To be continued.)

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