

A Guardian Angel of Three.

(Concluded.)

Wilmington was still awaiting fame as a health-resort. It was as yet only a cluster of fir-crowned cliffs facing a broad, white strand. But an investor had spied its possibilities; a comfortable little hotel was already tempting invalids to try the ozone-charged, pine-laden air.

Winnie had not yet recovered from the journey of the previous day. From early morn she had been running hither and thither in response to demands that her most careful efforts could not satisfy.

Miss Chester indulged in an afternoon nap, but Amabel being bent on castle-building, the tired governess had to drag herself to the brooding sands. Seated on a ledge of rock, she fought hard against her need of sleep, but weariness made the splash of the waves an irresistible lullaby.

Shrieks of anger and cries of pain recalled her from dreamland. A glance showed her their cause. Wee Jackie, the baby son of one of the hotel servants, had strayed from his dozing sister and intruded on her charge's domain.

Like Philip, Jackie was sightless. To see Amabel belaboring him with her spade made Winnie feel sick.

In his effort to dodge the shower of blows the helpless urchin scattered his torturer's sand-creations. Mad with rage she struck him full on the temple.

Fast though Winnie ran, a man overtook her. To her surprise—she had thought him miles away—it was Mr. Keith.

"He is blind," he exclaimed, as Jackie's eyes opened.

He turned on his daughter, but Winnie clung to his arm. "No, no," she cried. "She is not to blame."

The hand that had been raised to strike flew to his forehead. You are right he answered bitterly. "I am to blame."

But the determination in his eyes hardened. Gripping his child with a roughness that made her scream, he pushed her into Winnie's arms. "From now she is yours," he said fiercely. "Don't take her back to the hotel; go to your mother. You can just catch the train to Salisbury. Stay there the night and go on tomorrow morning."

Winnie stared with bewilderment at the bundle of notes in her hand.

"Go," he repeated impatiently. Satisfied that she meant to obey, he picked up Jackie. The boy's sister was now at his side.

"How was he hurt?" she cried. "I can not tell you he answered, a surge of crimson proclaiming the sense in which his words were true.

Miss Chester received the news with astonishing grace.

"From the day you insisted Amabel should have a Catholic governess," she said. "I knew that would come sooner or later. A wrench is the easiest parting to bear, and it is a relief to have a suspense over."

Ronald was taken aback. He had expected a painful scene.

"I am satisfied," she went on, "that your motive is one of conscience. You have been unhappy for years, and Miss Glyn's letter showed me how Catholics feel about some things. But, let me pray you respect poor Rose's wishes as far as you can."

"Such is my intention," he answered quietly. "She knows that I did her and the child grave wrong from the beginning. It is too late to make reparation to her, but she wishes me to make it to make Amabel."

"You wronged Rose, Ronald? How?"

"As a Catholic I was bound to give the woman who shared my life a chance to become a Catholic. It was my duty to teach her the truth by good example if by nothing else. I showed her the example of a traitor. To win her hand I consented to a marriage which, in the eyes of my Church, was no marriage at all. I see now that if I had stood firm, she would have given away; her dislike of Catholicism was merely ignorant prejudice. But fear of losing her blinded me and I was weak as water. What was my result? When I told her that my faith demanded baptism for my child she replied that she could not believe in a faith that had been so easily given up. Has Amabel been baptized?"

Pains in the Back

are symptoms of a weak, torpid or stagnant condition of the kidneys or liver, and are a warning it is extremely important to neglect, so important a healthy action of these organs.

They are commonly attended by loss of energy, lack of courage, and sometimes by gloomy foreboding and despondency.

"I was taken ill with kidney trouble, and as time so weak I could scarcely get around, took medicine without benefit, and finally decided to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. After the first bottle I felt so much better that I obtained the use, and six bottles made me a new woman. When my little girl was a baby, she could not keep anything on her stomach, and we gave her Hood's Sarsaparilla which cured her." Mrs. Thomas L. W. Wallingford, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla cures kidney and liver troubles, restores the back, and builds up the whole system.

"Then you see what wrong I have done her. My cowardice has deprived her all these years of sacramental grace. No wonder she is whimsical, selfish, evil-tempered. And as Miss Glyn wrote she knows nothing of her religion or her prayers. Neither of us, Alice, had any right to read that letter, but it is evident that God meant it for our eyes."

Miss Chester was visibly moved. "Now I know your mind," she said. "I would not oppose you for the world. But allow me one more question: Do you know to whom you are entrusting your child?"

"I have just spent two days at Miss Glyn's own home. Like herself, her mother looks a lady. And I was not long in discovering that her mind responds to her external refinement."

"You have visited Mrs. Glyn?" inquired Miss Chester. "What induced you to do that?"

"I went to see what could be done for the blind boy. What I saw inspired thoughts which became a resolution when I beheld Amabel cruelly knock that poor sightless child down this afternoon."

"She let him break the ensuing pause. "Your future must be considered," he said, "as well as my daughter's."

"I shall marry John Craig," she replied. "I have always cared for him."

"And he has always cared for you. You should have married him long ago. The wedding must take place at Hillerott and—at once."

"Not at once. John's position is—"

"Nonsense!" he snapped, hurrying from the room.

In a moment he returned, then left again.

Her eyes filled with tears. From an envelope bearing the inscription "My wedding-gift to Alice and John," she had drawn a slip of pale-blue paper. It was a check large enough to save her and John anxiety for many a day to come.

Her natural feeling for Miss Chester had caused Winnie acute anguish. This made a friendly letter from her doubly welcome. It accepted the new situation and promised to forward her belongings.

The same post brought a letter from Mr. Keith. His only instruction was to take his child at once to Father O'Rourke. "For the rest I leave it to you," please carry out your wish—I heard of it from Philip—to be a mother to her."

The priest was prepared for her visit. His news that Amabel had never received baptism was a shock to her. It was also an enlightenment.

"What am I to do?" she inquired.

"Prepare her for confession. Her entry into God's Church must be as full and fruitful as possible."

It was not to be expected that Amabel would take kindly to discipline all at once; for a time her spoiled-girl tears called for resolute firmness. But her surroundings gradually worked their transforming magic. The sight of Nora, Cisse, Philip, and even the quite grown-up Winnie, obeying their mother's slightest wish and seemingly trying to outdo one another in unselfishness opened a new world to her. By the time her father arrived she knew all her prayers.

Before going to the church Winnie arranged a little ceremony on her own account. She left

SCOTT'S EMULSION is the only emulsion imitated. The reason is plain—it's the best. Look upon having Scott's—it's the world's standard flesh and strength builder. ALL DRUGGISTS

Amabel alone with Jackie, whom Mr. Keith had brought with him. The result more than repaid hours of trouble. She overheard a tearful request for forgiveness, and saw the two children in each other's arms.

She was godmother, Philip as godfather each chose a new name for Amabel. The little neophyte was accordingly registered as "Amabel Mary Winefrid." When asked by which of these names she would prefer to be called in future she replied, without hesitation, "Winnie." But, seeing Winnie's reproving glance, she said "Mary."

The priest smiled. "Our Lady will not mind," he whispered. "She wanted you to win the child's heart."

Next day, accompanied by Mrs. Glyn, Mr. Keith took Philip and Jackie to London. He had arranged with an eminent specialist to effect the most that surgery could do for them.

In due course Winnie received a telegram. "Philip's operation successful," it ran. "Jackie's case hopeless."

Her joy at seeing her brother restored to sight made Winnie's weeping uncontrollable. "How much we owe you!" she exclaimed.

"How much, rather. I owe you," returned Mr. Keith. "You have been my child's guardian angel—and mine. From the day I first saw your face I ceased to despair. I resumed my long-forsaken prayers, and begged God to extricate me from the plight into which my cowardice had plunged me. His answer was a fragment of a letter—Miss Chester has promised to tell you the story—dropped by you on the stairs at Hillerott. By sending me here to see what could be done for Philip, it took me to my old school friend, Father O'Rourke. You can imagine the rest."

The girl could not reply. But her eyes were brimming with sympathy and thankfulness.

"If you feel you owe me anything," he continued, "complete what you have begun. Help me to make full reparation to my child. Tomorrow I sail for America. I mean to sell out everything there and begin an entirely new life. My business may occupy me six months. In my past journeys I have been tortured by thoughts of Amabel, but now she is with you, I shall not be anxious."

Ronald's business occupied him nearly a year. But Father O'Rourke found the time none too long. It was his task to supervise the renovation of a large house in the neighborhood, and to choose a new name for it. Not till advised of his friend's approaching return did he divulge the secret. "Mr. Keith is going to live at 'The Rosary,'" he said.

In one respect alone did "The Rosary" resemble Hillerott, Winnie screamed with delight at the little oratory, all white, pale blue, and gold. "May I come here sometimes?" she asked excitedly. "May I deck it with flowers—as I used?"

"My dearest!" he said very simply. "Is not this house and all in it yours?"

For a moment she looked perplexed. Then he drew her to him and her puzzle vanished.

"My reparation—I am too happy to be able to call it atonement," he murmured is now as complete as it can be."

The honeymoon was followed by a pilgrimage. Among the cures at Lourdes that year was a little boy named Jackie.

The Lady whom Mary, otherwise Amabel, calls "Auntie Alice," was well able to testify to this cure. But she declared that by far the greater miracle was the cure of her spoiled niece. And when a few months later she received conditional baptism, she, too, hailed Winnie as "guardian angel."—Karl Klaxton, in Ben-ziger's Magazine.

"If you kiss me again," declared Miss lovely firmly. "I shall tell father."

"That's an old tale," replied the bold young man. "Anyway it's worth it," and he kissed her.

Miss Lovely sprang to her feet. "I shall tell father," she said, and left the room.

"Father," she said softly to her parent when she got outside, "Mr. Bolger wants to see your new gun."

"All right, I'll take it in to him," said her father, and two minutes later he appeared in the doorway with his gun in his hand.

There was a crash of breaking glass as Mr. Bolger dived through the window, and departed in all haste for the railway station.

YOU SHOULD BE AFRAID OF A COUGH OR COLD.

Coughs and colds do not call for a minute recital of symptoms as they are well known to everyone, but their dangers are not so well known. All the most serious affections of the throat, the lungs and the bronchial tubes are, in the beginning, just coughs and colds.

Many people when they contract a slight cold do not pay any attention to it, thinking perhaps that it will pass away in a day or two. The upshot is that before they know it, it has settled on their lungs.

Too much stress cannot be laid on the fact that on the first sign of a cough or cold it must be gotten rid of immediately, as failure to do this may cause years of suffering from serious trouble.

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP will cure the cough or cold and prove a preventative for all throat and lung troubles, such as bronchitis, pneumonia and consumption.

Mrs. B. E. Bruce, Brighton, Ont., writes: "I am sending you my testimonial of your Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, telling you what it did for my little girl. The doctor had given up on her as she was, as we thought, going into a decline with the cough she had. I was told by a lady friend to try 'Dr. Wood's' and when she had taken two bottles she was on her feet again, and four bottles cured her."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is the best cure for coughs and colds. It is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark; the price, 25¢ and 50¢; manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co. Limited, Toronto, Ont.

To whom it may concern: This is to certify that I have used MINARD'S LINIMENT myself as well as prescribed it in my practice where a liniment was required and have never failed to get the desired effect.

C. A. KING, M. D.

He was a dear little Scottish boy, and his bump of astuteness was highly developed. One day his grandmother was packing his lunch for him to take to school. Suddenly looking into the old lady's face, he said—

"Grandmother, does your spoon magnify?"

"A little my child," she answered, "a little."

"Ay, ay, then," said the boy, "I wud just like it if ye wud take them off when ye're packin' ma lunch!"

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DANDRUFF.

He—At last we are alone, I've been hoping for this chance.

She—So have I.

He (pleased)—Ah, you know, then that I wanted to ask you to be my wife.

She—Yes, and I wanted to say No, emphatically and get it over with.

Mary Ovington, Jasper, Ont. writes:—"My mother had a badly sprained arm. Nothing we used did her any good. Then father got Hagyard's Yellow Oil and it cured mother's arm in a few days. Price 25 cents."

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DIPHTHERIA.

"Do you enjoy hunting and fishing?"

"Not much," replied Mr. Flimgilt; "but my wife does. She puts in most of the autumn hunting a flat, and most of the winter fishing for invitations."—Washington Star.

W. H. O. Wilkinson, Stratford says:—"It affords me much pleasure to say that I experienced great relief from Muscular Rheumatism by using two boxes of Milburn's Rheumatic Pills. Price box a 50c."

Mr. Fuss—(furiously)—It's mighty strange you can't look after things a little better! Here I want to shave, and there isn't a drop of hot water here.

Mrs. Fuss (icily)—It is strange! Why, that's the one thing I've never been out of since I married you.

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Easy to use, requires no tools and mends quickly. Every housewife knows what it is to discover a hole in a pan, kettle or boiler just when she wants to use that article. Few things are more provoking and cause more inconvenience, a little leak in a much wanted pot or pan will often spoil a whole morning's work.

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"VOL-PEEK" is in the form of a still putty, simply cut off a small piece enough to fill the hole, then Burn the mend over the flame of a lamp, candle or open fire for two minutes, then the article will be ready for use.

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