A great, old, sweet-smelling gar-den, and one little maid among the flowers and bees and butterflies. All

to say fink' once—oh, years and years ago, when I was ker-wite a little baby, but I say 'therink' now,

angry, and I hadn't been naughty at all. Are you sorry, swest lavender?"

She buried her face in the fragrame, then trotted on down the little path, till she came to tall forglove. She tilted back her yellow head and gazed up at the white and red balls with wide-eyed gravity, her hands still clasped behind her back.

head at her over the railing of a little garden. It was when she caught sight of its friendly face that "You see," she said, sitting down just for one minute beneath the sunflower, and gazing up at it wistfully, "I'm not really a butterfly, and —my legs hurt a little."

The sunflower nodded encouraging—lity.

"One day," she said, "a lady came to see mother. It was—it was it was a long, big time ago, afore gold lady—Oh, miles and miles—you were borned—pretty ladies what miles—her voice trailed off into a bow, and she tried to kiss me when drowsy murmur—"and miles!" she bow, and she tried to kiss me said, with a sudden jerk and sitting she was going, but I didn't like her, said, with a sudden jerk and sitting you see, and I wouldn't kiss her, and upright. She gazed up at the support of the support I ran in to mother, and mother was lower reproachfully. "I mustn't go ill on the—I forget—the bed without to sleep," she said. "I've got to covers in the drawing room, you know, and the lady was smiling ever so, and her dress was as long as a new little baby's, and that was the day Man Daddy went away."

| Che hand |

fox-gloves and trotted on. Before a group of tall white lilies will be lonesome, too." she stopped again. She came closer and, stretching up her arms, pulled one gently flown and laid her soft cheek against the snowy petals. For a moment the baby lips quiver-

in deep thought. At the end of the back. But presently she sat path her wee red sunshade was tied "Dey's coming!" she gasped, with a string to a mail in the wall.
Such a long while it had taken to
fix that sunshade 'popelly," but tace.

"Are you ker-wite happy?" she said, peeping round at the clambering white and pink convolvulus being white and pink convolvulus behind the little parasol. "Poor mus-lin ladies, didn't the wind blow you tears splashed on the flowers. But

over the wall.

to the convolvulus, "I would soon and lay still.
find Man Daddy." She sighed, so, The angels' cryin that her small muslin pinafored bo-som gave a big heave. "But then," with another thought, "I'd have to leave mother."

leave mother."

She sighed again. "Mother says,
Don't worry. Joan, when I ask
when Man Daddy's coming home,
and then she kisses me ever so to

make up."

She trotted on again with hands behind her back.

A woman looking from the win-dow turned away in anguish from the small feminine imitation of Man

the small feminine imitation of Man Daddy.

Suddenly the chubby legs twinkled in wild haste up the garden, across the velvet lawn, out of the open gate into the road.

"I can go mest as fast as a butterfly," said Joan, "and I can find Man Daddy at that nice plate where Fido was took when he was lost, where there were such a heaps and heaps of dogs. I know Man Daddy II be there," with a gleeful chuckle that brought the dimples laughing to her cheeks. "Mother never thought of that. I blisve it was the lilles what nut the therick in my inside." Along the hot, fastly road, meeting

no one in this peaceful dinner she trotted, her sunbonnet dragging behind and her yellow hair rivalling the glowing cornfields on either side.

alone she was, for mother did not come out into the garden much those days. Joan stopped before a tall pink hollyhock and spoke.

"I don't think this is such a nice summer as most," she said. "I used "I used "I don't Life to Joan was a she always did into everything she undertook. Life to Joan was a she always as the said." undertook. Life to Joan was deep and earnest thing. She hardly knew that her short legs were aching, or that her curls were sticking 'cause I'm most grown up, you see.'

Then she walked on again down the little twisted gravel path, with her hands chasped behind her, and by Joan's determined legs. She beher hands clasped behind her, and her brews grave with thought. For so Man Daddy used to walk sen he was having a big "therink." But it's whole days—most years—since Man Daddy went away," she said, stopping beside a gray green bush of havender; "and he sa d goodbye so hasty, he squeezed me so hard that he hurt, and his eyes was angry, and I hadn't been naughty at all. Are you sorry, sweet laven—the grant to meet people, and a few asked her where she was going. Joan's beaming, moist smile, and her answer, "Man Daddy—jus' there," with a grimy forefinger pointing apparently to the end of the road or lane or field, satisfied them. But presently Joan stopped to talk to a great sunflower nodding its golden head at her over the railing of a little garden. It was when she

'It's a long way," said Joan "T've run miles and miles, pretty gold lady—Oh, miles and miles— She bowed politely to the polite Daddy will be lonesome without me and mother, you see, and mother

She started at a run, then looked back over her shoulder at the sunflower with a troubled little laugh.
"My legs won't work propelly," she
said, and struggled on. The sun ed. "Man Daddy loved you the had gone behind great threatening bestest of all. 'Queen of the Garden' clouds, but Joan took no heed. All —that's what he called you, you her mind was centered on getting on. She took no more rest till she Then a cry went up in the warm came suddenly upon a group of popweet air. "I want Man Daddy—Oh, pies growing in the grass at the I want him so bad!"

The little hands were unclasped, only to be locked together tighter on the grass. She whispered to still. "For I'm most grown up, them in a little voice that was you see," whispered Baby Joan to the tall white illy, "and grown-ups mother and Man Daddy!" she said, don't cry, you know." and then she lay still and sot She left the lilfes and walked on teeth together to keep the and then she lay still and set all her

"Grown-up angels cry to give th other drops came and mingled with Then she watched a little blue hers—great angry drops from dark butterfly as she fluttered about from flower to flower, and finally sailed popples shuddering to the earth. over to flower, and finally sailed poppies shuddering to the earth.
"The angels are crying, too," murmured Joan sleepily, and rolled over

It woke Joan vehement. several times, but she was dazed with wea-

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Once she murmured with a smile: "It's most a cold bath 'stead of a teppy to-day, mother," and went to sleep again.

In the dimly-lit room on the white little bed Joan tossed wearily from side to side. "You see, little blue ladies, it hurts bad in your stummick—jus' here." laying one hot little hand on her chest; "but I'm

not crying, you know." "No, my brave little darling," murmured the woman, bending over

"But you is, mother!" in an accent of utter surprise. "I felt it on my head. I finked—therinked— grown-ups never—Oh, it—hurts, mother!" her fingers clinging around her mother's; "it hurts, you see," drawing a long, sobbing breath.

Presently she began anxiously: "That did sound like crying a bit, but," with a tremulous little laugh, 'it wasn't-it wasn't really-"

"No, no, dear-I know-try to go to sleep," and she began to sing a ullaby.

'You sing very nice, all of you, babbled the restless voice, 'I de like flower singing—you can hear the wind shaking their voices—but Man Daddy won't come! One day, it was years and years ago, little pink ladies, I ran and ran-you see, I'm not really a butterfly, but, then, when butterflies use their legs they go quite slow, and I haven't any

wings, you see—''
A frock-coated figure bent over the bed now, and the woman's eyes never left his face.

"Fever high-and she must be

soothed." "I want Man Daddy-you're not Man Daddy-do you know, one day, when I was ker-wite little-I cu mine finger--I cried-wasn't it fun ny? But Man Daddy tied it up and I laughed, 'cause he said it was a dolly. Would he tie my stummick dolly. up if he was here? It hurts, you see-Oh, it hurts."

Anguished and broken came the woman's voice: "I do not know where he is." The doctor looked grave, and pre-

"Darling, you are so brave and good, will you try to go to sleep, and to—to be well when Daddy comes

"Is he coming back, mother? Oh, it hurts!" with a sob, "it hurts so, nother."

"If you go to sleep, dear-Oh, 'do try. Joan, do try!"
"I will shut mine eyes—tight, mo-

The restless little body lay rigidly

"Think of the sheep, dear," said the mother, using a recipe she had found successful with Joan in a for-ner childish illness... "Count them.

found successful with Joan in a former childish illness. "Count them
as they come up to the gate and
lump over it. See, there they goone, two, three."

Presently the great eyes opened
with a piteously worried look.

"Mother, they stick! They won't
ump over the gate at all!"

All the woman's pride had gone.

She racked her brain for some clue
to her bushand's whereabouts. At
last she thought she had one, faint
and clusive, but she would try-she
vould telegraph. She crept from
he room while Joan lay in an unany doze, and wrote her telegram
and sent it off with a wild prayer
in her heart.

thought after each doze that it was a fresh weary night begun again— passed; the sun rose in a glory that flooded the room and shone pink flooded the room and shone pink on the weary little face lying on the on the weary fract late 17mg on rumpled pillow; and then, when the pink glory had faded and left only one bar of gold peeping through the blinds, and resting lovingly on the yellow curls, he came. Straight to the little bedroom he came.

"You see, queen of the garden," babbled the restless little voice, "It hurts rather bad. He loved you the bestest of all; but he won't and I mustn't cry, you see. But t hurts!"

He bent over her, her tiny hands

"Joan!" Joan's beaming smile greeted him. "He has come, queen of the gar-den-Man Daddy has come," she aid, with an infinite content, and

ell asleep.

When she awakened the pain had 'most gone."

"I knowed you would take it way, Man Daddy, but"—wistfully— I didn't find you, did I?" He glanced across the room at the

man's downbent head "Yes, Joan, you did. If you hadn't cooked for me I should not have

She half smiled.

"Never mind how, little one. It is all through you I am here."
"Honest Ingin, Man Daddy?"

"Honest Ingin, Joan." She beamed, satisfied.
"If I hadn't looked for you,

wouldn't have comed. Aren't you ever so glad, mother?"

"No," in earnest came a woman's "May I go and tell the flowers

ow, Man Daddy?" "Not yet, Joan." "But you haven't tied up my

stummick into a dolly—"
"Not this time. Lie still and be good, little one."

"Yes, Man Daddy. Kiss me." He bent over and kissed her. "You too, mother." Then suddenly she dimpled gleefully. "I want a umble kiss," she watd

There was a little constraine "You haven't forgotten, Man Dad-

dy?" in shrill tones of woe. "Then be quick!" holding out her

hands. "Come 'long, mother." "We must humor her," murmured

the mother, with downcast eyes "It is a foolish game, but—" The man kept his arm around her when the "game" was over.

'We must pretend well, she is sharp," he muttered weakly. Joan lay and chuckled drowsily When the long lashes rested on the

baby's cheek the woman made slight movement away from him but his arm tightened. "Suppose she wakened?" he said

There was no sound then in the oom save the ticking of his watch. Presently he spoke:

"Nora, I cannot go away again."
"Stay"—she breathed—"I do not believe that tale."

"God bless you, dear!" Silence again. Then—
"I should have denied it, Nora."

"No-no; I was wicked to doubt

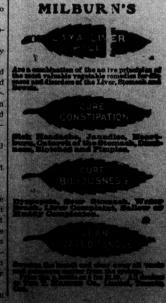
"I deny it now before-"

But she stopped him with a kiss "Man Daddy, kiss me, too. May I go and tell the flowers in mornin'? I am ker-wite well,

"Go to sleep again, little one." She shut her eyes obediently, then opened them with a gleeful smile.

"All the sheeps are jumping over

the gate now, mother!" she cried, "every one of them!"—From an ex-





THE Coming of the Light

(By Edith Tatum.)

"Is there any one you want see—any one I can send for ?" sweet-faced sister bent over the dying boy and stroked the coarse mair from his damp forehead. Her blue eyes has a tender mother look and were full of tears. "Here—no one; at home—my mother," he answered feebly in broken English. Yesterday he had been brought into the accident ward and to-day the grim battle between Life and Death was over and the boy was dying. The sister held his cold hand in hers and counted the fluttering pulse.

"Your home; where is it?" she asked at last. "I will write to your mother."

He shook his head with a smile; his lips moved. She bent to catch the faint sound. "The Rabbi," he breathed, "send for him."

"Rabbi Ezekiel ?" His brows contracted painfully.
"No, no!" he said beseechingly. She put her ear nearer his lips. "Now tell me."

"Rabbi-" he paused, "he-isyoung." She shook her head comprehendingly. "Any one," said in despair, "but he is—" unrest of the sentence was lost. "Yes, I know," soothingly. held a stimulant to his lips;

when his pulse grew stronger left him for a moment. "I have sent a message for the first Rabbi that can be found. The boy understands that he is to look for one who is voung," she told him when she returned. He seemed satisfied and lay quietly, his hand clasped in her soft, warm one last he fell into a light sleep. The sister on her knees boside the cot prayed long and fervently. Some one touched her on the shoulder. Afraid of disturbing the sleeper, she did not move, but merely raised her

head. "I am Dr. Schuman. You sent for a Rabbi, I believe," said a deep, musical voice. He had spoken very low, but the boy stirred and opened his eyes. When his glance fell on the Rabbi a smile of recognition lit sky made the shadows deeper. up the drawn features. ed and he did not move. The battle

"Dr. Carl," he whispered, "it was

you-I wanted." The young man went around to the other side of the cot and began speaking to the boy in his native The Sister knelt motionless, her face buried in the coverings, unconscious of the flight time and the overshadowing wings of Death. The Rabbi was praying now, the boy listening, his soul in his eyes. Then there was silence for a space. Still the Sister did not

"Sister-" the sweet solemn will Outside, he heard the pealing seemed to come to her from immea-surable distance, "his spirit has re-night air. Then came to bim sudturned to God who gave it."

She raised her head with a start. a ray of light from the setting sun fell upon her pale face and gave it hands, he knelt beside his chair and an unnatural beauty. Her eyes met prayed the long might through. His those of the Rabbi across the body of the young Jew. Blue eyes and brown gazed into each other second find no rest. brown gazed into each other, agony in both; for they knew that what lay between them was stronger and more terrible than death.

'Margaret! I did not dream to find you here. What does this

"O Carl! Carl!" she whispered okenly. He arose and went to her side, but she drew away from him when he tried to take her hands.

"Had you forgotten me. Marga-ret?", She did not answer him-long shudders shook her from head

"Margaret." he continued. "you annot imagine what I have suffered the past two years—the longing for the sight of you again." His strong, dark face showed the intensity of his smotion. "You had not foreotten me?" His voice was pleadingly climb to remove all kinds of continued to the smotion.

She uncovery

When you left me only God know what my agony was—for weeks and weeks; then I dedicated myself to the service of the Blessed Jesus, hoping by a life of sacrifice and noliness to make my prayers worthy; and my prayers—" Her voice trembled with her emotion, "I pray, Oh, I pray half the night through and almost with every breath I draw, for youthat some day the light may come to you and you will believe!" He lowered his head with a choking sob.

"God bless you." she whispered, laying her hand softly for an instant on his hair, "Go now, Carl; we cannot see each other; it would not be

He drew her hands down and kissed them, then blindly found his way out into the street. At first his mind was in a tumult, but gradually his habitual self-control return-ed to him and he began to think more calmly.

He thought of his first call to a synagogue in a distant city. Young and enthusiastic he had enjoyed his work. Then Fate overtook A young Christian girl came to sing in his choir. He strove against this new thread being woven into the pattern of his life, but in vain. He fell in love with her with all the intensity of an ardent nature. When he discovered his love to be return-ed his long conflict began. Both were high-souled and noble; both strong in their own beliefs, so at last they could only agree to part forever Now they had met-and parted again. It was a quiet street that led to his home, but the Rabbi had an odd feeling that someone walked beside him-he turned but saw nothing. Then his thoughts returned to herto the life she was leading-lonely, unselfish, full of toil and sorrow and her prayers for him. All sacrifice of her sweet, young life that he might believe. Again he felt the nearness, as of someone walking with him down the street. He looked, and to his heated fancy there seemed to be, close to side, a faintly luminous form with pierced hands and thorn cowned brow. He tried to throw off strange aired feeling that came over him, and hurried up the steps of his home. He passed from the brightly lighted hall into the dim library

He groaned aloud. "If I only knew, knew," raising his head. He started, and gazed into the deepening gloom. "herein its soft radiance distinct against the background of shadows-stood the figure of the crucified Nazarene regarding him with sorrowful eyes denly with the sound the thought that to-morrow would be Day. Covering his face with hands, he knelt beside his chair and soul seemed to hover over an ex-

where the afterglow in the evening

flung himself into a chair and the

old combat began again; hours pass-

ground had changed—it was now on

a higher plane. New lottes contending with the heredity, tra-

dition, prejudice and loyalty that had done battle for him in the past.

a higher plane.

"O. Jesus, thou Holy I'r phet, if thou be God, give me 'aght!" cried. And even as he prayed he felt about him an indefinable change He arose and looked around him. everything was flooded with golden light, and through the castern whidow he saw the males ic splendor of the rising sun. From the Chapel on the corner came the chapter of

on the corner came the chart ne of sweet boy voices—"Regima Coell. Lactare, Alleluia;" Peroice and to glad, elleluia.

A greet calm came over him, stilling the conflict in his coal "And God saids I of there he both, and there was light." he quoted re-

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