

JOAN

A great, old, sweet-smelling garden, and one little maid among the flowers and bees and butterflies. All alone she was, for mother did not come out into the garden much those days. Joan stopped before a tall pink hollyhock and spoke.

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

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liness. Once she murmured with a smile: "It's most a cold bath 'stead of a tepid 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.

"That did sound like crying a bit, but," with a tremulous little laugh, "it wasn't—it wasn't really—"

"You sing very nice, all of you," babbled the restless voice, "I do 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 cut mine finger—I cried—wasn't it funny? But Man Daddy tied it up and I laughed, 'cause he said it was a dolly. Would he tie my stummick 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 presently he went.

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

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

"If you go to sleep, dear—Oh, do try, Joan, do try!"

thought after each dose that it was a fresh weary night begun again—passed; the sun rose in a glory that flooded the room and shone pink on the weary little face lying on the crumpled 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 come—and I mustn't cry, you see. But t hurts!"

He bent over her, her tiny hands in his.

"Joan!"

Joan's beaming smile greeted him.

"He has come, queen of the garden—Man Daddy has come," she said, with an infinite content, and fell asleep.

When she awakened the pain had "most gone."

"I knowed you would take it away, Man Daddy, but—wistfully—"I didn't find you, did I?"

He glanced across the room at the woman's downcast head.

"Yes, Joan, you did. If you hadn't looked for me I should not have come."

She half smiled.

"But—"

"Never mind how, little one. It is all through you I am here."

"Honest Injin, Man Daddy?"

"Honest Injin, Joan."

She beamed, satisfied.

"If I hadn't looked for you, you wouldn't have come. Aren't you ever so glad, mother?"

"No," in earnest came a woman's answer.



SURPRISE SOAP

A PURE HARD SOAP

THE Coming of the Light

(By Edith Tatum.)

"Is there any one you want to see—any one I can send for?" The sweet-faced sister bent over the dying boy and stroked the coarse hair from his damp forehead.

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 right."

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 returned 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 him. 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 returned 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 hurried to the life she was leading—lonely, unselfish, full of toil and sorrow—and her prayers for him. All the 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 his side, a faintly luminous form with pierced hands and thorn-crowned brow. He tried to throw off the strange ailed feeling that came over him, and hurried up the steps of his home.

He passed from the brightly lighted hall into the dim library where the afterglow in the evening sky made the shadows deeper. He flung himself into a chair and the old combat began again; hours passed and he did not move. The battle ground had changed—it was now on a higher plane. New forces were contending with the heredity, tradition, prejudice and loyalty that had done battle for him in the past.

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