

of surprise followed it. He started Wallace. He saw a young man spring from the two friends, and each in their native people who could not understand them, the aged man, and his belief that red in his mind, drew on which the woman invalid drank it, and first on Wallace, and "Pierce, withdraw," attendant. The man, noble friends, read a lesson, which I to your hearts!" Wallace le his friend seated him. The old woman, per- extraordinary in the, the bruised stranger, going to reveal some his mind, and also with-

that my intellects are in- a, turning to Wallace, pressed you as one of the 1 Those jewelled lilies elmet led me into the before saw them than a prince of the ank not, brave man, I re- since I have discovered not of the race of Philip, emaciated form, and be- of all earthly grand- held hand once held a hollow temples were with a crown! He, that the two grateful monarch fountain of prosperity, uts at his feet, and side, would now be left ere it not for these few who, in spite of all preserved their alleg- and. Look on me, chiefs, him who was the King of

elation, both Wallace, luck with surprise and meeting their ancient d to such misery, with owed their heads to him reverence. The action heart of Balloil; for meeting and mutual ex- the two grateful monarch presence he lay, he re- by his base submissions duded the grandeur of rown, and when he looked who had preserved him of his accident, sad to a shelter from the night, his conscience his for from the hour of to that his downfall, he de- the family of Wal- denied them the right of swords in defence of caught the hand of sat nearest to him, and, at the other to Wallace, I have not deserved this either of you. Perhaps the only men now living greatly injured; and you, four poor attendants, are only men existing who my misfortune!" e lessons, king," returned fit you for a better crown, in my eyes, did the de- and seem so worthy of The grateful monarch hand. Bruce continued to with a thousand awful all read in his counten- cections which chained his ehold, how low is laid the of your grandfather!" ex- "I compassed a throne I mistook the robes, the he king's dignity. I bur- berties of my country for new not how to wear; and a trafficker not only re- repaid me with a prison, all the Scottish lords that ward's court came to be- of sorrow from their arch. Lonely I lived, for even deprived me of the yellow prisoner as; he whom attachment to

my true interests had betrayed to an English prison. I never saw him after the day of his being put into the tower, and of his death." Wallace in- rupted him with an exclamation of surprise. "Yes," added Balloil, "I myself closed his eyes. At that hour he petitioned to see me, and the boon was granted. I went to him, and then, with his dying breath, he spoke truths to me which were indeed messengers from heaven; they taught me what I was, and what I might be. He died. Edward was then in Flanders; and you, brave Wallace, being triumphant in Scotland, and laying such a stress in your negotiations for the return of Douglas, the Scottish cabinet agreed to conceal his death, and by making his name an instrument to excite your hopes and fears, turn your anxiety for him to their own advantage."

A deep scarlet kindled over the face of Bruce. "With what a race have I been so long connected!—what mean subterfuges, what dastardly conceits, for the leaders of a great nation to adopt! O King!" exclaimed he, turn- ing to Balloil, "if you have errors to atone for, what then must be the pen- alty of my sin, for holding so long with an enemy as vile as he was ambitious?" Balloil rose in his bed. "Bruce," said he, "approach me near." He obeyed. The feeble monarch turned to Balloil, and through its last struggles for liberty; put forth your hands, and support its exiled sovereign in his last regal act." Wallace raised the king, so as to enable him to assume a kneeling posture. Dizzy with the exertion, for a moment he rested on the shoulders of the chief; and then look- ing up, he met the eyes of Bruce gazing on him with compassionate interest. The unhappy monarch stretched out his arms to heaven; "May God pardon the injuries which my fatal ambition did you and yours; the miseries I brought upon my country; and let your reign redeem my errors! May the spirit of wisdom bless you, my son!" His hands were now laid on the head of Bruce, who sank on his knees before him. "Whatever rights I had to the crown of Scotland, by the worthlessness of my reign they are forfeited; and I resign all unto you, even to the partici- pation of the mere title of king. It has been as the ghost of my former self—as an accusing spirit to me, but, I trust, an angel of light to you; it will con- duct your people into all happiness!" It was then that Bruce, rising, poured a little balsam into the king's mouth and he revived. As Wallace laid him back on his pillow, he gazed wistfully at him and grasping his hand, said in a low voice, "How did I throw a blessing from me! But in these days when I rejected your service at Dun- bar, I knew not the Almighty arm which brought the boy of Ellerslie to save his country. I scorned the patriot faith that spoke your mission; and the mercy of heaven departed from me." Memory was now busy with the thoughts of Bruce; and he retired to shed, unobserved, the tears he could not restrain. Wallace soon after closed the eyes of the exhausted king in his sleep; and, cautious of awakening him, he did not stir, but leaning against the frame of the bed, was soon lost in a deep repose.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ONE WAY TO SUCCESS.

The editor looked up. He didn't look up often. His work was of an en- grossing character and he was near sighted. This combination kept his head bowed over his desk in a fashion that was making him round-shouldered. The editor didn't care about his per- sonal appearance. Otherwise the bend in his tall figure might have worried him.

When he looked up he saw that his caller was a girl, a girl of twenty, blue eyed and nicely garbed.

"How do you do?" said the girl in a demure way and in a pleasant voice. "I am reasonably well," replied the editor.

The girl came a little closer. "May I sit here?"

As she spoke she took the chair beside his desk.

"You may," he told her. He looked at her quizzically. It was a habit he had—born, perhaps, of the brevity of his vision. "Have I your card?"

"No," she answered. "My name would have meant nothing to you. I knew better than to send in my card. I waited outside in the hall until the boy at the door went away for a mo- ment, and then I came in."

He nodded.

The boy at the door should be grate- ful to you for the explanation. He would have told you that the editor finds it quite impossible to handle all the details connected with the production of the paper. He would have pointed out the way to the room occupied by the society editor—or is it the department of the household that you want to visit?"

The girl shook her pretty head. "I have found what I wanted," she said composedly.

The editor took off his glasses and wiped them. It was another habit he had, a habit that made itself noticeable when he felt that his precious time was being wasted.

"Perhaps you will state your busi- ness?" he mildly suggested, the droop coming back into his shoulders again.

"Of course," said the girl. She hesi- tated a moment. "It can't all be told in a moment, you know. There is a story connected with it, and that takes time."

"Try and condense it," he said. His hand toyed nervously with the papers on the desk.

"Yes, I will," she told him. "That is, as far as possible. In the first place I will tell you why I am here."

"I am sure there is a better side to your character," she went on. "They called you a mere machine. They said you had no imagination, no soul."

He dropped the papers and drew back.

"May I ask who told you this?"

"It seems to be a general impres- sion," she replied. "They say you have a wonderful sense of proportion, an incisive judgment, a remarkable cleverness in reading character, a mind that is fortified against all man- ner of emergencies—but no romance, no heart."

The editor drew back in his chair and stared at his caller.

"This is really interesting," he said. "And it's the general impression, is it?"

"Yes," she nodded. "But I didn't believe what they said. Not for a moment."

"You are very kind," he said. He suddenly smiled. "Do you know," he added, "that I expected you would offer yourself as an exception to the general impression?"

"I have just credited you," said the girl, "with cleverness in reading char- acter. Now I'm going to appeal to the better nature I know you possess."

He shrugged his shoulders. "In my present occupation I have no use for any nature save the one I utilize daily."

"This," she said, "should have a tendency to keep that other and finer nature fresh and unspotted."

"Will you very kindly make your appeal and relieve any passing anxiety I may be supposed to feel?" he de- manded.

She nodded and leaned a little for- ward. He noticed that her eyes were very blue.

"It concerns a story," she said. He shook his head hastily.

"We do not buy stories," he told her.

"Please wait," she said. "There is something aside from the mere fact that there is a story. It is an inci- dental that will appeal to you more than the story itself." She hesitated.

"I have a brother. He is an invalid. His—his months—perhaps his days—are numbered." He was faney or did the blue eyes fill with tears?

"Then it is your brother who wrote the story?"

"Yes. It is his story. There is so little he can do, you know. He is get- ting more helpless every day. Yet he is always patient, always happy. And he loves to write. We have fixed up a little writing board across the front of his chair, and when he has his paper and his pencils he is quite contented. We wheel him to the big window in the dining room and there he sits in the sunshine—when the days are fine—close beside the window plants he loves and tends, and fashions the simple stories that are at once his occupation and his delight."

Her voice was low and full of tender- ness. Her blue eyes swam in a cloudy mist. The editor saw the sick boy at the window, his thin fingers busy, his pale face lighted by a hopeful smile.

"Well,"

The girl had paused in her narrative. She nodded at this reminder and re- sumed her story.

"My brother's stories are all imagi- native," she said. "You see he has not been outside the house for five years. And our life—there is just my mother and me and Jean—is quite too simple to offer him any material. So he sits there with his fancies and his dreams, and out of them weaves his pretty stories. Some of them are too simple, no doubt, but there are a few that seem to us—to mother and to me—to be worthy of a greater audience. There is one in particular, 'The Fall of the Air Castle,' that we have persuaded Jean is worthy of publication. It required some argu- ment to do this, for Jean has written, you see, only to please himself. Then I took the story and made a typewritten copy of it, and without saying anything further to Jean about it, sent it away."

The editor, leaning back in his roomy chair, nodded.

"And it came back?"

"It came back at once. It seemed to me that they took scarcely time to open the envelope—much less to read the story. It came back with no comment. The whole thing seemed almost brutal."

She paused and drew her breath sharply.

"To whom did you send the manu- script?"

"To the Hesperian."

"You did not aim high."

"I didn't dare. It would be quite enough for Jean to see it in print—no matter where." She hesitated again.

"I have not told him of this disappoint- ment. But pretty soon he will want to know. It will hurt him when I tell him how his dream child was scorned. If he knew it I'm afraid he would weep no more. He is very sensitive—and very weak. If he lost his only interest in life his mind would quickly fall a prey to melancholy of the saddest type."

She paused again and the editor nodded sympathetically.

"Poor boy," he slowly said.

"I have told Jean that it might be a month before we heard from the maga- zine people. Before that month is up something must be done." She looked at him with a new expression. "A dar- ing idea came to me yesterday. I de- termined to see you—to storm your sanc- tuary—to tell you Jean's story—to ask your help."

His voice had an unaccustomed gentle- ness when he spoke.

"In what way can I aid you?"

She clasped her hands.

"I want you to pass judgment on the story and then tell me where to send it. Think what this may mean to my poor brother!"

The editor looked at his watch.

"Have you the manuscript here?"

"Yes, yes."

"How long will it take?"

He drew a sheet of paper forward and wrote rapidly. Presently he looked up and handed the girl what he had written.

She read the letter aloud.

"Dear John: Here is a little space filler. It makes an unusual appeal to me because I have become interested in the author. Look it over yourself, boy, and let me know what you think of it. I want a dispassionate opinion and the usual rates. I have just asked the author's representative to be here in ten days and receive your answer. How goes the world with you? Regards to Mary and the girls. Jim."

She passed the sheet back to him.

"Thank you, thank you," she mur- mured.

He reached for the manuscript and glanced at it.

"The author's name is Jean Crosby?"

"Yes."

He thrust the copy of the letter into a large envelope and wrote the address.

"Get it weighed in the office below and stamp it," he said. "Come back in ten days. Good-bye."

"Thank you," she murmured again and turned to the door. "Good-bye."

His head was close to his papers. He did not look up.

As she passed into the hall she glanced at the envelope. It bore the name of the editor of one of the most famous magazines.

The girl seemed to hesitate, her cheeks were flushed, the hand that held the en- velope trembled. Then she shrugged her shoulders, a resolute look came into her face and she went down stairs with a firm tread.

Ten days later she was at the editor's door at exactly the same hour. This time she did not attempt to dodge the boy.

"I have an appointment," she told him.

"Name, please?"

"Miss Crosby."

He opened the door and she passed in. The editor was alone and bending over his desk in the same fashion, quite as if he had not changed his position since she saw him last.

"Good morning," he said. "Sit down."

She took the chair beside the desk and waited.

"How is the boy?"

She started at the question.

"No worse."

"Good. I have heard from my friend. Read that." He thrust a letter into her hands and turned back to his work.

As she unfolded the sheet a tinted slip of paper fell to the floor. She let it lie there until she finished the letter.

"Dear old Jim: So glad to hear from you occasionally—even if it's only a sor- did proposition that draws you out. I've read Jean Crosby's story. First I read it to myself. Then I took it home and read it to Mary. And it made Mary cry. Queer old humanity, isn't it. Here is a jumble of familiar words, fash- ioned into familiar sentences away from their Western town by a stranger's hand and brain, and when a hardened old magazine editor reads it aloud his wife cries: 'Of course I'll admit that I'm an impressive reader, Jim, and willing to enter the list at any time against Silas Wegg or any other master of the art, but that doesn't fully explain why I sniveled a snivel or two myself. Ser- iously, Jim, 'The Fall of an Air Castle' is a delightfully human little story, and I thank you for letting me have it. In

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addition, I enclose our usual rates. And, Jim, don't lose sight of this Jean Crosby. I want to see something more from the same pen. Accept Mary's reg- ards. Your old friend John. P.S.—I am going to crowd the story into our next month's issue."

The girl stared at the letter for a moment. Then she stooped and picked up the tinted slip of paper. It was a check for \$60.

Her face was pale and her blue eyes were wet when she looked up. The editor regarded her with a faint smile.

"Quite satisfactory?" he asked.

She put the letter back on his desk. He saw that her hand trembled.

"Yes, yes," she murmured, and her eyes suddenly dropped.

"The boy should be pleased."

"Yes."

"If he writes anything else that is up to this standard bring it to me."

"Thank you," she said brokenly, and suddenly turned away.

He nodded sympathetically and bent over his work.

"Good-bye," he called to her.

She paused at the door with her hand on the knob. Then she came back swiftly and stood by his desk.

"Sir," she said, "I—I can't go like this!"

He looked up.

"Why, what is wrong?"

She caught her breath.

"I—I have deceived you, sir!"

"Sit down," he quietly said. "Calm yourself and then tell me about it. Don't hurry."

She looked at him appealingly.

"I am ashamed," she said, "ashamed and humbled."

"That requires explaining," he said.

"Go on."

"In the first place I—I can't take this." And she laid the check on his desk.

"That seems a pity," he said. "Tell me why you can't take it."

"Because I—I deceived you. Because I played upon your feelings. Because I gained your sympathy by a cruel un- truth."

"Go on."

"There is no sick boy. I—I invented him. I have no brother. I am Jean Crosby. The story is mine."

There was a little silence.

"Well," said the editor, "what else?"

"I was so anxious to succeed," said the girl. "I had tried and failed. I was discouraged. Then I thought of you and your influence. I knew there was no chance of interesting you in the ordinary way. So I invented that shameful appeal. I took the boy out of a story I had thought of writing. To me it seemed almost real. I have loved him and cried over him so often. And I—basely used him to gain your help. It was shameful!"

She looked away and brushed her tears from her cheeks.

The editor wrinkled his broad fore- head.

"So there is no hopeless boy at the window in the sunshine?"

"No, no, no."

The editor nodded.

"I'm glad of that."

The girl suddenly arose.

"I must go," she said abruptly.

"Wait." He bent forward and put the check in her hand. "This is your check. Don't leave it here. It repre- sents a legitimate transaction. John Sidman always gets value received for his magazine dollars. There is no moral question involved in that slip of paper. Take it away."

She drew back with the check crum- pled in her hand.

"May I—may I hope," she stam- mered, "that you will forgive me?"

He did not heed the appeal.

"So the boy at the window was the child of your imagination, eh?" He looked at her thoughtfully. "See here Jean Crosby," he briskly added, "this ought to make a very readable story. Put it together just as it happened. Then bring it to me and I'll send it on to John Sidman. Good-bye."

And he bent again over his papers.

W. H. Ross in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

WIT AND HUMOR.

CARDINAL ENJOYS THE STORY.

A little anecdote is told of the Cardinal, and which he enjoys very much, says The Catholic Columbian, is to the effect that a certain Washington lady gave him a reception at which he was to meet quite a distinguished company.

The lady had instructed the colored butler that when the Cardinal arrived he should announce him as "His Eminence."

In due time the Cardinal reached the house and was ushered in by the colored man, who, in all the pomposity that one of those colored butlers alone can show, threw the large party into convulsions.

"Why—er—no, sir," replied the drug clerk; "but we have a preparation of our own that's just as good."

An Old Acquaintance—"Officer," said the whimsical tourist to the big policeman who had saved him from being run over by an automobile, "you remind me of a character in one of Kipling's stories. You've heard of Kipling?"

"Kipling?" said Officer Hooligan.

"Sure! He runs a Chinese laundry about four blocks from where I live."

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