

my true interests had betrayed to the English prison. I never saw him after the day of his being put into the tower, and that of his death." Wallace interrupted him with an exclamation of surprise. "Yes," added Balliol, "I myself closed his eyes. At that hour he was in the room, 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 Southern 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 tear kindled over the face of Bruce. "With what a race have I been so long connected!—what mean subtleties, what dastardly conceits, for the leaders of a great nation to do! O King!" exclaimed he, turning to Balliol, "if you have errors to atone for, what then must be the penalty of my sin, for holding so long with an enemy as vile as he was ambitious?" Balliol rose in his bed. "Bruce," said he, "approach me near." He obeyed. The feeble monarch turned to Wallace. "You have supported what was my kingdom through its last stages for liberty; put forth your hand, and support its extirped sovereignty 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 looking up, he met the eye 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 participation 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 comfort your people into all happiness!" He then, with a look of intense grief, 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 Dunbar, I know not the Almighty arm which brought the boy of Ellerslie to save his country. I scorned the patriot flame 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 saw the eye of the exhausted king close 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 engrossing character and he was near-sighted. This combination kept his head bowed over his desk; so that his eyes were making him round-shouldered. The editor didn't care about his personal 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 moment, and then I came in."

"He nodded.

"The boy at the door should be grateful 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 find?"

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 business?" he mildly suggested, the droop coming back into his shoulders again.

"Of course," said the girl. She hesitated a moment. "It can't be all 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 lay on the desk, 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."

"Kindly break it to me in as few words as possible," he cautioned her again.

She drew a long breath.

"I am here," she said with grave formality, "to appeal to your better nature."

"What's that?"

She did not heed him.

"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 impression," 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 manner 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 character. 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 demanded.

She nodded and leaned a little forward. 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 incidental 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." "Is he fancy 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 getting more helpless every day. Yet he is always patient, always hopeful. 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 little stories that are at once his occupation and his delight."

Her voice was low and full of tenderness. 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 resumed her story.

"My brother's stories are all imaginative," 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 are 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 argument to do this, for Jean has written you see, only to please himself. Then I look at 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 so much 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 manuscript?"

"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 disappointment. 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 and very weak. 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 magazine people. Before that month is up something must be done." She looked at him with a new expression. "A daring idea came to me yesterday. I determined to see you—to storm your sanctum—to tell you Jean's story—to ask your help."

His voice had an unaccustomed gentleness 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?"

"Twenty minutes."

She quickly drew the typewritten copy from her shopping bag.

"I am waiting."

She read the story very well. It evidently was familiar to her. At times she looked up from the copy and repeated a line or two with her eyes on the editor's face. The editor, sitting well

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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 regards. 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 tipped slip of paper. It was a check for \$50.

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.

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 untruth."

"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 story. 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 forehead.

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

"N—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 I—basely used him to gain your help. It represents 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 crumpled in her hand.

"May I—may I hope," she stammered, "that you will forgive me?"

"So do 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.

of laughter by announcing in stentorian tones, "His Remnants."

**LUCILLE'S COMPLIMENT.**

Lucille, a carefully brought up little girl of five years, returned from her first party in great glee. "I was a good girl, mamma," she announced, "and talked nice all the time." "Did you remember to say something pleasant to Mrs. Townsend just before leaving?" the mother asked. "Oh, yes, I did," was the enthusiastic reply. "I smiled and said: 'I enjoyed myself, Mrs. Townsend. I had a lot better dinner than I thought I'd have!'"

**THE DEPARTED.**

An Irishman went into the firm of Scrubbs, Vanderwenter & Carney and asked to see Mr. Scrubbs.

"Mr. Scrubbs is dead," said the secretary.

"Well, the Dutchman will do!" said the Irishman.

"Why, Mr. Vanderwenter is also deceased," said the secretary.

"Then Carney'll do!" said the Irishman.

"Mr. Carney died four years ago," said the secretary.

"So you're all dead!" says Pat.

"Would you be kind enough to tell me whether my brother Mike Casey is running the furnace of the establishment in this world or the next?"

He—Congress will never be composed of women.

She—Why do you think so?

He—Can you imagine a house full of women with only one speaker?

**MAKING A STAB AT IT.**

"You're rather a young man to be left in charge of a drug store," said the fussy old gentleman. "Have you any diploma?"

"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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