

An Angel

By MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS

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Margaret came from the orchard whistling cheerily, a heaped basket of jewel red apples poised carefully upon her bare brown head. Miss Prudence Heathcote, her aunt and guardian, frowned at the whistling, but had to smile a bit when Margaret broke out: "Now, Prudence, precious, come at me with the saying about whistling girls and crowing hens! I know you hate my sole musical accomplishment, but this day is enough to set a graven image whistling, even dancing, if it was of anything softer than granite. You ought to be out in it. The orchard is a place enchanted. I didn't know until now things so prosaic as apple gathering and cider making could set themselves to music."

"H-m!" Miss Prudence said. "H-m! May I ask if Jimmy Blair is out there, as he promised to be?"

"Of course! A gentleman keeps his promises, doesn't he?" Margaret answered, tossing her head, but flushing in spite of herself.

Again Miss Prudence said "H-m!" There appeared to be nothing else to say. But after two breaths she got up and moved toward the kitchen, sighing out: "And of course he'll be here to dinner. That means cooking things. Men do have such atrocious appetites." "I'm glad they do," Margaret retorted shamelessly. "I've got one to match anybody. Oh, Aunt Prue, do make a potato pudding! Make it very rich and have lots of thick, sweet, real lemon sauce."

"Go 'way, you baggage!" Miss Prudence said over her shoulder. "Who told you what Jimmy likes best? I've the greatest mind to make dried apples, just to see if he would know the difference," smiling at Margaret as she spoke the last sentence.

Margaret blushed very red and began to pout. "You mean Jimmy is so gone on me he's not in his right mind," she said. "But you're all wrong, Aunt Prue. I—I don't believe he cares for me a bit—hardly. Not that way, at least. All this week he's been as kind as could be, but distant—as if he was afraid I wouldn't understand."

"Then there's mischief afoot, what sort I've got to find out," Miss Prudence said vigorously, her hand on the door knob. "For if ever any lad was clean out of his head, clean idiotic about a chit of a thing, it was Jimmy about you, all last week and all the weeks before it, since you came to stay with me."

"Mischief afoot, but where?" she kept mentally repeating to herself as she whisked about the trim kitchen, her brows puckered, her eyes introspective. On the surface she could see nothing. Nobody had openly any right or reason to be interfering between the pair. Jimmy was an orphan the same as her Peggy. Moreover, he had never had the least shadow of an entanglement. True, various and sundry young women had been setting their caps at him—pretty caps, modestly set—but he had overlooked them all—unless it were—Miss Prue gave a great start. There was the root of the trouble; its name, Vidella Bane. Jimmy had rather made up to her in the weeks just before Peggy came. Now that she thought of it, he had squirmed Della to church two Sundays running, besides buying many things for her at the strawberry supper and fair. And Della, it was well known, wanted to marry and settle herself. She had three younger sisters crowding her in the home nest. Naturally she would do what she could to hold Jimmy, the best chance in all Easton town.

But how she had done it Miss Prudence could not fathom, although she studied the problem almost to the detriment of her dinner. She sat down to it still puzzled. Jimmy greeted her and the dinner rapturously and talked a great deal of his appetite and of many other things, but somehow did not eat with his usual zest, although he made a fair meal. Nobody with a palate could help doing that with such things as Miss Prudence set before him. Jimmy assured Margaret more than once that if such cooking ran in the family her future husband was the luckiest fellow alive.

"I think so too. That's why it's so provoking not to have him come along," Margaret said at last. "Only think, Jimmy, I'm almost twenty-one and have never had a real business beau! Isn't it shameful when Aunt Prue is going to will me all her pretty dishes and the Heathcote silver? Fancy an heiress without a sweetheart!"

"Such destitution is painful—so painful I hardly believe it exists," Jimmy said, turning away his head, then breaking inconsequently into talk of something else.

Miss Prudence, watching him, saw that his teeth had set before he could speak. Of the seeing came enlighten-

ment in part. She meant to make it whole before she was much older. So as soon as dinner was over she sent Margaret upon an errand and herself drew Jimmy on to the barn with a pretext of wanting his advice as to the new hayloft and stalls. She was a straight speaking person, womanly, withal courageous. So as soon as they were inside the stall space she wheeled upon Jimmy, asking plumply, "What cock and bull story has Della Bane told you?"

"Who said she had told me anything?" Jimmy retorted. "Besides, she didn't need to. My eyes are fairly trustworthy."

"Sure of it?" Miss Prudence asked. "If you are, please to tell me what

they have told you about my Peggy. I know you think you've got a grievance—no, not exactly a grievance, but a hurt."

"It is a hurt, but I don't blame her for it. I can't—she—she must have met the other fellow first," Jimmy said, turning away his head. Miss Prudence stamped her foot. "What other fellow?" she demanded.

Jimmy answered miserably:

"The one I saw her kissing and hugging Saturday out under the chestnut trees. She was all dressed up, in white and low necked, and they were carrying on like mad, else I shouldn't have seen them. I—I started to go up when I heard her talking, but after I caught a word or two sneaked away, like a whipped hound."

"No doubt," Miss Prudence said angrily, "but tell me this—where did you sneak to? Went straight home, I reckon, and after supper over to the Baneses. That right?" Jimmy nodded. "Now tell me straight what Miss Della told you and how she came to do it."

"I won't!" Jimmy said stoutly. "I'm no telltale. I'd seen enough, and Della saw it had made me mighty miserable. All she did was to set me right—let me know Margaret was—"

"Playing, play acting with her?" Miss Prudence broke in. "Did she tell you that—tell you how the girls have been practicing against the church sociable? Della was dressed up in man's clothes and my Peggy playing sweetheart to her. I know. I was there, up on the big dead trunk, holding the play book and laughing fit to kill. Now, don't you wish you had sneaked the other way?"

"You—you don't mean there isn't any other fellow?" Jimmy cried incredulously.

Miss Prudence sniffed. "Of course I don't mean any such thing. There are twenty other fellows—bound to be with a girl like Margaret—but I don't believe she likes any of them best unless it is the very chucklehead I'm talking to right now."

"Miss Prudence!" Jimmy ejaculated, then caught her tight in his arms. He was shaking like a leaf, as near to laughing as to crying.

Thus Margaret came upon them and called out roughly: "Is it to be really Uncle Jimmy? Well, I don't mind so long as we have you in the family." "It's to be anything in the world you say," Jimmy said, darting to her. Then as he caught both her hands and laid them against his breast he turned a beaming face upon Miss Prudence, saying: "Peggy is sweet enough, pretty enough, for anything, but when it comes to looking like an angel to a man in trouble, why, she'll never be in it with our Aunt Prue."

The Cause of It.

"In a village which is a suburb of New Bedford," said Mark Twain, "a friend of mine took me to the dedication of a town hall and pointed out to me a bronzed, weather beaten old man over ninety years old. 'Do you see any passion in that old man?' said he to me. 'You don't? Well, but I can make him a perfect volcano to you. I'll just mention to him something very casually.' And he did. Well, that old man suddenly gave vent to an outburst such as I had never heard in my life before. I listened to him with that delight with which one listens to an artist. The cause of it was this: When that old man was a young sailor he came back from a three year cruise and found the whole town had taken the pledge. He hadn't, so he was ostracized. Finally he made up his mind he couldn't stand ostracism any longer, and he went to the secretary and said, 'Put my name down for that temperance society of yours.' Next day he left on another three year cruise. It was torture to him to watch his men drinking and he pledged not to. Finally he got home. He got a jug of liquor, ran to the society and said, 'Take my name right off.' 'It isn't necessary,' said the secretary. 'You never were a member; you were blackballed.'"

Concerning Oranges.

An eminent Japanese bacteriologist has shown that the acids of lemons, apples and other fruits—citric acid, malic acid—are capable of destroying all kinds of disease germs. Cholera germs are killed in fifteen minutes by lemon juice or apple juice, and typhoid fever germs are killed in half an hour by these acids, even when considerably diluted. If you squeeze a lemon into a glass of water containing cholera germs and let it stand fifteen or twenty



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minutes you may drink the water with impunity, as the germs will be dead. These juices will kill other disease germs. Instead of telling a man to have his stomach washed out we can now tell him to drink orange juice, which will cleanse the stomach as thoroughly as a stomach tube, provided it be not a case of gastric catarrh. If we have to deal with gastric catarrh, in which there is a large amount of tenacious mucus adhering to the walls of the stomach, a stomach tube to dislodge it is required, but in ordinary cases of biliousness, foul tongue, bad breath, sick headache and nervous headache a fruit diet is a wonderful purifier.

Lightning Conductors.

The efficiency of lightning conductors is fairly well attested by the freedom of the great cathedrals and tall spired churches from injury. St. Paul's and Westminster abbey, for example, are well protected and serve to safeguard a large area surrounding them. Experience in the navy is to the same effect. In former days, before conductors were employed, there was an annual charge for damage to his majesty's ships by lightning. Between 1830 and 1835, according to Sir W. Snow Harris, thirty-five sails of the line and thirty-five frigates and smaller vessels were completely disabled. That item has now vanished from the votes.—London Telegraph.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson

Dispelling a Hallucination.
The Widow—Now, gettin' right down teh cold, habd facts, Mose, what am yo' prospec's? The Suitor—Mah dear, I's got a good job as managh ob a laundry in sight. The Widow—Well, yo' want teh git dat out ob sight an' fo'git it! Mah last husband had dat same hal-lucinashun, but de lady who promised teh lub, honeh an' obey him pos'tively refused teh be de laundry!—Puck.

Obstinacy.
There is something in obstinacy which differs from every other passion. Whenever it fails it never recovers, but either breaks like iron or crumbles sulkily away like a fractured arch. Most other passions have their period of fatigue and rest, their sufferings and their cure, but obstinacy has no resource, and the first wound is mortal.—Johnson.

Moving.
He read the letter twice and then said, "This is one of the most moving pieces of literature I ever saw." "Is it an appeal for aid?" asked his wife. "No. It's a note from the landlord saying he has raised the rent."

Defined.
Tommy—Papa, what is a diplomat? Papa—A diplomat, my son, is a man who gives everybody the impression that he is thankful for their advice and then does just as he pleases.

Disorder in a drawing room is vulgar; in an antiquary's study, not. The black battle stain on a soldier's face is not vulgar, but the dirty face of a housemaid is.—Ruskin.

A Man-faced Colt.

London, Ont., May 17.—A man-faced colt was born on the farm of Alex. Shaver, farmer, lot 26, con. 2, Westminister, Tuesday night. The colt is normal in all particulars except its head. The eyes are close together, and immediately below them is a protusion like a nose. Then comes the mouth, much farther up on the head than ordinary. A further peculiarity about the animal is the fact that it refuses the mare's milk, and is being fed on cow's milk.

How Could He?

"Papa" was becoming impatient at the lateness of the hour when he remarked: "I can't see why that young fellow who is calling on Minnie hasn't sense enough to go home. It's near midnight." "The dear little brother" of the family just then came in, heard his father's remark, and ventured some light: "He can't go father. Sister's sitting on him."

Should Work Both Ways.

There are few editors in our province who have not made a vigorous and continuous fight against the city mail order house. This has been done in the interest of the home merchant, and without money and without price. If the editors of the land had received regular advertising rates for all they have said against these enemies of the country merchant they could be wearing diamonds. Now the department store man appreciates advertising space and is willing to take all the average country editor has for sale, and at a good price. What other class of business or professional men would refuse business to help their friends, especially as many of said friends never seem in the least disposed to return the compliment or even appreciate it.—Gazette.

PAINS

CANADIAN WOMEN FIND RELIEF

The Case of Ellen Walby is One of Thousands of Cures Made by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

How many women realize that it is not the plan of nature that women should suffer so severely?



Ellen Walby

Thousands of Canadian Women, however, have found relief from all monthly suffering by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as it is the most thorough female regulator known to medical science. It cures the condition which causes so much discomfort and robs these periods of their terrors.

Ellen Walby, of Wellington Hotel, Ottawa, Ont., writes:

"Your Vegetable Compound was recommended to me to take for the intense suffering which I endured every month and with which I had been a sufferer for many years getting no relief from the many prescriptions which were prescribed, until, finally becoming discouraged with doctors and their medicines I determined to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I am glad that I did, for within a short time I began to mend, and in an incredible short time the flow was regular, natural and without pain. This seems too good to be true and I am indeed a grateful and happy woman."

Women who are troubled with painful or irregular periods, backache, bloating, (or flatulence), displacement of organs, inflammation or ulceration, that "bearing-down" feeling, dizziness, faintness, indigestion, nervous prostration or the blues, should take immediate action to ward off serious consequences, and be restored to perfect health and strength by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and then write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for further advice. She is daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham and for twenty-five years has been advising women free of charge. Thousands have been cured by so doing.



AGENT—JOHN W. LUCAS

WOMAN'S NIGHT CURE

Backache, headache, weakness, pallor, poor circulation, cold feet, leucorrhoea, nervousness, irritability, fainting spells, slight spasms, heart flashes, irregular menses, disposition to sleep, desire for solitude, bearing down feeling, pain at side of womb—these are the certain signs of womanly weakness. DR. SNOOK'S NIGHT CURE is a local treatment that cures the cause for these ailments while the patient sleeps. For sale and recommended by

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