

Keep in mind that Scott's Emulsion contains the hypophosphites.

These alone make it of great value for all affections of the nervous system.

It also contains glycerine, a most valuable, soothing and healing agent.

Then there is the cod-liver oil, acknowledged by all physicians as the best remedy for poor blood and loss in weight.

These three great remedial agents blended into a creamy Emulsion, make a remarkable tissue builder.

Scott & Bowne, Chemists, Toronto.

THE MIDDAY ANGELUS

BY SARA TRAINER SMITH

At midday, when the tide of life runs swift,

And all the city echoes with the roar,

There comes a sound across the wreck

of drifts,

The freighted ventures of its golden shore.

A slow, soft sound, with treble pauses

and break

Linking its trinity of three-times

three;

And then a quickened peal of bells

that shake

The dust of ages through eternity.

O holy bells! O monitors, that still

float silent, o'er us in your airy

height,

And suddenly, with wordless tongues

that thrill,

Catch our dark thoughts away to heaven's light!

This weary heart, the lonely, they who

love

And they who suffer 'neath your blessed

chime,

Welcomes your message from the blue

above,

And beat, responsive, to its thoughts

sublime.

—Ave Maria.

Beginning the Year

With pure, rich, healthy blood,

which may be had by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla,

you will not need to fear attacks of pneumonia,

bronchitis, fever, colds or the grip.

A few bottles of this great tonic

and blood purifier, taken now, will be

your best protection against spring humors,

boils, eruptions, that tired feeling and

serious illness, to which a weak and debilitated

system is especially liable in early spring.

Hood's Sarsaparilla eradicates

from the blood all scrofula taints, tones

and strengthens the stomach, cures dyspepsia,

papula, rheumatism, catarrh and every ailment

caused or promoted by impure or depleted blood.

Known at East.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

(Ave Maria.)

(CHAPTER I.—Continued.)

"Old Mrs. Gillespie will be mistress still," another woman declared.

"I don't envy that child her life."

Michael Gillespie might have agreed with the speaker as time

passed on, had he been much at home; but the harvest had been

an abundant one, and the millwheel was constantly revolving. He left

the house early in the morning, and his visit to the mill was always a hurried one; so that he had little opportunity

of observing what his wife's daily life was, and Alice was not one

to complain of her mother-in-law's bitter speeches.

Mrs. Gillespie refused the girl's timidly proffered offers of help with

contentious words, and it was she who still staved off the different household

concerns. Alice was made to feel herself a useless encumbrance. The only hour of the day which

brought her a small degree of pleasure was that when she carried her

husband his afternoon can of tea across the fields which separated her

home and the mill where Michael worked. Even this privilege would

have been denied her had not Mrs. Gillespie met with a slight accident

that prevented her walking any considerable distance.

Alice set out one afternoon as usual, and when she gained a small

hill that stood midway between the house and the mill she paused to

look round her with an appreciative eye. Before her lay fertile fields,

from which the yellow sheaves had but lately been garnered, and green

meadow lands. Through the latter ran the broad stream on which the

mill stood. Behind her the scene was different, but as beautiful in its

way. In the far distance lay the lonely bogland that supplied the

farmers with their winter fuel. Patches of crimson, brown and purple

heath broke its sordid face; and here and there a pool of water flashed

back the sunlight. Nearer, the ground rose in slight hills and ridges;

rowan berries, so that when she

heard the sun was setting in a

sea of citrine. She had got within

a field or two of the cottage when

suddenly a strong hand was laid on

her arm, and she gave a startled cry.

"I'm not going to harm you," a

strange voice said, and a man emerged

from the shelter of some hazel bushes.

He pointed to the cottage and asked: "Does Mrs. Gillespie live there?"

Alice looked up at the speaker.

He was a tall, strongly made man

and seemed to be appreciating middle age.

"Mrs. Gillespie?" she said, repeating the words. "Yes, she does."

"Is her son at home, do you know?" the stranger asked.

"Not just now," Alice answered

and added: "I am his wife."

"The stranger seemed annoyed,

and muttered an exclamation.

"Well, it can't be helped!" he

went on after a pause. "Tell the

old lady, will you, that John is waiting

to see her."

"Yes," Alice said.

"That will do. She will understand."

The man moved away a step or

two as he spoke, and Alice crossed

the field. Mrs. Gillespie was seated

in an easy-chair outside the door,

occupied in knitting a grey woollen sock.

Her face grew ghastly as Alice

delivered the message.

"John!" she gasped. "Is it

John?"

"Yes, he said John—but you are

ill!"

"Oh, no, no!" Mrs. Gillespie

replied impatiently, and pushed.

"Alice, you must not tell Michael.

Do you hear?" she demanded, when

the other did not answer. "You

must not speak of him—to John or

your husband."

"No, not if you do not wish it,"

Alice replied, in some amazement;

and Mrs. Gillespie resumed:

"And I can not see him this evening.

You must tell him so. Mrs. Kearney

(Mrs. Kearney lived in the next

cottage) would be watching and

talking. You will tell him, Alice.

But let him come to-morrow night

when it is dark—dark, mind!—and

I will make arrangements to meet

him."

"Very well," Alice agreed.

"Take the can with you, Alice.

Mrs. Kearney will think you are

going to the spring for water. And

don't stand long talking to him.

Just tell him to come to-morrow

night."

"Yes," Alice said obediently, and

lifted the tin can from its place on

the stone by the door. The stranger

was standing where she had left him.

He muttered a curse when she gave

him her mother-in-law's message.

"I'll be here," he said at last, sul-

lily. "And tell her to be here

also, or she may guess what will

follow."

Mrs. Gillespie was in her accustomed

chair by the fireside when Alice

returned and told how the stranger

had received the message sent him.

"Sit down," Mrs. Gillespie said

"and I will tell you my sad story. Then

you will understand why Michael

must not know anything of this."

Alice did as she was told.

"You may have heard that we—

Michael and me—do not belong to

this part," Mrs. Gillespie said. "My

husband's home was among the

glens of Antrim. He died when

Michael was a baby."

"Oh!" Alice murmured, in sympathy.

"Michael was not my only child,"

Mrs. Gillespie went on. "I had

the money to pay his passage to America.

"And once there," she said to

Alice as the day wore on, "he must

remain. He never could keep money.

It was always sure to go in drink."

"But he may spend this money,

too."

"Aye," Mrs. Gillespie reflected;

"but I think I see a way."

What that way was she explained

to the ex-convict and Alice, when the

former had eaten a plentiful meal in

the cottage. When the time of meet-

ing her son drew near, Mrs. Gillespie

grew confident that she could speak

to him with less chance of being

overheard in her own home, and

Alice had called John Gillespie in.

"I'll give you five pounds and your

passage to America," she said, in

answer to her son's appeal; but I'll

make sure that you go to America."

"You may depend on me," replied

the young man, readily.

"I don't mean to," Mrs. Gillespie

said as readily. "You'll get the five

pounds when you're on board a

steamer at Derry. Alice will give it

to you."

"I!" Alice exclaimed.

"Yes," said Mrs. Gillespie, "Michael

will think that you have gone to

spend a day or two in Carradisy. You

have some acquaintances there?"

"Yes, Mrs. Eastwood," Alice

replied, "but I couldn't go to Derry."

"To be sure you can," Mrs. Gillespie

insisted. "You would do more than

that for Michael," she added, in a

lower tone.

"And against her better judgment,

poor Alice yielded.

"Three days later," Michael Gillespie

entered his home with a haggard face.

"Mother," he said, "will you get

ready to leave this place forever?"

Mr. McKay will sell the things in the

house later and send on the money to

me. You need take only such things

as are necessary."

"What do you mean, Michael?"

Mrs. Gillespie demanded. And her

son replied:

"Well, I mean that my wife is not

in Carradisy, as we supposed. She

left the town this morning with a

stranger. I had heard of her meeting

a man some evenings ago, but I did

not believe the story. I believed my

own eyes to-day."

"Were you in Carradisy?" his

mother questioned, in dismay.

"Yes; something went wrong with

the machinery at the mill, and I had

to go to the town."

"Oh!"

"Do as I tell you at once, mother

dear. I have ordered a wagon to be

here at four o'clock."

"But where are we going?" in-

quired Mrs. Gillespie; and Michael

answered with a strange, mirthless

laugh.

"We'll know that by and by. And,

mother, you were right when you

advised me against marrying Alice

Quinlan."

Mrs. Gillespie made no answer.

It was many a year before her son

understood her silence.

CHAPTER II.

"It will take the mare two hours to

do it," Michael Gillespie soliloquized

aloud, as he rode along the track,

with the tall, rank grass rising on each

side to his horse's girths. "It is

twelve o'clock now; at two Raystock

will be at Moffat, and Raystock

won't wait a quarter of an hour on

any man."

PROOF FROM

Port Hope, Ont.

Mr. W. A. Russell, the Popular

District Agent for the Singer Sewing

Machine Company, Proves that

Doan's Kidney Pills Cure Kidney

Ills.

This is his statement: "I suffered

for five or six years with pains across

my back, headaches, dizziness, and

kindred kidney troubles. I got very

bad, and when driving would often

have to stop the horse, as the pains

were so severe that I could not stand

them. I tried a great many medicines,

but they did me no good. I then got

Doan's Kidney Pills at Watson's drug

store, took them for one month, and

am completely cured. I regard the

cure as a remarkable testimony to

the virtues of Doan's Pills, and am

only too glad to recommend them to

all sufferers from kidney trouble in

any form.

Doan's Kidney Pills are a never-failing

remedy for Bright's Disease, Diabetes,

Gravel, Gout, Rheumatism, Dropsy,

Backache and Weak Back, Gravel,

Sediment in the Urine, and all Urinary

troubles of children or adults. Price

per