

all that time he mourned disconsolately for his "poor lost darling," as he always called me. They brought me to him, hoping that the sight of me would restore the balance of his mind, but it was useless—too late. He knew me perfectly, but yet to his troubled and shattered mind I was still only "his poor lost darling, his dead, drowned Mabel"; and it made my meetings with him sadder—sadder than death itself, Kitty. I hoped against hope that he would get better, but within less than a year of my journey out, poor Archie was dead, at rest at last. Then it was found that in a will which he had made before his illness he had appointed me sole heir to all his savings, which were sufficient to leave me wealthy and independent for the rest of my days. But I was left something else also, Kitty—a sore, aching, untiringly remorseful heart. I had no thought any longer for the petty follies, the selfish frivolities of my former life. My life's happiness was gone, gone for ever, and I would have gladly given every day of my existence, every single earthly possession of mine, if I could only have seen my lover restored to health and sanity once more. Now, Kitty, you see—you know how it is that I never married, dear child.

'Poor Auntie Mab,' Kitty whispered softly, laying a wet cheek caressingly against the hand that gripped her own so closely. 'I know—I can guess just exactly how you must have felt,' she said, and then fell into a deep sympathetic silence that said more than any words. But afterwards, when she had a few moments to herself, she sent off such a sweet, penitent, tender little note to Mr. Charles Nugent as would have given Aunt Mabel, did she only see it, almost as much unmixed pleasure and gratification as it certainly did to that young gentleman himself.

On the following afternoon, as Kitty was twining the last wreath of mingled holly and mistletoe around the central chandelier of the Rath drawing-room—denuded now of half its furniture to make room for the coming dancing and festivities—the door opened very softly, and Charlie Nugent came in. Kitty turned round, a look of wondering welcome in her big blue eyes.

'Is it really you?' she cried, in artless, unfeigned pleasure. 'So you've come, Charlie! You are coming to my birthday party, after all.'

'Kitty, I've just been talking to my godmother in the hall—what a brick she is!—and she just got time to whisper me something—something about you, Kitty dear.' 'About me?'—Kitty repeated, coloring up delightfully. 'Aunt Mabel—she's a dear, but she had no business to abuse my confidence—'

When Miss Brereton opened the door noiselessly a few moments later, all her doubts and fears for the combined future happiness of her pet niece and her godson were speedily and silently and for ever set at rest.—*Weekly Freeman.*

CATCHING THE BOAT

The Wilkinson family had looked forward to Wilkinson's holiday so long that Luke and the twins went four times to look at the calendar in order to make sure that it had really arrived.

They all arose at 4 o'clock to put up the lunch and get down to the landing time to get good seats on the upper deck, for there were to be great crowds going to Milwaukee. Serepta declared that she was so sleepy she couldn't tell whether she was eating toast or leather.

It was 2.30 when they reached Milwaukee, and they had three whole hours in which to go to the Soldiers' Home on the trolley cars. 'Wilkinson fought in the civil war, and never let a place of this kind go unvisited if he could help it.'

The trolley ran through a beautiful bit of country, and the twins were delighted more than once by the trees that brushed the top of the car. The ride took an hour, so they were a little stiff when they got out, and were glad to walk around the beautiful grounds to get rested. There was so much to see, and they lost their way so many times that it was half-past 4 before they knew it.

They hurried back to the trolley line, having to stop twice because of the breaking of the patent handle on the lunch basket, but when they got there not a car was in sight. Some people who were just driving away called to them that the car had broken down and wouldn't be in running order again for two hours. It seemed too dreadful to be true, but Serepta recognised them as fellow-voyagers, and Luke ran to a drug store telephone and asked the manager. Wilkinson was obliged to be at his office early in the morning, and could not stay over night, and they had not money enough in all their purses to take them home by rail, so there was nothing for it but to go to the landing in carriages.

Luke went to the livery stable, where he found that all but two small buggies had been hired by other passen-

gers of the boat some time before, and these he seized upon at a price (in advance) that took every spare cent save just enough for car fare at home.

They had lost so much time talking and telephoning that it was very late when they climbed into their buggies and started. Mrs. Wilkinson, Serepta, and one of the twins got into one buggy, and the rest got into the other, and with a driver in each one it was rather close quarters. The men guaranteed that they would reach the wharf in plenty time, and away they went at a pace that at least showed their good will. The horses seemed to enter into the spirit of it, and the way they tore through the city streets was a disgrace and a violation of the speed ordinance.

People started after them. The drivers whooped for those in front to get out of the way, and small boys stood on the corners and cheered. Mrs. Wilkinson screamed once when they turned so sharp a corner that they teetered on two wheels only, and was not a bit comforted or reassured when the driver told her there was nothing to fear, as the horse once belonged to the fire department.

Luke decided after the third block that he would give up his idea of being a lawyer and join the fire department. Therefore, whenever he could gather his scattered wits, he gasped out questions regarding the enlistment and the number of alarms in a day. The driver, answering in jerky monosyllables, thought it paid better to be an ice-man or a teamster, especially with five or six children to bring up.

Once a policeman pursued them for two awful blocks, and the people on the street shouted, 'Stop, thief!' and 'Runaway!' But the policeman grew tired and turned back as soon as he got out of his district. Mrs. Wilkinson was immediately relieved when he disappeared.

When the mad race was nearly over, Mrs. Wilkinson was worried for fear it might all be in vain, but after whirling around a few more corners and just failing of three collisions, she saw the tops of the boat's funnels and drew a long breath.

As they came to an abrupt jolting halt, the boat's passengers ran to see them, and, leaning over the railing, waved to them to hurry. They had just half a minute to spare, so they sprung out hastily and ran up the gang-plank, thankful for the narrow escape. Then, seated in the only vacant chairs, munching sandwiches, they entered into conversation with several passengers in a vain quest for information.

Another half-hour passed. The moments dragged on and darkness settled down. Suddenly, however, upon the appearance of a round figure crossing the gang-plank in a leisurely manner, they waited in silence for the boat to depart.

Fifteen minutes, a half-hour, a whole hour, passed, and no one stirred. Some men in blue shirts lounged on the wharf whistling, but the boat might have been incapable of motion so still she lay. Serepta wrapped herself up in her golf cape, while Wilkinson entered into conversation with several of the passengers.

Luke went below to investigate, and presently returned with a piece of soul-stirring information.

'That was the captain,' he said. 'He was caught out at the Soldiers' Home by the breaking of the trolley, and he waited till they mended it.'

WHEN FOOD FAILS TO NOURISH YOU

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