

*Set upon Guernsey, spanning two world wars the life of a fictitious family is explored embracing joy, hardship and suffering of wartime. However, healing knowledge of homeopathic medicine and Bach flowers is also woven into its pages.*

## **The Magpie Cards**

By Sally Forrester

**Order the book from the publisher Booklocker.com**

**<https://booklocker.com/books/14019.html?s=pdf>**

**or from your favorite neighborhood  
or online bookstore.**

# The Magpie Cards



*Time flies - virtue alone remains*

Sally Forrester

Copyright © 2025 Sally Forrester

Print ISBN: 978-1-959623-36-6

E-book ISBN: 979-8-88532-024-5

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, recording or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the author.

Published by BookLocker.com, Inc; Printed on acid-free paper.

BookLocker.com, Inc.,  
2025

This is a work of historical fiction, based on actual persons and events. Most of the characters are entirely fictional. The author has taken creative liberty with many details to enhance the reader's experience.

First Edition

Library of Congress Cataloging in Publication Data

Forrester, Sally

The Magpie Cards by Sally Forrester

Library of Congress Control Number: 2025911668

## **Disclaimer**

This book details the author's personal experiences with and opinions about Bach Flower Essences, Homeopathic remedies and maintaining a healthy lifestyle. The author is a Registered Homeopath MARH (UK) and a Registered Bach Flower Essence Practitioner. BFRP.

The author and publisher are providing this book and its contents on an “as is” basis and make no representations or warranties of any kind with respect to this book or its contents. The author and publisher disclaim all such representations and warranties, including for example warranties of merchantability and healthcare for a particular purpose. In addition, the author and publisher do not represent or warrant that the information accessible via this book is accurate, complete or current. The statements made about products and services are not intended to diagnose, treat, cure, or prevent any condition or disease. Please consult with your own physician or healthcare specialist regarding the suggestions and recommendations made in this book.

Except as specifically stated in this book, neither the author or publisher, nor any authors, contributors, or other representatives will be liable for damages arising out of or in connection with the use of this book. This is a comprehensive limitation of liability that applies to all damages of any kind, including (without limitation) compensatory; direct, indirect or consequential damages; loss of data, income or profit; loss of or damage to property and claims of third parties.

You understand that this book is not intended as a substitute for consultation with a licensed healthcare practitioner, such as your physician. Before you begin any healthcare program, or change your lifestyle in any way, you will consult your physician or other licensed healthcare practitioner to ensure that you are in good health and that the examples contained in this book will not harm you.

This book provides content related to topics physical and/or mental health issues. As such, use of this book implies your acceptance of this disclaimer.

**For Sally Forrester's other books**

Last Train to Margate

Ramsgate Calling

Broadstairs on my Mind

From Margate to Key West with Love

Margate's Gnomes

Margate's Gnomes to the Rescue

Please visit  
[www.sallyforrester.com](http://www.sallyforrester.com)

# Contents

Prologue.....	xv
Chapter 1: One for SORROW .....	1
Chapter 2: Two for JOY.....	80
Chapter 3: Three for a GIRL.....	96
Chapter 4: Four for a BOY .....	111
Chapter 5: Five for SILVER .....	125
Chapter 6: Six for GOLD .....	141
Chapter 7: Seven for A SECRET NEVER TO BE TOLD.....	190

## Chapter 2:

### Two for JOY

Poppy opened her eyes and patted her tearful face dry with her large white handkerchief. Jack the Lad stepped away from his velvet cushion and with a concerned yelp the little terrier nuzzled into her with his wet nose. Poppy had discerned a lot of stories over the past few years working at Madam Popoff's vintage emporiums but today this must surely be one of the saddest stories of them all. She looked down at the faded card and tucked it away with the other six cards inside a folded yellowing piece of paper with a note that simply read, *The Magpie Cards*. She stroked Jack the Lad's velvet coat and then she gently put the pile of 7 cards back into their hessian sack and tucked it safely into a drawer under the old oak countertop. As she peered out of the window it had started to rain. She made herself a cup of coffee, turned the iron key in the old lock, opened the door and turned on the radio. Curiously the band Cold Play were singing their popular song:

*All the light we cannot see/fix you.*

Several months passed before Poppy decided to look once again at *The Magpie Cards*. She'd been particularly busy in the shop during Margate's late spring and summer season. The old town and the harbour area were constantly filled with day trippers mainly the DFL folk. Everyone seemed to be interested in vintage fashions and thankfully the shop was turning quite a profit this year. In her spare time, she loved to cycle around the cliff paths with Jack the Lad tucked inside his little wicker basket. This was her own special time to reflect, her own time to think. It was a time to wonder and assess what was happening across the globe. Unfortunately, none of it was good. The war continued between Ukraine and Russia along with the escalating conflict between Israel and Gaza. She didn't like to watch the news anymore because there seemed to be so much destruction and shattered dreams, so many



lives ruined. There was increasing unrest in many troubled spots across the globe and more recently in England with racist driven riots. All this violence and unrest left Poppy with a nasty gnawing sinking feeling in her gut. When she lay awake at night in the safe confines of Aunt Flora's Lookout Retreat, she quietly contemplated where the world was heading and if this warring planet may be headed towards World War Three. So many around her had also confided that they too were having those exact same thoughts. There was uncertainty around climate change and then there were all the refugees on the move. Desperate people risking dangerous journeys across land and sea to seek a better life. Poppy, like so many of her friends and customers, began to wonder if this could be the end of times.

Eventually her troubled mind turned to Dorothy and William's story and she began to question if Dorothy had ever recovered from her sorrow? Did she fulfil her dreams and become a homeopathic doctor? Did she ever find another loving partner before she too passed over? Then her attention and focus finally turned to Maria Popoff, the curious old woman, portly and wizened, who crossed the threshold of time and always seemed to be on hand when and where help was most needed. She was an enigma, a kind, caring persona ready to roll up her sleeves and help in the depths of all the filth and muck of life. She was there presiding amongst the anger, the hatred, the violence, the conflict and the intense sorrow of loss. She was a light, a beacon of hope, forgiveness, healing, love and connection. Poppy often speculated that Maria Popoff was an angel sent from above to raise the vibration of humanity and elevate it above the abyss.

She woke early on Thursday August 22nd, 2024 to a warm but cloudy day. She gathered Jack the Lad up into her wicker bicycle basket and together they enjoyed a ride around the cliffs. Stopping at Dumpton Gap for a cup of tea and a breakfast sandwich at the little café down by the beach. Jack the Lad ran happily across the sand to greet all the other dogs out for their early morning walk. It was almost high tide and the dogs splashed around playfully at the water's edge.

Today Poppy decided to extend her ride and made her way along the cliff path towards Ramsgate. She was most surprised to see a small crowd gathered around a new mural created by a street artist. She could see what appeared to be a mountain of lifejackets on the seawall at Ramsgate's Western Undercliff. A bystander told her it was made by Hugh Whitaker to raise awareness of the hundreds of lives lost in the Channel between England and France. The artwork seemed to draw parallels with the number of people seeking asylum who'd lost their lives every year making dangerous sea crossings. Apparently 880 people had died to date in 2024 attempting to cross the waters in the Mediterranean.

Poppy's thoughts turned once again to war, conflict and the dire need for so many to flee and find a better life elsewhere. Hurriedly she cycled back to Margate and turned the big iron key in the lock of the King Street shop. Her heart felt particularly heavy. Having swept the floor, tidied the racks of clothing and washed all the mugs in the backroom she put the kettle on. Jack the Lad flopped down upon his velvet cushion weary and more than ready for a long nap. The clock chimed 10 o'clock so there was still a full hour before opening time. Poppy decided to settle down with a cup of coffee and reached into the drawer of the old oak counter where *The Seven Magpie Cards* had remained hidden for several months. Sifting through the cards and sipping her coffee she wondered what story the second card had to tell. Eventually she put her coffee cup down along with the other 6 cards and held the second card gently in her hands. Carefully she examined the faded picture and the text on the back side. She noted a picture of a tiny chapel and a scribbled message addressed to a Mrs. Brown.

*Our Jimmy has pulled through!  
He survived the awful diphtheria thanks to our prayers and Miss  
Dorothy's little white pills. Our hearts are full of joy.  
Polly.*

Poppy suddenly remembered all the names from the first *Magpie Card Story*. Mrs. Brown was the Beauregard family housekeeper and young

Polly was the house maid. She also remembered the holiday that she recently took with Bill hiking around Guernsey and fondly recalled their visit to *The Little Chapel*. It's a very popular tourist attraction. It had been raining the day of their visit so she and Bill took a bus from St. Peter Port to its location at *Les Vauxbelets*, meaning beautiful valley, situated in the parish of St. Andrew. Apparently, *The Little Chapel* is one of Guernsey's most loved and iconic landmarks and it really is a truly wonderful place. Poppy began to recall details from her well-thumbed copy of the *Essential Guernsey Visitor Guide Book*.

The chapel is only 16 feet by 9 feet. It can accommodate four people and is beautifully adorned with local ormers, iridescent mother of pearl shells, colourful broken china and beautiful stained-glass windows. It is one of the smallest chapels in the world. It has three floors and in each one of them is an altar dedicated to Mother Mary.

*The Little Chapel* was the inspiration and the creation of brother Deodat-Antoine an exiled French monk from the order of the brothers de la Salle in Paris. Brother Deodat arrived in Guernsey in December of 1913 to avoid religious persecution. He purchased a plot of land and noticed a wooded slope facing the beautiful valley. He became inspired with the notion to build a miniature replica of the grotto and basilica at Lourdes in the foothills of the French Pyrenees. The very first chapel was completed in March of 1914 but it was criticized for being far too small and Brother Deodat demolished it overnight! However, a second chapel was built and completed four months later. It was officially blessed on August 4<sup>th</sup>, 1914 on the day that Great Britain declared war upon Germany. Brother Deodat returned to France to volunteer for military service but he was rejected due to his own health issues. He eventually returned to Guernsey. His second chapel lasted for nine years. The building was to be blessed by the Bishop of Portsmouth when he visited in 1923 but unfortunately, the entrance was rather narrow and the overweight Bishop couldn't get through the door! That second chapel was demolished and in November 1923 Brother Deodat set about building the third chapel. This is the chapel that visitors see, know and love today. Brother Deodat returned to France in 1939

because he was in poor health. Brother Cephas was given the task of caring for the chapel until 1965 when he also retired. The chapel then fell into a somewhat derelict state until in 1977 a committee was established to restore and protect it. The de la Salle Brothers gifted it to a charitable foundation to help save it for the joy and appreciation of future generations.

Poppy continued to hold *The Second Magpie Card* and as she recalled the children's rhyme yet again:

*One for sorrow, two for joy .....*

She placed it near her heart, shut her eyes and drifted off to yet another time.

January 1918 was a particularly cold and miserable month. February looked as if it may be even colder. The war was still raging in France. The nasty weather mirrored the heavy hearts of the islanders. So many of their loved ones had been called away to the battlefields of France. More wounded troops filled the island's hospital and convalescent homes. Dorothy was busier than ever. She really didn't mind the long days and nights because she had less thinking time to mourn William's passing. There was always so much to do, so many young men who needed her time and attention. Agnes and her little girl had come for Christmas but they'd never left to return to their home on the neighbouring island of Sark. John had received his call up papers. Peter Beauregard insisted that his daughter and granddaughter remain in Guernsey with the family while her husband was away in France.

Dorothy continued her regular Friday afternoon visits with Dr. Ellis. Sometimes she would stroll through the Candie Gardens earlier in the day and stop for coffee at The Old Government House Hotel. She would always time her visit for noon and when no one was watching she quietly slipped away down to the lower outside terrace to exchange a few words with young Matthew whilst he ate his lunch. He confided that he'd already lost many of his friends in the trenches.

When Thursday February 14th, St. Valentine's Day, came around there really wasn't much to celebrate. Most of the young men were either gone or recovering in the hospitals. Many families were grieving or filled with anxiety for their loved ones. Dr. Ellis had always warned Dorothy that people often succumbed to illness when they were emotionally distraught. "Dorothy, their defenses are far too open. I've always noticed that when folk are too exhausted, malnourished or stuck in anger, fear or grief they don't do so well. They can't muster enough vitality to fight off all the nasty acute fevers and illnesses that we're currently seeing on the island. Of course, the cold and damp weather doesn't help at all, it only adds to susceptibility and subsequent misery."

Returning to the Beauregard residence from her four days at Les Touillets early on Friday February 15<sup>th</sup>, Dorothy found Mrs. Brown was in a particularly flustered state. She was usually such a composed, efficient, competent, middle-aged lady. She'd lost her husband to cancer many years ago and had come to live and work in the Beauregard family residence almost twenty years ago. Cookie and Mrs. Brown had always been part of Dorothy's life. She loved them as much as her own parents. Cookie eventually took Dorothy aside and explained what was going on. "Miss Dorothy, it's young Polly she was called home yesterday. The family live in a farm cottage over near Les Vauxbelets. A young boy arrived yesterday morning with an urgent telegram. Her youngest brother, Jimmy, is in the Victoria Cottage Hospital in an isolation ward, he has diphtheria. Miss Dorothy, it doesn't look good for him at all. The doctors are very concerned. Jimmy is seven years old. He's the apple of his parent's eye, the youngest of seven. The family are hard-working farm hands. The older boys are away in the trenches. Apparently, Polly's mother is beside herself with anxiety. She spends all day in *The Little Chapel* praying to Mother Mary for a miracle." Dorothy immediately began to recall in her mind what she'd read in the library back in 1917 about the dreaded disease.

*Diphtheria is a highly contagious bacterial infection spread by sneezing and coughing. It's usually more active in the colder weather*

*of autumn and winter. It can cause serious breathing and swallowing problems because the bacteria generate a toxin that damages respiratory tissue cells. Within two or three days, the tissue left behind forms a bulky, distinctive, grey coating. This coating is described by the Greek word diphtéríte meaning "leather" or "hide". Some patients with diphtheria have a sickening, sweetish or putrid odour in their breath.*

*More severe cases can cause a swollen "bull's neck" appearance, and lesions on the skin that form ulcers covered in a grey membrane that do not heal. These ulcers are more common in people who are poor and homeless Those living in crowded or unclean conditions and those who aren't well nourished are more susceptible to this dangerous bacterial infection.*

*Before 1826 it was known by different names throughout the world. In England it was known as malignant sore throat or the Boulogne sore throat or Boulogne fever as it originally spread from France.*

*Diphtheria is also known as the "strangling angel of children" because it can cause wing-shaped pseudo membranes to form in the oropharynx, which can lead to airway obstruction and sudden death if they dislodge.*

Dorothy decided to pay Dr. Ellis an urgent visit to find out if there was a homeopathic remedy to help young Jimmy. She knew that diphtheria in young children was a killer. Dorothy quickly put her coat, hat and gloves back on because she sensed that there was no time to be lost. She hastily made her way down into the town heading towards the residence of Dr. Ellis. Mrs. Jones, his housekeeper, was most surprised when she heard the urgent raps upon the good doctor's door. "Why, Miss Dorothy we were expecting you at 4 o'clock today! What brings you here so early? It's only 9 o'clock and the good doctor is currently taking his breakfast in the drawing room." Dorothy quickly explained the situation with young Jimmy and was immediately shown into the drawing room. Mrs. Jones quickly laid a place for Dorothy at the table and brought an extra coffee cup and some warm rolls from the kitchen.

Having gathered her composure Dorothy began to tell her friend and mentor what had happened. Dr. Ellis sat back in his chair, deep in silent thought as Dorothy sipped her coffee and buttered her warm roll. Eventually he spoke. "Dorothy, many young children die and you must be prepared for that. There are several homeopathic remedies listed in our books that may be helpful for diphtheria. You must look at the suffering patient and note all their symptoms very carefully. A good homeopath is an excellent detective. You must observe the young boy, the colour of his face, the colour of his tongue, where is the membrane? Is it covering the whole throat? Did it start on the right side or the left side? Did it start on the right and go to the left? That could possibly indicate the remedy *Lycopodium*. If it started on the left side first and then went to the right and then perhaps back again to the left it could be *Lac Caninum*. This is a strange remedy it's made from the milk of a dog!" Dorothy gasped in surprise she had no idea that remedies could come from milk. She had learnt over her many hours spent with Dr. Ellis that remedies come from the different kingdoms. There are many botanicals, then there are the remedies made from the mineral kingdom and the animals too but milk, that certainly was a surprise.

"Dorothy it's best that we go to the Victoria Cottage Hospital and ask to see young Jimmy. We really need to see for ourselves exactly how ill he is and observe the totality of all his symptoms. This is the only way we can find the best suited remedy to help him recover his vitality and health. I have visiting rights but we do need to gain permission from his parents, they may be averse to homeopathic medicine and decline our offer to help the young lad. If, however, they give their consent then you can accompany me as my assistant. Of course, you'll be required to wear a gown and a mask as we'll be visiting the isolation ward and there's always the risk to your own health." Dorothy thought about it for a few moments but not for long because she'd seen such remarkable success using the homeopathic remedies amongst the wounded troops. She knew that she just had to let go of any fear and reservations. Smiling she thanked Dr. Ellis, agreed and hastily finished her breakfast. "Dr. Ellis, I'll visit the family today and return as soon as I am able with their answer." She bid the good doctor and Mrs. Jones

good day and swiftly headed over to the quay side to find a donkey cart to take her over to Les Vauxbelets and *The Little Chapel*. She knew that Jimmy's mother would be praying there and asking for a miracle.

Arriving at the quayside and quickly looking around for a donkey cart she fumbled in her pocket and pulled out Bert's pocket watch. It was 10 o'clock. Her mind suddenly remembered William and his love of the night sky and his knowledge of the stars and all the constellations. Today, of all days, she hoped that the stars were aligned in her favour. She desperately wanted to help young Jimmy. She thought about Agnes and her little girl and asked her self, *what if this was young Rosie?* God must have heard her thoughts because old Fred, a familiar sight around the harbour, pulled up in his donkey cart. He earned a living by taking people and goods around the island. Dorothy asked if he would take her to *The Little Chapel*.

In these troubled times so many of the island's folk stopped by *The Little Chapel* to pray. Local families all had loved ones away in France and every mother feared that her son or sons may never return home. The beautiful chapel was a place of quiet reflection, a time to speak with Mother Mary and petition for grace, the best possible outcome and in many cases the urgent need for a miracle. Dorothy found Florence, Jimmy's mother all alone upon her knees intently praying just as she had done for so many days. Her face was pale and distraught, tears were running down her cheeks and her hands were shaking. The poor woman hadn't slept properly for over a week.

Dorothy sat down on a small wooden stool in an alcove near the statue of Mother Mary and waited for what seemed like an eternity then she eventually stood up and put her hand gently upon Florence's stooped back and gently spoke. "Florence, come sit with me, there may be an answer for your Jimmy." Florence looked up in surprise wondering if she was imagining the pretty young lady who spoke with such clarity and authority. She was so taken aback by the stranger that she got up and obediently followed the young woman to a small alcove where there were two wooden stools. They sat together for a while in the



beauty of shared silence. *The Little Chapel* felt such a holy place. Dorothy eventually spoke again. "I'm Dorothy Beauregard, your Polly has worked for our family for a few years. We know that your family sent word for her to urgently return home because young Jimmy is so sick in the hospital with the dreaded diphtheria." Florence looked up and smiled, she'd never met Miss Dorothy before but Polly had often spoken so kindly about her. Dorothy continued to tell Florence about Dr. Ellis, her own interest in homeopathic medicine and the good results that she'd personally witnessed at Les Touillets. Florence listened intently and then she spoke. "Miss Dorothy we're all so worried, we're not allowed to visit the wee lad. The doctors sent word a day or two ago that he's taken a turn for the worse and there's not much hope. There's a diphtheria anti-toxin but because of the war the hospital has none left and it may be some time before they expect another delivery. Right now, we are looking and hoping for a miracle. If you think this medicine called *homeopathy* could help then please go to the hospital and do what you can."

Dorothy put her arms around Florence then she opened her bag and pulled out a sheet of paper, an envelope and a pen. "Florence you must write a note to instruct the doctors at the hospital that Dr. Ellis has permission to visit and treat Jimmy as he thinks fit using homeopathic remedies. Please also confirm that I can accompany him as his assistant. We'll go immediately to the hospital and do our very best. We can't make any guarantees but we'll do what we can to save Jimmy's life."

Florence wiped her eyes, her face was flushed as she confided, "Dorothy, I can't write but if you would please write the note then I'll sign and date it." With the note written and signed Dorothy summoned old Fred who had waited patiently outside *The Little Chapel* with his donkey cart to transport her back to the residence of Dr. Ellis. Florence lingered in the chapel and once again fell upon her knees. Now the distraught mother prayed for the miracle called *homeopathy* and today she felt that an angel had heard her urgent petitions and visited in wee Jimmy's time of great need.

News travels fast around small island communities. Dorothy was well known and respected at Les Touillets. Old Fred knew Florence and her family and was pleased that he'd also played some part in helping her youngest. He agreed to wait outside the residence of Dr. Ellis and transport them both to the Cottage Hospital. While Dorothy had ventured over to the chapel Dr. Ellis prepared his medicine bag and carefully selected several homeopathic remedies that he felt may be particularly helpful. He prepared for every eventuality because he didn't know what to expect other than a little boy at death's door. Mrs. Jones set to work in the kitchen. She knew that the good doctor would stay with the boy and see him through the next few days so she packed up a picnic hamper full of fresh buttered rolls, cheese and ham, a selection of apples and dried fruit and her special walnut cake for her employer and Miss Dorothy. The good doctor shared his diary with Mrs. Jones and asked if she could explain to all those who called and had appointments over the next few days for their understanding as he'd been summoned to the hospital to attend to a very sick child.

When Dorothy arrived in the early afternoon and pressed Florence's signed note into the good doctor's capable hands, he was more than ready to step up into Fred's waiting donkey cart. It was enroute to the hospital that Dorothy asked about the diphtheria antitoxin and Dr. Ellis explained how Emil Adolf Behring, a German physiologist discovered the antitoxin. In 1901 he received the Nobel Prize in Physiology or Medicine, it was the first one awarded in that field. "Actually, Dorothy, he recently passed away on March 31st 1917. It was in the early 1890's that Emil von Behring used serum from a hyperimmune horse that had been challenged with small amounts of the diphtheria toxin so he could develop an equine diphtheria antitoxin. This seemed to confer passive immunity to patients with diphtheria. However, there can be serious severe side effects especially in children. The therapy has been known to provoke fevers, rashes, hives, increased heart rate, pain, body aches, swelling of the joints and swollen tender lymph nodes. These are reactions to other substances in the horse serum besides the protective antibodies. Unfortunately, the antitoxin only confers immunity for approximately two weeks."

The Victoria Cottage Hospital located in St. Peter Port; Guernsey was established in 1888 by The St. John Ambulance Association to provide a nursing establishment for *the respectable poor*. The nurses were trained by The St. John Ambulance Association. It was funded mainly by donations and subscriptions. When it opened it only had four beds. However, it quickly grew and in 1891 moved to new premises. Over the next 20 years it flourished and by 1914 it was treating over 200 patients a year and had more than two dozen beds. In 1916 the Hospital was inspected by The War Office and designated as an auxiliary military hospital (Class A) and was renamed The Victoria Military Hospital. As a Class A hospital, it could take war injuries to relieve the large military hospitals on the mainland.

The elderly Dr. Ellis was a particularly well-known and highly respected Guernsey resident. Since the establishment of The Victoria Cottage Hospital, he'd visited many times to tend to his patients. He was warmly greeted by the matron and having introduced Dorothy they donned long white robes and a face mask; they scrubbed their hands and were escorted to the small isolation ward. Young Jimmy was lying flat and all alone upon his mattress. Despite being wrapped in warm blankets he was icy cold, his face was deathly pale, his lips were bluish in colour, his pulse was barely perceptible and his breathing was particularly laboured. A bad odour hung thickly in the air surrounding the young lad's sickly frame. Gasping with shock Dorothy turned to the good doctor and muttered in hushed tones, "Jimmy looks like a corpse. He's almost lifeless. I didn't realise quite how bad the young lad would be." Dr. Ellis solemnly replied, "Dorothy, good observations. I don't know if we can save this lad. He's at death's door. However, there is a remedy called *Carbo-veg*. It's made from charcoal and has gained a reputation amongst homeopathic doctors as being *the corpse reviver*. The young lad's presentation fits the picture of this remedy. Remember homeopathy is based upon *the law of similars*." He quickly reached inside his large black leather medical bag and after a few minutes of searching he reverently uncorked a small glass vial marked *Carbo-veg 10M*. "Dorothy, this is a particularly high potency often used for life and death circumstances. I'll slip a few tiny pills under his tongue then

we must sit by his bedside watching, waiting and praying for the best possible outcome.”

Volunteering at Les Touillets had taught Dorothy that miracles were always possible especially when a homeopathic remedy was carefully selected and matched the totality of the patient’s symptoms. Today was no exception as Dorothy witnessed *Carbo-veg* in action. It wasn’t long before young Jimmy stirred and opened his eyes, he looked afraid and Dorothy instinctively reached for his tiny hand and held it gently in hers to reassure him. Over the next few hours his breathing improved along with his colour. By the early evening, he was asking for a drink and was beginning to look a lot less fragile. Dr. Ellis was eventually able to examine his throat, it was covered with the distinctive grey membrane of diphtheria all mainly visible on his left side. The good doctor asked to talk with the nursing sister responsible for Jimmy’s care. He was curious to know if it had all begun on the left side then moved to the right and if now the membrane had once again returned to the left. Dr. Ellis knew that Jimmy would require other remedies to complete his healing. *Carbo-veg* had pulled him from death’s door but to clear his malignant throat the young lad would probably need a remedy known to specifically target this part of his body.

Later that evening Dr. Ellis insisted that Dorothy venture home to get some proper rest. His work was not yet done, he would remain by the young lad’s bedside through the darkest hours, the time of the wolf, when folk often succumbed to their maladies and slipped quietly away. Dorothy was all too familiar with the inky blackness of the night. So many of the wounded young men acknowledged that this was their most painful time. She was used to being a night watcher, holding their hands, soothing their fears and attempting to find a remedy for their agonizing pains.

Peter Beauregard had dispatched George their elderly butler to The Victoria Cottage Hospital after the family had finished their supper. Their trusty servant patiently waited for several hours in the reception area until his Miss Dorothy eventually made an appearance. She was

glad of a friendly face and someone close to her heart faithfully waiting to escort her safely home that evening. It had been a particularly long and emotionally exhausting day. After a light supper she fell into bed and a sound sleep until the grandfather clock in the hallway struck 3 o'clock. The clock's chimes stirred her awake and as she glanced at the clock on her night stand, she sensed a presence at the end of her bed. Dorothy peered through the darkness and there was Maria Popoff huffing and puffing in her oversized purple coat. Dorothy wasn't sure if she was dreaming or hallucinating. The old woman simply said, "Dorothy, remember the dog's milk, don't forget the dog's milk my dear." Then she was gone seemingly disappearing into the ether.

The next morning Dorothy woke feeling much better equipped to face yet another difficult day at the hospital. She ate a hearty breakfast and as she stood in the hallway with George helping her into her long winter coat and handing over her hat and gloves the grandfather clock in the hall struck 9 o'clock. Dorothy suddenly remembered the old woman and her urgent message, "Dorothy, remember the dog's milk, don't forget the dog's milk my dear." She made her way out into the icy February weather and hurried as quickly as she could manage along the street heading towards The Victoria Cottage Hospital.

Dr. Ellis had sat patiently by Jimmy's bedside all night and closely monitored the boy's progress. He was still extremely ill but thankfully no longer at death's door. The nursing sister who'd mainly overseen his care reported for duty and confirmed for the good doctor that the diphtheria membrane had changed sides. She commented that the young lad was often very fearful. "Dr. Ellis he constantly talks about snakes, he says he dreams about snakes, he's really scared and he also says that when he closes his eyes at night, he sees faces!" Dr. Ellis noticed the saliva oozing from his mouth, a notable symptom in diphtheria that pointed to the remedy *Lac Caninum*.

By the time Dorothy arrived at the hospital donned her white robes, apron and face mask, Francis Ellis had made up his mind and was quite clear how he was to proceed with Jimmy's care. "Dorothy I've decided

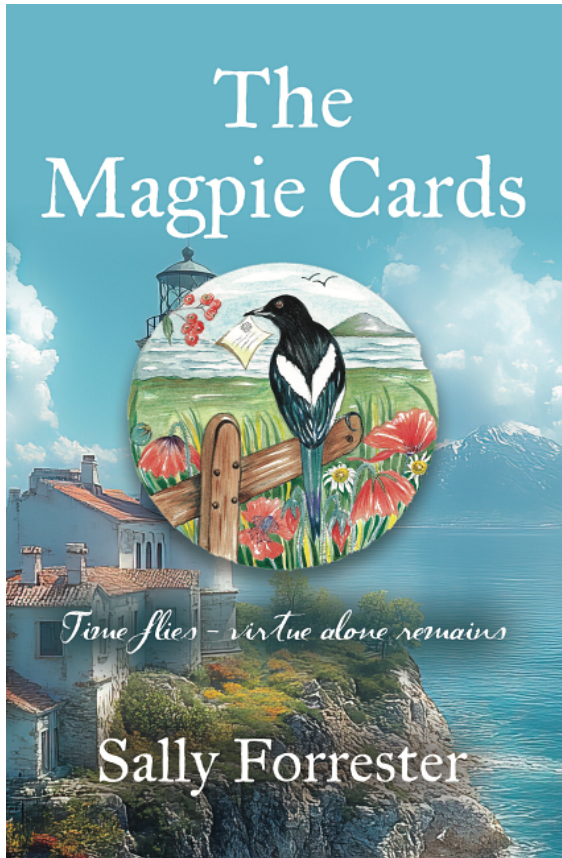
to give the young lad the remedy made from dog's milk, *Lac Caninum*. It matches many of his symptoms including the drooling, his fears, talk of snakes and faces when he closes his eyes and the diphtheria membrane that changes from one side to another." Dorothy smiled as she quietly remembered Maria Popoff's urgent 3 o'clock plea.

The boy was given several doses of the remedy over the course of a week and gradually he recovered his health. The intrusive faces and dreams of snakes disappeared. His sleep became deeper and more restful. The drooling ceased and the diphtheria membrane gradually receded. The young lad began to eat. Colour returned to his sickly pale face and he began to ask when he could go home. Several weeks later Polly and her entire family stood at the hospital gates as they waited for their Jimmy to be discharged. The sun shone brightly upon the joyful crowd gathered at the gates. It was a warm day in late March when Dorothy Beauregard appeared holding the wee lad's hand. Thanks to *homeopathic medicine* he'd pulled through. Under her breath Dorothy muttered to herself, "*dog's milk, what a miracle!*" That evening when Jimmy was tucked up in his own bed Florence made her way to *The Little Chapel* and in the quiet silence of the night, she lit a candle and gave her own thanks to Mother Mary, Queen of Heaven for saving her son.

..... and that night, the angels sang for joy.

Poppy opened her eyes as the Margate Clock Tower chimed 11 o'clock and intruded upon her reflections. It was time to open the shop for business. Time to put *The Seven Magpie Cards* away. Quietly smiling to herself she looked once again at the faded picture of *The Little Chapel*, reread Polly's note to Mrs. Brown and then tucked them inside the faded yellow paper and deposited them safely in a drawer inside the old wooden oak counter top. It proved to be a particularly busy day and little time for reflection until she was tucked up in her own bed at Lookout Retreat. Poppy marvelled over the little white pills, the homeopathic miracle medicine and the notion that milk from a dog

could prove to be such a Godsend to humanity in their greatest need. She reflected upon the word *joy*. This had been such an uplifting, positive story. Tonight, she felt her spirit truly soaring above the mundane and all the negative thoughts and news that often pulled her down into a place of frustration and a sense of hopelessness.



*Set upon Guernsey, spanning two world wars the life of a fictitious family is explored embracing joy, hardship and suffering of wartime. However, healing knowledge of homeopathic medicine and Bach flowers is also woven into its pages.*

## **The Magpie Cards**

By Sally Forrester

**Order the book from the publisher Booklocker.com**

**<https://booklocker.com/books/14019.html?s=pdf>**

**or from your favorite neighborhood  
or online bookstore.**