

ACHE

IS REPENTANCE.

Allister seems well. At one time I thought his lungs were fatally diseased, but I begin to believe I was entirely mistaken. In nearly twelve months since the worst symptoms left him, and he seems now as strong as I am,"

"But, if he could get out, it might save him from dying in this place of change and fog and rain, yet, unless he'll not keep well long," the old man said. So far as the war was concerned, Frank Allister had no opportunity of being killed, it might set him up for a long life. "How has he lived?" asked Mr. Street. "He has no money," answered the old man. "He has not worked at home lately. We have furnished him with some of the best of plans, and such and such like. He has had it also another house or two."

"That sister of his with him still?"

"She is a family friend. She has taken him into her home, and she is in a very comfortable situation as compared with the others."

"It all helps to bring grief to the mill, but I'm very anxious to come back, Mr. Street. I really don't see reason why he should be any more of a hindrance than he is."

"I am sure of doing his work now—as any clerk could."

"Will you guarantee that he shall be capable of doing it?"

"I could guarantee it,"

"course, it wishes were horses—you the old adage. Were I to take him perhaps in winter he would get ill, we to leave again. We can't afford interruptions."

"But indeed he would not. He passed rough last winter; improving in it."

winter was a mild one, except for a
extreme cold we had in November.
Winter may be a severe one. I tell
you, there's only one safeguard for
and that's a warmer climate. At
all, a more settled one. Such is my
and would not give it a 45°

strength for him, if you like to put it that way. I am sure you would be surprised how strong he does appear to be. I am sure of this, and that he believes him-
self permanently and radically cured.

and very hard to him if I tell him I cannot take him back again. If my wish is to have him back—that is a personal matter of it—have Dr. Street. "I see you want it," he said Oswald. "I wish him back as a matter of personal liking and affection."

"Let Allister come back at once. I'll come on Monday."

er, and encountering Mrs. Bennet's passage with a hearth-broom
d.
ake the tray away, gentlemen?"
odded, and the woman went up-
face and her temper as crusty as
uld be.

“I wonder how they’d like to be cleaning to do, and to be called the mortal hours in the midst of it! Luck if it’s a minute, and I was my work at 1—and if it’s 1

I'd like to know what is. I've
ing since; how can I, dressed up
them? and I'm sure—my! what
lined sentence, given utterance
Benn in her surprise, had refer-
mutton-chop dish, on which her

Well, I'd not own to such
was gentlefolks, I sent 'em up
or I don't forget the trimming I
piping the number that

ordered—never supposing they'd meant two of them chops to come for Mr. Oswald Cray's dinner; done for him, warmed up. And demobilised!—and I must dance to that butcher's—and Benn something with his tea, as he's

ing out without his dinner!—
all the lower part of the house
and got my things to change
wonder the world do go on!"
the tray down; but what with
other things, she could not
once, and had to make two
It did not add to

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