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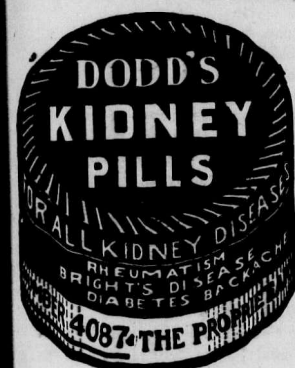
# SATAN SANDERSON

-BY-

HALLIE ERMINE RIVES

Hugh started. A sickly pallor came to his hollow cheek. That salient chin, that mouth close-gripped—those words, vengeful, vindictive, the utterance of a wrath so mighty in the feeble frame as to seem almost uncouth—smote him was a mastering terror.

Hugh started. A jail-bird! That was what his father called him! Did he mean to give him up, then? To have him arrested—tried—put in prison? When he had vanced the risks of discovery, he had imagined a scene, bitter anger—perhaps even disinheritance. His marriage to Jessica he had reckoned, would cover that extremity. But he had never thought of something worse. Now, for the first time, he saw himself in the grip of that impersonal thing known as the law—handcuffs on his wrists, riding through the streets in the "Black-Maria"—standing at the dock an out-cast, gazed at with contempt by all the town—at length sitting in a cell somewhere, no more pleasures or gaming, or fine linen, but dressed in convict's dress, loose, ill-shapen, hanging on him like bags, with broad black-and-white stripes. He had been through the penitentiary once. He remembered the sullen, stolid faces, the rough hob-nailed shoes, the cropped heads! His



mind turned from the picture with fear and loathing. In the thoughts that were darting through Hugh's mind, there was none now of regret or of pity for Jessica. His fear was the fear of the trapped spoiler, who discerns capture and its consequent penalties in the patrolling bull's-eye flashed upon him. He studied his father with hunted, calculating eyes, as the old man turned to Harry Sanderson.

"Sanderson," said David Stires, once more in his even, deadly voice, "Jessica is waiting in the room above this. She will not understand the delay. Will you go to her? Make some excuse—any you can think of—till I come."

Harry nodded and left the room, shutting the door carefully behind him, carrying with him the cowering help-less look which Hugh saw himself left alone with his implacable judge. What to say to her? How to say it?

As he passed the hall, the haste of demolition had already begun. Florist's assistants were carrying the plants from the east room, and through the open door a man was rolling up the red carpet. The cluttered emptiness struck him with a sense of fateful symbolism—as though it shadowed forth the shattering of Jessica's ordered dream of happiness. He mounted the stair as if a pack swung from his shoulders. He passed a moment at the door, then knocked, turned the knob, and entered.

There, in the middle of the blue-hung room, in her wedding-dress, with her bandaged eyes, and her bridal bouquet on the table, stood Jessica. Twilight was near, but even so, all the shutters were drawn save one, through which a last glow of refracted sunlight sifted to fall upon his face. Her hands were clasped before her, he could hear her breathing—the full hurried respiration of expectancy.

Then, while his hand closed the door behind him, a thing unexpected,

anomalous, happened—a thing that took him utterly by surprise as if the solid floor had yawned before him. Slim fingers tore away the broad encircling bandage. She started forward. Her arms were flung about his neck.

"Hugh! . . . Hugh!" she cried. "My husband!" The paleness was stricken suddenly from Harry's face. An odd, dazed color—a flush of mortification, of self-reproach flooded it from chin to brow. Despite himself he had felt his lips molding to an answering kiss beneath her own. He drew a gasping breath his hand nervously caught the bandage replaced it over the eyes and tied it tightly, putting down her protesting hands.

"Oh, Hugh," she pleaded, "not for a moment—not when I am so happy. Your face is what I dreamed it must be! Why did you make me wait so long? And I can see Hugh! I can really see! Let it stay off, just for one little moment more!"

He held her hands by force. "Jessica—wait!" he said in a broken whisper. "You must not take it off again—not now!"

An incredible confusion enveloped him—his tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth. Not only had the painful contortions nonplussed him and horrified the realization of what she must presently be told. It had laid a careless hand upon his own secret, touching it with an almost vulgar mockery. It had overthrown in an instant the barricades he had been piling. The pressure of those lips on his hand sent coursing to the furthest recesses of his nature a great wave which dikes nor locks might ever again forbid.

Her look, leaping to his face, had not noted the ministerial dress, nor in the ecstasy of the moment did she catch the agitation in his voice; or if she did, she attributed it to a feeling like her own. She was laughing lightly, while he stood trembling slightly, holding himself with an effort.

"What a dear goose you are!" she said. "The light didn't hurt them—indeed, indeed! Only to think, Hugh! Your wife will have her sight! Do go and tell your father! He will be waiting to know!"

Harry made some incoherent reply. He was desperately anxious to get away—his thought was a snarl of tatters, threaded by one lucid purpose, to spare her coming self-abasement this sardonic humiliation. He did not think of a time in the future, when her error must naturally disclose itself. The target spelled Now. Not to tell her—not to let her know!

## Hospital for Sick Children

67 COLLEGE ST., TORONTO

Dear Mr. Editor:—

Your readers have probably had their appetite for statistics satiated during the past few months. Still they will, no doubt, want to know something of the work accomplished by the hospital to which they have so generously contributed in the past. They are shareholders in a Mission of Mercy. Their dividends are not paid in coin of the realm. May I trespass upon your space to outline what those dividends are?

Firstly, the daily average of children occupying cots in the Hospital for Sick Children was 255. The total cared for as in-patients was 6,397. That is equivalent to the population of a good-sized Ontario town.

And secondly, the out-patient department. This is a wing of offices given over to consultation and minor operations. On an average there were 190 young callers a day.

That is where the dividends are earned—in the difference made in the lives of thousands of children through the voluntary contributions which render it possible to maintain an institution where pallid cheeks become rosy and twisted limbs are made straight.

If that were not dividend enough, one might try to estimate the enormous salvage of child-life in Ontario which has taken place since "Sick Kids" doctors and "Sick Kids" nurses have been going out through this province equipped with a knowledge of children's diseases, which they could not get except in some such highly specialized and pre-eminently efficient institution as the Hospital for Sick Children.

On this year's service the Hospital expended \$345,126 and finds itself in the hole to the extent of \$134,234. What comes in around Christmas-time keeps the Hospital going. So long as the word "Christmas" retains its original significance could any charity possibly enlist more of the sympathy of your readers or entitle itself to more of their support?

Faithfully yours,  
I. E. ROBERTSON,  
Chairman Appeal Committee

A MINUTE OF MERCY COSTS  
FIFTY CENTS

## DOCTOR ADVISED AN OPERATION

Read Alberta Woman's Experience with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Provost, Alberta.—"Perhaps you will remember sending me one of your books a year ago. I was in a bad condition and would suffer awful pains at times and could not do anything. The doctor said I could not have children unless I went under an operation. I read testimonials of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in the papers and a friend recommended me to take it. After taking three bottles I became much better and now I have a bonny baby girl four months old. I do my housework and help a little with the chores. I recommend the Vegetable Compound to my friends and am willing for you to use this testimonial letter."—Mrs. A. A. ADAMS, Box 64, Provost, Alberta.

**Pains in Left Side**  
Lachine, Quebec.—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound because I suffered with pains in my left side and back and with weakness and other troubles women so often have. I was this way about six months. I saw the Vegetable Compound advertised in the 'Montreal Standard,' and I have taken four bottles of it. I was a very sick woman and I feel so much better I would not be without it. I also use Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash. I recommend the medicines to my friends and I am willing for you to use my letter as a testimonial."—Mrs. M. W. ROSE, 580 Notre Dame St., Lachine, Quebec.

He almost ran from the room and down the stairs.

## CHAPTER VIII

"Am I My Brother's Keeper?"

At the foot of the landing he paused, drawing a deep breath as if to lift a weight of air. He needed to get his bearings—to win back a measure of calmness.

As he stood there, Hugh came from the library. His head was thrown down and he went furtively and slinkingly, as though dreading even a casual regard. He snatched his hat from the rack, passed out of the house, and was swallowed up in the dusk. David Stires had followed his son into the hall. He answered the gloomy question in Harry's eyes:

"He is gone," he said, "and I hope to Heaven I may never see his face again!" Then, slowly and feebly, he ascended the stair.

The library windows were shadowed by shrubbery, and the sunset splintered against the wall in a broad stripe like cloth of crimson silk. Harry leaned his hot forehead against the chill marble of the mantelpiece and gazed frowningly at the dark Korean desk—an antique gift of his own to David Stires—where the slip of paper still lay that had spelled such ruin and shame. From the rear of the house came the pert, tittering laugh of a maid bantering an expression, and the heavy, rattling thump of rolled trunks. There was something ghastly in the incomprehension of all the house save the four chief actors of the melodrama. The travesty was over, the curtain rung down to clapping of hands, the scene-shifters clearing away—and behind all, in the wings, unseen by any spectator, the last act of a living tragedy was rushing to completion.

Ten, fifteen minutes passed, and old David Stires reentered the room, went feebly to his wheel-chair and sat down. He sat a moment in silence, looking at a portrait of Jessica—a painting by Altscheler, that hung above the mantel—in a light fleecy gown, with one white rose in the bronze hair. When he spoke the body's infirmity had become all at once pitifully apparent. The fiery wrath seemed suddenly to have burned itself out, leaving only dead ashes behind. His eyes had shrunk away into almost empty sockets. The authority had faded from his face. He was all at once a feeble, gentle-looking, ill, old man, with white mustaches and uncertain hands, dressed in ceremonial broadcloth.

"I have told her," he said presently, in a broken voice. "You are kind Sanderson, very kind. God help us!" "What has God to do with it?" fell a voice behind them. Harry faced about. It was Jessica, as he had first seen her in the upper room, with the bandage across her eyes.

"What has God to do with it?" she repeated in a hard tone. "Perhaps Mr. Sanderson can tell us. It is in his line!"

"Please—" said Harry.

He could not have told what he would have asked, though the accent was almost one of entreaty. The harsh satire touched his sacred calling; coming from her lips it affronted at once his religious instinct and his awakened love. It was all he said, for he stopped suddenly at sight of her face, pain-frosted, white as the folded cloth.

"Oh," she said, turning toward the voice, "I remember what you said that night, right here in this very room—that you sowed your wild oats at college with Hugh—that they were a 'tidy crop!' You were strong, and he

was weak. You led, and he followed. You were Satan Sanderson, Abbot of The Saints, the set in which he learned gambling. Why, it was in your rooms that he played his first game of poker—he told me so himself! And now he has gone to be an outcast, and you stand in the pulpit in a cassock, you, the Reverend Henry Sanderson! You helped to make him what he has become! Can you undo it?"

Harry was looking at her with a stricken countenance. He had no answer ready. The wave of confusion that had submerged him when he had restored the bandage to her eyes had again welled over him. He stood shocked and confounded. His hand fumbled at his lapel, and the white carnation, crushed by his fingers, dropped at his feet.

"I am not excusing Hugh, now," she went on wildly. "He has gone beyond excuse or forgiveness. He is as dead to me as though I had never known him, though the word you spoke an hour ago made me his wife. I shall have that to remember all my life—that, and the one moment I had waited for so long, for my first sight of his face, and my bride's kiss! I must carry it with me always. I can never wipe that face from my brain, or the sting of that kiss from my lips—the kiss of a forger—of my husband!"

The old man groaned. "I didn't know he had seen her!" he said helplessly. "Jessica, Hugh's sin is not Sanderson's fault!"

In her bitter words was an injustice as passionate as her pain, but for her life she could not help it. She was a woman writhed and torn, tortured beyond control, numb with anguish. Each quivering tendril of feeling was a live protest, every voice of her soul was crying out against the fact. In those dreadful minutes when her mind took in the full extent of her calamity, Hugh's past intimacy and present grim contrast with Harry Sanderson had mercilessly thrust themselves upon her, and her agony had seared the swift antithesis on her brain.

To Harry Sanderson, however, her words fell with a wholly disproportionate violence. It had never occurred to him that he himself had been individually and actively the cause of Hugh's downfall. The accusation pierced through the armor of self-esteem that he had linked and riveted with

## Glycerine Mixture Prevents Appendicitis

Simple glycerine, buckthorn bark, etc., as mixed in Adlerika is excellent to guard against appendicitis. Most medicines act only on lower bowel but Adlerika acts on BOTH upper and lower bowel and removes all gasses and poisons. Brings out matter you never thought was in your system. Helps any case of gas on the stomach in TEN minutes. E. A. CAUGHELL & CO.



Figured in Historic Sod Turning

This antique looking wheelbarrow and spade do not appear capable of very hefty service now, but nearly half a century ago they carried the weight of a very important event—the ceremony marking the commencement of the construction of the Canada Central Railway through Pembroke, Ontario. Following the ceremony, the spade with which the first sod was turned and enthusiastic crowd, were presented to Miss M. P. Moffat, daughter of the Reeve of the village, the lady who performed the ceremony of the naming of the road and christening it with a bottle of champagne. They recently passed into the hands of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which company took over the Canada Central lines in 1881, and will be added to a museum of relics connected with the early days of the railroad which is being formed in Montreal.

So much for the actual ceremony. The Pembroke "Observer" for September 3rd 1875 says: "The assembly then adjourned to a spacious booth that had been specially erected for the occasion, where champagne and beer had been provided for the purpose of drinking several toasts which had been previously agreed upon, by the committee; but a number of individuals, apparently more intent on drinking champagne than doing honor to any had some to be shamed. The Pembroke Brass Band was present and performed some popular airs."

## ONE 50c BOX BROUGHT HEALTH

Years of Constipation Ended By "Fruit-a-tives"

### The Wonderful Fruit Medicine

Anyone who suffers with miserable health; who is tortured with Headaches; and who is unable to get any real pleasure out of life; will be interested in this letter of Mrs. Martha de Wolfe of East Ship Harbor, N.S.

Mrs. de Wolfe says, "For years I was a dreadful sufferer from Constipation and Headaches and I was miserable in every way. Nothing in the way of medicine seemed to help me. Then I tried 'Fruit-a-tives' and the effect was splendid; and after taking only one box, I was completely relieved and now feel like a new person."

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At dealers or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa, Ont.

habit. The same pain of mind that I had spurred him, on that long-ago night, to the admission she had heard, had started to new life a bared, a scathed, a rekindling sin.

"It is all true," he said. It was the inveterate voice of conscience that spoke. "I have been deceiving myself. I was my brother's keeper! I see it now."

She did not catch the deep compunction in the judicial utterance. In her agony the very composure and restraint cut more deeply than silence. She stood an instant quivering, then turned, and feeling blindly for the door swept from their sight.

White and breathless, Jessica climbed the stair. In her room, she took a key from a drawer and ran swiftly to the attic-studio. She unlocked the door with hurried fingers, tore the wrappings from the tall white figure of the Prodigal Son, and found a heavy mallet. She lifted this with all her strength, and showered blow upon blow on the hard clay, her face and hair and shimmering train powdered with the white dust, till the statue lay on the floor, a heap of tumbled fragments.

Fateful and passionate as the scene in the library had been, her going left a pall of silence in the room. Harry Sanderson looked at David Stires with pale intentness.

"Yet I would have given my life," he said in a low voice, "to save her this!"

Something in the tone caught the old man. He glanced up.

"I never guessed!" he said slowly. "I never guessed that you loved her too!"

But Harry had not heard. He did not even know that he had spoken aloud.

Continued on Page Eight