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THE LOVE STORY OF ALISON BARNARD

KATHARINE TYNAN (Author of " The Handsome Brandons," &c.)

"She doesn't get out of it much before ten o'clock, but she goes, and hurst. Pincher slinks in, and I give him a bit of food, and we go to bed. Only Poll's here at six in the morning, and all the childher at her

"She must not come to-morrow

The old woman looked at her with an expression made up of hope and tear on her face.

"I daren't do it, Miss," she said in whisper. "She'd screech and clap and, drive me out of my mind, so she would. You see she thinks she's doing the world and all, the poor crea-

"Is there anyone you would like in For an instant varying expressions

chased each other over the nearly blind face. Then something of illumination came.

'There's one, Judy McCann Guillan. She lives in the very last house in the village. She's a redheaded northern woman, real clean and contriving, not like poor Poll that manages everybody out of their senses. Poll's hair only makes for bein' sandy, and the managin' is gone wrong in her. I think she'd be afeared of her life of Judy. Judy's a terribly quiet, civil.spoken woman, but has the name of a temper. I've never seen it myself."

"I'll see if Judy can't be here before six to-morrow morning. Then she can send Mrs. Murphy about her business. Perhaps you'd like Judy to stay with you for a little while till you were sure that Poll wouldn't come back. Afterwards she could just come and see to you of morn-

"I wouldn't know Judy was in the house. She's an awful soft-spoken woman. I'd like her for awhile till Poli was off it. Then I'd just as all the rustic concerns. soon be my lone, myself and Pincher. Do you know what it is, Miss Alison, love, to like the loneliness better thin anyone else when you can't have the one you like for company?" "I know it," said Alison softly.

Mrs. Donegan peered at her from her dim eyes.

give," she said in a whisper. Well, I'll see Mrs. McGwillan on pathy. Now would you like her to a fare as would have made him touch in the Forest wood, a ravine through come to you to-night? Then you'd his hat to a man; with a woman which a stream flows that supplies be sure

comes in the morning." sleeping better," said Mrs. Donegan an addition to the sum. squeezed me out of it."

blame myself that I did not come things with the man." Why didn't someone else in-

"Sure, they couldn't know, dear, Duchess. the misery it was to me. Sometimes I do be thinking I'm a quare unrea- ter. the way from the village to is it a 6 or a 0?"

thought I'd be missing her!" tage, apparently

great excitement. Donegan," she cried. "Just lepped small parcels.
out it did from the bit of coal I He escorted her to her carriage, arout it did from the bit of coal I He escorted her to her carriage, ar-homely, plain, business man."
was burning to boil the clothes. Did ranged her parcels in the rack, and "And his son? How does he take you ever see a nater-shaped coffin then lifting his hat as though nor that? 'Tisn't for me it is, for episode were closed, was about to trial." never a Murphy that died but was leave her. followed by the banshee, and I'd have | "Unless you wish to smoke," said heard her skreekin' if 'twas Larry. her Grace hurriedly, "there is no reathem. I believe he has the heart to drop his h's too in order to keep do is to let me and the childher in the same carriage." it was there he'd drop in first it ready begun. 'twas only from habit. I'll take the 'My dear,' said the Duchess to with pleasure. childher down with me and we'll Lady Sellinger, "the man is thor-

as you please.

contemptuously. 'Mrs. Donegan is tired I'm afraid, Mrs. Murphy,'- she said suavely. "I good blood there—you take my word no end of his pater. Yet they're think you had better go home now, for it, my dear." and take the children and the washing with you. Kitty is no more dead time enough to talk about them.

Mrs. Murphy's part, Alison succeedfiling down the road to the village.

it till you hear Mrs. McGuillan's

In the days that followed Alison not able to return to Glenlore for some time

CHAPTER XI. The Finger of the Lord.

quet within reach of Mineing Lane guns to join them for the twelfth. who had returned in the sider might have supposed.

in at the open windows of Hazel-

Montrose at the Vicarage, Sir Andrew Oliphant at the Knoll; for But if the these London had practically no ex-

Mr. John and Mr. Peter Bosanquet even broached the matter to her should have found an entrance into friend, Mr. Peter. The Duchess' this very exclusive set. There were pride was not on the surface, at a good many smart city men who least with her friends; but she was had houses in the neighborhood, who were met every afternoon at the 8.15 down from London Bridge by very smart traps and very smart grooms, with high stepping horses that put to shame the old-fashioned equipages of the Duchess and Lord Sellinger.

The city men did not attain to even a nodding acquaintance with the great folk of the neighborhood, unless it might be Mr. Montrose, and he, as Vicar, was accessible to everyone, whatever his or her station. The city men lived at Midham, but for all they belonged to Midham life they might as well have been at the north pole.

The Duchess and Lady Sellinger and Lady Margaret Oliphant and the Misses Wharton were in and out of the picturesque cottages on Midham Green all hours of the day, and called everybody by their names, and knew how many teeth the babies had and how many the old men had to eat their food with, and how the

The Duchess was in the first instance responsible for the introduction of the Bosanquets into her very exclusive circle. It happened that Mr. Peter intervened when a red-faced London cabman was being rude to the Duchess, who in her dowdy alpaca and bonnet that cer-"Ah now, and do you know it, tainly needed renewing, had been as avourneen? And I thought it 'twas far as possible in the cabman's estitainly needed renewing, had been as yourself had all the world could mation from her exalted station.

Her Grace knew as well as any woman the value of a shilling, although my homeward way," said Alison, she could be generous when she lik-turning away from the delicate sym-ed. She had paid the cabman such she'd be here before Poll of the helpless elderly sort, such as the lake. the Duchess looked, it suggested that I wouldn't say but what I'd be a little disagreeableness might bring

"There's room for me "Allow me, your Grace," said Mr.
I wouldn't be feeling her Peter at the moment when the cabin the house. 'Twas like as if Poll' man's flow of eloquence had caused

"If you have anything to say What am I to do?" sonable sort of an ould body, for say it to me, my good man—and one Poll means well, the creature! Think of the station-police. Your numit of her carrying that tub of clothes ber, I think-ar, thank you-487600-

wash them here with me because she, At this moment the industherous had heard conferred on his dowdy woman came hurrying from the cot- passenger, had sprung to his box and such an old dear and so pathetic, for

move in, for sight nor sound of Kit- Mr. Peter bowed more deeply than ty you'll ne'er hear nor see. I could before, and took a seat opposite the leave word for Larry at Corrigan's Duchess. During the short journey public-house at the Cross-roads, for, to Midham he accomplished that con-alive or dead, if he was coming back quest of her heart which he had al-, ly.

childher down with me and we'll Lady Sellinger, "the man is thor-carry back the few bits with us, oughly well-bred. More than that, she said. "I hope you will be and we'll be as nate and comfortable there is a je ne sais quoi about his friends. Percy has ever so many hand to the ploughshare he must not manner which is charming if un-Eng- friends, and there are always troops Alison took the cinder from her lish. He and his brother will be of them at the Towers when Percy is hand, and tossed it out in the field acquisitions to our circle. And the at home. It shows how much deyoung man, the nephew of Mr. Peter, cency there is in human nature after looks thoroughly well-bred. There is all, for Percy says they all think

that accomplished youth, Paul, were treated Mr. Denbam well. He simthan I am. As for those other armade free of the country society, ply adores his father. I believe I'm rangements, to-morrow will be quite which was captivated by the old-time enough to talk about them." fashioned courtliness of the elders, you how I felt when the poor old fel-Despite offended protestations on and found nothing amiss in Paul.

ed in routing ber, and did not de- youth in the circle. The Duchess's Yet auntie's not a snob, you know part herself till she had seen Poll and one son had died in boyhood, the If she could see him as I see him, her washing and the silent children Sellingers were childless; Sir Andrew she would forget the dropped h's." and Lady Oliphant had but an elderly "Just bolt the door on the inside," daughter; the parson was unmarried; she said to Mrs. Donegan, "in case the Misses Wharton were a couple of she should return. And don't open pretty faded spinsters. None of these Denham millions were made at no said. could be fluttered by the introduction man's expense but in honest trade and had some hatred as its basis. Mine had of graceful, dark-eyed Paul Bosanquet commerce. It is a pity they are will be built up on love." into the circle. Not so Lady Rose so far off. If he were a friend of One of his organizers, M often wondered how Poll had fared at Carmichael, the Duchess's niece, who ours-Judy's hands. However, she was was the one bit of youth in the circle

for the sake of his elders. later than they had anticipated. The in town, but it never seemed to come never think of anyone but Percy." first week of August still found them to anything nor did Lady Rose seem going to and fro between Hazelhurst, very anxious that it should. She alone,—the elder Bosanquets adhered not much longer be delayed, since two balls in winter, she gardened, they expected a small party of she cycled; and seemed to find Forest a far less dull abode than the out-

latter days of July, found Midham She and Paul Bosanquet had bepleasant enough, even though his bleast friends, although she chaffed Paul over his devotion to music it, when I was a young fellow and summer, but Surrey was less enervating than usual after Ireland; and the arts, and openly wondered there was a young lady even less book the could be so soft as to like pretty than one we know of, to keep Hazelhurst was on the side of the range to be found in Eastern England. Below the valley smoked with leat. The wind from the sea blew over a couple of counties, losing of its bracing qualities by the way, but still fresh and pure, on the side of the poetry. Perhaps those sentiments of a mountain nearest approach to a mountain a girl with Lady Rose's pink cheeks a girl with Lady Rose's pink cheeks and black eyes, white teeth and black curls, to say nothing of a frank and that was dering neight turn Sir Gerard aside from his path.

"Hau noticed the bag for the and that was dering neight turn Sir Gerard aside from his path.

"His thoughts, his life, must be undivided," said he. "If any woman to him." Paul Bosanquet said sadly, "but I do not life athered things, like women and chilled the space of the last of our patriots and the ruin it path.

"His thoughts, his life, must be undivided," said he. "If any woman to him." You have been letting loose so blood life, would be Miss Barnard. She is as beautiful as Deirder. But any woman would be a hindrance to him. I hope he will treat that Alison Barnard in the waddering once at the sight of the bag for the day. "How do we know what souls divided," said he. "If any woman to him." You have been letting loose so blood life, would be Miss Barnard. She is as beautiful as Deirder. But any woman would be a hindrance to him. I hope he will treat that Alison Barnard in the turn Sir Gerard aside from his path.

"He lived in the space of the bag for the day." "How do we know what souls would have been letting loose so blood life," said he. "If any woman to him."

"If wou and the turn Sir Gerard aside from his path.

"His thoughts, his life, must be undivided," said he. "If any woman to him."

"If wo have been letting loose so blood life, would be Miss Barnard. She is as beautiful as Deirder a lear that Alison Barnard in the wide in the sight of the bag for the bag for the and the turn Sir Gerard aside from his path.

"He lived in the space of the bag for the bag for the bag for th

seemed to find them easy to endure.

He might have found Midram very dull without Lady Rose. As it was "As I happen to know, the in these days of later summer they Duchess-" were pretty constantly together, yet their companionship was so much in all men's sight that it excited little "My son," said his father, even

tocrats to stand very much in awe to be a great deal in your comof them. It would have been nothing incongruous in the mating of the descendant of a hundred earls we do not desire to pry into your with the son of an unpedigreed city secrets, but we must think of merchant. However, it had hardly the liveliness to gossip about its betters as an Irish village would have Paul. "As a matter of fact I am done. So Paul played cricket a cou- in her confidence. You will under-Although London was barely thirty ple of times a week on the village stand father, and my uncle Peter miles away, the country about Mid-green, while Lady Rose kept the score will understand that so much is said hurst was inhabited by a number of and afterwards dispensed tea in a lit- in confidence. Lady Rose and old-fashioned aristocratic families, tle tent; there were times even when perfectly understand each other." who were little affected by the nearness of London. The Duchess at Forest, the Lord of the Manor at Oakhurst, Lord and Lady Sellinger at Sellinger, the Misses Wharton at the Lodge, the Rev. and Honorable Percy Montrose at the Vicerose Sir An Alexander of the Duchess at Torounders with the village maidens or to captain a scratch team of them against the Midham Eleven. They cycled and rode and fished, and Lodge, the Rev. and Honorable Percy Montrose at the Vicerose Sir An Alexander of the Duches at Duches at Torounders with the village maidens or to captain a scratch team of them Mr. Peter Bosanquet. "Please don't, Uncle Peter. I am not at liberty to let you understand each other."

But if the village did not take much notice, the Duchess knew perfectly well what she was about.

In those early days in August she "Then ask old Denham of the Tow-

It was somewhat remarkable that In those early days in August she ting her niece were so few that Lady Rose's marriage must be something of a mesalliance in her aunt's eyes.

> "Your nephew and my niece seem on excellent terms," she said abrupt-

> Mr. Peter bowed his charming old head. "Your Grace honors the boy," he

> said, "by the confidence you have placed in him." The Duchess smiled, broadly human and humorous. "That is all very fine, my

man," she said; "but I don't place too much confidence in young people. I have foreseen that it is not out of the range of possibilities that this should fall in love with

Mr. Peter wondered what was com-"Thank God, I'm not one to bow the knee to mammon. I've no pa-

tience with the new ways. But if they were to take a fancy to each other I should not oppose it." She looked at Mr. Peter as though she expected him to be overcome; then extended her hand to him like a queen to her subject; as the

ject might, Mr. Peter stooped and kissed it. The Duchess was well-pleased. There was something about the Bosanquet manners which made an elderly, plain-faced woman feel "The fi young and beautiful; and even a duch said one. ess may be pardoned for feeling the sensation pleasant. At the moment Lady Rose and Paul

Bosanquet were leaning over the bridge which crosses a little ravine

beauty, giving it the touch of delica- partnership. cv it needed.

people to stop and grin at the en- have known all about it long ago if "Kitty bever meant you to suffer trance to Victoria Station. "If your it hadn't been for you. Indeed I belike this," said Alison tenderly. "I Grace will walk on I will settle lieve at the back of her mind she does suspect it, and wants it to be you "I have given him half-a-crown so that it may not be he. She's from Portman Square," said the been so good to me all my life that I hate to keep her in the dark. But "More than his fare," said Mr. Pe- she would show Percy the door.

"If she knew your heart was in "It will have to go on because my heart is in it; but it will be a fright-But the cabman overwhelmed indeed ful blow to her. You can't ima-by the high-sounding title which he gine her frozen disgust when poor old Mr. Denham called on her. He's ge, apparently laboring under driven away with great rapidity.

"Allow me," said Mr. Peter again, the stars if he could; but there is no denying that he plays havoc with his

h's, and looks just what he is, a the the dropped h's? It must be a

"Like an angel," said Lady Rose, flushing. "He never seems to hear him company, only one can't very well do that, can one? It would sound rude."

"He must be no end of a good fellow," said Bosanquet appreciative-

Lady Rose flushed again, this tin...

They would So the pair of City merchants, and not be Percy's friends unless they him at Dalmains at the time arlow and all his offers of friendship There was a singular absence of were received so chillingly by auntie. "I believe my father and Uncle him, as it was said, the work of Peter know Mr. Denham slightly. I his department would be light. "Mine

Peter know Mr. Denham slightly. I his department would be fight.

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Powder is better than other so not pluck a flower lest perhaps it had a sentient life to feel its violation.

Powder is better than other so had a sentient life to feel its violation.

"Auntie would be affected, I bebefore Paul Bosanquet was accepted, lieve, by your uncle's opinion. swears by Mr. Peter Bosanquet. Poor not to be routed out of the ample Lady Rose was a black-eyed, viv- dear, I feel it is a base deception to room overlooking a beautiful stretch acious girl, who made up for her lack let her think that I am safe from of opportunities for gaiety by taking those horrid Denhams, as she calls allotted to Sir Gerard for his host of spirits. Naiads and dryads Matters of pressing business im-portance kept the brothers Bosan- The Duchess had talked vaguely for know how to undeceive her till she several years of giving Rose a season comes round, for of course I should That evening, when they were left

their Surrey residence, and London, rode, she drove, she hunted, when she to the old-fashioned custom of havtheir moving north could got the chance, she danced at one or ing fruit and port wine on the poiished mahoganv-Peter Pesanouet began rallying his nophew in a way that showed the slightest possible shade of anxiety underneath.

"You can endure Surrey in August.

omment.

Midham was too familiar with arisken, "Lady Rose has been permitted

day not at liberty to let you understand anything. Only—I believe the Duch-

ers as one of her fellow-guests. Make her feel that he is a person you hold in honor." "Why so he is," said Mr. John Bos-

anquet.
"So does everyone who knows anything of his record," added Mr

"He has a son in the-the Lancers," went on Paul in a colorless voice "A splendid fellow I believe. Lady Rose used to meet him occasionally visiting about the country till the Duchess discovered it, and forbade The MANCHESTER FIRE the friendship."

The two old men looked at each other. "You-do not mind?" asked Mr. Pe-

ter, with averted eyes. Paul's color and laughter were enough of answer. "I-left my heart in Ireland. I have been meaning to tell you. I have said nothing to her. I could not till I had told you first. Had ever any man such a pater and such an uncle? She is-" He paused, and they looked at him silent with expectation.

"Miss Barnard. She lives at Castle Barnard, the nearest great house to Kylinoe. "Castle Barnard!"

Something in the two voices startled him. "She is everything that is beautiful and desirable," he began, as though his love were menaced. "We know, we know," cried father

and uncle together. When he had left them they looked in each other's eyes. "The finger of the Lord, brother, "The finger of the Lord, brother,"

> CHAPTER XII. A Mistake in a Team.

replied the other.

Kylinoe had found a tenant or tenants. Early in the autumn - there was an Autumn session of Parliament Lady Rose had been making a con- that year-Paul Bosanquet was infession which had cast a veil of soft- formed that his father and uncle had ness over her somewhat pronounced decided to take James Lock into

"We trained James ourselves," "You see," she was saying, "she'd said Peter Bosanquet. "He has been with us from that high. No one could have at heart the honor and interest of Bosanquet and Bosanquet more than he. Henceforth the firm will be Bosanquet, Bosanquet and Lock. When we are gone-yes, please God, that is a long way off; yet I am sixty-three and your father sixtyfive-when we are gone you must still be a partner. James Lock will look after your interests faithfully till the time comes when you have a son old enough to take his place in

the house. The old men were inclined to take a holiday. There was hunting to be had in Ireland. They had hunted at least once a week for many years, and had kept their youthful looks denying that he plays havoc with his and agility by never neglecting their morning ride before they were car-ried away to the city. There was hunting to be had in Ireland,-excellent hunting they believed. And Ky inoe was in the market. The only drawback was that they would not be able to see so much of their boy, must be in attendance on his chief at Westminster. But he would come to them at Christmas. Easter he was to receive a partnership in the firm. At Easter he might think about being a married man if the work could spare him. He need not expect, the old men reminded him, that he could be Sir Gerard Molyneux's man so completely once he had a wife to consider. They reminded him that having put his

be too quick in looking back. He conjectured that the old men wanted to know the girl of his choice for themselves, unhampered by his presence. Those smoking summer days at Midham were the last of his idleness. Sir Gerard joined Sir. Gerard shot like a ranged. sportsman during the hours the guns were afield: Outside those hours he claimed his young secretary's attention with the remorselessness of the born enthusiast. His plans seemed to be extending in all directions. If he were to be the Minister of a special department to be created for

One of his organizers, Mr. Grace, whom Paul had met at the time of the election, joined them at Dai- ligious in his way, and yet shocked She mains for a short time. But he was of loch and moorland which had been was inhabited for him by a whole work, unless it were for a long, lone- haunted for him the silent loch and ly walk over the moorland while the the deep woods; and there were anguns were out, or occasionally a gels in heaven, and elemental spirits quet or his Chief.

ramble in company with Paul Bosan- everywhere. He lived in the sparest way on veg-Anvone at once so retiring and so brothers Posanovet, who had discovself-possessed as Mr. Grace could not cred in this most unlikely person, He world sit wonderful business faculty; and that be imposined through a med without uttering a increased, if possible, their respect word, while his bright eyes lost no- for Sir Gerard. "I want a word, while his bright eyes lost no- for Sir Gerard. "I want a man thing of what happened. He looked of imagination to do my work,"-the thing of what happened. He looked of imagination of "Fortunately he like a creature of the woodland in latter had said. "Fortunately he like a creature of the woodland in latter had said. "Fortunately he like a creature of the woodland in latter had said. "Fortunately he his bair and beard that were thick has also the business training. and soft and heavy as fur. He had strange, quaint, beautiful imaginings, when he could be prevailed up.

To Paul Bosanquet Mr. Grace im-To Paul Bosanquet Mr. Grace imparted a fear that Alison Barnard on to share them, and that was not

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not fall in love with her. Paul Bosanquet thought of Tessa, and replied that he was not sure whether after all the happiness of the individual ought not to come before

the happiness of the race.
"Those two," he said, "have perhaps a greater capacity for happiness than a countryside of enriched peasants.

Mr. Grace's bright eyes rebuked 'Happiness!'' he repeated.

have all thousands of lives to be hap-The thing is to lift others a step higher. He is made for a great benefactor of mankind. If he should mistake his vocation it would only mean unhappiness for him. make him happy if I could, for she is a noble creature; but she will be happier in lives to come for losing personal happiness in this. might turn Sir Gerard aside from his last of our patriots and the ruin it fess I dread women. Think of the