

The Unforgotten One

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 15.

been to me—all you are yet. I have brought you your roses as I always did; they are as white and pure and fragrant as your life."

Other footsteps came so quickly on Dr. Fritz's retreating ones that Nanny could not rise. It was Laddie this time—gay, careless, thoughtless Laddie.

"Roses? So Fritz has been here. I have brought you lilies, Avis. O Avis, I miss you so! You were so jolly and good—you understood a fellow so well. I had to come here to-night to tell you how much I miss you. It doesn't seem half home without you. Avis, I'm trying to be a better chap—more the sort of man you'd have me be. I've given the old set the go-by. I'm trying to live up to your standard. It would be easier if you were here to help me. When I was a kid it was always easier to be good for awhile after I'd talked things over with you. I've got the best mother a fellow ever had, but you and I were such chums, weren't we, Avis? I thought I'd just break down in there to-night and put a damper on everything by crying like a baby."

Laddie wheeled around with a start; but it was only Robert's two boys, who came shyly up to the grave.

"Hello, boys," said Laddie huskily. "So you've come to see her grave, too?"

"Yes," said Cecil gravely. "We—we just had to. We couldn't go to bed without coming. Oh, isn't it lonesome without Cousin Avis?"

"She was always so good to us," said Sid.

"She used to talk to us so nice," said Cecil. "But she liked fun, too."

"Boys," said Laddie solemnly, "never forget what Cousin Avis used to say to you. Never forget that you've got to grow up into men she'd be proud of."

They went away then, the boys and their boyish uncle; and when they had gone Nora came, stealing timidly through the shadows.

"O Avis," she whispered, "I want to see you so much. I want to tell you all about it—about him. You would understand so well. He is the best and dearest lover ever a girl had. You would think so, too. O Avis, I miss you so much. There is even a little shadow on my happiness because I can't talk it over with you in the old way. O Avis, it was dreadful to sit around the fire to-night and not see you. Perhaps you were there in spirit. I love to think you were, but I wanted to see you. You were always there to come home to before, Avis dear."

Sobbing, she went away. And then came Margaret—the grave, strong Margaret.

"Dear cousin, dear to me as a sister, it seemed to me that I must come to you here to-night. I cannot tell you how much I miss your wise, clear-sighted judgment, your wholesome companionship. A little son was born to me this past year, Avis. How glad you would have been, for you knew, as none other did, the bitterness of my childless heart. How we would have delighted to talk over my baby together and teach him wisely between us! Avis, Avis, your going made a blank that can never be filled for me."

Margaret was still standing there when the old people came.

"Father! Mother! Isn't it too late and chilly for you to be here now?"

"No, Margaret, no," said the mother.

"I couldn't go to my bed on Christmas Eve without coming to see Avis' grave. I brought her up from a baby—her dying mother gave her to me. She was as much my own

child as any of you. And oh, I miss her so. You only miss her when you come home, but I miss her all the time—every day and hour."

"We all miss her, mother," said the old father tremulously. "She was a good girl—Avis was a good girl. Good-night, Avis."

"Say not good-night but in some brighter clime bid her good-morning," quoted Margaret softly. "That was her own wish, you know. Let us go back now, dears."

When they had gone Nanny crept out from the shadows. It had not occurred to her that perhaps she ought not to have listened—she had been too shy to make her presence known. But her heart was full of joy.

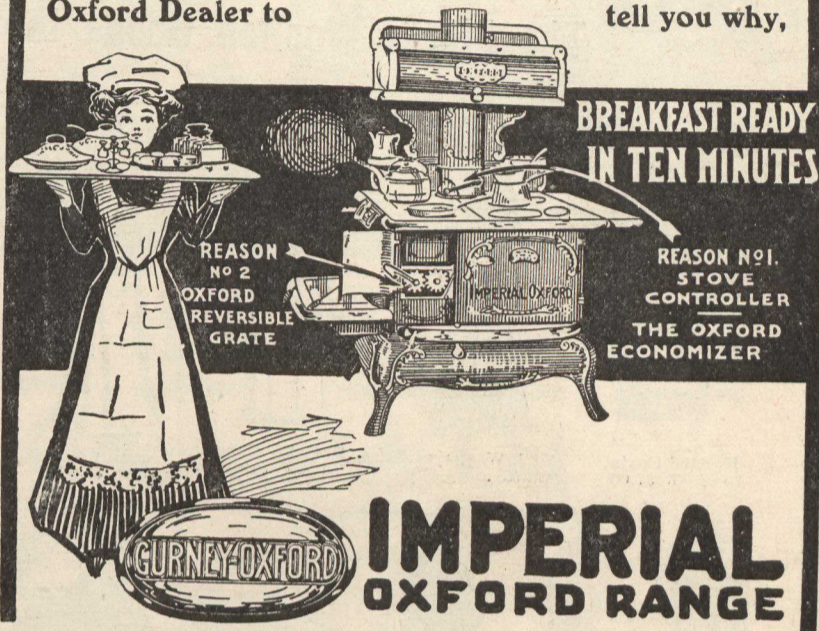
"Oh, Miss Avis, I'm so glad, I'm so glad. They haven't forgotten you after all, Miss Avis dear, not one of them. I'm sorry I was so cross at them; and I'm so glad the haven't forgotten you. I love them for it."

Then Nanny and the old dog went home together.

Mr. Harriman

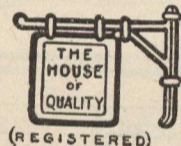
AMERICAN finance has a wearing effect upon the mind, perhaps even upon the morals of its victims; and among these victims Mr. Harriman was perhaps the most untiring. From 1870, when at the age of 22, he managed to buy a seat on the New York Stock Exchange, till 1898, when he bought the Union Pacific, he was predominantly a stock jobber and gambler. Since then he has been also a railway magnate. He will be remembered as an extremely successful and unscrupulous manipulator of Wall Street, and as the reconstructor of bankrupt railways into a big system. There can be little doubt that he made a large fortune legitimately by really improving the lines he got hold of. There can be no doubt that he made a still larger fortune by unscrupulously using trust funds subscribed for other purposes and pledging assets, on which he had no moral claim, to subserve his own private speculations. It is for this reason that President Roosevelt stigmatised him as "an undesirable citizen"; and the admiration we feel for his mind is marred by disgust for his morals. Mr. Harriman certainly stood on an altogether different plane from that of other American financiers, who in their days have swayed the market by share-manoeuvring and price-manipulation. He had, it must be conceded to his credit, a brilliant ability in organising, directing, and building-up the railroad business. Yet it was a rude shock to many British investors when the famous Illinois Central came under his control. To the old-fashioned holder of Illinois Central shares it must have seemed like some prosperous Hooley obtaining a predominant vote in the affairs of our own Great Western or North-Eastern Railway. By such achievements his figure came to stalk so proudly upon the Wall Street platform as to obscure all lesser lights from public view. The Morgans and the Standard behind the scenes, but the hero and the stage villain of the piece were combined in the person of Mr. Harriman, and this sudden removal, after his ceaseless activity, will leave a void which leave a void which it will take several months at least to fill. The inevitable, if humiliating, law that nobody is indispensable will, of course, operate in Mr. Harriman's case as surely as in that of the meanest plate-layer on one of his companies' lines. His mantle will fall on the shoulders of smaller Harrimans, and his work will be continued or undone by understudies hitherto concealed behind the prime actor-manager.—*London Economist.*

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