



## BRAIN WORKERS

### Require The Most Nourishing Food

in an easily digested form. O'Keefe's Special Extra Mild Ale comes under both heads. It has the rich nutriment of the choicest barley malt from which it is brewed. And its food properties are readily assimilated by the system.

# O'Keefe's

Special

EXTRA MILD

# ALE

The Beer That  
Is Always O.K.

Insist on having  
"O'KEEFE'S."

The O'Keefe Brewery  
Co. Limited, Toronto.

If your dealer will not supply  
you, phone us Main 758 or  
Main 4455, and we will see  
that you are supplied at  
once.

347

## SEASICKNESS AND TRAINSICKNESS

A Preventative-Corrective

Be Happy  
And Well  
While  
Traveling

### Mothersill's Seasick Remedy

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded.

Officially adopted by Steamship Companies  
on both fresh and salt water—endorsed by  
highest authorities—and used by travelers  
the world over.

Contains no cocaine, morphine, opium,  
chloral, coal tar products, or their derivatives.  
Sold by leading druggists. 50c box enough  
for 24 hours. \$1.00 box for ocean voyage.

The One Dependable Preventative  
of Nausea.

A copy of Mothersill's Travel Book  
sent by request, without charge.

MOTHERSILL REMEDY CO., Detroit, Mich.

Also at 19 St. Bride Street, London; Montreal,  
New York, Paris, Milan, Hamburg.

TRADE MARKS, COPYRIGHTS & DESIGNS  
**PATENTS**  
STANLEY LIGHTFOOT  
PATENT SOLICITOR AND ATTORNEY  
LUMSDEN BLDG. (COR. ADELAIDE & YONGE) TORONTO.  
WRITE FOR TERMS. M. 3713.

with eyes averted he unrolled the canvas. It was no easy task. The picture struggled hard to keep the curve it had held so long. But patience conquered, and with eyes still averted, seeing nothing but a glimmer of bright colours, Hugh stretched and pinned the canvas over the vacant panel, a few feet from the ground. Then, stepping back half a dozen paces, he gazed on it with all his eyes and soul together, drinking in its beauty with a delight that was akin to pain. His wildest dreams were realized in the masterly perfection, the ravishing beauty of the picture. This is what he saw—

The sun rising behind Salisbury Cathedral, flooded the sky with rose and amber light. Every pinnacle and crocket on the slender, soaring spire glowed with the reflected glory of the sky. Mists still lay heavy on the meadows, but the trees were emerald with the light and moisture of the dawn. A procession of slender cloud waves, variously tinged through the long gradation from pearl grey to rosy, tender pink, slipped into the dim horizon; and a procession of dark birds seeking the tree tops echoed the clouds and gave emphasis to all the feast of colour.

There was no incident in the picture; there were no incidentals. It was the record of an emotion rather than the record of a scene. It recognized the comprehensive unity of nature. The painter had fitly labelled it, "The Paen of a Pantheist."

When Constable exhibited his "Salisbury Cathedral" in the Academy in 1823 he remarked to a friend that Turner was "mad with ability." What would have been poor Constable's despairing comment had he seen such marvellous justification of his praise?

Comparison was so often made between those two great contemporaries that Turner's choice of subject seemed to carry something of a challenge. Salisbury Cathedral had come to be regarded as a subject sacred to the genius of Constable. Hugh had often drunk delight before the famous picture in the Victoria and Albert Museum. It had its faults to be sure. The trees were a little out of drawing. The Cathedral slightly chalky in its colouring. But Constable's had justified his boast that he was the painter of God's own sunlight.

Hugh, ignoring its faults, had given it his wholehearted admiration. "Where," he asked, "can we hope for a faultless masterpiece?" Here was his answer, the canvas before him, perfect and peerless, challenged and conquered the famous Constable.

### CHAPTER XII.

#### The Coming of Sybil.

THE new Turner was the rage of the London season. The whole town went mad over it. The few who really loved pictures tasted a genuine and undiluted delight, and the many who made pretence felt constrained for their reputation's sake to flock, admire and applaud. A romantic story of the finding of the picture in which a few isolated facts were woven into an elaborate fiction found its way to the newspapers and gave it a special vogue. Fashion proclaimed it was the thing to see.

Each day an eager crowd freely paid an entrance fee of half a guinea to contemplate this wondrous treasure trove, in the great salon where it was exhibited alone in its glory, with all the lights disposed to show it to its best advantage. From the first the critics and connoisseurs never whispered a doubt of the genuineness of the picture. No hand that ever held brush, save his alone, could have painted it; no other soul but his have conceived its brilliant ravishing beauty. It was signed all over in every brush mark by the genius of the painter.

From all parts of the world artists and collectors visited the glorious picture as at a shrine. Hugh had dazzling offers from art-struck millionaires, but he laughingly refused to sell. To him, more than to any other, so subtly attuned to artistic beauty, the picture was an intense and abiding delight, renewed each time he gazed upon it. To sell it would be to sell part of his life. Nor was he free from the lower

joy of possession from which no human being is wholly immune. The thought that the glorious masterpiece was his very own enhanced his joy in its perfection.

Of the joys as of the sorrows it may be truly said that "when they come not single spies but in battalions." From the moment he found his feet in London, Hugh had constantly urged his mother to come and live with him. But she could not bear to tear herself away from the old ties and the familiar scenes of the West of Ireland. Always her friend, Mrs. Darley begged her to wait a little longer, and still a little longer till all three could go together. So the months slipped into years, and she still tarried. Now at last came a letter from home, with the welcome news that his mother and his mother's friend and her friend's daughter were coming at last.

READING between the lines he felt sure that the girl was the ruling spirit in that resolve—the Caesar Augustus of the triumvirate. "Sybil," his mother wrote, "is still devoted to art. Her sketches are really wonderful. Her mother and I think they could not be improved. But she declares that they are daubs, that she knows nothing, and that 'she must come and study in London.' Of course, her mother yielded—she always does to Sybil—and yielded so completely that she is now convinced that the idea of the London trip came first from herself. I will miss the old scenes, Hugh. There is no use making belief I want to live in a big, strange city. But the thought that I shall have you every day, my darling boy, makes up for everything. Sybil bids me tell you she is longing to see all your great pictures. When I said 'and himself, Sybil,' she answered, 'Oh, of course,' and changed the subject. What does that mean, Hugh? I have my suspicions. She has grown a very lovely girl, and you will have your mother's blessing if you want it."

The disjointed sentences at the end of the letter set him thinking. He had not forgotten his playmate of the old days through those crowded years of exciting life in London. But he had always thought of her as a child, always written to her as a child. Now suddenly the rambling words of his mother made him realize for the time, with a curious shyness, that she was a beautiful woman. His heart beat faster at the thought that seemed to throw its light back over the familiar boy and girl comradeship of the old days. How would they meet after that long absence? Would she kiss him as she used to kiss him, meeting and parting? The mere thought of it sent a thrill through him that made him jump from his easy chair and pace rapidly up and down the room. Hugh was a good and a loving son, but all that night when he lay in bed pondering over the happy reunion with those he loved, it was the thought of meeting Sybil that moved him most, and it was of Sybil he dreamed when he slipped over the borderland into sleep. From all which it is plain that poor Hugh's heart was in a paroxysm of inflammable as the tinder ready for the spark.

A fortnight later he paced the long platform at Euston for an interminable half hour waiting for the Irish Mail. Never did minutes go by more slowly. Up and down the platform he went at a furious pace, as if he might thereby provoke the station clock to emulate its speed. But the hands seemed to hang immovable, and more than once he took out his watch in the conviction that the clock had stopped. At last, yet "on time" to the fraction of a second, the train came gliding up the platform with eager faces at every window. One glance was enough for Hugh as the carriage went past him. He had a sight of his mother's familiar face, all alight with love and longing. A sudden rush of feeling flooded his heart, sweeping all other thoughts away. He was at the carriage door before the porter, and lifted his mother out in his arms.

Her tears of joy were wet on his cheek as she kissed him, murmuring his name. For a while they stood



If you are using an imitation and you don't believe that it is costing you more than the genuine Lea & Perrins, try this:

Order a bottle of Lea & Perrins. Eat one meal with the imitation—eat the next with Lea & Perrins.

See how much you have been missing. The genuine goes further and gives more satisfaction.

It does cost more to buy—but costs much less to use.

The white writing on  
the Red Label:—

*Lea & Perrins*

indicates the  
Original and Genuine

WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE.

J. M. Douglas & Co., Montreal, Canadian Agents.

## CANADIAN PACIFIC WINTER TOURS

TO  
California, Florida and the  
Sunny South

RETURN TICKETS AT LOW RATES

THE LOGICAL ROUTE

TO THE WEST  
FAST TIME

to WINNIPEG  
and VANCOUVER

Compartment Library Observation Car,  
Standard Sleeping Car, Tourist Sleeping  
Car, Dining Car, First Class Coaches,  
Colonist Car on through trains.  
Particulars from Canadian Pacific Agents or  
write  
M. G. MURPHY,  
D.P.A., C.P. Ry., Toronto.

## WHERE

Has my salary since I started to earn gone to? What have I to show for it? Ask yourself these questions and see if you can answer them to satisfy your own state of mind; no one is harder for a man to satisfy than himself. If the answer pleases you, you are one of few. The way to always know where your surplus money has gone to, the way to have something always to show for your money, is by buying Life Insurance Policies. They are compulsory Savings Banks; always worth their face value. The most up-to-date ones are issued by

## The Federal Life Assurance

Company of Canada

Home Office Hamilton, Ontario

## The Imperial Trusts Company,

of Canada

ESTABLISHED 1887

4% Allowed on Deposits  
Withdrawable by Cheque

5% Paid on Guaranteed  
Investments

MORTGAGES PURCHASED

HEAD OFFICE:

15 Richmond St. West, Toronto

Tel. M. 214