When the door had closed, Elizabeth Randall turned to her friend, who had thrown herself on the couch. Jacqueline Winthrop Livingston was altogether too stately a name to be borne by such a small person in every-day life. It was obvious that she must be dubbed "Jack," although that masculine title was comically at variance with the dainty maid who

Now Elizabeth knelt by the couch and put her arms round her friend.

What is it, dear?" she whispered. "Oh, nothing, Beth, only I'm tired and don't seem to get rested."

Elizabeth passed her hand caressingly through the shining waves of hair that were the envy of half the college. "Never mind, Jackie. Vacation will be here before you know it. Think of the good times ahead.'

"That's just it; I am thinking about them, and they can't be. No seashore with you, Beth, no canoeing, no golfing, no coaching, nothing all the summer but the dreariest kind of an exile.

What do you mean, Jack Livingston? You pledged August to me.'

'My pledge will have to go the way of proverbial fair promises. When I was home Sunday mother made me see Doctor Mattocks, and he's put all sorts of notions in her head about my nerves. I've just got a letter. While the rest of the family disport themselves in Europe I am to be banished to a farmhouse in the wilds of Maine. 'The real country, none of your resorts, and the existence of a cabbage!' Beth, I shall die!"

Elizabeth did not answer. "Think of it!" continued Jack. "Rest and simple farm life!" shall be reduced to a delight in feeding hens and acquire a taste in pigs."

"Jack," asked Elizabeth, "do you have to go alone?" There's no one to go with me. Father needs his ocean trip; mother won't leave him, and she can't travel

with Lucia. "I mean, is it doctor's orders?"

"Why, no." "Then I'll go with you."

'What do you mean?" cried Jack, sitting up and scattering pillows broadcast.

"I mean I'll share your exile- if you want me.

"Want you! And give up all your summer? Oh Beth!

This is how it happened that when the stage from South Patna Hill dragged its slow way up the three miles of steep country road one day in early Jaly, two girls sat together seat slouched, half asleep, reins in

ever, cool little breezes began to ter. blow, the horizon widened into unexpected amplitude, and when the crest of the hill was gained, there burst into view a full circle of billowy hills and purple mountains ser-

rating the sky-line. "Oh!" exclaimed Jack.

"Tis sightly, ain't it?" remarked The driver, rousing at the welcome sound of a voice. "There ain't a prettier view in Maine." Then, with an effective flourish of his whip, he rattled his team through the broad main street of the little village, and out on the side-road, where lay the Albee farm.

"Think of having the whole Prestdential Range in your front yard!' said Jack, the next morning, as she stood on the porch after breakfast and pointed over the miles of woodland to the western wall of mountains.

"Yes," returned Mrs. Albee, the farmer's wife, enthusiastically and literally. "Only that's full forty mile away, and we won't own further'n the foot of the pasture slope. I like being where there's something going on myself. Over to the village, now, it's real lively.

"I'm afraid the liveliness will be too much for you in your present condition," remarked Elizabeth, a little later, as the two friends sauntered through the pretty, sleepy streets of Patna Hill. "Hadn't you better go back to the hens, and pigs?"

'Hens are the most unsoothing things I know," laughed Jack. "Beth, look at that dear, wee doll's house

### **WELL KNOWN** IN JARVIS, ONT.

Haldimand County Councillor tells when I've had anybody kiss me." how Psychine cured his Lung Troubles

changing weather," says Mr. Bryce Allen, a well-known resident of Jarvis, Ont., and a member of Haldimand County Council for his district, "and gradually my lungs became affected. I tried medicine and doctors prescribed for me, but got I no and broke it, not into two or three relief. With lungs and stomach diseased, pieces, but into a hopeless accumumervous, weak and wasted, I began to use Psychine. With two months' treatment I regained my health. To-day I am as ound as a bell, and give all the credit to

It not only cures Colds and kills the germs I'll go away; I'll never face that dear of LaGrippe, Pneumonia and Consumption, but it helps the stomach, makes pure, rich blood and spreads general health all over the body. You will never have Consump-

## PSYCHINE

50c. Per Bottle

to her. Miss Sarah Pettis, seeing two young not in the land." ladies stop at her small white gate, that they failed to cause a delightful give it up. little flutter.

'May we look at your flowers?" little figure.

smile at a girl and she's gone.'

The girls walked slowly along the for a bargain." sies and sweet fringed pinks.

ed Miss Sarah, as they drew near the worried over the dish. Altogether open side door.

The little room was as quaint as looking very mysterious and happy its owner. Unconsciously Miss Sarah had attained artistic results with

ter made Jack jump up and exclaim: an ecstatic squeal. "Beth, just see this railway plate!" Miss Sarah beamed. "I wouldn't

grandmother's, and it hasn't hardly ever been out of this room. Jack drank the clear water and nibbled on the delicate sugar cooky of-

fered by her hostess. away on those shelves," she remark- cular family was not distantly con-

Miss Sarah regarded the girl admir-

came in to see it. But I wouldn't let Jackie, and I want to pay half." her have one bit. 'They'll never go rich, fine lady, and not a bit home- money next winter. like, as you are. She told me she'd give me fifteen dollars for this plat- ther's.'

Miss Sarah took down a dish.

"What a beauty!" cried the girls. "Yes," returned Miss Sarah. "I set was her name, said it was flowing square. blue; you see how the color's kind o'

tary woman

like me!" she would say to herself. are just like apple blossoms and the with a satisfied smile. very prettiest posies I ever raised." As the summer wore on Jack grew and pigs never claimed her rapt at- fore. Peddlers ain't likely to get any-

ety old nag called, or miscalled, Frisk.

"What's in a name?" asked Jack, the first time she saw the beast. "Everything the horse doesn't pos-

sess," responded Elizabeth. All went happily until one day Jack slipped on a stone and sprained her foot, condemning her to close imprisonment in her room. Over came lived, but it's a long way from here, Miss Sarah, the very spring of her curls alert with sympathy.

"It's a shame!" she panted, breathless with her long, warm walk. "I'm glad you didn't do it coming to my house; I should feel real responsible.' When Miss Sarah went she left a basket by Jack's side.

"Just a bit I cooked up for you." she said.

her arm and drew the prim little of the house myself, for fear it would head. A moment later Miss Sarah get broke. It did look like it, though, was hurrying down the road, her curls disheveled and a queer but pleasant glow in her heart.

"And she so young and pretty!" she said to herself. "I don't know

Jack opened the basket. "The dear old thing! She's made me a lot of those nice sugar cookies and put them on her beloved platter. Beth, we must return it right away. What if "I contracted a series of colds from the anything should happen to the 'flowing blue'?"

Something did happen. That very night Jack, by an awkward movement knocked the precious dish off the table lation of bits which could only be swept up and consigned to the ashes.

"I can never tell Miss Sarah!" cried Jack. "And grandmother's There is a proof of what Psychine does, accusing image will always haunt me. soul again.

"You'll do no such thing," returned the practical Elizabeth. "You'll stay right here in bed and get well, while I take Frisk and scour the country. There's probably another platter in the region, and if there is I'll get hold of it."

So through the long summer days Elizabeth drove over hill and dale to every village within reach. From each expedition she returned empty-

"There's willow ware and willow ware," she said, "but never a flow-

The Flowing Blue Platter and the old-fashioned garden, and the crazy, and I don't wonder. I have directly to her college room. from 'Cranford.' I am going to speak etiquette. I've seen treasures and family had not returned from Eurtrash but the flowing blue platter is fpe and the house was closed. One

straightened up from her weeding and "If there'd been a piece left big en- platter, which had secretly been put carefully wiped her hands. Her wiry ough to see with the naked eye I'd there by Elizabeth, at Miss Sarah's curls bobbed expectantly and her face send it to Cousin Dick, and let him request. lighted up with pleasure. Miss match it at some of the antique Sarah's callers were not so frequent shope. But I guess we'll have to

clared Elizabeth. "That will make you keep it for all you brought to asked Jack, smiling radiantly at the six days, and finish up the week properly. I'll see what Fuller's Cross-"What is it?" thought Elizabeth, ing can produce. It's fifteen miles did," whispered Jack, softly. "Dear Jack doesn't com to make any ef- from here, so I shall be gone most of fort, but she has a way with her. the day, Frisk being faithful but not aloud, "think of that twenty-dollar It's just so at college; let Jack fast. It's rather fun; people are so queer. Most of them are pretty keen

tiny paths bordered with rows of It was a long day to Jack when tall hollyhocks, groups of bachelor's Elizabeth went to Fuller's Crossing. buttons, low, bright clumps of pan- She missed her companion, the weather was oppressive, she was restless "Won't you come in and rest?" ask- from her continued imprisonment, and her spirits were at a low ebb. To-Jack looked longingly at the cool ward the last of the afternoon she nterior. "I am tired," she acknow- fell into a doze, and when she woke Elizabeth was sitting on the bed,

"You've found it!" cried Jack. "Yes, I've found it. It's exactly painted floor, braided rugs and old like the other, I know," and Elizablue china. Some shelves of the lat- beth produced a platter. Jack gave

"How can I ever thank you!" "Perhaps you won't want to thank part with my old china for any mon- me when you find how much I paid

ey," she said. "Most of it was my for it," returned Elizabeth. "You probably got it at a great bargain; such way-off people couldn't know of its value."

"Don't hug any fond delusions. Way-off people have an abiding ap-'You've a nice little sum tucked preciation of dollars, and this parti-"Some of the pieces are quite nected with the sharks. Jack, I paid twenty dollars for that platter!" -Jack whistled softly.

"And when you count in Frisk's "You're real knowing. That's what hire, which isn't exorbitant, but a lady from New York told me. She adds to the sum total, your platter was staying at the hotel, and she isn't exactly a bargain, at least heard about my blue ware, so she on your side. I'm powerful sorry,

"Indeed you shan't, you blessed for money, though they may for love,' girl! After all the work you've done! I says to her, and of course I wasn't It's all right, dear. My purse will called on to love her. She was a stand it if I take it out of my candy

> "And, after all, it isn't grandmo-"Elizabeth! As if the situation

wasn't harrowing enough! Need we "She'd take much more pleasure if

a heap by it. Miss Van Dyke, that we didn't, but it doesn't seem just

"I suppose not," sighed Jack. with this conclusive evidence of her parlor, with all its gleries of be- and wisdom. As the stage climbed higher, how- regard Miss Sarah replaced the plat- flowered carpet, knitted tidles and Nottingham lace curtains. Jack put Miss Sarah's little house became the platter on the center-table and the girls' headquarters when they prepared to confess. She had gone were in the village. They ran in and no further than praise of the cookies, if neglected. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric out to the great delight of the soli- when a knock called Miss Sarah Oil will break up a cold and cure a away. The girls heard her talking in cough, and should be resorted to at "To think that those pretty young the kitchen, and a man's gruff voice once when the first symptoms appear things should care to see an old lady replying. Suddenly she hurried into It can be disguised so that any unthe room, seized the platter and was pleasant taste it may have will be

> "You never saw a man so pleased," she said. "He looked as if he never brown and strong and rested. If hens had a kind word spoke to him betention, she at least regarded them thing but the leavings of politeness. with more indulgence, and she enter- His wife is sick and been in the hosed heart and soul into the beautiful pital, and they've been hard put to world of outdoors. The two girls get along. I was sorry i couldn't spent long, quiet hours in the pine spare anything to buy some of his woods, they explored the country on things, but 'There,' says I, 'I've cockfoot, and drove about behind a rick- ed up a lot of nice doughnuts, and if your wife's sick she'd relish a little cooking that ain't her own!' So I just filled up the platter, and he

drove off pleased as Punch. The doughnuts were good, if I do say it.' "But you'll never get your platter back!" cried Jack. "Oh. I told him he needn't return I've forgotten where he said he and he don't get in these parts often.

Besides, it's something pretty for his wife to look at.' Jack gasped. Was the little woman crazy?

"But you thought so much of it

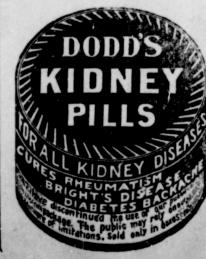
Miss Sarah!" Miss Sarah laughed "Land, child, you didn't think that

was grandmother's platter, did you? With a sudden impulse Jack put up Bless you, I wouldn't carry that out didn't it? I got it at South Patna for a quarter, but when you put it beside of grandmother's you could see it was coarse and cheap.

Elizabeth hastened to the door and When decorating your house and changlooked up and down the street. No ing the fire-place it will pay you to visit wagon was in sight. She came back, our show rooms saying something about Frisk getting impatient, and Jack could hardly help giggling aloud at the very improbability of her excuse.

Both girls kept straight faces, however, until they were in the carriage and well on the way to the farm; then they looked at each other and burst into laughter.

"It's an expensive smile, though," said Elizabeth, wiping her eyes "But, after all, I am not sure that it isn't worth it.



When Jack left Patna Hill she went of the first things she took from her "You poor old dear!" soothed Jack. trunk was grandmother's flowing blue

> With it she found a note in the old lady's stiff, prim handwriting. "There isn't anybody else I'd let

"I'm going to try once more," de- have this," it said. "I'd like to have

"Money wouldn't buy it, but love Miss Sarah! But, Beth," she added, platter being banged about by the broommaker's wife! . I suppose it has been broken in a thousand pieces by now."-Mary E. Mitchell in the Youth's Companion.

#### **Good Judgment**

Women are distinguished more for qualities of the heart than of the head and no true woman would wish otherwise; but with all her wealth of love and tenderness and sympathy there is no reason why every sensible woman should not cultivate a cer-

tain degree of good judgment. Much of a woman's success or failure in life depends upon her ability to value things at their real worth, to put herself in the place of others and realize that there are two sides to every question, and that one's dearest friend may be in fault on certain points, while the bitterest enemy may be right on others. This is a lesson that is difficult for many women to learn, and they refuse to believe it until it has been brought disappointments.

home to them by repeated failure and Sometimes the most unsuspicious women have the best judgment. They do not suspect their friends of wrong. but they realize from the experience of their own natures that one is liable to find some ugly traits in the most beautiful characters and that on the other hand there are few so depraved as not to be capable of some little kindness and generosity.

The woman of good judgment does not despise the advice of others. She listens to all and takes their ideas for what they are worth, and, unlike some women, she believes the priest knows more about conducting the affairs of a parish, the doctor about treating a case and the teacher about teaching a school than she does her-

If her judgment is good and true in on the slippery cushions. The white dust rose in clouds, the afternoon sun shone hot and merciless, the raw-bon-ed horses put no heart in their enhigh. Yes, she said she'd give fifteen ing the platter in her jar Miss terprise, and the old man on the front dellars, but I wouldn't hear of it. Sarah was delighted to see the girls dollars, but I wouldn't hear of it. Sarah was delighted to see the girls, adviser, while to her children she will You see, it was grandmother's," and She received them in her rarely used be the embodiment of human justice

> or cough fasten upon you, as it will With all their schooling, too! They gone. When she came back it was imperceptible to the delicate. Try i

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