

BRADLEY'S ROMANCE

By Harry Whittier Frees. For nearly a year prior to the one romantic period of his life Jack Bradley officiated as station-master at Battleboro, a thriving manufacturing center on the M. & W. branch of the L. C. & C. Railroad.

a man of action, and Jack N. Bradley was more strenuous than any other man he had ever met. "He's the sort of a chap the W. & C. can't afford to lose," he finally confided to the calendar on his desk.

SWEET LAVENDER

"Oh, auntie, Fred Williams has broken his leg, and Mrs. Williams told me to tell you she's so sorry, but she is afraid she cannot entertain you at tea to-night. I should say she couldn't! You never saw such a house. Fred just groans and fusses, and keeps them all waiting on him till his mother looks worn out."

Loretto Abbey WELLINGTON PLACE TORONTO, ONTARIO. This fine institution recently enlarged to over twice its former size is situated conveniently near the business part of the city and yet sufficiently remote to secure the quiet and seclusion so congenial to study.

THE WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY FIRE and MARINE. CAPITAL \$2,000,000. Assets \$3,546,000. Annual Income 3,675,000. Losses paid since organization 37,000,000.

Legal. JAMES E. DAY JOHN M. FERGUSON. DAY & FERGUSON, BARRISTERS AND SOLICITORS. Successor to ANGLIN & MALLON. Office—Land Security Chambers, 40 Victoria Street, Toronto.

Bradley took a step nearer, his eyes blazing. "That will do!" he said in a tone of voice that made the irate Colton pause, and sink back helplessly in his chair.

Bradley could already discern the headlight of the coming train. The quickening murmur fairly drove him frantic. He attempted to rise, but fell back with a groan.

For a number of days following that eventful night, Bradley knew nothing of the world about him. He lay in his room at his boarding-house in the grip of a raging fever brought about by the blow on his head and the subsequent exposure.

An Accident. A mother had some trouble with her little boy, who would fight a great deal. One day, noticing a small abrasion on the skin of his face,

she said: "Tommy, didn't I tell you not to fight any more?" "I haven't been fighting, ma."

EMPRESS HOTEL. Corner of Yonge and Gould Streets TORONTO. TERMS: \$1.50 PER DAY. Electric Cars from the Union Station Every Three Minutes.