## REAPING THE WHIRLWIND

BY CHRISTINE FABER

CHAPTER XXXIV-CONTINUED

"Are you quite sure that you can place that note in Miss Burchill's hand today?"

"Quite; and to convince you, I

shall depart immediately, without even waiting to speak to Mrs. Hog an's little ones," both of whom, from a little distance, were bashfully look-ing at the beautiful lady.

and Helen took her leave, but she did not repair to The Castle. She hurried instead to her own home, and having found that some rare good fortune had sent Miss Balk out, she dispatched the servant and want to the abroad on an errand and went to the kitchen. Drawing forth the sealed packet, she held it above the steam of the boiling kettle until the seals dropped apart and the open letter lay in her hand. Then she hastened to m, locked herself in, and read in bold, manly, but evidently hurried

for I am not aware that you know much, or in fact anything, about me, and yet it seems impossible to doubt you have at least heard of Chester Horton, your mother's only brother. Perhaps she has told you of her wild affection for me when I, in a reckless and impetuous youth would burst from restraints that were only for my good. In my headstrong folly I ran away from her at last from England, where she lived then, and I came here to America. That was before you were born. Meeting with rebuffs more severe than I had anticipated I came at last to sow steadier cats. I ob-tained a good position with a banking firm in Boston, and I rose in the world. Strange chance made me acquainted with the sister of Caleb Robinson, the wealthy proprietor of the factory here. He was a loutish Yankee boy at that time, and while I loved his pretty sister, who was utterly unlike her brother. I could not bear him. He saw my dislike and resented it. We quarreled, and

other's way.
"I continued to get on in the world, being advanced to the posi-tion of confidential clerk of the firm, and my home for (my wife loved me) was happy. I wrote to England to my sister, your mother, but it was come to this country,—exactly where,

finally we got to keeping out of each

they could not say.
"One black day the chief banker of the firm was discovered dead, evidently murdered. The books were found to have been tampered with, figures falsefied, and whole records torn out, and everything was against me and I was about to be held for al when one of the partners in the firm who had been my warm friend from the time that I was advanced to my last position, and who now expressed his belief in my innocence and sympathized with me, contrived to get me secretly away. He intended that I should flee to Europe, but I determined to linger a day in order to en list Caleb Robinson's sympathies for my wife and child, whom I must now abandon for a time. It was a dan-gerous expedient, but I did not shrink, and I came here secretly to Eastbury, staying in disguise at one of the humble places in the village, while I dispatched a letter to Robinson appealing with all the force of vas capable to his sympathies, and begging his care for my wife and little one. He sent me an answer the words of which at that time

mother's residence in Eastbury. I even saw her, and you with her, Miss Burchill. The gentleman who seven or eight years, and my first impulse was to flee to you both, but sterner thoughts restrained me. I her contractions and the seven rudely excluded from the contraction of that?"

Oh, yes; I shan't forget all that. But this thing about Miss Burchill liking Gerald. Are you pooty sure of that?" sterner thoughts restrained me. I given sufficient pain to your mother's heart in the past without I have been waiting here to see Mr. now inflicting an additional one, as Robinson. However, as you are Miss now inflicting an additional one, as I must do if I disclosed the cause of my presence in Eastbury. Also, she might not believe me innocent of the crimes with which I was charged and that would cut me to the soul. So I fled, but the very next day I was apprehended and brought back

"The sentence came speedily enough, and but for the efforts made A servant is always at hand. How in my behalf by the partner of whom I have spoken it would have been my execution ; as it was, it was imprisonment for life. I bore it as well as I could. I tore myself from my to her." wife and babe, and faced with what He b He bowed gravely and left her. Had he once turned back to see the resignation I could summon, the grim life before me. My wife wrote to me and sent me frequent pictures of herself and my child, but we never the charm of her beauty. Rage and hate changed the color of her face met. I did not desire it, for I felt eeting in such a place would have been too much for her. She and swelled the veins in her fore-died at last; they gave me word of head, causing her temples to throb died at last; they gave me word of that and that Caleb Robinson had taken my little girl. Oh, the flerce longing to behold my child that ast up my soul then! I felt as it I which added to her unhappy emomust burst the prison walls and be tions was the thought that Mildred, in her dismay and perhaps grief at carefully bided my time. My good conduct for so many years won for reveal those contents to Gerald, and me many privileges, and at last there thus secure in him a firmer friend came a chance of escape. I seized it, and with a will to drive every obstathan he might be even at present. She writhed at the thought, even cle from my pakh I secretly made my way, and providence favoring me, I arrived here yesterday. My cautious inquiries elicited sufficient to guide me to the Hogans, where I presented myself as one Robert hastened to compose her face, and to

Wiley, who had known your relatives

whey, who had known your reliables in England, and was now anxious to see you. They are simple, good people, and all that they have told me about you, reassures and consoles me. It seems like a singular and

tender dispensation of Providence that you should have the care of my darling. Did you know that she was so nearly related to you? Have you

learned to love each other? And how, Mildred, will you meet me?

Will you believe in my innocence? Will you meet me as your mother's

once idolized brother? It was a re-lief to write all this rather than wait

to tell it to you, and besides I wanted

you to know my history before you should meet me. Now having writ-

ten it. I am in doubt how to get it to

you. I have a fear of trusting it to the mail, for by this time there must

be a hue and cry after me, and Mrs.

Hogan has some strange repugnance to setting foot on Robinson's prem-

reaches you, will you come as soon as possible to Mrs. Hogan's? I feel

daughter. When you come, perhaps

you can devise some means of bringing her to me, if only for a few min-

contents sacredly within your own

favorable to the character or reputa-

not have, what ways and means

letter, as it was, was of a kind, could

Gerald read its contents, to enlist his interest in and sympathy for the

governess. She bit her lip in her

vexation and disappointment, and

her brow gathered into a scowl that

took away much of its beauty. At length her face brightened, and hur-

riedly getting writing materials, she

That done, she sealed the original.

and with both documents safely in her pocket, again hurried out. Miss

Balk had not vet returned, and Helen

should meet her, for inexplicably to

herself, she had a sickening dread of

ing what was not intended for them,

would discover, somehow, the base

act of which she had just been guilty

Mrs. Phillips was again at the Castle, three hours after she had left it.

Robinson, however, was out, and the

servant could not tell the time of his

return. She would wait, and she

seated herself at one of the windows

that commanded a view of the path by which any pedestrian must come

who sought entrance to the house, debating with herself whether to

send immediately Mr. Wiley's letter

to Miss Burchill, or to wait until she

had her interview with Robinson.

While she was thus undecided she

saw Thurston coming up the path.

her pocket she extended it, saying at

the same time, with an air of gentle

In a moment her resolution formed. She bounded out to

opened the door.

shall give it to you."

every word

tion of the governess, and in

Your uncle in distress,

ROBERT WILEY.

Impatiently until I see you,

ises, but she has promised to

me a trusty messenger.

"Take me to your study," she said sweetly. "I have something so secret and so important to tell you." He led the way to that apartment,

ringing as soon as he had entered it, for the candles to be lighted, though the wintry day had not yet declined, and he did not even seat himself until every wax light was ablaze.

Helen drew forth a copy of Robert Wiley's letter.
"You will wonder, my dear Mr.

Robinson, at the accident which placed the original of this in my possession, and which Miss Burchill s by this time. It was given to me for her by the man who signs himself there. As I was excluded from Miss Burchill's apartments, gave it into Mr. Thurston's charge. Robinson adjusted his spectacles

from the length of time which elensed until he looked up from its Then his face was changed that she shrank involuntar every moment as if some detective were ready to grasp me, but I shall brave it all in order to see my ily from him. The crimson spots which any mental disturbance brought into his cheeks were burning there flercely, and contrasted with the yellow hue and dried, parchment-like appearance of the rest of his face, gave him a very singular look. His mouth, was drawn into an expression of such utes. It is unnecessary to warn you to burn this letter, and to guard its determination that his lips seemed like a thin blue line.

She summoned courage to say : Mrs. Phillips' cheeks were glowing Robinson, to know the contents of and her eyes sparkling when she that letter as well as Miss Burchill : finished reading, and yet she felt a and I thought also "-she had con-quered her fear, and she pulled her keen sense of disappointment. She had hoped that this letter from a chair to his, and put her hand in its old confiding fashion upon his arm masculine stranger to Miss Burchill might have revealed something un-"its contents rightly used must bring Miss Burchill to your feet.

"Eh! What do you mean?" And case what an opportunity would she the red spots on his cheeks glowed the more, and his eyes from which he had taken the spectacles, flamed at her like little balls of greenish would she not employ, to let Gerald know that Miss Burchill was not

fire.
"Has not the thought suggested itself to you?" Her voice was so tremulous from her eagerness that she could scarcely pronounce the words. "Could you not, with your wealth and influence, place this Chester Horton or Robert Wiley as he signs himself here, in security in security ? Could you not assist him to such a disguise that in another country he could live safely with his daughter if they should both so wish it? And could you not make all this the condition of Miss Burchill's becoming Alternatives : Mrs. Robinson, with her uncle placed in safety and assisted to a comfortable living, or Miss encountering the spinster just then. Perhaps she felt that the ominous-looking, penetrating eyes, that seemed to have the knack of observ-Burchill, with her uncle remanded to prison and her relationship with him given to the public. It may be that her affection for him will not be sufficiently great to make her consent to your wish, especially now, as I more than suspect that she loves Gerald Thurston, while, on the contrary, her sense of duty, or her affec-tion for her cousin Cora, or both, may be motives sufficient to win he either case, since you wish Miss Burchill to accept your hand, my plan seems a feasible one, does it

> a heated furnace fanned her face. The factory owner had not once taken his eyes from hers, and now they seemed to burn into her own as

You are a pooty little witch, Mrs. tried to serve you." Phillips ; I wouldn't have thought of hall and confronted him just as he that, nohow.' Helen, exulting that her proposi-Drawing the sealed packet from

tion seemed to be so well received, sickeningly; then he continued: hastened to add:
"But you must be careful, Mr.

her apartments. In my perplexity as to how I should gratify his desire, but the regard on Mr. Thurston's a sealed letter." part is owing to his admiration of her virtue. Once prove to him that Miss Burchill has flaws in her char-Burchill's friend and champion, I acter as well as other people, and his esteem will scarcely remain. I fancy Gerald took the letter, saying quietly, though her words had aroused unpleasant surprise and doubt in his own mind: the letter, saying that I gave him one unpleasant subject of thought when I handed him that letter and told him it was from a gentleman. I think it rather startled him to find she had a man 'There need have been no difficulty about so simple a matter as conveying a letter to Miss Burchill. friend other than himself. So, Mr. Robinson, if you will work carefully, ever, as you say, I am Miss Burch-hill's friend," with an emphasis on restraining any precipitation, and if Miss Burchill has discretion enough the last phrase that cut his listener not to confide in Mr. Thurston, and to the soul, "and I shall deliver it if she has sufficient tenderness of not to confide in Mr. Thurston, and tunate relative of hers, why Mr. Thurston may get to know of her surreptitious visits, and they may expression which distorted her features he might well have won-dered how he ever had been won by cause him to wonder, and perhaps doubt a little in this lady's affection

> Robinson was looking at her with a curiosity in his expression almost ludicrous, and he said as soon as

she had ceased : So you ain't sich a friend to Miss Burchill as we thought you be. Well, if you women don't beat us men all to pieces for smilin' at each other when you'd rather be tearing each

Gerald against me,—Gerald for whom I would have done anything."

'It appears to me that you have more'n a stepmother's liking for Gerald," said the factory owner. Helen had gene so far in her can-fidence to this man whom she secret-

dential air which she knew exerted so winning an influence upon him. disregard of the dictates of prudence "Take me to your study," she she told him, with her handkerchief to her eyes, of her former engage

to her eyes, of her former engage-ment to Gerald.
"Methusala!" exclaimed the fac-tory owner. "I reckon I understand it all now. That's the reason Ger ald acts so queer and stiff to you. But how in thunder did you come to marry his father,—for his money,

In answer to which Helen told a very pretty little story, exculpating herself entirely and rather making herself out the victim of a plot by the Tillotsons to marry her to Phillips, of whose relationship to Thurston she was quite ignorant. Gerald had neglected her; he had not answered her letters; he had not concerned himself about her, and she, poor innocent, in despair and helpless, had become the bride of Mr. Phillips.

"I did not inform him of the fact that I had been engaged to another," she continued, through the tears because that other had so cruelly neglected me; but when we were married it seemed to me that I should have no secrets from my husband, and I told him then, hardly two hours after the ceremony. But how did he receive it? Instead of accepting it as a proof of my wifely honor, instead of cherishing me for

him, calling me a terrible name: and when I fell, stunned by his act and his words, he bade me begone. I fled from him, but before I reached for he fell in the fit which preceded his death.

Her face was now buried in her handkerchief, and she was gently

The factory owner's memory had been working while she recounted her tale, calling up, almost uncon-sciously to himself, the tragic portions of the Phillips will case, that he had read with such avidity at the time

and he exclaimed:
"You didn't tell that when you was called to give your testimony in the court. If I recollect right, you said your husband was good and kind to you to the last, didn't you? And wa'n't that the point some of the lawyers tried to make-that if there was any disagreement between you it would have shown good grounds for a change in the will?"

Helen was a little frightened. She

had not thought to have gone so far in her tale, nor to have had it produce such a thought in Robinson's

"I'm sure I don't know," she said. "I was not myself at that horrible time, and then, to discover that Gerald was the son of the man I had married nearly killed me." She was sobbing again

The factory owner waited for her emotion to subside, and when she took her handkerchief from her eyes appearance which copious weeping gives to most eyes. Tears gliste in a very pretty way on her eyelashes and cheeks, but that was all. Robinson looked from her to th open letter, asking :

"Was it you wrote this, and wan't the letter sealed that you gave Miss Burchill ?"

Helen laughed and averted her head, as she answered :

"You must not question the offices a friend performs for you. If I have done you a service, prove your grati-tude by accepting it unquestioned if not, do not censure me for having

"And serve yourself at the same time, eh?

"You want Miss Burchill out of the way of Gerald, even if you can't have swer the words of which at that time cut me to the quick.

"It was while waiting for his answer that I accidentally learned of your mother's residence in Eastbury. I reduces me to my present strait. I was with this continuation of the present strait. I was introduced in the same with this continuation of the same with this continuation. But you must be careful, Mr. way of Gerald, even it you can't have Robinson,—careful lest Miss Burchill; and I reckon sympathies once enlisted, Chester we're about alike in our thoughts that the same with the which you sent me that I reduces me to my present strait. I Horton might be got without the was intrusted with this letter for difficulty beyond even your reach." do anything that'll make us stated with this letter for "Oh, yes; I shan't torget all that. We'll be pooty sure not to blab on "Oh, yes; I shan't torget all that. We'll be pooty sure not to blab on each other, and I am sort of obliged what you've done, Mrs. just now, both of us havin' a mind to do anything that'll make us succeed.

slightly pale. 'It's all the same as if you told me. How in thunder could you git this, pointing to the letter before him, "i you didn't have the other? and it ain't likely Chester Horton would have sent a letter to Miss Burchill without sealing it. But you needn't look so skeered; I ain't going to blak anything, and, as I said before, I'm obliged to you." He rose, folding the letter as he did so preparatory to

putting it into his pocket.
"Let me have it," she said, extending her hand, "or destroy it now, in my presence," as he shook his head in answer to her request.

"I must have it," she repeated, almost trying to snatch it; but he evaded her, and answered while he shut it up in his pocketbook.

"I allers like to keep sich docky ments for a while; but as I said before, you needn't be skeered; my keeping it ain't going to do you no

The clock on the mantle chimed the hour as he spoke, and he raised his eyes at the sound. In an instant when you'd rather be tearing each other's eyes out."

"Oh, no! Mr. Robinson. Don't judge us—don't judge me—so harshly. I was Miss Burchill's friend until she turned Miss Burchill's friend until she turned Gerald against me,—Gerald for whom and his very testh seemed to chatter, while his eyes looked over Mrs. Phillips, and apparently to a distant corner of the room. She turned affrightedly to see the cause of his evident terror, but as in the case of

observable.
"What is it, Mr. Robinson?" she

exclaimed, turning to him with lips and cheeks as pale as were his own. He raised his hand as if to motion her to silence, and his lips moved, but no sound came from them. She, as completely terrified as he seemed peared to be paralyzed, and she leaned in a helpless way against the chair beside which she stood, while she felt as if her very hair were stand-ing on end. At length he turned his eyes from the part of the room where they had been steadfastly fixed, and sank into his chair with a great long drawn breath of relief, while the perspiration rolled from his face.

Skeered ?" he said looking up at Helen, and attempting to smile, but the attempt was almost an exact representation of the grin of a death's head. "You didn't see anything," as Helen now totally overcome, sank into her chair. "S don't come arter you, yet. They time. come arter me. They come every day, but mostly later than this."

shall faint here."
"Pooh, pooh!" said the factory

frosty air revived her.

"I'll go home," she said, eager for the first time in all her life to be away from The Castle. She had a wild feeling of some mysterious presence being still about her, and Robinson, as he stood beside her, tall, down to St. James' Church every spare, and curious looking, seemed in evening to May devotions in the the semi darkness like a ghost himself. To her greater disgust, he insisted on accompanying her home: she looked so white and weak that he sciously make some revelation of the ecent scene in the study; so despite her protest and entreaties, he accompanied her, leaving her only when the door of her own dwelling had closed upon her. He had refused the invitation to enter, much to Helen's satisfaction, her satisfaction being increased when she saw Barbara in thence when she heard the knockerand she had been in ample time to see Helen's escort. Mrs. Phillips was still so pale that it excited Miss Balk's curious attention, and her

greeting was:
"You look as white as if you had seen a ghost."

The widow shuddered and looked at the black eyes fixed upon her own

with a thought that, resolved into

ords, would have been:
"Is this woman a devil, that she seems to divine everything?"
But she did not answer, and she was proceeding to her room, when

rbara followed her, saying:
"Is old Robinson falling into that net you set for Gerald? Well, you in, but won't he lead you the life when he gets you! You'll do pen-ance for all your sins then, Helen."

Mrs. Phillips would endure no more; she turned short upon the stair which she was ascending, and

"How dare you insinuate such things of me! And you have fallen of the mark this time. wide Mr. Robinson will make Miss Bur-

chill his wife.' chill his wife."
"Really?" replied Barbara with a coolness which showed no astonishment at the information. "And," " will Miss Burchill make Mr. Robinson her husband, or does the desire exist alone upon his

feelings upon the subject," answered

Helen sarcastically.

"No, not likely, especially as she has more chances of becoming Mrs. this thing about Miss Burchill ing Gerald. Are you pooty sure that?"

From all I have seen lately—yes; the regard on Mr. Thurston's a sealed letter."

Fight pot tell you that I opened a sealed letter."

"I did not tell you that I opened a seal ooking for you. Guess here looking for you. Guess here looking for you. was here looking for you. Guess you've discontinued all that goodygood business, haven't you? spoke as if you hadn't been there in some time. You gave it up when you found it wasn't likely to win Gerald, and it's troublesome, this playing the hypocrite." But Helen had locked herself in her room

TO BE CONTINUED

THE LITTLEST LADY

Mrs. Zettler smiled at the picture her children made grouped around the little old lady on the lawn of the Old Ladies' Home. As they spied their mother they flew to greet her. the

"Who is your new friend?" the mother asked as, surrounded in her turn, she made her way along the street toward home.

The children answered in hasty chorus :

"Isn't she sweet? They call her

all." Mrs. Zettler smiled, pleased at

their enthusiasm.

The Zattlers were newcomers in Centraville and so far the children had not many interests.
"Yes, we like her," Anne stated conclusively.

"Is Mrs. Stewart there? Oh, here or procure regular size from you are!"
"I hope you don't mind, mother,"
"Marion began diffidently, "but we inHe came unexpectedly and we had to 299 Lymans Bldg., Mont

meet him with the pretty, and confi- ly loathed, that she felt impelled to Mildred, scarcely a shadow was vited her to go down with us to May

"Oh, is she a Catholic?" "Yes. And she has no way of get-ting to church in the evenings though on Sundays the Home sends her down on its own car. When I mentioned something about May devotions she said what a treat it would be to go once again. So I thought you would be glad if I asked

her to go with us."

"Indeed I am glad, dear," the mother returned gently. "It was verythoughtful in mysmall daughter; and we will take her with us every night if she wishes to go."

Mrs. Zettler's husband, Major

Zettler, was stationed at a training camp about twenty miles from Cen treville, and the family had settled here to be near him and because of the educational facilities afforded by the city. The Major was extremely busy at the training camp and would have few furloughs, but his family's nearness would enable him to see them frequently for a day or so at a

The house Mrs. Zettler secured was in a quiet residential district not far Let me out," moaned Helen. "I from a home devoted to the care of exploration of the neighborhood that owner, now quite recovered. "Don't the children made the acquaintance be so skeered; them spooks don't do no harm. Wonder old Phillips' spook don't come arter you."

But Helen seemed on the verge of Lady."

She was the only Catholic in the fainting, and he hastened to lead her out to the piazza, where the sharp, no near acquaintances in the town to which she was a stranger. She was

All during May Mrs. Stewart went down to St. James' Church every Zettler car. Mrs. Zettler soon became as deeply interested as the children in the gentle little old lady, so quiet, so refined, so agreeable, but feared some accident to her on the way, and he would not trust her to a

say sadness.
"If anyone with such tremendous strong faith could be sad!" Mrs. Zatiler reflected one evening after they had left "The Littlest Lady" at the Home. "I don't believe I ever met anyone with such a powerful and con-vincing belief in the providence of God. It has really been a blessing to me to know her."

It was Friday evening, toward the

close of May. Mrs. Stewart was sit-ting on the front porch with her wraps on, waiting for the Zettlers to call for her. It had been a dark day, one of clouds and drizzle, and "The Littlest Lady" confessed to an unusual feeling of weariness and despond

ency.
Clouds had prevailed in the Home also, and a drizzle of tears from sundry of the inmates who were susceptible to atmospheric changes. All day "The Littlest Lady" had dore her best to cheer and comfort and sustain. She had soothed the querulous, poured oil on the troubled and by her tender ministrations be guiled tedious hours for lonely and impatient-and, alas! often ungrate ful sufferers.

The one gleam of brightness in the day had been the thought of May devotions in the evening; the restful quiet of the big church, the dear familiar strains of the Benediction hymns, and then the blessing at the end. How could she consider any day hard that brought her so close to Christ at the close, Himself lifted high in the priest's hands, blessing

the kneeling throng? And the ride down and back in the machine with dear Zettler children and their kind mother—she did enjoy that thoroughly. Why, then, should she complain of the darkness of a day that was to end so brightly?

Thus chiding herself for her The lady has not told me her Lady" waited as the shadows grew longer and the soft lights turned to gray in the western sky. Twice she stepped into the front hall to look at the clock and the second time its hands indicated 7:30.

"They are not coming," she whispered to herself, a chill settling around her heart. "I suppose—they

forgot."
"Didn't your friends come night?" asked one of the old ladies. peering curiously into the corner of the porch where Mrs. Stewart had withdrawn. 'No, they didn't come," she an-

swered with forced cheerfulness. Perhaps they were not able to go to-night-

"Yes, they went," the other volun-teered abruptly. "I saw them all passing before 7 o'clock. They seemed in a big hurry." "The Littlest Lady" murmured some

thing indistinctly in reply. They had forgotten her, then! Well, why should they remember her all the time-a dull, forsaken old woman with nothing to recommend her to anyone? They had been most kind to remember her as they did. She couldn't expect such consideration always.

But her heart sank at the very thought. They had brought so much brightness into her lonely life, these new kind friends, and if it were with-"The Littlest Lady."

"She's a corker," James asserted.

"She used to live in the West—"

"And can't she tell the stories, though!" from small Anne.

"She seems to have captured you Ah, well, there was one Friend who had never described her. . . . As

Absorbine, Jr., is concentrated and therefore economical—only a few drops are required at an application. One ounce Absorbine, Jr., to a quart of water or witch hazel makes an invigorating rub-down and general purpose had never deserted her. . . . As she turned to go into the house there was the sound of a car stopping, followed by the rush of light feet up the walk and a clatter of eager voices.
"Is Mrs. Stewart there? Oh, here

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS

M. P. McDONAGH ARRISTER. SOLICITOR, NOTARY, ETC., 425 RICHMOND St. LONDON, ONT.

U. A. BUCHNER BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY SPECIALTIES: Estates Collections Money Loaned 426 TALBOT ST. LONDON, CANADA

MURPHY & GUNN BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES Solicitors for The Home Bank of Canada Solicitors for the Roman Catholic Episcopal Corporation Suite 58, Bank of Toronto Chambers LONDON, CANADA Phone

FOY, KNOX & MONAHAN BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIESEES A. E. Knox
E. L. Middleton
Cable Address: "Foy" Telephones (Main 461 Main 462

Offices: Continental Life Building
CORNER BAY AND RICHMOND STREETS

DAY, FERGUSON & CO. James E. Day
John M. Ferguson
Joseph P. Walsh
TORONOM
TORONOM

TORONTO, CANADA Reilly, Lunney & Lannan BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARING

CALGARY, ALBERTA ARCHITECTS

WATT & BLACKWELL Members Ontario Association
ARCHITECTS
Sixth Floor, Bank of Toronto Chambers
LONDON, ONT.

DENTISTS

DR. BRUCE E. EAID Room 5, Dominion Bank Chambers
Cor. Richmond and Dundas Sts. Phone 5888 EDUCATIONAL

St. Jerome's College Founded 1864 KITCHENER, ONT.

Excellent Business College Department Excellent High School or Academic Department Excellent College and Philosophical Department

Address:
REV. A. L. ZINGER, C. R., Ph. D., Parsibers

87 YONGE ST., TORONTO Phone Main 4030

Hennessey

"Something More Than A Drug Store CUT FLOWERS

Order by Phone – we Deliver Watch Our Ads, in Local Dailies Thursday

FUNERAL DIRECTORS

John Fergusen & Sons 180 KING ST.

The Leading Undertakers & Embalmers
Open Night and Day Telephone - House 373 Factory 543

E. C. Killingsworth FUNERAL DIRECTOR Open Day and Night 389 Burwell St. Phone 3971

## Church Organ **Blowers**

Manufactured in Toronto

The Electric Blower is the best machine

L. E. MOREL 440 Spadina Ave. TORONTO, DNT.

## SHAW'S BUSINESS SCHOOLS

Give high-grade courses in all lines of Commercial Work and assure good positions to all graduates. Write for free Booklet. W. H. Shaw, Presi-dent, Yonge and Gerard Sts.,

## After a Hard Day's Work

rub the tired muscles with a few drops of the soothing, refreshing, antiseptic liniment, Absorbine, Jr. You will find it pleasant and convenient to use and remarkably efficacious. This liniment invigorates jaded muscles, limbers the joints and prevents second day soreness and lameness after a strenuous, tiresome day of sport or work.

America's best athletes and trainers use Absorbine, Jr. to relieve strains and wrenches, and also as a rub-down before vigorous exercise to prevent

before vigorous exercise to prevent such conditions. Absorbine, Jr., is concentrated and

liniment.
\$1.25 a bottle at druggists or post-paid. Send luc. for liberal trial bottle or procure regular size from your drug-