## REAPING THE WHIRLWIND

BY CHRISTINE FABER

CHAPTER XXXII-CONTINUED 'When I learned," she said, "that once offered to bear her company, but she refused, owing I suppose, to her generous consideration for me. She disliked to subject me to the loneliness which she so courts. And when urged her to accede to your request, Mr. Robinson," smiling sweetly, "she said the meal would be much more enjoyable to her without society cing significantly at Garald, but was looking at his plate.

There was an exclamation from Cora, who sat directly opposite—an exclamation that sounded like angry astonishment at Mrs. Phillips' stat ment, and that brought upon the girl the wondering looks of her uncle and Thurston.

Helen was inwardly frightened, and she was also inwardly chafing that she had been so imprudent as to forget the girl's presence when she spoke. Auxious to avert a catastrophe, she leaned gracefully across the table, and said, with her most in sinuating tone:
"Dearest Cora, you frightened me

when you exclaimed so suddenly."

Her tone and manner brought about that which she feared. Cora exasperated by a show of affection that she felt was only assumed, and indignant at the covert disparage ment of Miss Burchill that the speech seemed to imply, and not

having the governess near to warn or reprove her by a look, burst out with angry impetuosity

How could you tell such a story Mrs. Phillips ? Mrs. Phillips? You know you never offered to dine with Miss Burchill, and when I wanted you to help me to coax her to dine down here, you said you guessed she was better off up-stairs; that she might feel out of

place with uncle and Mr. Thurston."
"My dear Core, you forget that
Miss Burchill and I, being such
kind intimate friends as we are"—there was a peculiar emphasis on the last words, used especially for Geraldhave many conversations which you do not hear. The one that I have repeated has probably been such," and Helen turned to her plate with easy nonchalance

I don't believe it," answered Cora hotly, now so angry that she was quite regardless of everything but

He commanded Cora to be silent; and the meal was finished without any further reference to Miss Bur-chill. On Gerald's face a grim smile hovered, and more than eyes wandered in mirthful apprecia-

Cora hurried from the dining room in order to see Miss Burchill, and s. Phillips also hurried out on the same errand. They arrived almost together, and before Mildred could recover from her astonishment at their sudden, and on the part of her pupil, excited entrance, the girl had told the whole story, Mrs. Phillips standing by with the air of a martye.

Before the governess could form an answer, the widow was saying, reproachfully

You might have spared me, Cora. for, in the excitement of my conversation with your uncle, I did not quite think of what I was saving: what I was saying d I knew that if I had not already spoken to Mildred in the manner that described, I should do so very

But you had not done so, Mrs. Phillips," interposed Mildred, feeling as if her annoyance and disgust of the speaker had reached a culminating point, "and there is no excuse for an untruth at any time."

You surely are not angry, dear Milly? I meant no harm, and it was all owing to an unfortunate habit of exaggeration which I possess."
"It would be well then, Mrs.

Phillips, to cure yourself of a habit which may be the occasion of injury

But the moment that the words had left Miss Barchill's lips she felt keen regret. She had spoken so hastily, out of the very heat of her annoyance, and she felt as if she had broken. If have sought this interview, Miss Burchill," he said leading her to a seat, "in order that something which broken her promise to her dying mother—that promise which had enjoined upon her so strictly to be kind and gentle to any one whom she dis-liked or who had done her an injury. Mrs. Phillips was crying, but then as Cora remarked, her tears came so

frequently they lost their effect.

"I am sorry if I have hurt you,"
Mildred forced herself to say as
gently as she could, "and I shall be
frank enough to tell you that your untruth caused me a good deal of pain." She was thinking of Garald, and wondering whether Mrs. Phillips avowed habit of slight untruthfulness had anything to do with her disappointment on the night of the

You are an angel, Miss Burchill. Oh, if I had only a mother to train me as you have been trained; but I had no one, no one, only harsh Barbara Balk." And the widow threw herself on her knees by a chair in a perfect abandon of grief.

That allusion to a mother brought outall Miss Burchill's sympathy. She forgot everything but the affecting picture before her, and bove Helen, as tender and forgiving as the little widow could wish her to

That interview, however, decided Miss Burchill on hastening to execute the plan she had proposed to herself.

with a person of such character as she now felt Mrs. Phillips to be, nor could she longer insist upon pupil's entertaining much regard for the lady. So an hour later, when Mrs. Phillips had taken her departure, and Cora was about to descend to her uncle, Miss Burchill requested her to ask Mr. Robinson to grant her an interview that evening. quest was such an unusual one that the girl stared, and she asked at last as if impelled by some unpleasant presentiment :

'Is it something in reference to

I would rather not tell you until I have spoken to Mr. Robinson."
Forced to be satisfied, but by no

mans assured, Cora descended slow-ly, encountering Gerald as she was about to enter her uncle's study. "All over your indignation?" he

Glad of an opportunity to give entire vent to feelings that she had been compelled to restrain somewhat Burchill's presence, she in Miss

"No, I am not ; and it's just enough to vex any one, the way Mrs. Phillips gets round Miss Burchill. She has been up there a whole hour begging Miss Burchill's pardon for the story she told at dinnertime, and saying it was all owing to her habit exaggeration. Ugh!' And an expression of disgust and a shrug of the shoulders evinced to Garald that feelings more intense were at work than were shown even in her words.

"Oh, it was a story, then?" he said, still using his playful tone, though there was a grave earnestness in his eves.

"Of course it was," she answered, with angry astonishment. 'Do you think I would have spoken as I did at dinner if I did not know that she was telling a story? She just exas-perates me with the way she fawns round us, and though I know Miss Burchill dislikes her as much as I do, she tries to be gentle and agree able, and tries to make me so too, because she says it is our duty to be to everybody, no matter how

hard it is for us to like them.' There was no stopping Cora now. She had found a listener who neither checked nor reproved her; indeed, one who seemed to listen eagerly and the girl as eagerly detailed every annoyance Miss Burchill and herself had suffered from the widow, and her account included even Mrs. Phillips' conduct on the night of the ride,

her own excited feelings. "I shall ask Miss Burchill the moment I get upstairs."

But Robinson was now aroused to Ret Robinson was now aroused to Robinson preparations to wait upon her; and then of course, when she came down and found you had gone with Mrs. Phillips, she couldn't and she wouldn't go with uncle. Ugh! how I hate Mrs. Phillips. I wish she'd never come near the house."

But Gerald scarcely heard the last explanation. A faced of light had

which had annoyed and perplexed him for weeks.

"Is Miss Burchill in her room now?" he asked. "Yes; she wants me to ask uncle to give her an interview with him this evening, and I have a feeling that it's about me. I mean that she wants to give up teaching me, and perhaps go away somewhere. I know she is dreadfully unhappy, but she wouldn't clined to agree to the proposal, the

and with a hastily spoken, "Oh, how

Miss Burchill blushed when she re-ceived the message until her cheeks rivaled the roses of the hothouse ouquet which Robinson had sent to her that evening; but by the time ly contented and happy. she arrived at the parlor door the blush had gone, and she was pale and trembling. Thurston, awaiting her, met her almost on the threshold, and he was struck at the thin and worn appearance of her face. Mental

suffering was visible in every line. I think has been a mutual misunderstanding may be explained. I mean the unfortunate occurrence of the evening of the ride. I waited to hear from you about it, and I was not a little surprised and disappointed at your silence. Now, however, I am convinced that you had equal reason to expect to hear from me and to be surprised, and perhaps indignant, at my silence. I regret it all exceedingly, I assure you, and I beg you to forgive me. Will you do so?"

He extended his hand, and looking, as he did to Mildred, positively noble, with a smile mantling his bright manly face, her heart went out to him. She put her hand into his, while a great glad thrill went through her whole being.

"Now tell me," he said, "how I came to have"—there was a slight hesitation, owing to his determina-tion never to pronounce, if he could help it, his stepmother's nameanother, instead of you accompany me that evening?"

"I do not know," she answered. "further than what Mrs. Phillips told me: that, mistaking her for me, you caught her so quickly into the wagon there was no chance for her waist, the two chatted like two old to rectify immediately the error. When you discovered it you seemed garden. to think that I would accompany Mr. Robinson, and that you would meet

She could not continue to associate us at the place to which we were all

Thurston's face looked for a mom ent as if it were frozen into the hard almost cruel, expression in which it became set as she spoke, and he dropped her hand, that he had continued to hold, as if his own hand had become powerless.

"How did she come to be on the

back porch instead of you, when herwas with the company in the front of the house?" he asked She went to apologize to you for

Did you send her to do that, or did she ask to be permitted to par-form that kind office for you?" with a touch of sarcasm in his tones as he said the last words.

"She asked," was the reply.
"Well, Miss Burchill, her statement so far as taking her into the wagon un der the impression that it was you, was correct; the rest of it I regret to say, was untrue. I did not discover the mistake until we were some distance from the house. It was impossible for me to turn back on account of the viciousness of the horse. and I was led to believe that you had gone with Mr. Robinson. I was impatient to meet you to hear the ex-planation which I deemed to be my ight, and when I was disappointed looked confidently to hearing from you the next day. Now I know that, with my usual impetuosity, I judged you wrongly, Miss Burchill. Again forgive me, and assure me that are friends, perfect friends, and that you will let me help you whenever I Will you do so ?

She bowed assent. Her heart was too full to allow her to speak. It was such a change from the doubt and misunderstanding and unhappi ness of the past weeks to the certain ty and bliss of this moment.

You must let me help you," he re peated; "and, in order to do that, you must tell me why you are not so nappy in The Castle as you used to Tell me frankly what your grievances are.'

There was that in his manner of respectful yet tender protection which often goes to a woman's heart more potently than a handsome face endearing language.

"I have no grievances," she an-"and the annoyances which have felt are too slight to mention But I have thought of seeking a postion in Boston. My pupil has reached an age which demands a more enlarged course of instruction demands a than I, perhaps, am competent to give, and I thought of placing the atter before Mr. Robinson, and urging him to send her to some woman's

Have you any reasonable hope of obtaining a position in Boston?" None, beyond an application to

some of the people who were here last summer. I have many of their cards, and I have been invited cordially to visit them whenever I should go to Boston."

"I cannot say that I quite approve of your plan, Miss Burchill. Calling been let in suddenly on thoughts ing a position is a different Lam from visiting them socially, and I am afraid your sensitiveness would suffer severely. I would suggest that you remain another year with your pres-

tell me anything about it because I'd earnest persuasiveness of his voice and be unhappy too." The great clock in the hall above clination. As it was, she murmured was striking the hour. Cora started, a brief reply, but it quite gratified him, for he smiled and said:

angry uncle will be for keeping him so long!" darted away. Gerald turned away, also, but it was to send a servant to Miss Burchill with the request that she would meet him in the parlor as soon as convenient.

Miss Burchill blushed who also have the missing of the smiled and said:

"I feel as if you were conferring some obligation on me by consenting to stay, and now with your permission, I shall tell Mr. Robinson that the necessity for which you sought an interview with him has been oban interview with him has been ob-

He led her to the door, and with kind good-night, held it open for her, while she passed out, feeling strange-TO BE CONTINUED

## DONALD O'BRIEN

By Rev. Aloysius J. Hogan, S. J.

By Rev. Aloysus J. Howard.

"Come into the garden Margaret, and help me gather these greens; and help me gather these greens; sure, they're well named like Ire-land's faith—ever green and fresh, ever growing." The mother was calling to her

daughter in the kitchen. The neatly beautiful valley of the Shannon, the straw-thatched roof and the little windows with their curve. windows with their curtains of Irish lace, and the harvest fields that rippled away far to the east on the evening's breeze—all told of peace and quiet. The Irish mother was standing in the doorway waiting for her daughter, but her look was sad and her heart was sad; yes, her heart was bresking. Ah, what mother heart would not break when the very life of her life, her darling boy, is slowly wandering away, is surely neglecting the lessons he learned at

Donald never seems to think

"Donald never seems to think about Sunday," she half muttered to herself and tears filled her eyes.

Footsteps approached, so she hastily dried her tears with the corner of the little linen apron.

"Come, Mother machree, else it will be too dark," and, Margaret twining her arm 'round her mother's waist, the two chatted like two old

It was an hour or so after sunset : the gorgeous paintings on the west-

fence lining the road. He was a broad-shouldered lad of twenty, a true son of Erip, with the laughing eyes, so characteristic of the Irish. His handsome features, bronzed by His handsome features, bronzed by the daily sun's flery face, seemed even then more beautiful in the evening's mellow light. He stooped and proceeded to tinker with a ploughshare that was standing against the fence. The youngest son and the best beloved, Donald was saddening his poor mother's heart by his caralassness in raligious matters. his carelessness in religious matters. Bad? Oh, no, God forbid that such a thought should enter your mind! Only negligent, careless. His mind was too much absorbed in the new

ideal, money. As soon as the mother saw her starting across the field, she called to him and leaving Margaret and the greens hurrled forward to meet him and to receive his affectionate em brace. brace. Tenderly he stooped to kiss her and then clasping her in his strong arms accompanied her into the cozy room, brightened by the ruddy glow from the peat fire on the hearth, whose ever present warmth is a figure of the love-fire in the Irish heart. There on the wall greeting the visitor at his entrance was the large picture of Jesus and Mary, their throne since the house was built; and there was the table all prepared for the evening meal-for Margaret had been beforehand—the dainty, white table-cover, the polished china dishes and the chairs drawn close to the board. The mother lighted the cil lamp and set it on

"Let's wait a moment or so for Brian," said the mother kindly. "Yes, he ought to be here, now," replied Donald. "Where has he

the table.

'He left almost immediately after dinner to attend the special services in the village church.

Oh, sure enough, and didn't I see the crowds moving along that way?' Did you go this morning, Don-?" And the mother looked pleadingly at her darling lad. No, mother, I didn't have time

and besides You'll break my heart, Donald with your carelessness. God will your work. Sure I never remember well-

"Don't be foolish, mother dear," he said, as he kissed her. Just then a step was heard on the gravel path outside, the noise of the falling latch, and a cassocked form stood in the doorway.
"Good evening, mother, and Don-

ald and Margaret, how are you?" Margaret curtsied and her bewitching Irish smile gave reply, and Don-

Fine, but hungry as can be; so let's enjoy our supper."

Brian invoking a blessing from the Lord of all sat down opposite his brother. A man of twenty-five he who dwells in the land of sweet "Indeed I do brother. A man of twenty-five he wore the habit of the cleric, having been a student at the seminary for the past five years-and in another year the sacred oils would be upon his hands and he would be a conse-

those loving eyes, ah, these things had burned into his very soul. Then his eyes rested on Donald, strong, affectionate Donald; he could not help admiring those handsome features that honest face and pohe for his brother.

Village collected to walcome back their boy" and to begins priestly blessing, that the "Soggarth Aroon" might lay his consecrated hands on the heads of young and old alike; but in all that crowd Brian looked in vain for his brother.

Sacrifice this morning?"
"No, Brian -and I worn't."

The mother looked anxiously at proaching storm.

start for France.

Start for France.

A few months had slipped by since when ald's lips tightened.
"It's my business to know your

for

mark he leaped from the table with an angry gesture, and made for the door. Mother and daughter were whitened fence the mother slipped a shoot paralysis. neglecting the lessons he learned at almost paralyzed with fright and her knees in childhood's joyous tears were their only relief.

you speaking to me again. I'm through with you"—and his quick, pounding step on the gravel path be-trayed only too well his state of

Long into the night the sad mother

ern sky were just beginning to pale into the delicate tints of twilight. The tall pines on the hill crest stood silhouetted against the sky, like giants of old mourning the departing king of day. Donald, who had been working all day on the farm, as out of the wheat field and crossing the farrows, paused at the white fence lining the road. He was a

Never again was the unfortunate subject broached. The next day Brian returned to the seminary for his final preparations without, however, finding an opportunity of bid-ding farewell to Donald. The mother stood at the doorway until the traveler's figure was lost over the row of the hill; then she touched the neat lace-bordered apron to her eyes, and entering the house knelt efore her little shrine and there before the sanctuary, found in many Irish Catholic homes from time immemorial, her troubled heart found consolation in converse with the sorrowful Mother of the Man of

Sorrows.

The early roses were just peeping forth from their dewy beds and the grass was carpeting the fields and lawns for summer's advent when the long looked for letter came. Day after day the mother had walked down to the little thicket fence outside the house to meet the mail man but to-day as he handed her the precious packet her heart leaped for joy. She hurried into the living room and tearing open the seal, while Margaret stood over her listen ing with tears of joy, she read aloud "My darling Mother,

Saturday morning I shall be a consecrated priest of God. Oh, dearest mother, how can I describe my feeling to you? And how can I ever thank you, who by your loving sacrifices and self-denial have it possible for me to receive this ineffable grace that should raise priest-

ly hands to God ? village church on Sunday morning next, where ever since childhood we have knelt at your side. I am too happy to write more. Only wait till

Sunday.
"Your affectionate son,
"RRIA "BRIAN."

P. S.-Please try to persuade Donald to attend my first Mass. Have Father Daniel, his old friend, talk with him."

That evening when Donald cam trudging into the kitchen and kissed his mother, she told him all the happy news. He merely smiled and when she lovingly asked him to come to the Mass on Sunday he purposely made no answer and tears filled the poor mother's eyes.

What a scene the little village chapel presented on that bright Sanday morning: the altar decorated by loving hands with nature's first fragrant blossoms, the sanctuary illumined with many candles and mps. It seemed like Heaven the little mother kneeling there in rapt devotion. When her son, her own child, came upon the altar dressed in beautiful white vestments of the feast, and began the words of

vision But, oh, what happiness filled that mother's heart when from those selfyear the sacred oils would be upon his hands and he would be a consecrated priest of God. Strong in his faith he was unable to understand the attitude of his younger brother in matters religious. Sitting there his gaze strayed from brother to mother and he could not but notice the streaks of silver that marked his darling mother's temples, mute signs of worry and anxiety borne in secret, of age that never should have had place there.

And then that sad, anxious look in those loving eyes, ah, these things same hands that had clasped around

brow, but deep within Brian's heart was the torturing thought that this same lad was the cause of his mother's premature ageing.

"Donald, were you at the Holy for his brother.

August, the special month of God's mother, with its glorious "Lady Day," had just come in all its fragrant beauty when the blare of trumpets re-echoed throughout the trumpets re-echoed throughout the country sounding the toosin of war and calling the sons of the land to are!" "And why not?" This in a sterner the colors. Two hundred thousand strong the Irish youth hurried to answer the c'arion call. Brian was Margaret as if conscious of the ap- quick to volunteer as chaplain for

his angry words with Brian, when Donald, after many a sad hour with himself had decided that he could "Then find out for yourself, for I'll not tell you."

I will find out. For no brother alternated in his mind and finally and any and any alternated in his mind and finally any and alternated in his mind and finally any any alternated in his mind and finally alternated in his mind and finally alternated in his mind altern 'I will find out. For no brother of mine will evar go astray, while I can raise a finger to help him and besides—"

This assumption on Brian's part was too much for the younger man. In fact, he was not in the best of humor, anyhow; so at this last remark he leaped from the table with an angry gesture, and made for the second in his mind and finally he formed his resolution. Whither was he going? That he would not say, but he promised faithfully to write home. Sad beyond telling was that leave taking as the youngest son and the best beloved bade farewill to his mother and sister, leaving the farm to them and a few faithful servants. At the little

small crucifix into the lad's pocket. This will bring you home, Don-"Enough of that rot," he cried defiantly, "and never let me hear the brow of the hill he turned and waved a long farewell to that Irish

pictures to himself the little farm house nestling cosily back against the gently rising hill. ivy covered walls and its thatched roof; the green fields on one side, and the golden grain waving gracefully in the breeze. And his mother, the idol of his childhood days, he sees as in a far off vision, standing at the little white fence awaiting his return. Three have passed since he saw her thus but the yearning in his breast is stronger than ever, and the memory

on the memory—oh how it tears his heart!

He had prospered; yes, he had been more than successful. By sheer grit and enduring toil he had won ais way to the head clerkship in the well-known firm of Horgan and Son, Bankers and Brokers. He is not a mere employee; he is a personal friend and confidant of the head of the firm. But why should such thoughts be troubling him to night? True, he had often pictured these scenes to himself but never before had they affected him so. was he so sad and thoughtful?

That very morning Mr. Charles Horgan, the President, had called Donald into his private office and he had been closeted with his chief for over three hours. Urgent business demanded that one of the firm should be present in London at the coming Bankers' Convention—would Don-ald go? It would give him an opportunity of crossing over to the land of his dreams—and his mother! Would he take the commission? He was to answer on the morrow.

"I'm not so sure, Father, that I want to go. You see I left the old country in an angry mood and even material success would never be a sufficient excuse for my going back. Sure I long to fly to that dear old land, but my dear old Irish mother would feel that I had not loved the old home well enough that she and my dead father, God rest him, had toiled to keep over us children and that was the reason of my going away, that the old homestead had not been good enough for me; but that now I was coming back with money in my pocket to show no, Father, I could never go back

Isn't it strange how Erin's sons will journey to other lands, will pros-per and be happy, but their hearts are always in Ireland? PERFUMES for home seems to haunt them wherever they roam, and there is always a hunger of the heart for the land of their birth. In this wide The love world there is nothing so enduring, so eternal as the Irishman's love for Ireland, save the Irish mother's love for her babe

But there's still another reason, Father. You remember the time when first I came to you and told

'Indeed I do. t'was about three years ago come November.' Well, just at that time the Irish lads were enlisting for the war, tens of thousands of them. The thought never struck me ther, but now the

hear my little story in Confes I'll be grateful, for to morrow's the first Friday and I haven't missed one since I landed in New York.

As the young man passed out of the rectory Father Barclay mused: What a wonderful race the Irish

And really, Donald, won't you consider your refusal? You know how much it means to us and your sell, besides--but, no, my toy. Good forbid that I should ever try to deceive you. I fully appreciate your reasons, having heard your story, and I respect them. Good day Donald!"

May I trespass on your time for a moment longer, Mr. Horgan—I'm more than grateful for all the kindness that I've received at the hands hees that I've received at the name of the company, and especially from you personally, but I must go. You know why. Yes I must go, and indeed I made up my mind long ago; in fact I enlisted in the Sixty minth. three months ago and in two I shall bid farewell, andcould say no more.

The tears welled up in the big banker's eyes, as he grasped Don-ald's hand a knowing clasp, and then the lad softly closed the office

The surging crowds in gay attire mother standing there.

Night, dark, impenetrable night, hangs like a pall over the great metropolis. The trees in the park are all stripped of their goregous autumn

The surging crowds in gay attire line the streets through which the khaki-clad columns are passing. Louder and louder grows the blare of the oncoming bands; the crowds the oncoming bands; the crowds press closer to the ropes and crane Long into the night the sad mother watched by the cottage window for her boy's return. The burning peat on the hearth refused its ruddy light and soon fell away to askes, the soft light of the lamp became naught but a series of fluttering flares and then died out, but still the love-fire in the BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS

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