

"I'll do it right, too. At my own expense I'll hire it detectives to shadder him and I bet you they find out some things you will be glad to know."

"There aint no use, Sol, I trust him too much for that and to spy on him, I won't do it."

"All right, Aunt Rachel, but for the sake of old times, do it us onet this favour," pleaded Esther, giving Sol's foot a warning nudge, "I was to-day by the doctor and he said I had no business not to go away last summer, and if I didn't go South for a rest right away I'd sure have it nervous prostration. Sol, he wants me to go right now on a little trip and wants you to go with me. It would do us both good, and while we are away Sol can look it up this here Mr. Sapstein and find out if he is after your money or not."

"That's foolish talkings. I wouldn't marry for money, and I know it Ignatz wouldn't, neither. But maybe, though, Esther, sinet I think you mean it good by me, I will go South by you, if I can afford it."

"I'll buy your ticket," volunteered Sol, generously.

"There is a old saying, absence makes the heart grow fonder yet," suggested Esther, craftily, "you can find out if it's true or not."

After much persuasive talk, the Ber-gers extracted a promise from Aunt Rachel that she would go. Esther lost no time in getting ready.

In the two days intervening they managed, not without difficulty, to keep their elderly charge out of the reach of Sapstein, but just before time to leave, she slipped out of their hands, ostensibly to be gone only a moment.

The trunks were gone, the taxi-cab stood at the door and time and the meter raced on, but still no Aunt Rachel appeared, while Esther fought off hysterics and Sol swore and perspired.

At last a messenger-boy turned the corner and leisurely mounted the steps. Sol feverishly tore open the missive he brought, while Esther leaned over his shoulder to read:

"Mr. and Mrs. Sol Berger—Rachel and I just married and leaving on our wedding-trip. Many thanks for all your kind efforts on my behalf. I will send you a card to that dinner.—Ignatz Sapstein."

FOR THE JUNIORS

Cecelia's New Year's Day.

Cecelia Sutherland was a young girl of twelve years of age. She was a sweet, good-natured child, and although her father was very poor she never complained.

It was the week before New Year's. Cecelia had finished some sewing, and had started to take it to its owner.

To reach Mrs. Warren's she would have to cross some railway tracks.

It was about five o'clock in the afternoon. The dim lights of the station sprang into view. Cecelia hurried over to it, and started across the tracks, when suddenly she noticed something on them, a short distance from her. Quickly she ran to see what it was, and was greatly surprised to find three large logs drawn across the track and tied there.

Without any more ado she flung her parcel to one side and knelt down and tried to untie the heavy rope, but alas! it was in vain.

"Toot, toot!" The train was coming and was carrying a lot of holiday people. Cecelia was cold with fear. Then, suddenly, she happened to think that she wore a red skirt, and quickly she pulled it off.

"Ding, dong! Toot, toot!" shrieked the whistle and clanged the bell. The engineer shook his hands and shouted at the top of his voice, but still Cecelia didn't move. With a feverish grasp the engineer jerked the brakes into place, and the snorting monster stopped a short distance from where the girl stood.

Passengers and crew came pouring out of the cars to see what was the matter. "What does this mean?" said a firm voice from near at hand.

Cecelia turned and pointed down the track. The conductor's teeth sank into his lip. He stepped up to the girl and put his arm around her. "Forgive me, ehild, and may God bless you," he whispered.

"Thank you," Cecelia murmured. For over an hour there was confusion, and while it was at its highest Cecelia quietly took her parcel, and hurried with it to its owner's house.

The week was nearly up, and New Year's would soon come.

Cecelia sat in a large arm-chair busily knitting socks for her father and her brothers. Suddenly the door opened and a policeman, accompanied by two men, stepped into the room.

"What is it?" she gasped. The men nodded to each other, and smiled, then the older civilian came over to the young girl, and placing his hands on her shoulders, said: "I know who you are, Miss, and what you have done, and for that reason I have fixed up the gate-house, and you and the rest of the family are to come there to-night."

"Do you mean that papa is to be gate-keeper?" she asked eagerly.

"Indeed I do, Miss," he replied kindly. "Oh, how nice, and then we won't have to freeze the rest of the winter. Isn't it glorious? We will have a Happy New Year," she cried.

"Yes, yes," the man replied. "You pack up the things and Henry will take you right over to the new house now," he added.

"But what about papa, he is——?" "Oh, I've fixed that alright," he interrupted.

It was a stone building, built for a family of about six or eight.

How pretty it looked. The parlour was tastefully furnished in dark green; a huge fireplace was on one side of the room. The fire crackled among the logs as if it were glad to be useful.

A dining room adjoined this room. The table was set in simple style and everything on it looked very tempting.

"Ha! ha! ha!" came a clear, manly laugh. Cecelia jumped from her chair and raced down the hall.

"Ho! Ho! my little one," said her father, as he caught her in his arms.

"Oh, daddy, daddy, isn't it lovely? Just to think that you won't be out in the cold all day now," she said excitedly.

"You're a brave girl, Cecelia, and I am proud of you," he said. "Do you know who that man was who told you about this?" he asked.

"No, father, I—I forgot to ask him his name," she said guiltily.

"Ha, ha! Well, that man is Mr. Warren—"

"What! the lady's husband that I sewed for?" she broke in.

"Yes, dear, that is who he is," he answered.

"Now, off to bed," he added.

"Goodnight, goodnight," she called back.

That night Cecelia thanked God for the blessing He had bestowed upon them. Her heart was full of thanksgiving; tears stole down her cheeks and fell on the pillow.

"A Happy New Year! A Happy New Year!" came a ringing call through the house. A bright curly-head popped around the corner of Cecelia's room. "Lazy bones, get up," he called. "Oh, Cecil, please come here," she coaxed.

"Of course I will," he said, and going over to her bed he put his arms about her, and pressed a kiss on her lips. "Oh, Cecelia, I can now go to school and learn to be a doctor," he cried. "It's the nicest New Year's day we have had yet."

"It is, it is!" came the answering shout, and before Cecelia had time to fortify herself, an army of happy people burst into her room and showered their blessings and gifts upon her.

AGNES M. ROGERS.

Complimentary.—Lawyer (to judge) —"I admit that my client called the plaintiff an ox, but, seeing the price of meat, I consider that rather a compliment than an insult."—Sacred Heart Review.

How It's Done.—Gabe—"What is culture?"

Steve—"Culture is when you speak of the House Beautiful when you mean the beautiful house."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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