

Light YOUR House With ACETYLENE

Even though you cannot get city gas or electricity, you can get a better light—ACETYLENE.

An Acetylene lighting system can be installed in your home at small expense.

Then—you can say good-bye to the mussy, smelly coal-oil lamps, the smoky chimneys, the uneven wicks, and the disagreeable job of keeping them in order. Then—you can have in every room a light that is really daylight's counter-part—a light that is soft, white, pleasant and remarkably easy on the eyes—a light that makes reading a greater pleasure than ever.

Then why not have Acetylene?

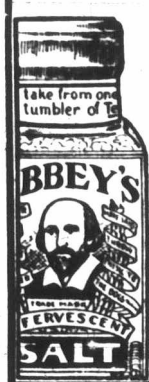
Write us and we'll tell you all about how to put in an Acetylene system, what it costs, and how much light it will give you for every cent in cost.



ACETYLENE CONSTRUCTION CO., LIMITED
604 POWER BLDG., MONTREAL.
Cor. McTavish and 6th Sts., Brandon, Man.
422 Richards St., Vancouver.

Ann, this letter. The bank has failed. Yes, I think that is it. Look for yourself."

"I always tell't you the money would have been safer in a stocking foot," said Ann grimly. "I have me brot of thae banks with their hiddlin ways. Broke, is it?"



A bottle of prevention
is better than a
deranged stomach.

Abbey's
Effer-
vescent
Salt

25c and 60c bottle.
Sold everywhere.

She read the letter calmly. "There's a matter of five and twenty pound left," she announced. "Ye may be overlook that."

"Yes," said Miss Mary gently. "I'm afraid I did. Perhaps I took too dark a view, but—we cannot live in Heather Cottage."

"The rent's paid, and yon impudent Bob Sykes called not later gone than yesterday for the rates. We can live here for three months, and before they're run out the tide will have turned."

"I'm afraid not, Ann. We must not build on foolish hopes. Mr. Sadler holds out none."

"Mr. Sadler's no Providence," said Ann. "It's the Lord will provide. Where's your trust, Miss Mary; you that are aye telling me the age of miracles would never be past if we had a better grip of faith?"

"That is true, Ann; but you forget I have had my good things—blessings untold these many, many years. Perhaps I have not been grateful enough, and this is sent as a lesson."

"Havers," said Ann, laying the coal on again. "I'm awa for the supper tray; you'll see different when you've had a meal o' meat."

If Miss Mary did not "see different" after her pretence of a supper, it was not for want of having the proper attitude pointed out to her. Ann refused to accept the disaster of the bank's failure. But she thought it no irreverence to remind the Almighty of His promise to the seed of the righteous when she bent her stiff old knees in private prayer.

"Ye know as well as we, dear Lord, that she's the salt o' the earth, and as near the Kingdom as poor mortal can hope to be this side o' death. She's been kind, kind, not only to the good, but to the thravn and unthankful, and You'll no' let her be daunted now that trouble has come on her grey head. You can put it in the heart of some man or woman she's stood by in their need to grant her the pickle of silver to keep body and soul together, and a wee bit over, for she'll never be content if there's no' a sixpence or a shilling to send away in secret to some broken body."

In everyday matters Ann was as prompt and blunt as in her prayers. She counselled absolute silence in the village, since what was the use of "making a fash" for nothing, and she eloquently defended the spending of the remaining twenty-five pounds,

as if further remittances were confidently to be expected. Miss Mary yielded reluctantly, humbly willing to believe she was too faithless, and it gave her one gleam of pure pleasure to pay for the wedding china out of the little fund.

"I'll just pack the wee portmanteau," she answered; "it's no' worth while to take muckle luggage for a week, and your brown alpaccy will do fine to travel in."

But when at last, after a nightmare journey, they reached the squalid quarter in South London, where Ann's sister toiled, among other toiling millions, it seemed indeed as if God had forsaken them.

When Ann crept down at daylight to get Miss Mary a cup of tea, the mighty machinery was at work again.

"Aye, the post's early here," said Ann's sister, "early and late, and all the day long, ye may say. The letter's not been long in following you from Linhead."

Ann would not even look at the writing, lest swift disappointment should overtake her, but she slopped the tea on the saucer as she carried the cup upstairs.

Miss Mary looked very small and frail and old as she sat up in the frowsy bed, and there was fear in her faded blue eyes.

"Ann, Ann, I think my mind is going! Four hundred pounds a year for her life from one to whom in past days of need she showed great kindness, and who is now rich," she read, "But I cannot mind the man: it's some one else he's thinking of, and it's all a mistake."

The tears were hopping over Ann's big nose, but her voice was a shout of triumph.

"Mind him—I daresay no! If aw' body paid back the debts of love they owe ye, the richest kings would be coming to Heather Cottage to borrry money!"

"This is the answer to your prayers, Ann; I could only ask for patience and content."

Would the fortnight that followed ever fade from the memory of either? When the fairy-tale turned out to be substantially true they moved into modest rooms in the West End, and gave themselves over to a riot of sightseeing. It was by Ann's decree

that, being in London at last (the dream of many years), nothing of its story should be missed, but the second week Miss Mary asserted her gentle authority and they embarked on an equally delirious campaign of shopping. In taxi-cabs they drove, and what they bought can never be told, for the recipients of these gifts from a thankful heart are scattered far and wide.

But Linhead, when it recalls the great miracle, will still tell you of the three big trunks that replaced the little portmanteau on the homeward journey, for it has good reason to know what came out of them.—Leslie Keith.

A MARVEL OF HEALING

Salt Rheum of Ten Years' Standing
Healed as if by Magic.

Hands Cracked, so Could Not Work
—Cures Effected by

Dr. Chase's Ointment

It does not take long for Dr. Chase's Ointment to prove its magic healing power. A single night is often sufficient to produce the most startling results.

Internal treatment for skin diseases is nearly always disappointing. By applying Dr. Chase's Ointment to the diseased parts relief is obtained almost immediately, and gradually the sores heal up and disappear. Here are two letters which will interest you:—

Mrs. Chas. Gilbert, Haystack, Placentia Bay, Nfld., writes:—"I was a sufferer from Salt Rheum for ten years, and had about despaired of ever being cured, so many treatments had failed. Reading of the wonderful cures effected by Dr. Chase's Ointment, I commenced using it, and was entirely cured by eight boxes. I want to express my gratitude for Dr. Chase's Ointment, and to recommend it to all sufferers."

Mr. Stanley Merrill, Delaware, Ont., writes:—"For years I was troubled with my hands cracking, often becoming so sore that I could hardly do any work. I got some of Dr. Chase's Ointment, and happily find that one or two applications of same to the affected parts make them well. I have had no trouble since using the ointment for sore hands."

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60c. a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

AS TO THE SIZE OF ELECTRIC TOASTERS

Electric Toasters are made in many different sizes. There is a Toaster for a small family, and a Toaster large enough for restaurant use. There is no difference in the quality of the toast—just a difference in the amount that can be made at one time. For a Toaster just your size, ask at the Comfort Number.

ADELAIDE 404

The Toronto Electric Light Co.
Limited

12 Adelaide Street East