A PEARL NECKLACE

"Just try a spoonful of this soup, Miss Courtney, and a bit of the breast of the chicken, do now," Mrs. Mahon urged; and Hilda Courteney raised herself from the well-worn sofa on which she lay at the entreaty of her kindly Irish landlady.

"I will," she said, "but you must tell me who is paying for all the delicacies I have had during my illness and since. I have asked you before, but you put me off. Now Mrs. Ma-

Mrs. Mahon lifted a cushion that had fallen from the sofa, patted, and replaced it before she said:

'Listen to her, then! Sure a sparrow would eat more than you do.'

'Well, who is paying?' "Faith, then, if you must have an answer, 'tis myself that pays for the few things-

'Few things! Jellies, soups, wine, not to speak of constant nursing and

attendance! "Arrah, what a fuss about nothing! Sure you'll soon pay it all back when you begin to give the music lessons again. Not that you should begin for a while yet," Mrs. Mahon added, hastily. "And here's one of them weekly papers about lords and ladies -I can't abide them myself. Give me the Weekly Freeman and home news for Sunday reading, and I'm satisfied. Well, well, if that's all the harm you're going to do I'll take the

tray off with me. Hilda Courteney's face wore a doleful enough look when Mrs. Mahon had closed the door behind her. Her father had been a London merchant, and his one child had been brought up to consider herself an heiress. At his death, however, he was bankrupt, and Hilda found herself obliged to earn her living. She had received an excellent musical training and some friends exerted themselves to find her pupils. For two or three years she managed to get along in a sort of fashion; but lack of nourishing food, and constant exposure to rain and cold slowly but surely broke down a none too vigorous constitution. She had no provision made for the proverbial rainy day when her illness came. Mrs. Mahon in spite of a long residence in London retained much of her Irish brogue, and all her Irish warmth of

heart, and cared for the sick girl as if she were her own, and had drawn on her own scanty savings to defray the medical and other expenses of her

"Mrs. Mahon must have spent a good deal upon me," Hilda thought

"Even were I at work with a sigh. again I should find it difficult to repay her. I wish-oh, where's the good in wishing!" Hilda Courteney was naturally hopeful and brave, but the tears gathered and fell as she thought over her position. It was to distract her gloomy imaginings that she lifted the paper Mrs. Ma-hon had left. It was a weekly ma-It was a weekly ma-Globe, and it contained much infor- and accomplished girl. gazine that bore the name of the mation concerning the doings of the smart people in society. One page was devoted to the advertising of various articles-chiefly of dress or jewelry-which the owners wished to dispose of. One lady offered a set of Russian sables for half their value, another a gold watch as good as new, and so on. Hilda looked at the list of articles offered for sale, and suddenly started. A flush of color rose to her pale cheeks as she opened a drawer and took from it a small wooden box. The box contained a pearl necklace.

"I never thought of it!" she exclaimed. "The one wedding present I was forced to keep. Walter's aunt must have paid a good deal for it. If I could dispose of it! Perhaps if I advertized it in the Globe I might

find a purchaser. She fingered the stones lovingly. Two years before her father's death she had been engaged to be married to Walter Leigh. The wedding day was fixed, the wedding guests invited, when the match was broken off. "I don't like parting with it," she

said aloud, "but I must. It is the only article of value I possess."

The advertisement she wrote out duly appeared in the weekly periodical; and a few days later Hilda received a letter signed Mary Dunstable. and dated from a fashionable London square. The writer mentioned a firm of bankers as reference, and asked to have the necklace forwarded on approval. Hilda managed to convey her parcel to the nearest post office, and registered it. The day was wet, and the first result of her walk was a cold that she found it difficult to shake off. Mrs. Mahon scolded and lamented, and was extremely indignant at Hilda's action.

"If I had known what you'd be up to I should have thought twice before buying that trashy paper," she said. "Like as not you'll never see your necklace nor its value. The world's full of swindlers."

In the meantime the necklace journeved first to Miss Dunstable's London home, and from there to the country house she was visiting. She breakfast table, and gave a little cry of rapture. Her hostess, a sweetfaced woman of about sixty, looked up from the letter she was reading; and the only other person at the table raised his eyebrows inquiringly. Mary Dunstable explained to Walter Leigh

"Isn't it lovely? Oh, it must be page. It was signed "Julian worth much more money than is ask- Leigh." ed for it, Must it not, Mrs. Leigh?" hands and examined it. Walter gave his attention to his ham and eggs, till Mrs. Leigh in her turn gave a surprized cry, and turned to him.

Walter, do you recognize this?" it surely is the one you gave-Hil- gees.

"It is, I am quite certain." Aunt and nephew looked at each other. 'Have you seen it before?' Mary not too readily. "It isn't stolen Dunstable asked

hospitaied the necklace?"



on the centre one, and all three are held together in one strong iron frame, which can be removed by merely unscrewing one bolt. This is a great point in a range. Most range grates require expensive experts to take out old ones and put in new grates. You can do the trick on a "Pandora" in ten minutes, with a ten cent piece for a screw driver. Isn't that simple, convenient, inexpensive?

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"Poor fellow!" Mrs. Leigh said. "He hasn't got over it yet. Of course you don't understand, Mary. It all happened when you were in the school-room

"That isn't so long ago," Mary Dunstable laughed. "No. You know that Walter's mother and I married two brothers. Poor Clara died when her second baby love has been to me. But if

Mary nodded. "Where is Julian?" she asked. "He is dead, my dear. I am afraid we all combined to spoil him, and when he grew up he gave his father to me. "Dear me, such a smelly bumuch trouble. He gambled and bet-He was very pleasant and fasted. cinating when he pleased, and was, I am sure, more weak than wicked. His father paid his debts for him

time after time. In the end he went to Australia and died there.' There was a silence, which Mary Dunstable broke by asking, while a flush rose to her clear olive cheek:

"About Walter-and this Hilda?" "Oh, it was of that I meant to speak. Walter was engaged some thy, and Hilda was a very beautiful Give me your hand. Look at the evenings by the fire, and-

"Why was the engagement broken ofi?" Mary Dunstan knew very well why Mrs. Leigh had invited her to meet her nephew; and she was not at all averse to fall in with the elder

lady's plan. 'The details of the marriage were all arranged. It was to take place at Leigh Hall by the express desire Walter's father. A week or so before the wedding day some valuable family jewels were stolen. They were taken one evening when we were all at dinner except Hilda, who was in her room with a headache. Some of the servants caught a glimpse of the thief, and one declared Miss Courteney had spoken to him. Hilda did not deny the truth of the maid's say anything of the matter. Walter Jim. statement; but she refused utterly to begged her to speak, but she kept obstinately silent. Both Walter and she were hol-tempered and young, my dear. They quarreled bitterly, and the match was broken off. Hilda wished me to take back the necklace you have there, and which I had given her. With much difficulty I in- a mite, butduced her to keep it. I was very fond of the girl." Mrs. I eigh sighed.

"Was the thief found out?" "No, nor were the jewels recovered. Walter and his father were anxious ces connected with them which made them of double value in their eyes.

'And Miss Courteney?' "Passed out of our lives. We heard of her father's death from some one. all flushed, "you forget I am "most Walter has ever since had a prejudice sixteen. against all feminine society-that is, "Fifteen's young, Mina, ain't it?" till lately

Mary Dunstable carried the necklace "I'm in High School," says she. to her room. She was trying to "Besides, there's no harm-in Jim." fasten its clasp around her neck when She stooped to pick it up, and saw have, Mina. that a thin sheet of paper also lay on the ground, and unthinkingly she ed if she wasn't crying in my arms, books of hers from the parlor shelf. mash hot potatoes, put them through opened it, reading the first words of poor little thing. Well, that was says I to myself, "What's good for a vegetable press, stir into them a letter written five years before the beginning of Jim.

It began: I promise you I shall turn over a pretty a sight as you ever saw, I new leaf when I reach the Southern tell you, to see them plotting and the box at the Woodside continent. I will, indeed. You know planning at the gate—Jim on one I couldn't give back the family gewgaws. What use were they to Walter cracks-Mina beaming, but awful or my father? If any one feels their prim. Prim-oh, my! that wasn't loss it will be you, and I know you the name for it, the way she'd hold

won't grudge them to me.' The girl read so far, and then let the paper drop from her hand. Then straight back from her white foreshe lifted it and turned to the last

"So it was Walter's brother who Mrs. Leigh took the necklace in her took the jewels; and Miss Courteney would not say who the thief was. though she lost Walter thereby." sad little smile passed over the girl's calls, Mary. Will you come? "Well, he may be restored to If I don't put this letter out her. "Is it Mary's necklace, aunt?" The of my possession at once I may be gentleman held out his hand. "Why, tempted to destroy it. So here

Mary ent red the library in response to its occupant's impatient "Come and Walter rose from his seat in.

"Look!" Mary held out the letter. or not." an perty, is it?

Oh, read it, read it!" Walter was handing back the paper. "It conhastily. "Oh, no, of course handing back the paper. "It con- -at least I hope not," he said, and May I see the letter that accerns you. Kead it. I suppose she Mrs. Mahon moved aside, and point-

did not know the letter was in the ed to the staircase.

The speaker handed box. Don't be absurd, but read it." "The door at the

A MARKED PASSAGE

If I could tell you how the sun comes a-neighboring through my shop window, afternoons, and how it puts a patch on this calfskin soul of mine and makes me tap more blithely, then I could tell you how .cheery was born. Both Walter and Julian could handle such slippery pegs as were, naturally enough, often here." words, if I could hammer them in as easily as I do these wooden ones, d'ye think I'd be sitting here in Main

street cobbling shoes? "Cobbling shoes!" one lady said

siness!" Even so, my nose has ceased a bit with long wearing, has sort of tanned itself in the leathery airs of my small shop. Then, too, I hold a pipe convenient to my nostrils and smoke a mixture stronger than lea- or of red geraniums. ther. I chose it purposely, a kind of substitute-to please my customers.

for yourself my bowed shoulders. How many shoes d'ye think I'd have mended, had I kept a stiff spine in my back? How you-you, too, I'll

ink on your fingers! I'm a cobbler-one of the last. Shoes are too cheap these days to fetch much mending. The trade is dying, though it makes no odds to Short as its time is, mine is shorter. I'm an old man now-an old cracked boot of a man, uppers warped and wrinkled, run down at the heel, half-soled so often I'm only fit for the ash-heap. You wouldn't think I was ever red-topped and copper-toed with a boy in me.

Here I go rambling-from love to cobbling. You'd know I was a child Love-it's love, I tell you, makes these last rheumatic years worth living. I have a daughter; never a man had a better than Mina. She came late to me-wife went ear-

Mina was only fifteen when she first met Jim-age when they wear long braids and their skirts to their ankles, and boys walk home with them after school and hang about and giggle at the gate. Well, I scowled at Jim, little cuss, didn't flinch

"How d'ye do, Mr. Sniffin?" says he, as big as life and twice as na- had toward Jim. And things ran tural. It made me huffy, but I kind of liked it in Jim.

"Mina," says I one night, clearing to find them. There were circumstan- my throat to soften what I had to poems. sputter. "Mina, you're-don't you think-pretty young for this here hanging round with Jim?' "Daddie," says she, and her face

says I. "I don't doubt that," says I, she upset the box which it had come "but remember-remember," says I, in, and the velvet bottom fell out. "you're all the little girl I'll ever

I didn't spy or pry, but I watched "Dear Hilda: You are a brick; but unbeknown to them, and it was as foot, then on the other, or walking up her little round head-sweet little head with the brown hair brushed head, and her eyes modest and shining, and her little red mouth just Could I blame Jim?

> Leigh was thinking of Mary as well as Hilia. "I am going to pay some "Yes, certainly," Mary answered

> That same evening Mrs. Mahon was astonished not a little by the arrival of a visitor for Miss Courteney. She eyed the gentleman doubtfully

> "Miss Courtney isn't at all well." she said, "and I don't know if your visit might be pleasant to her Walter Leigh smiled.

"I don't think it will be unpleasant "The door at the top of the land-

And then to watch them, apart just kind of dreaming-dreaming those lovely secrets that the whole blamed world could read, easy, in their eyes. Didn't just happen to strike them, someway, that Old Man Sniffin had ever been there, beforehand-ever hung around gates or dreamed any secrets. But how could they know? Pshaw! how many now-how many of us old folks act or talk as if we were ever young?

Miss Jenks was worried-Miss Jenks lived next door. "Mr. Sniffin," says she, "did you know Mina was a-hanging around

with Jim?' "Well, I have noticed something or other," says I. " Noticed! Something or other !'

says she, gasping. "But what are you going to do about it, Mr. Shiffin?" "Well, as to that," says I, 'you'll have to ask Mina," says I, scratching my head. "Ask Mina!" said she. "Aren't you her father?" says the, scon-

"True," says I. "Then," says she, "will you not

put a stop to what's going on beneath your very nose?" "That's it," says I. "I kind of thought, Miss Jenks," says I, "that beneath my nose was better than behind my back," says I.

"But that isn't the point," says she. "It oughtn't to go on at all," says she. "And what's more, Mr. Sniffin, since Mina hasn't a mother or an elder friend or anybody," says she, "to guide and guard her, I'm going to speak to her," says she. "That s, if you don't forbid me, Mr. Snif-

"Oh, no," says I; "but-" "But what?" says she.

"Nothing," says I. And the next time I saw Miss Jenks:

"Mr. Sniffin," says she, snappingturtly, with her eyes blazing, never dreamed," says she, "that such a sweet-looking girl as Mina could be so impudent," says she, and flounced away before I could get a word in edgewise. "Mina," says I, that evening, "was

Miss Jenks speaking to you recently?" says I, soft-like, so as not to startle

"She was," says Mins, also snapping-turtley. "And were you," says I-"did you

"I did," says she. "I kind of-thought so," says I "Ought you, do you think, darling?" "Miss Jenks is an old-' "Fool, fool, fool!" cried she stamping her foot, and her cheeks the col-

wher. I chose it purposely, a kind of ubstitute—to please my customers.

Yes, I'm a cobbler. You can see or yourself my howed the dishes," says I. "And there's the door bell."

'I declare-if it isn't Jim." Now I liked Jim. Plain, honest bet, have the marks of your calling. He and I, and Mina, would sit there

"Jim," I'd say, "how's the

win. "Think so?"

"Know so. "Well, you're wrong, Jim." And then we'd have it- Great Scott!-hot and heavy, back and forth, right and left, and he was level, Jim was, and he'd debated, Jim had, in school, and had the dates down fine. Well, we'd sit there and argue-I a-smoking between times and Jim a-laying down the law with his hand and Mina-Mina sewing and taking it all in, and calming us when it got too hot, and yawning when it got too deep. Why, many's the time we've sat and argued till the clock struck eleven-yes, tir, and Jim he'd

rise and sav: "Well, good-night, Mr. Sniffin-but Cleveland'll win."

And Mina-Mina would see him politely to the door, and I'd wait for her by the fire, and like as not, fall asleep-just waiting Now, it was pleasant evenings like that, and I kind of got over any of along till Mina was seventeen, and then eighteen and nineteen-and ways on every birthday a book

To Mina, From Jim.

you could always tell her marks from per may be added if all the meat be Jim's, for his were heavy and her's used. were light-faintest streaks, they A savory leftover dish is made of were, as if she were half afraid of cold chicken, turkey or lamb minced telling what she knew.

fire with Mina gone-gone tired to baked until the ring is delicately bed, or out to parties, maybe, along browned. It should go to the table "Daddie," says she, and I'm bless- with Jim, I'd take down one of those in the baking dish. For the ring, her young heart won't hurt your old melted butter, salt and pepper to snow, reading those poems and nno- and fill the centre with the meat. but there in those books of hers. membering.

things that I learned by heart and and served in individual ramekins. said over and over again to myself there is the firelight-here in the muttering those marked passages, and with cold water and cook slowly for without their guessing it, I kept just three hours. Strain and cool the eren with Mina and Jim.

So, to myself, "How then, boy, savs I, "are there not three of you in this here love story?" Now, I liked that. I liked that thinking, and one day said to myself again as I tapped away on

"I'll mark them a pretty passage," says I, "aye, in a book of poems, blasphen it." The sneaker handed on Cathishe had received from Hilling hands received from the room. She ing," she said. "Now I trust I've was not seen by any of the house trade among a to sell my necklace," of such stuff heard somewhere that hospital auchoruite unprovided for hospital auchoruite for hospital for hospital auchoruite for hospital for hospital for hospital f says I, and burst out laughing.

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Recipes for Leftovers

Tu.key leftovers always abound in the larder at this season. For a breakfast or luncheon dish a simple mince of any kind of poultry served in cream sauce is tasty. If there is a shortage in meat, help it out with bread crumbs. Make a cupful of white sauce by the usual rule those little feelings I might have a cupful of milk, a tablespoonful of flour, a tablespeonful of butter, salt and pepper. Stir in a cupful and a half of the minced meat or a cupful of the meat and half a cupful of bread crumbs. Season to taste, heat thoroughly and turn over hot And Jim, he'd mark passages - toast. A cupful of turkey stock things he wanted her specially to see, made by boiling the turkey bones things he seemed to think she'd some- in water for two hours may be used how know were true and beautiful. for the sauce instead of milk. To And Mina, she'd mark verses; but vary the flavor, a minced green pep-

with a green pepper, moistened with Nights, sitting alone there by the stock, filled into a potato ring and I'd wipe my glasses and taste and a beaten egg. Arrange the smoke and read; and, sir, do you mixture around the outside of a dish ing the lines she'd marked, seemed | Scalloped turkey is another device

getting nearer to my little girl. for utilizing left-overs. Make a sauce Daughters don't say much to their of a cupful of turkey stock, a tabledaddies about what's passing in their spoonful of butter, a tablespoonful of young hearts. Mina, she'd never say flour, salt and pepper. Butter a bakmuch, even to me, about loving Jim; ing dish and sprinkle the bottom with cracker crumbs. Over it put books that they'd read and marked a layer of the meat cut in small together, the whole story seemed pieces. Dot with bits of butter, add written down-and it brought back a layer of cracker crumbs and put to me things I'd never dreamed of re- over it another layer of meat. Continue in this way until the dish is And it was wonderful, wonderful, full. Pour the sauce over it, cover too, I tell you, how those two young the top with buttered crumbs and ones had picked out the truest bake. The scallop may be baked For turkey soup, break the turkey skeleton into pieces, put with it all shop-out in the street. And so, a the dry ends of the meat, cover them

soup and remove the fat that forms on the top. Season to taste.

Turkey salad may be made in the same way as chicken salad. Cut the meat into small pieces and add to very well, I tell you, and fell to it half as much celery cut into bits. Marinate the mixture with a French dressing with which a drop or two of onion juice has been mixed. Let it stand for an hour or so. drain, arrange on lettuce leaves, cover with mayonnaise and garnish with

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