AN UNSUCCESSFUL SCOUNDREL

David hesitated, then spoke. "But it is not right.'

Reed laughed loudly. "My dear fellow, is anything right-from some one else's point of view?"

Then he grew earnest. "See here! There was Tompkins, Jed Dold, half a dozen others, all like you, working on a salary, afraid to get married or to call their souls their own. Look at them! Having a pretty good time of it, aren't they? And it's all from a few odd dollars spent in picking up tax lands.

"I tell you," Reed went on, warming to his subject, "a young man in a State like this is a feel to neglect such chances. Why, you never know what some hillside farm will pan out. I found a coal-mine on one, didn't I? And look at Jed-everything booming round those shanties in the bottom. Why, he can sell the ground to-day for a small fortune. As for Tompkins, he has an oil-well. I know every one doesn't get rich, but who loses? You can't lose."

"Oh, go along, Jimmy!" said David good-humoredly. "Think you're giving me news? Haven't you deafened me with your bragging ever since these things happened? I know it's nice to have money and a certain sort of power, but money isn't everything, and there's another sort of

"But it takes the money to make it effective, you bet!" said Jimmy

Reed, cheerfully. "That's where you're wrong! torted David, defiantly. "Get out, Jimmy! You'll make me late.'

It was shortly after this that David fell in love, and began thinking bow sweet it would be to make a home of his own. All young men who are worth anything at all have marks the time when they stop being boys. And now it had come to The man turned suits white David. He began to want to make more money for this purpose; but it ey unless one is a professional finan-

presented the maximum wage for a stenographer in his town, and most of that went to his mother and sister. Clearly a home of his own was an unattainable luxury without leaving his dear people to shift for themselves, an impossible alternative in

ed quite white.

of forge-lit labor.

home I've got."

ing over her father's shoulder.

"Times ain't always

of the hardened heart.

you be afraid, Mr. ---

"Don't you bother."

Here's the place, I guess.'

ly, of a schoolgirl just passing.

"She's been dead

"Moore," said David.

mored.

he said.

ing a bit.

to him.

mation.

had loosed.

further.

about that bush.

tap of a cane.

vears.

employer's voice broke in on his re-

"David, I wish you would stop at the clerk's office on your way from ! dinner and look up the titles to those delinquent tax lands I spoke of. The sale is to-morrow, you know." He paused a moment, then added, "Whidon't you invest a few dollars that a good thing out of it. So have blessedly relieved. some other youngsters.'

there anything more, Mr. Black?" He picked up his hat as he spoke.

"I guess that's all," said the old lawyer. "I believe that boy has scruples," he confided to his partner, as the street door closed behind Da-"I believe he disapproves of buying these lands."

David had no desire to be rich, but he did want enough to be able to live his own life in the country, with time to be happy with his wife and his books, doing a little gardening before breakfast—to provide the breakfast. For all he knew about tarming he had gleaned from Thoreau and

"If we only had the farm we could live all right," David declared to the girl. When he should have the farm and enough money in the bank for them to live on with economy for three years, the girl had consented to try country life with him.

That evening he startled her. "El-len," he said, "I have decided to become an unscrupulous scoundrel."

"Have you decided to become a lunatic also?" she cried, for she had never before heard him use such language'.

"I have some money put by-you know how little, Ellen," said David. Well, I'm going to buy delinquent tax lands with it. I'm going to buy

them to-morrow The girl's bewildered look passed. "Why, every one does that!" she said. "You scared me." "Ah, but everyone hasn't held

views," said David. "However, I've some new ones for to-morrow. If we are ever to be married, I must be a business man. I can make money as well as other men if I chose to use their methods. 'If were just myself. I'd do well enough as it is. But it's for you, for mother, for Lizzie. I don't want much, but I've got to have that much.

"But that's not wrong," said Ellen. "Father does that. I heard him advising Eruce to buy just the

"By the way," said David, a thought striking him, "where is Bruce? Why doesn'f he ever come in and talk about girls these days?'

"Too bus" calling on some one girl, I imagine," said Ellen, absently. "Shall you bid for land in the coun-

"Yes," said David. "I'll come for you to go out on that farm with me The farm was a joke with them.

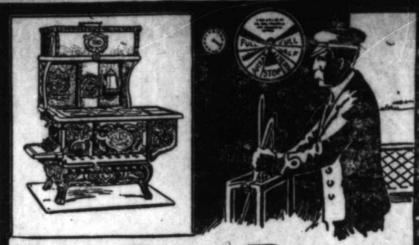
"Three years ahead." she warned. you at all," said David. "It's plain as day. So many beans on so many

They parted laughing, nor did Da-id's elation desert him. Any definite decision seemed to clear the atmosphere and bring his heart's desire

He had to submit to severe chaffing the next day, but he hid in several nieces of property which he believed promising. Later one was redeemed and after the time of grace passed he took a day off to see about the other

One he knew to be a town lot in the bottom, but he had never looked it un. He found a Jenny Lind cottage on a little triangular space, with a railway down the longest side and street car track across the short-

Through the open door he could see a sickly woman preparing food for a broad of children. A listless-looking tren sat on the door step. He starded sulleply at David. A well-dressed individual at his rate could only many a door of the startest of the startes latch had a catch in it, but he pro-



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ferred no advice. David made his Indian summer mists of the mounway in, a trifle out of temper. "Good morning!" he said. Receiv- den, as may be, makes the barest ing no recognition of his greeting, he landscape lovely and mysterious, but continued, curtly, "I bought this lot flung over a beautiful one, that at the last sale of delinquent lands. landscape becomes too wonderful for It was not redeemed, and I have words.

come to see about it. From whom do you rent?"

The man turned quite white. He was tanned, and the grime of his trade, that of blacksmith's helper, was grained in the skin, but he turning home together!

David drew a deep breath. If the girl were but moving this side it?"

How could I, over here?"

"Bruce wants her to marry him at Easter."

"Bruce wants her to marry him at Easter."

"It's mine," he said, in a stam- lands and somewhere in the neighbor-David's eighty dollars a month remering voice, "my home. I paid for hood was his farm. His spirits when Bruce looked in on his way to He stopped as if summing up a past would claim that farm as her re- "I've told David," announced Nelly, "I worked for it, he went on, in place to him merely waved a hand ishly. that stunned tone, "and now that thitherward. He opened a sagging State has sold it for \$25, all the barn-yard gate, undisturbed by fore- ample," he said. knowledge of any sort whatever.

> room coughed as she stooped over was 11 o'clock, an unmilked cow her stove. The squalid children cla- moved distressfully in the yard, and them pityingly. As she reluctantly The one fresh and lovely from a large, dilapidated frame house thing in the poor home was a blue- a yawning young man sauntered, milkeyed child of two years, perhaps, peep- bucket in hand. He stared amiably at the stranger.
> "Mornin'!" he said. "It's your home still," spoke David

"Why, where did he bad. It's both of us having the fev-

er that got us in this hole. Don't sold for taxes a year ago?" "Yes, Mr. Moore, you shan't lose "Sure," said the man. He put his milk-pail on the stile step and called your money, if you don't mind wait-'That's all right," said David. off. He was going

away with this, but the man insisted deemed it.' on his address. After a moment's The man looked dimly disturbed. reflection, during which he put him-"Sis wrote to Dick about it, and he self in the man's place, David gave it promised solemn to send the money to the right parties. He's about "I would rather pay it," he thought quit writing, confound him! Why as he strode off to the next address. didn't he stay home and tend to his 'Pesides," he added, "as an unscru- business? But, no, that ain't Dick." pulous scoundrel I can't afford to lose "Maybe something has happened to

the kids want their milk." "Who lives here?" he asked, polite-He knelt down, and the t "Mr. Oleson, the carpenter, but the tin pail. David waited for somehouse belongs to Granny Downs," said the girl, yielding to the impulse disposed of the subject. of her sex to give gratuitous infor-"Will you kindly tell your sister

"Much obliged," said David, hurry- firm, business-like way. ing in. He pointedly declined to "You want her to get out," know more about "Granny" Downs. man stated, impersonally. But he could not curb the tongue he sounded brutal. It hurt the

"If there isn't Granny's rose-bush teat down!" she persisted. "Granny weakly. Then, instead of walking just worshipped that rose," she rapidly away, he needs must linger produced. The primary effect is exclaimed, shrilly, to David. "Mabel until a number of sedate, dark-e, ed generally upon the mucos memused to pull flowers off of it. Mabel children flocked out into the yard. was Granny's baby," she explained, thirty then stood stricken dumb by the sight revulsion chilliness, lassitude, head-I'm going to tell Granny of a strange man.

She darted off like a human blue- them. bird, and David sunk down on a to see her." bench near the legended rose. For

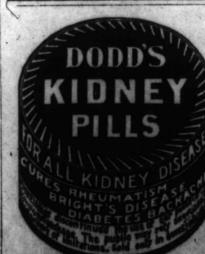
his family with benches. He looked up the long yard at a weather-beaten cottage standing endwise to the road. It was old and small, the roof mossy and the sides long unpainted, but the windows had vid noticed that he was but a boy,

voluble and piercing, and caught the with his milk. Then the little blue girl emerged to view, towing a neat, decrepit old venging the tears.

woman, in the cap, kerchief and black apron of an ancient time. A panic spized him. He hastily escaped through a convenient side gate as David. "Here, for goodness' stop those children!"

The boy recalled them in a h the old woman labored in at the front "I'll postnone that," he said

himself. "An unperfected scoundrel couldn't face an old lady like that. "I'll have to work up to her. I'll go out to that place in the country now. A walk will tone me up." was the closing month of a It warm, dry autumn, and he strolled on brough a countryside veiled in the



tains. This veil, blue-gray or gol-

He had gained the upland pasture vid. "Little Lizzie—the idea!" Surely at this point virtue see Elizabeth. ward. The man who indicated the and he came forward, blushing boy-

One day, as he made these reflections for the thousandth time, his room coughed as she stooped to the continued to the contin

"Good morning!" said David. "Are Involuntarily he expected the man you owner here) way yourself? Tompkins has made did not. He merely looked relieved, Brother-in-law's place. I just come

"Philippines."

"I won't wait," said David. "But to get it that way, won't it?" see here, did you know this farm was to the cow, which had begun to move How to Face Cold Weather

"Well," said David, "no one re-

that money. I'm not a very good him," suggested David scoundrel yet, I'm afraid. Hello! "Maybe." said the fe "Maybe," said the fellow. "Well, streams began zigzagging against the thing more, but he seemed to have

> how matters stand?" he said, in a "scoundrel's" feelings.

"There is no hurry," David said, "Uncle Billy!" they called, and air passages. In consequence of this

"Where's Sis?" said the man to Again the panic seized David. "I

however a shoemaker's children may don't want to trouble your sister," go bare, a carpenter always supplies he said, hastily.

either," remarked the other, gruffly. give him a quick look. He had tears explains most of the chronic catarrhs in his eyes, and for the first time Da- of the season. flower-boxes and the yard was full of of perhaps nineteen, despite his stashrubs and old fruit trees. Across ture and breadth of shoulder. the street he heard the child's voice, flushed under the observation and rose

> ness you're in, mister," he said, re, "I don't think it is myself," said

The boy recalled them in a hopeful not only peculiarly sensitive to cold, but are in a condition least liable "Tell me exactly how things are," to resist the influences of the change. said David.

of the live stock before he skipped

"If the place were put in your sister's name, could you run it for her?" from tonsilitis, and the one who is To lift life's burden from our side. "If the place belonged to Sis, so used to the cold morning plunge ne- The future is beyond our ken;

on and the taxes, any-way," said the overcome in the end. The hardened Have kept, at times, our souls from brother. "And I'd pay you back the man makes his skin an ever ready adfirst money I got." juster to all variations of tempera-"I'm sure of it," said David, smil-ture. The feebler one can approach Look back, look back! Be not afraid! ing. "I'll have it fixed for her, and such a state of protection and may you'll keep it fixed. Is it a har- in the end equal it.

"Nelly," said David, that evening, "suppose a poor laboring man had a lot of children and a sick wife and hard luck, could you turn him out of house and home?"

"Of course not, David!" she cried, with wondering eyes on his face. "And," he went on, "suppose a neat old woman, with a cane and a cap and a black apron, had a tidy old cottage, with window-boxes and a rose bush, and a hard-working car-penter for a tenant, while she lived round the corner with a married daughter, could you deprive her of her one source of income?"

"You know I couldn't, David," said Nelly, with an inkling of the truth, 'but the farm?"

"On the farm," said David, "lives, lives a young woman whose patriotic husband has gone to defend his native land in the Philippines. She hasn't heard from him lately, and something may have happened Billy is rather indifferent him. about him."

"And who is Billy?" "The children's uncle." 'Oh, are there children on the farm,

"Any number. Well?" "Well what, David?" "What would you have done?" "Exactly what you did, David."
"Nelly," said David, "I can't make

people miserable, that's all. You can't, either. That's why we suit each other." Nellie looked thoughtfully in the fire across the chessboard, on which

the "scoundrel" was shamelessly giving her the game. She could not play chess the least little bit, but she thought she could, and he hardly ever had the heart to heat her. Sometimes she felt sorry for him and tried to give him games.
"What is it?" he asked. "I've some news for you," she ans-

"Its a secret, but Bruce

"The blessed children!" cried Da

"You and Nelly set us a good ex-

When they had speeded him on his give away men and Nelly to take captured his queen, her hand lingering on the board, David caught it

gently. "Never mind the game," he said. "It's yours, anyway. Don't let's wait for the farm, Nell. Come home and take Lizzie's place to mother. You'll love mother. "I love her now," said motherless

"We'll save for the farm together,

boy," she said. "It will be sweeter "You dearest!" cried the unsuccessful "scoundrel."

Without Taking Cold

Now that the season for "colds," coughs and neuralgic pains is with us, says the New York Herald, the careful man is on the lookout for such preventative measures as will guard him against the "eager and nipping air" that may prepare the taken in early winter is apt to linway for a winter's sickness. It is ger and thus prepare the system for ments that must settle the question of his immunity against the ever

threatening weather ailments. With the changeable climate of our in temperature is often followed by healthy membrane, which furnishes a veritable epidemic of catarrhal troubles.

The ordinary phenomenon of a branes of the nose, throat and upper turn, and the patient becomes gen-"Tell her some one wants erally miserable. Then, when it is too late, he doubts his resisting powers against draughts, cold rooms, unwinter. Strange as it may appear,

First on the list of such causative digestion. agencies are our overheated and illventilated apartments. Eminent medical authorities maintain that the sudden change from an overwarmed "I don't think it's much of a busi- room to the cold air outside has more to do with the production of "colds" than all other supposed agensaid cies combined. The air passages, sake, after having been dried, and so to speak, baked in our living rooms, are The same principle might apply to Melts away and the past is here said David.

"It's all she's got for the kids," overheating the body by too much clothing and enfeebling the skin by confined perspiration. The exact contrary condition results from insurtive in the low temperature and the creation of a habit of natural resistance. The man who is accustomed to bare | And sweetl- sip the nectared wine? his throat to the blast never suffers The God of love and goodness tried Dick couldn't come back and have any rights except what she allowed him?" ther. The real moral is to face the cold with a bold front, to conquer

gain?"

"You bet it is!" said the boy, with a new light in his grav eyes. "Say, you're a good fellow!"

"I guess I'll have to be," said David, enigmatically. He gave his address, adding, "Be sure to hunt me up some day this week."

"Yes, and—thank you," said the boy, shyly offering his hand.

in the end equal it.

A like principle applies to exercise. With ordinary garments the well individual never suffers from cold while in memory's shrine,

And softly whisper, "It is mine!"

The scent is sweet, as of old lace wherein some perfume left its trace. Then through the mist of bygone years, Look back in all your hopes and fears, Take comfort from the loving gaze of the principle applies to exercise. And softly whisper, "It is mine!"

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some other youngsters." "That's what they tell me," answered David, non-committally." "Is the said "Times sin't always of the part of th

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themselves, but few think of applying them to individual needs until reminded of their lest opportunities.

The worst of all is that a cold the proper adaptation to his environ- even more distressing ailments. The very lack of vital resistance that invites the first attack of catarrh is apt to intensify the predisposition to subsequent colds. This in a great measure explains the prevalence of northern latitudes the task is often a pneumonia during the inclement seadifficult one. Thus a sudden drop son. The microbe never attacks a

the soil for the seed. No more forcible argument could be used in favor of preventive measures "cold" is explained by a rapid cool- against the slightest respiratory trouing of the surface whereby the super- ble that may show itself at this ficial circulation is temporarily arrested and internal congestions are rested and internal congestions are sistance against all winter diseases rested and internal congestions are sistance against all winter diseases more than the initiative and apparently insignificant "cold.

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"Out From the Mist"

Out from the mist of bygone days Rises a face, and glorious rays Encircles the brow-serene and white. And eyes glance soft with old-time light.

Then comes a rush of memories sweet Surging along life's dreary street. The present, so dark and sad and drear.

Syne.

"Well, I'd guarantee enough to live rather than to shrink from it and be It is not dark, though sorrows deep

It is not mouldy, nor decayed. Just rest your heart in memory's

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