

TESTER'S Confections lead in the trade. Ask for them. "Chocolate Apricot," "Cream Apricot," all flavors. Delicious.

40

• • CHIPS • •

"Come, lass," said John Strong, in the most matter-of-fact whisper; and she came!

Thirty years ago a little red-faced girl sat under the vine-covered porch of Dorothy Strong's log cottage. The bees hummed in the lilac and seringa bushes; the summer sun shone pleasantly upon an enchanting pile of white kittens, which Dorothy Strong had carried in a shallow Indian basket, and laid at the little girl's feet.

"They're like Whitehall kitties," said the child musingly. "It's so funny at Whitehall, Mrs. Strong; everything is white,—the flowers and the fence, and the kitties, and the Madam's hair, and Uncle John's and Aunt Katherine's, and old Joe's. They're as old as the hills," continued the child emphatically. "Oh, you must know Uncle Joe, Mrs. Strong, for when I told him I was coming to see you he sent his best love to you; he calls you 'Miss Dorothy'. Don't you know him, and all of them?" Matron Dorothy's merry eyes filled up, and her smile faded as she turned away from the chattering child, for never since that summer night, a quarter of a century ago, had she looked on the snowy threshold of her girlhood home. They did not forgive her, those stern four, and though her life was full to the brim of love and content, and busy, happy housewifery, and though the little farm had grown and prospered, until John Strong's credit stood away up among the thousands, still her loving heart would, in some moment of retrospect, yearn for the kindness, or even recognition of her own people. Steven had died, and Dorothy had put on simple mourning. "He is my brother," she said gently, when John had objected to the sombre trappings and the downcast eyes. Sometimes on long summer evenings Joe came shuffling across the bush, followed by the third successor of faithful Bruno, and Dorothy brought him fresh scones and buttermilk, and

chatted sedately as became a housekeeper, of the weather, and the crops and the fruit, and Joe's sunken eyes gloated over her comfort and happiness, and his subsequent bearing to the Madam and her family was even more patronizing and independent than before.

In the quiet, honey-scented air, the child and Dorothy stood watching for the good man's return from the town.

"Do you think you'll be content to stop and visit me and John," asks the quiet, gentle voice, and the child sighs contentedly, but makes no audible answer.

It's quiet, after all your brothers and sisters at the Parsonage," adds Mrs. Strong, doubtfully. Then the little girl says earnestly, "It is lovely."

The sweet, peaceful spell of that evening comes back to me as I write, while the grass grows over the Madam and her children and John Strong. The fair walls of a hospital rise before me, built from the savings of the life on the little farm back of Ainslie's Bush, and the memory of John and Dorothy is green in the hearts of many a poor sufferer; the mellowed light falls through many tinted panes, set in the chancel wall by John Strong's generous gold; untold peace and blessing mark the places wherein he stood, and half a century of love and harmony was Dorothy White's reward for daring to follow the voice of her own heart—for daring to give up all for Love's sweet sake. And once more I see her in the quaint flowered muslin gown, shading her pretty eyes from the slanting evening sun, smiling as the cloud of dust down the "side line" blew aside and showed big John in his smart gig and answering smile, drawing up in style before the low gates. And for thirty years I have cherished the peace and the love and the charm of what sank so sweetly into my child-heart—for, reader, that little red-faced girl was I.

MIGM * SCHOOL * PUPILS

AND THEIR FRIENDS, WHEN WANTING

FLOWERS

FOR

BALLS, PARTIES, OPERAS, WEDDINGS OR FUNERALS,

CANNOT DO BETTER THAN CALL ON

DILLOWAY

248 DUNDAS STREET.

(MRS. WOODLIFES OLD STAND.)

TELEPHONE 587.

FUNERAL * DESIGNS * A * SPECIALTY

