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is the "chum" of more pipe smokers, than any other tobacco smoked in Canada

EVERYBODY SMOKES "OLD CHUM"

## The Verdict of a Life-Long Experience

Speaking of the advisability of providing in a Will that the Estate shall have a Corporate Executor, the late eminent authority, Sir Mortimer Clark, said: "It is the only method that assures absolute safety." We refer to our thirty-five years' record and solicit appointment in your Will as Executor.

BOOKLET, "MAKING YOUR WILL," ON REQUEST

### THE TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS CORPORATION

CAPITAL AND RESERVE - - - - - \$3,350,000.00  
ASSETS - - - - - \$77,180,513.62

HEAD OFFICE: 83 BAY STREET, TORONTO

## Cosgrave's Beers



Known by discriminating Canadians for over half a century.

PALE ALE  
HALF and HALF  
XXX PORTER

In original strength  
order from  
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489 St. Paul St. West, MONTREAL  
To meet Ontario Temperance Act,  
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Incorporated A.D. 1833.  
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HEAD OFFICE, - TORONTO.

Add Cheer to Your Christmas  
by Having

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Port, White Label.....	\$4.00
Port, Blue Label.....	5.00
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**St. David's Wine Growers Co.**  
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## THE GREED OF JOCELYN JEFFREYS

(Concluded from page 20.)

word. Somehow he could not bring himself to say it. Somehow the memory of what Jocelyn Jeffreys had meant to him kept him from denouncing her in his own mind, yet his purpose to denounce her before her guests did not flag, and with it was a stronger and more impelling purpose, a purpose that led him for three days to go almost without food, that led him to step into a gun store and buy a second-hand revolver cheap. He was going to do something and he was going to do it at her Christmas party—something that she would never forget as long as she lived, and, as for him—well, he would not live to regret it.

It was, therefore, with some fiendish enthusiasm that he pressed the button at her door that Christmas night. He knew that entering it he would never leave that door alive. He braced himself to meet the cold and critical gaze of Miss Smith, and was staggered, when not she, but Jocelyn Jeffreys, stood before him.

Jocelyn seized him impulsively by the hand and drew him into the centre of the room, into the full radiance of the light. Apparently she did not notice the pallor of his face or the fever that burned in his eyes, or the condition of his clothes. She forced him into a chair and began to talk excitedly.

"You are the first one, friend Monroe," she said, "the others have not come. Oh, we shall have a merry time to-night. Bellamy is my guest of honor, and as for you—" she laughed shrilly. "Do you mind if I place you alongside of Miss Leonora Smith? She is one of your staunch admirers."

HE did not answer her. He had thought the moment he entered that room to begin a denunciation—swift—terrible, but the manner of the woman and her magnetism prevented him even from speaking. With a rush, all his old feeling of tenderness for her returned, and he forgot everything but her, even the weapon in the right pocket of his coat. Suddenly, there was an almost unheard tinkle of an altogether unseen bell, and at that signal she rose, and, taking his arm, swept with him into another room—a room where there was a table set for two. She thrust him into a seat on one side and faced him on the other. "This is not my Christmas dinner," she said, softly, "it's ours, friend Monroe."

He looked wildly about the room. "Where are the rest," he demanded, feeling that she had cheated him somehow of his revenge.

"There are no others," she returned. Then suddenly she swept to the serving table in the corner, extracted something from underneath a silver salver, and returned to her seat. "Friend Wainwright," she went on, her voice sinking into that matter-of-fact tone, "this is our Christmas dinner and this is my Christmas present." She tossed on his plate a long, thin, narrow slip of paper. It was signed by her and was drawn to his order. It was a check for nearly two hundred thousand dollars.

He stared at it gasping. "Wh-What does this mean?" he demanded.

For an instant she did not answer. Then with her eyes upon her plate, but with her hand stealing over the table to meet his, to clutch it in a soft and warm grip, she started on her

story, in her low musical voice.

"Wainwright," she said, "do you remember a white mansion in the South, with tall fluted pillars at its front—a country place in Monroe, Virginia?"

He gasped. "My home," he exclaimed, "but mine no longer."

"Ah," she said, laughing, "sold under the hammer, was it not? Did you know I had been away—that I had been to Monroe?"

He shook his head. "I didn't believe that you had been away," he answered.

"I bought that place at sheriff's sale," she went on, softly. "I did it for a reason. Do you remember," she continued, "a little green house near the crossroads in Monroe, where there dwelt a little old-fashioned French music master. Do you remember him?"

Monroe started. "I do remember him," he said, "his name was—"

The girl stopped him. "His name," she said, "was Jeffreys Jocelyn. He was my father. Do you remember a scrubby little girl, who used to sit swinging on the gate in front of the music master's house, a little mite of a girl, many years your junior?"

Monroe ransacked his memory, and then, baffled, shook his head.

"That little girl," went on Jocelyn Jeffreys, "fell in love with you when she was as big as a peanut and when you were as big as a bushel of peanuts, and she always told that old music master that when she was grown up, she was going to marry that stuck-up prig of a Monroe, no matter how good he was. Do you follow me?"

Monroe told her he did, but he told it with his eyes, and in the same way, he told her to go on.

WHAT she said convinced Monroe that he was no actor compared to Jocelyn Jeffreys. He discovered that the greed of Jocelyn Jeffreys began a long while ago when she wanted to marry him; that Bellamy was only her fellow-conspirator for the purpose of capturing him; that the Christmas dinner at Bellamy's was a piece of stage play contrived mainly by Jocelyn who had fallen victim to his kiss by her own intrigue; that she knew his passionate desire to help her develop her voice would be sure to run away with his money, and because she saw he had no head for business she deliberately contrived to get his money and to put it in the bank.

Such was the greed of Jocelyn Jeffreys. And it all came out in the little Christmas dinner, covers for two—including Wainwright Monroe.

## The Boy and the Bells

(Concluded from page 7.)

oven, while the king greased and polished a set of light driving harness and set the lad to shining up a double layback cutter.

Bells again! Shine the bells! The bells of Christmas in the land.

And it was to the jingle of those self-same bells that Ben, the boy, in the afternoon, up next the king in the front seat, felt himself being scooted back to the saw-mill village.

Back to the old bootmaker.

Back to the cordwood pile. Back to—oh, what did he care? He had broken away, for one glorified Christmas, to the lure of the bells on the bellyband.