

# BANKING

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INVITES

## SAVINGS ACCOUNTS

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## LADIES' ACCOUNTS

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Assets - 50,000,000

**Bank of Toronto**  
INCORPORATED 1855

Bishop of the American Church and the Right Rev. Dr. Richard Channing Moore, the second Bishop of Virginia.

## Children's Department.

### THE TWO SISTERS.

Florence and Mary Sylvester were girls of fourteen and twelve years of age when their father died. He had been a clerk in a coal office, but he had never had much of a salary, nor had he ever insured his life; therefore, when his death took place, his family found themselves very poor.

When their position was looked into, it was seen that they had nothing except the furniture of their small dwelling and a sum of money just enough to pay a small yearly rent.

A lady who felt interested in the girls and their invalid mother got Florence a situation as assistant in a

silk and worsted shop, where her salary would help the family; while Mary, for the present, had to remain at home, as Mrs. Sylvester was almost confined to bed.

Florence entered upon her duties at the shop, and as she did well there her wages were raised before three months had passed; but the more Florence advanced, the more poor Mary seemed to fall back. She was not an amiable girl, and she bitterly resented that she should be left to the rough work of the kitchen. She grumbled, too, about the nursing required by her poor mother; and, above all, she grumbled to think that Florence should be treated by every one almost as a lady, while she herself was nothing but a maid-of-all-work!

By encouraging these thoughts poor Mary Sylvester made herself perfectly miserable, and greatly distressed her mother, who would gladly have done her own household work, and thus have set Mary free to get some outside occupation such as Florence had; but this was for the present quite impossible, although she earnestly hoped soon to be restored to health and strength as before.

Florence was quite happy in her occupation. Her duties were to sell to customers, and, when not selling, to occupy herself behind the counter in matching bright-coloured silks, and weaving the glowing colours into some lovely drawing-room cushion or foot-stool. But she was by no means care-

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less as to her sister's very different position. Gladly would she have seen Mary as well placed as she herself was, and every evening on her return from her day's work, she hastened to help her sister in her daily toil; but Mary was never grateful for help of this kind—indeed, she resented it, and often told Florence to go and amuse herself, for she was not wanted in the kitchen.

Florence never made any answer to taunting remarks such as that. She cheerfully did all she could to encour-

age her sad-hearted mother, and to set her sister free, if only for an hour, from her tiresome occupations at home.

"Mary dear," she said one evening, "I have come home an hour sooner than usual. Now, dear, you must be longing for some fresh air; get your hat and take a turn in the park: the air is lovely, I know you will enjoy it. I can get tea ready, and help mother on the sofa. See! I have brought in wood for the fire, and water for the kettle. Now do go and enjoy yourself."

"Enjoy myself, indeed!" said Mary, in a grumbling tone, as she wrung out her washing-flannel; "little enjoyment is there in the world for me! I have toiled and moiled all day like a slave—and there now! I have just washed the floor, and you have brought in ever so much mud! and you have no business with the firewood, or the kettle either. I choose to get the tea myself, so don't you interfere, please."

It was difficult for Florence to answer a speech like this, for whatever she might say Mary would answer her crossly; she therefore laid down the jar of water and the firewood, and went to her mother's room in order to talk a little with the poor invalid.

"Come along, my darling," she said, as Florence came in with a smile on her face; "I do love to hear your step on the stair. Oh, Florrie darling! if I were only well and able to work! then poor Mary would be free to get a situation like yours. It would make her happy; and oh, dear me, how glad it would make me!"

"Well, mother dear," said the girl cheerfully, "who knows? You are better than you were a month ago, and we have the summer before us. And now here comes Mary with your tea. Sit up, dear, and let me put this cushion at your back." And so the poor invalid, cheered by her daughter's kindness, sat up and enjoyed her cup of tea.

By-and-by there was the postman's knock, and Mary went to the door. She came back looking pleased. "Mother, it is a letter for you! Why, you have not had a letter for months and months."

But Mrs. Sylvester scarcely heard her girl's words; with a trembling hand she had torn open the envelope. "Oh, my darlings," she cried, "what news! Uncle Harry has come back—Uncle Harry whom we all thought to be dead. He has been in Australia for seven years, and now he says he wants a home, and he is coming to us; he will be here to-night!"

"And will he stay with us?" asked Florence.

"No, darling, we are to stay with him. But hush! is not that a cab at the door? Yes, yes! it is he, my own dear brother!"

Another minute and Uncle Harry was in the room, and all their poverty, their hard work was over. Taken away from their poor surroundings, mother soon regained her health, while Florence and Mary became the very joy and gladness of their good uncle's life.

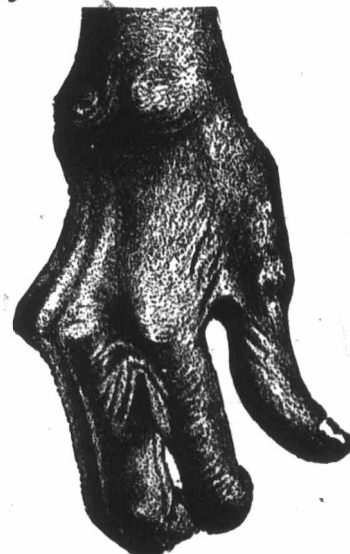
"Florrie, can you ever forgive me?" said Mary, that first night after their uncle's arrival. "I have been so bitter of heart, and so cross to you lately."

But Florence took the repentant girl in her arms. "Don't think any more of it, darling," she said; "you were greatly tried. But oh, Mary, let us love each other always—always!"

And with a loving kiss the sisters retired to rest—to go over again, in their happy dreams, the events of this never-to-be-forgotten day!

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