#### REAPING THE WHIRLWIND

little girl, not more than eleven years old, and yet bearing in her sallow face the appearance of far maturer age. Her black dress with its trimmings of crape, showed that she was in mourning for some one, and her great black melancholy eyes looked as if they were always ready to shed tears. Yet she made one of the gay perty on every occasion, Yet she made one of looking odd enough in her sombre dress amid the bright tints of the surrounding costumes. Curiosity in the village was rife about her. Most of the visitors by whom she was accompanied were known, at least by sight, from their former visits, but her nothing was known, and when at last servants' gossip circulated the facts about her they were difficult to believe. It was said that she was Robinson's niece, the only child of his poor forgotten sister; that the latter had died recently, and having just previous to her death appealed to her wealthy brother, he answered it by adopting her child. For that reason he had her accompany the present gay party from Boston, and in order to bauish her melancholy, insisted that, regardless of her mourning she should participate in every Such was the story told in perfect good faith by Robinson's own servants, their authority beings the lady's maid of one of the guests, who had the whole account from her mistress. The factory her mistress. The owner's own attentions to the little girl seemed to confirm the statement. He was seen driving her out on several occasions, and his manner her was as paternal as it was in his grim, coarse nature to be. One morning the strange pair drove up to Mrs. Phillips' neat little residence Barbara Balk, hastening to the parlor window at the sound of the wheels stopping before the door, could scarcely believe that she saw correct-Robinson the factory owner, and that ugly chit of a girl that the village said was his niece, coming to visit them! What did it mean! hurried into the passage, and was still more astonished to find Robinson asking the servant for Mrs. Phillips.

He was shown into the parlor, he and his niece being obliged to pass Miss Balk, who still maintained the position she had taken in the little corridor. Mrs. Phillips being sum-moned, descended in haste, starting when she saw Barbara.

What do they want?" said the latter sharply. Helen made a deprecating motion

with her hand lest the party within the room should hear, and trying to Barbara Back, she entered. Miss Balk stalked in also. Mrs. Phillips was radiant with smiles and blushes, and a charming costume, and Mr. Robinson found

himself again under the spell which had bound him during his previous interview with her. He strove to meet her with her own easy affability. inherent coarseness and vulgarity were not to be banished nor ever much lessened, by any effort he might make. So to the open disgust of Miss Balk who stood ing him as if he were some animal from which she was undecided whether to defend her dress or her he blurted out in his

I'd come over, Mrs. Phillips, and just introduce my niece. She's goin' to live with me now, and acquaintance here. Her name is Cora Horton." He drew forward the little girl and Mrs. Phillips sweetly embraced her.

over to Barbara. Helen observing that, looked also over to Barbara who was standing very straight and stiff and with a scornful lifting of her eyebrows, evidently waiting to be introduced

Helen inwardly ground her teeth,

son who lives with me."

There was the faintest accent on Mr. Robinson But Barbare, for whom perhaps she did not wish such powers of divination, also evidently comprehended, for she drew herself

abrupt bend of the head. was quite equal to the task of under-standing Mrs. Phillips' little game, and without again directing the and without again directing the wardly her manner had not one in-

returned the courtesy only by a quick,

Lots of company there now." he eaid, in his loud vulgar tones, it'll be pooty pleasant for you, and curing from the very vulgarity of

attitude, eyes and head bent downward, and her face bearing the expression of tender melancholy which CHAPTER XXIII

The usual summer home advent of visitors was upon Mr. Robinson but among them was one who seemed to be not at all of them, a shy, homely little girl, not more than elevant to the not at all of them as shy, homely little girl, not more than elevant to the not at all of them as shy, homely little girl, not more than elevant to the not at all of them as shy, homely little girl, not more than elevant to the not at all of them, a shy, homely little girl, not more than elevant to the not at all of them, a shy, homely little girl, not more than elevant to the not at all of them, a shy, homely little girl, not more than elevant to the not at all of them, a shy, homely little girl, not more than elevant to the not at all of them. she had practiced so often that its assumption now seemed quite natural,—"my mourning precludes order to establish visiting relations between this little girl and myself."

She stopped as she spoke and issed the child. There was a sound in the direction of Miss Balk very like an exclamation of disgust, but when both Mrs. Phillips and Mr. Robinson looked hastily at her she was in the same erect, rigid position, not even a muscle of her face having changed.

Little, strange, shy Cora Horto shrank from the caress of Mrs. Phillips, while her great, dark melan-choly eyes looked at the lady with an expression in which wonder and dislike were singularly mingled.

Well, I reckon the thing's settled then," said Robinson; "we'll drive over for you about four. Come, Cora." He stalked out, the child clinging to his hand, and making his adieu to Barbara as brief as had been her salutation to him. His leavetaking of Helen, however, was character-ized by all the warmth and deference he knew how to put into his The chaise driven away Barbara

glared at Mrs. Phillips. The person who lives with you!

she said, with quiet scorn Why, Barbara, what else could I say? You are not a relative, and am sure you are not a friend." A little low laugh accompanied the pecular emphasis with which the

ast word was uttered. Miss Balk resumed in the same cornful tones:

You are afraid that I would expect the same attention as yourself, and an invitation to Mr. Robinson's. But don't be concerned, Mrs. Phil lips; I shall not interfere with you, for I would not for worlds deprive myself of the satisfaction of behold ing your downfall, and that will come speedily enough if you are left to follow your own plans. Helen, feigning complete indiffer-

ence, was looking over some books on the table and humming.

Bah !" continued Miss Balk. you think that I didn't see through your acceptance of Robinson's inviqualified though it that hypocritical allusion of yours to your mourning? It will bring you to the house where Thurston is—" "Oh, Thurston is in England,"

nterrupted Helen.

The house where he likely will then," resumed Barbara "and you expect to meet him occasionally win him by your pretty acting, and bring him to your feet as he was before. But I'll enlighten you on that point Mrs. Phillips. Sooner than Gerald Thurston would ever ntertain regard for you again he would fling himself into the river. Robinson, old, vulgar fool, may be caught by your silly affectations, though his niece, child as she to read your character, for

she shrank from you. Go on Helen As I said on an occasion before to you, your tether will be short, and your pretty face will be powerless when the wrinkles and the spleen of a wretched old age come She went from the room, while

Helen sank into a chair and burst into a passion of tears.

'If I could only get rid of her,"
e sobbed. "I declare if it wasn't she sobbed. such a horrid crime, I'd like to poison her."

The afternoon brought Robinson deguaintance here. Her name is Cora Horton." He drew forward the dress was nearly as deep as that of the little girl bedside whom she took her seat in the chaise, but it was Robinson's eyes were wandering relieved by exquisite trimmings of white gossamer material, and the full snowy frill within her bonnet surrounded a complexion as delicate and lovely as rose bloom.

The company to whom she was introduced comprised a half score of but outwardly appeared gracious enough, as she said:

"Mr. Robinson, Miss Balk, the person who live suits balk the line suits balk the live suits balk the live suits balk the live su tinguished for aristocratic bearing.
They received Mrs. Phillips very the word "person" as if she had a purpose in using the word, and hoped that her purpose might be divined by ior beauty caused any envy among d by for beauty caused any envy among the women it was admirably conceeded, and Helen possessing the rare tact to adapt herself to any society, became almost immediately up more stiffly than before, and while the factory owner bowed in the best style of which he was capable, she continued to shrink from her atten-tions, and as Mrs. Phillips remem-Mr. Robinson's Yankee shrewdness bered Barbara's reference to that was quite equal to the task of under-same shrinking on the child's part

At the late and elegantly served dinner conversation was quite un-restrained. A certain freedom, ac-

often heard above every other voice, and Helen found herself drawn into

Who is that?" chimed in another ce. "Gerald Thurston? I tell you, Robinson, you secured a mine when you got hold of that young man. And they seem to be appreci-ating him on the other side. I shouldn't be surprised if they make man. ating him such an offer that he n returns. What then, Robinson? I'm not afraid on't." answered

Why?" resumed the voice that had previously spoken. "Are the terms of his engagement with you so good that no better offer can

No; I reckon that ain't it; but Gerald's given his word to come back, and I'd stake his word 'gin any oath or contract in the country.
"Model young man!" came in half doubting tone from the other end of the table

Robinson half rose. Don't you believe it ?" he said fiercely I tell you Gerald Thurs. ton'd jist as lief hang himself as tell a lie. He thinks a wonderful sight of truth and honor, as he calls' em, and I don't know but he'd throw any friend of his over for telling him a lie quicker than another'd do for a murder. Fact, gentlemen," as he saw the surprised looks turned upon and that's the reason I trust

him as I do! Mrs. Phillips' cheeks were a deeper crimson than they had been, and her hands trembled so that she could scarcely convey her food to her mouth

#### CHAPTER XXIV

A gnawing, hidden anxiety, com bined with insufficient food and rest, produced its effect upon Miss Bar-chill. She was prostrated at last with a slow heavy fever. Then came into activity all the kindness which slumbered in the hearts of the Hogans, Mrs. Hogan was as constant ly at the sick girl's bedside as the care of her own little household would allow her to be, and from her table poor old Grandfather Burchill was supplied; while Hogan himself, learning from his wife of the sick and destitute condition of Mildred. cheerfully devoted part of his week's earning to aid the Burchills. actually exerted himself at his work in order to feel that he was entitled to the amount that he received.

The poor neighbors about were all ncerned for the young girl; most of them had received kindness from some way, and many and frequent were their offers to shar Mrs. Hogan's vigils. To the little old grandfather, who hung above her bed in mute woe, their warmest sympathy was extended.

Hogan had brought a doctor who pronounced the case not serious, but one which required the most tender care, and which must necessarily be tedious. So days and nights passed. Mildred sometimes delirious, and in her delirium repelling the fond old face that hung in such tender solicitude above her own, and again, in an interval of consciousness, trying to clasp her arms about the withered neck, and whispering

'Darling grandfather !" One evening Mrs. Hogan came in with a pomegranate. Dick got it she said in the shop. Some gentleman had been been up to see Mr. Robin- "Good day, sir," be began. son, who, in taking him over the grounds had given him a couple of pomegrapates, with other fruits from one of the hothouses, and the gentleman coming directly to the shop on business, and not being partial to pomegranates, gave one to the employer and the other to Dick, who happened to be in the office of the shop at the time. Dick thinking of Miss Burchill saved it for her. The poor sick girl seized it with avidity and put it to her parched lips. Her done, so I saved you the trouble. enjoyment of it appeared to bring her strength for the moment, and "Do all strangers ask you quesher grandfather watching her with delight turned sorrowfully away when, having Jevoured it all, she seemed to wish for more.

'Can't they be bought anywhere?" he asked Mrs. Hogan. "No," was the reply; "its only Mr. Robinson that has them in his

hothouse. They don't grow here."
"Would he sell any, do you think?" the quavering tones asked again. Ob, dear no!" They say he

doesn't even let the gardener pick the hothouse fruits for the table; that he always picks them himself."

He turned away with a sigh, but all that night and the that hight and the next day the thought of the fruit haunted him. Poor Mildred's parched lips seemed to crave it from him, and as he remembered the avidity with which she ate the one given her, he was tormented by the thought that a it'll be pooty pleasant for you, and then I was goin' to bring the pootiest widow in all these parts to introduce to 'em.

Helen effected to be very busy smoothing back the little girl's hair; in its luxuriance, it had escaped in disordered masses from her hat. Robinson continued,—

"Cora, and I will stop for you this afternoon, and drive you up to the house."

"Oh, Mr. Robinson,"—and Helen was standing in her most modest of the very vulgarity of their best, who, ignorant of the true proprieties of cultured society, waived everything that placed a fetter on his own inclinations, seemed to pervade the very atmosphere. Helen's fastidiousness was slightly shocked as she contrasted the company with that which she had been accustomed to meet about the table of the Tillotsons, but the sense of geniality was delightful.

Animated discussion turned upon every topic, the host's Yankee slang when he was accused the outskirts of the grounds, it live in the afternoon, when Mrs.

Hogan came to resume her watch in the sick-room, and at the same time entreated him to take a turn in the sick-room, and after a little while as Mildred seemed to slumber and her the topy, his clear hazel eyes growing big that placed a fettermination as he was accustomed to do; and after a little while as Mildred seemed to slumber and her the the back, a soft-trimmed hat shading his white fore-head and rosy cheeks. Pausing a little before he answered, his mouth expanded into a smile-as he said:

quering his indecision, he went on awfully. with as much speed as his age and trembling limbs would permit, never pausing until he reached the part of the grounds where lay the green.

"But now nice of the plant of the pleased poet. "Don't you think we might shake hands now!" "Soray mine isn't cleaner," he said the grounds where lay the green-houses,—row upon row of them,— their glass sides glistening in the the poet's white one. sunlight and the delicate plants within showing plainly through the crystal panes. While the old man looked in some bewilderment about is quite close. him, a gardener appeared from one of the paths that wound among the shrubbery. Accustomed to see strangers on the grounds, the man would sir; 'twould be a pleasure to her.'

"Have you any pomegranates owing here?" he asked in his quaking tones.

"Yes, a whole greenhouse full of e'm," was the answer given quickly and with a true Yankee nasal twang. 'Like to see 'em growing?" he continued. "Just look here," and leading the way for a few steps, pointed to a greenhouse, through the glass side of which the luscious fruit ould be plainly seen. Indeed, one of the pomegranates seemed within a hand's reach of the nan's fingers twiched nervously, and his eyes seemed to devour the fruit, while his lips moved in a futile effort to speak. At last he clutched

the gardener's arm: I've a sick granddaughter at home. Would Mr. Robinson sell or give me just one pomegranate for She likes them and I think it her? would make her better.

The hard Yankee face became repellent at once

No one's allowed to touch any nothouse fruits but Mr. Robinson himself, and I reckon old man, you'd ask a good while before he'd sell or give you any."

He turned away, rapidly disappear

ing down the path which continued to wind through the shrubbery.

Poor old Burchill cast another longing look at the fruit, and turned away also. But his granddaughter's before him; he seemed almost to feel the fevered breath from the parched lips which a pomegranate would so refresh and he again stood irresolute. The as setting, not a sound was to be heard save that of the insects which gave to an evening in the country at certain seasons of the year such an indescribable peculiarity. Notaperson was in sight. The temptation became stronger. With one rapid look around he dashed his hand through the glass and seized the pomegranate the blood from his cut fingers dyeing the fruit; but in the same instant there was the deep bay of a dog, and in another moment the old man was down and firmly pinioned by fangs of a hound. The gardener, not far distant, heard the cry of the The gardener, dog and hastened back.

TO BE CONTINUED

## AN IDYLL OF MAY

The pine wood was enchanting nd enchanted. The light of a May afternoon was upon it, and it held of a vast cathedral at the hour of Vespers. A stranger slowly threaded its aisles. Imagining himself alone he thought aloud. Lines of Keats and fragments of Ruskin might have been heard if a listener had been abroad.

There was such a listener, and the startled stranger stopped suddenly as his eyes met those of a boy who was sitting on a cushion of bright green moss at the foot of a tall pine. The boy rose to his feet and lifted

name is Dustan Hassop: I'm twelve years old. My mother lives in the cottage on the far side of the wood. So does my aunt. I go to school every day and learn Latin and things. Today's a holiday. And think I have answered all your questions.

done, so I saved you the trouble

tions?" asked the man, trying to hide his mirth. Every one of them." replied the

boy promptly. "But why do you laugh at me? I'm not laughing at Oh, I rather thought you were.

However, though I am prepared to laugh with you, I could not laugh at you if I tried. You are much too serious a person to laugh at." "That's what they all say. Just because I don't giggle like a girl."

"Let me assure you that I don't object to seriousness, and that I'm not in love with gigglers. But now don't you want to put some questions to me ?"

It's not for a boy like me to put questions to a stranger." Then I'll be as frank as you were. I'm Audrey Field. I was forty three last birthday. People

call me a poet—but that's only their fun. I am a journalist. I live in "Aubrey Field!" exclaimed the my marrying your aunt?"

as he put his small brown hand into " І виррове you couldn't call and see my m She'd be so tremendously glad to speak to you, I know. Our cottage

"But if you think I might take such a liberty—" She wouldn't think it a liberty, gers on the grounds, the land have have passed without any remarks, but Grandfather Burchill me, I assure you."

"Then we'll make a bee-line wood."

nstan led the way, sturdily crashing through the undergrowth, stamping down every obstacle under his heavy nailed boots, dexterously holding back a long briar for his companion's passage.
"It's a bit rough, I'm afraid," he

called back. called back. "Mind the brambles, sir, they tear your clothes. That's why I wear cordurey and leather leggings. The boys at school call me 'Game-keeper,' and the 'Iron clad'—that's because of my boots - but I don't I'm wondering what your mother

calls you," said Field. "Dunst a capital name for a boy, but—" Dunstan is "Oh, she calls me D. D. That means Dunnie Darling, not Doctor of Divinity. You see, I'm her only one and she's very fond of me. father died before I was born. was a commander in the navy. hadn't to take care of mother and auntie I should go into the navy, but

The cottage was on the very of the wood and was built of pine logs. Creepers completely covered been opened up within a few y its front, and a veranda ran round cities built and great indus its front, and a the entire building. The front door opened into a small hall which had been turned into a book room of a most inviting kind. Aubrey sunk into a low chair and looked

as Dunstan disappeared in quest of Sweetheart !" he heard the boy call in his high treble, " Where are you? There's a visitor. You can't guess his name if you try. It's Mr. Aubrey Field, the poet."

round with a smile of appreciation

Almost immediately the portiere was lifted and the two appeared, lover like, she with an arm about his neck, he clasping her waist.

Phis is an honor and a pleasure. said Mrs. Hascop when her son had made the introduction in his own way, after which he retired to wash his hands. For me it is both," bowed the

poet. "I was fortunate in meeting your son in the wood. He put me at my ease at once by anticipating any question I might ask him hope you did not think him

By no means. I suspect the wood has many visitors, and that he is subjected to much impertment catechizing.'

You are right. Painters come here all the year round, and small wonder. Some of them are gentle-men, but some are not, D. D. has suffered from the curiosity of the latter."

Tea was brought in by a nice old woman in black. She was soon fol-lowed by Dunsian and his aunt. The conversation took such a severely literary turn that D. D. was content to listen to it, and to eat home made cake with much appetite. When Mr. Field has taken his leave

the two ladies discussed him at some Both were very pleased with length. his visit and were glad to know that bly understands and sympa he was not leaving the neighbor-hood immediately. Both were culseemed particularly impressed by the poet's manner and speech.

And a good Catholic too I'm sure," she went on after enumerating some of his qualities. "Only a devout Catholic could have written May Madrigals. I'm so glad you asked him to luncheon on Sunday. Now to D. D. it was the most

natural thing in the world that some-body should be invited to Sunday luncheon. Father Neale often came, and so did the doctor and his wife, But when the weeks went by and Mr. Field came to luncheon or tea nearly every day, and once or twice to dinner in the evenings D. D. be-came thoughtful and a little suspicious. So one evening when he accompanied the poet to the outer gate, instead of bidding him good by, he said to him abruptly, "Mr. Field, do you mind my asking you a ques-

'Not at all, my son," was the cheery answer.

But I'm not your son, Mr. Field. I don't want to be. The question is — do you want to marry my mother? Well, D. D., that's a very straight

question indeed.' It is. And I want a straight answer to it please.' "Then let me set your good little heart at ease by saying no. But tell me now, have you any objection to

Mother'll be awfully lonely without her," said the boy. "And you'll want to take her to London, I

expect ?" "No, my boy. I'm not going to live in London again. Some money came to me unexpectedly about a month ago; that is why I took this

neighbors. And I'm hoping that you and your mother will make our house a kind of second home."

Oh, but that'll be awfully jolly ! D. enthusiasticall "And if you marry my aunt, Mr Field, I suppose you'll be my uncle." "To be sure I shall."

Well, I always thought I should like to have an uncle. And I fancy you'll make a pretty decent one."
"Thank you, D. D.," smiled the "Thank you, D. D.," smiled the poet as he shook hands with his prospective nephew.

All this happened some thirty years ago. To day D. D. is a verita ble Doctor of Divinity and a canor of his diocese. In ape boyhood he will tell you that he was a very pert and forward youngster, idolized and a little spoilt by his widowed mother, but that when he was about twelve years old he had the good fortune to acquire an

To that excellent man," he says "I owe very much. Under God, owe to him my vocation to the priest hood. He was a wonderfully devout man, and he had the patience of an angel. He corrected my pertness so affectionately that I gently and scarcely knew that I was being co rected. And whatever good he found in me he took the greatest pains to foster and increase. But no could have been a more unlikely subject than I was."-Clement Dane in the English Messenger.

### THRIFT

The present generation does not take kindly to thrift. There seems mother can't spare me. Oh, here we to exist an impression that there is are!" Indeed the country has finished growing. been opened up within a few years started. An inspiration of stimulat ing prosperity has characterized both the native worker and the new-comer. The idea has not been to economize resources, but to develop rapidly the new resources brought to This very novelty of settle ment and exploitation has thrust aside to a degree what is known as comfort in older civilizations. People lost sight of certain comforts in the realization that they were able to

purchase unaccustomed luxuries.

Long before coal was well known in New England homes, wood was burned lavishly, burned up to get it cut of the way. Every saw mill had fires going day and part of the yards to get rid of the odds and ends of lumber and of saw dust. The forests were eliminated as if they were a nuisance like the proverbial rocks of a New England

The prices of things in the United States have always amazed freigners who came here until they fell under the spall of the national thrill and recognized that a development unprecedented in world histo was taking place.

It is perhaps not an unmixed evil that the War and its consequences have opened our eyes to the fact that it is time to conserve resource learn again the good lessons of thrift and economy. We are beginning to see that national resources are not inexhaustible. The readjustment pinches everybody, but if the problem is faced with the courage and good will manifested in every difficulty that has faced our people, it may be well worth the trouble.

Wars are great seachers. The pro cess of education is painful, as it was in the days when the pedagogue en forced his lessons with the The average American to-day probawith his brother in France, Great Britain and Italy as never before tured women, devoted to books, and He has found out that great industries in those countries that were work they appreciated. Aunt Helena supposed to subsist solely on low seemed particularly impressed by the wages also owed much of their success to thrift on the part of employers and employes. These people were used to care and economy in every thing it was second nature with them. Long before the present War them. Long before the present War the German had taught business competitors much in the utilization of things that others threw away or ignored, and this national habit has had much to do with keeping Ger many going during this War and the

unprecedented call on its resources.

The universal call upon us for economy in food and fuel recalls to the mind certain traits observable twenty five years ago among Europeans. One could obtain a decent room in Irish and English cities for a shilling, and by dint of care, shave down living expenses to something like the equivalent of our dollar for each day. It was easier to do this because everybody else was careful in such matters.

In Paris, the modest pension or the mind certain traits observable In Paris, the modest pension or

little hotel provided a comfortable room for each guest and three satis-factory meals for six or seven francs day all told. This was between \$1.25 to \$1.50 of our money. It may be remarked that both accommodations and food were such as a traveller in the United States would obtain for three times that amount How could it be done at any profit

at all, even with large concessions to the management and economy of French house keeping? All the food for forty or fifty guests was prepared in a kitchen about the size of the modern kitchenette. The cook went out to the market before each meal and purchased what was necessary. There was never any waste. Probably the guest could have eaten more but each one had sufficient. One holiday. So I'm going to build a explanation of the cleanliness of the bungalow quite close to yours, and Aunt Helena and I will be your near refuse was utilized. Not a bough BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS

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