

## THE SISTERS

An Interesting Story of the Life of Sisters whose circumstances varied.

"Our opinions seem to clash to-night," returned Mr. Drummond, good-humoredly, but feeling that the young lady beside him had decidedly a will of her own. "She is very nice, but she is not as gentle as her sister," he said to himself; which was hard on Phillis, who, though she was not meek, being a girl of spirit, was wholly sweet and sound to the heart's core.

"One may be supposed to know one's business best," she replied rather dryly to this. And then, fearing that she might seem ungracious to a stranger, who did not know her and her little ways, she went on in a more cordial tone: "I am afraid you think me a little cross to-night; but I have been having a stand-up fight, and am rather tired. Trying to battle against other people's prejudices makes one irritable. And then, because I am down and out of heart about things, our clergyman thinks fit to lecture me on propriety."

"Only for your good. You must forgive me if I have been a little harsh on myself," returned Mr. Drummond, with much compunction. "You seem so lonely—no father or brother; at least—pardon me—I believe you have no brother?"

"Oh, no; we have no brother," sighed Phillis. Their acquaintance was in too early a stage to warrant her in bringing in Dick's name. Besides, that sort of heterogeneous relationship is so easily misconstrued. And then she added: "I see. You meant to be very kind, and I was very grateful."

"I only wish I could find some way of helping you all," was his reply to this. But it was said with such frank kindness that Phillis's brief haughtiness vanished. They were standing at the gate of the Priory by this time; but Mr. Drummond still lingered. It was Phillis who dismissed him.

"Good-night, and many thanks," she said, brightly. "It is too late to ask you in, for you see even dress-makers have their notions of propriety." And, as she uttered this malicious little speech, the young man broke into a laugh that was heard by Dorothy in her little kitchen.

"Oh, that is too bad of you, Miss Challoner," he said, as soon as he recovered himself; but, nevertheless, he liked the girl better for her little joke.

Mr. Drummond's constitutional had lasted so long that Mattie grew quite frightened, and came down in her drab dressing-gown to wait for him. It was not a becoming costume, but it was warm and comfortable; but then Mattie never considered what she wore, or had taken an interest in her for her own sake, she would doubtless have developed an honest liking for pretty things. But what did it matter under the present circumstances? Mr. Drummond was lighting his chamber candle when Mattie rushed out on him—a grotesque little figure, all eyes and frills.

"Oh, Archie, how you frightened me—where have you been?" Archie shrugged his shoulders at this. "I am not aware, Mattie—for in severe moods he would call her by her full name, a thing she especially disliked—"I did not know before that I was accountable to you for my actions. Neither am I particularly obliged to you for spying upon me in this way." For the sight of Mattie at this time was peculiarly distasteful. Why was he to be watched in his own house?

"Oh, dear Archie! how can you say such things? Spy on you, indeed! when there is a storm coming up, and I was so anxious."

"I am very much obliged to you," returned Archie, ironically; "but, as you see I am safe, don't you think you had better take off that thing?" pointing to the conspicuous garment—"and go to bed?" And such was the tone that poor Mattie fled without a word, and cried a little in her dark room, because Archie would not be kind to her and let her leave him with one trifling or other. To-night it was her poor old dressing-gown, which had been her mother's, and had been considered good enough for Mattie. And here she gave a sigh that caught Archie's ears as he passed her door.

"Good-night, you little goose!" he called out, for the sound made him uncomfortable; and though the words were contemptuous, the voice was not, and Mattie at once dried her eyes and was comforted.

But before Archie went to sleep that night he made up his mind that it was his duty as a clergyman and a Christian to be conversant with the wilfulness, and to befriend to the utmost of his power the strangers, widow and fatherless, that Providence had placed at his very gates.

"They are so very lonely, poor things!" he said to himself, "not a man about them. By the bye, I noticed she did not wear an engagement-ring. But which was the 'she' he meant, was an enigma known only to himself.

"Not a man about them!" he repeated in a satisfied manner, for as yet the name of Dick had not sounded in his ear.

CHAPTER XXI.

BEAKING THE PEACE.

Nan went to Beach House to fetch

## SUFFERED TORTURES FOR 70 YEARS

Wife of a Prominent Physician Tells How She Was Cured.

Mrs. J. R. Flock is the widow of one of the best known physicians in London, Ontario. She was treated by her husband and many other medical men, but never received any lasting benefit. Just by accident, she tried a well-known remedy, and now, after 70 years of suffering, she is well. Read her letter to Fruit-a-lives Limited.

"Dear Sirs,—Since my early childhood (and I am now in my seventy-third year) I have suffered indescribable torment from stomach trouble and indigestion, complicated with liver disorders. Being the wife of a prominent physician (the late Dr. J. R. Flock), I naturally enough, had a prejudice against proprietary remedies. I was, however, unable to benefit to any great extent through my lifetime, from taking the ordinary remedies of physicians, being constantly in delicate health from stomach disorder and vomiting. Accidentally I came into possession of a sample of Fruit-a-lives, and found myself wonderfully benefited. I take them now as my only medicine and they are keeping me in the most satisfactory health.

After finding out the wonderful medicinal qualities of 'Fruit-a-lives' I have recommended them to many of my friends and acquaintances, who have also had the best results from their use—and one lady friend that I have recently recommended them to, as used them for Scatica, from which she suffered constantly and was unable to procure any remedy that would relieve her. She is now taking 'Fruit-a-lives' and is cured.

I am glad to be able to recommend 'Fruit-a-lives' and will be glad if you will use my name in any way that will be the means of bringing your remedy before the public. I am, Sir, very truly, Yours, Mrs. J. R. Flock. 346 Dundas St. London, Ont., Feb. 28th, 1908.

her mother home, escorted by Laddie, who was growing a most reliable and friendly little animal, and a great consolation to his mistress, whom he loved with all his doggy heart. They all three came back in an old fly belonging to their host, and found Phillis waiting for them at the door-step, who made her mother the following little speech:

"Now, mammy, you are to kiss us, and tell us what good industrious girls we have been; and then you are to shut your eyes and look nothing, and then sit down in your old arm-chair, and try and make the best of everything."

"Welcome home, dearest mother," said Nan, softly kissing her. "Home is home, however poor it may be, and thank God for it," wished the girl, reverently.

"Oh, my darlings!" exclaimed the poor mother; and then she cried a little, and Dulee came up and put a rose-bud in her hand, and Dorothy exclaimed and clasped her mother, and then she hoped that her mistress and the dear young ladies would try and make themselves as happy as possible.

"Happy, you silly old Dorothy! of course we mean to be as busy as bees, and as frolicsome as kittens," returned Phillis, who had recovered her old spiritfulness, and was ready to-day for a dozen Mrs. Chaynes and all the clergy of the diocese. "Now, mammy, you are only to peep into the kitchen, this is our work-room, and that's the curtains Mrs. Drummond was kind enough to hand. In the old days," continued Phillis, with mock solemnity, "the parson would have pronounced a benediction; but the modern Anglican performs another function, and with much gravity ascends the steps and hooks up the curtains of the new-comers."

"Oh, Phillis, how can you be so absurd? I am sure it was very good of you to do this. Come, mother dear, we will not stand here listening to her nonsense," and Nan drew the mother to the parlor.

It was a very small room, but still snug and comfortable, and with a little round table that would hold a half-hold five, as Nan once observed, thinking of Dick; and the evening's sunshine was stealing in, but not too brightly. Mrs. Challoner tried to think it dull, and endeavored to say a word of praise at the arrangements Dulee pointed out to her; but the thought of Glen Cottage and her pretty drawing-room, and the verdant lawn with its climbing roses, and the shady lawns with the seat under the acacia-trees, almost overpowered her. That they should come to this! That they should be sitting in this mean little parlor, where there was hardly room to move, looking out at the little strip of grass, and the medlar-tree, and the empty greenhouse! Nan saw her mother's lip quiver, and adroitly turned the subject to their neighbors, who had so much to say about Mr. Drummond and his sister that Mrs. Challoner grew quite interested; nevertheless, it was a surprise even to Nan when Dorothy presently opened the door, and Mr. Drummond coolly walked in with a magnificent basket of roses in his hand.

Nan gravely introduced him to her mother, and the young man accented her; but there was a little surprise on his face. He had taken it into his head that Mrs. Challoner would be a far older-looking and more homely person; but the stately-looking woman before him might have been an older and faded edition of Nan. Somehow, her appearance confused him; and he commenced with an apology for his intrusion.

"I ought not to have been so unceremonious. I am afraid, as you just arrived, my visit will seem an intrusion; but my sister thought you would like some of our roses," he had obliged poor Mattie to say so—and, as we had cut some fine ones, we thought you ought to have them

while they are fresh."

"Thank you; this is kind and neighborly," returned Mrs. Challoner; but, though her tone was perfectly civil, Nan thought her manner a little cold, and hastened to hasten with a few glowing words of admiration.

"The roses were lovely; they were finer than those at Longmoor, or even at Fitzroy Lodge, though Lady Fitzroy prided herself on her roses." Archie picked up his ears at the latter name, which escaped quite involuntarily from Nan. "And was it not good of Miss Drummond to spare them so many, and of Mr. Drummond to carry them?" all of which Nan said with a sweet graciousness that bewildered the young man's embarrassment in a moment.

"Yes, indeed!" echoed Mrs. Challoner, obedient, as usual, to her daughter's lead. "And you must thank her how you like, and how you like her." But, though Mrs. Challoner said this, the roses were not without thorns for her. Why had not Miss Drummond brought them herself? She was pleased, indeed, that under the circumstances, any one should be civil to her girls; but there was a little patronage intended? She was not quite sure that she rejoiced in having such neighbors. Mr. Drummond was a nice and gentlemanly, but he was a too young and handsome for an unmarried clergyman; at least, that was her old-fashioned opinion; and when one has three very good-looking daughters, and dreads the idea of losing one, one may be pardoned for distrusting even a basket of roses.

If Mr. Drummond perceived her slight coldness, he seemed quite determined to overcome it. He took small notice of Nan's coldness, and at once arranged the flowers under his eyes, and then Phillis, who looked good and demure this evening, failed to obtain a word. He talked almost exclusively to Mrs. Challoner, and with a careful question about their old home, which he now learned was at Oldfield, and gaining scraps of information that enabled him to obtain a pretty clear insight into their present circumstances.

Mrs. Challoner, who was a soft-hearted woman, was not proof against so much sympathy. She perceived that Mr. Drummond was sorry for her, and she began to warm a little toward him. His manner was respectful, his words so discreet, and then he behaved so nicely, taking no notice of the girls, though Nan was looking so pretty, but just talking to her in a grave responsible way, as though he were a gray-haired man of sixty.

Phillis was not quite sure she approved of it; in the old days she had never been so excluded from conversation; she would have liked a word now and then. But Nan sat by quite contented; it pleased her to see her mother roused and interested.

When Mr. Drummond took his leave, she accompanied him to the door, and thanked him quite warmly. "You have done her so much good, for this first evening," said Nan, lifting her lovely eyes to the young man's face.

"I am so glad! I will come again," he said, rather incoherently. And as he went out of the green door, he told himself that it was his clear duty to befriend this interesting family. He ought to have come home and written to Grace, for it was long past the day when she always expected to hear from him. But the last day or two he had rather shirked this duty. It would be difficult to explain to Grace she might be rather shocked, for she was a little prim in such things, being her mother's daughter. He thought he would ask Mattie to tell her about the Challoners, and that he was busy and would write soon; and when he had made up his mind to this, he went down to the sea-shore and amused himself by sitting on a breakwater and staring at the fishing-smacks—which of course showed how busy busy was.

"I think I shall like Mr. Drummond," observed Mrs. Challoner, in a tolerant tone, when Nan had accompanied the young vicar to the door. "He seems an earnest, good sort of young man."

"Yes, mammy dear. And I am sure he has fallen in love with you," returned Phillis, naughtily; "for he talked to no one else! And you are so young looking and pretty that, of course, no one could be surprised if he fell in love with you. Mrs. Challoner said, 'Oh, Phillis,' and looked dread-



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"I ought not to have been so unceremonious. I am afraid, as you just arrived, my visit will seem an intrusion; but my sister thought you would like some of our roses," he had obliged poor Mattie to say so—and, as we had cut some fine ones, we thought you ought to have them

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Women who are suffering from these troubles should not lose sight of these facts or doubt the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health.

fully shocked in a proper matronly way, what was the use of that, when the mischievous girl burst out laughing her face?

But the interruption had done them all good, and the evening passed less heavily than they had dared to hope. And when Mrs. Challoner complained of fatigue, and the girls, escorted by Dorothy, who was dying for a chat with her mistress, the three girls went out in the garden, and walked, after their old fashion, arm in arm, up and down the lawn, with Nan, who, though Dulee stood still a moment, and waited a little kiss toward her mother's room.

Their mother's window was open, and they could have heard snatches of Dorothy's conversation, if they had chosen to listen. Dulee stood still a moment, and waited a little kiss toward her mother's room.

"Dear old mammy! She has been very good this evening, has she not, Nan?" She only cried the least best when she kissed her.

"Yes, indeed. And Dulee also has been very good. What do you say, Phillis? Has not Dulee been the best child possible?"

"Oh, Nan, I should be ashamed to be otherwise," returned Dulee, in such an earnest manner, if they made her sisters laugh. Dulee stood still a moment, and waited a little kiss toward her mother's room.

"Little flatterer!" but Nan squeezed Dulee's arm affectionately. And Phillis said, in a joking tone:

"Ah, it was not half so bad. This evening there was another looking so dear and pretty; and there were your girls; and though the nest is small, it feels warm and cozy. And if we could only forget Glen Cottage, and leave off missing the old faces, which I never shall—'No!' I!" echoed Nan, with a deep sigh, fetched from somewhere—"and root ourselves afresh, we should contrive not to be unhappy."

"I think it is our duty to cultivate cheerfulness," added Nan, seriously, and after this they fell to a discussion on ways and means. As usual, Phillis was chief spokeswoman, but to Nan belonged the privilege of the casting vote.

The next few days were weary ones to Mrs. Challoner; there was still much to be done before the Priory could be pronounced in order. The girls spent most of the daylight hours unpacking boxes, sorting and arranging their treasures, and if the truth must be told, helping Dorothy to polish furniture and wash glass and china.

Mrs. Challoner, who was not strong enough for these household labors, found herself condemned to hem, darn, and mend old table linen, to the tune of her own sad thoughts. Mr. Drummond found her sorting a little heap on the parlor table when

he dropped in casually one morning—this time with some very fine cherries that his sister thought Mrs. Challoner would enjoy.

When Mr. Drummond began his little speech he could have sworn that there were tears on the poor lady's cheeks; but when he had finished she looked up at him with a smile, and thanked him warmly, and then they had quite a nice chat together.

Mr. Drummond's visit was quite a godsend, she told him, for her girls were busy and had no time to talk to her; and "one's thoughts are not always pleasant companions," she added, with a sigh. And Mr. Drummond, who had caught sight of the tears, was at once sympathetic, and expressed himself in such feeling terms—for he was more at ease in the girls' absence—that Mrs. Challoner opened out in the most confiding way, and told him a great deal that he had been anxious to learn.

But she soon found out, to her dismay, that he disapproved of her girls' plans; for he told her so at once, and in the coolest manner. The opportunity for airing his views on the subject was far too good to be lost. Mrs. Challoner was alone; she was in a low, dejected mood; the rulers of the household were gathered in an upper chamber. What would Phillis have said, as she warbled a rather flat accompaniment to Nan's "Bonnie Dundee," which she was singing to keep up their spirits over a piece of hard work, if she had known that Mr. Drummond was at that moment in possession of her mother's ear?

"Oh, Mr. Drummond, this is very sad, if every one should think as you do about my poor girls; and Phillis does so object to being called romantic," for he had hinted in a gentlemanly way that she thought the whole scene was crude and girlish and quixotic to a degree.

"I hope you will not tell her, then," returned Mr. Drummond, in a soothing tone, for Mrs. Challoner was beginning to look agitated. "I am afraid that nothing I say will induce Miss Challoner to give up her pet scheme; but I felt, as your clergyman, it was my duty to let you know my opinion." And here Archie looked so very solemn that Mrs. Challoner, being a weak woman and apt to overvalue the least expression of masculine opinion, grew more and more alarmed.

Continued on page 3

## THEIR HOPE, THE PEOPLE

### Muskoka's Brave Battle for Needy Consumptives.

It is poor consolation to needy consumptives to say that the Government should make provision for the thousands who suffer and die from tuberculosis in Canada every year.

The Government should do a great deal more than they have yet dreamed of doing. But they are not doing it, and in the meantime twelve thousand die annually in the Dominion, from this dread disease.

As the situation is to-day, what would be the fate of many consumptives in Canada were it not for the two homes for Consumptives in Muskoka that during the past eleven years, against many odds, have cared for upwards of three thousand patients in the earlier stages of the disease, while the later stages of the disease, on the banks of the Humbler, those in the more advanced stages are treated.

This work in Muskoka is one of pure philanthropy. From the day the first patient was admitted to the Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives in April, 1902, not a single applicant has ever been refused admission because of his or her inability to pay.

The Government contribute \$1.50 per week per patient. The cost of maintenance is \$9.25 a week. The difference in the cost of maintenance of all needy patients has through these years been made up by private philanthropy.

The Secretary-Treasurer of the Association, Mr. J. S. Robertson, 317 King Street West, Toronto, writes us that, with the financial depression of the past year, the funds of the Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives have suffered greatly. At the commencement of the winter season the Trustees have to face a heavily overdrawn bank account and have many obligations to meet.

Despite these financial worries every applicant is receiving careful consideration and patients are admitted as promptly as beds are made vacant.

All through these years the institution has been maintained, not by any rich endowment, for such does not exist, but by the generous contributions of the masses of the people—the small sums rather than the large ones.

"I frankly say that we do not know, in our experience, of a more worthy and deserving charity, and our hope is that the readers of these lines will respond to the appeal that is now made for funds for the Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives."

Contributions may be sent to Mr. W. J. Gage, 84 Spadina Ave., Chairman of the Executive Committee, or to J. S. Robertson, Secretary-Treasurer of the National Sanatorium Association, 317 King Street West, Toronto, Ontario.

## WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

In case of a burn or scald what would you do to relieve the pain? Such injuries are liable to occur in any family and everyone should be prepared for them. Chamberlain's Salve applied on a soft cloth will relieve the pain almost instantly, and unless the injury is a very severe one, will cause the parts to heal without leaving a scar. For sale by G. A. Jenson.

The quality of coal oil offered for sale in Manitoba is to be investigated. Linder & Watson's grocery at Gilmerton was damaged \$2,600 by fire.

A sub-contract for the construction of a section of the Transcontinental Railway has been awarded to Fortin and Gravello, of Hull, at an estimated cost of \$500,000.

## Beaten to Death.

Phillipsburg, N.J., Nov. 12.—Clarence Leid, a foreman on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railway, cut off, was murdered Tuesday night by an Italian. Wednesday afternoon Leid took the foreigner to task for loading and threatened to discharge him. At 11 o'clock that night he was attacked by the Italian, who knocked him down and beat him to death with a club.

## Close In Prince Albert.

Prince Albert, Sask., Nov. 12.—Though the full returns of Tuesday's election in Prince Albert will not be in for some days, a Liberal victory is probable. From present appearances, with 65 polls heard from the Liberals claim 37 majority for Rutland, while the Conservatives claim 12 majority for McKay.

## Watterson's Son Killed.

New York, Nov. 12.—Harvey Watterson, a lawyer, son of Henry Watterson, the editor of Louisville, Ky., fell from a window in his office on the 19th floor of a Wall street building yesterday, landing on the roof of an adjoining building, nine stories below, and was instantly killed.

## Wholesale Bribery.

Chatham, Nov. 12.—Eight charges of corrupt practice will be brought against one of the Liberal workers in the recent Clements-McGill election. This man, it is said, will be charged with wholesale bribery of English immigrants.

## Accidentally Killed.

Ottawa, Nov. 12.—Jos. Lepine, aged 40, foreman for the E. B. Eddy Lumber Co., accidentally shot himself last Friday near his camp, about 80 miles above Des Moines. His body was brought to Ottawa yesterday.

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