

approached and stood in the full light of the fire. He looked taller and more manly since we had last seen him, and bore himself as one who was quite assured of his welcome. The freezing one we accorded him ought to have gone a long way toward reducing the heat of the room.

"Good evening, young people," he said cheerfully, taking a chair and drawing up between Deb and me. "Eating, as usual, I see," he continued, as he glanced round our little circle.

"We received this rude remark with a stony stare. 'Well, and how have you been since I last had the pleasure of seeing you?' spreading out his hands toward the blaze, and looking us over attentively. 'Pretty frisky, eh? As I was coming down the passage I thought I was about to enter the Tower of Babel, but I find that I have stumbled upon three Trappists instead.'

"We did not expect you," responded Deb, politely; "can you wonder that your sudden appearance should have struck us dumb?"

"Ah yes, of course; very true?" he nodded, affably. "But where is your Irish hospitality?" he proceeded. "I do not see you forcing any of your dainties on me, and I am starving!" calmly reaching forth a long arm and appropriating a well-roasted apple from the plate on the fender.

"We exchange glances of amazement, and he turned precipitately to the remainder, save one (the smallest), which we leave for manners or Maurice.

"Why are you all so quiet?" he asked, looking curiously around. "What change has come over the spirit of your dream? Where are the delicate vitticisms of which I retain such a pleasing recollection?"

"By this time we had completely rallied from the first surprise. We were not going to let him have it all his own way.

"We had a rich vein of humor, had we not?" I retorted. "We have allowed it to lie fallow latterly, but we are still capable of amusing ourselves—if we get a chance"—significantly.

"No doubt?" he returned dryly, stooping to pick up the last apple. "Talking of amusements, have you been to the fair of Kilcoot lately?" he asked in a tone of pleasant banter and with a glance of quick, ironical interrogation.

"It's none of your business whether we have or not," replied Rody, with a rudeness bordering on ferocity. "When did you arrive?" put in Deb, in her mild, level voice, anxious to avert a scene.

"About an hour ago. Did you know that I was expected, or is it an agreeable surprise?"

"Can you ask it?" I answered impressively. "Don't you think that we should have met you at the station; to say nothing of having bonfires at both sides of the avenue, and the whole front of the house illuminated?"

"True!" he replied, carelessly. "You can rectify the matter by leaving an enthusiastic demonstration when I am going away."

"And when may that be?" I asked, bluntly.

"Tibb's eve," he rejoined with inconceivable promptitude. "He is getting quite witty, I declare!" I remarked to Rody across my cousin, with a patronizing smile.

"They have smartened him up in the artillery, have they not?" observed Deb, just as if Maurice were miles away.

"So, so!" returned Rody, with raised brows and a protruding underlip. "he certainly is improved, and his mustache is now visible to the naked eye! But you know, you could not expect them to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear!"

"I know what I'll make of one of yours, Master Rody," cried Maurice. Jumping up and seizing him by the lobe of a sufficiently prominent organ, he compelled him to make several unwilling gyrations round the room.

"At this crisis the dinner gong sounded, and Deb and I sped away to my room to make a hasty toilet, leaving Rody and Maurice to settle their difference as they pleased. Only for the gong's timely boom there would certainly have been a fight, or rather Maurice would have thrashed Rody—treated him to that 'slight irritation of the cuticle' with which he had threatened him nearly three years previously, so it was just as well that the scene had been interrupted. Excepting at meal times, I saw nothing of my cousin for nearly a week. He spent most of his time snipe-shooting in the bog, accompanied by an old poacher, called Gilligan, who showed Maurice all the 'likely' places.

Gilligan was most enthusiastic, whether about Maurice himself, or the half-sovereigns with which he tipped him, I leave you to guess. Every morning he would send up a message, announcing 'to his lordship the captain,' as he called him, that he was awaiting his orders for the day, and that he knew the whereabouts of several 'wisps' of snipe.

"Miss Nora deary," he would say to me confidentially, "will you tell the captain not to lose the whole day; tell him the bog is black with teal, and there's a bare siffin' behind every threan of grass in the long meadow."

He had a good opinion of Maurice as a snipe-shot, and drew highly colored sketches of his prowess with a goon (gun). I was among his audience when he was giving a glowing description of a certain day's sport.

"Faix," said he, "the snipe was risin' in mists, and Mr. Maurice' knocking them over so fast that they were hoppin' like hailstones on the ground around him. Miss Nora, honey," turning to me most insinuatingly, "if ye were as dry as I am, you would feel all the better for the least tint of sperrits and wather. Ax the masher for a glass, and I'll pray for ye!"

Gilligan was a most notorious poacher, and turned many a penny that was anything but honest, selling grandfather's game. It was part of his business to break-in young setters, and he fired off his old muzzle-loader much more frequently than was necessary, "to steady the dogs," he affirmed. Many a fat grouse and partridge had lined his capacious pockets.

"Thanks to his knowledge of the country, Maurice brought home some heavy bags, the contents of which he emptied out on the kitchen table with no little pride, while I sat on one end of it, dangling my long legs, and criticising the birds, and counting and arranging them according to their tribe. Snipe, teal, and hares were his usual spoils, and he never walked less than twenty miles a day in pursuit of this, in my opinion, very poor amusement.

I overheard him confide to grandfather that Gilligan was by no means the indefatigable pedestrian he had been led to expect. He was constantly overtaken by what he termed "a strong wakeness." When seized by one of these "turns," as he called them, a seat on the nearest stone and a long pull and a strong pull at Maurice's flask were the only remedies to which the complaint would yield!

These attacks became so alarming, frequent (happening, latterly, about every two hours), that Maurice was obliged to dispense with Mr. Gilligan's attendance altogether.

Poor Gilligan! He fell off a cart and broke his neck not long afterward, returning from a fair, where he had been spending a right merry evening. We made a subscription for his widow and children, to which "his lordship the captain" contributed handsomely.

TO BE CONTINUED

HER SISTER'S KEEPER

"At three-thirty? Very well, Mrs. Laidlaw. You may count on me to do what little I can for the edification and enlightenment of your society savages. Good-by."

Delmege hung up the receiver and sat back with a faint smile. "There's a combination for you," he mused. "An afternoon tea for charity's sake with poetic readings by a rising young novelist thrown in for good measure! I suppose Mrs. Laidlaw calls it philanthropy. One notable difference between charity and philanthropy is that philanthropy never seriously inconveniences the philanthropist.

He arose leisurely, glanced at his watch, donned a black frock coat in deference to the rigid ethics of afternoon functions and left his simply-furnished apartments in the St. Cyprian. A full two hours lay between him and the promised readings, and the afternoon was bright and inviting out of doors.

Delmege walked briskly out Geary street, the tang of the crisp, clear atmosphere in his blood, and turned at the shabby gate of Mount Calvary Cemetery. The condemned burying ground, once far beyond the city limits, was a favorite rendezvous of the author of "The Machine."

"The Great American Myth" and some dozen successful and mildly discussed short stories. It was here, in the forgotten city of the forgotten dead, that he invariably found peace and enlightenment and inspiration. It was a fact that amused him very much that he had infallibly discovered the plot germs of funny stories at wakes and in cemeteries.

He climbed up the incline of the main drive—the weeds running riot with the long grasses hanging over moss-clad grave curbs—turned sharply to the right and seated himself on the crumbling wall of granite that bounded the plot years before assigned to the departed Brothers of the Precious Blood. The congregation had been a great teaching order in its day, and in the pioneer period of the city's existence had been a force in religious and municipal life; now the local houses of the order had long been closed, and the eleven mounds here in Mount Calvary Cemetery, with their weather-stained wooden crosses, were all but forgotten.

"It's a fortunate thing," mused Delmege in his whimsical way, "that the men whose bodies rest here had higher aims than earthly fame and human recognition. And over yonder is the massive vault of George P. Tappan, the man who had boasted that he meant to leave a monument behind him. Well, there's his monument, all right; but I dare say it doesn't exactly square with the late George P's aspirations."

A rustling in the long grass caused Delmege to look over his shoulder, and he saw an old and poorly dressed woman approaching. His trained eye promptly discovered her role in the inscrutable drama of life.

"She's a victim of poverty, depression and asthma. Also she has been drinking more than is good for her." The woman looked cautiously at Delmege, stopped and moistened her lips with her tongue. She drew a tattered gray shawl more closely about her narrow, stooping shoulders, and said:

"I hope I'm not disturbing you, sir, but I wonder if you could let me have the price of a cup of coffee?" Her tones were dry and very tired. It was evident that her mendicant formula was very familiar to her own ears.

Delmege, rising to his feet, noted the hard glint that came into the woman's eyes as his hand slipped into his trouser pocket. "Thank you, sir," she murmured, her thin, soiled fingers closing on the coin he proffered her. "God will reward you for helping a poor woman in distress."

On the point of moving away, she cast another glance at his face. Then she stood stock still, the look freezing into a surprised, incredulous stare.

"Dear me!" she exclaimed, partly to herself. You can't be—are you little Tommy Delmege?"

"I used to be, long ago," he smiled, "when I had no literary aspirations. Now they insist on calling me T. Pemberton. But my dear madam, you certainly have the advantage of me."

"Yes, it must be Tommy Delmege," the woman continued. "I'd know those eyes of yours anywhere. I remember we used to argue about whether they were brown or gray."

"That," laughed Delmege, "is still a matter of debate."

"And you used to serve Mass at St. Margaret's; and I remember the time you got a set of books in the parochial school for the best English composition; and then I—"

Leisurely he pulled out his cigar case, selected a Havana, and solemnly lighted it. Then he sat back puffing quietly, his hands clasped about one knee and his brows drawn in thought.

At length Delmege rose and pulled out his watch. It was three o'clock. "Annie, I have an engagement to keep in half an hour. I want you to come with me. We are going to see a lady."

The woman, ground down as she was by the wheels of wretchedness and vulgarity and neglect, had yet within her a spark of the eternal feminine. She cast a deprecating glance at her tattered gray shawl and her soiled brown skirt and her large, colorless shoes.

"It's all right," Delmege added reassuringly. "The lady will understand everything."

At the gate of the cemetery Delmege hailed a taxicab. Fifteen minutes later he was helping the woman to alight before the Laidlaw residence.

"Tommy," she asked in slow, dreamy tones, "isn't this where—where she lives?"

Delmege paused on the sidewalk and smiled protectively. "Now, Annie, you must leave everything to me. Long ago, you remember, whenever things went wrong with me, I showed absolute confidence in your direction of my juvenile campaigns. Turn about is fair play."

And then, half to himself, he added: "It is true that this particular campaign is being conducted in a somewhat spectacular fashion; but I can't help it. The dramatic possibilities of the situation are almost infinite. However, as a matter of precaution, let us try the lawn entrance."

"I'm Delmege, you know," he said a moment later to the prim and pious maid that answered his ring. "This lady and I wish to see Mrs. Laidlaw immediately."

In the private reception room Delmege waited, the subdued sounds of orchestral music in his ears. The afternoon tea for charity was on. In a few minutes he would walk into the drawing-room and read "Youth and Art" and "Tomlinson," but first—

He looked at the woman who was once "the priest's Annie" as she sat shivering and started and ashamed. "Wait here, Annie," he said. "I am going to give one of my readings in the corridor."

He had hardly passed through the portiers when he found himself face to face with Mrs. Laidlaw. She was flushed and triumphant; the tiny spangles on her expensive gown seemed to radiate self-sufficiency and pride.

"O Pemberton," she cried effusively, "it was so kind of you to come! The afternoon has been a complete success. The Archbishop stayed for General here yet. The Mayor is on his way now and—"

She stopped in perplexity at sight of Delmege's stern countenance and upraised hand.

"Pardon me, Mrs. Laidlaw, but I believe I am almost due to appear before your guests. I wish to trespass slightly on your goodness. As this is a charity fete, I thought of a reading somewhat in line with the occasion, which I should like you to hear before I proceed to the drawing-rooms. It is not long, and with your permission I shall recite it here and now." Then, much to the perplexity of the hostess, he added: "I have never heard it, but it is a wonderful poem."

Falling into a conventional attitude, he began:

"Once there was two maidens; and the maidens were sisters, and they were happy and pure and young. And the roses were fair that blossomed about them and the air was bright, and the promise of life for both of them was fair as the roses, bright as the air. But the younger sister did err in weakness and ignorance, and she fell down and ashamed. And she sought to rise from the depths of the night, sorrows unnumbered fell upon her, and sin and the wages thereof did breathe upon her face; and all because the elder sister had so cruelly cast her off and would extend to her no loving hand nor word from her disgraces with soothing words and winning smiles of womanly love. Now it came to pass that the elder sister did give a great supper and did invite many, and all in the name of sweet charity; when, as the feast progressed, led by a strolling troubadour, there came in unto her—"

Mrs. Laidlaw, who had listened with increasing wonder and agitation, now almost tottered forward:

"Pemberton! Tommy! For God's sake, what does it all mean?"

The music in the drawing-room had suddenly stopped. Delmege quietly placed a monitory finger on his lips. There were tears in her eyes.

"It means, my dear Mrs. Laidlaw, that it is time for me to appear. I feel like an actor who has heard his cue." He pointed to the reception-room where the tattered woman waited. "And you have heard your cue. The stage direction calls for your entrance here."

Two strides across the heavy, yielding carpet, and he stood aside holding the portieres to let her pass. For a moment she paused; then with bowed head she went in. And Delmege carefully drew the portieres, smoothed his hair, smiled whimsically and proceeded to the drawing-room, leaving the sisters alone together.—Will Scarlet in Magnificat.

WORDS AND WORKS

Among the great and honored names of the distinguished men of whom the Catholic Church in Germany is so justly proud must ever be prominent the name of William Emmanuel Baron von Ketteler, Bishop of Mainz. His was a life of faith and action. He was an apostle and a pioneer. At a time when few headed the claims of the toilers for an improvement in their lot, he stood forth to champion them. And he did—so deeply was the world of his day sunk in the materialistic idea of commercial principles to create the social gospel which he preached for the salvation of the masses of working men from misery and injustice.

To the great Doctor of the schools and his teaching he went for inspiration, drawing from that fount of knowledge the stream of his proposals to ameliorate the condition of the laboring classes. And so successfully he taught and wrought, that with no unfairness may be attributed to him the magnificent solidarity and impregnable strength of the Catholic organization of the present day.

His harvest was on other fields. What he sowed, has been reaped, though his harvest was on other fields and from other hands than men's. He labored and passed away before his labors bore fruit. Of his words and works we are given a most instructive account in the excellent volume called "Christian Social Reform," by George Metlake, to which Cardinal O'Connell, Archbishop of Boston, has written a preface. To Catholic readers in general, and to Catholic students of social questions above all, this book will prove to be one of splendid service. They will see in it how far a learned and holy Bishop felt warranted to go in defence of the claims of labor and in protection of its rights.

Bishop Ketteler's principles were fearless and far-reaching; truth is always so. But they were also recognized and accepted by the highest authority in the Church. "He was the pioneer of Christian social reform," says Cardinal O'Connell. "Leo XIII. did not disdain to call him his great predecessor, and framed his famous Encyclical on Labor along the lines of Von Ketteler's program of action."

What was that program? It was that the Church, and not the world, held the true solution for the economic problems which afflict mankind in these modern days.

CATHOLICS AND THE SOCIAL PROBLEM

A soulless materialism could never convince and convert the souls of men, rich as well as poor to love justice and pursue it one towards another. The heart of man has to be touched and won, and for the Church is laid up that great and glorious victory: "The world will see that to the Catholic Church is reserved the definitive solution of the social question, for the State with all its legislative machinery has not the power to solve it." He urged Catholics to begin at once to realize the importance of taking up the study of the social problem confronting them, and he set forth the lines upon which they should work.

His counsel is still worth recalling, if not in his own country, where it has been acted on at least, perhaps, in ours where as yet the social question has scarcely got beyond the stage of introduction and is not generally understood. The lightest word of a Bishop, we know, is weighty. How weighty must be the word of him whom Pope Leo XIII. studied and praised for his wide knowledge of the best means of meeting the difficulties surrounding any attempt to solve the social problem!

THE DIFFICULTY OF PERSUADING PEOPLE

Bishop von Ketteler knew, as every student of social questions feels, that the great trial to be faced is the difficulty of persuading people that change is not something wasteful and wicked. To a man comfortably and even luxuriously placed, talk of altering circumstances which benefit him must appear almost criminal: *chi sta bene, non si muove!* And pestilent fellows who point out the hard lives and scanty comforts and frequent stint of food and drink and clothing and housing are scoffers at the wisdom of our ancestors which founded society and the institutions that hold it together to-day, and deserve no pity for their eagerness to defend the claims of the laboring poor, who have been with us since the world began and have always been poor: whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary!

It can't be helped. We can't all be rich. Some, most of us, must be poor. This is a world of hard fact. And if you are going to champion the rights of the multitude—certainly they are very miserable physically, and their horizon is wretched, mentally—and if you are going to insist on applying the Christian principles of charity and brotherhood and justice, well, you'll end by disturbing a lot of very comfortable folk and unsettling institutions and conventions which, however hardly they have borne upon some people

have proved very satisfactory to others, and in any case, are the institutions under which we live and as such ought to be respected.

EVERY GOOD MAN'S AIM

Besides, the poor are to have a special recompense in the next world, and it ought to be every good man's aim to accept the modern code of conduct and the modern social regulations as being the outcome of experience and effort, into which the introduction of the Sermon on the Mount and Christian morality would in all probability weaken the institution without strengthening or benefiting the poor. Catholics, more than others, must reverence the things that are.

Talk like this, to the Bishop, seems the prime error and the principal peril against which wise Catholics should be warned. He says: "In the first place, Catholics and the Catholic press must avoid everything calculated to make people believe that we regard certain institutions, certain social and political forms of other days as inaccessible to improvement, or that we praise them unreservedly and hold them up to future generations as the only possible remedy for all the ills of our society. Christian truths, it is true, primarily regard the moral progress of man; but social and political progress also depends on them, and no one can foresee what social or civil transformation Christianity will effect in mankind once it shall have penetrated and informed all with its spirit."

CHAMPION THE CAUSE OF GOD

And in order that mankind be informed with the spirit of Christianity and penetrated by it, he turned to Catholic priests and people for help. "May the clergy understand the signs of the times and champion the cause of God, not only with the old weapons on the old battlefields, but with all just and honest means at their disposal. Our Christian people must be instructed. They must be initiated into the great problems of the day; they must be made to see the boundless hypocrisy of modern Liberalism (German Liberalism has since been destroyed. P) to see through the diabolical plot to draw the school into the service of anti-Christianity."

From every pulpit these questions must be discussed, and these thoughts developed; countless newspapers must spread their broadcast among the people. What could we do if we had but a small portion of the zeal of the enemies of God, a zeal which impels them to rush breathlessly through the world to carry the poison of their doctrines into the remotest hamlet! Not only the clergy, however, but all who love Christianity must work in the same spirit. In the public press in political assemblies, in the stations and walks of life, whatever they be, in which God has placed them, with all the means at their command, they must fight for the great interests of mankind."

SYMPATHY TO THE POOR WORKING MAN

He wanted Catholics to support and influence the Labor Unions. His heart went out in sympathy to the poor working man, the mere wage earner, with scanty pay, and no settled assurance even of work. The good Bishop felt that, to this our brother, we who are Christians had been neither kind nor just. Here is a vision of what might be, of what may, of what I for one believe some day will be; the worker will be treated, not as a tool, but as a man. And surely with reason. A tool we take up and lay down, and put by that it rust not. But a man can not be put by, lest he hunger, and wife and children hunger with him. For a man is a tool that lives, and lives on bread, and has dependent on him other lines that live on bread.

We may hire him. We may pay him his wage. And when no man hires him? This holy Bishop answers "Whoever works for another, and is formed to do so all his life, has a moral right to demand security for a permanent livelihood. All the other classes of society enjoy such security. Why should the working classes alone be deprived of it? Why should the toiler alone have to go to his work haunted by the thought: 'I do not know whether to-morrow I shall have the wages on which my existence and the existence of my wife and children depend? Who knows? Perhaps to-morrow a crowd of famished workmen will come from afar and rob me of my employment by underbidding me, and my wife and children must beg or starve.' The wealthy capitalist finds protection a hundredfold in his capital—competition is scarcely more than an idle word for him—but the workman must have no protection!"

THE WORKMAN HAS NO PROTECTION

And this noble Bishop goes further. Not only does he claim that the workman has no protection; he claims that he has not even liberty of contract. Here are his words: "But is the workman under the present system always at full liberty to enter on an equitable agreement with his employer? Certainly not. It may be so when the demand for labor is very great; but when the offer far exceeds the demand, the workman is not free; he must, on the contrary, accept unconditionally

of the terms of the employer."

These are a few of the many points of teaching which made Bishop Ketteler's name a household genius in Germany. But he not merely taught. He urged others to teach. Especially anxious was he to have the parochial clergy and the seminary students make themselves acquaint-

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ed with the facts and tendencies of modern social troubles. From the Church and her devoted ministers he looked for a solution of that terrible problem, still unsolved in our days: How appeased the conflict between capital and labor? He saw the masses of workers under paid, while rents and interest and profit combined to swell the incomes of those who lived and never worked.

THE DOCTRINE AND SPIRIT OF CHRIST

And he urged that the whole problem could be dealt with by the doctrine and spirit of Christ alone; no mere law would make men just. What earthly law will force men to divide their wealth and profits, the conditions under which they are earned, the equity of their incidence and amount? None. Perhaps, if questions on these matters were put into the form of the examination of conscience, repentance and confession and amendment would ensue, and good example at least flow from scrupulous Catholic conduct; for nothing of the evil of those misdeeds, where misdeeds underlie them, is compatible with the spirit of our blessed Lord, Who loved the poor.

Were men to obey Him, the world would change. And to Christ Bishop Ketteler appealed for the example which should lead rich and poor to justice and peace: "With Him, in the truth which He taught, on the way which He pointed out, we can make a paradise of earth, we can wipe away the tears from the eyes of our poor suffering brother, we can establish the reign of love, of harmony, and fraternity, of true humanity; we can—I say it from the deepest conviction of my soul—we can establish peace, and at the same time live under the freest political institutions; without Him we shall perish disgracefully, miserably, the laughing-stock of succeeding generations." Has not the last half century borne witness to the wisdom and foresight of Bishop Ketteler, in looking for help and safety in industrial problems to the teaching of the Catholic Church? The politician has failed. The priest has now his opportunity. And a book such as this will point the way and steady the steps of any man of faith and action who by word and work is about among the rich and the poor, as did our Master, doing good.

Papyrus, in the Liverpool Catholic Times.

Have we not always found in our past experience that, on the whole, our kind interpretations were truer than our harsh ones?—Faber.

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