

"Marian, don't say any more," he begged her earnestly. "I'm glad you came with me this afternoon, immeasurably glad that you realize the conditions that exist at Altuna and the cause of all the misery; but, please, do not say any more about it until you have investigated further and found out who is the controlling stock holder of that plant."

"Who owns that Refinery across the river, just outside of Altuna?" she demanded that evening, as she faced her father across the dinner table.

"It is a stock concern," Mr. Hartley parried. "There are many stock owners."

"But one man—one big man—owns the controlling stock. Who is he?" she insisted. The father smiled indulgently, his face flushing with pride.

"That one big man is your father, my dear."

The smile on the face of the girl froze. The beautiful dining-room, the table, with its wealth of silver and crystal, the father she loved and revered, seemed to fade from her sight and instead, as in a dream, she saw the picture of the afternoon—the gasping baby, the stricken, helpless mother, the father without money or work. And her own father was the cause of all this misery!

"Oh, no, no! Not you, father, not you!" she cried.

"Why not I?" he laughed again, not noting her agitation. "Doesn't my little girl think her old dad important enough to be a big man?"

"But you don't take any active interest in the Refinery—you don't know anything about the workings of it—you don't bother with details?" she pleaded. "I suppose it is just your money that is invested there." Mr. Hartley laughed heartily.

"My dear, I know everything about the Refinery. That is my business. I don't invest money haphazardly." Marian arose from the table, her lips trembling.

"Oh, father, surely you don't know that the vapor thrown off from the oil in the process of refining is injuring the inhabitants of Altuna, killing the babies slowly."

"Do you know that?"

There was a glint of anger in his eyes as he answered:

"Who has been telling you that nonsense? Let the people of Altuna get out if they don't like my Refinery."

"But they can't move," the girl protested, repeating the words of the mother of the sick babe. "All their savings are invested in their homes; they can't sell them. They must remain or lose all they have saved."

"My Refinery has three hundred and fifty thousand dollars invested there; Altuna hasn't a residence that cost more than five thousand dollars—the majority of them cost about half that sum."

"Couldn't you move the Refinery?"

"—take it far away from any town?" she begged.

He smiled patiently at her ignorance.

"—my daughter! Why is she here?"

The young man shook his head and pointed to a door. "You will find her in there."

Somehow he managed to drag his leaden feet to the door indicated, to cross the room and drop on his knees beside a couch on which was stretched a girl—his daughter Marian. She held a cloth to her face—and the cloth was stained red.

"What does it mean?" He gasped. Why are you here ill when I thought you were enjoying yourself at the seashore?"

"I never went there at all," she answered. "I came straight to Altuna and have been here ever since. I wanted to test the effect of the fumes from the Refinery. If they did not harm me, I would be sure that you were right in refusing to move your Refinery."

"But your letters—you wrote me constantly?"

"I wrote the letters here and forwarded them to a friend, who mailed them. Ah, father, forgive me the deception, but I had to prove to you that the fumes were injurious—that you could not continue to injure the health of the people."

"And you risked your health—your life?" he cried. "Marian, how could you do it? How could you do it? How could Jerry Warrington let you do it?"

"He didn't know anything about it, father, I wrote to him just as business and discovered my presence by an accident. Then I could not silence him. He phoned for you at once. Ah, father, you need not worry. I am not injured yet. That handkerchief is stained, but it is merely a local hemorrhage caused by the fumes of the oil inflaming the membrane. I was caught in the rain; a cold developed and the fumes aggravated it. I am not in the condition of the poor people who must live here all the time."

The anguished father raised his head, caught his daughter's hand and kissed it: "You win, little daughter," he whispered, "the Refinery will menace humanity no more. It shall be moved far from the homes of people, as you once asked me to move it."

"Oh, daddy, my summer was not wasted!" she threw her arms about her father's neck.

"And Jerry Warrington, my opponent—he wins, too, I suppose?"

Marian laughed softly:

"All is fair in love and law—did I quote it correctly? Jerry is doubly a winner—a case and a wife at one time!"

"Hum!" Mr. Hartley arose to greet his future son-in-law. "Young man, you are indeed fortunate, but let this occasion be a warning to both of us. Perhaps, together, we can watch this young lady. Just see what happened: I lost thousands of dollars, the Refinery will be moved away from Altuna, you win your case and a wife—and all because Marian meddled."

"Marian laughed softly: 'All is fair in love and law—did I quote it correctly? Jerry is doubly a winner—a case and a wife at one time!'"

"Hum!" Mr. Hartley arose to greet his future son-in-law. "Young man, you are indeed fortunate, but let this occasion be a warning to both of us. Perhaps, together, we can watch this young lady. Just see what happened: I lost thousands of dollars, the Refinery will be moved away from Altuna, you win your case and a wife—and all because Marian meddled."

**A GREAT PAINTING**

By Myles E. Connolly in The Antidote

In Boston, in quaint picturesque old Boston, is a little studio that a great painting has made like unto a sanctuary. In the studio a Madonna by Raphael radiates the light, the beauty of the Queen of Heaven and her Son.

You open the door with no more than ordinary curiosity. Then, suddenly before you in the soft, diffused light of the glass roof you see—the most beautiful painting in the world! That painting commands the room. It commands you. Though you be the bitterest of iconoclasts, there comes a strange impulse that bids you kneel and burn incense. You stand enraptured before the Idea Beautiful that is impassable, elusive, yet catches as it flies at the garment of your soul. You stand in silence before what is nigh a miracle, the painted concept of a great artist who has risen above the greatness of his technique and put into the world forever that swift intuition of the Divine that has been his solitary impulse.

That painting is the supreme accomplishment of Raphael—his Madonna Gonzaga. And it divulges its beauty in the studio of P. E. Duffee on Boylston Street, Boston.

One does not have to be a connoisseur to appreciate the depth and breadth of the loveliness of that canvas. Its treasure is for the simple and the profound. . . . The Mother bends a side-long pensive glance at her little Son in her lap with His hands crossed, and on His face the first light of a dawning baby smile. He is about to whisper something and Mary is a little wistful, a little sad in her supreme happiness, as if already she had a woman's dim tuition of Golgotha. But He, does He not see a gaunt black cross against a brooding sky? . . . He sees, but He sees beyond the glory of His home-coming to His Father's House. Is that the light on His little face?

A thousand vague questionings drift down your mind like snowflakes, and melt away unanswered. But you are left with the great possession of inexplicable, unanswerable Beauty.

It is Raphael's Madonna Gonzaga—the missing Madonna. It is Raphael's. Whisper the magic name, and need one say more? The technique, in detail, in selection, in composition, in execution, is the perfect artistry of the master. In the words of a critic of the Boston

Post at the time of the painting's discovery in Boston:

"This painting is so wonderfully executed that many who have seen it immediately realize that a feeling of awe and devotion is demanded of them. . . . Aside from the chain of history connecting this marvellous work of art to the ages of the past, there is an air of the golden age of art that impresses the fortunate observer. It needs no more human could have blended in soft hues the blues, greens and reds; no mere human could have made a canvas throb with four centuries of a Madonna's heartbeat or speak with tenderness, unsurpassed purity, and indescribable feminine beauty that the Mary of nineteenth centuries ago possessed—none but Raphael the Divine."

All who have seen the remarkable painting have been rapturous in its praise, but none more than the art critics. The enthusiastic laudation of these connoisseurs, so often inclined to a cold skepticism, is a tribute that is paid only to a Raphael or one equally great.

Nathan Haskell Dole said in the Boston Transcript:

"One might almost believe that the rose-colored bodice had been dipped in living roses. The lovely folds of the outer garments are of the blue of heaven itself, and the flesh tints deserve only the name of immaculate, significant of the divine soul that animates the faces of Mother and Boy. But in a Madonna one looks for the expression of sweet pride of motherhood with the infinite foreboding that veiled under the tender lids and curves the mouth with thoughts, thoughts too deep for utterance! Most of Raphael's infant Christs are painted without clothing. This, perhaps the solitary exception, is completely draped. The pure white of the little garment seems to be symbolical. The sleeve is turned up just above the wrist and the chubby hands are crossed in an attitude of natural devotion. The right foot rests on the mother's left hand. The absolute simplicity of the whole pose, the freedom from anything affected or sophisticated, is one of the great charms of this wonderful picture. The Mother's face is of the most perfect oval, and is not of too marked Italian type. Indeed, one might see in it just a hint of the loveliest characteristics of a young Hebrew woman, especially in the rather long but still delicate nose, with its graceful curves and sensitive nostrils. The Child is chubby and human, with wide eyes and lovely lips, serious, as befits His Divine origin, and yet with a gleam of childish life in His expression."

**THE STORY OF ITS WANDERINGS**

To the lover of history and the names and abodes of the great past story of this great painting has a fascination that probably no other possesses.

It gazed upon the splendor of Renaissance Italy, saw the court of King Charles I. of England, was a treasure of the Palace of King Philip IV. of Spain, and finally became a jewel in the glory of Napoleon. The company of a Raphael seems even a privilege to great names like these.

The painting had many wanderings before it finally rested in the studio of Mr. Duffee on Boylston Street. The Master painted the Madonna by order of Isabella d'Este of the family of the Dukes of d'Este of Mantua. It remained at Mantua from 1520 to 1628, when it was purchased by Charles I. of England, a pupil of Rubens and the greatest art patron of his time, and smuggled out of Mantua almost at the cost of a popular revolution. Vincenzo II., then Duke of Mantua, sold his whole collection to defray the expenses of war. The sale was kept secret up to the time of the Duke's death. When the people of Mantua learned of the sale of their treasures the young Duke had difficulty in preventing an uprising. He offered to buy back the pictures for twice the price, but King Charles refused to sell. So the Madonna was hung in the galleries of Hampton Court.

Twenty years later came the beheading of Charles by the Roundheads. His art treasures were put up for sale at the famous Somerset auction, in the inventory of which the painting was valued at £800. It was priced too high for purchase. But later, word of the famous work came to the ears of Philip IV. of Spain, and it was purchased secretly by him for £2,000 and conveyed in stealth to his capital. On its arrival the English ambassador was dismissed. The precious painting was kept secretly in the Escorial palace under the guardianship of the famous painter, Velasquez, and was estimated by the Spanish monarch as "the pearl of my collection."

Then came the invasion of Spain by Napoleon and the great painting was taken by him to Paris, where, after the name of the artist had been either forgotten or purposely concealed from the French conqueror, it was exhibited and proclaimed a masterpiece by Murillo because it came from Spain and Murillo was the one Spanish painter of Madonnas known to the French.

With the downfall of the Napoleonic Empire the picture was lost to view. Rumor came of it now and then in various parts of America but nothing definite was known, until in 1912 it was discovered by Mr. Duffee in the garret of a

private home in Boston. The discovery was the fruit of many years' search by this well known art connoisseur.

Why it stayed hidden away in Boston for so long is told by Dr. Gifford, rector of the Brookline Baptist Church in his Christmas sermon of 1913:

"The picture was brought from Paris to the United States and found a resting place in New England. A resting place, not a home for many years; a home is a question of atmosphere quite as much as of housing. When the picture reached New England the teeth of Protestantism were on edge against anything belonging to the Roman Catholic Church. The Puritan Fathers had eaten sour grapes and their children's teeth were on edge. Our Puritan ancestors had many virtues; love of their work was not one of them; patience with those whose religious convictions differed from their own had small place among our fathers.

No dim religious light Through windows richly dight fell on the Puritan worshipper; he wanted white light on manuscript scrolls—car-gates were wide open. The beauty of holiness did not include form and color. Art is long and outlasts prejudices; environment modifies heredity; the children of the Puritan love art and beauty. The Holy Family is one of the finest paintings in Boston. At a time when movies reproduce the shifting stage, it is well to turn again to the art that pictures the One who is the same yesterday, today and forever.

It is well to turn to art—when that art is Raphael's. True beauty nourishes the soul, sweetens it, cleanses and makes it strong. For beauty is a glimpse of God. Great artists are the anointed who draw the veil. The veil drawn discloses the divine in poppy field or hearth or solitary star, in peasant hand or elfin foot or weeping eye.

In world or man the great artist discovers the image of God. Usually he is content with errant and dim reflections of the Infinite Beauty. Few have reproduced, with the success that alone can justify so great an undertaking, the miracle of God Himself on earth. Greatest among those few is Raphael. And Raphael's supreme accomplishment is his Madonna Gonzaga—the most beautiful painting in the world.

**KEEP STRONG AND HEALTHY**

It is impossible to feel active and energetic when the bowels are clogged from undigested food.

When this condition exists it gives rise to constipation, biliousness, sick headache, a muddy skin, blotches, pimples and other liver marks; there is lack of energy and a more or less tired feeling.

People suffering from these ailments can get speedy relief by taking one or two of Dr. Norvall's Stomach and Tonic Tablets at bedtime, and if necessary, one in the morning.

These Tablets not only act as a laxative, but they are also an excellent tonic.

They are sold throughout Canada at 25 cents per bottle, and if your dealer does not keep them in stock we will mail them to any part of Canada or Newfoundland for 25 cents a bottle or five bottles for one dollar.

Take no substitutes and insist upon getting Dr. Norvall's Stomach and Tonic Tablets.

Address, The Dr. Norvall Medical Co., Ltd., 168 Hunter Street, Peterborough, Ont.

The Church hopes and fears nothing from the world, which neither made her nor can destroy her. Firm in the conviction, that has been vindicated by the history of the ages, that she is destined to carry on the perpetual mission of Christ among men, the Church has gone on from century to century, thriving under persecution, gathering more adherents from being ridiculed and ignored, and manifesting in the splendor of her gifts and graces with dazzling clearness to overthrow her how useless it is for man to fight against God.

**ONE 50c BOX BROUGHT HEALTH**

Years of Constipation Ended By "Fruit-a-tives"

The Wonderful Fruit Medicine

Anyone who suffers with miserable health; who is tormented with Headaches; and who is unable to get any real pleasure out of life; will be interested in this letter of Mrs. Martha de Wolfe of East Ship Harbor, N.S.

Mrs. de Wolfe says, "For years I was a dreadful sufferer from Constipation and Headaches and I was miserable in every way. Nothing in the way of medicine seemed to help me. Then I tried 'Fruit-a-tives' and the effect was splendid; and after taking only one box, I was completely relieved and now feel like a new person."

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At dealers or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa, Ont.



**The Crisis**

If Baby is just too weak to pull through, how regretful you would feel if you had failed to build up its strength against the crisis!

Make Baby strong now by giving Virol, which arrests wasting, enriches the blood cells that protect against infection, and builds a sound constitution.

**VIROL**

Suits Baby's powers of assimilation.

Sole Importers: BOVRIL, LTD., 2725, Park Avenue, Montreal.

**PUBLIC CONFIDENCE**

During the past five years the business of this Corporation has increased as follows:

|      |              |
|------|--------------|
| 1918 | 90,852,629.  |
| 1919 | 101,123,031. |
| 1920 | 113,762,324. |
| 1921 | 120,253,443. |
| 1922 | 129,097,041. |

These figures are expressive of the extent of public confidence in the services of this Corporation as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Financial Agent, and in other capacities of trust.

Can we help you solve your trust problems? Our booklet "Wills and Wisdom" contains much useful information for those who want to know. We shall be glad to send you a copy on request.

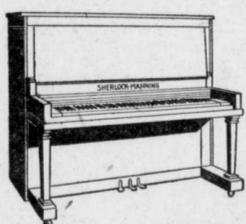
**TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS CORPORATION**

ESTABLISHED 1882

A. D. LANGMUIR, General Manager W. G. WATSON, Asst. General Manager

Head Office: Bay and Melinda Sts., Toronto

Branches: Ottawa Winnipeg Saskatoon Vancouver



**A Sherlock-Manning Piano**

— the better Christmas Gift —

Confine your family Christmas gifts to one present that will satisfy all and bring enjoyment and pleasure to every member of your household—your friends and all who call at your home. A

**SHERLOCK-MANNING**

20th Century Piano

The Piano worthy of your Home

Is the ideal family instrument, beautifully toned, handsomely yet sturdily built to last a life time.

If you are ever going to have a piano, right now is the time to get it. Remember it is only a few short weeks to Christmas.

By buying direct from our factory, you can make a considerable saving.

Why not write us to-day?

**Sherlock-Manning Piano Company**

LONDON CANADA

**ABSORBINE STOPS LAMENESS**

from a Bone Spavin, Ring Bone, Splint, Curb, Side Bone, or similar troubles and gets horse going sound. It acts mildly but quickly and good results are lasting. Does not blister or remove the hair and horse can be worked. Page 17 in pamphlet with each bottle tells how. \$2.50 a bottle delivered. Horse Book 9 R free. ABSORBINE, JR., the antiseptic liniment for man and horse, reduces Painful Swellings, Enlarged Glands, Wens, Bruises, Varicose Veins, Heals Sores, Allays Pain. Will tell you more if you write. \$1.25 a bottle at dealers or delivered. Liberal trial bottle for the name. W. F. YOUNG Inc., 140 Lyman Bldg., Montreal, Can. (Wholesale and exportation, etc. are made at Canada.)

**GIN PILLS**

FOR THE KIDNEYS

THE WORLD'S BEST REMEDY FOR ALL KIDNEY AND BLADDER TROUBLES

**Poultry & Eggs Wanted**

Top Prices Paid According to Quality

**C. A. MANN & CO.**

78 King St. London, Ont.

**F. E. LUKE**

OPTOMETRIST AND OPTICIAN

167 YONGE ST. TORONTO

(Upstairs Opp. Simpson's)

Eyes Examined and Glass Eyes Fitted

**TAIT-BROWN OPTICAL CO.**

Physical Eye Specialists

48 JAMES ST. N., HAMILTON

PHONE REGENT 1414

**BROWN OPTICAL CO.**

223 DUNDAS ST. LONDON

**LONDON OPTICAL Co.**

Have Your Eyes Examined

Dominion Savings Building Phone 6180 Richmond St.

**HAVE US EXAMINE YOUR EYES**

The responsibility is ours! The comfort and satisfaction yours

(Upstairs Opp. Simpson's)

Expert Work **F. STEELE** Prompt Service

210 Dundas St. OPTICIAN LONDON

We Welcome the Opportunity of Serving You

**Central Commercial College**

725 ST. CATHERINE W. MONTREAL QUEBEC

The ideal course in Pitman's Shorthand AND "Touch" Typewriting for ambitious students

Phone Up 7363

P. O'NEILL PRINCIPAL

**FUNERAL DIRECTORS**

**John Ferguson & Sons**

180 KING ST.

The Leading Undertakers & Embalmers Open Night and Day

Telephone—House 373. Factory 648

**E. G. Killingsworth**

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

Open Day and Night

389 Burwell St. Phone 3971

**CLINGER**

London's Rubber Man

346 Dundas St., London, Ont.

**TIRES and VULCANIZING**

We repair anything in Rubber, Galoshes and Rubber Boots a specialty.

**G. M. MURRAY**

65 KING ST. LONDON

Expert Radiator and Auto Sheet Metal Worker

BRAZING OF ALL KINDS

PHONES—NIGHTS 5448. DAY 2827

**James R. Haslett**

Sanitary and Heating Engineer

Agent for Fess Oil Burners

521 Richmond St. London, Ont.