dear life in the fading twilight that fiant, with a heetic little spot on beaten him! June evening worte the magic word, either cheek. "No, we will not! judges in that big contest he was Good-night-and good-bye!"

and a gold medal for the best sym- ing out apologies for those hasty. Dead Sea fruit that storm of cheers unexpectedly it had fallen out, bring- that he really meant them. Ainsworth, most generous of bene- correctly; then he would wrap them it mean-save one thing? Stolen! of the proud, music-loving old squire, the post. or he would have taken speedy means In the morning he would not own And then- He had reached his listen, Stephen Otway felt a lump

It seemed to Stephen Otway that all the face of nature would be changed at that one stroke. Rising from the table at which he had been work- told himself that he had been harshing, he went to the piano and began and ungenerous. In the afternoon, ever in his memory. There they Later, walking slowly away from to play. A Chopin nocturne, dreamy anxious to purchase reconciliation at elusive, first; then the joyous rondo of the Waldstein sonata, fill- drew ing the little room with the music a hundred rippling, sun-kissed brooks, and from that he drifted softly, all unconscious, into the other his own. His fingers scarcely seemed to touch the ivory keys, brushed them with the airy lightness of butterfly; yet the man who had soft-By opened the door and stepped inside fixed, his lips quivering like a wohalted involuntarily at sound of this strange, sweet melody.

"Steve, you miracle, what's that?" the tense, hushed whisper thrilled across. "Not-not the symphony?" derstanding must be could be constant. You don't mean it? Why, man, it's wonderful; no one else can ever hope

abruptly; swung round with lips just parted, and the blue-gray eyes staring past in that seeming effort to focus some dim nebulous object in the darkness of the passage. "I do not know what to think. Sometimes I her words the lie even as she spoke, am full of confidence; at others—any—and it was straightway closed in his how, it's finished; I am grateful for that alone. Not another stroke will I write; I am fagged out-what rest. I have even thought of going down home for a day or two to-

would do you good without a doubt." afterward there was only silence, and That hesitating pause. "I-I only a breach that widened with the days. wish mine had half such a chance."

was not to be mistaken.

'I-I-oh, look here, how am I to and got into a mess again. Will you swing of the pendulum 'twixt happy lend me some money till my next confidence and black despair check comes? I must have fifty and I daren't go to the dear old govpounds by to-morrow or else it's ruin

'Fifty pounds?'

of bad luck lately, but I'd no idea straint. The hours literally crawled it was so much until to-day. I've toward night. scraped up seven from somewhere. I live-yes, honor bright!"

face grew grave as he turned away, hall. This was not the first time that Clive or mar him, which a few more Ainsworth had come to borrow from minutes would decide. him. He paused a while before re-

fifty pounds in all the world, and if an instant in the air, and the con-I lend you what I have it will be on cert had begun.
the condition only—that you never. The first two items on the program handle card or dice again. What guar- Stephen Otway heard as in a dream;

ens are you hinting at, Otway? Have nant hush as that white-shirted fig-I not just given you my word?"

see no use in going on like this-no chis interesting contest have award-

I see!" The sneer was obvious, mitted by Mr. Clive Ainsworth-" "You do not mind my father spend-

other man to pity if not shame. "Your father has been the kindest, most generous of men to me, and I can never by any chance forget his goodness I would do anything to save him pain, and if only I could think that you-

'Oh, don't commence to preach! I've heard the tale until I'm tired of I know I'm no saint--I never was-but I've never let a friend go to the wall yet; and mark my words, Stephen Otway, you shall be sorry some day that you refused to help I'll make you regret it! You may think I've had my eyes closed lately, but you're mistaken. All that love-making with Sybil-oh, I know how to upset your little game!

There, that will do, Clive! more, please! You are saying things that later you will regret. If I thought you really meant them I

St. Vitus' Dance, or have children or relatives that do, or know a friend that is afflicted, then send for a free trial bottle with valuable treatise on these deplorable diseases. The sam-ple bottle will be sent by mail prepaid to your nearest Post-office address. Leibig's Fit Cure brings permanent relief and cure. When writing,

train.

His chance; the golden opportunity

of a lifetime! "The hundred guineas and a gold medal for the best symplectic back with that winning smile on his face, pourmany hopes."

The priceless symphony on which he had spent so many hours, built so many hopes.

passed with no Clive, no communica- open the door of his room andtion of any kind, and he grew fidgety; any price, he went to the bank, with- ther, neither seeking to break the and the drawn blinds, it seemed to his little stock of money earned by playing solos at occasional concerts or city dinners-and sent heardfive five pound notes, with a few just the moment he was staring waited to hear more. at them with eyes that seemed transman's. Only the moment; then he had snatched up hat and gloves and was rushing round to Clive's lodgderstanding must be ended once for

"Mr. Ainsworth?" he panted, "You think so?" He had broken off the door opened to his knock. "Is No more; there was not "Gone out!" the vinegary time. woman of the house had snapped, the sweeping sounds of the violin that came from the room above giving face. Cruel? Yes! Trudging back home in that queer agony of anger and despair, it seemed to him that never again could the old close intimacy revive; that one rebuff had sev-"Yes; not a bad idea, old chap, it ered it for aye. Small wonder that

Stephen Otway looked der waiting. None but the man himacross inquiringly; the change of tone of those dragging weeks, the hopes of one day that were fears the next, say it? The fact is I've been a fool the ceaseless, well-nigh automatic

> "I'll win! I must win!" he said. hoarsely to himself at times; and It would break his the thought the ten of others must be saying just the same.

When the fateful day had dawned at I know I've had a run last his restlessness knew no re-

A quarter to eight. Heedless of Steve, you're my only hope. See me the steady drip-drip of the rain, he through this once, and I promise ne- had hurried through the glistening ver to touch a card again as long as streets, paid his shilling and was mingling, an unknown unit, with the Fifty pounds! Stephen Otway's crowd that thronged the big concert To-night would either make

At eight o'clock a rolling thunder of applause. The bushy-haired Look here, Clive; I am a poor conductor had mounted to his desk; man, as you know. "I don't possess a sharp rattat, his stick poised for

then, all at once, he stiffened and antee can you give me—"
then, all al once, he stilled and "Guarantee!" The other flared up bent forward with every nerve in his hotly is a moment. "What the dick- body stretched taut. A tense, pregure edged through the swaying body Yes-for the third time. Twice of fiddlers to the front of the platbefore I have helped you out of a form. "Ladies and gentlemen, after similar difficulty on similar terms. I careful consideration the judges in ed the paim to the composition sub-

To one in that vast audience ing a hundred pounds on you, send- it seemed as if his heart had ceased ing you here to study, and all the to beat just for the second. The rest up the stairs into the darkened room rest of it, because he fancied he saw of the announcement never reached where old Farley Ainsworth lay. a spark of talent somewhere in you; him; that sea of faces swung about very still and very feeble. but when it comes to lending me a him like floating wraiths within a paltry ten or twenty you hesitate! I mist, and the roar of mighty preakadmire your generosity, your pride! ers was surging in his ears. Just a Or perhaps you have forgotten—" year since the hazel-eved girl had "I have forgotten nothing." That looked up at him for that one inyear since the hazel-eved girl had

too, would be angry. Come and see wondrous light in her eyes and pro-Stephen Olway's Silence. Too, would be angry. Come and see wondrous light in her eyes and promised to wait. All over—all! He was beaten; his dreams for the future shattered irretrievably, and—irony of the Kind That Stick. Finis! The man working away for apart; stood there, handsome and de- fate-it was Clive Ainsworth who had

And then-Was it real, or only a laid down his pen and looked about It's now or never, Otway-I mean it! trick of fancy? That opening phase, him for the first time in two solid Choose quickly-yes or no!" The those first few bars of melody that At last his wonderful sym- other's half-impatient shrug incensed had floated softly across the waiting phony was written. Yes; not anoth- him beyond measure; he waited for hall. Never Clive Ainsworth's-never er note would he add, not a single no more. "Very well! That ends any one's but his own. There was bar revise; it should go before the it. Remember it's your own doing, some mistake, a ghastly blunder in druggist and get a bottle of

the name; or elsestriving might and main to win just Yes; that was it. "Good-night - Dazed, stunned, mable for a moas it lay there-the crown of six and good-bye!" Full five minutes af- ment to realize the bitter truth, he weeks' toil, the best that was in ter he had flung out of the room the sat there listening to the smooth anhim, the fair flower of his achieve- older man stood there in the gather- dante, the rippling allegreto, that ment that was surely destined to ing darkness trying to realize, to rushing rhythmical finale with the bring fame and fortune, maybe some- make himself believe, that he had weird chromatic scale-passages for thing still more precious, in its really gone. Clive could surely never the violins-his own, every note!

phony by a British composer." All words. Not possible for a moment that broke from the audience at its close; gall and wormwood those reing with it a golden vista to his Laughing awkwardly, he turned peated cries of "Encore! Encore!" glowing thoughts. Let him win that away to light the gas and draw down Next thing he knew he was outside and everything was simplified. There the blind, and then went back to in the cool, fresh air, trying to think was no pinacle of fame, no point of those carefully written sheets of it all out-that bitter, blinding sense soaring ambition so high that to it manutcript. Just one more look to of treachery dimming all else in his he might not aspire. Old Farley make sure that he had copied them brain. What did it mean-what could

factors, would laugh now at the bare up and put them away safely till. Three solid hours he tramped the idea of calling him son-in-law; such a morning, till he could carry them streets, beating out that grim trapossibility as the lad he had befriend- with his own hands to the big col- gedy of a lifetime. Incredible, un- dal, Stephen, eh? Couldn't help win ed daring to fall in love with his own lege where their fate was to be de- thinkable, that the man who had daughter had never entered the head cided. Too precious to be trusted to been his friend could have carried paltry rage so far!

to nip the romance in the bud. But to feeling disappointed that there was lodgings, gone up the creaky stairs rise in his throat as he remembered no letter. Clive was coming round with the heavy, shuffling tread of one the debt of gratitude he owed the old shortly, that was all. But the hours foot-weary and despondent, thrown man lying there. He glanced across "Clive!"

That moment would surely live forstraining silence. Then-"Stephen, you were there?

hastily scribbled words, to Clive's ter accusation in the tone. His lips haunting drudgery. He recollected address. By night they were back at had framed invective hot and angry,

> was that night you refused to lend me the money. You had showed me the sheets and told me they were finished, and I saw the chance to-to be revenged. I came back here after you had gone out. They were in that drawer, made up into a parcel and addressed; and I took them out, put blank ones in their places-

"You stole them?" 'Yes. I can never ask you to forgive me, never forgive myself. Ever since then I have lived in torture. hoping night and day that some other might be successful; but you see! Now my cup of bitterness is full; I am punished ten-fold. My father-

here, look.-I-I can't say it!" A telegram had fluttered from his hand. Otway picked it up mechanically, lit the gas and read: Father dangerously ill; come at

Sybil.

It was almost a scream. 'The dear old governor had set his heart on my winning this thing, and I couldn't-couldn't tell him-". The voice broke off into a convulsive Otway looked at him pityingly; then crossed the room and began to finger a railway time-table.

'Twelve-fifteen from Euston." pulled out his watch, stood thought a moment. "I'll go," said, curtly. "You can stay here if

'You will? Heaven bless you for that. Stephen," said the other, ferten times more than I deserve. Send often tell her that some day she won't you?

Five minutes later, as Stephen Otway hailed a hansom and told the caught himself wondering for the second time that night if the whole of it was not a dream-some subtle, clinging spell that all at once would St. Bernard is a mountain grand break and leave him staring stupidly As any there is in Switzerland; at the vivid sense of actuality.

journey into Warwickshire; no dream down the stairs in that early dawn to greet him, the startled question For better subjects our hearts enstaring from her eyes before she

spoke a word. Stephen! But where is Clive? He will be too late!" . . . His mumbled falsehood, and then: "Yes; very ill indeed. A sudden heart attack; Then hurrah! hurrah for the noble the doctor has been with him half the You will not mind if I go

Later she came to him again. He found himself following obediently

"Stephen boy, how are you?" The words were hard to catch, all but indistinct. "Clive is coming soon, they tell me. I want to see the lad once more, to tell him I am proudwhite, set face would have moved an- stant of time with the strange new we are all proud. He won the me-



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it, could he? The wrinkled hand was quivering feebly in his own. Bending down to at the girl standing by the window, and made a sudden grim resolve.

"Yes, he won it," he said, quietly. stood a full minute, facing one ano- that house with the closed shutters him that either the world had grown different or he was very old and weary. Nothing mattered now; all "Yes; I heard." A world of bit- the days would be alike-a miserable reaching Euston and walking to his with no word at all; and but he beat the impulse back and lodgings, but nothing more that was the moment he was staring waited to hear more. "I was mad-out of my senses! It There was a dull, dead ache, and a sense of heaviness that bore him down-down-till at last there came a final blank.

> Ten whole days that grim span of feverish unconsciousness remained; and his life and death were play things 'twixt which he hovered like a fretful child, uncertain which to choose. When the dark cloud lifted he knew that he was lying in bed there was a little table holding me dicines by his side. The dark-robed figure seated by the window heard him move; turned round to look. Suddealy it struck him that the Agure was familiar. What could Sybil be doing here? He said her name half expecting that the vision would dissolve at sound of word.

"Stephen! Oh, how glad I am!" She came to him with joy shining bravely in her face. "There, don't try to talk; lie still and get quite well and strong. I know everything—all the miserable story. Clive has The next moment he had faced back well and strong. I know everything You can never know how he yearns for your forgiveness, and how dear you are to-to us both.

Afterward? Nay, the story is trite -needs none but the telling of one's soh, the man was shaking like an own heart. Stephen Otway and his wife are happy, and success has come to him in plenty since then, never tinged, it may be, with the golden glowing halo that would have crowned that first big task, but still sweet to both of them. The little Sybil who has come to bless and link their lives more closely has never seen that wondrous Uncle Clive who sends her frequent gifts from far-away You're a good fellow; it's South Africa, but mother and father me word how-how things are going, shall do so-when their ship comes

# Great St. Bernard.

And many a legend of it is told, No dream, however, that midnight How Hannibal with his legions bold Came over its pass in the days of old. that white-faced girl who crept softly But what care we for that bygone

In the noble monks of St. Bernard. Who o'er the snow region kept watch and ward.

Chorus. And the dogs of St. Bernard,

Who over the regions of ice and snow

Keep vigilant watch and ward. St. Bernard owns a convent old Its prior and monks are as good as

Nine hundred years or more it has stood

And noble the deeds of its brotherhood. And noble the deeds of its servants good-

Its servants, the grand old dogs whose name All over the world is known to fame. Whose service asks no greater re-Than the love of the monks of St.

Bernard Chorus. Then hurrah! hurrah for the noble And the dogs of St. Bernard,

Who over the regions of ice and snow Keep vigilant watch and ward.

### The Nine Fridays.

edited by Jesuit Fathers. In a recent issue it discussed the subject of The Nine Fridays, The Twelfth Promise and Superstition'

"There appears to be a reasonable ground for believing that our Lord did in some way institute the practice of nine Fridays, in a private Mary; but we can hardly claim to be scientifically certain about it, either in itself or as to the exact terms in which it was delivered. Still, the practice of regular monthly communion is in itself an excellent one, calculated to promote or secure Promise; so that the devotion rests on a sound basis quite apart from the authenticity of the Promise. Because it rests on this solid foundation, the nine Fridays cannot be dubled 'superstitious,' unless anyone likes to turn it into a superstition object; 'lie, lay, lain' does not. How

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> his own persersity or ignorance. It might be turned into a superstition, for example, if any one believed that after making the nine Fridays his final perseverance was a settled fact, no matter whether he continued to lead a good life or not. Ordinary standard theology prevents us from believing that such absolute assurance is given broadcast to men in this life. Again, it could, we opine, be turned into a superstition if too rigid an importance were attached to the number nine or to the unbroken chain of nine in succession. Assuming the promise to be authentic, the conditions would naturally be observed out of a wish to conform to the terms proposed; but not out of the idea that there is anything sacramental in the mere number. Thus a person who dving before he could complete the nine ought to be in no anxiety on that account. Similarly if one of the nine were missed without any fault, the reasonable thing would be to go on without any solicitude. Lastly, it would certainly be a superstition if a person, accidentally failing over and over again to complete the nine, began to imagine that it was a bad sign-as if there were no chance of final perseverance unless the nine were completed.

"It is a little difficult to draw the exact line where superstition begins, as much depends on the frame of mind. But certainly it begins as soon as we depart from the dictates of sound reason enlightened by the principles of sound theology, and begin to foster beliefs which are irrational or in any way unworthy of the wisdom and dignity of God The Bombay Catholic Examiner is His dealings with mankind.

#### Common Errors

(From the Birmingham News.) 'Did you ever pick up a 'don't' book and read it and see how many mistakes the average so-called well communication to Blessed Margaret bred person makes unconsciously, or through bad habits?' asked a young Perhaps slang has lawver. great deal to do with it, as slaug expressions are used often in such way as to make them resemble good English. We say a piece of cake is 'awfully' good, or a girl is 'awfulthe effects con'ained in the Twelfth ly' pretty, when we mean 'very.' We Promise; so that the devotion rests say a wedding 'occurs,' when noth-

ridiculous it is to say we 'love' candy, when we 'like' it; a plate of soup could hardly be 'lovely, rose could be. And that word 'got. It seems almost an unnecessary word if care would be taken. The words 'he,' 'she,' 'him,' and 'her' are really the most troublesome words in the English language to most people. I was shocked to hear a society girl here say Mrs. Blank has invited she and I to her home.' They seem to be airaid of the words 'her' and 'me. To say 'she asked her and me' sounds queer, but it is correct. How many careless people say, 'He asked for you and I The word 'bin't' is fast growing in disfavor. Few know that the word 'aggravate' does not mean 'provoke' or 'irritate,' and that they must not say a 'new beginning.' We expect a visitor, but we 'suspect' he A man dies 'of' a disease. not 'from,' and to say 'do like I do should be 'as I do.' The word 'preventive' is to be used instead of 'preventative,' and the term 'I mistake,' instead of 'I am mistaken.' So one could go on indefinitely in the line of speech and writing, but when it comes to etiquette and table manner, how many there are who fall short of the rules laid out by the standard on such matters!

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