care twopence. A picture was pleas-ing only for the face or scene it showed or the story it told. To such a woman her son's taste for pictures was nothing more than a mere child-ish craze that would pass away with ish craze that would pass away with

ish craze that would pass away with his youth. But as the time grew closer for a plunger into a new life, Hugh, shiver-ing on the bank, shrank more and more from the profession for which he was destined. A slumbering ambition once more awoke in him to be an artist, and he took up again the dis-carded pencil and brush. Sybil, one of those days, came sud-denly upon him in his special attic in Ashley Lodge as he was putting the finishing touches to a water colour of a view they both knew and loved, and the girl cried out in unaffected admira-tion.

"Oh, Hugh, how perfect! What would I give to be able to paint like that!" held out disconsolately a rough,

that!"
She held out disconsolately a rough, unfinished sketch of her own which she had brought for his criticism and advice. For answer the boy looked at her sketch, then deliberately, without passion, tore his picture in two.
"You will paint some day, Sybil," he said, "but I never can. I will never can. I will never the pencil or brush again."
That night he sat long in his room, and for the first time the widow showed her whole heart to her boy, and he realized as never before the depth and strength of her love and worship for his father and the agony of the blow that parted them. "You are his only son, Hugh," she said.
He felt the timid entreaty in her yoice. "I will do my best, mother," he promised, "I can never be like him; no one was like him, but I will try hard to follow in his footsteps." She held out disconsolately a rough,

CHAPTER V.

A New Life.

FOR four people the whole course of many years of life was changed when Hugh Limner and his mother left their home in Connemara. The ties that held those four together had been years close and strong and had been very close and strong, and the breaking was something more than

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CANADIAN gether in his sanctum, while a fash-ionable crowd of patients waited im-patiently in the outer room, "as a stu-dent he beat us into fits, as a doctor he was well in front. I was brought down to meet him some years ago, you remember, Mrs. Limner? and I felt myself a perfect sham. It was a rare disease. He had identified the symptoms from a description in a Ger-man medical periodical. He taught himself German away in the wilder-ness—I don't know a word of the lan-guage. Well, I did my best to look wise, I was made much of and got a hundred guineas. But your father cured the patient and taught me a lesson in my business that has been worth many a hundred to me since. If he had stayed in Dublin he would have earned a fortune and a title." "He did earn a title," the widow said quietly, "the only title he ever wanted, "The Poor Man's Doctor." "Quite right," responded the rich man's doctor with the complacent as surance that he had himself chosen the better part. "But you see the rich want some fellow to doctor them too, and that's about all I'm fit for. Our young friend will have nearly a worth begins. Lutit the start of the saw

too, and that's about all I'm fit for. Our young friend will have nearly a month to look about him before the work begins. I will be glad to show him round the hospital myself and in-troduce him to his professors." So Hugh "looked round him," and in the sharp reality of city life the long lapse of days in the country faded into a dream of fairy-land. where Sybil was the fairy queen. The theatres tired him with their jargon of false sentiment and folly, and their shifting of gaudy colours hurt his eye as a false note hurts the ear of a musician. as a fals musician.

musician. His first great surprise and delight were Foley's statues. He had never seen a statue before except the gro-tesque figures that serve for religious emblems in a country church. The stately figure of O'Connell was a new revelation to him, charming that subtle sixth sense in his artistic soul, and his delight was still warm when he came upon the glorious bronze triumvirate, Burke, Goldsmith, and Grattan, in College Green. For full five minutes he stood and gazed, a country boy unconscious of

Grattan, in College Green. For full five minutes he stood * id gazed, a country boy unconscious of the passing throng that stared a id jostled as they passed. His eyes wandered from one to the other of Foley's masterpieces where the artist had given a soul to the bronze. He could not tell which he admired the most, the grave and gracious states-man, revolving wise schemes of gov-ernment; the gentle, pensive poct absorbed in his own sweet fancies; or the fiery patriot and orator, every nerve and muscle tense with the fer-vour of his passionate appeal. For a little while he thought more of sculpture than of painting. But on the memorable day, memorable through all his later life on which he first visited the National Picture Gallery, his old love of pictures re-cantured him never to be displaced

Gallery, his old love of pictures re-captured him, never to be displaced.

FULL of delight he gazed round the

FULL of delight he gazed round the vast expanse of walls covered with pictures. For a little while his delight made him dizzy, he could only wander round aimlessly, seeing nothing in detail. This picture re-pelled him, that attracted him. A flambouyant, huge-limbed Venus hurt him like a false note in an orchestra, a softly shaded evening landscape soothed his jarring nerves. Master-piece after masterpiece called to him from every part of the gallery, dis-tracting and enchanting him, till of a sudden he came to a full stop before a beautiful picture. No need for the catalogue to tell

sudden he came to a full stop before a beautiful picture. No need for the catalogue to tell him the name of the master. Velas-quez had painted it. The picture was unsigned, but to Hugh's discriminat-ing eyes it was signed all over. It was not merely the wonderful concep-tion and arrangement, the marvel-lous skill of brightening tints and darkening shadows by which the col-our was made to masquerade as light; by an intuition which is part of the free masonry of art, a blank mystery to the uninitiated, he found something of the soul of the painter in his pic-ture and was more than ever con-vinced that it was the same soul con-ceived and the same hand that painted the stolen masterpiece. (To be continued.)

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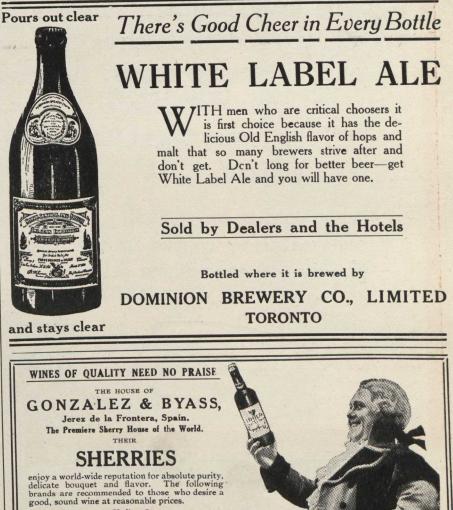
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