

care twopence. A picture was pleasing 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 childish craze that would pass away with his youth.

But as the time grew closer for a plunger into a new life, Hugh, shivering 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 discarded pencil and brush.

Sybil, one of those days, came suddenly 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 admiration.

"Oh, Hugh, how perfect! What would I give to be able to paint like 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 touch 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 voice. "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."

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 very close and strong, and the breaking was something more than pain.

The two widows, first brought together by loneliness, loved each other like sisters. They were neither poor nor rich. After her husband's disappearance Mrs. Darley found that he had settled an annuity of five hundred a year for her life and her daughter. Mrs. Limner's income from her husband's hard-earned savings was no more than three hundred a year, but it amply sufficed for her simple needs. With the match-making instinct that is in all women's hearts, they had watched their children playing together, and had seen their childish affection slowly ripen to love as the bud softly swells and opens to a full blown rose. From childhood Hugh and Sybil had kissed when they met or parted, but now their parting kiss had a meaning and a passion they had never known before. For the first time it made the boy's heart beat hard and filled the girl with a delicious shame that flooded her cheeks with crimson.

There are turnings in the roadway of human life so sharp and strange that they almost lead to a new existence amid scenes and experiences wholly unfamiliar.

Such was Hugh Limner's sudden change from the wild beauty of Connemara to the small house which his mother had rented in a quiet and somewhat secluded street in the city. Yet so strong is the magic of custom, so much more vivid the present than the past, that in a week or so this life in Dublin seemed his only true life, and all that had gone before no more than a pleasant dream.

The entrance examination he passed without trouble, and then there was a wait before the real work began. The great Dublin doctor, Sir Dominick Curtin, who had been a student with Hugh's father, and had kept the friendship warm through all the years of their divided lives, received them with the heartiness of an old friend and freely promised help and guidance to the son.

"Your father was the best of us all, my boy," he said, as the three sat to-

gether in his sanctum, while a fashionable crowd of patients waited impatiently in the outer room, "as a student 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 German medical periodical. He taught himself German away in the wilderness—I don't know a word of the language. 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 assurance 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 month to look about him before the work begins. I will be glad to show him round the hospital myself and introduce 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.

His first great surprise and delight were Foley's statues. He had never seen a statue before except the grotesque 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 the passing throng that stared and 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 statesman, revolving wise schemes of government; the gentle, pensive poet absorbed in his own sweet fancies; or the fiery patriot and orator, every nerve and muscle tense with the fervour 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 recaptured him, never to be displaced.

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 repelled him, that attracted him. A flamboyant, huge-limbed Venus hurt him like a false note in an orchestra, a softly shaded evening landscape soothed his jarring nerves. Masterpiece after masterpiece called to him from every part of the gallery, distracting and enchanting him, till of a sudden he came to a full stop before a beautiful picture.

No need for the catalogue to tell him the name of the master. Velasquez had painted it. The picture was unsigned, but to Hugh's discriminating eyes it was signed all over. It was not merely the wonderful conception and arrangement, the marvellous skill of brightening tints and darkening shadows by which the colour 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 picture and was more than ever convinced that it was the same soul conceived and the same hand that painted the stolen masterpiece.

(To be continued.)

Electric Light, Eyestrain, and the Growing Child

Specialists tell us that most modern ailments are the direct result of eyestrain.

It is a crime to allow a child to read and play under unmitigated electric light.

By the use of MOONSTONE globes and dishes the harsh light is diffused and softened.

It is cheaper, too, than the old way, for less candlepower will produce more illumination, so great is the deflecting and diffusing effect of this chemically perfect glass.



No. 9070. Grecian Lantern.

MOONSTONE BULLETIN No. 1

will prove interesting and instructive reading. Give us your room dimensions and our engineering department will tell you, without cost to you, how to light your whole house with a clear and mellow effulgence that will save eye and nerve strain, and work out a material economy at the same time.

Made in Canada.

Jefferson Glass Company, Limited

388 Carlaw Avenue, Toronto

Pours out clear

There's Good Cheer in Every Bottle



WHITE LABEL ALE

WITH men who are critical choosers it is first choice because it has the delicious Old English flavor of hops and malt that so many brewers strive after and don't get. Don't long for better beer—get White Label Ale and you will have one.

Sold by Dealers and the Hotels

Bottled where it is brewed by

DOMINION BREWERY CO., LIMITED
TORONTO

and stays clear

WINES OF QUALITY NEED NO PRAISE

THE HOUSE OF
GONZALEZ & BYASS,

Jerez de la Frontera, Spain.
The Premiere Sherry House of the World.

THEIR

SHERRIES

enjoy a world-wide reputation for absolute purity, delicate bouquet and flavor. The following brands are recommended to those who desire a good, sound wine at reasonable prices.

ROYAL	Medium Dry
VINO DE PASTO	Fruity, Ladies' Favorite
AMONTILLADO	Very Dry Club Wine
IDOLO	Pale, Soft, Ideal Dinner Wine
OLOROSO	Old Golden, Rich East India

Sold by high class dealers at
75c., \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50 per bottle.

ASK FOR

GONZALEZ & BYASS SHERRIES

