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3. Stockdale, Manager

and was re- by securing the to be heard next a Harvard man.

NOTICE

Ont. on Saturday. rning. Mary, beloved. Omeme. Ont.: Wil- late Mary McCaffrey; late William McCaf- and Howard Southby late William and th Drive, Toronto. at Omeme. at 2 p.m. train leaves Toronto

Foreign

nter, who is one Canons of West- who it at present with his wife, ill, it is stated, of the water for His Lordship of his visit de- at Harvard

Tired

Discovery s and

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The Rev. Canon Ross and Mrs. Ross were recently presented by the parishioners of Port Rush on the occasion of their removal to Ballymena with an address, a handsome antique cabinet and a pair of silver lamps.

The Churchman in the city of Manchester lately celebrated the Bi-centenary of the famous city church of St. Ann. Two centuries ago there was only one other church in Manchester, and that was the church which is now known as the Cathedral.

A gift of \$50,000 to St. Paul's School, Concord, N.H., from Mr. and Mrs. George A. Armour, of Princeton, N.J., in memory of their son Edmund, who died recently while a student at the school, is announced for the erection and equipment of an infirmary. The building is to be known as the Edmund Armour Memorial infirmary.

forldly into her perplexed face. "Little girl," he said, between laughter and sad seriousness, "I had to come myself to make full confession. Sit down and don't ask any questions till the end."

She sat down but disobeyed at once.

"Where have you been, Uncle Alec?" she demanded. "And those new clothes—"

"Are neither begged, borrowed nor stolen, my Joan. Listen to the story of a sceptical deceiver."

"It's not your story, then!"

"Wait to give your verdict. What would you say to a man, who, after many years' vagabondage, came—by luck or what you will—into a fortune, a great fortune; and that, with the unexpected wealth came the longing to see the Old Country? Yes, the Old Country and Old friends, too; but here the suspicion, which had been bred in him in that life where every man's for himself, made him hesitate. The friends would have forgotten him, even if they were alive, and if they welcomed him it would

harvesting in his absence. But one brother was left; he went to find him out—and got found himself by the prettiest, sweetest little niece in the world."

Joan's eyes were shining through unshed tears, whilst her breath came short with excitement.

"It was you, Uncle Alec. You!" she cried, gasping. "You weren't the starving tramp after all."

He hung his head, as though half-ashamed of the truth.

"Will you forgive me, Joan?" he whispered. "I ought to have had more faith in human nature—more faith in a brother's honest, simple love, which you helped prove to me, little girl, so nobly."

She put both arms round his neck. After all this there was no one to be afraid of, but only the Uncle Alec she had already learnt to know and love.

"Why, of course, we'd have loved you anyway, uncle, dear," she said, understanding, with the swifter instinct of a woman, what had taken her father nearly half an hour of explanations to grasp.

"But I believe I'm glad you proved us that way," she added, with a shy little laugh. "For now you know."

"Indeed, I do," replied Alec Merton, taking her in his arms.

* * * * *
Robert Carter did not go to Okotoks or Australia, or anywhere else to earn that all-necessary £300 a year; neither did he and Joan have to wait months and months or years and years for him to amass such an income in England. Uncle Alec saw to that. Not that he made free gifts all round. Not a bit of it! It wasn't the game, so he told his brother John, to make a dependent or pauper of such an intelligent, manly young fellow. But, you see, when newly-made millionaires set up establishments they stand in need of two things—a secretary and a housekeeper. Robert Carter was just the man for the first post, and no one could make a sweeter or more efficient housekeeper than Joan. That's how the thing was worked, so Uncle Alec said, declaring that it was all to his own advantage and purely a matter of business. He utterly refused to be thanked.

"God has been very good to us, dear," the young man said, gently to Joan, "and sent a big blessing down in a strange way."

"Just through being kind to a poor tramp, that's what it seems like. Mother is right, Bob, isn't she. Only this morning she was saying that verse over again: 'Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days.' We have found it, haven't we?"—Lester Lurgan in C.F.N.

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The process of living is something like the burning of a fire. When the nerve cells are consumed by the activity of life and work there is left in the system an ash in the form of poisonous waste matter. These poisons in the system cause pain and give rise to feelings of fatigue.

Nothing will so quickly sweep these poisons from the system as Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. The liver is quickened in action, the bowels move regularly, and the kidneys take on new vigor and activity.

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Children's Department

THE TRAMP
A Story in Three Parts.

Part III.

Her mind had not ceased asking questions before Uncle Alec had taken both her hands, looking down

be a poor, faked job at best for the sake of his dollars.

"No, he determined he wasn't going to be taken in that way; he'd know a trick worth two of that cold-blooded affection. So the American millionaire—he was little less—came back to his own land as a poor man, a beggar man.

"Most of the old friends had gone, though, he found. Death had been



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