Old Mrs. Doherty's eyes had looked on sorrow, but always dauntlessly. Thus it happened that their humor was as undimmed, their friendliness as unquenched, at seventy as half a century earlier. Out of a network of wrinkles they sparkled cheerfully, their blue lustre heightened by the parchment brownness of her weatherbeaten skin. And whenever they dwelt upon her grandson, Larry Doherty, they took a new depth of kindness and brightness.

She accounted herself a very lucky woman, she was wont to tell her neighbors. To be sure, her husband, when they had been married a little over a year, had been killed in an explosion, but he had left her Larry, her own son Larry, the baby in arms, who had grown to be the best and most stalwart of sons. She dwelt upon Larry's memory with great tenderness, for he was only a memory those many years now. The ship that was bearing him to America with his mother, his pretty wife and their rosy children, had been wrecked off the Banks. Only one of the life-boats had ever been heard of again. That one a schooner from Falmouth Cape had sighted and saved; and on it were old Mrs. Doherty with her youngest grandchild the baby Larry, in her arms.

To some the chronicle would not

have seemed one of good fortune; but Mrs. Doherty translated calamity to blessing in her own fashion.

"Since 'twas God's will I should lose thim an' be cast up alone here in a strange land, think what a has-in' it was I had the baby wid me -somethin' to be workin' for, somethin' to be carin' about! And to land here of all places in the sayssure niver were people so kind! An' me boy's son growin' up all that could be wished. Whin me own time

the dreadful struggle of her early years in the new country was past. Her cabin on the hill shone with cleanliness matching that of her bridge that connected the cape with observe. Falmouth Town on the mainland to

carry them for her. of the fact that she was a miracle regarded as his right. among grandmothers, but he loved her and depended upon her and im-posed upon her, took her as an

quaintance had progressed to the point reach the Cape station and to mothe* funny?"

'What's funny about her?" demandsuggested to him that some fact of

ference between the customary dress of the community and the neat peas- world. ant garb which his grandmother had never discarded, blushed for her. Later he sought with gifts to beguile her into a fashion which Miss Downing assured him was correct— Miss obtained a position; the other was Downing, whose mother wore curl- that Myrtle had been uncommonly papers during the greater part of the trying the night before with her weak day and read the fashion journals by coquetries and her bad temper, and he her untrimmed lamp in the evenings.

Mrs. Doherty was outwardly grateful, though unbeguiled. To herself she said, shrewdly and sadly: "He niver found out for himself what I was wearin'. No! An' it's

little he'd have cared for annywan's In the afternoon the section of the all teilin' him, unless-unless'-she sigh-"Well, I could have wish-

more she wished that it might have minated abruptly over the seething, our losses, joyful at our successes, been another. She saw Myrtle tar-black waters an eighth of a mile a pleasant companion in prosperity, reading at the kitchen table, with on. from the Cape shore. The arch still a staunch ally in adversity. sh book and her foolish elbows. She which the flooring had been laid. saw crimping irons on the mantelpiece above the fireplace. She beheld shawls of pale pink and blue looped over Myrtle's slender shouldswered that her boy would not atther has a right to be called friend,

Friendship is

and shook her head. during the days of Larry's wooing; end. Anyway, they said, there was and the light went out of her eyes no practical way of reaching her as it had never gone in all the years grandson. of her labor and sorrow.

'It's not his leavin' me for anothaccuser. "Lord save us, didn't I turn in the evening. see me own do that, an have joy "He wouldn't be su wid him? But this girl-this bag-

most violent objection, making them the scapegoat, as it were, for all the girl's shallowness and shams. Once, in a desperate moment, she made the mistake that wiser ones than she have made. She spoke con-temptiously of her grandson's sweet-heart; she besought him to give Myrthing but the erecting of a wall of

from himself of his contemplated I could reach the boarded part of "friende" who have acted deceitfully, marriage. Mrs. Downing, it was the bridge. An' thin I'd walk an' caused trouble in happy homes, stayreported, had bewailed the approaching nuptials. "The Dohertys were no match for the Downings," she lamented. And she "had looked for "La, Mrs. Doherty, you certainly was obnoxious. These were not fyrtle to do better; with a face like do make me tired," retorted Myrtle. Myrtle's" a most effulgent mate "I ain't so dead set on keepin' a beau But the child was romantic, like her Something in the brutal

"But it's goin' to be awful hard hension, then turned and walked back to the cabin. From the height on which it stood she could see the bay, here lashed white, there curving in the height on which it stood she could see the bay, here lashed white, there curving in splendid devouring waves of glister and walked back to the cabin. From the height on which it stood she could see the bay, here lashed white, there curving it is splendid devouring waves of glisters, she naturally wants her home about putting the cabin, to rights



"But if' I go and live by meself," New England neighbors. She was a she said, "they'll say he turned me dairywoman of note, albeit but two out, they'll misjudge the poor, foolcows composed her stock. She had ish boy. An' if I go, who's to take a chicken-yard screened from her care of him?-for that baggage hasn't small vegetable patch and flower-bed. the old days she had trudg-ed across the windy half mile of true enough, as the most casual could

Myrtle, aiming at the witcheries of position in the town, conspired to removed both from the blissful uncertainty which she intended and Larry, of course, had no conception the comfortable assurance which he

every-day matter—until the Downings came to Falmouth Cape. Then his eyes were opened to the fact that his relative was not as other women threatened the houses, the piers, the Myrtle Downing, blonde, given railway. One morning there came a from her to listen to it, his eyes and put the pots away in a cool, dark to giggling, and admitting twenty—the train from the region west of the train from the train from the region west of the region west of the tr the train from the region west of "My!" she said, when their ac Falmouth Cape would be unable to go of personalities, "ain't your grand- on to Falmouth Town on the other side of the bay. Floods had washed away bridges and roadbeds in the ed Larry, startled as if it had been interior, and for forty-eight hours, at least, there would be no train. Falnature was out of the natural order. mouth Cape settled Itself to the ex-"Now, who did you ever see dress cited security of a mere watcher of like that?" retorted Myrtle, unans-calamities; but in two hours it ceaswrought havoc with the telephone wires, and it was cut off from the

Two things drove Larry stubbornly to town that morning, One was a boyish bride in the fact that he had never missed a day's work since he horse, wrapped himself well, and drove across the road bridge that able.

the bay and into Falmouth Town. road bridge next to Falmouth Cape really do not care for us in the least succumbed to the strain of the winds beyond passing the time of day. and the rising billows. Cracking and The only person we can rightly call And the more Larry's grandmother crashing, it was swept away, and "friend" is the one who would make saw of Miss Myrtle Downing, the mooring of the structure ter- sacrifices for us, who is grieved at space cleared on it for her fool- stood, and the wooden girders on

All that afternoon Mrs. Doherty ers, bangles on Myrtle's bare fore- tempt to make the journey home that Friendship is a love that asks for arms and buckles on Myrtle's run-down slippers. And she groaned the wires would be working again, good of the person on whom it is and the town end of the bridge could She was much alone in her cabin be warned of the damage at the cape

Myrtle, to whom the cl. "oman money or worldly goods. t's not his leavin' me for anoth-she used to assure some inward notion of Larry's attempting to re-companions only those whose actions "He wouldn't be such a fool!" she said, conclusively.

It was Myrtle's obviously artificial him. All was safe an' well whin he cannot look round and pick inglets to which the old woman took went over this mornin'. Why out after a week's acquain

marry," declared the old woman, with | piness, so should you hold this treasilence and antagonism between herself and the boy for whom she lived.
And so it finally came about that she heard from the neighbors and not she heard from the neighbors and not she wood, over the pillars there, till

But the child was romantic, like her mamma, who had rejected heaven only knows what splendor to follow where her heart led!

But the child was romantic, like her mamma, who had rejected heaven only knows what splendor to follow which she had uncovered silenced where her heart led!

But the child was romantic, like her which she had uncovered silenced which she had uncovered silenced and walked back her head in dumb uncompression, the turned and walked back hersion, then turned and walked back hersion, then turned and walked back hersion, the child was romantic, like her which she had uncovered silenced and she wide griefs."

The best of friends multiply joys and divide griefs."

The best of friends must part, but call the best of friends must part and the best of friends must part and the best of friends must part and the best of frie

of old ways and bidding them shut red shawl crossed on her bosom, and the windows upon peaceful old out- tied at her waist in the back. Down looks, still the stricken grandmother to the place where the bridge had comes for goin' sure 'twill be the hapnever doubted Larry's intentions topy life I'll have to account for!"

never doubted Larry's intentions tobeen she trudged. Later, one of the
wards herself. Never, she knew, wards herself. Never, she knew, Cape children came home screaming She was a busy creature even after would it occur to him to turn her that old Mrs. Doherty was crawling adrift in her old age. But she her- along the girders that remained on self, could she stay where alien eyes the demolished section of the bridge looked coldly upon her?

> "A nice notion of lovin' you've got," stormed Myrtle, angry tears in her eyes. "Throwin' me over for an old woman-an old scarecrow! Some happy as long as she lives? Well, she'll live forever, an' get more an' By and by the March gales began more unreasonable every minute, an'

> > he mightn't have been!"

Girls, Who Are Your Friends?

"friends."

world with money, to procure all the to time, as its impurity will injure things that we wish for, to see everything we delight in, but friends should be lifted, the water thrown trying the night before with her weak are dessings that neither money nor coquetries and her bad temper, and he influence will bring. You can buy wished to escape her neighborhood people of many grades—their minds, for a while. He harnessed the old their labors—but hearts that are worth the having are not purchas- the water hyacinth. The lilv bulb we take this excerpt:

paralleler the railroad bridge across Friend is a common word that we sorts of people "friends" who

A girl's best friend is her mother, because to a mother a daughter's welfare stands before her own. Any bestowed.

Friends are not easily found; if we get a few in a lifetime we are lucky, and one good friend is often better for a girl's happiness than much

you approve of, and out of their number pick the friends you would keep. They will not be faultless, or gage—what does she know about carin'? He'll niver be happy wid her—
her an' her curls!"

"Fool!" cried his grandmother, in they would not be human, and only beings who are very human have symthat knows the bridge is broken, not pathy and unselfish affection. went over this mornin'. Why out after a week's acquaintance. wouldn't he be comin' home to-night? Months, years of companionship will He'll start, all in the dark an' the wind, an' he'll drive, an' there'll be no seein' the end, an'—are ye goin' smoothly. If sorrow be yours, you to do nothin' at all, at all?"

"What could I do?" demanded Myrtle, suddenly, but sufficiently reasonmere acquaintance has a heart of sold and a hand that is always at gold and a hand that is always at "If it was the man I was going to your service. As you value your hap-

> was obnoxious. These were not friends. There is no mistaking friendship if you will but remember that "friends multiply joys and di-

girl, struggling for a living, is often happier with a true friend than the which it stood she could see the old woman. Indeed, I in splendid devouring waves of glister what all that, but a young naturally wants her home attractly wants her home strange things to the strange things to the strange things to the strange things to the headth of the headth of the purpose of discovering the legendary was satisfied. He wealthy lady, whose numerous acquaintances ful her drawing room, eat of discovering the legendary was satisfied. He dualntances ful her drawing room, eat there dinners and flatter her with empty compliments. Rich people never know who are their friends so long as they are rich. It is when strange things to the strange was satisfied. He dualntances ful her drawing room, eat the legendary "Fountain of perpetual youth," said to exist in that then unknown country. While Dr. Thomas' Eclectric long as they are rich. It is when strange things to the strange was satisfied. He dualntances ful her drawing room, eat the legendary "Fountain of perpetual youth," said to exist in that then unknown country. While Dr. Thomas' Eclectric long as they are rich. It is when strange things to the work, with \$200 as they are rich. It is when strange things to the sturdy figure with her tight, white strange things to the sturdy figure with her tight, white the young old before their time and harass the aged into untimely graves.

Flowers for Winter

The good old fashion of pressed flowers has been revived with many other good old fashions. Pansies, daisies and forget-me-nots, wren properly pressed, are almost as bright as when freshly plucked, and the scarlet and russet leaves of autumn lose none of their beauty between leaves of paper. In the "depths of winter" the little summer beauties will brighten many a sombre spot, putting to shame their imitations in wax and paper.

And yet, pretty as these preserved flowers are, with a little trouble we may have something even more "really real" when winter locks the earth with icy keys. Who would not like to have masses of flowers during Christmas week? Seeds and bulbs planted now will be in glorious bloom by December.

Of course extra care must be given to house plants. They are genied the fresh moisture of the open air, and for this reason many of the thirsty varieties, such as pansies and peas, never thrive indoors. The best place for tender plants is in the kitchen, where the steam furn-ishes warmth and moisture, and even there coal gas will sometimes prove fatal. The regulation furnace heat is also injurious to most plants, and the aphis and spider combine in the work of destruction. Vigilance must be the watchword of the flower lover in winter and for the pains taken the reward is great.

Nasturtium, portulacca, mignonette, poppies and morning glories will bloom readily in the house from seed. These plants do not require so much moisture as others, and for that reason are especially adapted to amateur culture. A fine rose spray should be used to moisten the leaves daily, and the roots will require water only about three times a week. In a sunny window they will thrive well if properly watered. A morning glory trained about a window gives a charming defiance to Jack Frost on a wintry day.
The old "stand-by" for the house is

the geranium, since it stands neglect better than any other plant and makes a brave show of bloom and foliage with very little attention. girls wouldn't put up with it! They would make you suffer, you an' her, those raised from seed, although, of too! But I won't. I don't believe course, they are much more expen-Bulbs form better house plants than I could have brought myself to mar- sive. Five or ten cents, which will selling her eggs and butNowadays the new railroad
Larry, proud incumbent of a in a state of irritation far enough the wind an' the blackness an' the line finer varieties (canna and lily) water, an' how the voice was like a are as high as fifty cents apiece. Hyaghost of a banshee's! She's been cinth bulbs may be had as low as savin' your life ever since you were a three and five cents each, and nobaby, an' you're goin' to make her thing can be more beautiful than the waxy, fragrant hyacinth blooms.

To pot hyacinths get good light rich soil and fill six-inch pots. Two the spring sunshine. Larry turned remain exposed. Water plentifully hangin' ye can't drown, ye know! them in a sunny location. They Sure I was safe enough; but Larry— will speedily begin to throw out they will be masses of beauty by Christmas.

Hyacinths in glasses are quite popular. It is curious to see roots, On reading this heading my readers bulbs, leaves and blossoms growing will say, "Oh, I have such heaps of all together. The method of culture friends I couldn't begin to think of is much like that of potted hyathem all." Ah, yes, you have many cinths. The bulbs are placed in acquaintances, no doubt, but not glasses of clean water and are con-I'm afraid their number signed to the cellar until the glasses is limited. A true friend is a rare are filled with roots, when they are brought up to warmth and light. The It is easy to do most things in this water should be renewed from time are blessings that neither money nor away and the glass rinsed and refilled

is placed in a glass vessel and is John B. McDonald was born in the surrounded with sand or gravel to town of Fermoy, in the County of apply to mere acquaintances. We call keep it firmly in position. The ves-all sorts of people "friends" who sel is then filled with water and brought to this country three placed near a window. The water later. His father, a hard-working has to be renewed as it evaporates or stagnates.

the potted hyacinths with fascinating too oppressive and came to New Single tulips, crocus, narresults. cissus, anemones, oxalis, railbow iris, jonguils, freesias and star of Bethlehem are all hardy and profuse bloom- Hudson River Railroad, where he ers, and not one of them is expensive. Five crocus bulbs or two tulips may be bought for five cents, and the others are not much dearer. Ever- one who loves beautiful flowers will be sure to plant a few of these bulbs, since their culture is so simple.

Lities are all expensive. Permuda Easter lily bulbs are twenty to forty cents each and the orange, tiger and calla lilies cost from twenty-five to boys of the other families around fifty cents. The Mariposa is not a him, except that he was never known true lilv. It is known as often by the name of butterfiv tulin and is indigenous to the eastern slope of the him or outgame him at any of the Sierras. It makes a charming house

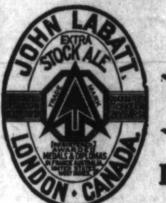
plant. green aphis and the active red spider shanty supported by private benevopay just a little too much homage to the queen of flowers. Still many care- went to a public school (the only ful persons are able to winter roses school in his neighborhood). He was successfully, and with proper condi-tions of air, light and heat and judi-tions of air, light and heat and judicious use of insectides some varieties of roses will bloom almost as well indoors as out.

For the Overworked.—What are the causes of despondency and melancholy? A disordered liver is one cause and a prime one. A disordered li-ver means a disordered stomach, of Deeds, a place obtained for him and a disordered stomach means dis-turbance of the nervous system. This brings the whole body into subjec-brings the whole body into subjection and the victim feels sick all ov- way er. Parmelce's Vegetable Pills are a had taken on some little contracts. recognized remedy in this state and relief will follow their use.

All art deals with nature and truth, but not with all nature and all truth. If a man does not exerciese his arm he developes no biceps muscle; and if a man does not exercise his soul, bridge reservoir construction, and the he acquires no muscle in his soul-The best of friends must part, but no strenght of character, no vigour Ac- of moral fibre, nor beauty of spiritual growth.

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An Irish Boy in New York

The New York World of Oct. 2nd devoted many pages to a history of the Subway. From a full-page sketch devoted to the contractor to

brought to this country three years peasant, who could trace his forefathers back to the early history of Other bulbs may be cultivated like Ireland, found the land rent laws York as an immigrant seeking work. He left his family behind him and he got work in the rock cut of the earned 75 cents a day. He sent for his brother and the two worked together on the same job. They lived frugally and saved money. Then they sent for their relatives in Ireland. That was how the builder of the ra- HON. E. J. DAVIS pid-transit subway reached New York. He was a baby in arms then. The family lived in a little frame house at Fort Washington. Young John grew up no different from the

boyish sports of those days. He learned to read and write in the Roses are very uncertain. The tiny Hamilton Free School, a wooden preparation he had for his future career as the foremost contractor in the United States, probably in the world. He was eighteen years old when he earned his first money as a copyist in the office of the Register from doing laborers' work they The son put in his spare time helping his father. The work in the Registry office was uncongental, it was too easy. Young McDonald wanted to work. He looked for a future. His father had just been made general foreman on the Highfirm that employed him, Roach & Jenkins, sent young McDonald to be time-keeper on the Croton dam at Boyd's Corners in Putnam County. The salary he was getting there was It Will Prolong Life.—De Sota, the less than he earned at his office work, Spaniard, lost his life in the wilds of but he felt that he was learning

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