

**The Drift of Pinions**

No! where the wheeling systems darken,  
And our benumbed conceiving soars—  
The drift of pinions, did we hearken,  
Beats at our own clay-shattered doors?  
—Francis Thompson.  
Over, and near us, and round us,  
the hosts of Heaven are pressing;  
Look with the eyes of Faith and  
we can see them in being;  
There in that sun-flecked meadow  
Michael his ranks is dressing,  
Beneath our sinister cloud the  
armies of Satan are fleeing  
As, in the days of old, angels  
walked earth, uncoerced,  
Journeying over to Mamre  
where Abraham's tents were  
set;  
Or over to Bethlehem's valley they  
in their millions hovered.—  
So over Bethlehem's valley they  
angels are hovering yet!  
Earth is a valley of tears, but of  
Heaven it is the portal;  
Let not our hearts despair, no  
desolate outcasts we,—  
Open the ears and hear a music  
sweeter than mortal,  
Open the soul's strong eyes and  
Heaven's gold towers see!  
Thus shall our souls rejoice with  
Jesus and with His Mother  
Walking along Life's road His  
company shall be sweet;  
Like those that went to Emmaus  
let us not deem Him another.  
Open the eyes of our soul and  
offer Him worship meet!  
—Rev. James B. Dollard.  
Toronto, July 1, 1917.

**The Makin' of An Artist**

(Elizabeth Brady, in the Queen's Work.)  
(Concluded.)

The day after, Miss Blake heard a faint knock at her door, and to her "come in" entered Martina Von Cleef. "Sassy" faces do not change over night, a fact which aided Miss Blake to recognize Martina. For Martina's hair was brushed till it shone silkily in little rings about her forehead. It was tied up with a blue ribbon which toned with her eyes. It was tied again at her neck with the same blue ribbon, and the ends curled. Martina's teeth had the gleaming whiteness that a dentist's thorough cleaning gives. Her grubby little hands had been manicured. She wore a little tailored dress of marine-blue serge, a soft embroidered collar and blue silk tie. Shoes and stockings of correct shape and shade of tan completed the outfit.

"Martina," said Miss Blake "I'm going to tell you so it will be no surprise to you later. You are as pretty and dainty as you can be! Mrs. O'Hagan has excellent taste."

"Yes, Miss Blake," said Martina, and dropped a courtesy. Incidentally she lifted the short skirt a trifle, disclosing little lacy edges, while she smiled and said, "I have everything a nice little girl has, Miss Blake."

"That's lovely. We'll see about the manners, Martina, and the lessons."

"Mrs. O'Hagan telegraphed to Mr. Von Cleef," said Martina. He telegraphed back. I'm living with her now. Cleef has to teach me every night."

After that Martina progressed well. She was no model, of course, but the old ways dropped from her to the wonder of all. Mrs. O'Hagan had "notions" on the bringing up of girls. The rough O'Hagans adored her. One idea Mrs. O'Hagan could not be induced to abandon. "The child has good blood," she would say. "Some day fine people will come for her. But meantime I'll have her taught to earn her living. She has the makin' of an artist in her, Miss Blake! 'Tis a grand ballet-dancer she will be with training, such as blue-bloods would be proud to own. She's a comfort to me, a lone woman with nothing but men around me. Sure I'd be as rough as a rock with all those boys if I didn't have to teach Martina manners."

So Martina took lessons and danced like a leaf in the wind. She had not only manners, but a manner. She remembered those who had scorned her, and was distinctly polite. To the frequent revs in the O'Hagan home only Wanda Kazmarczyk was invited. In return, it was Wanda, who

**An Ancient Foe**

To health and happiness is scrofula—as ugly as ever since time immemorial. It causes bunches in the neck, disfigures the skin, inflames the mucous membrane, weakens the muscles, weakens the bones, reduces the power of resistance to disease and the capacity for recovery, and develops into consumption.

"Two of my children had scrofula sores which kept growing deeper and kept them from going to school for three months. Ointments and medicines did no good until I began giving them Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine caused the sores to heal, and the children have shown no signs of scrofula since." J. W. McGinnis, Woodstock, Ont.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla** will rid you of it, radically and permanently, as it has rid thousands.

opened the doors of the world to Martina.

For Wanda's mother worked for a lady over in the Drive, and Wanda frequently accompanied her. On one of these trips she found the house decorated, a stage erected, and the lady of the house in tears.

Wanda was a good little soul and knew that ladies with husbands were frequently unhappy. So she addressed herself to Mrs. Deane:

"You shouldn't cry, Mrs. Deane. My papa, he gets drunk, too, but sometimes he stays in the jail. Why don't you get Mr. Deane put in jail?"

Mrs. Deane burst into hysterical mirth. The vision of her husband, the meekest, and most kind of men, being delivered into the hands of the law for cruelty to her was too much.

"You poor little creature," she managed to say. "Bless your good little heart. No, Wanda, I'm tired and nervous. I was going to give an entertainment, and the lady who was to dance cannot come. People have paid for their tickets, too."

"I know," said Wanda. "Once I ran a show for a deserving object. It was no cinch, believe me! But say, let Martina dance. She's like an angel, Mrs. Deane. She takes lessons. And extra, she makes dances in her head. I could get her right away."

Mrs. Deane reflected. After all, a novelty is a novelty, and a child dancer always "took." She could explain, and the tickets were paid for in any case—which was the main thing. "The Lend-a-Hand Settlement" could not lose. So Wanda, to use her own expression, "beat it" for Martina.

Martina came, and Mrs. Deane noted with approval her tasteful dress and pretty manners. Then she asked her to dance, which Martina was only too willing to do.

Under Mrs. Deane's praise she took courage. "I'd like to do a lance of my own," she said, "if you don't mind."

Mrs. Deane was willing. So Martina danced a little elfin song set down in motion. She stopped breathless.

"Cleef O'Hagan always plays it on his fiddle," she said. "It isn't any name."

"Then we'll have Mr. O'Hagan," says Mrs. Deane.

That night an audience sat entranced while "Mr. O'Hagan," behind a group of palms, played a tune of his own for Martina's flying feet. Nothing disturbed by the applause she received, Martina went home with Cleef Barker? I wanted to write to you when I got to be a celebrity, and send you clippings with 'Martina, why don't you wash yourself?' written under my photograph—and here you are! I fell in love, with you the day you talked to me. I'll bet you were a monkey when you were little."

A call-boy knocked, and deposited a great box of roses on the table. "They all go to the sayluns," she said. "I loved green things when I was little."

"Three minutes," said a voice at the door.

"That's my call," she said. "You'll hear from me again."

**Had Awful Cramps Last Summer.**

**Suffered Two Days And Nights.**

"Dr. Fowler's" Cured Her.

There is no other kind of disease comes on one so quickly and with so little warning as an attack of cramps, colic or bowel complaint in one form or another.

A person may retire at night in the best of health, and before morning be awakened by terrific cramps followed by diarrhoea or dysentery.

At this season of the year when bowel troubles are so prevalent, it would be wise to take the precaution of having a bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry in the house, ready for any emergency.

Mrs. F. Martin, Brandon, Man., writes: "Last summer, in the hot weather, I was taken very sick in the middle of the night with awful cramps. I suffered two days and nights when the doctor was called in. He prescribed pills and powders which gave little or no relief. A friend said that if she were in my place she would order a bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. It came about noon, and the next afternoon I was able to sit up. I highly recommend 'Dr. Fowler's' above anything else, for I have proved it to be the best bowel complaint remedy I know of."

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**Why Not be Cheerful?**

Good cheer is a great lubricant. It oils all of life's machinery. Good cheer is a great producer. It adds wonderfully to one's active ability and increases mental and physical power. It makes hosts of friends and helps us to be interesting and agreeable. Good cheer will attract more customers, sell more goods, do more business, with less wear and tear than almost any other quality. Optimism is the greatest business getter, biggest trader, truest believer in the world. Pessimism has never done anything but tear down and destroy.

**Had To Sit Up To Sleep**

**Her Heart Was So Bad.**

Through one cause or another a large majority of people are troubled, more or less, with some sort of heart trouble, but when it starts to beat irregularly, and every once in a while pains seem to shoot through it, then it causes anxiety and alarm.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will give prompt and permanent relief to all those suffering from any weakness of the heart or nerves.

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ALL DRUGGISTS

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and Mrs. O'Hagan was delighted. Only Martina was, apparently, not wholly happy.

"Supposing something should happen to Mr. Von Cleef, who'd take care of him? Mrs. Pearsoll wants me to go abroad with her. Supposing he'd want things. Who'd earn them for him?"

To which Mrs. O'Hagan made no reply save—"Do what you think is right and you can't go wrong."

So Martina declined Mrs. Pearsoll's offer, much to that lady's disgust.

"Martina won't be rich after all," said Miss Barker to Mrs. O'Hagan one day, "in spite of all your predictions."

"I didn't say she'd be rich," said Mrs. O'Hagan, whose feelings towards Miss Barker were not entirely Christian. "I said she had good blood in her, and who but a thoroughbred remembers favors and has a grateful heart? Martina is not the eaten-bread-is-soon-forgotten kind."

Then one day a telegram came to Mrs. O'Hagan from a hospital in the West. Mr. Von Cleef had lost his barrel act once too often, and his back was broken. Martina took her savings from the bank and with Mrs. O'Hagan started west. In a few weeks Mrs. O'Hagan came back alone.

"He may live for years," she said, "but he's as helpless as a baby. Martina is going to make a home for him out there and go on the road with a company, to take care of him. She's got a fine offer already."

Thus Martina dropped out of Miss Blake's knowledge, for the O'Hagans moved away, and she never heard of them.

Then one evening, in a distant city she attended a theatrical performance with a party of friends. They had a box near the stage, and early in the evening she noticed the eyes of the leading lady regarding her intently at intervals. Once, when the action of the play brought her near the box, Miss Blake was sure she smiled. Being a friendly soul she smiled in return, at which the leading lady seemed quite pleased. Then she gave her whole attention to the stage, the performance being one of great beauty and artistic color effects. The dancing was grace itself, the music very inspiring. The whole play, a sort of fairy spectacle, was grouped around the leading lady, whose every entrance was greeted with prolonged applause.

During the intermission before the last act a page brought a note to the box:

"Dear Miss Blake,—I saw you from the stage. Will you come to my dressing room with the boy—that is, if you recall."

"MARTINA."

She went, of course, and was rapturously received by the star.

"How am I? Fine, thank you, Miss Blake. I am rich and getting to be famous. Mr. Von Cleef? He's getting along well. Isn't it wonderful, Miss Blake, how one can grow fond of a helpless person? His sister takes care of him, you know—the one who makes cats that is cats. Wasn't I the awful specimen? How's Miss Barker? I wanted to write to you when I got to be a celebrity, and send you clippings with 'Martina, why don't you wash yourself?' written under my photograph—and here you are! I fell in love, with you the day you talked to me. I'll bet you were a monkey when you were little."

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When it comes to the question of buying clothes, there are several things to be considered.

You want good material, you want perfectly fitting qualities, and you want your clothes to be made fashionable and stylish, and then you want to get them at a reasonable price.

This store is noted for the excellent quality of the goods carried in stock, and nothing but the very best in trimmings of every kind allowed to go into a suit.

We guarantee to fit you perfectly, and all our clothes have that smooth, stylish, well tailored appearance, which is approved by all good dressers.

If you have had trouble getting clothes to suit you, give us a trial. We will please you.

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We can give you shoes at about the same prices as a year ago.

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**HICKEY'S TWIST DOES NOT CRUMBLE**

Or fill the teeth. It is the one Chewing Tobacco that fully satisfies the demands of the man who wants THE BEST. It is

**Always Fresh, Moist and Absolutely Clean**

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Brooches in staple and new patterns, Bracelets in extension and clasp. Watch wristlets in gold and with leather strap, Cuff links in both plain and engraved. Collar studs with short and long posts, Chains with and without Pendants and Locketts, Gents chains in a variety of styles, also fobs, Spoons, Forks, Knives, Clocks and Watches, Eyeglasses, Spectacles. In our work Dept. we clean and repair Watches Clocks, Jewelry, Barometers Musical Boxes, Size and fit lenses, Stones to Rings, ect etc

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GOOD BREAD is, without question, the most important article of food in the catalog of man's diet; surely, it is the "staff of life." Good bread is obtainable only by using the Best Yeast, the best flour, and adopting the best method of combining the two. Compressed Yeast is in all respects the best commercial Yeast yet discovered, and Fleischmann's Yeast is indisputably the most successful and best leaven known to the world. It is uniform in quality and strength. It saves time and labor, and relieves the housewife of the vexation and worry she necessarily suffers from the use of an inferior or unreliable leaven. It is, moreover, a fact that with the use of Fleischmann's Yeast, more loaves of bread of the same weight can be produced from a given quantity of flour than can be produced with the use of any other kind of Yeast.

This is explained by the more thorough fermentation and expansion which the minute particles of flour undergo, thereby increasing the size of the mass and at the same time adding to the nutritive properties of the bread. This fact may be clearly and easily demonstrated by any who doubt that there is economy in using Fleischmann's Yeast.

If you have never used this Yeast give it a trial. Ask your Grocer for a "Fleischmann" Recipe Book.

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