THE MASTER OF THE MILL

What a picture that church spire with its uplifted cross makes against the sky!'

George Bryon smiled as, leaning forward in his armchair, he looked out upon the scene framed by the window of his little study. It was a typical New England landscape. In the valley lay a neat village, some of whose houses were quaint and old, dating from the Revolution; others aggressively modern and pretentious. Close beside the river rose an imposing pile of factory buildings -the Bryson Cotton Mills; beyond the settlement, the woods and waters; and the fertile farms stretched away to the purple, mist-veiled hills.

The yellow belfry of the Unitarian meeting-house, almost embowered by the trees of the foreground, had been a familiar object to Mr. Bryson all his life. For he was born in the home where he now lived, and so much had his energy done for the development of his native township that it was now known by his name.

The lofty tower and gray walls of the church within a stone's throw of the mills were, however, a novel feature of the panorama.

"As I sit here sometimes, when the white wind-clouds drift past the cross, it seems floating in the air; and again at a touch of the sunlight it becomes a cross of flame that sends my memory back to the legend of Constantine and his sign of

As the elderly gentleman spoke, pleasantly, yet with the languor of one of ill-health, he turned toward his sister, who, flourishing the laintiest of feather dusters, stood at the reading-table, flecking imaginary dust from the magazines and newspapers Like her brother, Miss Bryson was no longer young. Against his sixty My own schemes of benevolence seem- ever and the body nearing the point odd years she could count at least ed petty enough when I saw men and of dissolution! Do we need other fifty-five; but she was still in the vigor of perfect health, and it might tural tie and joy of life to devote be seen at a glance that his strength themselves to the service of the un-

was broken. There was a striking resemblance therefore, capable of influencing oth-George Bryson had always been con- apparent irrevelance. sidered handsome; but Miss Sarah's borough hats and a certain savoir humor. tinction; yet she was, despite these ing to dinner on Thursday.' accessories, a veritable Puritan spinster, who clung to her narrowness eves toward the ceiling. as tenaciously as if she had never

as the "hub of the universe.

view from this side of the house." tertain you as well as myself." hands built such a church I cannot was interested in rare old china, her found all secure; yet I was not sat- shut down for thirty-six hours,

"The debt will be paid." "Well, if your operatives have funds to throw away, I advise you to lower your scale of wages, George."

And have a strike, with the mills idle when we are so rushed with orders that we can scarcely fill them replied Mr. Bryson, quietly. "You are an excellent housekeeper, Sarah, but I can still manage the mills-with Frank's assistance.

His sigh as he concluded told that the work he loved.

With a loss of her head, which preof "Titian brown," Miss Sarah went

"I liked to go into the churches abroad," continued her brother, amiably adhering to the topic. atmosphere attracted and impressed me with a mysterious peace. made it necessary for nothing but rest and quiet, he may be better the light to-morrow. business and money-making." Notwithstanding the annoyance she

naturally 'felt at being told, in ef- dower. He had loved his wine as a fect, to mind her own affairs. Miss man of his strong, reserved nature Sarah was not going to be silent and loves; and now his affection was cenhear a Bryson depreciate himself.

ing the feathered badge of her sphere | When Miss Sarah was not travelling of authority to an embroidered case abroad she looked after the ways of that hung on the wall and facing the household. In her absence Marabout, ready to sound his praises garet, a faithful servant, apparently on the housetops if need be. "No did as well in keeping the domestic man in the township is so public- machinery running smoothly; but spirited as you are. Not only our Mr. Bryson, considerately, never let local undertakings but almost every Miss Sarah imagine that he thought philanthropic organization in Boston so. counts you among its benefactors. Why, I really believe you have given disposition, Miss Sarah also felt that even to the Romish charities. There the untoward circumstance had saved are the model houses, too, and the the name and fame of her people. library you have built for the mill "Providence has cancelled the din-hands. Why, the mills are famous for ner engagement," she soliloquized; never having had a strike but once. and her air said as triumphantly Then, I must say though, you sur- that Providence was always on the prised me; for you were as unyield- side of the Brysons. ing as adamant.

"Yes, some new operatives held she of mine are but a proof to the world of my business and financial success. priest, informing him of her brother's To be sure, I have tried to do some rood to others, but I have been ceive him. hinking lately that if we had learned a little more religion with our Father Clenn was to pay a short call philanthropy in the yellow meeting- of sympathy upon the man whose

"Oh, the art and architecture of the swarm in and out of them, and be rapid. Their presence is very obnox- tagonism. authorities do not drive them away."

ed Mr. Bryson. "Oddly enough it township thought of the was this very presence of the beg-gars that touched me. A Catholic His tenure of office did not depend upon their whims and fancies. cathedral seemed to me what it upon their whims and fancies.

claims to be—the house of God to Before the end of the month it berich and poor alike. The rich come, came evident that George Bryson's



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and restoring order out of the chaos the travelled connoisseur. The char- ran upon many things. in which they were heaped together. itable institutions of the Continent strange awakening it must be to find fortunate. heroes and heroines in this country between the two long, sallow faces. also, only I never realized it before. The eyes of both were light and keen; Surely their religion must be somebut while those of the man were thing more than the breath of incalm and steady, betokening a na- cense, the tranquility of Gothic aisles

ture that governed itself and was, or the majesty of Roman basilicas." "Well, no one ever heard of a Bryers, the restlessness and fire of the son being anything but a Unitarian, woman's indicated an uncertain temper as well as an ardent disposition. ed Miss Sarah, emphatically, if with

"No, Sarah; if you should happen features were too masculine for heau- to become a Theosophist or a Mor- that church down there a light is ty, and even in her teens she was mon even, we will keep it a dead secalled plain. Paris gowns, Gains- cret," replied her brother, with dry ! "By the way, I almost forfaire now gave her an air of dis- got to tell you Father Glenn is com-Miss Sarah raised her hands and

"A Catholic priest coming to dine

for a week's visit." of a missionary, held aloft the cross, people, is, I am told, an enthusiast church was on fire and was on the her patience gave way. Romish steeple spoils the I thought his conversation might en- priest's house to arouse him. she said sharply. "How the mill Miss Sarah stared. A priest who church.

understand. It must have a great particular fad! She wondered if he isfied. could decipher the mark on that piece above the ground, and several are though the operation as usual; the she bought in Florence. "Oh, well, George, of course I will not desert you," she said, changing

her tactics; and adding to herself: will remain to protect my brother from this wolf in sheep's clothing. but it is very probable that I shall faint under the ordeal."

All too soon, according to Miss Sarah, the day arrived that was to introduce into the Bryson mansion he had already been forced to dele- the visitor whose expected coming burning?" gate to another the larger share of was, she said, enough to make her Puritan ancestors "turn in their graves." But had the lady known sented a bewildering coiffure of curls what the morning would bring, even and frizzes of the fashionable shade she would not have worried over so Italy. small a matter as an unwelcome dinphysician, being hastily summoned, garet! warned the family that the illness from which the patient suffered had made alarming headway during the that illness two years ago which last few weeks. "However, with

again," said the doctor, hopefully. George Bryson had long been a witered in their only child, Frank, who, 'No one would dare say that of grown to manhood, was at present you, George," she protested, restor- the acting manager of the mills.

While she deplored her brother's in-

Had any other guest been bidden, the ld have told Frank that hossocialist meetings and tried to make pitality forbade him to retract the but when they were dis- invitation to a simple family meal. charged the matter was soon adjust-ed," replied the mill-owner. "But, her choice bit of faience did not my dear sister, all these enterprises counterbalance her dread of Romanism; and she sent a note to the

illness and consequent inability to re-

The first impulse of gentle, kindly house yonder we should be the bet- sterling qualities had evoked his ad-After second thought, however, he contented himself with European churches are, of course, writing a few lines to Mr. Bryson, conceded Miss Sarah, expressing regret for his illness and "But how the beggars the harm that his convalescence would lounge on the benches of the porti- about Miss Sarah's too apparent an-For, unlike the young ious to sight-seers. I wonder the minister of the yellow meeting-house, authorities do not drive them away." the pastor of St. Patrick's cared not The sight-seers?" laugh- at all what the women of Bryson son. "Oddly enough it township thought of him, so long as

look, sometimes pray, and then go; but the poor almost live in those churches: and occasionally an unwashed but beauty-loving vagrant of the streets may be found who knows the loveliness of an altarpiece of Goido or Sassaferate better than one night as he lay restless his mind

were, moreover, a revelation to me. the intellect and spirit as strong as

We have indeed such foot of the bed, his face buried in his hands. The electric light was shut off, but the moonbeams shone into the room.

George Bryson, turning on his low, looked out upon the calm autumnal sky, the distant hills that were as dark clouds at the horizon, the indistinct masses of the trees, the spire whose cross now seemed merg-

ed into the sky. "Frank," he said at length, "all the village lies in darkness, but burning."

Frank rose and gazed out of the window. "I see no light, sir." he replied

Mr. Bryson smiled to himself. "Neither do I," he admitted; "but know it is there. Last winter, boy, when you were away on that been away from the village, and hon- at the table of a Bryson!" she ex- business trip, and before I was estly believed that Doctor Holmes claimed, in horror. "I shall not stricken down, I often went into Boswas right when he described Boston stay to see it; I shall go to Boston ton to the theatre. It was when I On this morning, therefore, when her brother's gaze strayed again to the graceful spire that, like the hand the graceful spire that, like the hand the sides being a hard worker among his like an incipient flame I thought the like an incipient flame I thought t was coming home, frequently at midnot a puff of amoke came from the I\ walked around it and still filled with plain glass. I sash and looked in. What I thought to be the beginning of a conflagra-tion was a steady light, like a star poised in midair. As I let myself down to the ground again I remembered to have seen the same thing abroad-a golden lamp suspended from the roof of the chancel and kept burning by day also. Why is it kept

"I do not know, sir," replied Frank indifferently; "unless it may be a But had the lady known votive taper like the hundreds one

> "No; this is a single lamp, and it What a woman she is for going to church! Winter or summer, rain or shine, she is off to Mass, as she says, before seven o'clock every Sunday morning. I'll ask her about

The next day, before Frank depart-ed for the mills, Margaret was summoned "I would rather talk to her while

you are here," George Bryson said Thus the rumor soon spread that he boy is headstrong and disobedient, if to his son. "The very mention of the had died a Catholic; and Father he is quarrelsome with his young

his servants, if in a somewhat lordly eleventh-hour convert. way; and now in his last she would willingly, as she said in her warm- Frank unexpectedly paid off the debt may cause him to end his days in the hearted fashion, "serve him with of its buildings, adding something penitentiary or on the scaffold, and hand and foot and on bended knee. more over and above to his dona- which is pretty sure to lose him his if necessary."

perhaps, she served him best. That were so callous in regard to the spir- church of the dross-crowned spire; of a hundred are due to bad temitual welfare of the beloved one so but before its altar, as a perpetual per; bad temper which the murderer's fast slipping away from them, inex- prayer for the soul of George Bryson, parents would not check when he was pressibly shocked her simple faith; hangs a lamp which is one of the a child, because it was only high room of the luxurious house, with ar- goldsmith's art that the pastor could has been driven to ruin, to drink, perdent Irish piety did she pour forth obtain in Europe.—Mary Catherine haps even to infidelity, by the ten-her prayer that God would deal gent- Crowley, in The Ave Maria. gue of a scolding wife. And she ly with the master, "because, poor man, he knows no better!'

Now, when the invalid put to her the query that had long haunted his thoughts, she was ready enough with her answer.

"It is the sanctuary lamp, you mane, sir," she said, in her rich brogue. "Sure it is kept burning before the altar to show that the Blessed Sacrament is there, do you The light represents the devoof the faithful. Since we must about our work, or to rest at night, it is put there that its flame may be as the prayer of our hearts. a perpetual act of adoration, sir.' heautiful custom, Margaret,'

acknowledged George Bryson. "But what is the Blessed Sacrament?" "The Lord Himself, sir,



"Faith an' I do," she answered, Does Father Glenn really believe

'Deed if he didn't he might as well be out af St. Patrick's," was her energetic reply. "But more nor the likes of me and him, the great doctors of the Church, thim that spinds their lives in the study of the Scriptures an' all knowledge they believe like the little children you see going to the altar for the first time. You have seen the children yourself, sir, maybe; the boys wearing a white badge over their hearts, and the girls all in white

like the fluttering doves?"
"Thank you, Margaret. You may go," said Mr. Bryson, closing his

And Margaret, after straightening the counterpane and giving one or two orderly touches to the room, stole away with disappointment in her heart.

"Sure talking so to the likes of thim is worse nor casting pearls be-fore swine," she muttered to herself as she hurried back to the kitchen Well, we are all in God's hands; and as the master has not been hard on others, may He be good to him!" "Frank," remarked Mr. Bryson during the following night (for his son watched with him during the hours

when the world sleeps)-"Frank, what Margaret said was very consoling don't you think so?" All the prejudices of the younger man were aroused by the question. Bitter words of unbelief rose to his lips, but he suddenly checked them. His father was too ill to discuss this

"It seemed to me quite mediaeval

matter; therefore he answered eva-

"Yet, if it is not true, then these Catholics think of God as being more merciful, more compassionate, more perfect than He is, and that would be impossible; whereas, if it is true, how different life, death, everything becomes when viewed from this standpoint! It is true! Frank, at daylight I want to send for Father Glenn." "But, sir-"

George Bryson raised himself in his

bed with an effort. "My son, I shall presently yield up to you, absolutely, the mills, my for-tune, this house even," he said, in a clear voice, "but to my last breath I shall cling to that possession to retain which our ancestors crossed the seas-liberty of conscience. If you interfere with my freedom to do as I will, may the Bryson wealth and the honor of the Bryson name shrink in your hands until they amount to

He threw himself back exhausted and the startled son, falling upon his strove to soothe the excitement

every wish shall be obeyed. The windows are not high though the operatives were informed stood on the stone coping beneath frequent intervals; the flag on the bells of the meeting-house tolled- at one of them, drew myself up to the library floated at half-mast; and, unknown to the village, early that morning Father Glenn had offered the Holy Sacrifice for a soul newly summoned to give an account of its stewardship. For George Bryson, the wealthy manufacturer, the public benefactor, was no more. The light of the sanctuary, shining amid the darkness of midnight, had guided the wanderer home.

All the township wished to turn out to do honor to the memory of the philanthropist, but like a rebuff came sees before any legendary shrine of the announcement from the great bination of the two. Excessive mildhouse that the founder of the mills ness and indulgence is the fault of ner guest. Mr. Brydon awoke so hangs before the main altar. Who listless that he did not rise; and the can tell me about it. Ah, yes Marcan tell me about it. Ah, yes. Mar- was the desire of the family, and so cannot bear to cause them the least

The Brysons had not the moral afraid of causing them this sorrow by courage to bid their large connection correcting their faults, that you evto a public requiem service, nor were erlook their faults, you leave them the relatives invited at all.

But Margaret and the other vants, thinking that no act of the How often we hear a child give a master's life "so well became him as saucy answer to his father or mother his leaving of it," saw no need for and the father or mother laugh at it reticence.

Roman Catholic 'riles' Sarah, so to Glenn, when interrogated, briefly companions and impudent to older stated what had happened.

Margaret came, prepared to render | The rich man's will had been made some domestic assistance. Mr. Bry- months before, so the parish of St. son had always been considerate of Patrick was no better off for its spirit. Yes, he has the kind of high

After several years, however, Mr. tion-"in performance of a duty," he soul. Murder is becoming more and Indeed, it was on her knees that, curtly said-or was it "a promise"? more common, even in Canada. Not Neither the new master of the mills one in a hundred murders is committhe family, so solicitous in all else, nor Miss Sarah has ever entered the ted in cold blood. Ninety-nine out

and daily, in her plain little attic most exquisite specimens of the spirit.

France and the Vatican

With reference to M. Combes' speech at Auxerre, the "Osservatore Romano" says it is authorized to state that the Holy See never sent to the French Government any declaration regarding the separation of of it. Church and State in France, nor any man was once asked why he had sethreat directed at the French Protectorate of Christians in the Far

A THING WORTH KNOWING.

No need of cutting off a woman's self: a vain attempt to cure cancer. No love for your children by not there for us to go to Him with our troubles or our joys, or willing to come to us if we be sick or help-less."

A vain attempt to cure cannot. No the flesh and torturing plasters to the flesh and torturing those already weak from suffering. Soothing, balmy, armatic oils give safe, speedy Frank, walking up and down the state of the most horizontal to cure. The most horizontal to cure the flesh and torturing those already are ruining them for this life and for the most horizontal the flesh and certain cure. The most horizontal the flesh and torturing those already are ruining them for this life and for the most horizontal the flesh and certain cure. The most horizontal the flesh and torturing those already are ruining them for this life and for the flesh and certain cure. The most horizontal the flesh and torturing those already are ruining them for this life and for the flesh and certain cure. The most horizontal the flesh and torturing those already are ruining them for this life and for the flesh and certain cure. The most horizontal the flesh and torturing those already are ruining them for this life and for the flesh and certain cure. The most horizontal the flesh and torturing those already are ruining them for this life and for the flesh and certain cure. The most horizontal the flesh and torturing those already are ruining them for this life and for the flesh and certain cure. Frank, walking up and down the floor, tried to make a digression by which the woman might be dismissed. breast, womb, mouth, stomach; large and a child left to himself will be which the woman might be dismissed. But George Bryson wanted to see more. Uneducated in speech, and just able to read and write her name, Margaret, nevertheless, was not ignorant of her religion, and her explanations were clear and simple. "Do vou really believe this?" asked the mill-owner when she had finished. "But George Bryson wanted to see tumors, ugly ulcers, fistula, catarrh; terrible skin diseases, etc., are all successfully treated by the application of various forms of simple oils. Send for a book, mailed free, giving particulars and prices of Oils. Address Dr. D. M. Bye Co. Drawer 505, Indianapolis, Ind., the home office, the is a child, lest he grow stubborn cus, 30, 8-12,)

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spirit which makes a splendid street rowdy, the kind of high spirit which How many a good man gue of a scolding wife. And first learned to use her tongue in this fashion when she was a young girl. Her father and mother never taught her to control her temper; no, they were proud of her high spirit. What foolish parents! And do you think your children will love you better be cause you treat them in this crimin ally indulgent fashion? Not a bit

They will despise you. verely chastised his son Jack, of whom he was so fond. His answer "Jack would think me a fool if I didn't." A boy knows very well when he ought to get a whipping, and if he doesn't get it, he will stick his tongue in his cheek, and say to him-"I've got the old man on a breast or a man's cheek or nose in string!" Instead of showing your forms of cancer of the face, horse not broken becometh stubborn;

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