dack of peace in Miss Phoebe's sweet dack. Her lips, to my mind, seemed always framing an eternal question—a question she never dared to breathe—and her eyes, for all their wistful sweetness, were haunted eyes.

Miss Phoebe shook her head and softly. "I only felt the der lady must have loved in her day, too—but loved, I fear, to her sorrow. "Miss Phoebe," I began slowly, will you be very cross if I ask you something?"

Miss Phoebe shook her head and heavy perfume of summer flowers. In the distance, I could heav the distance. I could heave the

Miss Phoebe was the last of a big smiled. and died in warm middle age, leaving the gentle lady alone. There was something melancholy in her position —something inexpressibly sad. It seemed so hard that she should live alone in a great house like Danceourt. seemed so hard that she should live alone in a great house like Danecourt; she ought to have married in the past and been the happy mother of children and been the happy mother of chil missed in the beautiful house, and some love story of her own. that was the patter of little feet She trembled, and a curious expres- murmured, half amazed. "Why, of wonderfully composed. and the clear, ringing laughter of chil- sion came over her face.

when I asked—the cousins whose es-tate bounded the grounds of Dane- denly burst into a passion of wild court, and to whom I owe a great sohs. deal, and most of all the friendship of

was standing on the threshold of wo- me and smile pitifully. low here, so chastened.

hockey-playing girl of the period, some one you never heard of, dear—one had. It was just as if it had ne-found her lost summer. and asked me to stay with her, and, my George—who died." ver been written." indeed, I was glad to go. I took my longest dresses with me, my prettiest muslin frocks, for I felt somehow soften my voice and learn to move answerable question. and speak as the women who had lived there in the old days.

happy by saying I must come again that the young man returned her love. dream that I have found it, and then the company of no living soul.

my forehead-"a child with a golden the elders.

This she said in her sweet kindness, , alting me above what I was - a stupid little hoyden-a girl with a mane of brown hair and sunburnt face

As the years passed on I spent more and more of my time at Danecourt, and the affection between myself and glamor of courting days. Miss Phoebe became a very real and Miving thing. Yet she was a mystery to me-always a mystery-for the more I knew and loved Miss Phoebe the better I understood that she was not really happy, and that the peace which reigned in her beautiful house gave her no peace. She was a woman with a tortured heart-a trou-

Nobody guessed, nobody suspected this except myself, but then I was beginning to understand something of his path that morning, blind, most dife, for the reason that I was being taught by the greatest of all teachers; for the years when I was so unacknowledged sweetheart. much with Miss Phoebe were the to guess the secret that a man tries attempts to secure a tete-a-tete. his hardest to conceal for the miserable reason that she is rich and he is alone at last, a few blessed moments,

that I loved Roger Ashton-Roger, der and wistful beyond words. who was so poor and proud, and who treated me with chilly indifference till said dreamily. it entered Miss Phoebe's wise heart were all out, and everything about us ed." to ask him down one summer week to looked so green and peaceful; but my Danecourt.

presence there, and I think when he than I had ever seen him, so set and saw me he wanted to go straight pale. back again-back to his dusty office- leaned forward and spoke with gentle he held it somehow awkwardly, sniffback to the smoke-begrimed city. emphasis-"I felt quite certain- yes, But Miss Phoebe smiled and would absolutely certain-that he loved me somehow-I never knew quite how not let him go, because she wanted as we stood together by the fountain; it happened, but the jar slipped from Danecourt to work a subtle spell up- not that he said much, but his eyes his hands. I think perhaps he was

that he could not wander with me were calling George from the housethrough those green, old-world gar- he took my hands and pressed them ments. dens, where the turf was soft as vel- so tightly in his that my rings cut vet underfoot, without betraying his into my flesh-not that I minded-oh,

And Miss Phoebe was right. Roger spoke at last, but it was to say I seemed to be gazing far back into her could be nothing to him but a dream, youth, and I thought to myself how

DOES YOUR HEAD

Feel As Though It Was Being Hammered?

As Though It Would Crack Open? As Though a Million Sparks Were Flying Out of Your Eyes?

Horrible Sickness of Your Stomach? Then You Have Sick Headache!

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

It cures by removing the cause. Samuel J. Hibbard, Belleville, Ont.,

"Last spring I was very poorly, my failed me, I felt weak and nervous, had hes, was tired all the time and not ork. I saw Burdock Blood Bitters d for just such a case as mine and the of it, and found it to be an

old-world figure, a lady of lavender the bosom flower, the red glowing those pretty, thin hands. rose of love

Her home was beautiful, too—a to the tender coolness of Miss to the tender coolness of Miss to the tender coolness of Miss thouse where charming and sweet women had lived, and brave and honormen had lived, and brave and honormen had lived. The later lady continued after a long pause. "He was killed—the weeks of his arrible weeks of his arrible

was only my fancy-there was an odd comprehension that my gentle laven- Phoebe said softly. "I only felt the cil.

"You ought to realize well enough swish of a scythe.

dren, for there was something one dared to ask her if she had not had letter."

"Why have you asked me such Yet Miss Phoebe had never had a question, child?" she murmured. "Oh,

How well I remember the afternoon comfort her, and after a while some ing at times to find his letter and mured. "All is well; George loved when I was first taken over to Dane- of Miss Phoebe's gracious calm re- discover the truth!" I had just left school, and turned, and she was able to look at

clined to the pose of the sentiment- never grown old-old in spirit, that is rible?" alist. But I was most curiously subdued when I found myself in the oldworld garden where Miss Phoebe was

and sixty winters I am still a girl

world garden where Miss Phoebe was

of the seriment of the receiving her guests. Life was so mel- her life asking herself-day by day, I could possibly think of, and asked

There was a note of intense yearn-

Phoebe to tell me her pitiful little death. The visit, which was to have lasted a week, lengthened into a month, and before I left Miss Phoebe made me before I left Miss Phoebe made me and had had every reason to believe tale. It appeared that she had been deeply in love with George Hallowes, and had had every reason to believe tale. It appeared that she had been deeply in love with George Hallowes, and had had every reason to believe that I have found it and then the breath, lavender and lose that the left of the love in the left of the left of the love in the left of the left of the love in the left of th

"For you are a sweet child—a dear, neighbors and warm friends; there—some vision has been sent to direct lavender lady—alone.—The Queen. tender child, Peggy," so she whisper- fore a marriage was pretty sure to me. I've sped along dark passages ed, placing her cool, soft hands upon meet with the delighted approval of in the cool chill of the dawn; I've my forchead—"a child with a golden the elders.

Miss Phoebe admitted that she had been quite confident about George's love for herself and ready to wait in happy confidence till the young man elected to speak. She was in no hurry herself to leave the old homeeager rather to prolong the delicate

Then quite suddenly and unexpectedly George had to go abroad. He came over to Danecourt to say good-by, and Miss Phoebe explained how for the first time she regretted she was one of a large family, for it seemed as if it were impossible for her, owing to the presence of her brothers and sisters, to have a single word alone with the man she loved.

All were extremely fond of George, and they appeared to have shadowed likely, in the heedlessness of youth, to the fact that he was Miss Phoebe's

years when I loved without the tale, and I imagined what the fleeting, room knowledge that came later that my speeding hours of that summer day love was returning. How is a girl must have meant, also her innocent She saw George for a few moments

as Miss Phoebe ealled them, tears

"We stood by the fountain," He came in utter ignorance of my while as for George, he looked older And oh, Peggy"...Miss Phoebe She knew, did wise Miss Phoebe, then, as we turned away-for they

Peggy, not that I minded." Miss Phoebe paused a second and for his pride would never permit sweet she must have looked standing that he, a poor man, should ask by the side of the fountain. I pictured her dressed in white muslin, with a blue sash, perhaps, round her slim waist, all her curls shaking over her

"You'll find a letter that I've written to you, Phoebe, in the drawing room,' that was what George whispered," Miss Phoebe continued in low tones; "then he tent his head and kissed my fingers. 'We'll meet here-here-in this very spot when I

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health, and enables it to resist winter's extreme cold.

A LADY OF LAVENDAR an heiress to be his wife. He loved me, but he must say good-by. That was what he said as we paced there, and mixed with them a few warm castern spices, also little flakes of sometimes and sit with your work cedar and sandal wood, and there,

A Lady of Lavender. That was the together. He was very pale, and his eyes shone and gleamed.

I laughed and told him otherwise—told him that I had loved him for years, and would take none other in his stead, and then—well, Roger.

She was pretty, and in her youth must have been a heartiful grad and said with your work together. He was very pale, and his eyes shone and gleamed.

I laughed and told him otherwise—told him otherwise—told him that I had loved him for years, and would take none other in his stead, and then—well, Roger kissed me, and moments passed too must be pot-pourri jar and been buried away must have been a heartiful grad and said with your work together. He was very pale, and his eyes shone and gleamed.

I laughed and told him otherwise—told him that I had loved him for years, and would take none other in his stead, and then—well, Roger kissed me, and moments passed too must evidently have fallen into the pot-pourri jar and been buried away must have been a heartiful grad and told him otherwise—told him that I had loved him for years, and would take none other in his stead, and then—well, Roger with the people out a piece of paper, and think of me?"

"I nodded my head, for if I had tried to speak, Peggy, the tears would tried to s

must have been a beautiful girl, and sacred to be discussed, too dear, too her head back; I also noticed how rose petals."

she moved through life—a delicate, fragrant—fragrant of the perfume of tightly her hands were clenched—

He glanced

able men. All the rooms smelt of flung myself on my knees by her side dowers, and mingling with the warm and told her all that had happened.

Miss Phoebe winced as she spoke, and all the blood left her face. For I glanced at the superscription as I

the distance I could hear the cool

"You never found his letter?"

course he had written to sav he loved you, to ask you to wait for him." love story, for so my cousins told me Peggy, Peggy, why have you asked I have been trying to make myself be- of utter content-such a sigh as a girl lieve for over forty years, Peggy," re-plied Miss Phoebe quickly. "But can for the first time by her beloved. I flung my arms about the lavender to know it is a fact? Ah, dear, the fingers, cold-so cold. lady and tried my best to console and craving-the almost intolerable cav-

I gazed at Miss Phoebe blankly; then, as the knowledge of the truth Miss Phoebe, thank God.' manhood. I was fond of the bustling "You thought I was too old for burst upon me, I murmured aghast: affairs of every-day life—attracted by such wild grief, Peggy," she observed all out-of-door sports—young and radiatly happy, not in the least inwonder if you can realize that I have mislaid—that you never read it? Ah, miss Phoebe, how terrible—how ter-wilder. Since signed again—a sign of utter "Do you mean that his letter was content." "Nothing matters now," murmured mislaid—that you never read it? Ah, miss Phoebe, how terrible—how ter-wilder."

I shivered in sympathy, imagining ing in Miss Phoebe's voice; it was the fine searching poor Miss Phoebe went to visit Danecourt. I must soften my voice and learn to move her sweet life and had wasted her fresh youth in trying to solve an unmust have sought her vanished trea-It was not difficult to get Miss sure after the writer had met his ments, then she murmured softly, half

> Her father and his father were near leave my bed, trying to believe that evenings, when the snow was falling heavily outside, but only to discover that the dream has been a mocking one, and, oh, little Peggy, what tears I have shed-what tears I have shed!'

The lavender lady's voice broke as she said the last words, then she gently waved me from her. 'Leave me alone a little while,

dear, leave me alone.' She spoke with soft insistence, but I knew she meant what she said and that her heart craved for solitude. felt that my presence was an intrusion, so with bent head I left the chintz-hung parlor and made my way to the great drawing-room, for felt too tired to go down and seek Roger in the garden; also, the story Miss Phoebe had just told me had reddened my eyes and saddened my

heart. I sat down on one of the big brocade chairs and wept tears for the lavender ladyMand then quite suddenly the door I pitied Miss Phoebe as she told the opened and Roger came into the The hearts at home were kind and

"How sweet something smells," observed Roger with a smile, fixing his eyes on a high blue and white Japanese vase, which emitted a faint and delicate fragrance.

"Pot-pourri," I observed lightly. It was Miss Phoebe who found out dimming her eyes, her whole face ten- "That jar has stood in the same corner for over forty years, and you she smell the perfume of garnered rose "The water lilies petals-rose petals blown and wither-

"Fragrant still," murmured Roger; "sweet as dead leaves, withered

He took the big jar into his hands as he spoke. It was over large, and ing at the dried petals; then- then--his dear eyes spoke for him. And staring at me-staring, smiling-but, anyway, it crashed heavily to the

Roger and I gazed at each other aghast, dismayed. It was such beautiful old vase, and how would I miss your song at the cabin door, Miss Phoebe stand its breakage? I Mother! Mother! knew the store she put on her fine old china. Besides, she was very fond of that particular vase, for she told me once that her mother had made for so long-the dead and gone mother whom she never spoke of without

"I wonder if it could be mended," observed Roger tentatively. Then he bent down over the broken vase and looked with curious eyes at the dried petals which lay in a great heap on

Lavender, clove, rose petals-their dusts and scents mingling together,

He glanced at the envelope with some curiosity as he spoke, but I "He never came back, you know, rushed up to him and caught it from

scents of pinks and roses came the finer and more delicate odor of potpourri and lavender.

Yet—but I suppose at first that it

with the warm and told her an that had happened.

She smiled and kissed me, than suddenly a sob caught her in the throat, such a sob, so deep, so bitter, and I ly and smiled at my anxious face.

Yet—but I suppose at first that it

understood with a sudden flash of "Don't fret about me, child," Miss Phoebe Leslie—addressed in penPhoebe acid active for the superschaper.

It is easy enough to guess what had happened—how poor George must have placed his letter on the edge of the jar, and the heavy banging of a door or the breeze rushing in through the open windows have blown the letter, written on thin, flimsy paper, into the jar, to be swallowed up among

curious light shone in her eyes. Otherwise, she was so strangely and

She was a long while reading her letter-a very long while; but at last "That's what I think-that's what she gave a little happy sigh-a sigh you not understand how much I want Then her fingers strayed to mine-her

"All is well, little Peggy," she mutme.

"Thank God," I murmured. "Oh, She sighed again-a sigh of utter

ing-the restless suspense-the broken

She turned to me with flushed year by year-the same question, won- everyone at Danecourt to aid me in cheeks and gleaming eyes. For a few Miss Phoebe grew fond of me, not- dering if the man she loved returned the search-to try and remember if sublime moments Miss Phoebe appearwithstanding that I was the mere her love. I am speaking to you about they had seen George's letter, but no ed to be bathed in youth and to have

"The letter was hidden in the potpourri jar," I whispered, "in among the lavender and rose petals, Miss the voice of a woman who had spent made, the eager search of a girl anx- Phoebe. Roger broke the jar by ac-

"I see," answered Phoebe. "I see." She was very quiet for a few mounder her breath, "lavender and rose

I stole away to Roger, and left the

Mother

(The Monitor.)

'Tis a weary way o'er the wild gray Mother! Mother!

And the heart of your child is yearn-For the dear old days that can come no more, For 'tis many a mile o'er the cold, gray sea,

Mother! The face of the stranger is high and

Mother! Mothes! And the heart of the stranger is proud and cold To the poor who work for his hard-

wrung gold, O, the face of the stranger is cold and proud,

tender. Mother! Mother! There was a welcome at every door,

A meeting smile and a sweet "Asthore, O, the hearts at home were warm and tender, Mother!

My pillow is wet with bitter tears, Mother! Wother! I long for the cot 'neath the sunny

For the green churchyard where the dead lie still, My pillow is wet with bitter tears, Mother!

O, the stranger-land is broad and fair, Mother! Mother! But I long for the land that gave me birth.

For the wild black heath and the linnet's mirth, floor, breaking into a hundred frag- O, the stranger land is too wide for my heart,

Mother! When the kine lowed soft in the

milking shed; I miss your hands on my bended the pot-pourri which had scented it O, I miss your song at the twilight

Mother! -Sister Anthony, S.H. College of Notre Dame, San Jose.

What word is it which, by changing a single letter, becomes its own opposite? United; untied.

A Clear, Healthy Skin-Eruptions of the skin and the blotches which blemish beauty, are the result of impure blood caused by unhealthy action of the liver and kidneys. In correcting this unhealthy action and restoring the organs to their normal condition, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will at the same time cleanse the blood, and the blotches and eruptions will disappear without leaving any trace.

A Disreputable Letter

Did it ever occur to you what a disreputable fellow the letter D is?

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Misses' and Men's Snow Shoes, all sizes. Reduced 50 per cent. to

Men's Persian Lamb Caps, \$15. Sale price.......\$10. Men's Persian Lamb Gauntlets, \$22.50. For \$18. Alaska Sable Scarfs, large, 4-skin style, trimmed with orna-Alaska Sable Imperial Muffs, regular \$12.50. For \$8.50 Isabella Sable Muffs, large, Imperial style, eiderdown beds, brown satin lining, silk wrist cord. Regular \$16.50. Sale price \$9.75 Isabella Fox Stoles, large 2-skin stoles, finished with natural fox tails and claws, lined with brown satin. Regular price \$20. Sale

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Persian Lamb Muffs, large Imperial style, lined with heavy black satin, and silk wrist cord. Regular price \$16.50 to \$18. Sale price......\$9.75 Mink Muffs, large Imperial style, five straps, brow satin lining. Regular \$50. Sale price.....\$35. Mink Ties, beautiful No. 1 Canadian mink, large sizes. Regular

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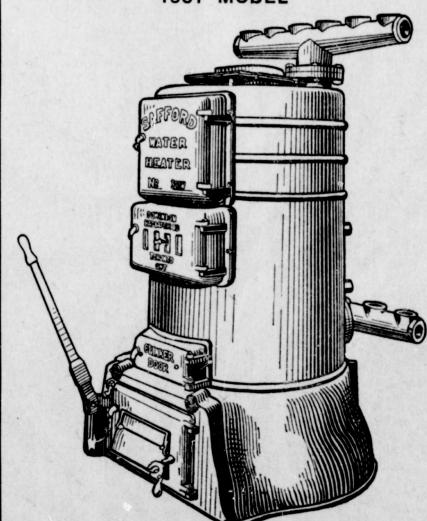
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It is always in debt, disgrace, distress, despair and never out of difficulties, says The Philadelphia Bulletin. It is the beginning of dishonesty and figures largely in divorce. Devours drinkers and drunkards; develops delirium tremens. — is in dust, dirt and darkness and is always in disagreeable, discouraged and disloyed dissolute and distrustful, always reactions. It is the beginning of dishonesty and figures largely in divorce. Devours drinkers and drunkards; develops delirium tremens. — is in dust, dirt and darkness and is always in dissolute and distrustful, always reactions and dissolute and dissolute and dissolution. One good thing diabolical, despondent, desperate, despendent, desperate, despendent, desperate, despendent, desperate, despendent, despendent, desperate, despendent, despendent