

### Children's Feet

Your children's feet will look better, feel better and grow better if you allow us to fit them properly with shoes that are made to agree with growing feet.

**H. & C. BLACHFORD**  
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286 Yonge St., Toronto

### WARD 1

Re-Elect

**W. H. FENWICK**  
FOR ALDERMAN

A Business Man for a Business Proposition

### ELECT

EX-ALD.

**Sam McBride**

11 YEARS' SERVICE  
IN WARD 3

He is a fearless fighter in defence of the citizens' rights, and has never been under the control or domination of any corporation, clique or special interest.

**R. H. CAMERON**

Seeks Election as

**MAYOR**  
1918

In urging the citizens to support and vote for Controller Cameron, his friends believe that he will be unseating no person who has more right to the mayoralty than he has. Toronto wants to let Mayoral honors go round as an incentive to and reward for faithful service in the City Council.

**McShane Bell Foundry Co.**  
BALTIMORE, MD.  
CHURCH, CHIME and PEAL  
**BELLS** Memorials a Specialty

## ROSE ISLAND

By Lilian Leveridge

CHAPTER XX.

A Night of Suspense.

"Gone, and the light gone with her, and left me in shadow here!  
Gone—flitted away,  
Taken the stars from the night and the sun from the day!"

—Tennyson.

IT was past midnight when Hilda awoke, startled by a loud peal of thunder. A vivid flash of lightning lit up the room, then faded to an inky blackness, while another deafening peal, mingling with the rumbling echoes of the last, made the windows rattle. A gust of wind shook the house to its foundation. Then came a quick pattering of raindrops upon the roof, like the marching of a mighty army.

A cold fear clutched at the heart of Hilda. She sprang tremblingly out of bed, and in dread of she knew not what, hastened to June's room. The door stood ajar, and she went in. June was not there. The bed was rumpled up, and one pillow suspiciously damp, but it had not been slept in.

Hilda then went to Brownie's room. Brownie was sleeping peacefully, but June was not there.

With trembling limbs and chattering teeth Hilda visited every room in the house, from attic to basement. June was nowhere to be seen. At last, white with a nameless fear, she roused Robin. He sat up in the bed, startled by the vision of her ghastly face in the lamplight.

"Aunt Hilda, what ever is the matter?" he cried.

"June is gone," she almost gasped. "I've looked all over the house, and can't find her anywhere. There's such an awful storm. If she's out in that—O Robin, hurry and help me find her!"

Robin dressed quickly, while Hilda went to her own room and did likewise. Then together they searched the house once more, calling June's name over and over. But no answer came, except the echo of the thunder and the roaring of the rain. Fortunately Brownie slept soundly. They left him alone in the house by-and-by and, lantern in hand, sallied out into the darkness and the storm.

In a very short time the island had been thoroughly searched. Not a trace of the missing girl could be found, and only the shrieking winds answered mockingly when they called. But when at the Haven they discovered that the canoe was gone, their forebodings took a new and definite shape. That frail little canoe could never weather such a gale as this. What madness could have possessed June to go out alone at night in such a storm. Yet in their hearts they knew.

There was not a moment to lose. Rapidly Robin unfastened the boat, pushed it off, and stepped in. Hilda, dumb with grief, was about to follow, but Robin said, "Hadn't you better stay and take care of Brownie, Aunt Hilda? I can manage the boat alone all right, and there's nothing that two can do."

The wisdom of the suggestion was apparent even to Hilda's numbed senses. It would have been easier to go out and share the peril with Robin, but her evident duty was with the one child remaining. "Yes, it will be best," she answered meekly; and, guided only by the incessant flashes of lightning, retraced her steps up the well-known path.

Brownie was still sleeping, and in her dripping clothes Hilda wandered again from room to room, wildly calling June's name, but all to no avail. Then she went again to the little wharf and, heedless of the storm,

waited and watched the wavering light upon the water. The suspense was almost unbearable, and at last she dropped upon her knees and sobbed out a little heart-broken prayer: "Oh, God, take anything I have—anything—only give me back my little girl!"

Once more she climbed the dark pathway to the quiet house, and once more returned to the Haven, always keeping in view the moving light upon the water. At last she saw that the light was returning. In breathless suspense she waited, and the last hope died within her when in the ghastly gleam of the lantern light she saw plainly written upon Robin's face the failure of his quest.

In silence he moored the boat, and in silence she waited, not daring to speak, until he turned toward her. "Aunt Hilda," he said in a hoarse, broken voice, "I didn't find her—but—I found the canoe. It was overturned—against the farther shore."

A little moan of anguish broke from Hilda's white lips, and she dropped her face into her trembling hands. Then broken-heartedly, she told Robin the whole bitter story—his father's anger about the children's coming, her difficulty about the dress, and the pain that had maddened her at last.

As Robin listened, his bitter reproach of Aunt Hilda softened to a great and tender pity. He had not guessed how deep, how strong was her love; and keen as was his own painful suspense, he knew that if anything should happen to June, his sorrow would be nothing to hers. Cold and undemonstrative as she had been, Aunt Hilda was all the mother he had ever known, and in her way she had been kind. Now he felt that whatever happened, he must stand by her. In that hour of bitterness Robin put away childish things and became a man. Putting his arm around Hilda's drooping, rain-drenched shoulders, he kissed her quivering lips. Afterward, the memory of that kiss was to her like the healing touch of balm.

"Aunt Hilda," he said, "you musn't blame yourself so much. Lots of people in your place would have punished her a whole lot worse. If she had been like most girls it wouldn't have mattered, but—June is different. We won't give up hope yet. You go back to Brownie, and I'll go over to Thompson's. The storm is nearly over, and it'll soon be light. Maybe we'll find her in the morning."

Cheered and strengthened by Robin's sympathy and manly dependableness, Hilda yielded to his persuasion, and returning to the lonely house, watched and waited for the dawn.

The next few days were like a hideous dream. Unfamiliar faces came and went; unfamiliar voices spoke words of condolence and sympathy. But faces and voices were alike unheeded, and Hilda was conscious only of one great hopeless heart-hunger for "The touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that was still."

(To be Continued.)

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At Bangor Cathedral on a recent date a large tablet, erected through the munificence of the Bishop of Bangor to the sons of clergymen in the diocese who had fallen in the present war, was unveiled by his Lordship. The tablet, which is of white marble, framed with black Belgian marble, occupies a place in the north transept. \* \* \* \* \*

The Very Rev. J. Halahon, Dean of Ross, is the senior clergyman in the Irish Church. He is ninety-four years of age, and was ordained seventy-one years ago for the curacy of Berehaven, County Cork. When his Rector died he was appointed to suc-

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ceed him, and has been there ever since. He has never served in any other parish. Surely a remarkable record! \* \* \* \*

There was ample proof of interest aroused by the Bishop of Peterborough's "pilgrimage" to a number of the rural parishes in his diocese. The illustrated papers were prompt to portray the Bishop, robed in his purple cassock and bearing the six-foot staff which the Bishop had specially prepared for this pilgrimage from old oak out of his cathedral. Upon this he intends to carve the names of all the parishes thus visited. "Special correspondents" described with enthusiasm a sight which they termed "medieval," and expatiated on the scene at the boundary-line of a parish when the Bishop thanked "the Rector for his simple hospitality to a pilgrim," and bestowed his benediction on the throng which had gathered to bid him farewell. These unconventional visits, with special services of intercession, stirring addresses, and friendly after-talks, have, it is believed, greatly strengthened friendly relations between Bishop, clergy, and people.

### Had Piles For Ten Years

And Tried Nearly Everything Except a Surgical Operation Without Obtaining Relief—Tells How Complete Cure Was Effected.

There are reported here three cures of chronic cases of piles. In all three cases many treatments were tried before it was discovered that Dr. Chase's Ointment is about the only real cure for this distressing ailment.

Mrs. A. Oates, 22 Gilkinson Street, Brantford, Ont., writes: "I have used Dr. Chase's Ointment as a household remedy for ever so long, and am particularly indebted to it for a cure from Piles. I had suffered from this annoying trouble for ten years, and tried nearly everything I heard of. After using Dr. Chase's Ointment a short while I was completely cured."

Mrs. Wm. Shantz, 155 Albert Street, Kitchener, Ont., writes: "For several years I was troubled with bleeding piles. I tried different remedies for relief without success. I read in Dr. Chase's Almanac of the benefits other people were receiving from Dr. Chase's Ointment, so I sent to your office for a sample box. I found it gave me such relief that I went to a drug store and purchased a full-sized box. I have used several boxes since, and have derived more benefit from its use than any remedy I have ever used."

Mrs. F. Cussons, Victoria Street, Ingersoll, Ont., writes: "About two years and a half ago I was suffering from Piles. I had tried many different remedies for this distressing trouble, but nothing helped me. Finally I got a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment, and after using it found that I was completely cured, and have not been bothered in this way since. I can cheerfully recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment to anyone suffering as I did."

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. There are no rivals to Dr. Chase's Ointment as a treatment for Piles.