

## **COSGRAVES** Half-and-Half

A Wholesome Beverage

Full round body of sturdy grain, tonic tang of aromatic hops, keen zest of natural carbonic gas-these it gives you in matchless combination.

> Once you have known Cosgraves Half-and-Half - or any of the Cosgrave Brews — No other beers will do.

They have the quality—the flavor

All dealers and hotels.

The ONLY Chill-proof Beer.



# VICKERMAN'S

SERGES WEAR WELL NEVER FADE

All men wear clothes of some kind. Men of good judgment insist on the Fabrics where the maker's name in full is found along the selvage.

Blacks-Blues-Greys



Nisbet & Auld, Limited, Toronto, Wholesale Selling Agents for Canada

morning—I believe—I am afraid—I should have gone to the river, and drowned myself."

"Don't do that," he begged earnestly; "something will turn up for you yet."

yet."
"I have almost lost hope," cried the girl bitterly, "and this dreadful wo-man tried to drive me out into the streets to-night. Oh, I dare not stay here," she sobbed. "You shall not," cried John Grey

hotly.

"She won't let me go till I have paid her, and I can't," moaned the

Here was a problem to consider! Here was a problem to consider: He had started with five shillings that morning, and spent the last copper coming home on the 'bus. His whole fortune in a day! Surely he must have been extravagant. He felt too tired to pursue the dispiriting subject.

to pursue the dispiriting subject.

"Go to bed, Miss Vernon, and hope for the best—'to-morrow will be another day." His voice was full of kindly sympathy, and he gave her hand a friendly pressure. "Little Comrade in distress, we will try to keep in sight of each other till we either sink or swim."

"I am so thankful you are here, she murmured. "I felt so afraid before."

She left him, going up the creaking stair with the flickering candle shining

upon her white face.

John Grey shut his door, and, finding the lock faulty, placed a chair under the handle to secure it. The window, also, he fastened, much against his natural inclinations; but the smell of decayed vegetables from the yard was too offensive to be endured.

He did not undress, but lay down in his clothes, and fell asleep to the accompaniment of a cats' concert in full swing in an adjacent alley.

His last waking thought was of what the morrow might hold for him. Would the tiny ray of hope afforded by his interview with Miss Pragg blaze into the sunshine of happy accomplishment? Or would it flicker out, leaving him to the darkness of a denoir made all the blacker for Hope's spair, made all the blacker for Hope's ransient gleam?

#### CHAPTER VIII.

The Everlasting Mercy.

BOUT midnight a door banged.

John Grey woke with a start in his grimy lodging in Rose Court, his grimy lodging in Rose Court, and heard a key grate in a lock; after this, stumbling steps climbed the stairs, punctuating the effort with foul oaths. He concluded it was the virtuous landlady, Mrs. Bindels, who refused to stop up for late comers.

The cats were wailing and screaming like lost souls in torment, and he

was uncomfortably conscious of being attacked on all sides by a host of attacked on all sides by a host of small, but blood-thirsty enemies. He moved uneasily, but slipped back to oblivion, too weary to light a candle and examine his bed, and doubtful if it would give him any satisfaction to

At six o'clock he woke again, with the consciousness of an important event impending. It was quite light. He rose, stretched himself, removed the chair from under the door-handle. and peered into the dark passage.

Overhead soft footsteps were moving about. The sound of heavy snoring rose and fell through the silent house.

He made his way to the scullery, and sluiced his face under the cold water tap. The friendly duster lay where he had flung it the day before. With a damp corner of it, he wiped his washable collar, blessing the inwear with so little trouble. His boots he polished up with the old brush, and opening the back door, shook out his

old Norfolk jacket.

As he put the finishing touches to his toilet, Violet Vernon crept downstairs, looking as if she had not slept all night.

all night.

"You are up early," she whispered.
"I have to walk to Knightsbridge, and want to be in good time."

"The front door is locked," said the girl doubtfully. "She will have the key in her pocket."

John Grey stared aghast at her.
"Can't we get out the back way?"

(To be continued.)



#### Camus Freres

(Proprietors)

Physicians prescribe this brandy for their patients. They realize its medicinal purity and invigorative qualities.

R. H. HOWARD & CO. Agents, TORONTO



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+

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COGNAC

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#### Scotch Whisky

which protects the Scot against the mists, will fortify you against the damp chill of Spring

R. H. Howard & Co.

TORONTO

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European Plan. Absolutely Fireproof. Rooms with or without bath from \$1.50 and up per day.

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