## REAPING THE WHIRLWIND

BY CHRISTINE FABER CHAPTER XLIV

What Robinson's purpose was in requesting that Rodney's strange information be confined to a few breasts until the next day had re-ference to one of those sudden thoughts which occasionally inrelation to that sudden thought he immediately, on leaving Miss Burchill, ordered his own light private conveyance. Among some of the guests who happened to see his preparation for his departure was Mrs. Phillips, and she, with most betwitching familiarity, ran up to him to know how long they must be deprived of his company. He smiled very fondly, or what he meant to be such, down upon her, and answered that he was only going to the farther end of the village on a little business. in hour at most would be the time

of his stay. Within the hour he returned accompanied by a gentleman whom he ushered into a vacant parlor. Then, waiting only to divest himself of his outer wraps, he went in search of Mrs. Phillips. She, on learning that Mr. Robinson wanted her to accompany him immediately to his strandy for the purpose of consultation.

Mrs. Phillips, and knowing that, I went after Parson Tabor, and he's waiting in one of the parlors all ready to splice us. We'll have the ceremony right in hers. You're dressed pooty enough, and we'll surprise the guests by a sudden invitation to the wedding. This room is so large I guess they'll all agit in.' study for the purpose of consultation, git in. went into a flatter of delighted wonder. It made her very important in her own eyes, and of course in the eyes of the guests who saw him in search of her, and who marked his manner to her.

She accompanied him at once. the moment that she might he again a witness of the nervous attack which prostrated him and terrified her. But the momen that her foot passed the threshold of the study, with its array of lights she remembered, and she paused and looked at him. He understood her hesitation:

You needn't be skeered. I've had my spell for this night; had it near always comes at the same hour.'

Thus assured she went to the chair he indicated, not noticing that he had softly locked the door and taken out the key. Never had she looked lovelier, and the very play of the lights upon her added to the brilliancy of her complexion and the grace of her exquisite form. She as able to assume also such grace ful postures, neither constraint nor yet unwomanly ease in any of her And now as she carelessly seated herself, leaning slightly forward, with her jeweled hands clasped in front of her, she looked like some exquisite picture out of

'Was it upon his approaching marriage that Mr. Robinson desired to consult her?"

How prettily and lightly mouthed the words! That marriage was the food of her soul. She lived in anticipation of it, for the misery of her hated rival would be a balm to her own wretchedness.

Yes: it is about the marriage,'

answered Robinson.

And then, without a word of warning he told her in his own short, homely way the tale which he had from Rodney: and, like Rodney, he suppressed names untilhe reached the end. Thus Helen rned that she was the daughter of a forger and a murderer, and that

Of all the dreadful emotions which that strange story caused to war in | shrieking working of her rage distorted her countenance, and the exquisite com. "Gi plexion gave place to so livid a hue that, in the glare of the lights, it became ghastly. not true," she shrieked,

He did not answer her, and the sight of him sitting so still and cold. save for the shadow of a smile which his thin, set lips, was as strong a proof of the truth of the statement as if he had made repeated affirma- Then he said:

emotions broke forth, and she cried and sobbed like a child.

Still Robinson did not speak. He only watched her with that same covert grin. The outburst spent itself, and she raised her head, wail-

ing:
"What shall I do?" "Do? I'll tell you. I was only

Nobody'll say anything to you when even if you are so deuced wicked." you're my wife.' Mrs. Paillips sprang to her feet.

"Me marry you!" she exclaimed, horror, disgust, and contempt struggling with each other for expression

in her face and voice.

"Yes; marry me," repeated Robinson, also rising and letting into his countenance that look of hard, hard to become my wife, you've played the hypocrite about as nice as played the hypocrite about as nice as had gathered the skirt of her dress to tion that threatened to unman him, the old one himself could do it. her, as if she feared he might touch but Mildred withdrew his hands and You've been a giving me your sweetest smiles and looks till I didn't

of the matter is, Mrs. Philips, I ain't going to be cheated out of a wife, and since I had to give up Miss mun a servant, looking back at her, Burchill, I jist made up my mind to have you; so, woile I have been out, I have fixed matters up in such a way that you'll have to marry me vigilance. whether you want to or not."

" Have to marry you! What do

She looked like an enraged tigress.

Now jist keep quiet. All them tantrums ain't a bit of use, for I've jist got you fixed. You know that letter of Chester's to Miss Burchill that you opened? Well, marry me, or go to the state prison for that. I have the letter you gave me in my possession still, and every proof to fix the guilt of opening his sealed letter upon you. Then you once told me about the last scene between you and ole Philipe. I'll git that brought up, too, and have you convicted of perjury, and then Gerald'll obtain his rights. So, you see, I've jist cornered you every way, Mrs. Phillips, and knowing that, I

decision quickly.

Call me when you're ready." He walked to the extreme end of the apartment, and she, frantic, flew

to the door as if she would escape somehow. It was locked, and she beat against it in her despair until her hands were sore and bruised.
The factory owner did not seem to care. He knew that the servants were too well instructed to dare to understand it. He bent forward and whispered in Wiley s ear: make open investigation of any untoward noises they might hear and as none of the guests had any business to be in that part of the house, Helen might beat against the In a few seconds everybody was door and cry as long as she would without fear of succor reaching her. mony. Robinson's responses were She seemed shorely to realize that loud and distinct, but Helen's could floor, weak from rage and despair.

I want your answer pooty I'm going to have fun quick. ain't one it's got to be the other. I and then, in her agony raising her reckon the excitement of your being burning eyes, they fell on Mudred taken away to prison would be enough for the guests for a good spell. Maybe you think I ain't got things fixed for your arrest? I jist attended to that, too, while I was out, for I kinder thought you might kick agin marrying me. So jist give up them tantrums of your'n and answer me.

She rose up slowly and looked at him. The pitiless determination in his face convinced her that he would execute his threat.

O God! how retribution had overtaken her! The pitfall she had dug for another had ensnared her own feet, and with a low, moaning cry of despair, she buried her face in her hands, and sank to the floor again.

she was to be disappointed in her expected revenge, for the factory Phillips," and Robinson, stopping, stopping, owner had relinquished his claim to Miss Burchill's hand. put his hand on her shoulder. The loathsome touch aroused her. She sprang up and away from him

'Don't touch me !"

Give me your answer."

Since marry him she must to escape the horrible fate of a prison she would marry him, but she would "It is not true," she shrieked,
"this horrid tale. I will not believe after. So she flung up her hands, and recoiled still farther from him, as she shrieked:

"I'll marry vou." He strode after her, pursuing her, was more like a grin playing about for it became a sort of chase, she retreating as he advanced until the wall brought her to a stand at last.

"I shall not believe it," she there is another thing you'll have to repeated. And then her overcharged consent to, that is to let the marriage go on quietiy without making any you do, I swear to Moses I'll do jist what I threatened to do, and I'll tell your hull story to the hull company. Do you understand? For, as I said before, it's the same to me, one thing or the other. I liked Miss Burchill, and I'm dreadful riled to give her up; waiting for you to git kind of quiet but since I can't have her, you'll do. before I'd speak. Jist you marry I'm not going to be cheated out of a me, and that'll make things square.

Knowing that there was no release The Castle, she nerved herself with a strength born out of her very des-

peration. Summon your minister," she said:

"I am ready for execution."
She was wedged against the wall, cruel determination which Helen on another occasion had seen and shrunk from. "If it's so dread'ul seemed to do before, and her breath coming in quick, labored gasps. She had gathered the skirt of her dress to

even that.

He fain would have touched her, know but what you'd like to be in Miss Burchill's place, and now, when you git the chance to be, you jist in her face deterred and frightened most unusual bustle in the corridor

backoutlike a balky filly. But the fact him. So, forced to be contented with

The servant who answered the bell was told to summon to the study the gentleman whom he would find waiting in one of the parlors, and likewise all the guests. He was also told, though in a lower voice, to extend the summons to Mr. Wiley, Miss Horton, Miss Burchill, and Mr. Rodney

The minister and guests came, the former arriving first, and the latter too full of delighted wonder and expectation to suspect for what purexpectation to suspect for what pur-pose they had be n summoned, even when they saw the factory owner, Mrs. Phillips, and a very mini-terial looking personage seated together at the end of the room. R binson would not leave the side of his affian even to pay a br ef courtesy to the ushered them to seats, and impulsively interrogated by an impa-tient lady, who was too plebian to designs. Miss Burchill, Cora, the latter's father, and Rodney were the She was on her knees in terrified last to arrive; they, too, as much in supplication to him. He laughed at her and bade her to make her to seate, and then appeared a mysterision quickly.

Then give me a month - a week Phillips, she with features as white and set as if they had been marble, -a day-till the morning."

"Not an instant longer than ten minutes. I'll give you teu minutes.

"Not an instant longer than ten book in hand, stood up also. It looked very like the preparation for a mar very like the preparation for a mar riege ceremony. Could it be such?
And if so, what did it mean? Robin son was engaged to Miss Burchill, yet there eat Miss Burchill among the guests, as completely mystified, to judge by the expression of her face, as any of the n. Only Rodney seemed

"By Jap ter! but the old cove is going to marry Mrs. Phillips." And In a few seconds everybody was convinced that it was a marriage cere fact herself, for she des sted in her efforts, and threw herself on the near her. She thought of another marriage ceremony performed six "The time's about up, Mrs.
Phillips, and as it's all the same to
me whether you become my wife, or
whether you go from The Castle as a her soul, and with whom all hope of any reconciliation must be abandoned forever; she thought of the horrid some kind here tonight, and if it old man to whom she was now bound, burning eyes, they fell on Mudred Burchill's astonished countenance. That she, of all people in the world, should witness this climax, as it were, to her misery was too much for even Helen's unusually strong nerves. For one second her eyes flashed upon Mildred with malicious hate, then her rage and despair culminated in a shriek—a wild, piercing, agonized shriek—that brought every one simultaneously to his or her feet, and she fell, white and senseless, to the floor. But the ceremony was over,

## CHAPTER XLV

and she was Robinson's wife.

The Castle seemed to be a strange house that night. Indeed, from the subdued and awe-stricken manner of for today—and above all it is for the guests and from the gloom which pervaded, it might well justify all the either—sympathy." And so he went weird and extraordinary stories that on to tell of Leo Burke. ever had been circulated about it. Much more fortunate than many own life, and where was a husband Not a word of explanation had been who have been called upon to make coming from who would not be the disappointment of her revenge was the kneenest and most dreadful. She was no longer beautiful; the working of her rage distorted her countenance and the eventian of the rage distorted her countenance and the eventian of the rage distorted her countenance and the eventian of the rage distorted her countenance and the eventian of the rage distorted her countenance and the eventian of the rage distorted her countenance and the eventian of the study. The newly-made Mrs. Robinson had been carried above stairs by her husband, and the company, were left to conjecture among the event in the same sacrince in the war—the sacrifice of both his eyes—Lieuter and so she had looked forward and so she had looked forward and in his schooldays had out. No earthly husband had sought mastered enough of the rudiments to her daughter, only the irresistible themselves. The parson, quite as much astonished at the dramatic  $d\acute{e}$ nouement of the ceremony as anybody else, could impart very little informa-tion; he had simply been called upon by Robinson himself that evening, and supposing, of course, that she must post of organist in an important know, but that young lady in company with Cora and the two courses are constant that young lady in company with Cora and the two courses. engaged to perform the marriage To Miss Burchill they would have turned with Cora and the two gentlemen who had entered the study with her, had quietly withdrawn as soon as the bride had been borne out. She was now in her own little parlor, engaged the aforesaid gentleman.

"The fate intended for you, Miss Burchill, has been given to Mrs.

Phillips," said Rodney.
"I am afraid that she, too, was forced into it," said Mildred with a shudder.

Wiley, as we must still call him until he himself resumes his name. had been watching his niece with strange earnestness as she spoke. He rose and went over to her.

Do you remember," he said,—and he paused as if something in his throat prevented his utterance; when for her, and feeling that the quicker he resumed, his voice was slightly the ceremony was over the surer and the speedier might be her escape from of your engagement of marriage to Robinson? Do you remember what I said to you? How did you refrain from telling me then that it was to save me that you were going to sacrifice yourself? How have you so quiet about it since? To think, O God! that you would have done all this to save me." He covered his face with his hands to hide the emobeld them in her own, while she said

softly :

steps, and two or three voices speak-ing together in excited alarm; and ing? It is my little Cecily's feast before Rodney, who was rearest to the door and wondering at the noise, could spring to open it, there were repeated heavy knocks. He opened the door to see the blanched faces of the do two or three of the servants. Horrified fear seemed to have taken posses. Father May sion of all their senses, and, forgetful the speaker.
of every propriety, they burst out "But if it

Come quick, Miss Burchill! Mr. Robinson wants you. Mrs. Phillips"
—in their excitement they had forgotten that she had changed her name—"has gone stark, staring mad. She has nearly murrered Mr. Robinson, and she's thrown the wax lights about, and set things on fire, so that

he had to ring and scream for help."

Miss Burchill became as blanched as themselves, and she rose in an knew not whether to obey the sum-

I shall go with you," said Wiley, who was already standing having risen on the entrance of the servants and he crossed to his niece. Cora wanted to accompany them, but her father waved her back.

Mr. Rodney until we return.' The 'ear-stricken servants led the way to Mr. Robinson's private apartments, and at every turn they were met by some one of the panic stricken guests. Some of the latter, knowing not what further dreadful thing might happen in that mysterious house, were, late though the hour, making pr-paration for an imme departure, while others but deferred departure, while others their going until the morning.

Phillips, or Mrs. Robinson, was said to have committed was hardly exag-

TO BE CONTINUED

## ODD ENDS

By Alice Dease in Rosary Magazine

It was just the odd ends in the parish that were so difficult to weld, yet sometimes it did seem as though. properly managed, they ought dovetail together to some purpose.

The case of Mrs. Rock and the new organist of St. Stephen's was an

Father Mayne's trouble about Mrs. Rock was that although the poor woman expressed herself, and really tried to be resigned to the loss of her only daughter, she could not forget her grief, could not live her life uninfluenced by it, and its influence unfortunately had a selfish trend.

The wants of Leo Burke were very much more easily envisaged, though not—and Father Mayne looked ruefully at his empty purse—much more easily supplied. And yet a plan occurred to the busy priest, a scheme of dovetailing that was certainly worth attempting. The first move was to call on Mrs. Rock. Although she was by no means rich, Father Mayne knew that if she had any money to spere it was always at his disposal; and, indeed, his visits so often preluded some request that Mrs. Rock's smiling query, when she had greeted him, was not unreason-

to beg for today, Father Mayne?"
"Yes, I have come to beg," he owned, returning her smile, "but it

Much more fortunate than many the same sacrifice in the War-the mastered enough of the rudiments to her daughter, only the irresistible be able to make use of his talent to play very charmingly. He was not by any means a great artist, but he was a very pleasing amateur, and since total blindness had descended upon him he had been able to profit sufficiently by the additional teachtoo much of a child to feel and broken words of gratitude; he could

now in her own little parior, engaged in anxious conference with Cora and the afores and gentleman. composers appeal to him, and more the afores and gentleman. than in the days of his active life. We are going to have a first-rate choir, Mrs. Rock. I can see that; but in this, as in everything else, there is a difficulty to be surmounted. is enough just to keep the lad, but there are the initial expenses to meet. The sacristan's wife will let him a room, and do for him, but he must provide his own furniture. of her Now, this is what I have come to beg young. for. Can you help me to get the absolutely indispensable furniture, just enough for him to start upon, and can you make any suggestions as to finding him some pupils whose fees will eventually pay for the furniture and provide for him the difference between bare existence and comfort? And, thirdly, though perhaps most important of all, will you befriend him and let him feel that he is not entirely amongst strangers?

As Mrs. Rock sat silently thinking, her eyes feil upon a calendar on the mantel piece, announcing that the date was November 21st, the eve of the feast of st. Cecilia.

"He is a born musician you say?" she repeated slowly. "Father

just outside, -- a sound of rapid, heavy | Mayne, will you ask him to come and | his blindness was betrayed in the wailing sorrow of the notes. Poor lonely, blinded! Ah! if only Cecily were there what a splendid field for sowing joy would this blind musician be! And it seemed to Cecily's mother that through the music came, soft but insistent, the dead girl's voice.

Father Mayne looked quickly at this poor blind boy whose the speaker.

"But if it is, as you say, 'part of her,' are you wise after all these years, to re-open the wound?" he asked.

Mrs. Rock smiled. There is no reopening, Father Mayne," she answered quietly. "As you know, I try to resign myself to God's holy will, but fourteen minutes, or fourteen years it is all the same. No, were such a thing possible, I think the music of Cecily's sonata would bring us nearer, would soothe, rather than irritate, the wound in

And so, on the night of Saint Cecilia's feast, Leo Burke found himself seated at a strange piano, piano that though tuned to was stiff from want of use. Although he could not see his surroundings, "A mad woman is no sight for u," he said; "remain here with play the favorite sonate of his single u," he said; "remain here with play the favorite sonate of his single unition." the feeling that he was called upon to auditor's long dead daughter made him strangely nervous, and it was with uncertain fingers that he struck the first chords of Beethoven's had told him that a life sized portrait of the owner of the piano, dead in her eighteenth year, hung close beside him, and his thoughts as he took his seat on the music stool, "You must, mother dear, you must.

"I would speak with your dead voice through the music, but only an artist could do that. Help me, at least, if you can, to play your projections."

"You must, mother dear, you must. The piano keeps your sorrow alive, wilst it the blind man had it, it would be a continual pleasure to him. He would not be least, if you can, to play your music so that it carries comfort with it and

> fingers seemed to grow stronger, and the stately prologue of the melody swelled out into its soft complaint. He was seized by the dramatic fullness of the theme, as the sonorous crescendo rolled out through the little room only to calm itself again and die away in the brilliant, rapid

allegro of the final chords. And as the waves of music filled the room Mrs. Rock sat motionless, dreaming of, nay, seeing as though they had come back again, other feasts of music in long past years. Cecily Rock had never been beautiful. She was not really even pretty, except with the attraction of early youth, yet she possessed that curious, unexplainable yet very real gift—charm. To her mother this charm was as powerful now, calling again to her through the long stilled tones of her sonata, as it had been in the

vividly remembered past. It was surely on another anniver sary of Saint Cecilia's feast that Cecily had slipped her hand into her mother's arm and drawn her to the

piano.
"Sit there," she had said, "and I will play to you. Shall we have the sonata? I could play it tonight, I feel it in my fingers and in myself. It isn't every day one can Beethoven. Sometimes I feel

same chords, that heart-seizing and melody; and Mrs. Rock remembered gift." how, on that evening long ago, when Cecily was just going to be eighteen, she had worried over the thought that it would soon be time for the girl, a child no longer, to make her own life, and where was a husband wholly unworthy of her darling? And so she had looked forward

all these years.

And all the while the melody of the sonata you played tonight. church like Saint Stephen's.

"He is a born musician," said
Father Mayne. "I do not say his technique is perfect, nor that he has technique is perfect, nor that he has was not a musician; and yet in her "He will play the sonate, mother not a good deal more to learn, but he music, as in her personality, there dear, he will play it often, and when has the music in him. The great was irresistible intangible charm. he does, I will ask Almighty God if I And every one felt this charm. The poor, to whom she loved to minister, received Cecily's small dole with far you again for letting me sow in more pleasure than a greater gift from other hands would have given them. Children loved her as she loved them, and more than one of You know that at Saint Stephen's the old folk of her acquaintance had really been allowed to speak to her we can't afford a very high salary; it christened her "the Sunbeam." heart. But whatever it was, vision christened her "the Sunbeam." heart. But whatever it was, vision and Cecily herself had been aware or dream, Father Mayne's odd ends of this gift and had thanked God for it. Only a few days before her death she had spoken to her mother the glory, of possessing a piano. of her chief regret in dying so

There is only one thing I am sorry about, excepting, of course, leaving you, mother dear. For a long, long time I have felt that God meant me to try and make people happy, and now I wish—oh, I wish so much—that I had tried harder, and done it more. I remember once at one of our school retreats the priest said we must be sowers of joy.
Oh, mother dear, why haven't I been

Oh, mother dear, why haven't I been

He told St. Bernard, wh a better sower?

money he wants, poor as he is; my piano would give him company and a means of livelihood. It would give him joy-the joy that I so loved Give away the piano. Cecily's 'As piano!

"Mother, he would like my piano

With a rush of indignation Mrs Rock put the thought away from her, but as it came forcing itself back she realized that the suggestion could never have envolved itself in her own brain. Some one must have put it there. Some one who spoke to her with Cecily's voice. Cecily's piano! No one but Cecily herself could have made such a suggestion and it seemed to Mrs. Rock that she was speaking again, and more directly.

"Mother de ar, you must give this poor blind soldier my piano none, and think of what it would be

to him to have one."
Did Cecily realize, when she suggested such a thing, that this piano was her mother's dearest relic of her? That when she was alone Mrs. Rock loved to open the key board and touch the notes softly, ney even perhaps to lay her lips upon the ivory which Cecily's fingers had played upon. Yes. Cecily realized it all, and vet she was insistent in her demand.

because of the lessons be could give And thinking, praying thus, his upon it. It would make him so happy, mother dear, and even after death I could feel that I was sowing

joy."
And so the struggle went on in the listener's heart, whilst the music passed from the delicate minor of the rondo to the brilliancy of the allegro, with always the haunting melancholy through all.

Suddenly Mrs. Rock became aware of the cessation of the melody, and as the gloom had gathered whilst the blind man played, she found herself in darkness almost as deep as that in which the player himself was shrouded. Then, without warning he felt a band upon his arm, a trembling voice sounded in his ears but he could not credit that what it said he heard aright. The piano, the beautiful mellow

instrument under his hands, was offered to him, to be his own! He would have it in his own home, in the empty room that with a piano in it really would be a home! Impossible! That could not be what the speaker meant.

"But—but—" he stammered, "I could not accept—I could not deprive

thing—"
"It is not I who offer you the
"It is not I who offer you the Beethoven. Sometimes I feel too piano," said Mrs. Rock. "It is young, too frivolous—those are through your music that I have understood my daughter's wishes. And who is it that you have come Beethoven."

And she had played just those Saint Cecilia to a fellow musician, and I only ask you to accept her

That the seeds of joy sown by the gift of the piano were already springing into life was plainly apparent on

the blind man's face. "Madame-" he stammered, "oh madame!"

"And if you lodge in the sacristan's "And if you lodge in the sacristant's house, as I hear Father Mayne suggests you should do," went on Mrs. Rock, trying to speak quite calmly, "I willeask you, on summer bridegroom, Death; and his coming had left the mother desolate, waiting mine. In that way I shall hear the piano, and sometimes you will play

And in the semi-darkness Mrs. Rock could not decide how much she had dreamt or if Cecily had were dovetailed together and Leo Burke forgot his blindness in the joy,

GREAT BENEFIT OF FREQUENT CONFESSION

Once upon a time there was a monk who had a great dislike to confession and the devil put into his head that it was no use of his going every week, because he always had the same sins

He told St. Bernard, who was his abbot, of his temptation, and the And then the insistent notes of saint desired him to take a large the someta brought the mother's pitcher that stood in the refectory thoughts back from Cecily and the and fill it with water, and leave it at past to the blinded soldier whose the gate of the monastery a week; he fingers were producing Cecily's music. made him repeat this process for past to the bilined soldier whose the gate of the monastery a week; he made him repeat this process for the future hold for this maimed existence? The poignant agony of bring it to him.

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS

MURPHY & GUNN BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES

Solicitors for The Home Bank of Canada Solicitors for the Roman Catholic Episcopal Corporation Suite 53, Bank of Toronto Chambers LONDON, CANADA Phone 170

FOY. KNOX & MONAHAN

RRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC.

Cable Address : "Foy"

Telephones { Main 461 Main 462 Offices: Continental Life Building CORNER BAY AND RICHMOND STREETS

DAY, FERGUSON & CO.

nes E. Day
n M. Ferguson
tph P. Walsh
TORON TORONTO, CANADA

LUNNEY & LANNAN BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES

Harry W. Lunney, B. A., B. C. L. Alphonsus Lunnan, LL. B. CALGARY, ALBERTA

ARCHITECTS WATT & BLACKWELL

Sixth Floor, Bank of Toronto Chambers LONDON, ONT.

DENTISTS DR. BRUCE E. EAID

n 5, Dominion Bank Chambers ond and Dundas Sts. Phone 5669 EDUCATIONAL

St. Jerome's College Founded 1864 KITCHENER, ONT.

Excellent Business College Department Excellent High School or Academic Depart Excellent College and Philosophical Department

REV. W. A. BENINGER, C. R., President FUNERAL DIRECTORS

John Ferguson & Sons 180 KING ST.

Telephone House 373 Factory 543

The Leading Undertakers & Embalm Open Night and Day

E. C. Killingsworth FUNERAL DIRECTOR

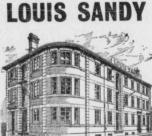
Open Day and Night 389 Burwell St. Phone 3971

87 YONGE ST., TORONTO

Phone Main 4030 Hennessev

"Something More Than A Drug Store" CUT FLOWERS PERFUMES CANDIES

Order by Phone Watch Our Ads. in Local Dailies Thursday



GORDON MILLS **Habit Materials and Veilings** 

BLACK, WHITE, AND COLOURED SERGES and CLOTHS, VEILINGS

RELIGIOUS COMMUNITIES

CASHMERES, ETC.

Telegrams - Luisandi, Stafford, 'Phone No. 104

ocked in a large variety of widths and qualitie LOUIS SANDY Mills, STAFFORD, ENGLAND

Slave to Drink= No Longer!

CURE YOUR HUSBAND!
"I used to be a Slave to Drink.
"Almost without hope, I tried Samaria. In a few days, I was cured—absolutely. I was a different man—and to-day I am MASTEE of

and to-day I am MASTER of myself.

"What this Samaria Prescription did for me can be accomplished for every one afflicted. You, wives, who have to bear the great curse of the drink demon, can cure your husbands—without their knowledge, if desirable. Put Samaria in tea, coffee or food. Odorless, tasteless, it dissolves quickly; cures swiftly, safely and surely. I will send a FREE trial package with booklet and full particulars—in a plain sealed cover by next mail, to everyone who asks for it. All correspondence is treaded assacredly confidential. Send me your name and address—on a postcard, if you like—and try Samaria. Write to-day—and free your husband from the Curse.

E. R. HERD, Samaria Remedy Co. E. R. HERD, Samaria Remedy Co. 1421 Mutual Street, Toronto, Can.

STAMMERING

THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE
KITCHENER, - CANADA