TORONTO'S NEW SUBURB!

PARKDALE DISAPPEARS IN THE CITY AND MIMICO STEPS FORWARD AS THE WESTERN OUTPOST.

How Toronto is Spreading Along the Lake — Mimico's Accessibility — Splendid Drainage—Magnificent Driveways and Views of Toronto—A Beautiful, Convenient and Healthy Annex of Toronto.

The County of York has three of its townships facing on Lake Ontario. The central one is the Township of York, the one to the left Scarboro and the westerly one Etobicoke. The central one, that of York, extends easterly from the mouth of the Humber for a distance of ten miles, in the centre of which is Yonge-street and the entire distance of which is occupied by Toronto and its suburbs. In other words the city and its immediate suburbs have a water front of not less than ten miles, which includes the whole front of York township. At one time the city was bounded on the east by the River Don and on the west by the Garrison Creek, at most two miles, but now the limits have been extended far beyond both of these landmarks, until Scarboro has been reached on the east and Etobicoke on the west, and even the Humber is not likely to mark the westerly bound for very long. Already the enterprising real estate man has crossed the Humber, and is at the present moment busily engaged in laying out drives and streets and villa and village lots in what is soon to be known as the incorporated village of Mimico, and which promises to be the new Parkdale of the greater city of Toronto.

The New Suburb.

A representative of The World drove out to the new suburb one day this week and found plenty of evidence of the boom which seems to have settled on this new district and which it is proposed to at once have incorporated as a village. The new municipality will extend from the Humber westward for about a mile and a half and south of the Great Western Railway track. The exact limits will have to be fixed on when the petitions are put in and the municipality organised. This area embraces a lot of splendid building sites, a magnificent piece of beach on the lake front and any number of opportunities for laying out beautiful drives. The Mimico River, which is parallel with the Humber and three-quarters of a mile west of it, runs through this section. At present Mimico has an Episcopal Church, a Methodist Church, both of which are to be immediately rebuilt, a good school house, a large boarding house, a new railway station, and is badly in need of a first-class hotel. A large number of new dwellings were put up last summer and these are to be greatly increased in number during the coming season, including a Presbyterian church. The Ontario Government have begun the expenditure of $300,000 or more in the erection of asylum cottages on the Government farm at Mimico. The Industrial School, which is a little north of the station, is an important institution of the place. Mimico station is a trifle over six miles from Union Station and is the present western terminus of the Grand Trunk's suburban train service.

What then are the features which have induced so many investors and seekers after villa sites to turn their gaze on Mimico?

Its Railway Facilities.

First, that of accessibility. Already the problem of rapid transit between Mimico and the centre of Toronto has been settled, and it is now possible to go from any of the houses in the village to a business house in the centre of Toronto in twenty minutes or less, with the choice of 15 or 20 trains each way daily, and the prospect of that number being largely augmented in the near future. The track of the Great Western runs from Union Station through Parkdale, High Park, Windermere, Humber and Mimico, and the authorities of the road have already in view the extension of the double track from Exhibition Park westwardly to Mimico, and the erection of a new bridge over the Humber, which would give a good, safe and very speedy mode of travel between Mimico and the centre of the city. A still further improvement is the probable early construction of a Grand Trunk loop line from Mimico to Weston, and then along the northern boundary of Toronto parallel with the C.P.R., to Little York, relieving the lines along the water front as much as possible of through traffic. With this done the Grand Trunk will be free to run a double track suburban service from Victoria Park to Mimico. And there is the immediate prospect of the construction of the Niagara Central and the C.P.R. extension to the Niagara River. These two roads may be consolidated, but certainly one of them will be built immediately right through Mimico and along the lake shore to Union Station, making a competing line with the Great Western. But even as things are the question of rapid transit, as has been already stated, is settled, and there is less difficulty in getting from Mimico to the centre of Toronto than there is in getting to the centre from many of the northerly, northwesterly and northeasterly sections of the city, which are merely dependent on the street car service. The railway service is not only more rapid than the street cars, but it is cheaper, cleaner, warmer and more reliable.

Other Advantages.

The next great feature of Mimico is that it is right on the lake front, occupying one of the most delightful situations which command the blue waters of Ontario. From the mouth of the Mimico river westerly there is a magnificent beach and already a driveway has been planned along it, forming, as it were, an extension of the lake shore road. The view of the lake, of Humber Bay, the Island, the city, from Mimico is a glorious sight by night or day.

The next important feature is the water supply, which can be made of the most ample character at a very small expense for pumping engines and street mains. The water is of the purest quality.

The next feature is that of drainage. The new district slopes gradually down to the lake and no trouble need be found in constructing the necessary sewers and securing for them a satisfactory fall.

Still another feature is that the new municipality is within half a mile of High Park, which is already in the way of becoming one of the finest public resorts owned by any city on the continent.

YOU HAVE CATARRH

If you are Suffering from any of the following symptoms:

Do you experience ringing or buzzing noises in your ears?

Is your breath frequently offensive from some unaccountable cause?

Have you a dull, oppressive headache, generally located over the eyes?

Do you have to hawk and cough frequently in the effort to clear your throat?

Are you losing your sense of smell and is your sense of taste becoming dull?

Does your nose always feel stopped up, forcing you to breathe through your mouth?

Do you feel as though you must suffocate when lying down?

Are you troubled with a hacking cough and general debility?

Does your voice have a husky, chick sound and nasal sort of twang?

Do you notice a wheezing or crackling sound in your chest when breathing?

Are you generally short of breath, and do you breathe with labor and difficulty?

Do you frequently feel dizzy, particularly when stooping to pick anything off the floor?

Does every little draft of air and every slight change of temperature give you a cold?

Are you annoyed by a constant desire to hawk and spit out an endless quantity of phlegm?

Is there dull pain in your chest behind the breast-bone, or under your shoulder-blade?

Are you always tired and indisposed to exertion, whether of business, work or amusement?

Is great effort required to keep your thoughts fixed upon matters that formerly were easily performed?

Do you rise from bed as tired and weak as you were the night before, and feel as though you wanted to lie there forever?

Do you find the attempt to dislodge the accumulations result in coughing, hawking and spitting, followed by nauses, and often vomiting, especially in the morning?

Are you troubled with a discharge from the head into the throat, sometimes watery and excessive, sometimes mucous, thick, sticking to whatever it touches, sometimes bloody, and nearly always putrid and offensive?

The above are some of the many symptoms by which Catarrh may be known.

Probably not one case in a hundred will have them all, but every case will show more or less of the symptoms. The more of them you have the more serious your trouble, and the more urgent the necessity for a speedy treatment with NASAL BALM, and a constant use of it until a complete cure is effected.

CAUTION. The reputation achieved by NASAL BALM from its wonderful curative properties has induced certain unscrupulous parties to place imitations on sale closely resembling the style of our package, and with names similar in sound. Beware of all preparations styled NASAL CREAM, NASAL BALSAM, etc. Ask for NASAL BALM and see that you get it.

If you cannot obtain NASAL BALM from your dealer it will be sent postpaid on receipt of price—50 cents and $1—by addressing

FULFORD & CO., Brockville, Ont.

Send for our pamphlet "GERMS OF WISDOM."

NAUSEOUS DROPPINGS—Mr. James G. Fernent, Ottawa, says:—I am pleased to state that the NASAL BALM has already relieved my catarrh to a very great extent. I have not used one bottle, but the nauseous droppings from the head into the throat have almost ceased. I breathe easy now; get better sleep, and altogether feel and appreciate the wonderful virtue of the BALM. Its merits cannot possibly be exaggerated for catarrhal troubles, and as a cure I believe it to be genuine.

A TEN YEAR CASE—O. L. Potter, manufacturer of wooden-ware, McIntosh's Mills, Ont., says:—NASAL BALM completely cured me of a case of catarrh from which I had suffered for over ten years. It cannot be too highly recommended, and should be used by everyone troubled with catarrh. It is one of the wonders of science.

UNPLEASANT ODORS—E. A. Cardinal, of Montreal, says:—After ineffectually trying many of the so-called remedies for catarrh, I made a trial of NASAL BALM, which gave me instant relief, and since commencing its use I daily note the beneficial changes it is producing after a few applications. It changes the unpleasant odor of the virus in the throat and the poisonous secretions over which every breath must pass. To anyone troubled it is a priceless medicine.

SUFFERED SEVERELY—Mr. Thomas Roche, Rochefort, Ontario, says:—I have suffered severely from catarrh, and never got any relief until I used NASAL BALM. I never thought I could find so sure a cure. It is a pity all afflicted with catarrh do not know of and use this wonderful medicine.

STOPPED MY COUGH—Mr. Hadley Down, Hensall, Ont., says:—Your NASAL BALM has done me more good than all other remedies I ever tried. My case is one of the worst kind but BALM has helped me from the start. It has stopped my cough and relieved me of all the unpleasant sensations accompanying the disease. I am confident of a thorough cure, and I know a number of others in this section who have all been cured of catarrh by NASAL BALM.

CATARRHAL HEADACHE—Wm. H. Sharp, Trabone, Man., says: I am glad to be in a position to say that NASAL BALM is helping me wonderfully, although I have been using it but a very short time. It speedily cleared out the head and stopped the disagreeable droppings into the throat. For some time I have suffered severely from catarrhal headache, NASAL BALM has removed every trace of it. I have every confidence in its complete curing me. It is deserving of all you claim for it. "A Positive Cure for Catarrh. Easy and Pleasant to use." I hope it will soon be for sale in every town and village in Manitoba.

BREATHE EASIER, SLEEP BETTER. Mary J. Little of Muscotah, Kansas, says: I am pleased to say your NASAL BALM has wonderfully helped me, although I have not yet used one bottle. The numerous droppings from the head into the throat have ceased, I breathe easier, sleep better, and altogether feel a new person. I am glad to offer my testimony for the benefit of others afflicted with catarrh.

EFFECT ON BREATH WONDERFUL. Miss Addie Howison of Brockville, Ont., says: I had catarrh for years, my head was stopped up, I could not breathe through my nostrils. My breath was very impure and continually so. Nothing I could get gave me any relief until using NASAL BALM. From the very first it gave me relief and in a very short time had removed the accumulations so that I could breathe freely through the nostrils. Its effect on my breath was truly wonderful, purifying and removing every vestige of the unpleasant odor, which has never returned.

A CURE IN THE WORST CASE. Alex. Burns, Sudbury, Ont., says: I may state that I have been affected with catarrh for seven or eight years, and it was attended by consequent symptoms such as foul breath, constant dropping into the throat, hawking and spitting, partial deafness, ringing in the ears and sickening pains in the head directly over either eye. I have used powders and douches, but all to no effect, the only result arising from the use of such being temporary relief, followed by the usual symptoms in a more aggravated form. The results arising from the use of NASAL BALM are: Sweet breath, stoppage of the droppings into the throat (consequently less hawking and spitting), clearness of hearing, and not once since I began its use have I had pain in the stomach. In fact it is my opinion that a careful and persistent use of the BALM will effect a cure in the worst case of catarrh.

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Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

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Dr. Stephen Smith, an eminent physician of New York, Vice-President of the National Board of Health, and late State Commissioner in Lunacy, after a critical examination of Terra Cotta Porous Ware, strongly recommends its use in hospitals, asylums and similar institutions, as "it makes a floor and wall that noise can scarcely penetrate, and capable of taking a finish which will be permeable to air, and may be washed and disinfected."

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Architects are recognizing the value of this material, our latest endorsers being: R. A. Waite, Esq., of Buffalo, N. Y.; Messrs. Brown & Love, Toronto; John J. Brown, Esq., Montreal, and Messrs. Knox & Elliott, Toronto.

Our latest orders are from the Bank of Commerce (new building), Toronto, the Royal Insurance Co., rebuilding Head Office, Montreal, the Imperial Fire Insurance Co., new offices at Montreal.

Correspondence solicited.

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John Brady's Experience.

From Toronto "Life."

The note from Kurtz reached Brady about five o'clock in the afternoon. He was hard at work at the time, and thrust it into his pocket. A few moments after he remembered it and tore it open hurriedly. It was written on Olding's paper—Olding & Co., stock brokers. There was simply the one line in it: "Wheat dropped three points."

For one awful moment Brady's head seemed bursting. The vast building reeled; the walls staggered; his fellow-clerks danced wild capers on the stairs and floor; in his head was the sound of rushing waters, mingled with explosions that seemed like thunder bursts.

This was the end of it all, then! Ruin and disgrace had overtaken him at last. To-morrow all the world would know of his crime: some would pity, others scorn him; some would put themselves in his place and realize how great his temptation was; others would simply moralize in the old puritanical way and point to him as another instance of that vaulting ambition which overleaps itself and brings behind it financial and moral destruction. It was curious, but for these first few moments his sole thought was of what people would say. He saw himself pilloried in the newspapers—perhaps some hideously caricatured picture of him would illustrate the reporter's glowing rhetoric—he heard his name bandied about, the sanctity of his home——

His Home! There was something he had not thought of! What would Martha do? And the children—would they grow up to hear their father spoken of as a thief and a felon, a man who had robbed his employer, forged his name, betrayed the trust reposed in him after his long years of faithful trust? They would grow up ashamed of him—grow up to curse his memory, to regret that he had ever lived.

He staggered rather than walked to the door. One of the clerks in the office, noticing his white, set face and staring eyes, remarked to the typewriter girl: "Old Brady looks as if he had seen a ghost."

The keen nip in the evening air had a bracing effect on him. It enabled him to collect his thoughts somewhat. He strode hurriedly along the crowded streets, looking neither to right nor left, jostling people, running into them, stammering hasty apologies, and all the time hurrying on. He wanted to get home, he must get home, sit down in his study and think it all out. What an accursed idiot he had been ever to believe Olding's plausible theories about speculating. Well, it was too late to think about that now. What was the use of blaming Olding? Olding had not suggested to him to forge his employer's name to that note. That had been his own doing. He had sinned; now he must suffer. The note would fall due on the morrow, and he had no money to meet it with. He had bought longer on wheat, and held on hoping to make enough to meet the note. If he could only do that, he would not regret the loss of all that had gone before. But it was too late for that now. The brief note from Olding's chief clerk, Kurtz, destroyed his last hope. His crime had brought its punishment. Before him there was nothing but ruin.

He reached his home at last, and lingered for a moment in the doorway. A child's voice floated out from an inner room—a little boy's voice. He was singing. He sang one of the Sunday school hymns taught in the church around the corner. The result of his musical effort was somewhat to this effect:

"My omeizzen Ye-ev-ing, my
Resizzenere,
Ven wy shoulda ma-a-ma,
If tryalsypere?"

Another voice sounded clearly within, but that one sang a wordless lullaby, "sh-shing" to sleep a gurgling baby; and within the nursery the lullaby struck a false note against the shrilling song of the theologically-minded little musician, who piped on gloriously:

"My omeizzen Ye-ev-ing, my
Resizzenere,
Ven wy shoulda ma-a-ma,
If tryalsypere?"

John Brady stepped over the threshold of his home on tip-toe. Nobody from within had seen him yet. They would not expect him for another hour. As a general thing it was after seven o'clock when he got back from the store; now it was scarcely six. A child's tin horse, without a head, stood in the entry and trundled about when his foot hit it.

The little tinkling noise betrayed his presence, and the lullaby in the inner room ceased abruptly. A woman's voice said:

"That you?"

"It's me," said John. He hung his hat and coat up and stood hesitating. The little boy was singing with piercing shrillness:

"Why shoulda ma-a-ma,
If twyalsypere?
My omeizzen Ye-ev——"

"Sh-sh, Tommy," interrupted the woman's voice, dropping on meanwhile contentedly into her lullaby. "Go see who that is in the entry, Tommy. Sh-sh-sh, my dear. Lie still and slumber!"

Tommy checked himself in the midst of his religious aspirations and ran out to the door, where he stood peering—a pleasant little rogue, well built and sturdy. He had on a blue jersey suit and had been eating gingerbread, Tommy said:

"Wy, it's pupper!" with the eternal surprise of childhood to which all things are forever new. His father patted him on the head, picked him up in his strong arms and kissed him—once, twice, the mother crooned on the gurgling baby; John Brady put the child on the floor again, leaving a wet spot glistening on his cheek.

"Run to mother," he said kindly, "I'm going up stairs."

Half way up the stairs the lullaby stopped short, and the woman's voice said:

"Why, John!"

He flinched and came back again. As he entered the room details blurred and slipped away before his eyes. The fast fading light was still quivering in the corner of the room where the mother sat with their child. The child was still cooing and gurgling, kicking its fat little legs about in her long maternal arms. The light blinded her a little, and she moved out of it, holding up her face like a Madonna to the Lord. John kissed her with silent reverence.

"You are home early to-night, dear," she said.

"Yes, I—I didn't feel very well. I came home early. I want to go and lie down, dear. Don't let me be disturbed. I don't want any dinner. I have a headache."

She looked at him curiously, but said nothing. He passed out in silence, and went up stairs to the room he called his study—a small, cosy den in the front of the house, with a couple of easy chairs, a sofa, a writing table, and a few books and pictures in it.

He pushed the door half to, and threw himself down heavily on the lounge. The light had quite faded now. The street lamps were shining. In the cobalt sky a leach of stars glowed golden. He looked about the little room, which, through the use of years, had become part of his life. He wondered if he should ever occupy it again. What would they do with him to-morrow? Arrest him and send him to jail, he supposed. Well, it was but just. He had sinned; he must be punished. There was no help for it now. It was hard on Martha and the children, but he should have thought of that before. The innocent would suffer for the guilty again—just as they had ever since the world was made; just as they would until its end. He saw his wife slighted, his children scorned. He saw the woman he had sworn to love and cherish struggling on alone and friendless, clinging to a burdensome existence for the sake of the children. He pictured the grief, the agony, the despair his crime would bring into his home on the morrow. And they had been so happy! In all the years of married life they had never had a cross word. She had been so proud of him, so faithful and true a helpmate, so tender and considerate.

And now he had come home to her a ruined man; to-morrow he would be disgraced.

In this self-criticism he did not spare himself in the least. He was not a bad man at heart, this John Brady. He was weak, pitifully weak, and when temptation assailed him through the guise of a glib-tongued stock broker, he had not the moral courage to resist. He shivered now when he thought of the story of his forgery becoming known—not for his own sake, but for that of his wife and children. He could never tell her himself. No—no, that he could never do. He knew well if he did tell her she would not burden his anguished soul with vain reproaches. She would understand the fitful weakness, and she would forgive this one mad act of an otherwise blameless life. His thoughts rambled on dreamily. Despair was eating the heart out of him. The bitterness of the blow had stunned him. He felt crushed, inert.

Tommy struck up his song again:

"My omeizzen Ye-ev-ing, my
Resizzenere,
Ven, wy should a ma-a-ma?
If twyalsypere?"

As the childish voice floated up to him, John Brady fell on his knees and prayed long and earnestly, and the burden of his prayer was: "God have mercy on Martha and the little ones."

The evening wore away. Huston, who worked down town in the Bon Marche dry goods house and boarded with him, came in and had his dinner. Huston was tired, and went to bed shortly after. Brady heard Martha taking the children to bed, and he tip-toed noiselessly down to the sitting-room. The baby woke and cried faintly, but Martha had a way with the child, and its sobs soon relaxed into a gurgle. Then it cooed softly, laughed and gurgled off to sleep again.

He stood in the sitting room helplessly. He thought of little things. He remembered his young days when he courted Martha. He recalled all her gracious, tender ways, her honest, consistent purpose. His thought traveled back through his years of married life. He remembered the little mound in the churchyard where their first child slept; the day they laid her there; the return to the desolate home; the days of sadness which followed, and the happiness of later years. How peaceful and tender his home life had been, and now—now—.

He stretched his arms with one mighty, pathetic gesture above his head. The awful power of a human home was on him: he felt as helpless before it as the child in the cradle. His soul shot out tendrils everywhere. He could have clapsed and kissed the tall rocking-chair, the baby's sock that had fallen beneath it, the old mat that had stood before his wife's sewing chair, the scraps of her work scattered about. Her voice crooning a lullaby came from above. Tommy was singing himself to sleep with a droning sound:

"My ome-izzen Ye-ev-ing."

Then the mother took up the words of the old hymn:

"My home is in heaven,
My rest is not here;
Then why should I murmur
When trials appear?"

John Brady listened intently to her singing. As the meaning of the words pierced to his dulled brain, he raised himself and cried aloud:

"I'll bet the man that wrote that never had one anywheres else."

"Wy should ma-a-ma?"

sang Tommy, and so sank into his first nap, from which he aroused but once to enjaculate

"Twyalsypere!"

in a firm voice, before silence settled forthe night upon the house.

In the sitting-room John Brady lay prone upon the floor. His face was white and rigid. He held a revolver in his hand. The trend of his thoughts had brought him face to face with death.

What put that idea in his head? He couldn't—yes, he could. No one would know. There was sure to be money in the shop; he knew Huston had the keys. How easy it would be to slip down and enter the store unobserved! It was for the sake of Martha and the children he would do it.

Mr. Cousineau would never miss the money. And he would make it up—oh yes, he would make it up again. He would slint and deny himself everything until he had it all saved up, and then he could return it. And if he got that money to-night he could go to Orkson in the morning and pay the note. Then Martha would never know. The secret would still be his own. He would seek to live in the future so as to make reparation for the past.

For an hour or more he lay there, arguing round and round and coming always to the conclusion that this was the only feasible method of getting out of his difficulties. It seemed to him best that he should do this. Had he been alone, he would have suffered his punishment manfully, but for Martha's sake—oh! for Martha's sake it was best. He would carry his shameful secret to the grave and she would still love and respect him as of yore. And they would still be happy. He braced himself for his fresh crime with all the specious arguments of a desperate man. He wrought his resolution into one white-hot speech. He hissed rather than spoke:

"I'll do it."

He tip-toed up to Huston's room and took the keys from his pocket. Then downstairs again. He opened the front door cautiously and went out. The night was chill. The moon had gone up and over, but the stars still shone. He walked along King-street until he came to the Bon Marche. The big front staring at him, filled his soul with awe. The starshine glittered on the huge plate-glass windows. In the dim light, he could just decipher the legend on the face of the store: "The Bon Marche—F. X. Cousineau & Co., 7 and 9 King-street—$150,000 worth of dry goods slaughtered below cost—Stovel & Armstrong's bankrupt stock being sold at half price."

Brady unlocked the big door and went inside. In the faint light from the low burning gas he could see the great piles of silks, satins, velvets, cottons on every side. There were heaps of goods loading down counters, shelves and tables. The fire had left everything in confusion. On every hand were indications of the rush of the day's business. It seemed to Brady, standing there, fearful and afraid, that this vast, deserted dry goods emporium was like a banquet hall after a banquet. His vivid imagination readily peopled the huge store with the ghosts of those whose presence had filled it through the day—the hosts of rustling clerks, the crowds of eager buyers, the hum of conversation, the frou-frou of silks as the shopper turned them over, the chink of the money passing to and fro across the counters in a never-ending stream. So real did this picture seem to his disordered imagination, that for a moment he was paralyzed with fright. He had merely to stretch out his hand, it seemed to him, to bring it in contact with palpitant human flesh. Then he laughed at his own nervous fears and pushed forward to where the face of the great safe showed in the dim gaslight.

He stepped cautiously to the safe door and started to unlock it.

A hand fell on his shoulder.

He gave a shriek and sprank back—sprang back to find himself trembling and unstrung, to find Martha bending over his recumbent form, to find himself still lying on the sitting-room floor, where he had passed the night in restless slumber, with the pale, wintry sunlight streaming through the window, and the bird in its green cage trilling a matin song to it.

He roused himself with an effort. Martha stood by him wondering, but silent. He did not speak. She turned and left him then. As he stretched his cramped limbs, he heard Tommy strike up, as he dressed himself in his little bed-room.

"My omeizzen Ye-ev-ing, my
Resizzenere,
Ven wy should a ma-a-ma,
If twyalsypere?"

He turned from the window with a heart-sick sigh. Martha had gone into the kitchen. He buried his face in his hands and sobbed like a child.

But he must be brave for Martha's sake. Just a little longer—a little longer now. It would soon be over. He would be disgraced—a felon. As he wiped the tears from his burning eyes, his glance fell on the morning paper. A displayed heading caught his attention, and his heart beat with hope, and a glad flush rose to his face, as he read these words:

A CORNER IN WHEAT.

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John Brady fell on his knees and prayed with a fervor and sincerity to which he had long been a stranger. The relief was so great he could almost have shouted for joy. As it was he dashed into the kitchen, caught Martha in his arms and kissed her again and again on her mouth, her cheeks, her eyes.

When he ceased for a moment, she said:

"John, dear, what has been the matter?"

"I have been worried, Martha."

"And it is all over?"

"Part of it, my love. I have been saved from disgrace, from the effects of the blind folly of a deluded man. My folly has taught me a lesson, love, a terrible lesson. Let me tell you the whole story, dear. Some time ago I for——"

But she placed her hand upon his lips and said, "John, don't tell me. If you have done wrong, dear, you know best. I don't want to bear anything against this dearest of husbands."

He caught her in his arms and pressed her to his heart. Tommy came down stairs singing:

"My omeizzen Ye-ev-ing, my
Resizzenere,
Ven, wy should a ma-a-ma,
If twyalsypere?"

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