(By Anne O'Hagan.)

It stood in a mean region of unfinished streets, of low-built, garish brick cottages like itself and of encroaching barrens which the city had not yet won from the prairie. But the plenteous sunshine of the West and scrubbed, and an air of orderliness pervaded it. Louis and I looked from it toward each other, hope once more springing in our hearts For triumphant over experience. upon the white lintel was the legend: "To Let, Furnished."

"Louis, surely that wouldn't be beyond our means!"

"Don't be sure, Peggy," admonish-"Remember the ed my husband.

"Don't ask me to remember anything! Let us go to the agent instead

The agent consulted his book. "Um be sure, to be sure.'

Then he looked at us. "Are you sure that the neighborhood," he began, with a diffidence flattering to our appearance.

ances, and those we hope never-" I pressed Louis' arm warningly. Eternal vigilance is the price one pays for being wife to a nervous would brim her eyes again. dyspeptic.

"If the neighborhood is respectable

"It's perfectly respectable," the agent admitted. "But the house small and—er—unfashionable—" He some by the fence on the right-hand some larger and the came was. Colonial, they called it, but to me it looked cold an' slippery. But the china an' the linen! "When I met Joe an' there came looked dubiously at my plaid voile side. and the green parrakeet nestling ab-surdly in my blue velvet toque.

metropolitan wear before this what exasperated, I told her. place.

Mrs. Ellen Whitty is the Denver, Mr. Oh, business. Well, you'll find us a fine people to do business with. I hope you'll like the house. If you don't I have some places on Capitol agent. I don't want to bother you Hill-" But we fled from the mere like this. mention of that region of opulence.

tains, Louis embranced me with an ancholy, halting leave of me. Her Snyder's boardin'-house was better a heavy tread followed Louis' neraffection that had been growing less slight figure trailed limply down than tais, an went back there—threedemonstrative under our boarding- the yard in the blaze of sunshine, house experiences. "Peggy."

I looked at every object in the five-piece, blue-plush "parlor suite," shrieking and creaking with color and margaret," said Louis, crossly. "But en untouched of oil.

and bath, the pantry shelves stocked with delicately pretty china, the abundant, fine linen.

I answered "And O Louis, let us be thankful that we are delivered from the bondage of For I had not yet, seen Mrs. Whitty.

Mrs. Whitty came the next morn-Louis had improvised a desk on the small, double-tiered table in the parlor which had formerly held on its upper shelf one blue plush mat, one Bible and one small photograph in a large frame, while on its lower a large vase of many encrustations "Mrs. Whitty brought it back, Peggy had reposed. She looked toward it, It's one that Joe gave her-I think with its blotters and its pads above, and its wire basket of jumbled manuscript below, and her blue eyes widened with timid horror.

faltered, her gaze still upon the dese-

"It was very kind of you," I answered, glad that Louis was not at He had taken such satisfachome. tion in the isolated life we were to lead for awhile, and I, too, had been rejoicing in the prospect of active doll's housekeeping in our little toy house. An interruption on the first day argued ill for us.

'Is everything as you would wish it, ma'am?" Mrs. Whitty's voice was as wistful as her wide, blue eyes and the drooping, patient lines of her

'Everything is delightful," I assured her. She divided her attention between the changed table and me. I found myself apologizing for having removed her treasures to the top-shelf the dining-room closet; I pleaded my husband's need of a work-table.

"I always thought the vase real handsome," she said, "an' the blue -it was a pretty blue, wasn't it?" I became hypocritically enthusiastic over the blue and bewailed my inability to keep it constantly before my eyes. I had been brought up in a school which placed the sensibilities of one's interlocutors before mere abstractions like the literal truth.

Two days later, as I occupied myself with new and delightful duties in the kitchen, I heard a rapping at my alley gate, through which tradesmen were wont to deliver purchases. I run down and unbarred it to admit

she said. "Maybe your husband would be workin" an' wouldn't want quelv. me passin' through the parlor. Beides it wears the carpets out so. I brought over some more sheets. I was afraid you wouldn't have en-

"We had quite enough, thank you," I assured her stiffly. I stood uncompromisingly in the middle of the kitchen floor, which we had gained, and faced her inhospitably. She must he restrained from this too conscientious helpfulness. But she was looking eagerly through the pantry passage to the dining-room. A glimmer of disappointment ran across her face. "You ain't usin' the red tablecloth,

she said. "No. Mrs. Whitty," I answered, often the blow by apology or ex-

pretty. because you're afraid of hurtin' it?" I said brutally. "Because Anger and surprise dried the tears

we did not care for it. The chief trouble with brutality is that it entails so great an expendi- cent man!" ture of tenderness afterwards. When I saw a hurt flush spring into Mrs. "N Whitty's thin cheeks like a banner ance. suddenly unfurled, when I saw her "Then, why on earth"-I began in beat upon it; its tiny, terraced front irresolute lips quiver and her eyes stricken with voluble remorse. begged her to sit down; I said would make a cup of tea for her- I nay, required, tea at all hours. I

seem good to me again. enthusiastically!

I gave her tea in a delicate, rose- he knows his strength.' -m, um, yes," he mumbled. "666 powdered cup that deserved the en- "You see," she went on after South Funston avenue-four rooms comiums I passed upon it. As she brief, musing spell, "I was a girl and bath, cellar, gas, one-storied, de stared down at it and stirred its con- green from the bog when Mrs. Carter tached cottage. Oh, to be sure! I tents, I saw a tear fall and threaten took me, off the dock in New York, to curdle the cream. And I waved as you might say. And when the have it now. The model working-man's cottages on the new street. To Louis frantically away from the family comes West for Miss Mary's passage way where he suddenly ap- health, they brought me to Denver. peared, inquiry and protest written Well, I'd never seen such things all over him.

strangling sobs in the hot beverage, kins an' the shine of the table-cloths "We don't know three souls in Den-ver," interrupted Louis, "except own, pretty, fine things, should have work—the care of the dinin'-room—an' boarding-house keepers and acquaintances, and those we hope never—" scarce get your lips over." I nodwith one of them little cups with ded sympathetically. I feared that their bits of handles than with a a more active expression of sympathy baby or a fairy. An' I took pride

it will suit us," he amended his looking out to the narrow back yard, the rest of the house-too dark it planted in aisles.

Take some as you go out." ma'am. "Exactly what we want," I chimed are you usin' on the spoons, if I Ellen's earnestness was interrupted in, not confiding to him that my might make so bold as to ask?" by a simper. "He couldn't seem to

"Well then," he said, "I'll send a clerk out with you to show you the is awful for wearin' off the platin'." appointed herself, poor thing!—an' said she'd help me fix my dinin'-room an' kitchen, an' I'd care for it How long are you to be in torted, with as much finality as I So we was married. An' at first, he Ir. Lounsbury? Three could infuse into my tones. "And tried to purtend that he cared for it now, Mrs. Whitty, I have my marketing to do, so I shall have to ask But he didn't really care, Mrs. Lounsyou to excuse me. If we want anything else, I'll write to you or the

hind the sweeping Nottingham cur- with tender care, and took her melstooping over the pansy bed. And he said, "we'll have when she reached the alley gate it Christmas in our own house. Do was to pause and caress with her the buildin' association-but I could

carving and glue; I looked at the we can't have it. I can hear her brilliantly patterned wall-paper, and snivelling in the other room and I vayon portraits, the tissue-shaded can feel her lackadaisical eyes borwhose pristine freshness had ing reproaches into my back through the passage. I won't have it. "Ye-es," I answered Louis dubi- she comes again I shall tell her ously. Then I solaced myself with plainly that we'll leave the house the memory of the porcelain sink unless we can be allowed to occupy well it in peace."

Consequently I was pleased, coming in from market two days later, to jubilantly, find Louis sitting opposite Mrs. Whitty in the transformed parlor, a large fruit dish poised on his knees, an expression of anguished Interest on his

"I came in with the fruit dish, Mrs. Lounsbury," said our guest vivacious-"It was real mean of me, what When the house was to be rented, I just took it out. But I've been feelin' in the wrong about it ever since, seein' you're all so pleasant an' careful an' so I brought it back.' said Louis idiotically,

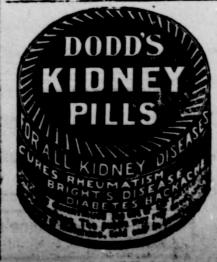
you said Joe, Mrs. Whitty?" "Joe, yes, sir." snuffled ominously and Louis' "I brought you an extra key," she entreated me to take her away. I mentioned tea and we trailed together. There was desperation in my heart. Was the owner of the house to be our daily visitant for

three enduring months? "Did you mind the pitcher on wall between the windows in parlor, ma'am, the one in the gilt frame?" inquired Mrs. Whitty apologetically, as I slammed the kettle on the gas stove. I had minded it It portrayed a gentleman who seemed on the verge of suffocation from the unaccustomed embrace of a high collar, and whose hair, of the brush-broom variety, had apparently risen in horror at his approaching doom. Only a flowing strawcolored mustache and a carnation in his buttonhole seemed cheerful and at ease. Oh, yes! I had minded the colored crayon portrait. I said

"That's Joe, ma'am," said Mrs. Whitty, pride, coquetry and the grief of loss struggling in her voice. "Joe, my husband, ma'am. He's motorman on the South Broadway line." I blundered tactlessly. "Is?" had somehow the impression that you were a widow, Mrs. Whitty.

"I might as well be," moaned Mrs. Whitty, reaching forth after the comforter in the rose-powdered cup. The familiar tear stole down her cheek, and she brushed it away with the back of her hand-the hard, raw, bigknickled clean hand that was somenese so much more pathetic than all her futile sichs and tears

"Has he deserted von?" I asked, nitifully. Ellen nodded, and the dus-



"Most people thought it was real "Did he-was he-is there--" I You ain't stopped usin' it floundered with the ugly thought in you're afraid of hurtin' it?" my mind. "It wasn't-unfaith--"

in Ellen's eyes.

"Ma'am!" she cried. "Joe's a de-"Does he drink, then?" "No'm; he belongs to the temper-

somewhat unpardonable heat, for Elwas neat, its steps clean swept darken with wounded feeling, I was len's standards made those of my own circle seem suddenly depraved -I "have you separated?" "It was this." She included the

had already learned that the hospi- kitchen and pantry in the vague sweep tality of the neighborhood permitted, of her arm and her wandering glance. "I-I just seemed to love it all, Mrs. talked much and loudly on the com- Lounsbury-an' Joe, he didn't care fort of her kitchen as I bustled about much. Once he broke a pink bowl I had, pink with a gold border, old-"Thank you kindly, ma'am," said fashioned it was-Miss Mary, where I Mrs. Whitty gratefully. "I'll not de-lived before I was married, give it to ny, tea out of my own cups would me. An' he didn't care much! An' glasses-I couldn't count them. Seem-"Such lovely china," I murmured, ed his fingers would just crush them. He's got big hands, Joe, an' I doubt

as they had-such china an' such sil-"It's hard," said Ellen Whitty, ver. An' the feel of the linen napin havin' everything nice to tend to "An' there'll still be a few things them—lots of dish-cloths and towels in the bit of garden," she went on, an' all. I didn't so much care about

was. Colonial, they called it, but to

talk of us marryin', I couldn't bear "Yes, ma'am, thank you kindly, to think of leavin' my china. I told What kind of silver polish him so, an' my, but he was mad!' trousseau was barely two months There had been an abrupt change from see but he was more account than of the mid-summer tearful gratitude to housewifely anx- plates an' forks. An' Miss Mary, she crop, and that it had been designed lety in Mrs. Whitty's voice. Some-talked to me about the love of an "Are you sure it's a good one?" | honest man—they say she's been disroom an' kitchen, an' I'd care for it "I use it on my own silver," I re- more than ever, bein mine an' Joe's. bury, he didn't really care. If plate was clean, 'twas all he asked. Ite had no feelin' for the look of things an' he didn't understand me. Mrs. Whitty sighed, rose, placed the He called me finicking an' I called That night, drawing the shades be- cup upon the dish-shelf over the sink him a brute, an' we quarreled, an' by an' by he left me. Said, Ole Ma'am

> me the house-he's buyin' it through faded eyes the garish little cottage not seem to stand it. So I rented it, an' when Mrs. Cater comes home mercifully relieved of the collar, but Whereupon Filen, pitching herself forward toward the table in an outburst of grief, cast the cup to the floor and destruction. But for once her thoughts were with the incom-

> > attention to the crash No persuasion of mine could, however, induce her to make overtures of reconciliation to Joe. Pliant as she seemed, she was obstinate with irresistible obstinacy of the

> > 'No, ma'am," she said with some dignity. "In the first place, 'twas him left me, an' " (a flash of pride gave color to her cheeks and brightness to her eyes) "in the second, it's a man's place to seek, if seekin' there is to do. It's five months an' he's made no sign. An' e'll beg no man to come back to me. An'-" with a sudden inspiration-"I'd take it very unlind if any one that knew should go tryin' to make him come to me. She fixed me with a penetrating eve. and the plan I had in mind collapsed as a flimsy piece of impertinence. After that she felt herself almost

an inmate of the house. No hour was safe from her intrusions and her excuses displayed great ingenuity. Blankets, a rumor of measles on South Funston avenue-a washerwoman to recommend--anything sufficed to bring

"Have you invited her to spend Louis bitterly one morning, when the droning of her voice, easily audible throughout the small house, had nearly driven him to distraction. retort-for I had heard not only her voice, but her reiterated words, and Louis' grounds for rage seemed to me trivial-precipitated a quarrel. I almost joined Ellen in the ranks of the unappreciated wives, but the necessity for joint Christmas shopping reunited me to my husband.

"She will spend Christmas with her friends, her relatives or something, assured him optimistically Christmas Eve. Everything was perfect and I felt that fate would not permit it to be spoiled by the limp vision of sorrowful Ellen. My preparations for the day cast the greatest credit upon my cooking-school course; the little house fairly twinhled and gleamed with holly and mistletoe, with evergreen and groundpine. There were candles, red and green and a Lilliputian fir for a dining table centre-piece. The package I was going to put into Louis' stockto hang one up, was exactly what he sinuated, is the reason why we ate ing that night, for he had promised wanted and did not expect, and--"Sure you've got it fixed real fan-

cy, ma'am," said a woe-begone voice at the kitchen door. "You didn't hear me knock, I guess. Ah, then. Christmas is the glad time for some!" Nature, prompting me to hurl Mrs. Whitty through the kitchen door into tains almost instant relief. The rethe dusk whence she had emerged, and grace, counseling hospitality, fought lectric Oil have surprised man- who together. Grace, which I have often were unacquainted with its qualities suspected in myself to be my name and once known it will not be reject for cowardice, won. Ellen accepted ed. Try it. my invitation to be seated, and be-

doors, to the brightness of red and comes the many results of sound scigreen in the dining-room, her poor entific truth in our own age; and reor tears. She sat rigid, and I could logy and human science, when nursummon no easy comfort to my lips sued with a single eye and in a re-for the woman bereft of home and love several spheres to lighten the path bishop Carr will be president.

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Louis kept walking to the front windows from the work-table. grew worried. That pacing was sign of nervousness with him, and I almost feared that the long-threatened outbreak of rebellion against our landlady's visitations was upon us. Finally I heard him go to the ball and jerk open the front door. Certainly I must put a stop to this persecution which harassed him so! But not on Christmas Eve. I talked on and on in the vague, meaningless

way of those whose ears are strain-

ed for other sounds than the replies

to their maunderings. The front door slammed again and vous one into the house. I turned, bewildered, toward the pantry pastined forks they have, an' cups an sage. But it was Ellen, not my husclephant's heel wouldn't dent. He left band, who explained

"Joe!" she cried. The original of the crayon portrait from a visit East, she'll take me purple from embarrassment, stood

He turned honest eyes of devotion toward his wife.

"Yes, ma'am; yes, Ellen. It is me. It was like this, ma'am." gained possession of Ellen's hand and that seemed to give him fluency. "It prehending man and not with the being Christmas an' me bein' homehousehold treasure, and she paid no sick for my ole woman here, an' the bit of a place, an' sickenin' at the thought of Snyder's, an' the way Christmas would look there. Oh, you're right, Ellen, I've come to know that; it's the way the table's set as much as what is on it that makes the meal, though I was that obstinate I wouldn't go an' say as much to you. Well, as I was say--Joe foundered a second or two with the r collection of his unfinished sentence-"here I was, homesick, an' I came over to walk up an' down in front of the place here an' curse myself for a fool that had ever left it, an' the Poss here, he sees me an thinks what am I doin' starin' in at his windows, an' he comes out an asks me what I want. Then, hearin' who I am, he says that there's someone inside he thinks would like to see me--- ' He looked at us all, proud, shy, triumphant.

"O Joe, Joe!" cried Ellen, clinging rapturously to the hand of her husband, forgetful of all the ruin it had "O Joe, the wrought in crockery. conceit of me an' the folly of me, puttin' dishes an' the like above-She hid her face against his sleeve in Christmas with us, dear?" asked a sudden burst of speechless affection Louis surveyed the scene with beaming satisfaction. He evidently took the entire credit for the reconciliation of himself. I thought of Ellen, droning the mornings away in the kitchen, weeping in the twilight, and I smiled superior at Louis' fatuous pride. Then I shuddered. For the lavishness of the merely occasion-

> "Margaret," he said grandly to me, 'don't you think that it would be graceful thing if we should let Mr and Mrs. Whitty celebrate this-erhappy reunion here in their own house. They's find plenty of Christ mas cheer here, and I dare say you and I could make out somehow at The Brown.'

al benefactor overcame him and he

I looked at Louis murderously, remembering my laden pantry shelves and the contents of the refrigerator. Then the breathless anticipation on two faces turned toward me, as the dispenser of happiness filled my eyes "Of course we could!" I cried. That, and no culinary failure of

mine, as has since been locularly inour first Christmas dinner at a hotel. As the Oil Rubs in the Pain Rubs

Out .- Applied to the seat of a pain in any part of the body the skin absorbes the soothing liniment und brisk friction and the natient obsults of the use of Dr. Thomas' F

gan to explain how the fear, that I The Australasian Catholic Congress had never discovered the whereabouts bassed the following resolution of the washing-machine, had brought "That this Congress, in the name of looking through the God and His Church, heartily welclosed tight upon her grief. For once goodness of Almighty God. This her sense of loss was beyond words Congress is assured that both theoCompanies

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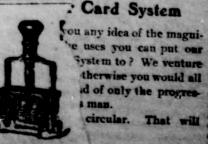
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