

WITH THE OTHER HAND

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better first. 'Firmaries are good places, aren't they, sir?'

"I—I suppose so."  
"But, of course you'll know all about it, sir. I guess you'll be a 'scriber?" he finished confidently.

Carson flushed and turned his face from those bright, questioning eyes. "You are, aren't you, sir?" persisted the boy.

"Well—no, Tony. I haven't been, but—I think I must become one."

Tony's face brightened. The entrance of a gentleman on business prevented any further conversation, and, the day proving more than usually strenuous, the matter slipped entirely from Carson's mind.

As Tony's hour for finishing arrived he looked at the boy with a quizzical smile.

"So this is the end of your business career for the present, Tony?"

"Yes, sir. But when I've finished at school I mean to come and see if you want a boy then."

"So you would come and work for me again?"

"Course I would!" said Tony stoutly.

Carson turned to his desk again and sat fingering a small gold coin hesitatingly, but finally slipped it back in his pocket.

Tony, who was busily diving into his own pocket, pulled out a soiled little bag and began carefully counting out a number of half-crowns into his little pink palm.

"Yes, that's right," he said under his breath. Then he looked up at Carson timidly. "Please, sir, I've been thinking; would you mind taking these back and putting the other five shillings to, and then write me out a cheque for twenty-five shillings instead?"

With secret amusement the man turned to comply with the strange request.

"Do I make it out to you, Tony?" he asked quietly.

"Oh, no! It—it—oh, dear; that won't do! I'll just have to take it, after all."

"Need you? Couldn't you tell me whom it is for? The secret would be just between ourselves, you know."

The boy hesitated; then slipping the coins back into the little bag, said firmly:

"No, it wouldn't do sir. I'll just take the money, please."

HIS curiosity now thoroughly aroused, Carson determined to follow the boy, and after bidding him good-bye, he put on his hat and stole quietly after him.

He had a little difficulty in keeping the child in sight, he hurried along so eagerly; then, to Carson's surprise, the little fellow sprang upon a passing car. The man watched him mount to the top, then stole inside, where he kept a sharp look-out for the boy's descent.

Just as he was beginning to conclude that he meant to travel to the terminus, he saw him dart suddenly down and off into the roadway, and almost before he himself could dismount, he had passed within a pair of large gates, and was making his way quickly up a broad gravelled path.

Carson looked up at the building before him, and at once recognised the hospital. After a moment's hesitation he followed the boy, and, passing up the steps, kept himself well in the shade of the porch.

"Please, I want to see the secretary," he heard Tony say, in his clear, shrill voice.

"He doesn't live here, my boy. What is it you want?" answered the porter.

At that moment the matron crossed

the wide hall, and her curiosity was at once aroused by the sight of the small figure standing irresolutely on the mat.

"What is it?" she asked the porter, coming towards them. "Why, it's Tony!" she cried delightedly, as he turned his face in her direction.

"What is wrong, Tony? Not your mother, I hope?"

"Oh, no, thank you. She's just all right now. I—wanted to see the secretary, but the porter says he isn't here."

The matron smiled. "Is it a message from your mother? Couldn't I give it to him?"

"Of course, how stupid of me! It's it's a 'scription, nurse, for the firmary—twenty-five shillings!" he said proudly. "He—the one who is giving it—doesn't want his name put down; so please say it's—from some one who thinks 'firmaries real good places to come to when they're very sick."

He thrust the money into the matron's hand, and, before she had time to recover from her surprise, darted down the steps—almost colliding with Godfrey Carson in the porch. But without noticing him, he set off at a run down the carriage drive.

WHEN Carson reached the gates Tony was out of sight, and after standing a moment, hesitating as to his next move, an empty taxicab drove up the street and slowed down near the hospital gates.

Instantly his decision was made, and, hailing the cab, he was soon riding rapidly in the direction of the poor lodgings occupied by Mrs. Harland and her boy.

"Good-evening, Mrs. Cresswell," he said, smiling at that good woman's look of surprise—almost alarm—at the sight of Mr. Carson at her door.

"Is Mrs. Harland in?" he asked quickly. "I just wish to see her if she is not engaged."

"Certainly, sir—yes, sir." And the flurried woman hurried him straight into the little parlour, where a lady sat quietly reading by the fading light near the window.

"Please forgive my intrusion," he began. "I am Mr. Carson, and I thought I would like to call and have a talk with you about your little boy, Tony."

The lady rose and politely returned his bow, and in a low voice both sweet and refined, bade him be seated, herself coming forward to a seat by the table.

Godfrey Carson started as he heard her voice and, bending forward, eagerly scanned her face, which was in shadow.

"Don't you know me?" she asked with a soft little laugh.

In a moment he was on his feet, his hands outstretched towards her. "Marion!"

Tired of Fake Appeals

MANY merchants in towns and cities will be interested in what their confreres in one city have done to eradicate a growing evil. The Stratford Merchants' Association have adopted the following resolutions:

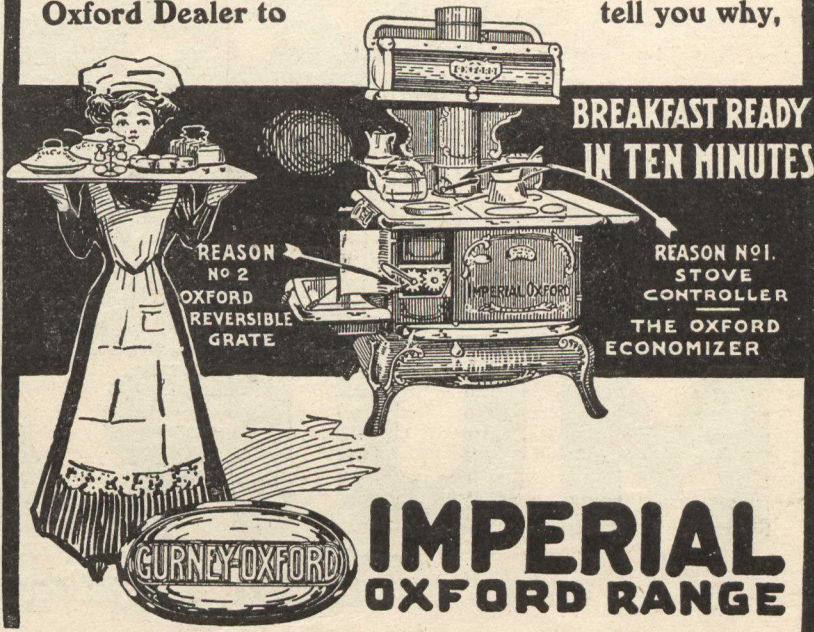
1.—Not to buy tickets for concerts, excursions or games of any kind in our places of business.

2.—Not to advertise on programmes, hotel blotters, clocks, writing desks or any other promiscuous advertising schemes.

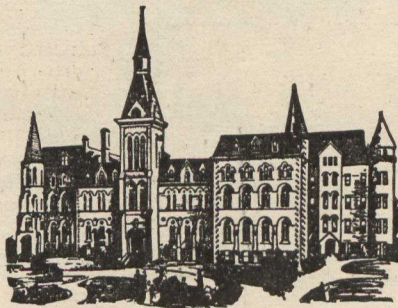
3.—To discontinue the giving of prizes or subscriptions to picnics, societies, etc., unless recommended by the executive.

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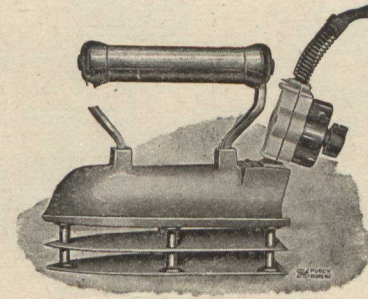
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