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forward and welcome her guest as
gracefully as possible.

"I learned from Ned that your
mother was an old friend of mine, so
I came right out to see you," Mrs.
Payne said, as she was greeted by the
embarrassed girl.

With the tact of a true gentlewoman,
Mrs. Payne soon put her young hostess
at ease. Milly forgot she was entertain-
ing an aristocratic caller, and was
talking as though she had always known
her mother's friend; nor did she sus-
pect the gracious woman was leading
her on to talk about herself; but, be-
fore she knew it, the tired heart, starv-
ing for sympathy, had poured out some
of the pent-up misery that all day
seemed to choke her. Mrs. Payne had
been talking of Milly's mother and their
early friendship; it was in answer to

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the question, "And how do you get on
as homekeeper?" that Milly burst out:

"I don't get on at all, and never
shall! Oh, Mrs. Payne, I don't under-
stand things! When my soul is full of
music and my fingers ache to get hold
of a violin, why must I go on washing
and ironing and planning dinners? I
was not created for housework. There
is something within me that demands
music; I cannot live without it!"

"And have you a violin?"

"One that was my brother Maxwell's
—we have always had that, and I would
not part with it for the world—but it
was never much of a violin. Maxwell
and I had planned it all; how he was
to study and teach me, and we were to
devote our lives to music. But Max-
well died, and mamma followed soon,
and I am left to a life of drudgery.
When I go past Professor Wright's
studio and hear the music floating out,
my heart cries out for what it needs."

"Have you never stopped to think
that your wonderful love for this art
is a gift from God? There is an oppor-
tunity for you somewhere. He does
not place a strong love for a thing
within a creature without somehow
furnishing the means of gratifying that
love."

"But there is no opportunity for me.
You cannot understand how hopeless
my case is."

Mrs. Payne smiled. "Yes, dear, I
can understand better than you think.
You cannot dislike housework more
than I once did. My case was worse
than yours, because you work in your
own kitchen, while I worked in that of
strangers."

"You!" Milly stared in surprise. She
had been thinking what excellent oppor-
tunities this cultivated woman must
have enjoyed.

"I loved books and study, and was
determined to have an education, but my
way was as dreary and hopeless-looking
as yours. I thought it hard then, but I
have learned to be thankful for my very
difficulties, because, having overcome
them, I am able to help others over hard
places. These things that we call
drudgery and look upon as barriers to
the accomplishment of our aims and
ideals are, in reality, gifts from God by
which we are to rise. The first step
toward success in any life is the over-
coming of self. When, day by day, we
do well distasteful work we are de-
veloping character and laying the founda-
tion for success that could never be
ours without this discipline. When we
accept the work that lies nearest us,
and say, 'I will do this work, and put
my whole heart into it,' we can con-
quer this feeling of dislike."

"And did this bring you success?"
Milly asked.

"It was this principle applied to my
life and keeping my eyes open for oppor-
tunity and being ready for it when it
came. God chooses the place and cir-
cumstances best for us, and we can
never hope for success while we are
neglecting our nearest duty. Home-
making is a great work; the everyday
happiness of your family depends upon
the way you perform this work. I

should stop thinking about myself, if I
were you, and should set about study-
ing methods and trying to become the
best possible housekeeper."

Mrs. Payne offered her assistance, and
promised to come again. Left alone,
Milly sat down and thought the matter
over. Perhaps, after all, she had not
tried in the right way. She had never
thought of loving her work, but had
taken a sort of pleasure in her dislike
for it.

"I don't see where my opportunity
could come from, but I know Mrs.
Payne's way of looking at work is right,
and I mean to act upon her advice."

She began by going upstairs to tidy
the boys' rooms. They had never
looked so bare and comfortless. She
made the beds, swept and dusted; then
got down some clothes from the
closets. There were rents and holes
and buttons off, and the boys had never
asked her to mend them. She laid out
several garments to carry down, then
went to her father's room. Its neglected
look sent a feeling of remorse to her
heart. When things were as tidy as
they could be made, she brought a rock-
ing-chair and foot-stool from her own
room, resolving for the future to look
more to her father's comfort. For the
remainder of that day she felt an under-
current of joy that made work easy, be-
cause she had found fellowship and
sympathy.

But the change for the better came
about very gradually in Milly's house-
hold. It is so much easier to make a
great sacrifice and have done with it
than to go on day by day doing hard,
distasteful things with no apparent re-
sults. It was this that Milly found so
hard. There came dull days when she
felt like giving up, but she was finding
truth in Mrs. Payne's advice and in-
spiration in the woman herself.

With Mrs. Payne's help Milly made
a programme for each day's work. By
allowing herself a limited time for each
duty and doing things at a regular time
the management grew easier, the worry
less and the house became a more com-
fortable place to live in. But as she
did things over and over, and life
seemed to stretch out before her, bare
and colourless, she kept busy and tried
to forget that the old ache was still at
her heart. She wondered if she should
go on with this monotonous round until
she was old.

One day her father and the boys were
talking about some improvements one
of their neighbours was making, when
Mr. Blessing said, "They will begin
drilling the well next week if the men
can get a place to board. Carter's wife
is sick and he can't keep them."

"I say, Milly," called Ned, "you have
been learning so much lately and keep-
ing things up in such tiptop style, maybe
you could keep Carter's men. It'd mean
a nice little sum. Carter pays well
always."

Milly was about to answer that she
had enough to do without taking two
or three more men, when the latter part
of Ned's remark caught her attention.
A nice little sum might help—oh, it
might help toward her securing the

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longed-for violin! Already her hands
seemed full. To her, "boarders" meant
loss of all freedom, work from early
till late, and worse, the mental strain of
planning meals and meals and the
responsibility of it all. "If there were
any other way to earn money—any way
but this!" But there was no other way.

"Father," Milly asked a little later,
"if I should take Mr. Carter's men to
board and keep things up well for you
and the boys, could I have the board
money?"

"Certainly," said her father. "The
boys have a chance now and then; why
not you?"

A few days later the Blessing house-
hold was increased, and Milly began try-
ing to satisfy the appetites of five men.
She cooked heavy dinners until so tired
she almost reeled; she washed dishes
and dishes, pots and pans. There was
no room in her brain for anything but
"What shall I cook and how shall I
cook?" Her father and brothers looked
on and admired her pluck, but none of
them guessed how much it cost her.
They were the hardest six weeks she
had ever lived through—they seemed
like six months to Milly—but they bore
fruit in more ways than one, and taught
her lessons that later she found of help.

The day came when Milly counted
out her shining pile and set off to make
her purchase. It required time and
thought to decide upon one violin, there
being so many to select from. Finally,
after much trying of tone and consulta-
tion, one was chosen. She was passing
along the street with her new treasure
and came to the studio door just as
Professor Wright was dismissing a
pupil. He spoke to her, and, coming for-
ward, took the violin from her hand.
"So this is the new instrument," he said,
"a fine one, too. When do you wish to
begin lessons?"

"I should like above all things to be-
gin at once," Milly answered in sur-
prise. "I have wanted to take lessons
ever since I could remember, but have
never been able to manage it yet."

"Then it must be a surprise your
father has planned. He has engaged me
to begin your lessons as soon as you are
ready."

Milly stood a full minute gazing at the

professor, trying to
she heard.

"He tells me you
and have not had i
carry on your musi
seems. He thinks
freer of home care
thing, Miss Milly,
in a home, is it not
be better if there w
homekeepers?"

Milly walked hon
of exaltation that
was about to be re
was the knowledge
whom she had alw
ferent to her and
her, sympathized w
had planned this b

As she walked
happy. She felt r
she met, that they
happiness, though
richly dressed and
riages.

"I have father—
thing!" she exclai
her own door."
says, how much
when we love our
by it!"

HARR

Brother Harry
wood, and was bu
pocket knife. He
a boat, but, said
finger.

He cried very i
that mamma wou
the boat.

Dear mamma w
and bound it up.

"Harry, if you
hold the knife yo
And so Harry d
look lovely.

The next day
piece of calico to
was finished, we
float it on the la
Mamma said sl
had been very
grandly.

PLEASAN

How careful w
our thoughts. If
will have pleas
We will gain tre
versity, upon whi
other sources of
age will be hap
they will be us
which to build he
we find comfort
windows are de
forced to keep
time with what
stormed at by t
this life, or whe
use of what-ma
active life, we c
and, finding it fi
of God and imm
and happy. By
given you, and w
to strengthen if
from day to da
help in the conti

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