

Glory and Grace

And cling to us through dim, disheartened days. To spill their sweetness at His holy shrine...

The Parish School

Two little nuns are teaching school nearby, on Cozy street; I pass each morning as a rule...

The Fly on the Wheel

By Mary Synon, in Extension Magazine

McGrath read the Bantam's letter incredulously. Even after twelve years of newspaper reporting, years through which he had watched the incredible happen...

"Deer Mister Macgrath,—I am going to die. Father Lacey says so, Father Lacey is one white man. He's been good to me and I promised him to see that Kenly's papers are returned...

Belden, searching the room for some loitering reporter, sighted McGrath's intent consideration of the bundle of papers. He called to him from the city desk...

Aching Joints

In the fingers, toes, arms, and other parts of the body, are joints that are inflamed and swollen by rheumatism...

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Removes the cause of rheumatism—no outward application can. Take it.

The Kenly documents, put the bundle in his pocket and sauntered across the room. Belden scowled at him. Prawl, the managing editor, liking McGrath none the less...

McGrath, trying to hide his pleasure in Belden's discomfiture, went across to Prawl's desk with a manner that sought to 'express trepidation. Every man on the staff liked Prawl well enough to humor his idea that he inspired terror into their hearts when he summoned them to conference...

McGrath nodded. Prawl's 'missions' were always important to the little managing editor, even though they might appear errands for any humanly intelligent copy boy. 'I'm giving this to you,' he went on earnestly...

McGrath's hand went almost involuntarily to the pocket of his coat where the Bantam's letter reposed. For an instant he held the thought of flashing upon little Prawl the evidence of Kenly's guilt in one of the most flagrantly vicious political scandals of the many with which the politician's name had been associated...

The managing editor looked over the back of Belden's head. 'I'm not given to promising rewards,' he said, 'but if Mr. Belden should decide that he might not want to stay with us much longer the city desk will go to the man who does us the greatest service. And the man who does us the greatest service is the man who will give us the facts that will send Cornelius Kenly to Joliet!'

McGrath's eyes, aflame with the thrill of imminent success, shouted their own message to Curran as the reporter went back to the table. 'What do you draw?' the other inquired. 'Kenly,' said McGrath. Curran whistled. 'Into the hands of his enemies,' he quoted. 'If I were Cornelius Kenly, I'd begin to lie awake nights. I wonder if he knows...'

SCOTT'S EMULSION. It is now a summer as well as a winter remedy. It has the same invigorating and strength-producing effect in summer as in winter.

that fate's put a bloodhound on his trail." "He probably never heard of me," said McGrath. "Then he's the only man in town who doesn't know that you've sworn a vendetta against him. Seems to me," Curran laughed, "that you've been nursing that idea ever since I've known you."

As he went out from the newspaper office he kept his hand upon the bulky package in his pocket, thrilling to the power that its possession gave him. Just as his hand closed upon the envelope that the Bantam had sent him, so did the hand of his power close upon Cornelius Kenly. Curran had been right. Through all the years of his youth he had held to the idea of revenging himself upon the man whose influence had been so great that no lesser man had been able to even prick him. No one of the newspaper men with whom McGrath associated knew the reason for his passion of hatred against the politician. Curran guessed that it went back before McGrath's newspaper days, but beyond that he had no knowledge of why Frank McGrath had spent hours of his leisure in the pursuit of anything that might register dishonor upon Kenly. Through devious ways the reporter had gone in search of his goal. And now the goal lay at his feet. Without effort of his own, and because of an old kindness done for Joe Hollins before he went to the penitentiary, Frank McGrath had been given the opportunity he had craved.

He turned into Madison street with a certain sense of elation that fell a little as he went down the thoroughfare. The city had come to oppress Frank McGrath. His deep knowledge of the darker side of life had a way of clouding even the brightness of Christmas week. To others Chicago might be a city of power, of promise, of great opportunities. To him it had become a city of gloom, of grey buildings, of grey weather, of grey lives. The melancholy of his Celtic temperament responded too readily to the atmosphere through which he went. To him the sidewalk pavement typified the way of life, a long, rather dreary pavement, with here and there a brighter touch. Even the hint of Christmas on the pavements did not elate him. Even the satisfaction of knowledge of the hour that would be his when he faced Cornelius Kenly darkened under the spell of the mood that was always his in his contact with the flosam of the city's side. Even the hope of winning Belden's position, a hope that would have elated him at another time, both for its honor and for the advantage of proving his superiority over the arrogant city editor, failed to arouse him from his gloomy meditations.

Christmas was a day of homes, he reflected, as he passed a toy-seller who thrust a jumping frog at him with jovial intent. Christmas was a time of memories bearable if you were happy, unbearable if you were not. Having neither home nor happiness, McGrath drifted out on a sea of gloom through which he sailed past a shore of mirth. Half angrily he recapitulated his miseries, piling them together in his score against Kenly. But, against his will, as he went through the crowds the spirit of the time caught him. He was smiling at the corner salesman of his paper before he realized how he had steered out of the fog of introspection.

As he entered Kenly's office, not "the little office on La Salle street" that the Bantam had designated as the scene of the theft, but the big one on Washington street, McGrath pulled himself together sharply. The big man at the desk in the outer office challenged his entrance. "You tell Kenly," the reporter told him, "that Frank McGrath of the Banner wants to see him."

"He won't see anybody today," the messenger growled. "You tell him," said McGrath incisively, "that if he doesn't see me within five minutes there will be twenty of my tribe on his doorstep when the afternoon papers come out."

"He says you're to go in," was the order that carried McGrath past the threshold. Kenly was at a big table in the middle of the room. He looked at McGrath from under furtive brows. A big man whose alertness almost concealed his coarseness, he loomed above the flat top of the table with massive solidity.

His keen eyes stared boldly at the intruder. "Well?" he asked. McGrath took off his shabby overcoat, flinging it over the back of one of the mahogany chairs. Kenly's glance, following the other man's movements, expressed antagonism rather than surprise. "Going to stay awhile?" he asked. His voice, not as big as one might expect from a man of his size, held a curious unpleasant intonation. "Quite a while," said McGrath, evenly. "Help yourself," said Kenly.

(To be continued.)

A COLD Settled On Her Lungs Causing Great Pain. THE CURE WAS DR. WOOD'S Norway Pine Syrup.

Miss D. M. Pickering, St. Catharines, Ont., writes: "Having derived great benefit from Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, I thought I would write and tell you of my experience. When I first came out from England I contracted a severe cold, owing to the change of climate. It settled on my lungs, and caused me a great deal of pain. I tried every remedy I could think of, but got no relief. My father, who had heard a great deal about the good qualities of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, advised me to try it. I did so, and I am pleased to say, found immediate relief. I only took one bottle and it cured me completely. My mother had a severe cold also, and Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup cured her, so we never fail to keep a bottle of it in the house."

See that none of those so-called "pine syrups" are handed out to you when you go to your druggist or dealer and ask for "Dr. Wood's." It is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark; price, 25c and 50c.

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Monsieur. For 15 days in the month of January I was suffering with pain of rheumatism in the foot. I tried all kinds of remedies but nothing did me any good. One person told me about MINARD'S LINIMENT; as soon as I tried it the Saturday night, the next morning I was feeling very good; I tell you this remedy is very good; I could give you a good certificate any time that you would like to have one. If any time I come to hear about any person sick of rheumatism, I could tell them about this remedy.

Yours truly, ERNEST LEVEILLE, 216 Rue Ontario East, Montreal Feb. 14, 1908.

Hostess—Will you have some bread and butter, darling? Small boy—Bread and butter? I thought this was a party!

W. H. O. Wilkinson, Stratford says:—"It affords me much pleasure to say that I experienced great relief from Muscular Rheumatism by using two boxes of Milburn's Rheumatic Pills. Price 50c a box."

Teacher—"What lesson do we learn from the attack on the Dardanells?" Prize Scholar—"That a strait beats three kings, dad says."

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DIPHTHERIA.

Mary Ovington, Jasper Ont writes:—"My mother had a badly sprained arm. Nothing we used did her any good. Then father got Hagyard's Yellow Oil and it cured mother's arm in a few days. Price 25 cents."

PALPITATION OF THE HEART.

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Get one of our Alarm Clocks They are reliable.

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Get an Imperial Self-filling Pen.

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Get it Repaired and timed by us. Wish I'd known it was going to be wet. Might have saved a soaking, and also the hay.

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Any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, who has been a resident in the Dominion of Canada for at least three years, and who has been a resident in the Dominion of Canada for at least six months immediately preceding the date of his application, may apply for a homestead.

Any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, who has been a resident in the Dominion of Canada for at least three years, and who has been a resident in the Dominion of Canada for at least six months immediately preceding the date of his application, may apply for a homestead.

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