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Head Office: Montreal. Established 1884.  
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ALVINSTON BRANCH, G. H. C. NORSWORTHY, Manager.

"Who sows no seed, no harvest reaps"

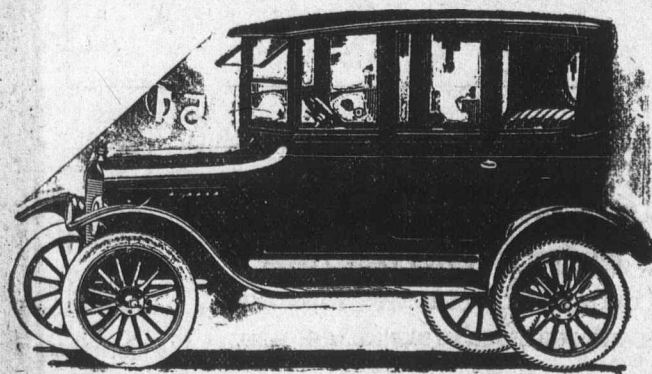
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**R. MORNINGSTAR**

## HERR MAYO'S CHRISTMAS FORMULA

(Continued from page 6)

stumbling homeward through the thinning street crowds. Once he had gained the street which led to his house he began running like a madman. Truly it must be as the clergyman had said. Ida was at home, of course, with her little boy. She had never left him; all that had been a bad dream from which he would awake when he entered. He let himself in and switched on the electric light. The room was empty and almost bare, and it had never looked so forlorn and miserable before.

He realized that she was lost to him forever. She would accept his silence as final; she would never write to him again. And her address had vanished from his memory utterly. He had barely glanced at it once and purposely refrained from looking at it again before he tore the letter into fragments and flung them into the stove. He had chosen his miser's gold, and it lay like a dead weight upon his heart.

A scrap of paper on the floor caught his eye. He picked it up; it was a morsel of the envelope and bore his name, Julius Mayo, and the first figure of the house number. Perhaps other morsels might have fluttered out of the fire—perhaps just the one which would give him the clue to his daughter's address. Instantly he was down upon his knees and raking among the dying embers, turning over the coals, begriming his hands with the clinker ash. Another scrap rewarded his efforts. This was the upper corner of the envelope, bearing a portion of the canceled stamp, with the benign features of Washington. There was no more; he could not find so much as a single charred fragment.

The old man rose slowly and stared at his white face in the little glass that hung above the mantel. His eyes were feverish and his gray hair hung in a disordered mass over his forehead. He remembered the old German legend that on one day in the year the souls in hell were permitted to stand outside the gates of Paradise and to look in. This was his day; this was Christmas Eve, the anniversary of Minna's death, the one day in the year on which he might save his soul. The pride and greed were there, only dominated for the present by the influence of his mood; if he gave rein to them again he would be lost irretrievably. And the mood must pass because he could not find the letter. Tomorrow, he knew, his work would absorb him again, his heart would harden, as old men's hearts do. The gates of Paradise stood open wide for him—and he had lost the key.

He walked slowly across the room. His mind was made up; he would destroy all the fruits of his experiments, batter down that idol which he had set up to wear him from his own. He raised his arm to sweep everything to the floor—test tubes, bottles, papers. He hesitated. Could he let the fruits of all those years of experiment go? He might at least save the formulae. Or was that sacrifice necessary if he was to save his soul from hell?

Suddenly his roving eyes rested upon the test tube which he had left on the table.

He shouted aloud with joy. The mood had passed; the idol had reared itself again. Ida was forgotten. Something had happened during his absence that he had never managed to bring about before. The liquid in the tube had passed from gold to brown, and from brown to a streaky, flaky mass of creamy, jelly-like fluid. It was almost artificial rubber.

He was upon the track at last. His composition, in cooling, had coagulated as rubber coagulates. This was not rubber, but it was not far from it. It was a compound which contained all the elements of rubber. But somewhere, in the building of it, two or three molecules had gone astray, or fastened themselves to the wrong elements, just as one may put a picture puzzle together and not quite fit the pattern. He was very close now; he must try the next formula, and the next, and the next; it might be only a matter of a few days before success crowned his efforts.

He sought feverishly for the paper with the microscopic handwriting, the result of years of research work and endless experimentation. It was not in its accustomed place, and he began turning his notes over, hunting for it. It must be on the other table, then—yes, there lay a folded sheet under the blotting sheet. He reached for it and picked up—his daughter's letter.

Mayo stared at it without understanding. How had this paper, which he had torn up and thrown into the furnace, come back to him? At last the staggering truth burst in upon him. He had destroyed the formula in place of the letter, and all the work of years had gone for nothing. He could never begin all over again. Even if he had the enterprise, there was no time, for others were hard upon the scent.

He sank back into his chair.



consists chiefly of Assam teas, the richest and strongest in the world—is full flavored and very economical. Never sold in bulk.

his life was turned now with the last illusion had come toppling down. He sprang to his feet and rushed into his bedroom. From its case he extracted his razor. He would end everything with one swift, merciful sweep.

As he stood before the mirror with the open razor in his hand he heard a soft tapping at his door. He frowned impatiently. Why could not the fools leave him at this juncture? He stood across the room and turned the key. Outside there was a whimpering—a child's whimpering. Impatiently he turned the key again, opened the door, and found himself looking down at a little child of four or five years, with flaxen curls, and the look of Ida upon his face.

The child screwed its grimy fists into its eyes and the tears flowed freely.

"Who are you?" demanded Herr Mayo with sudden tenderness.

"I'm Julius," sobbed the child. "I want my grandpa."

"Who is your grandpa?" asked the old man, stooping and raising the boy in his arms.

"My grandpa lives here an' you're my grandpa. Mamma saw you in church an' I—I followed you, but you went so quick I lost you and my mamma, too. But I knew you lived here, 'cause mamma often showed me when we used to pass."

Herr Julius Mayo carried the child into the room. He put back the razor in its case. Then he went into his laboratory and began pitching the tubes and bottles into the stove. The crashing glass alarmed the little boy.

"What are you doing, grandpa?" he asked.

"Just tearing down an idol, sonny," answered the old man. "When you are grown up, maybe, you will remember this, and tear down your old idols, too. Come, sonny, we're going home to mamma."



"Who Are You?" Demanded Herr Mayo With Sudden Tenderness.

member this, and tear down your old idols, too. Come, sonny, we're going home to mamma."

He picked him up again and carried him downstairs with infinite tenderness. At the street door he stopped and imprinted a kiss upon the nodding head that rested on his shoulder. And outside the clocks were striking midnight.

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## GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY TIME TABLE

Trains leave Watford station as follows:

GOING WEST  
Accommodation, 111.... 8.44 a.m.  
Chicago Express, 17.... 12.47 p.m.  
Detroit Express, 83.... 6.48 p.m.  
(a) Express, 5.... 9.11 p.m.  
(c) Express, 15.... 10.10 p.m.

GOING EAST  
Ontario Limited, 80.... 7.38 a.m.  
Chicago Express, 6.... 11.16 a.m.  
Accommodation, 110.... 2.28 p.m.  
Accommodation, 112.... 5.45 p.m.  
(a)—Stops to let off passengers from Toronto.  
(c)—Stops to let off passengers.

C. W. VAIL, Agent, Watford.