REAPING THE WHIRLWIND

BY CHRISTINE FABER

CHAPTER XXXVIII-CONTINUED

He paused as if to note the effect of his announcement, and he fancied that pale as his listener was already she became still paler, which fact gave a malicious motive to his next he could, since its preference was not for himself. With this object in view, he detailed every circumstance of Geraid's departure with such length and minuteness that Midred felt like begging him to stop. But she braced herself with a strength of He would wring her heart if she braced herself with a strength of I ever be able to love you. cantly upon her face :

"I guess The Castle has seen the Gerald. He couldn't tell where he was going, more than he'd made up his mind to travel, and he's withdrawn all his connections with the factory. He didn't care to say od bye to anybody, which I reckon is a little strange, being as you're here and knowed him so long. But Gerald's queer at times; I reckon he tween us." She walked calmly by him, and out into the hall, closing shout his father's death.

He paused again as if he expected some question, but his listener remained mute.

Well, now we'll come to Chester. Being as Gerald's gone, and being as I intend to give up the factory pooty soon, and as the search arter Chester ain't in no way a getting down here, I've been a thinking of putting him in Gerald's place in the factory. Of course he can't fill the place right away, but I can teach him, so he won't be long out of it. Then Chester's got smart business ways. I knowed that of old, and I reckon Eastbury's about the safest place for Everybody knows that there wan't the kindest feelings between us, and they'd never suspect me of sheltering him. He can keep up the name he goes under now at Hogan's, and if he's known as a friend of yours, why no harm can come of it. He can live here at The Castle, and if he don't want to make himself known to Cora, why nobody'll tell on him. Now, if he's willing to come to these terms his man, and I swear to Moses that I'll stand by him, and that he'll never be arrested in my house, nor in the factory either. What do you say to the plan, Miss Burchill?"

She could not reply that it found advantages to give it special recommendation: the one, that Cora to whom she was so warmly attached, even her brazen indifference. and whose affection the consummation of her sacrifice would render more necessary to her than ever, would not be separated from her; the other, that in the event of any future adverse fate overtaking Hortor, she tector to his daughter. Robinson Miss seemed to augur favorably for his rest." scheme from her hesitation to answer, and he waited as if to give her ample opportunity for delibera-tion. She said, at length:

I shall not conceal from you, Mr. Robinson, that the prospect of having my uncle live with me is a very pleasant one; particularly so since it assures to me no separation from Cora, and were I certain that he would incur no further risk of rewould incur no further risk of rearrest by accepting your offer than by fleeing to some retired spot abroad, I should beg him to agree to your proposal."

A look from which even Helen shrank came into his face as he answered, "My wife shall do just as

Why the case is jist this," warmly thought it would involve the least The track | ceased. delay of his marriage. "The track that the detectives are arter is all wrong. I ain't been squandering the time since you promised to marry me; I've jist been posting myself on all the doings about Chester, and I tell you, Miss Burchill, that I don't think there's a spot in the hull world where he'd be safer than living here and seeing to things at the factory; owner did not chuckle this time, he laughed,—laughed till the very gums over his yellow tusks superior replied clowly. "I've never told any one," the surgerior replied clowly. "True for meekly. "Stephen to the feel this reply would give wrench he feit his reply would give wrench he feit his reply would give wrench be feit his reply would give will respect your meancher in the suggested. "I don't believe you will get her out any other way."

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"True for meekly." "Stephen could went him the suggested. "I don't believe you will get her out any other way."

"I've never told any one," the superior replied clowly. "The purpose of the bequest is defeated if the wrench he feit his reply would give will respect your."

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"I've never told any one," the suggested. "I don't believe you will get her out any other way." the minute I get wind of any suspicion being turned down here I'll ship him off like lightning. I've got money and influence, and I'll use 'em Are you satisfied?"

Yes, so far as I am concerned; but

I must consult him."
"Oh certainly. I calculated that you'd do that, and I've wrote it all out in a letter that I want you to give He'll be mighty surprised, considering the way we used to meet and part long ago; but when he hears you're going to be my wife, maybe he

won't wonder so much."

He took an unsealed letter from his pocket as he spoke, and placed it in her hand.

want his answer as soon as possible. Can't you go to see him

Yes, if you wish it." She turned to depart, but he was

speaking again : "There's another thing, Miss Bur-chill—" He hesitated, as if doubtful how to make this further communination. She waited, not even helping his hesitation by a question. "Do you intend to tell Chester how it was

that you came to give your consent to marry me?" Scorn, which she could not represe, flashed into her face and marked her tones as she answered:

'I shall not tell him, Mr. Robinson : for I feel that if I did, rather than allow me to sacrifice myself for him, he would voluntarily and immediately give himself up to

Again she turned to leave the room. He called her, and by her Christian name. It sounded so unfamiliar pro-nounced by his lips, that it gave her a sort of shock; she stopped suddenly and turned to him.

"Don't look so skeered," he said, approaching her. "I ain't going to harm you. I only want you to be a little cheery like, just show that you'll try to love me a little." 'I ain't going to

"Love you!" she said, recoiling from him, while even the faint trace which he little dreamed, not even flinching when the greenish eyes were fixed most firmly and significantly upen her face: would not have used your knowledge of my uncle's escape in such a way as to demand from me the sacrifice which you do. And now"—she drew herself up with an air before which Robinson involuntarily quailed-"I must insist that until the marriage takes place you will never again allude to the subject of affection be

> "Methusala!' exclaimed Robinson She's as tichy as Gerald; but wait till the marriage takes place, as she says, and won't I crush that proud says, and won't cream that proud spirit of her'n? Yes, she'll take her turn with you," shaking his fist at the corner of the room at which he always gazed when subjected to his

nightly terror.

He was interrupted by a knock at the door, and immediately after Mrs. Phillips thrust in her bright face:

"Won't you come to one of the parlors, Mr. Robinson? You know I've not been in here since the even ing you gave me such a fright, and I

ing you gave me such a rright, and really am afraid to enter now."
"Nonsense," said kobinson going to the door, and flinging it back.
"Nothing to be aleared of now; it hour for me to have my spells. I never have them when the

sun is shining."
Thus assured, she entered and view of the grounds. Robinson took chair in front of her. Though with conquest of his heart which Mildred, all unknown to and undesired by herself, had done, there was to his coarse, sensuous nature an intense pleasure in watching the play of Mrs. no favor with her, for there were two | Phillips' exquisite features, and he fastened his eyes upon her in a way which disquieted for the moment

What's the news?" he asked. "I have come for yours," she answered, with her little silvery laugh. "I thought to keep away from The Castle,-for some time at least,-but my impatience to know could be indeed a mother and pro- how your suit was progressing with

"Oh, as to that, its famous," he replied, with a chuckle; and then he detailed his plan for Chester Horton, keeping back, however, that Gerald had left.

She clapped her hands with delight: 'How splendid! And Mildred will really marry you, and then, dear Mr. Robinson, will you allow me to come to The Castle even if your wife does

I want her to do, for I shall be her answered the factory owner, who master," and he chuckled again,—a was bent on the plan because he little low, vicious chuckle that Helen little low, vicious chuckle that Helen seemed to hear even after it had must get Mrs. Moran out of the little low, vicious chuckle that Helen

"And does Gerald know that Mille detectives are arrer is all lain't been squandering the dred is going to marry you? and ince you promised to marry what did he say about it?"

mirth, for the agony of the widow would be a sort of balm to his own wounded vanity at the rejection of despite her cold extension above. I feel sure she will respect your me another room, won't you, for a little while longer? I don't feel would wantly at the rejection of despite her cold extension above. and seeing to things at the factory; to Mrs. Phillips' heart caused his and then I'll always keep posted, and mirth, for the agony of the widow his love by Mildred:

"I guess Gerald was a good deal out up by Miss Burchill's engagement to me, for right away that he heard it he gave up all connections with the factory, and next day he went the factory, and next day he went the superior and the superior and

away for good."
"For good!" She gasped the words, while the color died out of her face.

"Yes; couldn't tell even where he was bound for, more than he was going to travel, and he went off in a going to travel, and he went off in a coun accord."

"Yes you had ded better than you know mighty hurry. But Methusala! Mrs. Phillips; you needn't be cut up

about his going."

"Oh, Mr. Robinson, he was my stepson, you know, and I had hoped to be always near him." She broke "Better—or worse!" Sister Martha to be always near him." She broke down into real tears.

Well, I reckon you'd better take somebody else to your heart. Look out for a husband, Mrs. Phillips, and Mrs. Moran's room.

a little and smiled cynically.
"Then you assure me," she continued, rising to depart, "that I shall

answered. "I shall be master." At the door to which he accompanied her, she paused to ask something which seemed to have come suddenly to her mind:

"Did Miss Burchill question how you obtained all the knowledge you have of Mr. Horton's whereabouts? Do you think she might have any suspicion that I had aught to do with

She has asked nothing about it,' was the reply. "I reckon she thought if she asked that I wouldn't tell, and so she jist kept whatever icions she might have to her-But as for thinking you'd have done such a thing as open a sealed etter, I could swear that Miss Burchill would as soon think you'd burn ourself. She ain't like you, Mrs. Phillips, and she don't know the things that some people can do." At which words Mrs. Phillips winced, and felt her heart swell with more malicious rage than ever against Mildred.

TO BE CONTINUED

MRS. MORAN'S ROOM

Dr. Harding had stepped into the superior's office for a moment of consultation.

What's the matter, Sister?" he asked as he was about to leave, noticing a cloud on her usually open countenance. "You look put out."
"I am," Sister Martha admitted
frankly. "It's Mrs. Moran,"—laughing a little. "That woman the death of me yet." "What's the trouble now?" That woman will be

"I can't get her to go home,"—in an exasperated tone. "There's nothing in the world the matter with her now, but the minute thing is said to her about going home she begins to cry and takes to her hed. I had Sister Benedict talk to Result: she had the her vesterday, nurse dancing attendance on her all

Dr. Harding nodded and laughed. "I know. You simply can't pry her loose from St. Monica's. You've been too good to her, Sister.

"I haven't been lately. I'm ashamed of myself sometimes that I seated herself where an opening in the heavy winter curtains disclosed a and the worried look returned to Sister Martha's face. "She's all alone in the world—I know that; all her beauty she had not made the and I'm sorry for her. Still it isn't as it she didn't have a fine home of her own; and, anyhow, St. Monica's is a hospital and not an old ladies'

"Don't worry, Sister. Let her stay." The Doctor laughed again as he opened the door.
"But that's it! I can't!" Sister Martha returned. "If she would take another room; but she won't.

checked his steps at the serious tone. 'It's this way," the superior explained. endowed. "That room is partially endowed. You remember Mrs. Grace? She left an endowment for it with one provision : that for three months out of every year it is to be occupied free of charge by some woman of refinement or one who has seen better days and who would not be able otherwise to secure such accommodations. You and I know

how many such there are." "But can't you make use of lously the another room?" the Doctor inquired.
"I should think it would be the Sister I same thing.'

Sister Martha shook her head. 'No; it is expressly stated that it must be the Oriel Room, And I must keep to my part of the bargain, or I shouldn't feel right about taking

The Doctor looked thoughtful.
"Why not explain it all to her?"

kind-hearted."
"She is," Sister assented heartily.

and not I was running the place," breaking into an amused laugh.
"She actually told Sister Benedict last night that we would have to set

"You builded better than you knew when you made that room so attract

murmured resignedly, as she turned her reluctant steps towards Mrs.

Mrs. Moran's room, as it had come let your stepson go. He'd never have cared for you."

The tone of the last words made her dry her eyes and summon her pride to her aid. It stung her to be told by such a creature as Robinson will be read to be called—she was there now eight months—was without doubt the pleasantest room in the whole hospital. It was a long room on the southwest corner. It was full of served windows: and the original that goes a contract of the contract of the

foot was still sensitive to the touch very breath of her body. God knows ance to answer her questions. There

the hard floor.

"Only a little corner, but they be she had suffered! of the hard floor. grudge it to me!" she murmured in great bitterness, as she paused in front of her beloved oriel. "What the beloved oriel thronging about her,—memories of front of her beloved oriel. What front of her beloved oriel. What harm, but I'm willing to pay twice what they're asking! But no! And me so happy here, and so well taken Moran. She remembered, with a swift pang, how the girls envied her swift pang, how the girls envied her as wift pang, how the girls envied her swift pang. A knock broke in on her sore ru-miniations: and she looked around, and how she innocently revelled in A knock broke in on her sore ruminiations; and she looked around,
and how she innocently revelled in
it. Her marriage, the long journey to
like pallor on her old face. It was
this look that met Sister Martha's
this look that met Sister Martha's
illusions,—they all came over her
names di

melted within her.
"Don't look so frightened, Mrs.
Moran dear!" she exclaimed cheerfully. I'm not going to turn you out.
See, I just came in fer å little chat with you this morning."
Mrs. Moran's cane slipped to the

room," she faltered. "I-I don't want you to think I'm stubborn or mean, Sieter; but I hate to leave it. Oh" (as Sister Martha started speak,) "you don't understand! Sure, it's the first bit of home I've Tears came to her eyes and over-flowed onto the wrinkled cheeks. "I'm very glad if we have given

"I'm very glad il we home," the you even a slight taste of home," the superior said gently. "Don't you know that it makes us happy to think we have? And it isn't that we want you to go, you understand. As long as you feel that you need hospital treatment you are welcome to stay; but I shall have to give you

"But why?" Mrs. Moran broke in frowning fretfully. "Why can't I have this room as well as any other? I have plenty of money; I am willing to pay anything you ask—"
Something in Sister Martha's look

made her pause. Mrs. Moran's ability "to pay" had an unhappy fashion of obtruding itself on all 'It's nice to have plenty, Mrs.

Moran" (Sister's voice was very even when she spoke); "but it can't buy everything, as I dare say you've

found out by this time."
Ah, I have that!" And Mrs.
Moran's head dropped dejectedly. Sister Martha relented again.

"For instance," she went on cheer y, "no amount of money could but the friendship you have won since you came to the Lospital. Why, isn't Mrs. Moran's room the gathering place for the Sisters as well as the nurses when they have a moment of leisure

"It's the room they're fond of, just as I am," the old lady looked up to say eagerly, "Don't I know? The "Ob, how pleas sisters always say, "Ob, how ant your room is, Mrs. Moran! And I must have that room for three | isn't the view wonderful ?" girls say there's no such couch as months, at least."

"How's that?" And Dr. Harding mine in the whole hospital."

Sister Martha laughed. Well, they can't talk to couches, however comfortable; and l've never heard that windows tall stories, no matter how many they may hear themselves. Come, Mrs, Moian! you are too modest. The real drawing power The real drawing power of a room is the one who lives in it." Moran cast a helpless, despairing look around the charmed

abode.
"I know you are going to make me give it up," she began querulously, the tears again threatening to

Sister Martha felt her patience fleeing before this most perverse of old women. After all, it would do no good to tell her the story of the endowment; she was too set in her intention not to move; and a sense of the failure of the mission made her more stern than usual.

It's late in the day you're learn-

"I don't believe you at Sister Martha strangely for a long she spoke in an

you to give up this room. God will bless you for being so generous, I

Mrs. Moran only looked at her mutely, her old face fallen into such sad lines that, once outside the door, Sister Martha allowed herself a deep, almost audible sigb.

'The poor soul!" she thought remorsefully. "After all, she's only a lonely old weman. I hope I wasn't too cross with her. God help me!—" a smile curving her lips at her own weakness. "I wish I could go back and tell her she might stay there!"

Meanwhile Mrs. Moran sat, a stony figure, staring with dry eyes into

What, after all, were rooms to her, or anything else? Only that they served sometimes to make her forget —no, not forget, but to cloud awhile pride to her aid. It stung her to be told by such a creature as Robinson, of Gerald's lack of regard for her.

"I am so emotional," she said, readily assuming her pretty air of cone could lie and look out onto the cone could lie and childish dependence, "and I give my affections for duty's sake."

At which praiseworthy speech the factory owner elevated his eyebrows factory owner elevated his eyebrows a little walls, cooks on the low mana little and smiled cynically.

"Then you assure me," she continued, rising to depart, "that I shall
be permitted to visit The Castle after
your marriage?"

"Not a doubt on that" he

"Not a graph on that" he

Her rhapmatism was gage, but one was the sole preser of her life, the relieved; that had been also his unpleasant conviction.

Sister Martina less nessell curiously truan.

I left that institution in sadness. I lame step by means of a stout cane. It is the come to teach patriotism to boys was the sole prayer of her life, the

eyes as she entered, and her heart melted within her.

with the same poignant misery. Then unbelievable joy in the mids of it unbelievable joy in the mids of it all, her baby,-her little wee girleen Often she woke at night with the feel of her little head in the crook of her arm. Yes, thirty years since she held her in her arms,—thirty years since he stole her child away in the night. floor and she sank into the nearest leaving the mother alone in a strange chair. lair.
"I know you came to talk about the died of the loneliness and the agony!
oom," she faltered. "I—I don't Ah, what did Sisters know of such the company of the land. Thirty year, and the agony! learned something of it in all these years of search and wandering, up and down the world, and across and over it,—first in Australia, then in America; never finding trace or tidings of

Peter Moran or her child ? "No, you're right, Sister," she muttered aloud; "all the money my mother left me-God be good to her in heaven!—couldn't find me my little girl; couldn't buy me peace of mind nor rest for my poor heart. I was more content here these last months than I have been in years. Not that I forgot you, my little share of the world," she groaned, with tears, world," she groaned, with tears, wherever you are in all this wide creation. May the Lord and His blessed angels guard you, since your

floor was found to be not less pleasant than its more famous rival, the Oriel Room below; and she herself realized this as the days went on. The Sisters kept to their kind way of dropping in to see her, always bring ing a book or a magazine or a little story to cheer her; and, so far as the couch was concerned, it appear to suit the nurses equally as well for half an hour's merry chat or giclish confidence. She had no lack of company; and if she was a bit quieter, a little more subdued than formerly, no one noticed it,-except herself, that is; and she knew that she had changed in some subtle way since the day Sister Martha had spoken the fateful words about "giving up." They had struck home in some intangible way, piercing ough the selfish introspection that had encased her for so many years; showing her, as nothing else had been able to do, with what blinded eyes she had walked through the world, seeking always, vainly enough, for that which she thought would make her own happiness; and yet touching happiness, and leaving it, on all sides. Always she had walked alone, restless, embittered, dissatisfied; flinging away in a mad, hopeless search the money that might have given comfort or relief, or even life itself to some of God's creatures. What if, by her

selfish absorption, she had missed her own healing?

"Maybe," she thought, in a new, sad spirit of humility, "God doesn't want me to find her: it's not worthy 'God doesn't I am of so great a blessing. Well.

His holy will be done!" Drearily enough she contemplated life without this supporting hope; but as the days went on she began to find a certain comfort in her resignation. Gradually the restless light and the yearning faded from her eyes, and a peace came to her that she had not experienced in years. Then to her one day came Sister Martha, a smile on her lips, to tell Moran," she said coldly.

The old weman started and locked at Sister Martha strangely for a long

Mrs. Moran's pale face flushed. "Ob, Sister, how kind of you! altered tone:

"True for you, Sister," she said meekly. "Some lessons are hard enough to learn. You'll—you'll give me another room, won't you, for a queer creatures the way we hold on the spiritual truth newly rediscovered. queer creatures the way we hold on to foolish things?"

The quick capitulation and the supplicating tones were almost too much for the superior.

"Of course I will, Mrs. Moran!" she replied hurriedly. "And some day I'll tell you why I have to ask things scattered around on bad and things scattered around on bad and the superior agreed of country. I passed down the corridor and after a moment's greeting with the superintendent, was facing my audience.

And what an audience it was! The things scattered around on bad and the superior agreed of country. I passed down the corridor and after a moment's greeting with the superior agreed.

And what an audience it was! The things scattered around on bad and the superior agreed of country. I passed down the corridor and after a moment's greeting with the superior agreed.

Yes, and a few things that I "Yes, and a few things that I when the for their owr. The aways carry with me that belonged most of them for their owr. The to my mother. See here's a picture. sharp, cunning face of the boy to my mother. See, here's a picture. Wasn't she the grand-looking woman? And this is my father; and here—"
"Who's this?" Sister Mart

"Who's this?" Sister Martha broke, seizing the picture of a young Why, it looks exactly like --Mrs. Moran smiled.

you mean to say you wouldn't Sister Martha was still staring oddly at the photograph. She locked up absently.

"Oh, yes, I see !' she said slowly.

"I do see the resemblance now.
But it's strange, this picture looks exactly like Miss—like Miss—" She paused and gave Mrs. Moran a strange, intent look. "And, now I come to notice it, you look like her too. That's the resemblance that has always puzzled me. Why, you look enough like her to be her mother!"

As I stood looking out upon those boyish faces, anguish filled my heart. Infants, mere babies were these in years, yet learned in depravity. I thought of the green fields outside, and the message they had brought me and in the midst of it all was this terrible spectacle of sir.

When the lecture was finished, I spoke of these boys with the superintendent. Ha told me a story, so Oh, yes, I see !' she said slowly.

To the superior's surprise Mrs.

was something strange here; and the similarity of names, too,—though coincidence.

There, Mrs. Moran dear!" she had just begun soothingly, when on the door came a soft, interrupting knock. It was Sister Benedict's bright face that appeared in the opening

" Here we are. Sister Martha !" she Mor an to see Mrs. Mo ran, as you bade me. They pronounce their names differently, but they may be some relation-

She got no farther ; for Mrs. Moran had crossed the room with incredible swiftness and took the young girl by the shoulders. "Your name's Maureen," she stated

hoarsely, breathlessly: Catherine, for my mother—"
The young woman, trembling too,

looked back into the haggard, besseching, agonizing eyes. Yes," she made answer softly, "I

Offices: Continental Life Building
CORNER BAY AND RICHMOND STREETS am Maureen; and you-I know it!you are my mother ! "God is good,—God is good!" was all Mrs. Moran could say between sobs, as she held her recovered child

in her hungry arms, while two silent and deeply moved Sisters stole out of the room

It was not strange that ever after the Oriel Room at St. Monica's was known as "Mrs. Moran's Room;" for before she left, pathetically happy in the possession of her long-lost daughter, she gave to Sister Martha that which enabled the big hearted superior to dispense more of the charity so dear to her to the derelicts along life's way. The sun came into the room, and the birds' song, and theemoon's pale light, and peace to tired bodies and to world-weary Mrs. Moran's room on the next souls.-Helen Moriarity in the Ave

"FIGS OR THISTLES?"

I was on my way to lecture be fore the boys of a large correctional institution situated near New York City. I had left the train and was wending my way along the narrow path that wandered through the green fields and over the wooded hill to my destination. I was to lecture on patriotism and, as I walked, I to gather my thoughts together. But the charm of the May evening was too strong. To the right, afar off, dimly the outline of New York City rose golden on the horizon were the sweet scents of spring. A robin twittered in a nearby ree and accentuated the silence of the quiet place.

My thoughts turned away from patrictism to things deeper. My eyes saw the far-cff city and my soul knew the meaning of those shining minarets and what they symbolized, the clanging bruit, the struggle, the sweaty, fearful strain ing after material gain. A-wearied, I turned to the peaceful fields and in their soothing benediction, I thought of Tannyson's words :

I have seen Him in the shining of the stars, I have found Him in the flowering of

the fields. But in the ways of men I found Him not.

I wondered at the futility of mar. To live, to die, with a toilsome in-terim of worldly strivings, was this all? Why, then the race, the contest, if such the prize? My heart grew saddened but the message of trees, the birds, the flowers stele back to me and gave me a new hope, a stronger courage, and a fresh spirit of joyfulness. In the gentleness of His messengere, I saw God's great

These were my thoughts as I My step was light and springy, I walked up the steps of the building, The building itself was a handsome "We are," the superior agreed artily. "And I'm glad to see you of country. I passed down the corri-

over fifteen years of age. And even then crime and depravity had marked sharp, cunning face of the boy criminal looked up at me, alert, keer resourceful—a bright boy misled. Alongside of him was the vacant staring face of the pervert, numb to all sense impression, except one. Down the aisle was the lazy bully That's myself. Sister dear, do who required but a few years and the right training to make him an expert hold up man, at best a liability to society. Each wore the mark of sin so that even he who ran could read

As I stood looking out upon those

when the lecture was must be spoke of these boys with the super-intendent. He told me a story, so shocking that it seemed incredible. He said that the boys were truants Moran grew deadly pale.

"And who is Miss—?" she asked, almost in a whisper. "Where is she? Tell me, Sister!" She reached out imploring, trembling hands.

Sister Martha felt herself curiously was a moral pervert first and then a truan.

Sister Martha felt herself curiously truan.

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