"I will," she said, "but you must tell me who is paying for all the delicacies I have had during my illness and since. I have asked you before, but you put me off. Now Mrs. Ma-

Mrs. Mahon lifted a cushion that had fallen from the sofa, patted, and replaced it before she said: 'Listen to her, then! Sure a spar-

row would eat more than you do. Well, who is paying?' "Faith, then, if you must have an

answer, 'tis myself that pays for the 'Few things! Jellies, soups, wine,

not to speak of constant nursing and attendance! 'Arrah, what a fuss about nothing!

Sure you'll soon pay it all back when you begin to give the music lessons again. Not that you should begin for a while yet," Mrs. Mahon added, hastily. "And here's one of them weekly papers about lords and ladies -I can't abide them myself. Give me the Weekly Freeman and home news for Sunday reading, and I'm satisfied. Well, well, if that's all the harm you're going to do I'll take the tray off with me.

Hilda Courteney's face wore a doleful enough look when Mrs. Mahon had closed the door behind her. Her father had been a London merchant, and his one child had been brought up to consider herself an heiress. At his death, however, he was bankrupt, and Hilda found herself obliged to earn her living. She had received an excellent musical training course you don't understand, Mary. and some friends exerted themselves It all happened when you were in the to find her pupils. For two or three years she managed to get along in a sort of fashion; but lack of nourishing food, and constant exposure to rain and cold slowly but surely ther and I married two brothers. broke down a none too vigorous constitution. She had no provision made for the proverbial rainy day when her illness came. Mrs. Mahon in spite of a long residence in London retained much of her Irish brogue, and all her Irish warmth of heart, and cared for the sick girl as of she were her own, and had drawn on her own scanty savings to defray the medical and other expenses of her lodger's illness.

"Mrs. Mahon must have spent a good deal upon me," Hilda thought with a sigh. "Even were I at work again I should find it difficult to repay her. I wish-oh, where's the good in wishing!" Hilda Courteney was naturally hopeful and brave, but the tears gathered and fell as she thought over her position. It was to distract her gloomy imaginings speak. Walter was engaged some that she lifted the paper Mrs. Ma- years ago to Hilda Courteney. Her hon had left. It was a weekly mathy, and Hilda was a very beautiful Give me your hand. Look at the evenings by the fire, and—
"Lim" I'd say "how's gazine that bore the name of the Globe, and it contained much infor- and accomplished girl." mation concerning the doings of the smart people in society. One page why Mrs. Leigh bad invited her to fetch much mending. The trade is win. various articles-chiefly of dress or jewelry-which the owners wished to dispose of. One lady offered a set of Russian sables for half their value, another a gold watch as good as new, and so on. Hilda looked at the fist of afticles offered for suc, and suddenly started. A flush of color rose to her pale cheeks as she opened a drawer and took from it a small wooden box. The box contained a

"I never thought of it!" she ex-"The one wedding present I was forced to keep. Walter's aunt must have paid a good deal for it. If I could dispose of it! Perhaps if I advertized it in the Globe I might find a purchaser. She fingered the stones lovingly

Two years before her father's death she had been engaged to be married to Walter Leigh. The wedding day was fixed, the wedding guests invited, when the match was broken off.

"I don't like parting with it," she said aloud, "but I must. It is the only article of value I possess." The advertisement she wrote out du-

Iv appeared in the weekly periodical; and a few days later Hilda received a letter signed Mary Dunstable. and dated from a fashionable London square. The writer mentioned a them of double value in their eyes. firm of bankers as reference, and asked to have the necklace forwarded on approval. Hilda managed to convey her parcel to the nearest post office, and registered it. The day was wet, and the first result of her walk was a that she found it difficult to shake off. Mrs. Mahon scolded and lamented, and was extremely indignant at Hilda's action.

"If I had known what you'd be up to I should have thought twice before buying that trashy paper," she said.
Like as not you'll never see your neklace nor its value. The world's full of swindlers."

In the meantime the necklace journeyed first to Miss Dunstable's London home, and from there to the opened the box at the Woodside continent. I will, indeed. You know planning at the gate-Jim on one breakfast table, and gave a little cry of rapture. Her hostess, a sweetfaced woman of about sixty, looked up from the letter she was reading; and the only other person at the table won't grudge them to me. raised his eyebrows inquiringly. Mary Dunstable explained to Walter Leigh

and his aunt. "Isn't it lovely? Oh, it must be page. worth much more money than is ask- Leigh. ed for it, Must it not, Mrs. Leigh?" hands and examined it. Walter gave his attention to his ham and eggs,

till Mrs. Leigh in her turn gave a surprized cry, and turned to him. Walter, do you recognize this?" "Is it Mary's necklace, aunt?" The entleman held out his hand. "Why,

surely is the one you gave-Hil- goes. 'It is, I am quite certain." Aunt at nepnew looked at each other.

Have you seen it before?" Mary

m nied the necklace?"
"Chairly." The spe

The speaker handed box. Don't be absurd, but read it.' the de she had received from Hilto er hostess. That lady read

st be in some difficulties he ries to sell my necklace, he said. "I heard somewhere that he was le quite unprovided for it her fath a death."



on the centre one, and all three are held together in one strong iron frame, which can be removed by merely unscrewing one bolt. This is a great point in a range. Most range grates require expensive experts to take out old ones and put in new grates You can do the trick on a "Pandora" in ten minutes, with a ten cent piece for a screw driver. Isn't that simple,

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"Poor fellow!" Mrs. Leigh said.

convenient, inexpensive?

"That isn't so long ago," Mary Dunstable laughed.

Mary nodded "Where is Julian?" she asked. "He is dead, my dear. I am afraid we all combined to spoil him, and when he grew up he gave his father to me. much trouble. He gambled and betted. He was very pleasant and fascinating when he pleased, and was,

time after time. In the end he went to Australia and died there. There was a silence, which Mary Dunstable broke by asking, while a flush rose to her clear olive cheek:

"About Walter-and this Hilda?" father was supposed to be very weal-

"Why was the engagement broken meet her nephew, and she was not at all averse to fall in with the elder lady's plan.

all arranged. It was to take place warped and wrinkled, run down at at Leigh Hall by the express desire of Walter's father. A week or so before the wedding day some valuable family jewels were stolen. They were taken one evening when we were all at dinner except Hilda, who was in her room with a headache. Some of the servants caught a glimpse of the thief, and one declared Miss Courteney had spoken to him. Hilda did not deny the truth of the maid's statement; but she refused utterly to say anything of the matter. Walter Jim. begged her to speak, but she kept obstinately silent. Both Walter and she were hot-tempered and young. my dear. They quarreled bitterly, and the match was broken off. Hilda wished me to take back the necklace you have there, and which I had given her. With much difficulty I induced her to keep it. I was very

fond of the girl." Mrs. Leigh sighed. "Was the thief found out?" "No, nor were the jewels recovered. Walter and his father were anxious to find them. There were circumstan- my throat to soften what I had to poems. ces connected with them which made

"And Miss Courteney?" "Passed out of our lives. We heard of her father's death from some one. Walter has ever since had a prejudice sixteen. against all feminine society-that is, | till lately.

to her room. She was trying to "Besides, there's no harm-in Jim." fasten its clasp around her neck when all don't doubt that," says I, she upset the box which it had come "but remember-remember," says I, in, and the velvet bottom fell out. "vou're all the little girl I'll She stooped to pick it up, and saw have, Mina. that a thin sheet of paper also lay

M began 'Dear Hilda: You are a brick; but I promise you I shall turn over a pretty a sight as you ever saw, I gaws. What use were they to Walter cracks-Mina beaming, but awful or my father? If any one feels their prim. Prim-oh, my! that wasn't

The girl read so far, and then let she lifted it and turned to the last It was signed "Julian

"So it was Walter's brother who Mrs. Leigh took the necklace in her took the jewels; and Miss Courteney would not say who the thief was, though she lost Walter thereby." "Well, he may be restored to her. If I don't put this letter out of my possession at once, I may be tempted to destroy it. \ So here

> Macy entered the library in response to its occupant's impatient "Come and Walter rose from his seat not too readily.

No. no." Mrs. Leigh answered rathe hastily. "Oh, no, of course handing back the receipt out the letter.

"Look!" Mary held out the letter.

"It was in the box with the necklace.
Oh, read it, read it!" Walter was "Look!" Mary held out the letter. or not. May I see the letter that ac- cerns you. Read it. I suppose she did not know the letter was in the

> Mary rushed from the room. She was not seen by any of the household till luncheon time. She felt she had acted rightly, yet her eyes were suspiciously red when she joined Mrs. Leigh at table. The lady bestowed

#### A MARKED PASSAGE

If I could tell you how the sun comes a neighboring through my shop window, afternoons, and how it puts a patch on this calfskin soul of mine "No. You know that Walter's mo- and makes me tap more blithely, then I could tell you how cheery Poor Clara died when her second baby love has been to me. But if was born. Both Walter and Julian could handle such slippery pegs as were, naturally enough, often here. words, if I could hammer them in as easily as I do these wooden ones, d'ye think I'd be sitting here in Main street cobbling shoes?

"Cobbling shoes!" one lady said "Dear me, such a smelly bu-

Even so, my nose has ceased a bit with long wearing, has sort of tan-I am sure, more weak than wicked. ned itself in the leathery airs of my His father paid his debts for him small shop. Then, too, I hold a pipe convenient to my nostrils and ing her foot, and her cheeks the colsmoke a mixture stronger than lea- or of red geraniums. ther. I chose it purposely, a kind of substitute—to please my customers.
Yes, I'm a cobbler. You can see door bell."

"I wouldn't, darling. You'll break the dishes," says I. "And there's the door bell." for yourself my bowed shoulders. "Oh, it was of that I meant to How many shoes d'ye think I'd have mended, had I kept a stiff spine in my back? How you-you, too, I'll

ink on your fingers! I'm a cobbler-one of the last. tien dying, though it makes no odds Short as its time is, mine is I'm an old man now-an shorter. The details of the marriage were old cracked boot of a man, uppers

> the heel, half-soled so often I'm only fit for the ash-heap. You wouldn't think I was ever red-topped and copper-toed with a boy in me. Here I go rambling-from love to cobbling. You'd know I was a child Love-it's love, I tell you,

> makes these last rheumatic years worth living. I have a daughter; never a man had a better than Mina. She came late to me-wife went early-and now there's Mina and Mina's Mina was only fifteen when she first

met Jim-age when they wear long braids and their skirts to their ankles, and boys walk home with them after school and hang about and giggle at the gate. Well, I scowled at Jim. Jim, little cuss, didn't flinch a mite, but-"How d'ye do, Mr. Sniffin?" says

he, as big as life and twice as na-It made me huffy, but I kind of liked it in Jim. "Mina," says I one night, clearing "Mina, you're-don't you sputter.

think-pretty young for this here hanging round with Jim?" "Daddie," says she, and her face all flushed, "you forget I am "most

"Fifteen's young, Mina, ain't it?

Mary Dunstable carried the necklace "I'm in High School," says she.

loss it will be you, and I know you the name for it, the way she'd hold head, and her eyes modest and shin- written down-and it brought back a layer of cracker crumbs and Could I blame Jim?

of a visitor for Miss Courteney. eyed the gentleman doubtfully

"Miss Courtney isn't at all well," she said, "and I don't' know if you in this here love story?" your visit might be pleasant to her

Walter Leigh smiled -at least I hope not," he said, and bench: Mrs. Mahon moved aside, and pointed to the staircase.

ing," she said. "Now I trust I've done right!" Mrs. Mahon was satisfied on that point when, an hour later, she was

introduced to Mr. Leigh. suspiciously red when she joined Mrs. Hit heard somewhere that he ite unprovided for this death."

It she to sell my necklace," I heard somewhere that he lady bestowed he ite unprovided for this death."

It she to sell my necklace, "I heard somewhere that he lady bestowed he in the course of the said, hurriedly, holding her hand in a warm clasp. I he said, hurriedly, holding her hand in a warm clasp. I he controlled in the course of time truth will flourish flourish

And then to watch them, apart just kind of dreaming—dreaming those lovely secrets that the whole blaned world could read, easy, in their eyes. Didn't just happen to strike 11.em, someway, that Old Man Sniffin had ever been there, beforehand-ever hung around gates or dreamed any secrets. But how could they know? Pshaw! how many now-how many of us old folks act or talk as if we were ever young?

Miss Jenks was worried-Miss Jenks lived next door.
"Mr. Sniffin," says she, "did you

know Mina was a-hanging around with Jim?' "Well, I have noticed something or

other," says I. "Noticed! Something or other!" says she, gasping. "But what are you going to do about it, Mr. Snif-

"Well, as to that," says I, "you'll have to ask Mina," says I, scratching my head. "Ask Mina!" said she. "Aren't you her father?" says the, scoin-

"True," says I. "Then," says she, "will you not put a stop to what's going on beneath your very nose?"

"That's it," says I. "I kind of thought, Miss Jenks," says I, "that beneath my nose was better than behind my back," says I.
"But that isn't the point," says

she. "It oughtn't to go on at all, says she. "And what's more, Mr. Sniffin, since Mina hasn't a mother or an elder friend or anybody," says she, "to guide and guard her, I'm going to speak to her," says she. "That is, if you don't forbid me, Mr. Snif-

"Oh, no," says I; "but-" "But what?" says she.

"Nothing," says I. And the next time I saw Miss Jenks:

"Mr. Sniffin," says she, snappingturtly, with her eyes blazing, never dreamed," says she, "that such a sweet-looking girl as Mina could be so impudent," says she, and flounced away before I could get a word in edgewise. "Mina," says I, that evening, "was

Miss Jenks speaking to you recently?" says I, soft-like, so as not to startle "She was," says Mins, also snap-

ping-turtley. "And were you," says I-"did you

"I did," says she. "I kind of-thought so," says I. "Ought you, do you think, darling?" says I. "Miss Jenks is an old-" "Fool, fool, fool!" cried she stamp-"I wouldn't, darling. You'll break

"Why," says Mina, beaming again,

'I declare-if it isn't Jim." Now I liked Jim. Plain, honest school-boy, grea-a-t hand to argue. He and I, and Mina, would sit there "Jim," I'd say, "how's the elec-

"Know so.

"Well, you're wrong, Jim." And then we'd have it- Great Scott!-hot and heavy, back and forth, right and left, and he level, Jim was, and he'd debated, Jim had, in school, and had the dates down fine. Well, we'd sit there and argue-I a-smoking between times and Jim a-laying down the law with his hand and Mina-Mina sewing and taking it all in, and calming us when it got too hot, and yawning when it got too deep. Why, many's the time we've sat and argued till the clock struck eleven-yes, tir, and Jim he'd rise and say:

"Well, good-night, Mr. Sniffin-but Cleveland'll win.' And Mina-Mina would see him politely to the door, and I'd wait for her by the fire, and like as not, fall

asleep-just waiting . Now, it was pleasant evenings like that, and I kind of got over any of had toward Jim. And things ran along till Mina was seventeen, and then eighteen and nineteen-and always on every birthday a book of

To Mina, From Jim.

you could always tell her marks from per may be added if all the meat be Jim's, for his were heavy and her's used. telling what she knew.

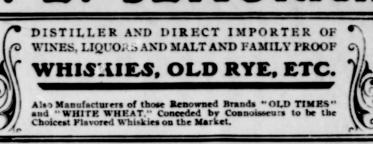
snow, reading those poems and nnd- and fill the centre with the meat. membering.

though she lost Walter thereby." A as Hilda. "I am going to pay some things that I learned by heart and and served in individual ramekins said little smile passed over the girl's calls, Mary. Will you come?" said over and over again to myself For turkey soup, break the tur She even with Mina and Jim.

So, to myself, "How then, boy, savs I, "are there not three of Now, I liked that. I liked that thinking, and one day said to my-"I don't think it will be unpleasant self again as I tapped away on my

"I'll mark them a pretty passage," says I, "aye, in a book of poems, drain, arrange on lettuce leaves, cov-"The door at the top of the land- too," says I, and burst out laughing. er with mayonnaise and garnish with And I did. Oh, it was a merry book, sir, that I gave them-just laid cream blended with the mayonnaise in their trembling hands on Christ- improves the salad. mas morning-aye, a very poetical little book, I tell you, but bound

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Recipes for Leftovers

Turkey leftovers always abound in the larder at this season. For a breakfast or luncheon dish a simple mince of any kind ot poultry served in cream sauce is tasty. If there is a shortage in meat, help it out with bread crumbs. Make a cupful of white sauce by the usual rule those little feelings I might have a cupful of milk, a tablespoonful of flour, a tablespeonful of butter, salt and pepper. Stir in a cupful and a half of the minced meat or a cupful of the meat and half a cupful of bread crumbs. Season to taste, heat thoroughly and turn over hot And Jim, he'd mark passages - toast. A cupful of turkey stock things he wanted her specially to see, made by boiling the turkey bones things he seemed to think she'd some- in water for two hours may be used how know were true and beautiful. for the sauce instead of milk. To And Mina, she'd mark verses; but vary the flavor, a minced green pep-

were light-faintest streaks, they A savory leftover dish is made of were, as if she were half afraid of cold chicken, turkey or lamb minced with a green pepper, moistened with Nights, sitting alone there by the stock, filled into a potato ring and fire with Mina gone-gone tired to baked until the ring is delicately bed, or out to parties, maybe, along browned. It should go to the table "Daddie," says she, and I'm bless- with Jim, I'd take down one of those in the baking dish. For the ring, on the ground, and unthinkingly she ed if she wasn't crying in my arms, opposed it, reading the first words of letter written five years before. The beginning of Jim.

"Daddle, says she, and I in bless books of hers from the parlor shelf. Says I to myself, "What's good for her young heart won't hurt your old melted butter, salt and pepper to her young heart won't hurt your old says and a heaten egg. Arrange the unbeknown to them, and it was as smoke and read; and, sir, do you mixture around the outside of a dish

new leaf when I reach the Southern tell you, to see them plotting and ing the lines she'd marked, seemed Scalloped turkey is another device getting nearer to my little girl. for utilizing left-overs. Make a sauce I couldn't give back the family gew- foot, then on the other, or walking Daughters don't say much to their of a cupful of turkey stock, a tabledaddies about what's passing in their spoonful of butter, a tablespoonful of young hearts. Mina, she'd never say flour, salt and pepper. Butter a bakmuch, even to me, about loving Jim; ing dish and sprinkle the bottom up her little round head-sweet little but there in those books of hers, with cracker crumbs. Over it put head with the brown hair brushed books that they'd read and marked a layer of the meat cut in small the paper drop from her hand. Then straight back from her white fore- together, the whole story seemed pieces. Dot with bits of butter, add head, and her eyes modest and shin- written down—and it brought back a layer of cracker crumbs and put ing, and her little red mouth just to me things I'd never dreamed of re- over it another layer of meat. Continue in this way until the dish is And it was wonderful, wonderful, full. Pour the sauce over it, cover too, I tell you, how those two young the top with buttered crumbs and Leigh was thinking of Mary as well ones had picked out the truest bake. The scallop may be baked

said over and over again to myself | For turkey soup, break the turkey "Yes, certainly," Mary answered there is the firelight-here in the skeleton into pieces, put with it all shop-out in the street. And so, a the dry ends of the meat, cover them That same evening Mrs. Mahon was muttering those marked passages, and with cold water and cook slowly for astonished not a little by the arrival without their guessing it, I kept just three hours. Strain and cool the old on the top. Season to taste.

Turkey salad may be made in the same way as chicken salad. Cut the very we'l, I tell you, and fell to it half as much celery cut into bits. Marinate the mixture with a French dressing with which a drop or two of onion juice has been mixed. Let it stand for an hour or so. Then capers, olives and beets. Whipped

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