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JOHN COBBE, LTD., The Cash Mail Order House, FEILDING

upon Mr Phipps, as it was intended to be, and he, looking up from his paper, said, "I can't think why you didn't ask Cousin Constance here. I have the greatest respect for her, and feel for her in all that she has gone through."

"She has, indeed," exclaimed Mrs Phipps, sympathetically, "but in her case I should do as she is doing—live down the sorrow among strangers. I know her better than you do, and can quite understand her feeling in the matter."

Within an hour the traveller arrived, and was met by Mr Ridge. The letter awaiting her was frank, and cordial, and Mrs Barclay was fully satisfied with its contents. "Just like Mabel, thinking of my getting settled down a bit and resting before we meet. And to think that these two dear ones had all that search for me, and they so busy!"

Her poignant grief at her loss, the need of prompt action in breaking up her home, had left her little time for thought. And now, for the first time, in her shielded life, she found herself among strangers.

"A religious woman" her cousin had called her, but it was not a something, but Christ Himself who was to her "a living, bright reality," when everything, and everyone, seemed pitted against her. As she laid all her burden upon Him she often hardly felt its weight. Sometimes she mildly protested against the neglect or rudeness of the maids, but all was strictly denied by them, and they were backed by Mrs Ridge, who, with them, made it their study just when and how to try her.

Mrs Ridge always took her stand in the dining-room during meals, and sphinx-like in attitude, and entering into any conversation going, breaking in upon it with the expression of her views, and in private she would pit one against the other, till each regarded his neighbour with suspicion, and seemed

to be afraid of the sound of his own voice.

With a cruel smile, she would see a tiny egg placed before Mrs Barclay, or chop without a scrap of meat, and the girls would be heard in the near-by kitchen giggling, the waitress saying to the other, "Me and Mrs Ridge nearly cracked our sides with laughter to see her a-scraping at that bone like a dog."

A young woman sitting next her, who, until her arrival, had undergone the same treatment, noted the calm and gentleness of the new-comer under all the petty persecutions, and was strangely drawn to her. Between the two there sprang up a silent sympathy. Fearful lest she should be overheard, Miss Chilton ventured to say, "Oh! Mrs Barclay, if only I had a home to offer you. Wouldn't I love to take care of you! I am not a bit clever like you, but there is one thing that I can do—keep house."

"How kind of you, dear, to think of such a thing. Why, you have made me feel as if I had a home,—a place of love, and cheer, and warmth, and meals that I could enjoy!"

"When I have a home of my own, as I hope to have before the end of the year," she added shyly, "will you come and live with us, Mrs Barclay? You would love my Frank, and I am sure he would love you."

They were seated in Mrs Barclay's dingy room, and she had played and sung some choice hymns, and read her bits of her writing, and shown her some of her paintings. It was gratifying to have so intelligent, appreciative, and sympathetic a visitor, but the time for bed had come, and still Miss Chilton lingered. Conversation had become strained, when she burst out with: "Mrs Barclay, I have watched your life, and you have something I have not."

"Not 'something,' dear, but **some-**one so real to me, my Lord and Saviour, that He is all in all to me."

"I wish, Oh! how I wish He would be that to me! I would do anything for that."

"But you have not to do anything. Tell Him what you have been telling me—that you want Him to be your Saviour; that you have tried to save yourself, and failed."

"Yes, indeed I have," was the tearful confession.

"And now, dear, will you gladden His heart by telling Him you believe He died for you, and that you trust Him now to be your Saviour? and that trusting Him, you believe His Word, 'Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out?'" Mrs Barclay paused at each statement with many a word of explanation, and when the two friends parted, it was as united in Christ.

Frank's joy knew no bounds when he heard that his intended had taken the step that he had himself taken when facing death on the battlefield. In the new home set up Mrs Barclay became a loved inmate, pupils and service for the Master filling her life with interest. Though in more than one of her visits to her cousin, a home had been offered her, she gratefully declined, feeling that none other could be to her in all its hallowed associations what this had been—"Home, Sweet Home."

BRITAIN'S DRINK BILL.

The British expenditure for drink absolutely staggered him. In 1914 it was £164,000,000 in 1918, £259,000,000. The estimated expenditure for 1920 is £400,000,000. "The fact that America has gone dry is an economic fact of the gravest importance to Great Britain,"—Speech by Sir Donald McLean in the House of Commons.