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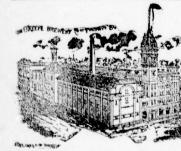
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THE GUARDIAN'S MYSTERY:

Rejected for Conscience's Sake.

BY CHRISTINE FABER.

CHAPTER I. "Why doesn't he come? I declare it is too bad—but it will be just like him, the old bear, to disappoint me. And he

the old bear, to disappoint me. And me knows Florence will have to go to-morrow, and that I want to go with her. I do not see why people will be so disagreeable just to please themselves."

All this is a soliloquy tearfully delivered by a young girl in one of the studyrooms of the Sacred Heart Convent at Manhattanville. She has been impa-Manhattanville. She has been impatiently waiting from the moment of the announcement of the first visitor for her own summons to the parlor, and now it is within the last half hour of the time allotted to the friends of the pupils, and no message has come for her. Her im-patience is augmented by the fact that on the morrow there will be the final parting

the morrow there will be the mai parting of a dozen of the pupils, these being the honored few who have borne the triumphs of graduation. She and her dear friend, Florence Wilbur, are part of the dozen, and some relatives of Florence have invited her to accompany that young lady on a visit to them; but, in order to complete her accompance of the invitation, it is plete her acceptance of the invitation, it is necessary to see this expected visitor who does not come; and as the minutes wear on she grows more impatient and more tearful. She wrings her white hands in vexation, and even gives a little wrathful twitch to the blue ribbon she wears for good conduct, as if that meritorious badge has something to do with her disappoint

She is tall enough to look graceful, and erect and slender enough to suggest pretty comparisons, and her black uniform makes her complexion look fairer than it is, while just a tinge of color in her cheeks caused by her impatience, sets off to im-mense advantage a broad, full brow, large heavily-lashed hazel eyes, and wavy dark

As the minutes pass, leaving but a bare As the minutes pass, leaving but a bare quarter of an hour, her disappointment becomes keener, and at length it culminates in a passionate burst of tears; but at that very instant, "Miss Hammond," is summoned to the parlor.

She dries her eyes, rubbing them so vigorously that the story of her tears is apparent at a glance, and hastily de-

Many of the visitors lingering until the ast minute, the reception parlors seem to be crowded as Miss Hammond hurries from one to another in search of her call er. She sees him at length in a cornerhe always takes a corner—his dark, green cotton umbrella held stiffly before him and his clothes looking as if each separate garment had been chosen for its gro esque appearance and its misfit. As he rises to greet the young lady no stranger figure can be well imagined. Displaying an unusual amount of shirt bosom he has made the display still more conspicuous by exceedingly large and brilliant studs; his coat, while of the clerical cut, departs in great degree from the clerical color, and pantaloons, though sober enough in hue and design, lose their appropriateness when one regards their length. Evidently their owner was parsimoneous about the quantity, and thought that as he had been lavish in the matter of his coat, he must atone for it by the size of his unnentionables; they are four inches above his low-cut shoes and give ample view of large, bony ankles snugly encased in white, woolen stockings. His hat that he holds in his hand is a low crown, brown felt, but with a brim broad enough to sug-gest a Mexican sombrero. He has red hair, red, grizzled hair, plentifully mixed with gray, florid face, and brown eyes capable of a great variety of expressions. His age is difficult to guess, though most bservers would place it well in the orties. Being somewhat above the nedium height and inclined to portliness, forties. is grotesque figure always attracts atten-

Hammond is greeting him. "I thought you did not intend to come, Mr. Mallaby," she says, her indignation not yet spent, and consequently showing itself in her voice. She is aware that everybody is looking at them, and that everybody is looking at them, and that conversations are suspended in order to give them more attention, but she is accustomed to that, having experienced it on every occasion of Mr. Mallaby's visit, and she is also indifferent to it. Her indifference arises partly from the fact that Matthias Mallaby is no relative—only a friend of her deceased father to whom has riend of her deceased father to whom has been intrusted her fortune until she shall become of age—and partly to an inde-pendence and willfulness of character which make her rather defiant of the opinion of others.

"I was detained, my dear," replies Mr.

ion just as it is doing now while Miss

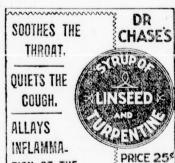
"I was detained, my dear," replies Mr. Mallaby in a deep voice, "and now that I am here I suppose you want me to proceed to business at once."

"If you please, Mr. Mallaby."

The tone of the young lady indicates her estimation of her guardian; he is her guardian, and nothing more.

"Well, my dear;" the brown eyes have assemmed a very kindly expression, and

ssumed a very kindly expression, and booked at without regard to the apparent



TION OF THE LUNGS AND BRONCHIAL TUBES.

MR. CHAS. BAILEY, of Close Ave., Toronto, and Managor celebrated Jossep Seeel Works, Mauchester, Eng., says: "As a quick cough cure for family see, I consider Dr. Chase's Byrup of Lipseed and Turpentine the most wonderful mixture conceivable. This medicine cured me of a severe attack of La Grippe very promptly. My wife would not consider our child safe from croup and coughs without this preparation in the house.

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oddity of their owner, they are exceeding-

claims with alarm:

claims with alarm:

"For the present—what do you mean?
Am I not always to have an income?
Did not papa leave fortune enough?"

"Softly, my dear; don't get so excited.
Your papa's fortune was hardly as large, as it was thought to be, and speculations made just before his death have not turned out so well. But you will not want and, as I was saying, your income want, and, as I was saying, your income

'Only six hundred a year," she ex-"Only Six hundred a year, she ex-claims in dismay; "why that will not buy much more than shoes and gloves, and I shall want ever so many things." He does not reply, but settles his big, freckled, ungloved hands more firmly on the horn handle of his umbrella.
"Six hundred a year," she repeats, and then as if with sudden resignation, she

says quickly:
"Well, I must only practice economy
But I shall want all the money for which

I wrote to you, because while making my visit to Miss Wilbur's friends, I expect to buy a good many things; we have both arranged to make several purchases." "A sensible way to begin the practice of economy," says Mr. Mallaby; then, fumbling in one of his breast-pockets, he

You have not written much about this Miss Wilbur in your letters—what kind of a place is she going to take you to? Is she—" suddenly hesitating, and this his hesitation increases as the big hazel eyes begin to express a most indignant wonder; but at length he brings, or rather blurts out:

"Is she the right kind of a person for you to be invited by ?"

"Mr. Mallaby!"

Miss Hammond's tone expresses as

Miss Hammond's tone expresses as-tonishment, anger, reproach, and so many other emotions that Mr. Mallaby takes his hand out of his bosom without pro-ducing anything, and clasps it with the other hand on the handle of the um-brella; then he unclasps and clasps them both alternately a number of times, while Miss Hammond in that same tone re-Miss Hammond in that same tone re-

ntlessly continues:
"Miss Wilbur is a young lady of excellent family; she is quite rich, her income being ten times the amount of my paltry six hundred. I am honored by her friendship and her invitation."

"Perhaps you are, and perhaps she is more honored by yours; but I must ask a few other questions, my dear." As if to brace himself, he rises, putting

the umbrella under his arm in nanner that it adds very much to his comical appearance.
"Who constitutes this family where
Miss Wilbur is going to visit? Are they

of the male or female gender, and are they Catholics, Protestants, Jews or heathens ' Miss Hammond is too indignant to see any humor in this question, and she hav-ing also arisen, draws herself up while

she answers: sne answers:
"Her mother is abroad for health.
Her father like my own is dead. She is
an only child. The people we are going o visit are her father's brother and sister who live on Hubert Street in New York. They are Protestants as was also her father until his marriage. Her mother was always a Catholic. Three months from this date she is going abroad to join her mother. Now having given you the essential part of her history, have you any more questions to ask, Mr. Malla-by."

"No, my dear; I shall take the and hope that you will enjoy your visit. Let me know in time before you end it so that Mrs. Denner will be ready for you. And here is the money—" again fumbling in his breast and this time drawing forth a wallet which he alongs in Miss Herm a wallet which he places in Miss Hammond's hand.

"Be careful of it, and good-bye!" as

the signal for the departure of all visitors just then sounds.

He extends his hand looking as if he

forth, his cotton umbrella perched ludic-rously under his arm, and his long, cleric-ally-cut coat, and his short pantaloons making a figure so grotesque and comica that Miss Hammond is fain to hasten from the sight.

II.

Hubert Street was a short street, and had little distinctive character, but, in nan thrie distinctive character, but, in some of the days prior to elevated roads and telephones, it contained the abodes of well-to-do, and eminently respectable families. Exciting business had not then thrust itself up to its very doors, as it did in latter years, and the sober blocks about it bore an equally quiet and genteel air. it bore an equally quiet, and genteel air. It had also the additional advantage of being near St. John's Park, a local attraction which enhanced the value of property and determined the claim to aristocracy of the neighboring inhabitants; to admission to the park was obtained only by key, and the ownership of a ke marked at once the wealth and pedigre of the owner. The houses on Hubert Street were built mostly after the same pattern, and all of their occupants, with wo exceptions, were staid, slow-going people to whom the stirring events of sub sequent years might have seemed like sacriligious innovations upon nature's own progress. The exceptions were a prother and sister who dwelt in one of the corner houses that fronted on Hubert Street, and who, because of their long residence in that particular abode, were well known to the whole neighborhood. In that house both had been born, and in that house both of their parents had died.

The brother was known to be a scholar, thoroughly college-bred and accomplished by travel, devoted to books, and averse to society; the sister was equally famed for her devotion to her brother, her sharp tongue, and her strong and generally wrong opinions upon every subject.

She was forty years old, but ten years older looking because of her fretful disposition, and from that same cause she was somewhat unprepossessing in appearance. Her forehead having taken naturally to knotting itself when she was a baby, had formed on its high, bald surface, so many knots since, that even her smile when she actually yielded to one, was gloomily overshadowed by them, and her sharp, puckered face was made still under the sharp of the pen between her fingers, "write what I dictate. 'My dear Florence, both Sydney and Lextend to your young friend, Miss Hammond—'

You're a mean, hateful, savage, cruel, unreasonable, horrible, tyrannical fel-

oddity of their owner, they are exceedingly winning.

"An income is assured to you for the present; it will amount to—"

Before he can name the sum she, struck alone by the first part of his remark, exceeding with alarm."

The present in the fringe of thin, straggling little spit-curls which surmounted it. She was petite in size and so light and noiseless in her movements, that Aune, the servant of all work, frequently experienced in little server wrath to find Miss Wilbur at her shoulder when a comparit her server when a comparit her shoulder when a comparity her server when a comparity her server was a comparable to the server with the server when a comparable to the server was a comparable to the at her shoulder when a few moments be

fore she had left that lady busily pied in the extreme upper part of the Miss Wilbur was mistress and house

keeper, and her sole charge was her scholarly, and retiring brother. He was four years her junior, utterly unlike her in ap pearance, and while she fretted and made herself old, he derived comfort from his books, his pen, and a certain philosophy born of his very reflections. Her worriments were greatly argumented on the day that she received a letter from her niece, Florence Wilbur, announcing not only an intended visit of that young lady to the Wilbur homestead, but that sh actually had taken the liberty of inviting for the two mohths of her own stay, her dear, and intimate friend and classmate dear, and intimate friend and classmate, Agnes Hammond. Not alone was Miss Wilbur worried by that news, but she became very angry, and she burst upon her brother in his study, with a tirade against women in general, but against her niece, Florence, in particular.

"Does she suppose we keep open house here, that she should take it upon herself to invite this person—how dare she assume such a liberty?"

Her little black eyes snapped, and the knots in her forehead protruded.

enots in her forehead protruded The young man whom she addressed, beyond lifting his eyes for a moment from the page of foolscap on which he was writing when she entered, took no further did not seem to cause him the least dis-turbance, for his pen held firmly between white, well-shaped fingers, moved as rapidly over the paper as it could have done

or to her entrance.
"Are you deaf, Sydney Wilbur, that you can go on writing in the face of what I tell you? Is it nothing to you that these two girls are coming here—two mind

ou, and one a total stranger Continuing to approach him as she spoke, her last words were uttered as she stood directly in front of his desk, and she shook poor Florence's letter almost in his face, an action that compelled him to drop his pen and look at her. But it was a very pleasant look he gave; his mouth curved into a smile that partly showed very white, even teeth under his slight brown moustache. His eyes, large, brown ones they were, had a laughing look also indeed, with his Grecian features, dark hair, and complexion clear as a girl's, he made so handsome and pleasant a sight it seemed a wonder how his sister could maintain her anger in its presence; but she did not soften a jot; not even when he

pleasantly replied:
"You are inconsistent, Deborah—how often have you reproached me for not cultivating at least the society of our own neighborhood, and especially of that ridic ulous friend of yours, Miss Liscome and now that there is an opportunity of my cultivating society within our very

oors you are angry."
"Cultivating the society of the neighborhood is a very different thing from having two hoydenish girls on a visit, pushing back her little spit-curls until her large forehead was revealed in all its baldness, "and Miss Liscome is a sensible person, and what is more, she is not a Catholic. It is bad enough to have one Catholic coming in the person of Florence, but two are too much for human nature to bear. I shall write immediate ly and tell Florence to retract her invita

You will do nothing of the kind. The change in the tone and appearance of the speaker was startling. Every trace of his recent smile had disappeared leaver on his recent same had disappeared reav-ing in its place only the expression of an inflexible determination; even the hand-some brown eyes seem to have grown hard, and to emit flashes of a temper that it would be hardly well to encoun-

Miss Wilbur cowered a little, and she retreated a pace as she saw her brother rise from his chair and give it an angry He extends his hand looking as if he would very much like to linger over the limp passive fingers she lays within his grasp for a moment; but her cool, dignified manner abashes him, and he goes feel manner abashes him, and he goes feel himself very erect, on occasions holding his head so well up that it gave to his appearance an air of great haughtiness; he was holding himself in that manner now, and looking down upon his sister with such an expression as he had never turned upon her but twice be-fore in his whole life.

"Florence Wilbur is my niece as well as yours, and as I am of age, and the master of this house, you will write and tell her that not alone is she to make our house her home for the two months of her stay before she goes to Europe, but the home for so long a period as she chooses, of any friend, or friends she may care to invite. You will write that letter care to invite. You will write that letter immediately, please, and write it here, at my dictation."

He had placed, while he was speaking,

paper into position for her, returned to its place the chair he had flung behind him, and stepped courteously aside that she

might seat herself at the desk.
The knots in Miss Wilbur's forehead were growing slightly purple from impo-tent rage. Remembering the two former occasions on which her brother had shown just such determination, she knew how vain would be any attempt to oppose him; still, she could not and she would not yield without a further effort for the mas-

tery.
"Just let me reason with you," she said, her thin voice raised to its shrillest pitch.
"Write;" he commanded, dipping the pen into the ink, and extending it to her.

She persisted;
"We don't know anything of this person—she may—"
"Write!" he interrupted, still extend-

The brother was known to be a scholar, ing the pen to her.

becombly college-bred and accomplished "She will be falling in love with you,

few uncomplimentary adjectives.

But she wrote the letter, and wrote it at

Sydney's dictation, even being compelled to add that Sydney himself would escort Florence and her friend from the convent. And it was the reception of that letter containing so cordial an invitation from "Aunt Deb," that made Florence Wilbur most urgently repeat her invitation to Agnes Hammond.

III.

The journey in those days, comparatively recent as they were, from Manhat tanville to the lower part of the city, was neither the rapid nor the easy one that it is at present. Its length was sufficient to set the hearts of the two ladies who were to make it quite aglow with pleasur-able anticipation. Both might be com-pared to fledglings who know not how to fly, for both had been placed in the convent in their very tender years and save for infrequent and very brief visits neith-er had been in the great city. Their trunks had been already dis-

patched, and they themselves were but waiting the advent of Mr. Wilbur to say their final adieus. They had bung about their favorite Madames all the morning, listening tearfully to loving admonitions, and promising on their part to be true and constant to the numerous lessons of piety they had received. For Florence perhaps, the gentle religiouse felt there was not so much to fear, as the girl was natur-ally sensible and so prone to humor that she probably would be spared many of the temptations which beset more imagin-

ative and ardent temperaments.

Then, also, while exceedingly pleasant looking, there was nothing abo distinguish her from a host of equally good but common-place girls. She was short in stature and inclined to be stout and she had a freckled face in which not a single feature could lay claim to beauty save a set of exquisite teeth; these were often revealed because of the constant disposition to laughter of the mouth which inclosed them. Her hair was light and so were her eyes, but the color of the latter seemed to be redeemed by their mirthful twinkle: altogether, she was so good-natured, affectionate, and disposed to see the humorous in even vexatious incidents, that she won her way to the hearts without effort, and once known, no one thought about her looks.

The affectionate intimacy which from their first acquantance had existed be-tween herself and Agnes Hammond gave no little wonder to the other pupils Agnes being so different from Florence. She was reticent, thoughtful, dignified, independent almost to defiance, and beautiful, besides being much more ambitious, studying even in recreation times, and reading the most solid works. But that their affection was deep and constant was evinced in many ways, and at no time perhaps more than on this morning, when their eyes humid from the tears of parting with the beloved Madames, often sought each other with an

expression that seemed to say:
"The agony of these farewells could hardly be borne but that we shall be to-

Mr. Wilbur arrived, and while the girls at the announcement of his name flew to don their out-door garments, he was taken in charge by the sweet-faced, low-voiced, and courtly superioress. It was his first visit to a Catholic institution of the kind, and how shocked his righteous, and prejudiced sister would have been could she have witnessed the charming grace with he received the kindly attentions of Madame H-

Had Miss Deborah Wilbur been in his place she would have deemed it her sacred luty to maintain a most rigid exterior in order to show the evil one by herstiff dignity that her accidental entrance to a Romish institution was no sign that she was going to succumb to any Romish Fortunately for her peace of mind she did not see the gracious manner of her brother, and still more fortun-ately for the benefit of her sleep and appetite, she did not behold his meeting with Miss Hammond. He kissed his niece, Florence, when she entered, and then he was presented to Agnes.

She had never looked lovier; her dark, ticipation, timidity and some ment, wearing the brightest of blushes. The very plainness of Florence seemed to act as an admirable foil to the beauty of her friend; but the generous-hearted girl with-out a thought of herself, was rejoicing at the favorable impression made by her riend and she looked with affectionate de friend and she looked with affectionate de-light at the cordial way in which her young and handsome uncle continued to hold Miss Hammond's hand, while he told the pleasure it gave him to take to his home so charming a guest.

The old-fashioned, but comfortable carriage of the Wilbur's waited at the door, and when the very last farewell had been said, intermitted with vehe-ment promises of frequent letters from the two girls, the three slowly bowled out of the picturesque grounds, both Florence and Agnes continuing to look back and to wave their handkerchiefs to some of the remaining pupils who had come out the remaining pipus who had come out a little distance to see them quite off. Then Miss Hammond's hand sought a little pearl rosary in her pocket, the parting gift of Madame H——, and her lips formed involuntarily the little ejaculation to the Mother of God that she had been taught to repeat in the convent.

How faithful she meant to be to all the lessons of piety which had been instilled during her school life; how heroic in the fulfillment of every duty, and just at that stage of her fervent thoughts she looked up and across at Wilbur. He was looking at her, and though she had not been aware of it, he had been doing as for some time. Now, however, that he was observed, he withdrew his eyes instantly, but when the carriage had bowled out of the old convent road and was speeding to what is now known as the western Boulevard he began so interesting an account vard, he began so interesting an account of the improvements already projected for that locality that she found herself de-lightedly listening, and even meeting his eyes quite as if she had known him a long time. Not once during the journey did her interest flag, the gentlemanly escort being so full of information and possessed of so much grace and tact in was somewhat unprepossessing in appearance. Her forehead having taken naturally to knotting itself when she was a baby, had formed on its high, bald surface, so many knots since, that even her smile when she actually yielded to one, was gloomily overshadowed by them, and her sharp, puckered face was made still more so by small, deeply set, intensely black eyes. Some attempts to detract from the height of her forehead was ap-

Mallaby, her father's executor and her

own guardian.

"Mallaby!" repeated Mr. Wilbur. "Is
it Mathias Mallaby, and does he dress
somewhat oddly?"

"Yes;" answered Agnes, "do you know

him?" her tone indicating no

prise, while Florence laughing heartily, said: "Dress oddly? if you have never seen "Dress oddly? if you have never seen him, Uncle Sydney, then there is a treat in store for you, for I mean to have Agnes invite him to Aunt Deb's, I saw him once accidently and I expected Agnes to scold me the way I laughed, but she didn't. I thought I should have convulsions at the sight of his pantaloons. I dreamed of them, and the big, bony ankles, below them dancing a jig in the study-hall—fancy the scene, Agnes," and in the indulgence of her mirthful imagination, she leaned back in the carriage and ation, she leaned back in the carriage and

laughed immoderately.

Agnes laughed also, and Wilbur smiled;
then he replied to Miss Hammond's ques-

"I do not know Mr. Mallaby. I never

"I do not know Mr. Mallaby. I never saw him, but I have heard of him; I have heard that though he is extremely odd, he is a man of great integrity."

He may or may not have added the latter part of his remark for the purpose of tempering the fun which his niece was disposed to make of Mr. Mallaby, but if he thought that he so doing he was the thought that by so doing he was spar-ing Miss Hammond's feelings, he was not to know, for that young lady betrayed no sign of either pleasure or displeasure. He was not aware that her indifference

He was not aware that her indifference arose from the fact that Mr. Mallaby was no relation of hers.

By the time they had arrived at the homestead on Hubert Street, Miss Hammond felt as if she knew Mr. Wilbur quite well, and knowing him so favorably she looked forward with pleasure to meeting his siter. "A until Pale." ing his sister, " Aunt Deb

But Aunt Deb did not see them immediately; Anne, the domestic who admitted them, said that Miss Wilbur had gone to Miss Liscome's to bring that lady to spend the evening with the company. Sydney frowned on receiving the information, but as his sister had completed her preparations for the guests, and Anne had an appetizing repast ready, the absence of the lady of the house did not make much difference.

The girls were to room together; so Anne informed them, when on the con-clusion of the repast, Florence desired to know where they were going to sleep that she and Agnes might fortify themselves by a nap for the festivity of the evening. The room to which Anne conducted then was a very large one, containing a great double bed, an immense wardrobe, and the other accessories of a sleepingchamber, all of equally substantial size.
With a view perhaps to banishing the
effect of any Romish incantation her young guests might be inclined to per-form, Aunt Deb had liberally supplied the apartment with scriptural texts. She herself had fashioned them out of huge pieces of bright-colored pasteboard and glued them to the walls, to the utter exclusion of every picture that had at any time adorned the room. She seemed to have chosen the texts because of their special warning against idolatry, as if she thought that was the danger most to be feared from the religion of her guests. The texts looked incongruous and ridiculous against the pure white walls and they caused Florence such a fit of laughter that she war fain to throw herself into the nearest chair and let her mirth have its way. In Agnes that only caused wonder. Anne, not knowing at what the young lady was laughing, but feeling it incum bent upon her to make some remark since

the hostess was not present, said : "Miss Wilbur was awful anxious to have this room fixed for you. She spent all day yesterday making them letters—" indicating with a sweep of her arm the brilliantly colored texts—"and hanging

them up, and taking down the pictures."

"I think she must have, and spent the night too," answered Florence, recovering sufficiently from her mirth to speak, and then she shook herself out of the chair, and dismissing the would-be voluble Anne, turned to Agnes with:

"Aunt Deb was determined to supply us with scriptural food, but did you ever becoming costume fitting her like a riding habit, and her Grecian face from antique that, and her Grecian face from antique in the state of the stat it is pasted to the wall has a rollicking air; and as for, 'Make to thy self no graven image, it looks as if it were leering at the other texts. But, seriously, Agnes, as soon as we doff our dresses, get into our loose gowns, and are comfortably lying down, I shall tell you what perhaps I ought to have told you before about Aunt Deb."

Agnes lost little time in getting into the proposed attire and climbing into the high, wide bed where she was speedily joined by Florence, and with her arms around Florence's neck she listened while

Florence told the following: "You know that I have maternal uncles and aunts to whom I might have gone for these couple of months before I join my mother in Europe, but with them I would not have the accommodation afforded here; then also when I came on occasional visits here with my mother I liked Uncle Sydney so much. He knows how to please, and though he is asstrict in his religious principles as Aunt Deb is, he never obtrudes them upon others as she does. She is dreadfully prejudiced—never forgive my father for marrying my Catholic mother, and particularly for allowing me to be brought up a Catholic. For that reason she never quite liked either my mother or me, and perhaps I should have hesitated about coming here if it were not for the fear that this might be my last opportunity of seeing Uncle Sydney, my mother, thinking, as you know of making a permanent home abroad. For the sake of Uncle Sydney's company I can endure Aunt Deborah, and for the sake of my company I think you also will be willing to endure her; at all events you saw her warm letter of invitation so that you may feel, no matter what her oddities are, you are welcome. I did not tell you about her prejudice before, lest it might make you hesitate to accept any invitation to the house. But you are willing, dear, to endure a little that we may be together for a while yet,

are you not?"
"Willing to endure a great deal, Florence, for the sake of being with you," and the rounded arms about Florence's neck pressed that young lady very tight-

It's not the cough, but what it may end in, that makes it so serious. The cough may be cured, the serious consequences prevented by Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Tur-

POPULAR PROTESTANT CONTR

VERSY. Sacred Heart Review

As I have already remarked els where, no one will dispute the allegance of President Francis L. Patton, Princeton, to Protestantism, for as Presbyterian Calvinist, he belongs its stricter school. Yet, while a knowledging that for Protestants, ev now, controversy with Rome may infrequently be a duty, he insists the on the whole the evident provident note of our age is irenical. Yet pop lar Protestant controversy in country seems very slow to learn th Some ten years ago Mr. Edwin Mead declared that it largely breatly the very spirit of religious war. has a good deal dampened down sin then, but the smouldering fire is yet extinct. It may blaze up at a moment, fiercer than ever.

At the Reformation the Protestar

finding the hierarchy still very pow ful, were naturally inclined, in n Teutonic countries, to form a v strict alliance with the State. Purit ism in its prime checked this tender but has itself now largely yielded to
We, as Protestants, have alw
been very much on the qui
against the arrogance of the pri

This is well, for arrogance great sin in any man, or class of m Yet if we want effective prot against encroachments of the power upon the domain of Chris conscience, then, as that staunch I Calvinist, the late Doctor John Mor of Oberlin College, once remarked me, we must turn to the Catholics When nationality first began to s

itself in its full strength, from 130 1600, it principally concentrated i in the form of absolute monarchy. is not strange, therefore, that the formers (except in Scotland) were ally much more concerned for aut ity than for liberty. When we with well deserved abhorrence the travagances of certain canon modesty requires that we should forget that our own Archbishop C mer, glorifying Thomas Crom deliberately declared that "he l the king as much as he loved G This would have been blasphemy it applied to a Saint Lewis : it cou no more than blasphemy, though tainly blasphemy of a still deeper when applied to a Henry the Eig

Unhappy these sacrilegious exa tions of Casar did not altogether with the sixteenth century. Jathe First, himself, absolutistic a was, had to remind Oxford that, monarchy was sacred, tyranny ha rights. Later on, John Tillotsonoted by Leslie Stephen as decla that every man is bound to pr any religion commanded by the istrate, unless he can show that h an individual revelation from Goo bidding him. Yet John Tillotson afterwards made Primate of all

Nor has the transfer of auth from the individual to the colle Cæsar deadened this sycophancy civil power. On the contrary, i greatly strengthened it. As D Lyman Abbott has well said, never were grosser flatteries lav on a king than are now often lav in our country on King Demos. to demand absolute obedience body of men is just as truly atheis to demand it for a monarch. B hundred men or a hundred milli a company of the creatures of bands itself together against the will of their Creator, they are s a body of pirates, and their edict a Christian conscience, have no force than those of any other com of pirates. There can never be than a superficial and accidental munity of civil life between thos find the supreme revelation of G Jesus Christ and those that de "If this be treason, make the m

It is plain that with multitud Republic is already becoming, inestimable benefit of God, thankfully and loyally used, proper object of religious wo against whose collective will it i phemy to advance any represer or remonstrance in the name science. The goddess America the godders Roma of old, by no disturbs the temples of other divi but bids fair before long to tre capital crime the slightest refer a higher law when ouce her sov pleasure is signified, in any ma practice or conscience wh Render to Casar the things tasar's," says Gambetta, "a Cæsar's," says Gambetta, member that everything is Ca Atheists must worship, like other In France they worship Fran America, America. Christians two countries do not worship but love and honor each, and th they are traitors. So it has been Tertullian's time, and so it will til the final anti-Christ is reveal

I need not say that anti-Cl aims are never likely to fal for want of Christian helper ready, in one of our foremost rejournals, I have seen an en editorially uncontra protest, against allowing any deferen shown, in legislation, to inc conviction. For instance, mos states, so far as general equit in any way allow, have been o to deal tenderly with the scri the Quakers against bearing The writer in question is great dalized at this: not as diminish forces of self-defence, but as u ing the majesty of the civil po is dishonorable in the state, he to concern itself about individu ples as to right and wrong. I despotism of Napoleon so f

overthrown.