

ON THE NINTH DAY.

The very swish of her dress as she passed him on the stairs sent his heart throbbing. So that he was conscious of a physical sense of relief from the support of the wall as he placed his back straight against it to make room for the troubling apparition. She went by with a curt nod—by a tacit code him with a curt nod—by a tacit code they never spoke on the boarding house stairs; and during the moments when she was preparing to step onto the pavement outside he watched her every movement, till the click of the open sunshade, coinciding with her disappearance, sounded the knell of his ephemeral joy. He would slowly continue his way up the long, narrow stairs, trying to banish the remembrance of their last conversation and to fix his mind on something unconnected with her. He generally succeeded in thrusting that image in the background when, before his open books, he buried himself heart and brain in the studies which were now nearing their conclusion. But there came a day when he sprang up in despair, slammed the volume to the floor, and paced angrily up and down the room. "You are not worth much," he muttered bitterly to his reflection in the looking glass. "Here you are as low as any of the blessed pack around you, that must have a woman, foully or fairly, in their lives. What fiend sent that creature here just now—now, when my diploma is at hand? I'll never get it. I'm unable to work. Bother her!" He strode wrathfully to the door, and on opening it became aware of a sly voice that floated up. "Hark! By the bird's song ye may learn the nest," he muttered, involuntarily holding the door ajar till the sound of a footstep ascending made him realize his attitude of listener. Not that he had retained a word; it was all a confused impression of laughter and girls' chat. The melody of one voice only remained with him, and his face softened as he closed the door. He walked back to the table, sat down, covered his face with his hands. "I've got to face it!" he thought. "The fact is there. I am no longer master of myself, and there is no peace for me until this woman who has disturbed my life either comes into it or goes out of it forever. My dreams of happy bachelorhood are ended."

For eight long weary days Mary had scarcely glimpsed at Hugh Darrell. The same unfinished sketch stood on her easel, and she sat before it daily with troubled mind and heavy heart. But she could not in justice resent that he had taken her at her word. In this, as in all else, she was forced to admire the conscientious man acting according to his code; impulsive though he was by nature, he would never let himself be led by reason guiding inclination. If he considered her as unworthy, he would know how to tear her from his mind and heart; but she—alas! if he had taken her hand at that last interview she would not have resisted. Was it because she felt this that he hastened away? He wished to shield her from herself—he would owe her consent only to her ripened reflection. He did not understand coquetry; he was too frank himself to suspect that she really belonged to his heart and soul long since. It was his openly professed religious convictions that first drew Mary's attention to this strange man. It was a unique experience to hear him assuring their hostess that she could count on his escort returning from a sermon and late Benediction, as he himself would be present, and their homeward road was identical; and the perfectly natural way in which he alluded to his religious obligations, neither hiding them nor putting them forward, was a source of constant astonishment to her. She blushed for him, and kept her eyes on the cloth when, after many combinations, he ended up before a tableful by declaring that he could not manage to be in for the first football match—"since I have to go to Mass, you see." But she soon saw that this explanation was taken just as well as any other by his comrades of all sects. She also divined that it was a point of honor with him not to slur over any of the practices of his creed; and, with a sense of shame, she tried to awaken in her own tepid soul the childhood's fervor which intercourse with the votaries of "Art for Art's sake" had chilled and stifled. It did her good to meet this honest, earnest man, and watch him keep in hand the impetuous spirit always threatening to break forth. She loved him for his perseverance, his devotion to the task of the hour—his determination to do all things right, at all costs. In their conversations she had been struck above all with his living faith, his perfect confidence in the hand that moulded all lives. "He would know how to console himself if I said 'No,'" she thought. "Not that I mean to say it. Looking at the matter from a higher standpoint, as he would have me do, I believe indeed that it would be for my good in both worlds to live in daily contact with such a man." On the morning of the ninth day Mary arose early and dressed herself with more than usual care. She put a white rose at her throat and adjusted the dainty hat at a becoming angle. She carried her gloves down with her, for she had planned

"Five weeks," she replied promptly. So long had he left her. There was a silence. She withstood his pleading look, although her heart was aching. "Make it—nine days," he begged. "Nine days! Nine centuries it will be to me! A week is ample time to know one's own mind. Come, say nine days!" She laughed tremulously, and began to dread the collapse of her self-control. So she assented. "The less we meet till then, the better for me," he said, with a sigh. "Do not misinterpret my absence." "What!" she demanded, in surprise and disappointment. "Do you mean that you will not try to influence my decision?" "In justice to myself I shall feel bound to keep away," he replied. "I have already experienced the dangers of your society and do not wish to suffer any more than I have done. Besides, I have too true an idea of my own personal powers of fascination to count on them as a favorable factor in influencing your decision." "You are a strange wooer," she said, with vexation. "At least I am straightforward," he rejoined. "And I appreciate your deliberation. I do not rush at things, either, I beg you to believe. Neither you nor I, I hope, could be led by momentary passion. You are quite right to reflect, although I did long for an immediate answer in coming here to-day. Think well over it, and let your decision be unbiased by the thought of my eager longings. My happiness must not be bought at the expense of yours."

that they would walk out after breakfast. Surely he would be lingering in the hall even now, to get a hasty word with her before the others appeared. She heard a step on the dulled flooring, and, leaning over the balustrade, saw with dismay and displeasure Hugh Darrell with hat and cane preparing to go out. A wave of anger swept over her. So he would not find time for her until the late or second breakfast! Decidedly her answer was of secondary importance. For the past week he had gone out early every morning, thus missing the few minutes he could have had with her before she left for her morning's work at the studio. She ran down to accost him and take revenge. "Mr. Darrell!" she called as he had his hand on the door. He turned round; his face lit up with joyful anticipation. "If you have forgotten, I have not, that we were to decide to-day whether we could be anything to each other. I decidedly think not." Her heart smote her as she heard his heavily drawn breath. She did not dare lift her eyes to his face. "This is not your last word," he said, almost fiercely. "The day is not over yet, and I shall come again for my answer." She watched him cross the street, and, by uncontrollable impulse, followed him. He walked so rapidly that she had difficulty in keeping him in sight; but finally he entered a neighboring church and was lost to view in a side aisle. Her heart throbbing with emotion and remorse, she endeavored to assist devoutly at the morning worship. "O God, make me good—good and pious, less unworthy of this good man!" she prayed. When Mass was over she waited near the door to meet him at his departure. But the church grew empty and still she waited. At last she walked slowly toward the spot where she had seen him disappear. He was kneeling before the statue where she had also sometimes knelt; and, feeling himself comparatively alone, was pouring forth his entreaties in earnest whispers before the altar of his patroness. Mary now understood his demand for a respite of nine days. This devotion, like many others, had become unfamiliar to her. But it would be so no longer. Ah, what a revival it would be, with God's grace! Softly she approached, knelt beside him, and put her hand between his two clasped ones. Again the feeling that she was not the first object in his life was borne upon her. He did not start nor turn around. He pressed her hand close between his own, and bowed his head upon it in mute thanksgiving. Neither her presence nor her consent was a surprise. Outside the portal he turned to greet her with a radiant smile. "Oh, the serious, serious face!" he laughed. "Come! This has been given to me"—drawing her arm within her own. "Now you shall walk back before the world as the future Mrs. Hugh Darrell!"—Ave Maria.

take a perfect copy, even if the camera could catch them all, which it cannot. No forger can get the tracery done by hand, because no engraver could do it, and he cannot get the machine. If he had the machine it would take years to work out the secret combination of figures which make any particular design. There are only three or four of these machines in the world. Then for his design, in the shape of portraits and architecture and scenery and lettering, he would want a combination of four or more engravers of high ability and bad character, which would be as hard to come by as the machine. It cannot be done. But the English note is protected by none of those things. Its lettering and general design can be copied quite easily by the camera, and a good plate reproduced on zinc for printing. It can be photographed on stone, and the printing is ready at once if the forger can get paper of the right sort. Ambulance Dogs in War. It is well known that dogs, of certain breeds especially, have a considerable amount of intelligence. As the constant companion of man through generations, the brain of the dog has been developed until at the present time it is probable that this animal can be more easily trained than any other. For something like eighty years the monks of St. Bernard have trained and used dogs to rescue travellers lost in the snow. In Europe many of the armies, inspired by this idea, employ dogs to seek out the wounded on the field of battle and thus aid in the work of the ambulance corps. In Germany, dogs are attached to the ambulance service in many regiments, and were employed in the Herrero expedition in Africa. In Austria, France, Italy, Switzerland, Holland, Russia and America dogs are utilized in ambulance work. The British Medical Journal of December 10, 1904, contains a special article on the subject and describes the methods pursued in training and using dogs for this purpose. With the object of rendering first aid to those men who are not mortally wounded, the writer says, the dog is equipped with a waterproof canvas saddle, with a pocket at each side. In these pockets are placed eight triangular bandages, while slung around the dog's neck is a small case of brandy or rum, and a bell for use after dark. If the wounded man be strong enough he may take the bandages and temporarily bind his wounds, and he can also help himself to stimulants. Supposing him to be too weak to take advantage of his temporary assistance, the dog barks loudly until he attracts the notice of the search party. Several officers of the British service have been experimenting with dogs in order to satisfy themselves whether they are calculated to be of value in the role of ambulance assistants. These men have reported favorably, but as yet the British War Office has made no move. However, as the British War Office has the reputation of being the most hide-bound and conservative of all the notoriously conservative state departments of that country, this is not to be wondered at. As a matter of fact, the scheme is but in its experimental stage and needs to be weighed carefully before it is adopted on a large scale. Its humanitarian side cannot but appeal to all, and if the use of dogs is found practicable and of value, it will be another step in the direction of ameliorating the horrors of war.—Medical Record. "If there is anybody under the canister of heaven that I hold in utter execration," says Mrs. Partington, "it is the tale-bearer and slanderer, going about like a vile bo-constructor, circulating his camomile amongst the honest folks. I always know one of his phismahogany. It seems as if Belzabob had stamped him with his private signal, and everything he looks at appears to turn yellow." And having uttered this somewhat elaborate speech, she was seized with a violent fit of coughing and called for some "demulcent drops."

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MAKING ENGLISH BANK NOTES.
Protection Against Forgery in Printing and Paper.
(London Answers.)
The Bank of England note is the most easily forged of all, for it is the simplest, consisting as it does of black printing on a white paper. The great safeguard lies in the quality of the paper and the quality of the printing and the watermark on the paper.
To make the actual paper is beyond the skill of the cleverest forger. It is made at a small town near London, but so well has the secret been guarded that the most skilful note printers in the trade do not understand that, though they know most of the other secrets.
Note printing is one of the highly skilled trades which still is a virtual monopoly of the city of London. It has always been so, and the great banks of the world come to the engravers and printers of London to have their plates made. They turn out the most beautiful printing in Europe. Some of it is of the most complicated description, and in this fact lies its great safety.
The steel plate itself is the work of many hands and many brains. When the main design has been decided upon the parts of the picture have to be given over to several engravers, each of whom is skilled in one branch of his art and could not exchange his part with any of the others. One is an architectural engraver, and with a fine needle he labors for weeks in the effort to convey to the metal a perfect picture of a building. Another, with skill of quite a different sort, makes portraits, a third draws scenery, while a fourth fashions the letters. Still others contrive centre pieces and then there is the machine engraver, which is more wonderful still, for the machine does work so fine that no human hand can imitate it.
The complicated work of tracing which you see on the back and front of Scotch and foreign notes is so minute that the camera cannot effectively copy it. To reproduce with photography on zinc it is necessary to employ acid, and the acid would eat away these fine lines. The work is done by a machine which is made on the principle of the pantograph. It seems to consist of a multitude of wheels and concentrics, and apparatus for guiding and checking the needle and sending it in new directions at all sorts of unexpected angles and curves.
After the design has been worked out on the machine in accordance with the secret code, which is kept by the proprietor locked in the safe, the machine does the work itself, if the operator will go on turning the driving crank slowly and steadily. The plan is taken out with numbers which represent the wheel and the code figures, showing the work which is to be done by each wheel, and how it comes into play. But the operator cannot know the secret. The machine simply goes on its own way, and the least slackening of any of the parts will put it all out. A workman cannot repair the error, for he does not know the code, and the whole work will be spoiled until the master comes along and resets the wheels and other parts in their proper order.
Only a small part of the design is worked out by this delicate machine—just enough to give a complete representation of the pattern. Then that portion is stamped on soft steel, which is hardened by another secret process and made into a sort of die which is used to impress other plates of steel, until the full border is thus completed, or a band made to go across the whole face or back of the note.
In the best of colored notes three or four tints are used, and generally you find that one of them is blue. It defies the camera. The different colors are put on with different plates, and each one means a separate printing. The result is that if you hold one of the notes up to the light you will find that the lines of the different colors run into and through one another, making it impossible to

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