المراجع والمرجع والمرجع والمحاج والمحاج والمحاج والمحاج THE TRUE WIINESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE. Sept. 10, 1890.

TOM MOORE. BY DANKEL O'CONNELL.

The legends were dim and forgotten; Neglected the harp and unatrung, And the and, sweet lore of the nation Graw strange on her children's tongue, When out of the ranks of the people Sprang a bard, like the firsh of a blade, And the world accord mondared And the world stood passive and wondered, At the woird, sweet music he made.

As the west wind that breathes of the summer Wins the chilled bud to fragrance and bloom, So the strains of the God gifted comer, Won the genius of our from its tomb, From the old abbeys, ruined and hoary, From the castles that frowned o'er the sea, He wove a romarce and a shory, As he chanted the hymns of the free.

What pathes he wrung from that shattered, That time worn horp, when again He sweeps its strings, breathing of sorrow, Of love and oppression and pain-Of pain and of passion the deepest-Like wine in the ripeness of years, The richer because of the glimpses Of smiles through its burden of tears.

It began, as the promise of dawning Empurples the clouds of the night,

It grew till, like landscapes at noontide, The land was aglow with its light. To day it is mellow and tender, Half mirthful, half sad, and all pure.

As it teaches the children of Ireland, To be faithful and strong to endure.

In the far battle fields of the stranger. By the camp fires of France and of Spain, On the eve of the morrow of danger, The bivonac rang with its strain.

Now low, like the summer tides throbbing On the beaches of Ireland, and then Like the winter gales, raging and sobbing, In the bearts of these strife-worn men.

Oh ! bard of our own land, thy laurels Are brighter than ever to day, As we tread the dark pathway of sorrow

And straggle towards liberty's ray. For the songs you have taught us have cheered

us; And when we have conquered, he sure

The first toast, the first pledge of our freedom, Shall be to thy memory, TOM MOOBE ! San Francisco.

Church. The Haunted

BT JAMES MURPHY.

CHAPTER XXIII - (Continued.)

"Hou must not travel so far again, dear. Your fragile form is not strong enough for these

long journeys." "Do you know, Lady Mortimer," said Agnese, as it occurred to her that this was a suitable time to carry out an idea which she had formed on her journey, "I fear it will be neces-eary for me to take a lorger journey. I am about to leave."

about to leave." "To leave, my dear Agnese," said the lady in great amazement. "Why? I thought you were perfectly satisfied with us." "So I am, dear lady; you have been all so very kind and so very good to me. But I must "So."

g." "Must, Agnese ! Why? What has happened to make you change your mind so suddenly?"

"I cannot tell you, dearlady. My mind is ill at case.

ill at ease." "And when do you propose going ?" "To-morrow, if it would not inconvenience you, my lady." "To-morrow ! My dear, is very sudden. Where have arranged to go?" "I don't know. I have not made up my mind. To France again, I think," said Agnese, bursting into a flood of tears. "Agnese," said Lady Mortimer gravely and soothingly, "take care of what you are doing. This is a step you should not lightly or hastily take. And you must have taken it hastily. I beg you to pause and reflect over what you intend." Lady Mortimer was not without knowing the

Lady Mortimer was not without knowing the effect produced on many of her aristocratic young visitors by the singular beauty and grace of her governess. But she had carefully watched a sigh shat had not a little trouble and a great deal of kindness in it, Lady Mortimer touched the silver bell that stood on the table beside her to call her maid ; then rose as the latter entered to attend her, and proceeded to her bed. She still hoped that the governess would change her mind; that the resolution she had taken would vanish as speedily as it was formed, and that she would remain.

But she was doomed to be disappointed ; for in the morning Agnese, with a face that showed that but little sleep had crossed her eyelids durthat but it lie alsop had crossed her system dur-ing the night, was ready atbired for travelling, with her trunks packed; and after many tears and embraces from her young pupils, was on the way to Dover mail station, whither she knew not — only filled with the one sole idea of escaping out of England-anywhere from you." Without making any attempt to see the guar the near presence of the man she so dreaded and loathed.

At first she thought of going to London. She might see there some of her friends or former acquaintances at school, in her innocence of the aoqui world little knowing that she might as well exworld little knowing that she might as well ex-pect to meet them on the Asiatic continent as in that wilderness of a city. On the other hand she reflected that it would be as gainful to her to expose her position to them as to the kind lady whose manelon she had just left. Where-upon she resolved to proceed to Dover and take the first packet to France. There she hoped to get some position as English governess in some French family. It was but a vague prospect, but anything was better than the chance of meeting again her guardian. The mere thought of him sent a shudder of terror, coupled with a feeling of loathing and repugcoupled with a feeling of loathing and repugnance, to her heart.

How weary and downhearbed she was as the mail-coach bore her on ! How black, and dis mal, and despairing, seemed the world to her ! With what sadness and weathess she lay back

with what sadness and weathess the lay back in the carriage, gazing vacantly at the trees, and house, and landscapes that flitted by ! And this, she thought, was the end of all these bright hopes that had been hers during her previous life. What would the fellowboarders blink now of her whom they were wont to call "the princess" in admiration of her

wont to call "the princess" in admiration of her grace and beauty? Carefully voling her face, whose loveliness had now become her peril, she sat in lonely re-tirement in her place. The coach stopped at many posting-stations on the way; people got out and came in again; but still she remained unnoticed and unknown.

It was late when the mail arrived at the port It was take when the mail arrived at the port whence the packet started for Calais. It had come to blow and rain heavily, for the great heat of many days had surcharged the atmos-phere with accumulated vapours, which had now broken forth in storm and were descending in torrents. She stepped out of the coach One by one the hurrying passengers had picked up the covered vehicles on hire, and had wended

on their several ways. There was not one re-maining. Others, more vigorous and more ac-tive than she, had secured them. How, in her kind, quiet, sad way, she en-vied those fortunate young ladies whom she had seen depart, attended and protected and mained upon her fathers with ears waited upon by fathers or brothers with care and solicitude ! What sad fate had sent her into the world so lone and unprotected, so bereft of kindly sympathy and friendship !

That evening, instead of growing better. grew worse. The clouds lowered and darkened, the rain descended in torrents, and the lightning of

a summer's eve-brillant and starting-flashed in red streaks across the sky. The thunder pealed quite near, and rever-berated along the roof of the posting-station in sonorous and affrighting echoes. Agnese felt weak. She had been travelling a long time, and had taken no refreshment in the

long time, and had taken no refreshment in the interval. She had never thought of it in her troubled, half-affrighted state of mind; and even if presented to her unsolicited she could not partake of it. But, whilst in the same state still, the want of it began to tell on her slender form. She felt as if she were fainting. She was thirsty with her journey, and needed a drink. To relieve both she walked into the ladies' apartment, and had a glass of water. Returning again to her resting-place until such time as she could get a vehicle to bring her to the boat, she omitted to let down her veil. Per-haps it was that the suffocating air of the thunder laden aftern oon induced her unconsciously

to keep it up. She had scarcely resumed her lonely sea when the bells rang and clamoured, and just then the London coach came in. Many persons descended, and not a few as they passed her paused in admiration of the beautiful face that compad insulf to them marre as they walked more slowly and turned again disappeared from the Franch school? Where to look at her what could have brought one so was the Ogre?" to look at her what could have brought one so lovely sitting there all alona. The young girl heeded them not. She was busy reflecting that whatever cabs had come to the station in the meantime would be again picked up by this influx of new passengers. The boat would be speedily going, and she was silently deploring her lassitude and want of energy and strength that she had not sought one previously. From this reverse she was startled by a voice accossing her. "What-Agnese! You here! Where did you come from, or where have you been ?" She did not need to look up to know who it was that spoke. A deadly faintness came to her heart. She sought to stand up, and put out her hand to her accoster in the first whirlwind of fear ; but the effort was too much for her, and she lay back in her seat swooning.

Neville's ; you will find it outside. I was awain-ing my nephew's coming, but he has not turned

up by the mail. Fortunately it is so in the present case, else I should not be here." Captain Phil, not at all pleased with this in-terference, but car-ful to show no symptoms of his displeasurs, did as he was directed, and in a few minutes the carriage containing the three was being driven to the hotel. There, having seen her in her own room, and

There, having seen her in her own room, and baving procured her the necessary refreshmenr, the l-dy left, merely saying: "This is my card, my dear-Mrs. Neville, Portwik Hall, not many miles from here. I don't seek to interchange confidences, but if you should at any time need a friend write me a line. I shall be glad to receive it, and to see you."

Without making any attempt to see the guar-dian, the lady left again. "There is something curlous on foot here," said she musingly, as the carriage swept her on her way back to the station. "They are cartainly very different in manner and appear-ance and rank to be travelling together. She is so refined, so graceful, so beautiful ; and he-Well, there is some mystery in it. And she seems really in awe and terror of him. I won-der what relationship they hold to one another. der what relationship they hold to one another. Yoor girl! She seems too fragile and too refined for overmuch travelling, and with that-that-guarian! I wish Frank were come. He would know how to solve this mystery better

than I." But the party for whom the lady had been waiting did not arrive by the next cosch either, and that being the last for the afternoon the lady was fain to return to her residence again unattended. All the time, however, on her way home she was busy thinking over the pair whom she had so oddly been brought in contact with, and the more she thought over it the more she wondered what curious association brought them together, and what occasioned the manifest fear that grew into the girls eyes, until at last the annoyance she felt at her nephew's non-appearance was wholly merged and disap-peared in the mystery of the sojonmars in the Boar's Head Hotel.

OHAPTER KXIV.

THE FLIGHT OF AGNESE.

Frank Crossley had been dreamily musing of many things-had, indeed, been nodding asleep in the slumberous heat of the afternoon, when the bugle of the guard at starting roused him into activity, and he turned towards the win-dow of the carriage to take an indolent glance around.

A carriage was passing from him some distance away. He glanced at it and was startled. His eys fell for a moment on a face of wondrous beauty. For a moment he could not remem-ber where he had seen it before, but bring ing his wandering gaze swiftly back again, the eyes of the fair owner met his with a look of recognition so bright, so glad, so radiant, that they immediately flashed recollection upon

him. "Why, it is Agresse !" he exclaimed, as he leaped up to open the coach door and jump out. But both carriages were in opposite motion, and even now whilst he fumbled at the handle the

former had disappeared in the distance. "Heavens and earth !" he exclaimed, "how unfortunate it was that I did not look around me sconer ! But could it be she? Yes, surely the sconer : But could be to she ? Tes, surely it was. No one else could have that exquisite face. No one could are her eye once and not remember it again. What could have brought her there? Where could she have been going? What a prodigious fool I was not to have seen her a minutes earlier-only an instant ! What a story to have to tell Charley Cantrell when next I write to him ! I must see her-must know where she is, and what she is doing ! I shall get out at the next inn and return. The next posting-station ! Good heavens ! With my luggage and all there is no chance of that. And it is more than an hour's journey away. Confound it all ! Was there ever anything so unboke?" unlucky ?"

There was no help for it. To return now with the evening falling and the carriage gone would be useless. Besides, there were so many private carriages bearing swiftly away the incoming passengers. How could he know hers amongso them, or find out what direction she had taken? Impossible. There was very little chance of slumber now

for his excited brain, be the afternoon never so

there way not use and warm. "Where had she been ? What brought her there—all alone, too ? Had she been in Eng. Ind all the time ? Why had she so sudd: aly was loud in praises of the young girl's beauty, With questions like these racing tumultuous-ly through his head, repeating themselves un-ceasingly, he scarcely felt the time passing until

"There was, or is, a young lady in your household ---- " What do you say ?"

"There was, or is, a young lady in your housebold-a stranger to you, but a great triend of mine-rather, a great friend of a friend of mine."

"We have had no stranger-but a young lady who was governess" "That may be. Could I see her-speak with her-for a few minutes ?"

"I am avery you cannot, Frank. She left this morning. But perhaps she may not be the young lady whom you wish to see." "What sort of girl was she? And what was

her name ?"

"" Very graceful and very, very handsome. "Very graceful and very, very handsome. Unusually so, indeed. And, so far as we could gather, not an English girl, though a long time living in England. Her name was Agnese." "The same, Lady Mortimer, Pale olive com-

plexion- like one come of a Southern race." "Yes: that is so...

"Yes; that is so..? "And so she has left," said Frank, in a tone of deep perplexity and disappointment. "Wby did she leave, Lady Mortimer? Excuse me for asking the question, but I have excellent reasons for it—and where did she leave for?" "I should answer your questions if I could here there are the same to an address the second

"I should answer your questions if i could most cheerfully, but I cannot. I neither know the reason why she left, nor where she went. Her resolution to depart was most suddenly formed, for she did not seem to have any intention of it yesterday. She appeared to be in distress and sorrow at going-why we occli not learn, since she did not teil us. But there now seems to be some mystery in the case. Tell me what it is, Frank, for we are all deeply intsrested in her." interested in her.'

"I believe there is, but I know nothing of it. Only that she is, as I said before, a very dear friend of a dear iriend of mine, and disappeared somewhat mysteriously from London some time ago, and from Paris later still. I should be glad to be able to send him some news of her. way has over and am grievously disappointed that I cannot." 3000 miles of "You are a regular knight-errant of chivalry,

Frank." 'I am much concerned about her, at any rate," said Frank Crossley after some deep re-

"Will you not stay with us to lunch ?"

time. I shall pay you a visit sconer or later, and enjoy your kind hospitality. But at pre-

and enjoy your kind hospitality. But at pre-sent I cannot." "Well, good-bye, Frank," said the lady as the young fellow rose to go. "If you hear any-thing of Agnese let me know, for we were all deeply interested in her. I hope the poor giri is in no trouble-or being brought into no Verse Verlie to all points in Minne-ite to all points in Minne-to ta, North and South D ak c ta an d Montana, It is the only line to Great uring center of the Northwest; to the fettile free lands of the Milk

three routes to the Coast. Still it is the shortest line between St. Paul, Minneapolis, Fargo, Winnipeg, Cooks-ton, Moorhead, Caseelton, Glyndon, Grafton, Fergus Falls, Wahpeton, Devil's Lake, and Butto City. It is the best route to Alaska, China and Japan; and the journey to the Pacific Coast, Vancouver, Ta-coma, Seattle, Portland and San Francisse, will be remembered as the delight of a life-tme once made through the wou-derfulscenery of the Manitoba-Pacific Route. To fish and hunt; to view the mag nificence of three routes to the Coast. Still it is he took his leave.

go. If she had taken a ticket it must have been with her veil down, and no notice was taken of her. So far the trace was lost, and very much disappointed he resumed the journey which he had interrupted the night before.

capitalist, visit the country reached by the St Paul, Minnespolia & Mani-toba Railway. Write to F. I. WHITNEY, G. P. & T. A., St. There he trankly explained the reason of his

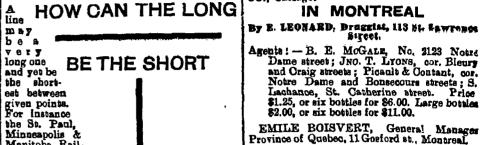
It did not take long to impress upon his sunt the necessity for a further interview with her. The fact of her hurried flight, of her being again attended by this unprepossessing com again attended by this unpreposed by this unpreposed by this inpreposed by the second public terms of the second by the second b

her good The carriage was speedily barnessed, and was soon on its way to the town and to the hotel.

son was waited upon last Wednesday after noon by the executive committe of the trades congress, consisting of President Carey, Socretary Dower, Mesers. Urbain, Laten-taine, R. J Jobin, M. H. Brennan, Louis S. Bendreau, Onarles Marsh, David R. Gibsen and Joseph T. Orczier, in reference to the proceedings for conspiracy new being taken ageinst four unlen printers, late of the Mon-treal Hera'd stiff. The Hon. Minister assured the delegates that if the defendants were presecuted successfully under the cen-

spiracy amendment to the combines bill, the epirit of which exempts trades unions from its operations, the Department of Justice would see that the case was carried to the highest courts in the land. As it was not olear, however, that the proceedings were being taken

under this Act, Sir John Thompson requested the delegates to instruct the delendants counsel to submit a written statement of the grounds of action to the department. The trial of the parries referred to commence this day week in Montreal.



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tore the body ; to realize the dream of the home-seeker, the

gold-seeker, the toiler, or the

i o e n t ly equipped and managed, it is one of th greatest railway sys-tems of this country;

"You must excuse me, Lady Mortimer, this

trouble. "I hope so most heartily," said Crossley, as

Arrived at the station, he could get no fur-ther intelligence. No one had seen her come or

"How delighted he would have been to learn something of her whereabouts ! to speak with her only for a second ! to be able to communicate some intelligence to his friend in the distant land where he was located, no one but Frank Crossley himself knew! But she had vanished; there was no way open to him of tracing her; and so, making the best of his dis-appointment, he proceeded on his journey.

Arrived at the end thereof, he took a convey-ance and proceeded to the house of his aunt, the same lady whose kindly attention to the fugitive girl we have already marrated.

non-coming the previous afternoon. "Why, Frank," said his sunt, "that must Paul, Minn., for

vruy, crans, sam ins aun, that must Paul, Minn., for be the young lady whom I met whilst waiting for you yesterday evening." And thereupon she told him of the incidents wants freefarm marratad in our last chapter.

in a lovelyland write for the "Great Reservation, readitand but which was certainly not being worked for

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING ρροίο συσυλ

resolve to

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An Important Point. OTTAWA, September 4.-Sir John Thomp Int Wednesday after A NATURAL REMEDY ness, Hysterics, St. Yib Dance, Nervousness, Hy

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medicine and after three months time I was

medicine and after three monous time I was cured of my disease. About three years ago a meedle broke in my arm, and I was laid up for thirteen weeks. I was beginning to have poisoned blood and my nerves were all un-strung. I consulted Madam Demarais and

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place, and that during the first application of

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and legs, very bad case; laid up a long time. Many more such

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NIC. KLEIN.

over her as if she had been her own daughter, and noticed with much pleasure that to all the attentions paid her young girl had responded in nowise, accepting them with the same sense of dignity that she would from her own equals. Closely as she had watched her she could by no sign detect that she was in any degree im-pressed, or altered, or attracted by them. She was perfectly heart whole as far as she could

Yet what was the reason of this sudden change ? Had any attachment been tormed without her knowing it? She could hardly believe so. and yet it must be. Else why this sudden resolution ?

I hope she is not going to do anything foolish," thought Lady Mortimer as the glanced at the wincome face which the looks of trouble "Poor girl ! I wish she would confide in me, That slender form is not calculated to bear much trouble. I do indeed hope she is going to do nothing foolish.

Her kind and grave words to Agnese were

Her kind and grave words to Agnese were the outcome of these thoughts. "Ob, my lady," said the troubled girl "I have bhought over it, not for very long, but sufficiently to know that I must go—and at once. I cannot tell you why, but I must." "Agnese, you ough to confide in me You are not old enough to know the world yet." said

are not old enough to know the world yet." said Lady Mortimer, now convinced that her suspicions were true, and marvelling much how any secret attachment could have been formed despite her vigilance. 'You should not leave the shelter of a home-and I trust this has been

s home to you--" " It has indeed, my lady," said Agnese,

wobbing. "Unless, indeed, you are going to your frienda.

"I have no friends. my lady."

"No friends ! I do not quite---" "My lady, I cannot tell you more. Indeed I fainzing connot. But it is necessary I should leave. It is her lips. indeed, my lady. Some day I may tell you why

hat I cannot now." I cannot now." Agnese dear, take care that it be not too then. I speak as if it were your mother a snoke to you, and I would warn you "My dear, do you feel better?" "A litble. Where an I?" late then. I speak as if it were your mother that spoke to you, and I would warn you again to beware. I have no right to search for our motives, but I know more of the world than you."

There was so much that was solicitcus-with a kindly tenderness of upbraiding — in the lady's words that the governess was about to tell her the nature of the terror that was over her and to beg her protection. But the recollection of the hated guardian came to her with a feeling of loathing and repugnaace, and she felt that the could not go through with her painful story-that she could not open her heart to her -and that flight would be preferable to the "I think you should go to the hotel and rest

pain it would cause her. "Well, my dear, you can think over it. Don't do anything hastily. And, my dear, you look so very weary and tired that I think it would be better for you to retire to bed and rest yourself. You are much too tited for further eitting up.

"I shink I shall," said Agness wearily.

Good night, my dear.

Good night, my lady." "Good night, my lady." They parted—Agnese to retire to her own room, and Lady Mortimer to sit before the fad-ing embers in perplexed thought. What could be the motive operating in the ght's mind? Had she really formed, nuknown to here and the averyone in the house to her and to everyone in the house, some attachment which was thus hurrying her off so and dealy? No friends! Heaven help her! With her wondrous grace and beauty and inno-cence-thus rushing wildly into the seething vortex of the world. What was the secret motive swaying her ?--what impulse actuating ber ?

"What is amiss with you, Agnesse? Are you

"What is amits with you, Agnese: Are you ill? Rouse yourself, and speak to me." "This young lady is very weak," said a lady who had stayed in her walk, attracted by the proceedings. "I saw her just now in the waltproceedings. "I saw her just now in the walt-ing room, and she appeared very ill. She is tired after much traveiling, apparently."

The lady had indeed seen the young girl take the glass of water, had noticed ber extreme wearinees and her rare beauty, and strongly attracted by both, had, with a kindly feeling,

orne to see after her. "Are you a friend of hers?" was the next querry of the lady, as she noticed the great dis-parity that existed in the appearance of both.

"I am, madam; I am her guardian." "Her guardian?" said the lady, with a little astonishment. But then, remembering the condition of the young girl, she said : "I shall bring her a glass of wine. She needs

t J can see." Returning almost immediately, she untied the

fainting girl's bonnet and applied the glass to

Agnese's swoon was but temporary, or the stimulant had the required reviving effect, for

"Where a girl so weak as you are should not e. You are ill?"

be. You are ill?" "I am tired-exhausted."

"Then you should not be here. Have you anyone with you Captain Phil had walked some distance. Do you know that gentleman ?"

"He is-my-my guardian." "Is he, my dear?" asked the lady, noticing the look of horror that came into the invalid's eyes. Then to herself: "Then if ha is, surely

"I think you should go to the hotel and rest. Are you going by the boat ?'

'I don't know-that is, I cannot say.' "Oannot say, my dear," though the lady again ; there must be something very strange though the lady in this,

"I think," said she, addressing Captain Phil as he approached, "this young lady is much too weak for further travelling. She should be brought to the botel and made to rest

'Very well," said Captain Phil, with as much

"Very well." said Captain Phil, with as much appearance of kindness as he could assume "What do you say, Agness?" "Whatever you-wish," said the recovering girl weakly, whilst the same look of awe and despair grew again into her timid eyes. "Would you like, my dear," said the lady, taking her hand, "that I should go with you and see you settled there? You want someone of your sex with you." A faint pressure of the hand was all the reply youchsafed, for Agness seemed again on the point of yielding to her weakness.

motive swaying her ?-what impulse actuating her? There was nothing, however, to be got from further thinking over the matter; and so with

they made the next halt. "I shall not go further this night," he thought. "I shall go back by the mail coach early in the morning and make inquiries about her. What a delightful piece of information to send Cantrell-if I should he successful !"

He got down his luggage and put up at the hotel.

Crossley, young, vigorous, and enthusiastic, was not disposed to let the grass grow under his feet in quest of the fair girl in whom his absent triend was more than interested.

Accordingly, he was up besimes at his hotel, caught the morning coach on its way back to the station at which he had seen her. Surely the postmaster or the booking-clerk or the catlers would know somerhing of her.

There arrived, he put himself in communication with the postmaster, whose duty it was to see to she mooming and outgoing of the mail-coaches. The douceur of a sovereign was a key to the iatter's information and local knowledge, and served as an excellent introduction to the

conversation that followed. "I saw just as the mail was leaving for Exceter last evening," he said, "a young lady acquaintance of mine in a curriage leaving here, and I should be glad to learn where she lives.

Do you know her ? The postmaster thought for a moment, but finally shook his head. He had not seen that particular young lady last evening, and as to a

oung lady, why, there were so many young

terrupts impatiently. Postmaster could not fail to know her. Postmaster cannot remember withsl.

"Porber will remember; someone will remember," urges Frank with the energy of one who will not be brooked.

Porter is called in. Hears statement made and question put. Thinks a little. Oh yes, Porter knows-remembers pow.

"That young girl is governess at Lady Mor-

timer's.' Governess !" cried Frank. Are you sure ?'

" Was there anyone with her ?" "No, she went alone. Went in Lady Morti-

mer's carriage, and by herself." "Why, Lady Mortimer is a distant cousin of mine! Now that I romember, I had an invita-

tion from her some weeks since to pass a few days at her place. What a thundering idiot I was again not to have accepted the invitation What sime does the next coach leave?

"Not for some hours. Two in the afternoon. stationmaster replies to this latter question, wked haif aloud.

"I shall have lots of time to go to Brank holme and return in time." A swift drive brought him there.

"Why, Frank, this is a rare visit," said Lady Mortimer when the first salutation was over. "And as welcome as it is unexpected. To what good fortune do we owe your agreeable presence now ?"

"Truth is, Lady Mortimer," said Frank, "my presence-will you excuse my candour ?-is not so much to pay a visit to yourself and obarming family as to make inquiries."

"We are grateful for whatever brings you. But inquiries, my dear Frank? What inquiries?

"It is rather an awkward business to explain," taid the young fellow, a litble non-pluesed "In the trei place, will you allow me to say they are not on my own account, but on that of a very dear and old friend." the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not "You quive mystify me, Frank. What are 533 Oxford Street, London, they are spuri-

EPP3 3 6060A. her grace, and her gentleness of manner.

Further inquiries either at the posting station or at the ticket-office of the packet led to no result, and Frank was again disappointed. He felt angry with himself that he had been so un-successful, and that his own impetuousness had led to this result. If he had only ome straight to his aunt's he should have assuredly met her. How unfortunate it was that he did not ! He should then have known what secret terror-if judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle main-dies are floating around us ready to attack wherever, there is a weak point. We may escape many a fata, shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pur-blood and a properly nourshed frame." -- Civic Service Gazette. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in Packets, by Grocers, tabeliee thus: any-possessed her that thus led to these frequent and mysterious disappearances. How delighted he should have been to communicate with his friend, and to give him the much desired information ! But now all possibility of that was lost.

With such self upbraidings as these, Frank Crossley passed the time on his return to his aunt's residence. As he reflected on the glance of pleased astonishment Agnese gave bim in

glad to see him and to speak with blm. His interest was so excited that, though he had intended to make a long stay, he could not

gone to London. He was quite convinced that they had not crossed the Channel to France.

of this.

the fleeting moment during which he had seen her, he felt convinced that she would have been

With an apology for his departure more or less satisfactory, he took the down-coach next morning for the Metropolis—some vague hope resting in his heart that he might yet get

(To be continued.)

rest until he had made a further search. He felt certain that her guardlan and herself had

The weakness of the young girl as described by his aunt was almost sufficient to convince him

tidings of her.

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