

A NOTABLE WAGER.

You are growing more disabbling and cranky every day, old man," said Philip Morrison to his friend and fellow-elder, Henry Enos, one morning when, in a rear office of the Asbestos Coast Company, they were conversing about the meagre lunch furnished by violating the rule against smoking. "I swear that soon there'll be no living with you."

even before she felt sure of him as a friend. When she was with him she doubted nothing, rejoicing in his pride and gladness. But when at length the girl returned to her quiet Western home and reflected and remembered, going to romantic vows she certainly of sober truth, her perturbations were cured and filled her with remorse. She was not worthy of such devotion, she was not capable of its reciprocity. Think of all her lover demanded; unity in mind and heart and soul; she was quite prepared for such interdependence? And if not, was not candor the smallest reparation that she could make? And so the poor child, reading her conscience rather than her real desire, wrote to Enos that she felt she did not love him as he should be loved, perhaps she might never be able to do so. Therefore, would it not be better for them not to have any definite understanding just at present? Alas, poor little missive, tear-blurred! It nosed tore into a thousand shreds, vowing that all women were false, and never before had the fastest been half so false as Laura, and henceforth the sun was dead to him.

skillfully, though his gat was a rolling one and caused him to once or twice lurch heavily against her. After the second collision, Mrs. Windham scouted alarmed and, stepping short, appealingly addressed Enos. "Would you mind carrying the monkey," she asked. "Jocko sent the slightest trouble, except when he hungry, but I really cannot divide my attention," and she drew from underneath her cloak a tiny marmoset. "Certainly," agreed Henry, cheerfully. "I like monkeys, especially little ones, my only fear is that this regard may not be reciprocated. How shall I take him, by the string?" "Oh, dear no! Put him in your pocket, and he will never move," and so constituted, the party proceeded on its way.

she must be now, without a cent in her pocket, either. Oh, dear! what shall we do; what shall we do? And now, for the first time the professor's face radically changed. An expression of dismay, of consternation, straightened its untoward lines. Great beads of perspiration gathered on his brow, and amid intermittent droppings were noobed away. "Do?" he repeated. "Why, there is only one thing for us to do, and that is to get our dinner. It's a half hour beyond our time already."

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nor, no matter who paid for it, to chasing domesticity from pole to pole, even into the hyperborean regions of Ultimato Street. "But there is a principle involved," pleaded Henry. "But there are brains involved," mocked Bessie. "But tell me who are these people who have found you so marvelously obliging?" "Prof. Windham and wife from the West. He has lately become a director in our con-"

Yes, Laura was quite right in the surmise. Her mother's marmoset, abandoned perhaps, of so long a period of desuetude, and exhilarated by the unwonted meat with which it had been gorged, had not lived up to its mistress's encomiums. As Henry had entered the Nonpareil, fondly believing that his tribulations were on the wane, the little monkey had flashed out of his pocket, and in an instant was playing a thousand antics along the high cornice. "Mon, whom tardy engagements or loneliness kept stationed in a hotel welcomed any diversion. There was a wild push and a wild shout. From door to desk and from wall to wall the marmoset looked down on a surging mass of up turned faces. Probably he did not relish the composite portrait presented, deeming it a caricature, perhaps, of his own ancestry, at least, in a series of fleet swings the little creature was out the main portals and up the front wall into obscurity. Good-by, monkey, was the general cry, and the crowd dispersed as quickly as it had gathered.

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