* * A. .

"You stupid, at pid little animal! How in the world am I to go home in this state? Now be quiet and walk home properly all the rest of the way. Oh! that's the finishing touch!"

Jack Briscoe, as hot urned the corner of the lane and emerged from the shadow of the tall hedgerow, just caught a feeting glimpee of something white scurrying past, carrying some thing else which flapped gayly in the breese, and then he came into abrupt collision with the owner of those two somethings"—literally fell into her arms.

collision with the owner or mose two somethings"—literally fell into her arms.

Then followed an exclamation of "Oh, dear!" from the one and "I beg your pardon' from the other, and each stepped back a pace or two and regarded the other in some confluent. He was a tall, good-looking fellow of about six and twenty; she was a pretty girl of about seventeen, flushed with healthy exercise, hatless, and somewhat untidy. The hem of her blue merino frock was torn, and she was holding it up in festcours; her yellow hair was blowing about her dainty little head in ploturesque disorder, and her hat—as has been easid before—was nowhere. That is to say, it was not on her head, nor anywhere within the range of vision at that moment. Doubtless that was the eases of the anxious glance she cast around as soon as she had recovered from the shock of the collision.

"Yanished, of courso!" she exclaim d, in accents of tragic descair. "It will be in ribbons before I can find him."

"It' being—"

"'It' being—"
"My hat—Pops has run off with

"Shall I pursue and capture the

"Shall I pursue and capture the sulprit?"

"Oh, if you only would," with a look that was fall of gratitude. "I dare say he is hiding somewhere close at hand. Oh—he's actually bringing it back, the darling!"

A diminitive apparition appeared at the sorner of the lane—a fox terrier puppy, with a black patch over one eye that gave him a decidedly roughish, not to say rakish, cast of counten ance. He was wagging his stump of atail and looking mightily pleased with himself; and he still retained possession of the ill fated hat, carrying it suspended from his mouth by one of the upstanding bows of blue ribbon; even in its short journey round the corner it had gathered up much dust and griminess.

even in its short journey round the corner it had gathered up much dust and griminess.

"How did he manage to reach it?" asked the young man, ressuing it and restoring it to its owner. "He couldn't amp so high, surely?"

"N—no," with a merry tr winkle in her dark eyes. "You see, we were playing—romping, if you prefer to call it so—I was sitting on the grass and topps just aprang up and grabbed it. There, what an awful tomboy you must think me, Dr. Briscoe!"

"How did you know my name?"

"Oh," coloring up, "I saw you in charch last Sunday, and once or twice in the town. Uncle told me your know."

"I soe."

He was enlightened now. He knew her far abbed hed a rices staying.

"I see."
He was enlightened now. He knew that Mr. Ashford had a niece staying with him, but he had never chanced to meet her before.
"I am on my way to Mr. Ashford's new," he said, though, truth to tell, he had not been aware of the fact five minutes earlier. "Shall we walk on together?"

gether?"
The girl stole a rueful glance at her ren frock and maltreated headgear.
Aren's you sahamed to be seen rith such as untitly creature?"
"Not a bit" was the stanch rejoin-

"Not a bit" was the stanch rejoindee.

"Very well; come Pops, now you really must behave properly—musint he, Dr. Briscoe?"

"Of course," bestowing a very severe glance upon the small atom, who was calmly reposing on the ground at their feet and passing away the time by gnawing the buttons of the sime by gnawing the buttons of the buttons of the buttons of the sime buttons of the buttons of the sime was dainly little shoe. "If he doesn't, you must administer chastise ment, Miss— By the way, I don't know your name yet."

"Oh, I'm Jill—Guberte Grahame yea know—but I detest being called Gilberte; it sounds so horrid. Jill's a nice, comfortable little name; I like everybody to call me Jill—you must call me Jill, too."

It was a very unceremonious pro-

everypooy to can me sill—you must call me Jill, too."

It was a very unceremonious proceeding, but then it had been an unceremonius introduction. What two persons could possibly stand on their dignity after heing precipitated into each other's arms in that fashion? Jack Briscoe could not; Jill could not be then Jill never did. So it came to pass that, by the time they reached her uncle's house, they were chatting as easily and as unreservedly as though they had known each other for years; and little Pope trotting along by Jill's side as sturdily as his tired baby legs would permit, felt that somehow or other he wasn's receiving his proper share of attention.

"I'm going home to-morrow, Dr.

"To morrow? Back to London?" Jill nodded assent. "I've been ruralising here for two hole months; quite time my holiday whole months; quite time my nonus; was over."
"I don't want you to go home

was over."

"I don't want you to go home, Jill."

There was a ring of earnestness in Dr. Briscoe's voice that cause Jill to look up at him wonderingly.

"Oh, I dare say I shall come back again some day. Uncle doesn't want me to go, either."

"And Pops?"

"Oh, Pops is coming too. Uncle has made me a present of him."

"Must you really go, Jill?"

"Yea. really and truly; I couldn't stay here forever, you know. Mother and father want me, and—" taking a crumbled envelope out of her pocket, and gazing at it with loving eyes, "my sweetheart wants me—I must go home to him."

Jack Bresoc gave a rapid glance at Jill'a pretty face. She was smiling, at she thought of something which pleased her; and before she put the envelope back into her pocket he swher raise it to her lips, and press it against them with a gesture of infinite tendorness.

There was dead silence after that. Certain words which Jack had been on the point of uttering died away on his lips; a dull sense of desolation overwhelmed him; and he turned his face away that Jill might not see his sadness and disappointment that were so clearly written upon it. "Good be," said Jill quietly, when he rose to take his leave. "I shall think of you so much when I am at home again."

He wondered whether she would or whether it might be only a pretty, courteous little speech of hers that meant nothing.

*

Dr. Brisace sold his country was a sure of the country was a c

Dr. Briscoe sold his country prac-tice scon after that, and bought one nearer to town. Thus it happened that he heard nothing of Griberte Grahame for months; and then he was brought into contact with her sgain through a chance meeting in an omblus.

onmibus.

She was dressed in deep mourning; looked pale and sad—altogether different ifrom the bright, happy golinky Jill he remembered. But her tired face brightened perceptibly when she caught sight of him, and she leaned forward to shake hands with him caverily.

They alighted at the same point, and walked for a short distance to-

ther. "You have had trouble since I saw you last?" he said gently, glancing her black hat and frock, and then

you last?" he said gently, glancing at her black hat and frock, and then at her wan face.

Jill's eyes grew wistful; her lips quivered.

"Yes," she faltered, "my father and my little brother—they died within a few weeks of one another."

"No one knows how hard. Mother and I are all alone now—with the exception of Pops," smiling through her tears. "You remember Pops, don't you? Won't you come in and see him?"

They were at the Grahames' house now—a neat, unpretentious abode in a quiet North London street. Jill looked up at him pleadingly.
"Do come in; my mother will be pleased to welcome you; we have so few visiors."

She reemed so genuinely anxious that he actually did accept the informal in vitation, and went indoors with her. The table was spread for tea, and Mrs. Grahame and Pops were awaiting Jill's arrival. Pops gave a series of sharp barks when Dr. Brisse of sharp barks when Dr. B

or samp to the threshold, and ran to meet hum.

The all important Pops was a babydog no longer. It was quite fullgrown, it is true, but just at that stage of transition when—to the easual on-looker—he appeared to consist of nothing but legs and neek.

"Isn't he a beauty?' said Jill, pick ing him up to her arms and displaying him for admiration. "Sweetheart was fond of him; Pops used to spend hours in his room when he was ill. Poor Pops! We both miss our sweetheart, don't we?"

She ouddled him up against his shoulder, and the little creature tried to lick her face with his soft pink tongue to show his sympathy. Juli laughed, and put hum down on the heart three gagain.

tongue to snow in sympaty. The suggled, and put him down on the hearthrug again.

Dr. Briscoe hoked perplexed. Some things in the words Jill had just uttered had put new thoughts in his mind.

"Jill," he said presently, when Mrs. Grahame chanced to be absent from the room for a few minutes, "who was Sweetheart?"

Jill's eyes grew soft and tender, as on that day when she had spoten to him of Sweetheart before.

"That was the pet name my little brother and I gave one another. Bobbie was my wee sweetheart—I was his. He was a cripple, you know; and he and I loved each other so dearly, so dearly!"

"Was it Robbie who was so anxious for you to come home again when you was come with the Ashfords."

dearly, so dearly !"

"Was it Robbie who was so anxious for you to come home again when you were staying with the Ashfords?"

"Yes, poor little man! He wrote me such a pathetic little leiter—I showed it to you, didn't !?"

"Oh Jill, if you had—if only you had!"

She raised her eyes, wondering at his earnestness.

"Why, what difference could it

"Why, what difference council have made?"
"All the difference in the world dear. That day—after you told me that you were going home on the morrow—I was on the point of saking you to be my wife. Then you said: My sweetheart wants me. I must go home to him. Jill, can't you understand?"
"I think—I can."

understand?"

"I think—I can."

Jill's pale checks were rosy now, and her eyes were bright. Bhe was kneeling down on the rug, and her fingers were playing nervously with Pop's silky ears.

"Jill, look up—I want you to tell me something. It sn't too late, is it, dear—there is no other sweetheart in the case."

No; I never had any sweetheart Robbie."

"No; I never had any sweetheart save Robbie."

"And now your Robbie has left you.
Jill, may I be your sweetheart in-stead?"

"And now your Kobbie has left you.
Jill, may I be your sweetheart instead?"

Pops uttered a how of distress at
the momentary matreatment he was
enduring at the hands of his young
mistress. Shedid not know it, perhaps,
but she was pinching his ear orueily;
he had nover experienced enything
like it before. What was more she
even allowed him to roll off her lap in
a most unceremonious and undignified
fashion. Pops felt hutt—positively
hurt, and he locked at Jill resentfully.
She did not answer Dr. Briscoe's
question until he repeated it in an
extended form.

"Jill, I love you so dearly, and I
want you to marry me, to be my
sweetheart always and always; will
She stood up then; and semenow—

want you to marry me, to be my sweetheart always and always; will you?

She stood up then; and somehow—
Pops never quite knew how it happened—Jack Briscoe's arms were round her, and Jilr's pretty face was neetling against his rough uoat sleeve. Pops tried—tried hard—to express his astonishment at the proseedings by a series of yelps and by prancing round and round in a sort of magic circle; but neither of them paid any attention to him, and it was only when he saw them kiss each other, and heard Jill say, "Always and always, Jack, dear," that he began to feel satisfied, and subsided on the hearthrug with a deep sigh, which one might take to mean that it was all very strange, but that, after all, there were more outous things on earth than his canine philthings on earth than his canine phil

LET'S LIVE LONGER!

Why Die a Lingering Death of Dire-ful Diabetes ?

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURE IT

per Medicines merer touch it,—But Dodd' Pilin Inialibity Cure.—Expelling Posson and Pain.—Preserving Nugar and Strongth.— Fon't Die; Get Well.

Who would not live longer if he could: More men shorten their lives by over adulgence in food and drink than ever naugence in root and drink than ever die from starvation. Health can be main-tained by eating and drinking just what is good for us—no more, no less. But most of us don't do that,

But most of us don't do that.

In health the body expels what it doesn't require, and retains what it needs. In disease either the body doesn't expel the poison or it does not rotain what is needed to nournish it. In the disease called DIABRTHS the kidneys expel sugar. Its presence can be detected in the urine. The body needs sugar. In DIABRTHS the sufferer dies a linguing death.

sugar. In Diaberes the sufferer dies a lingering death.

Until recontly Diaberes was supposed to be incursible. The soleme of to-day says that Diaberes may be cutted. The sidneys may be restricted to healthy action. Sugar may be retained in the good that is in the food the kidneys may be made to filter out the poison.

With Poison goes Pair. With Sugar stays Strongth.

Daberes disappears like magic before TODD'S & KIDNEY PILLS. Other medicines never touch it. That's the difference. If you have Diaberes go oured quickly. Many will shad up to be counted among those who have been cured of Diaberes by taking DODD'S IT INEY UILLS.

ceruso. A you nave DIABETS get cured quickly. Many will stand up to be counted among those who have been cured of DIABETS by taking DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Mr. Fred Stokes, Barrie, Ont., says:
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Mr. Chas Gitchrist, Port Hope, Ont., says:—"For ten years a victim of Diabetes. Sinfered festifully, especially in passing water. My oure has resulted from taking a few boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Mr. James K. Nesbitt, county con-

from taxing a leve water.

Mr. James K. Neebitt, country constable, Sayner, Ont., says:—"Becoming aware of the fact that I was a victim of Diabetes, I resorted to Dodd's Eddney Pills. I commenced to get well with the first box and am perfectly cured."

Justin McCarthy's Oxford Lectures

Among the lecturers at the coming summer meeting at Oxford of the University Extension Association will be Mr. Justin McCartny, who will lecture on "Daniel O'Conseil and Cattolic Emanagation." Mr. McCarthy, by the way, intends to include in his new volume of "History of Our Times" the story of the Cretan crisis.

WHEN PHYSICIANS FAIL

TO EFFECT A CURE IN CASES (
ECZEMA TRY RYCKMAN'S KOOTENAY CURE. IT HAS A
RECORD OF CURES UN-ΛP HISTORY OF ANY

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REMEDY.

There is no exaping the fact that
Eczema is one of the most intractable of
discase. Its symptoms are so severe and
the irratation it causes so great that a
sufferer would gladly give anything, do
any the symptoms are often at their wife and
Phoseigns are often at their wife and

the irritation it causes so great that a sufferer would gladly gue anything, do anything, to get relief.

Physicians are often at their wit's end to know what to do with cases of this nature, and in all kindness we would advise them to prescribe, for their patients Ryck man's Kootenay Cure. So there used it or commended it.

In the city of London, Ont., at 440 Park Av., there lives Mrs. Burdick, who is to day a grateful woman for having been cured by K. softenay of an Eczema of for ears standing. The disease land spread all over her body and was a constant as a subject of the subject

has entirely disappeared and she feets like the another person.

We could multiply instances like the above, and if you are desirous of further indisputable proof of Kootenay's Kingship over disease, send your mame to the hyelman Medicine Co., Hamilton, Ont. Farmicopical chart book sent free to any other and the sent free to any other bottle lasts over a month.

PETERBOROUGH. Elaborate Plans for Beautifying St. Hary's

PETERBOROUGH, April 8,—Mr. F. E. Meloche of Montreal, fresco artist and church decorator, has prepare elaborate plans for the renovati clasorate plans for the renovation about if ying of the interior of St. Peter's Cathedral. This fact was announced yesterday to the church and the work will proceed immediately after Easter.

yesterday to the church and the work will proceed immediately after Easter. It is generally known that when the church was rebuilt some years ago that the chief work was expended in producing the beautiful exterior that make the Oathedral church of the Diocese of Pelerborough so prominent and attractive a feature in the view from Hunter street and other politic of vision. For structural reasons it was found impossible to treat the ceilings is a manner to produce sails factory results, but the plans of Mr. Melcoche, now accepted, are well intended to overcome the disadvantage which resulted in connection with the interior. Necessity compelled the keeping of the ceilings too low to correspond to the dignity of the edifice. The execution of the present plans will tend to produce the desired aguerance of loftness, and the subdealight caused by the beautiful stained glass windows will be intensified by the colour scheme of decoration adopt ed.

ed.

The ceiling of the church is divided by heavy mouldings into 39 panels and these are to be frescoed in a very elaborate and beautiful manner. Four of the panels in the ceiling space over the sanctuary to be filled with life sus medallions representing the Four Evangelists, and the ceiling spaces to the median line arts to be filled in with similiar life size medallions represent ing St. Peter in Chains—the patron saint of the church—and St. Jean Baptiste. The eruciform disposition of these medallions will be in harmony with the sacred character of the edifice. There are thirty-nine panels in the ceiling sltogether and the remaining thirty-three will be treated in a uniform manner, that is to eay, every alternate panel will be filled in a uniform manner, that is to eay, every alternate panel will be filled with a religious emblem with satiable accompanying desoration or elaborate ornamental design of an ecclesization character. The colours will be cheer ful but subdued in tone, relaved by gilding, and, with the mouldings closing the panels picked out in gold in conformity with the panel decorations, the effect will be superb.

The northern or sanctuary wall will be divided into panels, and in the central panel will be placed the superb painting. "St. Peter in Chains." Three new statues and paintings will provided and will be placed to superbealting, and the sature and paintings will provided and will be placed to consider the wester. A new altar of great beauty will be provided.

The side walls under the galleries will be embraced in the scheme of ornamentation, and the gallery railings and organ loft will share in the splendid renewal to which the entire interior will be very thoroughly and elaborately subjected.

New hardwood flooring will be laid down and new pews provided The new pews will have fine ornate live oak ends; the backs are to be of sah and the seats of elm.

The beautified interior will be idluminated by electric light, and the same system of lightning will be extended to the high alter.

Wi

HAMILTON.

Interest in the Mission at St. Mary's

Hamilton, April 8.—There has never been a series of mission services in this city of greater interest than the services now going on at St. Mary's Cathedral, and the three Jesmany a Cathers in charge of them are busy men. Rev. Father O'Bryan, superior of Loyola College, Montreal, is in charge of the services, and his able

of Loyola Colloge, Montreal, is in charge of the services, and his able assistants Rev. Father O'Bullivan, S.J., of New Orleans, and Rev. Father Murphy, of Troy, N. Y.

The mission this week is for men, last week's mission having been for women, and every night now the cathedral is crowded at the services Not only do the men turn out by the hundreds in the evenings, but as early at 6 o'clock in the morning large numbers of them attend mass in St. Marys. The mission will be brought to a close next Sunday, when the Josuit fathers will return to their ordinary labors for the church Father O Bryan is a handsome, big man, with a kindly expression in his eyes and a healthy colour in his chesk. He is an elequent man, and about 1300 people listened with the deepest interest to his sermon last night on the Eternal Punishment of Sin.

He proved from the holy scriptures that there is a hell for the eternal punishment of the wicked, and he said that wherein man sins therein is he punished. He showed how the faculties of the soul are made the instruments of sin, and he point de the way out of sin.

He dwelt on weap this that lead to reddition amone them being deather.

ments of sill, and he points are may out of sin. He dwelt on the paths that lead to predition, among them being drunkenness, bad company and gambling. He said the grace of God and the sacrament were better means of advancing sobriety than sill the prohibition in the world. In this connection he cited Father Mathew's experience in Ireland, there being a decrease of hun dreds of commitments in a year owing to the great temperance work.

WAS SLOWLY DYING

o Mirango Caso et Mr. James Owen, et John-ville-Doctors Trold Him His Lungs Were Affected and He Could Not Recover—Now in Good Health, om the Sherbrooke Cazette.

From the Shetrooke Gasetta.

When a man faces what medical authorities tell him is certain death, and regains health and strought, he is naturally grateful to the medicine that has restored him. Such a man is Mr. James Owen one of the best known farmers in the vicinity of Johnville, Que. Mr. Owen tells his story of stattered health and renewed strength as follows:—"On the 17th of December, 1894, I was attacked with la grippe. A week later the trouble developed into pueumonia in its worst form, and I did not leave my bed until the first of March, 1895, and then I was so weak that I was unable to walk alone. All winter my life hung in the balsance. Summer came, and I was still weak and feeble, though with the warm weather I gained a little strength. I had, however, but very little power in my legs, and I could not ride a mile in a



buggy owing to the pain they cansed me. My lungs also troubled me and I raised a great deal of matter. I then consulted the best dooler we have in this section of the province. He told me candidly that I was past medical help. He said that my left lung was in a state of collapse, and that my right lung was also affected. This was in July, 1895. For the next three months, every day seemed to draw me nearer the end. I was so pressed for breath at times that I could not walk any distance without stopping to regain it. In the month of November I began to take Dr. Williams? Fink Pills. It was certainly a forlora hope and I admit I did not expect much benefit from them, but took them rather to please a friend who urged me to do so. I believe I was surprised when I found they were helping me, for I thought I was beyond the aid of medicane, but help rus they did, and I giadly contunued their use. The result is they have made a well man of me. I have not a pain about me, my breath comes as freely as it ever tid, and I am strong and vigorous. My case can be beiefly summed up in a lew words. Dr. Williams? Fink Pills have given me a new lesse of life and I am giad to let everybody know it.

Dr. Williams Fink Pills have given me a new lesse of life and I am giad to let everybody hnow it.

Dr. Williams Fink Pills ave grean me a new lesse of life and I am giad to let everybody hnow it.

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