

Dr. Scott began to laugh. "Poor Rebecca how will she like this sort of treatment, I wonder? So these are my patients—brother and sister?"

"Are you a doctor? have you come to see Roy?" and Lily gazed at him in fear. "Is Roy ill?"

"He's managed to get a cold, that's all; he'll be all right soon, but you must be good and not disturb him."

Lily gave a sigh of relief. "Only a cold," she said reassuringly to Leo. "People often have colds; we even do."

"I want to hear why you wanted to snow-ball Rebecca?" he asked, amused at their excuse.

"She wanted Lily to go in: and it was all because she scalded her nose."

"Scalded her nose!"

"Yes, in the soup." Here they both began to laugh. "We saw her poking over the saucepan, and you know her nose is so long; well, we gave it a little poke, and in it went."

"It was so tempting, we could not resist," explained Lily.

"So you wanted to cool it with snow?"

"Yes, yes, that's it; we'll tell her the doctor said it was good for it."

"I beg you'll do nothing of the sort."

"Did not we aim well?"

"If you tried to hit my nose you certainly succeeded," remarked Dr. Scott, as they walked towards the gate.

Here they parted from him, and as they walked back to the house Lily said, "You won't send us back by the next train?"

"There's no train that's going," said Leo, in a low voice; but Lily heard the words.

"But I don't want him to wish to," and she slipped her hand into Mr. Johnson's as she spoke.

"No, my dear, I don't wish to"; but, Lily, you must not give Rebecca trouble, or get into mischief—not more than you can help, I mean."

"It's dreadfully hard not to get into mischief sometimes—at least, what grown-up people call mischief and we call fun; but I'll try, I really will."

"Turn over another new leaf, Lily," suggested Leo, teasingly.

Mr. Johnson who remembered their conversation of the night before, said encouragingly, "Lily has still got hold of the leaf she turned yesterday. She has only peeped back; it's the same leaf to-day I think."

Lily said nothing, but she gave the hand she held a grateful little squeeze, and they went back to the house in silence.

#### CHAPTER IV.—A BRAVE CAPTURE.

Leo and Lily decided they would be very good indeed that afternoon, so the first thing they did was to "make it up," as they called it, with Rebecca. They found out from her that Mr. Johnson liked a quiet read in his study of an afternoon. So when they returned to the room in which he was sitting, Leo ferreted out a book, and settled down

to read in the dining-room; and Lily, also with a book, went up to sit in Roy's room with him.

The day was cold, and darkness set in early, so Lily, who sat on a low chair before the fire, soon found that the small print of her book was difficult to read. She laid it down on her knee, and gazed into the glowing embers until the blue eyes grew heavy and sleepy. She was roused by Leo's hand on her shoulder, and his voice whispered—

"Lily, there's a robber in the house! Come outside and I'll tell you." He glanced towards the bed, in case Roy had heard; but he was in a half-doze, and took no notice of them.

Lily followed Leo out of the room. In a trembling voice she whispered, "How do you know? Are you quite sure?"

"I saw him—at least, I saw his legs going up the stairs. He had no shoes or boots on, so he must be a robber; and he crept up so softly."

"Let us go and tell Mr. Johnson."

"Lily, wouldn't it be grand if we could catch him ourself?"

Lily's eyes opened wide in astonishment at the idea of their capturing a real live robber. It was not a pleasant prospect either, and she shrank back toward the shelter, and comparative safety of Roy's room.

"He's up in the attic," whispered Leo, in a state of intense excitement, not noticing her fears. "We can easily trap him. Come, Lily," and slipping off his shoes to prevent being heard, he darted softly and swiftly up the stairs. Lily followed him; she could not leave Leo in a moment of such danger. She got rid of her shoes also. It seemed the correct thing to do, so she did it.

The attics were immediately above the floor on which their bedroom was situate. There were three rooms on the top floor; two were occupied by the servants as bedrooms. The doors of these were open, but the third door was closed. The sound of some one moving softly about in there was distinctly heard by Leo as he reached it. To his intense delight the key was on the outside. It was but a moment's work to turn the key, and the robber was a prisoner.

As Lily joined him, she was met with a grin of intense satisfaction and pride.

"We have him now, Lily," he breathed, rather than said.

Together they stood for a minute, perfectly silent, and as they did so heard distinctly some one move about softly, and the sound as of some one who breathed rather heavily, and they also noted that from this room came a most delicious smell of apples.

Leo crept softly down the stairs, followed by his sister. Half-way he stooped, and in a low voice said, "He is after the apples. I did not know they kept them up there." There was a tone of deep regret in his voice for lost opportunities. If they had only known, they might have visited before the thief came, was the thought that flashed through both their minds.

"Let us tell Mr. Johnson now," said Lily.

"No we won't disturb him. I'll go down and see if Rebecca has come in, and get her to send for a policeman. I won't tell Sarah; she is only a girl." He spoke with all the authority and importance of a man.

"What will they do to him?" she asked in a tone of awe, following him close down the stairs.

"Lock him up, of course. You go back Lily and keep guard. Don't let him out on any account."

(To be Continued.)

#### BIRTH.

MOTHERWELL.—At the Parsonage, Lowville, Ont., on Oct. 15th, the wife of the Rev. T. Motherwell, of a daughter.

#### MARRIED.

TAYLOR-RUTHERFORD.—On the Feast of St. Simon and St. Jude, in Christ Church, Albion Mines, N.S., by the Rev. D. C. Moore, Rector and Rural Dean, the Rev. Morris Arthur Francis Taylor, of Plevna, Palmerston, Ont., and son of the late General Reynell George Taylor, of Ogwell, Devon, England, to Mary Emily, daughter of John Rutherford, Esq. of Mount Randall, County of Pictou, N.S.

PICKER-SMALL.—On the previous day, by the Rev. D. C. Moore, Mr. Jas. Picken (Hoare), to Miss Margaret Ann Small, both of Stellarton, N.S.

#### DIED.

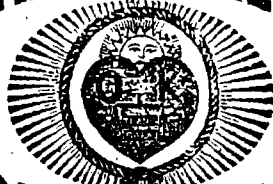
WILLIAMS.—At "Trafalgar," Cote-des-Neiges in the 62nd year of his age. MILES WILLIAMS, Esq. (Brother-in-law of L. H. Davidson, Editor CHURCH GUARDIAN).

CHAPMAN.—Entered into rest on the 9th inst., David Percival, fourth child of David T. and Ella Chapman, aged three years and 8 months.

BURTON.—At Sydney, C.B., on the 25th ult., after an illness of six weeks, Ada Maria, eldest daughter of David Burton, aged 19 years and 7 months.

COOK.—At Lockport, N.S., Hattie, only daughter of Thomas Henry and Sarah Elizabeth Cook, aged 3 years.

JAMES PYLE'S



PEARLINE

THE BEST THING KNOWN FOR WASHING AND BLEACHING

IN HARD OR SOFT, HOT OR COLD WATER. SAVES LABOR, TIME and SOAP AMAZINGLY, and gives universal satisfaction. No family, rich or poor should be without it. Sold by all Grocers. BEWARE of imitations well designed to mislead. PEARLINE is the ONLY SAFE labor-saving compound, and always bears the above symbol, and name of JAMES PYLE, NEW YORK.

THE CHURCH KALENDAR, ADVENT 1886 TO ADVENT 1887

Now Ready.

Price Fifty cents, mailed free.

INVALUABLE TO CLERGY AND LAITY. PRAYER-BOOK, EDWARD VI.

THE CHURCHMAN'S PRIVATE PRAYER-BOOK. Price 50c.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LEAFLETS, now in use in every Diocese and Missionary Jurisdiction in the United States and also in Canada. Samples furnished free.

WM. EGERTON & CO., Publishers and Importers of English S.S. Magazines, 10 Spruce street, New York.

PERSONS to do writing at their homes good pay. Send 10 cents for paper, &c. J. H. Nicholson, 23 Clinton Place, N.Y.

## A NEW PAPER

THE

## "Faithful Witness"

Published Semi-Monthly.—Price \$1.00 per Year.

OUR PLATFORM—Faith in Christ; Separation from the World; Patient Waiting for the Coming of Our Lord.

#### EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS:

Rev. Dr. S. H. Kellogg; Rev. Dr. West; Pastor Josh. Denovan; Hon. S. H. Blake.

#### OCCASIONAL CONTRIBUTORS:

Judge Macdonald; W. H. Howland; Judge Ardagh; Rev. H. M. Parsons; Rev. J. McEwen; Rev. J. Mutch; Rev. J. A. H. Dickson; Rev. Dr. Erdman; Rev. A. B. Mackay; Rev. Dr. Moorhead; Rev. W. H. Barnes; Rev. C. A. Cooke; Miss K. A. Clarke; Miss E. Dryer; Miss B. Mudie; Miss A. MacPherson; Miss S. R. Geldard; and others expected.

Full Prospectus sent on Application.

S. R. Briggs,

Toronto Willard Tract Depository.

## Thanksgiving Day IN CANADA.

### A FORM OF THANKSGIVING

FOR THE

### BLESSING OF HARVEST,

AS SET FORTH BY THE BISHOPS

Sixty Cents per hundred copies.

ROWSSELL & HUTCHISON, King Street, East, Toronto.

## CHURCH OF ENGLAND "Wai's Society,"

## "Sherbrooke Home."

### MATRON WANTED.

Applications should be made at once to the Rev. Geo. Thornloe, M.A., Chairman Canadian Committee of Management, Sherbrooke, P.Q., Oct. 20, 1886. 29

## Deacon.

A Young Clergyman in Deacon's Orders would be glad to hear of a vacant Parish or Mission that needs an active, energetic worker, of moderate Church views. A Mission in which the people are united, and harmoniously disposed to advance the highest interests of the Church. Province of Ontario preferred. Address with particulars, "H," Church Guardian Office, Montreal. 27-1

## DIOCESE OF RUPERT'S LAND

There are a number of VACANCIES in the Diocese, for which young vigorous Clergymen, willing to do pioneer work, are most urgently needed.

Applications with letters, showing good standing, &c., to be addressed to the undersigned, who will give all necessary information. Ven. Archdeacon Pinkham, Winnipeg, Manitoba. 27-1

### WANTED

By First of January, 1887, a young unmarried man in Deacon's Orders, or a Lay-reader, with some little experience, looking for Holy Orders, to assist the Rector of a Country Parish in New Brunswick. Testimonials required. Address

REV. C. WILLIS, Peticodiac, N. B. 25-1

### ORGAN FOR SALE.

FOR SALE (to make room for a larger instrument), a small Pipe Organ of excellent quality and tone, by Hoole and Hartings. Apply to Rev. John M. Davenport, Mission Church, St. John, N.B. October 27th, 1886. 24-1