

into the air like a stalk of asparagus. On such gloomy days the old house on the market-place always seemed to re-assume the air of aristocratic seclusion it had worn in the far-off days when the portraits of robber-knights still hung in its halls and it was still pervaded by the dark spirit of the Middle Ages, which had fled before the light of the present time.

To-day all the curtains in the front of the house were closely drawn. The councillor's widow was suffering from a violent headache, and moreover was in such an indescribable state of excitement that her rooms were darkened and every sound excluded. The face which year in and year out had appeared punctually every morning behind the asclepias plant at the window of the ground floor was not seen to-day. The grey skies overhead seemed a presage of evil for the day, which was in truth to be one of the grayest and dreariest in Frau Hellwig's whole life—it was the day of the reading of the old mam'selle's will. Only the two sons of Frau Hellwig, and Heinrich, had been summoned by the lawyer—she had apparently been entirely ignored—but she represented her absent son Nathanael, and therefore was obliged to be present during the reading.

Toward noon, accompanied by the professor, she returned to the house, while Heinrich followed at a respectful distance. Deaths and dangerous illnesses among her friends and acquaintances had been powerless to effect any change in this woman's marble features—her strong will that would not bend, her deep piety which had always submitted without a tear to these visitations, had often been represented to some weak, despairing wife or mother as a model of lofty resignation. But to-day the little town beheld the unwonted spectacle of seeing this pattern of immovable strength somewhat shaken. The stately lady's cheeks wore the flush of excitement, her measured tread bore signs of haste, and though she spoke in subdued tones to the son walking silently at her side, it was plain that her whispered words were extremely vehement.

Spite of her headache, Adele had evidently been standing behind her curtains, watching for their return. As soon as they entered the hall she came down stairs, pale and hollow-eyed, it is true, but attired in a most bewitching morning-dress, to hear the result of the morning.

"Well, congratulate us, Adele!" cried Frau Hellwig, with a spiteful laugh. "She had left property amounting in cash to forty-two thousand thalers, and the Hellwig family, to whom the money rightfully belongs, won't get a copper! The will is the craziest piece of work imaginable, but it can't be touched, and we must quietly submit to this outrageous injustice. Now we have the consequences of utter lack of energy on the part of the men in a family. If I had been head of the household, it could never have occurred. I don't understand how my husband, without the slightest security—could leave that old creature under the roof to do just what she chose without the least oversight."

The professor had been walking silently up and down, with his hands clasped behind his back. A heavy cloud rested on his face, and lightning glances of anger darted from under his knit brows while his mother was speaking. Now he stopped before her.

"Who urged that our old aunt should be banished to the rooms under the roof?" he asked, gravely and impressively. "Who strengthened the head of the house, my father, in his aversion to her, and strictly forbade us children to go near our old relative? You yourself, mother! If you had desired to inherit her property, you should have taken a very different course."

"Why, you don't imagine I would ever have been on friendly terms with her? I, who have walked in the fear of the Lord all my life, associate with that wicked creature who profaned the Sabbath, and never had any religious faith! She knows now she is shut out from the Lord's presence. No, no power on earth would ever have brought me to that. But she ought to have been declared of unsound mind, and placed under guardianship: there were a thousand ways in which your father might have managed it."

The professor's face grew deathly pale; he cast a look of actual terror at his mother, then silently took his hat and left the room. He had had a glimpse of a frightful abyss. And this rigid bigotry, this horrible Christian pride, which served as a cloak to the most boundless selfishness, had seemed to him for years a halo of glory surrounding his mother's head. This was the character that had appeared to him a pattern of perfect womanhood. He could not help owning that he had once stood on the same ground as that now occupied by his mother and the relative who had been the guide of his youth; nay, he had even surpassed them in intolerance and rigid adherence to forms; he, too, had been a tireless champion in the struggle to increase the power of this particular sect; he had striven to make proselytes and draw people into his own path, in the firm conviction that he should thus lead them to salvation. And that poor, innocent orphan girl, with her little head filled with bright, hopeful thoughts, and her proud, upright, sensitive spirit—he had seized her with his stern hand and thrust her into that cold, dark, dreary region. How that sweet nightingale must have suffered—among ravens. He covered his eyes with his hand, as though he were giddy, slowly ascended the stairs, and shut himself into his lonely study.

While these events were occurring in the sitting-room, a similar scene of excitement and wrath was taking place in the servants' room of the Hellwig mansion. The old cook was rushing about with her cap-strings flying, but Heinrich was as unmoved by the tempest of feminine excitement as a rock in mid-ocean. He was dressed in his Sunday clothes, and his face wore a mingled expression of joy, grief, and withal amusement.

"You mustn't think I am envious, Heinrich, that would be unchristian!" cried Frederica. "I don't grudge you your good luck! Two thousand thalers!" She clasped her hands, wrung them, and let them fall again. "You have more luck than sense, Heinrich! Ah, me! How I have toiled all my life, gone to church on the very coldest days in winter, and prayed God to send me some good-fortune, and He never gave me anything at all, while you've got all this! Two thousand thalers! Why, it's a power of money, Heinrich! But I can't be clear on one point—can you take this money with a clear conscience? The old mam'selle really ought not to have given away a single penny—it all belonged of right to our employers. When one looks at it in that light, Heinrich, it seems like stealing; I don't exactly know what I should do in your place—"

"I'll take it, I'll take it, Frederica," said Heinrich, with perfect composure.

The old cook ran into the kitchen and banged the door behind her.

The old mam'selle's will, which had occasioned so much excitement in the Hellwig household, had been given to her lawyer ten years before. It had been made by her own hand and ran as follows:

"1. In the year 1633 Lutz von Hirschsprung, a son of Adrian von Hirschsprung, who was murdered by Swedish soldiers, left the town of X— to settle elsewhere. To this branch of the ancient race of Thuringian nobles, now extinct here, I bequeath,

"a. Thirty thousand thalers in cash.

"b. The gold bracelet, in the center of which are engraved certain lines of old German poetry, inclosed in a wreath.

"c. The manuscript copy of Bach's opera. It will be found among my autographic collection of famous composer's, in portfolio No. 1, and bears the name. Gotthelf von Hirschsprung.

"I herewith request my lawyers to instantly advertise in the papers—repeating the appeal, if necessary—for any descendants of the aforesaid branch of the Hirschsprung family. If, at the end of a year, no claimant has appeared, it is then my wish and will that this capital of thirty thousand thalers, with the proceeds of the bracelet and the Bach manuscript when sold, shall be given to the mayor of the town of X— to be used by him as a fund for the following purpose:

"2. The interest of this capital, which is to be safely invested, is to be annually distributed in equal portions to eight of the teachers employed in the public schools of X—, in such a manner that all shall receive a portion in regular rotation, without discrimination of persons. Directors and professors have no claim.

"I make this disposition of my property in the firm belief that it will be of as much service as though I should endow a new institution. The teachers in the public schools are still the step-children of the State; the men whose labor forms so large a part in the foundation of national prosperity are still exposed to painful pecuniary anxieties, while they enrich thousands by their intellectual toil. May others also fix their eyes on this dark shadow upon this bright epoch of progress, and aid in the elevation and support of a calling still undervalued by so many.

"3. My silver and jewelry, with the exception of the aforesaid bracelet, I bequeath to the present head of the Hellwig family, as heir-looms which must not pass into the hands of strangers; also my furniture and linen.

"4. My autographic collection of famous composers, with the exception of the aforesaid Bach MS, will be sold by my lawyers, and the proceeds paid to my two grand-nephews, John and Nathanael Hellwig, in token of the sorrow I have always felt that I was not permitted to send them gifts at Christmas."

Then followed legacies to various poor mechanics, amounting to more than twelve thousand thalers, including two thousand thalers to Heinrich, and one thousand to her maid.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Rev. Father Zahm of Notre Dame, the noted scientist, during a recent visit to the World's Fair, suffered a slight stroke of paralysis and was taken to Mercy Hospital for treatment. He had recovered sufficiently in a few days to be removed to Notre Dame, since which time he has continued to improve. It is hoped by Father Zahm's legion of friends that he will soon be restored to complete health.

A MAN MADE HAPPY.—GENTLEMEN—FOR five years I had been a great sufferer with Dyspepsia; the pain in the pit of my stomach was almost unbearable and life only seemed a drag to me. When I would go to sleep I would have horrible dreams, and my life became very miserable, as there was no rest neither day or night. But with the use of only two bottles of Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY this unhappy state has all been changed and I am a well man. I can assure you, my case was a bad one, and I send you this that it may be the means of convincing others of the wonderful curative qualities possessed by this medicine, that are specially adapted for the cure of Dyspepsia. A lady customer of mine had the Dyspepsia very bad; she could scarcely eat anything, and was troubled with pains similar to those I suffered with; and she cured herself with two bottles of Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY. I wish you success with your medicine, as I am fully convinced that it will do all you claim for it. Signed, MELVILLE B. MARSH, Abercorn, P. Q. General Merchant.



A Bright Lad,

Ten years of age, but who declines to give his name to the public, makes this authorized, confidential statement to us:

"When I was one year old, my mamma died of consumption. The doctor said that I, too, would soon die, and all our neighbors thought that even if I did not die, I would never be able to walk, because I was so weak and puny. A gathering formed and broke under my arm. I hurt my finger and it gathered and threw out pieces of bone. If I hurt myself so as to break the skin, it was sure to become a running sore. I had to take lots of medicine, but nothing has done me so much good as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It has made me well and strong."—T. D. M., Norcutt, Kans.

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