

ny of the North American Indianas magnificent specimens of physical bood. This was due, largely, to their out-door life. Nevertheless, they are wisdom to know that an active life open air alone, would not keep a healthy. They had their medicine-who gathered herbs from field and and brewed decoctions to assist the diprocesses of the various vital is.

forest and brewed decoctions to assist the captural processes of the various vital organs.

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As age advances, vitality retreats. Old people find themselves tired, listless, dyspeptic and lacking in strength. They lose interest in the active affairs of life, and may either become chronic complainers, burdening their friends, or they may, by using Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills be made bright, cheery, happy and healthy, as witness the following interesting example. The words of those who have lived many years carry wisdom with them. Why not profit by them? As age advances, vitality retreats. Old

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BY CHRISTINE FABER.

XXXIV. Florence's letter arrived; the letter which from having been so ardently and joyously expected, was now sorrowfully dreaded. It was brief and had an under-current of sadness that seemed in strange sympathy with Miss Hammond's melancholy, but was at the same time inexplic able, for there was no hint at the reason of it, and the fact that she could not come to the wedding was certainly not sufficient cause to produce its sad tenor. She could cause to produce its sad tenor. She could not come, she said, because the physicians had ordered her mother to the northern part of Italy, and she was obliged to accompany her. Still, she did not imply that her mother's health gave her new anxiety, and more singular than all, while the letter closed with the fondest wishes for the happiness of Agnes and tender refor the happiness of Agnes and tender remembrances to be given to Sydney, it did not breath a wish for a reply. In-deed, as Agnes repeatedly read it there seemed to be a studious absence of any desire to receive an answer. Could it be desire to receive an answer. Could it be an oversight on Florence's part? That was impossible, for every letter Agnes had ever received from her was wont to be filled with commands for a speedy response. What did it mean? Could she have heard of the rupture, but in her pity for Agnes, pretended ignorance, even though she had determined to drop all future correspondence? But that could not be, for though Sydney had written to her, she would not have received it in her, she would not have received it in time to answer it with the present reply. She crushed the letter in her hand white tears of wounded pride rose to her eyes. "They are all alike," she said, bitterly, "easy and eager to renounce their attach-ments when the clouds come. She need not fear, however. I shall not trouble her with any further correspondence. The implied wish in her letter shall be strictly

But even while she thus fiercely deter minded, something in her secret heart was pleading for Florence; only Agnes would not listen to it.

Days passed during which Mallaby saw nothing of Kellar, nor did he hear from him. He tried to exult at the fact, but he could not divest himself of the secret fear that this singular silence was more omin-ous than all else had been. And the fear increased as time wore on until it culminated in a restlessness and suspicion that made him frequently change his office quarters, and strongly desire to change his old residence. ld residence.

For Agnes, life had never been se

for Agnes, life had never been so dreary, or vacant; it held out no interest to her beyond that of trying to fulfill patiently her monotonous round of daily duties. She was sick of the drudgery of her employment, and even the hours which she sought to beguile by a practice of the music that hitherto she had loved were filled alone with melanchedy repetit. were filled alone with melancholy repeti-tions of mournful chords. Her one daily comfort was stealing to some church which she might chance to find open, and there in solitude and silence pouring out before the Blessed Sacrament her griefs, her doubts, her desolation. There seemed to be something in those visits when, as often happened, that she was alone in the church, exquisitely consoling; as if the very solitude drew her nearer to the Heart of Him to whom she prayed, and inclined that Heart more eagerly to hear her nexities.

her petitions.

Mrs. Denner was the most puzzled woman of the age; to see Miss Ham-mend's handsome suitor come no more to the house, and yet to hear not alone no reason given for his absence, but not the slightest reference to the wedding, the time of which she had supposed was fast approaching, were mysteries that threat approaching, were mysteries that threatened to interfere with her appetite and her slumber. If she had only dared to do so, she would have blantly asked for an explanation, but Mr. Mallaby maintained such an absolute silence on the subject that she feared that his very meekness might turn to wrath did she assail him. and Miss Hammond bore such an air of

and Miss Hammond bore such an air of proud reserve it was positively awe-inspiring. Her curiosity was to be further incited, while at the same time her spirits were to receive a totally unexpected blow. Mallaby and his ward were going to leave her. She was prostrated at the information; it was only after a little that she could recover herself to speak, and then she hastened to say that which might cause her curiosity to be enlightened at least on one point.

"Was Miss Hammond going to be married?"

"Was Miss Hammond going to be married?"

"No;" Mallaby replied shortly, and even somewhat testily, for he had dreaded a little this interview with his landlady, and he thought it better to assume more crustiness than he felt.

"And I'd like to impress upon you, ma'am, that I'd consider it an obligation if you'll ask no questions."

"But I must, Mr. Mallaby," interrupted Mrs. Denner in such a sharply aggrieved voice, it set his teeth on edge. "I must ask if it's dissatisfaction with my house, or my table, or my beds, or my boarders? or my table, or my beds, or my boarders? To be sure, I've always done my best to

Mr. M. T. Wigle

Of Kingsville, Essex Co.

CURED OF ITCHING PILES OF 23 YEARS

ricinity as "Uncle Mike," was troubled for over 23 years with itching piles. At times he was so bad he would have to quit work. The irritation became so intense with constant rubbing that they became allegated and would bleed. He had been treated by many physicians, but found nothing that gave him relief. Reading in the paper the cure of a friend who had suffered in a like manner, and been cured by r. Chase's Ointment, he procured a box. After the aird application he got such relief that he had the rst comfortable night's sleep he had enjoyed in years.
the one box made a complete cure, and he says he
ould not be without it for \$50 a box if it could not
or replaced. Mr. Wigle is a wealthy farmer, well known in the community in which he resides. It is ever two years since he was afflicted, and he has never been troubled since.

> Physicians fail to make a cure when Dr. Chase's Ointment gave Immediate Relief. . . .

THE GUARDIAN'S MYSTERY; humor you and Miss Hammond, but, if there's anything more in the way of softer beds, or giving other seats to the two old deaf creatures that bother you at the table, or seeing that you get the tender-

"Heavens and earth! ma'am, will you hold your tongue?" burst from Mallaby.
'It is no dissatisfaction with anything out a desire on the part of my ward and myself to live in another part of the city. and as I said before, I'll be greatly oblige

if you'll ask no questions."
"No questions—oh, Mr. Mallaby; and you the decent, quiet boarder that you were; no questions, and you like a father to my poor fatherless little ones," — evi-dently ignoring the fact of her second husbeand—"no questions, and I as has the heart of a mother for Miss Agnes — oh, Mr. Mallaby! Mr. Mallaby! Mr. Mallaby!" His name uttered in a higher key each time, and more prolonged, sounded at the last like a wail, and then, as a

climax, she threw her apron over her head and seemed to be sobbing behind it. Feeling there was little use to try to ap pease her, and anxious to end a scene tha

pease ner, and anylous to end a scene that exasperated him, he turned away without another word and left the room.

"The old fool," she said, peering out at the side of her apron, with perfectly dry eyes, "does he think as a woman can't find out a thing when she wants to, and that the more a man tries to baffle and hide the program woman's bound to and hide, the more a woman's bound to know what he's keeping back. He won' be gone from here two hours before I'l now where he plants himself.

Miss Hammond had made no opposition when her guardian proposed to leave Mrs. Denner's. In fact she rather hailed the Denner's. Denner's. In fact she rather hailed the change; it would remove her from objects that seemed to have a strange, persistent, unhappy way of reminding her of Wilbur; for the rest, all places were alike to her now; she had no concern for, nor interest in any of her surroundings. She was hardly surprised when she found that Mallaby had selected a home for them very far down town, and almost in the centre of a business quarter. It was one entre of a business quarter. It was one of the few eminently respectable board-ing-houses to be found in the lower part of the city, and the house from its simple, antiquated structure seemed to date from the time of the old Dutch burghers. The boarders were entirely business people, the women seeming to have masculine professions, and to be too full of their professions, and to be too full of their work to have time, or thought for any

eminine weakness.

It was the unhomelike, unsocial air of the place that had commended itself to Mallaby. He imagined he would be safer there; freer from criticism, from notice: and yet he felt in his sect heart the utter futility of it all. His doom was coming. Kellar sstrange absence and stranger sil-ence only portended its greater certainty, and the spirit that was urging him to the frequent changes which he made in his office quarters was only a mocking delu-sion, for where could he hide when the

end came?

He would have left the city had he other means of support, and he did at times contemplate a flight to some remote corner of the earth, but he dreaded to subject Miss Hammond to the hard-ship of such a change, and he could not flee without her.

Miss Hammond saw daily how his

nervous, haunted manner increased, but she never commented on it; and yet he felt that she knew it, that she was getting to live almost in the atmosphere of suspicion and fear in which he dwelt; that she would hardly be surpised when one day a hand should be laid on his shoulder, and a stern voice should say to

They had few conversations with each other, and those never referred to the choughts that lay so heavy on the mind of each; but, there were frequent occa-sions in which Miss Hammond caught her guardian looking into her face with an indescribable wistfulness, and there were times when Mallaby found the eyes of his ward fixed upon him in a sad que ioning way that harrowed him.

Occupied and circumspect as were the

boarders, they still had some time and inclination to admire the beautiful girl, and a few of them might have attempted a passing acquaintance, had she not chilled every approach to such by her ice-ike reserve. Her guardian was a puzzle, and to those who had a sense of humor, extremely amusing. His dress out of proportion as harmony of color or propriy of fit, his green cotton umbrella carri pually when there was not a cloud in se sky, and when the rain came heavil own, made him such a prominently anny figure. Then the relation that he funny figure. Then the relation that he bore to his lovely queen-like ward made and a still more conspicuous object. People wondered why she had not transferred to him for appearance's sake, some of her own tasteful appropriateness in attire, and whether she were not ashamed of his oddities. But no trace of such a feeling ever appeared in her manner. She was quietly attentive to him, and indifferent to everything else; while for him, even those who were the most inclined to laugh at him found their hearts strangely touched as they watched his manner with her—the total change in the expression of his face; it showed such a patient, ten-der mountains. der, mournful wistfulness.

Agnes continued to give her music les-

ons, her little circle of scholars increasing and taking her some days to homes so remote from her own abode that the jour-ney fatigued her; but fatigue had grown to be somewhat of a blessing; it kept her to be somewhat of a blessing; it kept her wearing thoughts at bay. On one of these days that she made the long journey and was returning from it, slumber overtook her in a Broadway stage; though so gentle as to attract no attention it was deep enough to enchain her until she had gone some distance beyond the point where she are syncht callight. Then point where she was wont to alight. she saw that she was not far from the Battery green. Being August, the foliage was in a state of mellow luxuriance, and not being disfigured as the place is now by an unsightly elevated road, it seemed peculiarly inviting to her tired heart and mind. She strolled toward it rather than to her home, and entered one of the walks that led to the water. Something in the summer odor recalled St. John's Park recalled the evening on which Wilbur had asked her to marry him, and recalled it all so distinctly and painfully that she seemed overpowered. With all her seemed overpowered. With all her struggles she had been unable either to cease to care for or to forget him, and now for an instant she was utterly power-less to stop the tide of bitter anguished thoughts and doubts. The one doubt more poignant than all the others, and that never failed to surmount and per-

meate every thought, was her doubt of Mallaby. If only she knew that he had sacrificed himself for her father, then sacrinced minsel for her lather, then could she crush every feeling save that of devotion to him; but might not the rest-less, haunting fear which he was betray-ing more and more every day, be caused by the fact that when that should happen which he so mysteriously dreaded, it would reveal to her his utter duplicity? and then she would discover that she was herself only the victim of a cruel fraud, owing not alone no duty to her guardian, but even no gratitude, since all his kindness to her had been well remunerated by his own dishonest personal use of her fortune? And it would be for this that she had made her sacrifice! These were the thoughts which so often troubled her, and which were torturing her now as she walked on slowly with her head bent. It needed all her faith, all her resolution, all her prayer, to keep her from yielding to a very abandon of grief. She tried to con fort herself by remembering what her Confessor had said, when in the begin-ning of her trial she had disclosed her feelings to him; that her sacrifice at the first had been made from a true sense of duty, however imperfect her motives and incomplete her renunciation might have been afterward, and that God would surely bless her, no matter how seemingly futile it might prove to be; and then she turned to the picture he had drawn for turned to the picture he had drawn for her of Christ's renunciation and agony. At that stage of her thoughts, she reached the end of the path on which she had been walking, and lifting her eyes to determine which direction she should take next, she saw a few yards ahead of her, Mallaby. He was standing on the walk that skirted the water, and evidently gazing seaward. How stooped he had become! His shoulders rose until they gazing seaward. How stooped he had become! His shoulders rose until they seemed little less than a hump, and his long, light coat hung on his form as if it were much too large for him. Even his pantaloons seemed to have shrunken pantaloons seemed to have shrunker away more than usual from his ankles leaving those bony members in a very much exposed condition. His umbrella was held behind him, the knotty pro-tuberances of its huge, horn handle which she could plainly distinguish from where she stood, sticking up with a grotesque look. The memory of the feelings with

yond all vanity now and thought but yond all vanity now and thought but alone of her duty.

While she stood looking at him she saw approaching from the other side a very slender young man dressed in a bright blue suit; even his hat was of the same azure hue, and it cast a sort of blue hue over his beardless, supid-looking features. tures. That which attracted her attention more even than his appearance was the hurried manner in which he walked until he arrived within a half dozen yards of Mallaby. Then he stopped abruptly thrust his hands into his pockets, put his thrust his names have been been to stare in-tently at Mallaby, who, ignorant that he was the object of any observation, coninued to gaze out to sea. mond became uneasy as she watched the protracted stare of the stranger.—a proof of her inoculation with the mysterious fear of her guardian—and she starte toward him with unwonted speed. ing reached him she gently touched shoulder. He turned as suddenly fearfully as if her touch had been hand to summon him to his fate, and be holding her hardly reassured him, for what could have brought her? she had never been in that place before. Seeing is agitated surprise she hastened to ex-

"In coming home I rode further than I was attracted to walk here. I caught sight of you, and while I was looking at you, that young man seemed to set him-self deliberately to watch you.

Mallaby turned in the direction she in-

dicated and saw the youth still surveying

him.
"I shall find out what he wants," he said, trying to make his voice firm and calm, and, with Agnes beside him, he apable occasion had returned a letter to

him.

The recognition—potent as it was with the perusal of that letter, though Mallaby remembering distinctly its contents felt that it had revealed nothing—rather add-ed to Mallaby's fear. Had it not been ed to Mallaby's fear. Had it not been that Agnes was beside him, and that for her sake he felt he must assume a confidence, and even an indignation he was far from feeling, he would have gone his way and left the spy undisturbed. He knew nothing of Miss Liscome's relation to the youth, for Kellar, owing to re asons of his own, had never told the result of his own, had never told the result of his acceptance of that lady's invitation to tea; how it had revealed to him the incid-ent of the miscarried letter, and the amount of Miss Liscome's knowledge of

Before they reached the young man he turned and absolutely ran away, not re-laxing his speed until he was quite out of

"Some demented creature," said Mallaby, looking after him, and wiping the perby looking after him, and wiping the per-spiration from his face, though there was neither sufficient heat in the day nor hurry in his walk, to have caused it. "Perhaps so," Agnes answered wearily. She was so tired of it all—the fear, the sus-

picion, the restlessness in which they lived the mysterious secret that haunted his life the horrid doubt that tortured her own.

XXXVI.

On other occasions Miss Hammond saw che singular youth; she saw him when she went to take an omnibus, or a car, on her daily journey to the homes of her pupils; twice she met him directly as she left th house, and he was always in a sort of frantichurry either absolutely running, or walking with such extraordinary speed it was little less than a run, and so far from seeming to maintain any wather, he hardly appeared to see her. ne was watching her guardian she felt certain, and that her guardian must know of this singular espionage, she felt equally sure; since, however, he forbore to speak of it, she also was silent. But when he came to her one day and asked if she would mind going up town to live she knew then that he was aware of the spy at their door, and he knew by the manner of her ready assent, that she was also aware of it. Yet neither referred to it. Nor was the change to up-town quarters permanent; for though released apparently from the vigilance of the blue-dressed youth, they saw no more of him, Mallaby seemed to feel an ever-urgent necessity for frequent to her one day and asked if she would mind going up town to live she knew then

removal. Further up town, then to the east side, again to west, they went, Agnes never protesting, never hestitating, never questioning, and Mallaby, never explaining, never alluding to the myster-ious source of his restlessness. He knew in his heart there was little use in it all, for if there were spies upon his track he would be found when he was wanted no matter where he went, and it was not so much to flee from that espionage as it was to escape from the curious observa-tions which his cwn nervous, haunted manner brought upon him from the people of every house in which they took up their abode. He had grown to be painfully shy of it, and just so soon as it began to be marked the landlady was told that he and his ward would enagage board in another part of the city.

board in another part of the city.

Thus more than a wretched year passed leaving traces of its misery in the increased furrows of Mallaby's face, the diminished corpulence of his figure, and the death-like pallor and the worn look of his ward. She was still bound to the wheel of her monotonous and laborious employment, and painfully realizing that its proceeds were actually necessary. Her guardian's frequent change of office quar-ters, together with his diminished energy, ters, together with his alminished energy, were sensibly lessening his business profits, and he could no longer conceal the fact. She strove to redouble her energies, seeking more pupils, and wondering if she could not utilize her evening hours in some way. Filled with the idea she answered one of the advertisements for a female copyist, the work to be done at home, and saying nothing of the matter to home, and saying nothing of the matter to Mallaby, in order to spare his feelings. She received an answer desiring her to call at an office on Reade street. Re-

call at an office on Reade street. Re-sponding to it she ran across her guardian just as she was turning into the street from Broadway. He was evidently col-lecting bills, and he seemed to have something of his old-time energy and brisk-ness; but he turned ghastly when he saw ness; but he turned ghastly when he saw her. The slightest untoward incident might be so full of portentous meaning now. She had to explain, but she ended with a sort of plea to be permitted to fulfill her intention.

The color came back to his face, but the

large, freckled hand that held sundry

large, freckled hand that held sundry papers shook as if it were palsied.

"Things have not come to such a pass that you must work day and night," he said, speaking with the air of one who had received a cruel blow; and then he she stood, sticking up with a grotesque look. The memory of the feelings with which she used to regard his appearance during her school days, rushed back to her, but they excited neither mortifica-tion nor amusement. She had gotten beturned in an opposite direction to that she had been pursuing, evidently expecting her to accompany him. She stood waver-ing between her anxiety to secure the work seemingly within her reach, and her desire not to widen the wound she felt she had already given him. He looked back at her, motioning her to follow. She back at her, motioning her to follow. She obeyed, expecting him to say something when she reached him, but he was silent, walking on with his head drooped, his umbrella held very tight under his life arm, and his right hand seeming to clutch, rather than hold some papers. They turned out of Reade street into bustling, crowded Broadway. It was almost the hour of noon, a time when business seemed to be at its greatest rush, and people were hurrying as if cases of life or seemed to be at its greatest rush, and people were hurrying as if cases of life or death depended on their steps. The autumn sun was shining brightly, giving a sort of cheerful beauty to the human

"We shall go home," he said, when they reached Franklin street, and he paused to wait for a stage. She felt that he was taking her home to show his utter disapproval of what she had contemplated and to prevent the execution of her inten-tion, but she did not answer. The stage was in sight; Mallaby stepped closed to the curb, Agnes followed him while the

crowd surged about them.
Suddenly the crowd seemed to part, for some one who forced his way through it; some one who reared himself before Mallaby like a great black shadow sprung ou of the sunshine, and a hand was place on Mallaby's shoulder, while a voice said with horrible distinctness:
"Matthias Mallaby, you are my pris

oner!"
And Mallaby looked round with a gasp and a shiver saw the hand, and lookin up he met the strong, stern face with it long dreaded doom had found him. He

ence, stood upon the stoop on Hubert street; but he only said in a husky whiser: "My dear, it has come."

TO BE CONTINUED. THE IRISH " KILS."

An Englishman went over to Ireland o assist an old college chum who was standing in the Unionist interest for a nstituency in the south of Ireland. Now there are in that country, we need hardly inform our readers, a number of towns and districts which are named "Kil" something or other, "Kil" in Irish meaning churchsuch as Kilrush and Kilruddery, and in his ignorance of this geopraphical nomenclature, the Englishman was considerably startled on hearing at a railway station, the following conversation between two wild looking peasants: "I'm just after bein' over to Kilpatrick," said one. "An' I," replied the other, "am after being over to Kilmary." "What murderers they are!" thought the Englishman, "and are! 'thought the Engishman, and to think they talk of their assassinations so publicly!" "And where are you goin' now, Jim?" asked assassin No. 1. "I'm goin' to Kilmore," was No. 2's reply. The Englishman's blood curdled. "Kilmore is it?" said the curdled. "Eaith you'd better be comcurdled. "Kilmore is it curdled. "Faith, you'd better be com-

A Strong Nation

nsists of strong men and healthy women and health and strength depend upon pure, rich blood which is given by Hood's Sarsaparilla. A nation which takes millions of bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla every year is laying the foundation for health, the wisdom of which will surely show itself in years to come.

It had come to be known among his college friends as "Paul Henderson's Madonna," or often, more familiarly still, as "Henderson's Madonna," although that gentleman had never put brush to canvas.

Five months previously he had come. like so many others, a stranger and alone, to a great Canadlan medical college. Like so many others, and yet how unlike! How unlike to the indifferent, the listless, idle, hurried, or shambling tread of his fellows, that rhythmic stride of his through the crowded thoroughfare ! Much character may be expressed in the walk

The day came when Paul Hender-son's gait altered with his altered character; but at the time my story opens, following him from afar, long before you had seen his face, his manner of walking would have brought to your mind some grand old song set to a martial strain. His nobly-poised head, with its clustering brown curls, was always held high, perhaps a triffle too high for a man who had not the world at his feet. His deep gray eyes would always be more likely to see the skies and stars above him than the dust and turmoil of the streets he trod. "An ideal face," an artist had said who had once caught a glimpse of it in a passing crowd; "the face of a dreamer, of a student, and of one doomed to loneliness and disappointment to the end of his days. It reminds one of a stately fir-tree on a lonely mountain height." Thus one who had seen and known the world.

"A strangely uncomfortable face ! His eyes make one feel as though he were trying to read one's soul." was the expressed opinion of a young lady 'in society," who had known Paul Henderson and favored his suit before the terrible reverse of fortune which had killed his father and left him to battle with the world alone. Had he read and measured the woman's soul when she gave him back his troth, and left him to fight not only the bitter battle of life alone, but a harder, nobler battle for his lost ideals of chivalry and of woman's truth and

honor? under his first great defeat and disap pointment, he sought the city. His mother had been dead so long that her face had almost faded from his memory. His sisters, thorough women of the world, had never understood him. They had called him quixotic, yea, mad, when, in order to liquidate his father's debts, he had voluntarily relinquished his own private fortune of forty thousand dollars left him by

his mother. On that bright May morning when he first walked the streets of the great city, shabby, hungry, homeless, and well nigh penniless, some thought of the truth of his sisters' verdict may have occurred to him. Certain it is, that as he passed further and further from the more fashionable quarters a sentence he had heard long ago kept ringing its strange, sad truth in his ears: "Be good, and you will sure to be lonely.

In all the hurrying faces not one did he know. In all the busy marts of men not one was there to whom he could exend the hand of friendship.

"Be good and you will sure to be The sentence kept ringing like the refrain of a song in his ears. At the street corner he met a newsboy crying over the loss of his fallen pennies. He stooped to help the waif, his nervous white hands often touching the grimy ones of the little one. Agnes—the look in his eyes that recalled the avaning when he, with her and Florting avaning when he, with her and Florting avaning when he will be a variety of the will be a var one faintly reflected the boys gladness. "Be good, and you will be sure to be lonely." Further and further away, like the memory of a dream, the words came now. Half a mile away, at the crowded street crossing, he noticed a timid old woman among the crowd. Courteously, as though had been a queen, he helped her through the throng. As he passed on, her last words, "May God and Our Lady bless you," drowned that other hant which had been following him all the day. His eyes took on a softer, tenderer look, the tense, firm lines about his mouth relaxed. Some dim, faint memory of his lady mother had been awakened. Had that dead mother seen him, how proud she would have been of his manly strength and beauty and gentleness of character !a man a king might have envied in his sterling integrity and purity and

> "God and Our Lady!" Evidently the woman was a Romanist, and yet

> how pretty the words had sounded!
>
> As he walked he fell to thinking of those never to be forgotten days when men-the chivalry of Europe-who had ost everything but honor, who had given up home, country, friends, the one love of their lives perhaps, had bravely battled and saved Christian Europe from the sway of the Mohammedan. How they had rushed to battle, and rushing died, with that very cry upon their lips, "For God and Our Lady!" Ah! life was worth living in those days. Quickly—all too quickly—his thoughts came back to the present and to the homely object of his quest-a lodging-house. He stopped before a cottage standing far in from the road. A narrow patch, bordered on either side by a hedge of cedars, led up to the ivy-covered porch, and rose from her knitting in the porch the daintiest of matrons, to receive him

" Plain, but neat and comfortable," was his mental comment on the room into which she ushered him. Then his eyes wandered wistfully round the

bare, unlovely walls. All his life his own home, they had reste things of beauty. These had con be almost a necessity to Paul He son's art loving nature. A sigh was almost a sob escaped him. long, long years—perhaps for estrive as he would, such things lie outside his life. The glory nunciation had passed for him, beginning to feel the bitt that inevitably accompanies it. Suddenly his eyes followed th his prospective landlady and res

an engraving of the Mother an ' If you are not a Catholic, si good woman was saying, "I wil

the picture removed."
"Pray do not," he answered h "I am not a Catholic, but I li picture."

So it remained, the one this beauty in that attic room. Take position he would for writing or the tender eyes of the divine seemed ever watching. What fluence that picture came to exe Paul Henderson's life was know to his Creator and himself. He passed it without a courtly rev would have rendered to no Even in the first bright and

days of his college life, looki from his reading and meeting ten er eves, he sometimes whi Mother of Christ, pray for me In the dark, dark after days, the bitternes of death was in hi

the loving eyes seemed filled wit of sweet compassion; perhaps through a mist, but oftener n the darkness of his despair, t went forth, "Mother of God, p Long before this the picture

come his personal property purchase of it had become a su speculation and jest among h panions, but Paul Henderson "c all that. Among the students of tho are men, grave and elderly ne have never forgotten a certain

evening spent in that attic Song and laugh were ringing when one of their number rose coarse jest, to propose a toast. noticed that Paul Henderson alone was empty, but the speak finished. A hand of iron gras and the glass lav shivered in sand fragments beneath the pi the Madonna.

Those who once saw Paul He angry rarely forgot it, and so to pass that on entering his one of his classmates observed left the world, the flesh, and

He had taken his degree wit and still occupied the attic r his practice lay almost exc among the poor and unfortur miserables, as he often calle They loved and reverenced him he loved and pitied th wished that for their sakes his fortune had come to him. He good he could have done

money! In fact, cold, want, tion, were staring him in the The day came when he left poorer than he had entered it, earthly possessions the worn gold which had been his moth ding ring and the picture

Madonna Mile after mile he walke people stared at the gaunt you with the fever of delirium burning in his eyes; jostling ing jostled by the hurrying pe longing only to escape the tr the city and to reach some hill side, there to clos ever beneath the shade of tr the Madonna's face looking it ly compassion upon him.

Suddenly the sound of chu near turned his thoughts i direction. He remembered t the Feast of the Ascension, as dream he remembered kneeling day, years ago, in churc mother's side. He recalled homeward drive in the live riage as he stumbled bli-clutched at the gate for sup Irish gardener crossing the him and came quickly forward native Irish shrewdness he sa young man was exhausted and fatigue, but he saw als the shabby attire, that he w tleman; and with instinctive he attributed his exhaustion

heat of the day."
"Rest ye here, while I go the kitchen and fetch ye a water, sir. Paul Henderson rested on

chair while this good brought him a glass of milk "Not a drop of water co sir, and I thought mayhap take the milk instead. There are lies, ere they heaven, over which the

angel lets fall a tear and The house happened to be residence, and Paul Hende if he might leave his picture of the gardener while he

tend the church service. "With the greatest pleas sir. What a grand thing i good Catholic," he added, miringly at the gentleman 'I am not a Catholic, m Paul Henderson answered he rose to go. "If I wer few years' longer residen world, I might become on always felt a strange attrac the Catholic faith, but as i

rest for ever-to the foot o The choir was intoning th as he entered. The waves

take my doubts and perplex

all doubts and perplexities