but might it not have been against the fiends and goblins with which crazy people some believe they are surrounded ?

"Possibly," I acquiesced, though my tone in any caprice they may have." could not have been one of any strong con-

things," she continued; "and that he did not show himself violent before folks is no when he was alone. The very fact that he strained himself when he went into the lipit and visited among his friends, may we made him wilder when he got all by himself. I am sure I remember having heard of a case where a man lived for te auspecting him of insanity; yet his wife suf-fered constantly from his freaks, and finally fall a victim so his indence."
"But Mr. Barrows was such a brilliant man," I objected, "His sermons up to the

ast were models of eloquence.
"Oh, he could preach," she assented. Seeing that she was not to be moved in ner convictions, I ventured upon a few ques-

"Have you ever thought," I asked, "what was that created such a change in him? his death; could any thing have happened

to disturb him at that time?"
"Not that I know of," she answered, with great readiness. "I was away for a week in August, and it was when I first came back that I observed how different he was to what he had been before. I thought at first it was the heat, but heat don't make one restless and unfit to sit quiet in one's chair. Nor does it drive a man to work as if the very evil one was in him, keeping the ing, while he wrote and walked, and walked ad wrote, till I thought my head would

burst with sympathy for him."
""He was finishing a book, was he not? I think I have heard he left a complete manu-

Yes; and don't you think it very singular that the last word should have been written, and the whole parcel done up and sent away to his publisher, two days before his death, if he did not know what was going to happen to him 2²⁸.

Rhoda Colwell, and then ——
"Just what time was it," I asked, "when but evidently she did not care why I in

quired. "It was during that week," she broke in. "I remember because it was on the six. teenth that Mr. Pollard died, and I was not

here to attend the funeral. I came back But it was no matter to me now when she came back. She had not been at home the night when Mr. Barrows was beguiled into his first visit to the mill, and she had men-

tioned a name I had long been eager to have introduced into the conversation. "You knew Mr. Pollard ?" I therefore interposed without deremony. "He was a

very rich man, was he not?" "Yes," she assented. "I suppose the children will have the whole property, now that the old lady is gone. I hope Mr. Harrington will be satisfied. He just married that girl for her money. That, I am sure, you will hear everybody say."
"Yet she is exceedingly pretty." I sug-

Oh, yes, too presty; she makes one think of a wax doll. But these English lords don't care for beauty without there is a ceal of hard cash to back it, and if Agnes Pollard had been as poor as what other beauty have we in town?"

beauty? I know some folks think she is-well, then, let us say as Rhoda Colwell, he

than that of his hand."

"And is Mr. Harrington a lord?" I asked,
feeling that I was lighting upon some very

which was there; but which I scarcely looked feeling that I was lighting upon some very which was there; but was my attention attracted by an envelope that fell out from between

oriticising the poor woman now. She is dead and so is he, and the children will de very well now with all that money to back them bounds. As it was, I found myself obliged do.

nowing no special interest in the question,

tent lack of perspicuity. "None of them?" "Oh, Dwight or Guy would come here if they had any business with him," she al-owed. "But that isn't intimes; the Pol-iards are intimate with nobody."

She seemed to be rather proud of it, and as I did not see my way just then to acquire able day, in the hope of rousing some memory further information, I sank with a weary air into a chair, turning the conversation as I did as upon other and totally irrelevant topics. But no topic was of much interest to her, that did not in some way in. tion as I did so upon other and totally ir-relevant topics. But no topic was of much interest to her, that did not in some way involve Mr. Barrows; and after a few minutes of desultory chat, she pleaded the excuse of business and hurriedly left the room.

THE GREEN ENVELOPS. you shall understand what hath be-

THE CALLED STANDARDS AND OTHERIDA opportunity of digesting it; and, secondly,

four, and four from four leaves nothing." it not been for the difficulty of imagining a I thought of all the others who secretly or reason for it, could have retired to gest that openly expressed the same opinion, and isls my heart grow lighter. Then I thought of justness of a conclusion that so exonerated justness of a conclusion that so exonerated the man I loved. As it was, that secret you were away in August? Was it before the seventeenth, or after? I enquire, be-self should be entirely removed before I al

was there anything but hope and trust in the tone with which she had designated her idopes, a doubt which I had premised my self should be entirely removed before I at lowed my partiality for Mr. Pollard to take delight in the communication of the communication of the communication of the communication of the communication in the communication in the communication of the communication of course, since nothing out of the course, since nothing out of the course, since nothing out of the course, and could have followed in the course, and could have followed in the course, since nothing out of the course, since nothing out Nothing, save that he was a wide student and loved the delicate and imaginative in literature. Besides, I had glanced at many of the volumes, in my search after the one which had held the engraving. Yet I did pause a minute and run my eye along the

shelves, vaguely conscious perhaps, that often in the most out-of-the-way corners lurks the secret object for which we are so carefully seeking. But I saw nothing to detain me, "There is a girl called Rhoda Colwell," I and after one brisf glance at a strong and spirited statuette that adorned the top shelf,
Rhoda Colwell! Do you call her a thought I saw a photographic album.

I was not mistaken; and it was with conwould have made her any proposal sooner siderable interest I took it up and began to

"But there wasn't" I interrupted, shocked and forced to defend him in spite of myself.
"No, nor amybody else. For when he went down-stairs, I looked in and there was no one there, and nothing uncommon about the room, except that I thought his bookes as list had been moved. And it had, for next day when I twop this committee," as also as a series of the result of t

in any caprice they may have."

"You seem to know them well." I remarked, fearful she would observe the emotion I could not quite keep out of my face.

"No," she returned, with an assumption of grimness, which was evidently meant for sarcasm. "not well. Every meant for sarcasm. "not well. Every meant for sarcasm. "not well. Every meant for sarcasm."

charge of the room in my absence, was what promised atthe, the capable of concealing ever "Not that I ever saw," she returned, I could not understand. As far as I could cles on the table capable of concealing ever remember, I left the letter lying in plain such a small object as this I was in search or in the fact that it was seemingly of some importance to me.

'Didn't they use to some here to see some one more interested than I knew had stolen it? Or was it the landlady of my success.

'I proceeded, emboldened by her evistolen it? Or was it the landlady of my former home alone to blame for its being lost Recalling, therefore, just what had been

met him at the foot of the steps as I came cided it was not in them. As for the two home from my unsuccessful search for employment, and he had handed me the letter pletely, I was about to toss them back un simply saying: "For Miss Reynolds." I opened, when there came upon me a dissearcely looked at it, certainly gave it no position to be thorough, and I looked at thought, for we had been together but a week, and I had as yet taken no interest in my own little copy of Mrs. Browning the Which, as I think, you know not. Here is alone, even though it had been used in transcribing her name, would have served to recall the incident to my mind. But the Her departure was a relief to me. First, shade of the envelope—it was of a peculiar because I had heard so much, I wanted an greenish tint—gave that unconscious spur to thememory which was needed to bring back that there is no real forgetfulness in this

within Reproduk was a sewed gill and lovery has a lover the sample than the sample of her and her love had escurred to break her faith in the future and the man to whose care she was pledged. Could I not remember the happy smile which accompanied her offer of assistance and home to me? And was there anything but hope and trust in the tone with which she had designated her lover as heing the best and noblest man is

that I realized the enormity of my selfish folly, and endeavored to put an end to its further indulgence by preparing stoically

weary night, I arose in any thing but a rethat may arise.

But heed these words and mark them well:

side of Mrs. Pollard; and if this also came to naught, to burst the bonds of secrecy which I had maintained, and by taking this expiated.
Till then, God bless you.

i added, seeing her about to shake her head.

"Oh, Dwight or Guy would come here if they had any business with him," she almost one by one on the table, I went to the trunk in which they had any business with him," she almost one by one on the foor. They were as gone down to my former boarding-place to out one by one on the foor. They were as follows: A work-basket of Ada's; a box of inquire; but as it was ten o'clock at night, writing paper; a copy of Harper's Maga-I could only satisfy my impatience by going carefully over the incidents of that memorizine; an atlas; and two volumes of poetry,

her concerns. So mechanical, indeed, had long-sought and despaired of letter, with its been my whole action in the matter, that I tell-tale green envelope unbroken, and its doubt if the sight of Mr. Barrows' writing contents, in so far as I could see, unviolated and undisturbed.

CHAPTER XVIL

I have lived long enough. - MACBETH.

Before I proceeded to open this letter, "And was it?" Imquired.
"Yes, it was for I was in the room when he signed his name to it, and heard his signed his name to it, and he had the stream in the promise in the promise

take my word for it; but if questions should arise, and a fuller knowledge of my fats and the reasons which led me to such an act should in your judgment seem to be required, then go to my desk, and, in a secret drawer let into the back, you will find a detailed confession which will answer every inquiry and set straight any false or unworthy suspicions

freshed state, to meet the exigencies of what might possibly prove to be a most important day.

The first thing to be done was undoubtedly to visit my old home and interview its landlady. If nothing came of that, to hunt up the nurse, Mrs. Gannon, whom, as you will remember, I had left in charge of my poor Ada's remains when sudden duty in the shape of Dr. Farnham carried me away to the bedside of Mrs. Pollard; and if this also came be driven, teuch not that desk nor drawer till ten days have elapsed, or I shall think you love my body mere than me, and the eujoyment of temporal comfert to the eternal weight of glory which is laid up for those who hold out steadfast to the end.

DAVID. Do not wonder at my revealing nothing of this in our late interviews. You were so happy, I dared not drop a shadow one ay sooner than was necessary into your y ung life. Besides, my struggle was dark and secret, and could brook no eye upon it save that of the eternal God.

sarcasm, "not well. Everyone knows the Pollards, but I never heard any one say they new them well.

"Didn't Mr. Barrows?" I tremblingly inquired, anxious for her reply, yet fearful of connecting those two names.

"Not that I ever saw," she returned, I could not understand. As few as I could not understand. As few as I could not understand.

DAVID BARBOWS.

cowardice, but a direct denial of those truths upon which are founded the Christian's ultimate hope. As a man myself, I despise with my whole heart such weaklings; and our faith a matter of expediency, and basilisk's.

not that stern and immovable belief in God And I succeeded. After an effort that

I have illustrated them in the events of the ward with an uneasy gesture.

ago to-day, I was called to the bedside of Samuel Pollard. He had been long sinking with an incurable disease, and now the end "I felt as if I should like Mr. was at hand and my Christian offices requir- have it."

me. Not my sermon, but the secret disin-clination I always fells to enter this special some one I did not see, after which she bent family, was what in reality held me back; again toward the dying man and whispered and this was a reason which, as you will in his ear. have seen from the words I have already But, though her manner had all its wonted written, I could not countenance. I accordwritten, I could not countenance. I accordingly signified to the messenger that I would lacking in neither earnestness nor purpose ingly signified to the messenger that I would lacking in neither earnestness nor purpose ingly signified to the messenger that I would lacking in neither earnestness nor purpose ingly signified to the messenger that I would lacking in neither earnestness nor purpose ingly signified to the messenger that I would lacking in neither earnestness nor purpose ingly signified to the messenger that I would lacking in neither earnestness nor purpose ingly signified to the messenger that I would lacking in neither earnestness nor purpose ingly signified to the messenger that I would lacking in neither earnestness nor purpose ingly signified to the messenger that I would lacking in neither earnestness nor purpose ingly signified to the messenger that I would lacking in neither earnestness nor purpose ingly signified to the messenger that I would lacking in neither earnestness nor purpose in the lacking in th

or those who hold out steadfast to the secrets of others, let this be at once my acress of others, let this be at once my acress of others, let this be at once my acress of others, let this be at once my acress of others, let this be at once my acress of others, let this be at once my acress of will you descenting else for me?"

"Will you descenting else for me?"

"I will," I began, and might have said more, but he turned from me and with suddent special spe

so no heavier penalty than that which I have incurred through my own sin. I shall therefore neither gloss over nor suppress any fact bearing upon a full explanation of my fate; and when I say I hesitated to go to

my reason for this dislike, my unconquer able distrust of his wife, who, if a fine-look ing and capable woman, is certainly one to be feared by every candid and truth-loving But, as I said before, I did not yield to CHAPTER XVIII. the impulse I had within me to stay; and

merely stopping to cast a parting glance about my room—who, I do not know, for I could have had no premonition of the fact that I was bidding good-bye to the old life of hope and peace forever—I hastened after A LAST REQUEST. An I I how marked "T is she an That tempers him to this extremity -RICHARD III. The night had fallen. I was in a strange the messenger whom I had sent on beforme to Mr. Pollard's home. and awe-struck mood. The manuscript, which after some difficulty I had succeeded Small occurrences sometimes make impressions on the mind. As I was turning

in finding, lay before me unopened. A feeling as of an invisible presence was in the air. I hesitated to turn the page, written, as I already felt, with the life-blood of the the corner at Halsey Street, the idiot boy Colwell came rushing by, and almost fell into my arms. I started back, shudderman in whose mysterious doom the happiness of my own life had become entangled.

Waiting for courage, I glanced mechanisms ing, as if some calamity had befallen me An invincible repugnance to any thing de-formed or half-witted has always been one of cally about the room. How strangely I had been led in this affair | How from the first my weaknesses, and for him to have touched me I hate myself as I write it, but 1 I seemed to have been nicked out and apcannot think of it now without a chill in my pointed for the solving of this mystery, till veins and an almost unbearable feeling o now I sat in the very room, at the very deak in front of the very words, of its victim. I thought of Dwight Pollard struggling with his fate, and unconscious that in a few minutes the secret of Mr. Barrows' death would I did not let this incident pass, without a struggleto conquer my lower nature. Stand-ing still, I called the boy back, and deliberbe known; of Rhoda Colwell, confident of ately and with a reverential thought of the Christ, I laid my hand on his arm, and, stooping, kissed him. It cost me much, but I could never have passed that corner withher revenge and blind to the fact that I held in my hand what might possibly blunt her sharpest weapon, and make her most vin-dictive effort useless. Then each and every dictive effort useless. Then each and every out doing it; nor were I to live years on consideration of a purely personal nature this earth, instead of a few short days, of the grand should I ever let another week go by withou and tortured soul of him upon whose sciemn forcing my body into some such contact

and awesome history I was about to enter. with what nature has afflicted and man Was it, as his letter seemed to imply, a contemned martyr's story? I looked at the engraving The palle The pallor which I therefore undoubtedly of Cranmer, which had been a puzzle to me a showed upon entering Mr. Pollard's room few days before, and understanding it now, was owing to the memory of this incident gathered fortitude by what it seemed to suggest, and hastily unrolled the manuscript, the dying man had upon me. But before I had been many minutes in the room. "He that would save his life shall lose found my pulse thrilling with new excit

ment and my manhood roused to repel a In order that the following tale of sin and fresh influence more dangerous, if less re ts expiation may be understood, I must give pulsive, than the last. Let me see if I can make it plain to you. few words to the motives and hopes under which I entered the ministry.

I am a believer in the sacred character of an excellent but somewhat weak man, Mr. Pollard, whom we have all known as my profession, and the absolute and unquali- with his face turned towards the room, and aims and purposes of the Christian religion. Shan the common anxiety of the dying upon sixteenth year, I cannot remember the time able, slert, her hand on his hand, her eye on the small and the same with appreciation for the small and the same with appreciation for the small and the same with appreciation for the same with a s mine. At his side sat his wife, cold, formidthose noble sonls who have sacrificed every set, as I could plainly see, between him and joy and comfort of this temporal life for the sake of their faith and Sie glory of God. I deavor to impart. She even allowed her delighted in Fox's "Book of Martyrs," and large and commanding figure to usurp the MANAGING DIRECTOR--William McCabe, F.I.A. while I shuddered over its pages in a horror place usually accorded me on such occasions I did not wholly understand, I seed thom and, when, after a futile effort or so on my again and again, till there was not a saint part to break down the barrier of restraint

as a Christian minister I denounce them.

Nothing can excuse a soul for wavering in forward and bent above him, striving with its duty because that duty is hard. It is what I felt to be a purely righteous motive, the hard things we should take delight in to attract his glance from hers, which was facing; otherwise we are babes and not men, slowly withering him away as if it were a

and His purposes which can alone please brought the sweat out on his brow, he turned better and aim of every human soul to enjoy.

And I succeeded. After an ellow take and I succeeded and I succeeded. After an ellow take and I succeeded and I succ His wife who saw everything, leaned for

> "What have you there?" she asked. But he had already drawn forth a little "Only my old prayer-book," he faltered.
> "I felt as if I should like Mr. Barrows to She gave him an incredulous stare, and allowed her glance to follow the book. I immediately put it in my pocket.

"I shall take a great deal of pleasure possessing it," I remarked.
"Read it," he murmured; "read it care fully." And a tone of relief was in his voice But a question of my own hears decided that seemed to alarm her greatly; for she

force, and her words, whatever they were be with Mr. Pollard in a few minutes and putting away my papers, prepared to leave for the first time in his life, perhaps,

ARRIVE

Mr. Pollard because of my inherent dislike be enter his house, I will proceed to give as Black Moire Ribbons

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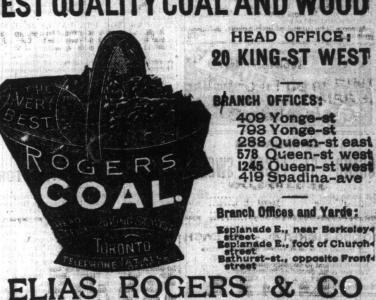
I reasoned some time with myself. The will by which I had come into possession of Ada's effects was, as I knew, informal and possibly illegal. But it was the expression of some time with myself. The will whose life I did not know by heart, with just the death he died and the pangs he experienced. Such a mania did this become with me at one time, that I grew visibly over her husband, she put out her other



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