(From the Blackwood's.) (Continued.)

boy went. But sorrow overtook her again boy went. But sorrow overtook her again strange to me. He had a good face, elever the poor, skinny baby died. Surely it and thoughtful; he looked like a simple-hearted, bonest gentleman. There was

heard that he had found his uncle in Mel-bourne and had gone with him to Graham's Town, South Africa. From there the uncle

enough till the three girls were grown up
—till May was a woman of 23. She was
a pretty girl, just as she had been a pretty

"I have heard of you,' I said. 'Won't in the pretty girl, in child, and at 23 looked 18—a tall, slim
girl, with golden hair and blue eyes, and a
merry, happy laugh it did one good to
hear. I used to wonder, sometimes, if she
embarassed me. 'Did they ask you, or

Then my sister Elizabeth, who is unmarried, and alone and delicate, went to winter at Rome, and invited May to go with her. I could not refuse to let her go; but we felt parting, for we had never been separated. Still it could not be helped. So May went with her aunt, who helped. So May went with her aunt, who helped. So May went with her aunt, who helped. So May went to fetch her, the way to Lutry to fetch her.

And the second s

walk by the lawn; I saw him disappear under the porch and heard the bell ring. In some odd way he stemed to be familiar to me. The servant entered with a card. Before I took it I knew perfectly that was Dr. Millet's, and that a crisis was at hand-that in an hour's time May's future would be no mystery. The next moment he entered. I could not remember where

something sad about the face, too, as if he Eighteen years had gone by. The had suffered much, or understood suffer-Lobbs had passed altogether out of my life. Thomas had never come back. I

had sent for Mrs. Lobb and Gracie, and Even his voice was half lamiliar, yet I that was the last I knew of them, or ever could not remember where I had heard it

expected to know.

I bad given up the house in which we had lived so long in England, and settled in Lutry, near Lausanne, where living and education were cheaper than in England.

There the years slipped away peacefully

— I could not help it. The last words

— I could not help it. The last words

merry, bappy laugh it did one good to hear. I used to wonder, sometimes, if she would ever marry. But we did not know a soul in Lutry, and, todeed, from a marrying point of view, there was not a soul to know. We were going back to England, now that even Nina, the youngest girl, was grown up, to settle down in a pretty house at Hampstead. There, I thought, the girls would see a little more of the world, and their lives would shape themselves into the course they were meant to make d, trying to put him at ease, for now that I had seen him I was satisfied. Something in the tone of his voice, in the expression of his face, told me he was not the man to win a girl's heart and throw it away; and there was about him that which made me feel the woman he loved would have little cause to fear anything that was in him. A great deal to find out, perhaps, in him. A great deal to find out, perhaps,

came all the way to Lutry to fetch her, this intriview that I left Rome and hurried to England. I came trusting to your kind England.

We had plenty to do at Hampstead, geting the house in order and settling down; and we spent a happy winter, even though May was not with us. We used to delight in her letters from Rome, and long for the spring that would see her with us.

My slater was an excellent correspon-

FOR OLD PEOPLE!

In old people the nervous system is weakened, and that must be strengthened. One of the most prominent medical writers of the day, in speaking of the prevalence of rheumatic troubles among the aged, says: "The various pains, rheumatic or other, which old people often compain of, and which materially disturb their comfort, result from disordered nerves." There it is in a nutshell—the medicine for old people must be a nerve tonic. Old people are beset with constipation, flatulency, drowsiness, diarrhoea, indigestion, rheumatism, neuralgia,



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ple, who bless Paine's Celery Comp WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO.



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The Old Doctors stagger d, so taken aback at his proving to be Thomas. Moreover, there was only Drew blood, modern doctors cleanse it; one thing for me to do, and not forever be hence the increased demand for Altern

above all others, we used it with mar-velous results. The sore healed and health and strength rapidly returned." —J. J. Armstrong, Weimar, Texas. —J. J. Armstrong, Weimar, Texas.

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Recommended

one thing for me to do, and not torever be ashamed of myself, and I knew it. Yet I eashamed of myself, and I knew it. Yet I eloud not bring myself to do it heartily,

'He left me some money, and wished me to take his name, which was tery like the rich uncle in the story,' he answered with the fleeting smile that was part of the fascination of his face. 'I have break out on the leg. We applied simple remedies, for a while, thinking the sore would shortly heal. But it grew worse. We sought medical advice, and were told that an alterative medicine was necessary. Ayer's Sarsaparilla being

Recommended I could not help it, it was snobby of me if you like, but in my heart there was some pride. I knew that he had come to ask me if he might try to win May for his wife. May, my pretty one, my queen, whom I would have thought to good for a king—he the boy who had blacked our shoes, whose mother had kept a mangle! He seemed to read my thoughts like a letter.

There was allege for a mile.

admirable remedy for the cure of blood diseases. I prescribe it, and it does the work every time."—E. L. Pater, M. D., Mashattan, Kansas:

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GREAT REDUCTION

The whole Stock of W. W. SAUNDERS'

The said, 'I am the boy who used to clean the knives and bofos, and, after the best work and bofos, and, after the best work and bofos, and, after the best with the season of time. There was silence for awhife, only broken by the far away notes of aharsh hand organ as it ground out, in spasm-odic time, the 'Boulanger March,' in the next block. At last Tommy broke the stilence and said softly: 'Do you remember Mr. Nicellow who used to think of, too great a happiness—but if she does,' he went on in a low voice, 'perhaps she will be proud of it, as I an. It was honest work,' be said in a stubborn voice, and pleasant, too,' he added gaily. 'I fee a better thing than carrying out papers: but, as it is, all the credit goes to the rich uncle, and is none of miae.' I was silent, trying to remember who the well known man was who had been a shoe black, and who it was had sold oranges, and yet became a great man. But it is generally difficult to remember things at the right monent.

"Yes, I guess it was his mother.' A lady, Tommy?"

"A lady, Tommy?"

"Yes, I guess it was his mother.' Oh! (relieved.) You say he talked

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Will be sold at a Great Reduction during the Kmas Holidays, embracing the following well-solced lines:

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THE MAGAZINE OF SPORT.

The old name came naturally to my lips.
'You were always good.'
'Was I?' he exclaimed. 'I don't think know it's so'
know it's so'

'You were always good.'

'Was I?' he exclaimed. 'I don't think so—but I will be, if she will only bave me, it you and she will only put up with me. I love her with all my beart. See what I have in my pocket. I brought it to show you.' He pulled out a little show with a hole in the toe. 'Do you remember how she dropped it on my head?' he asked. I nodded, but could not speak, for I was killing the last little silly bit of pride left in my heart. The man before me was a gentleman, ten times more truly one than many born to be rich and idle. How could I be so foolish as to besitate to give my child to a good and honorable man whom I knew she loved? I have always hated myself for my conduct that day. I think perhaps if it had been any other person's shoes he had blacked, I should not have minded. If he had wanted to mary the daughter of my dearest friend, I should have assisted joyfully. It was only because it was May, whom I should have assisted joyfully. It was only because it was May, whom I should have assisted joyfully. It was only because it was May, whom I should have assisted joyfully. It was only because it was May, whom I should have thought too good for the king of all the earth.

Then I looked at the shoe that was still in his hand, and thought how she had clung to his banisters calling out good-by, 'Then she kissed him and told him.'

'Tommy' (mildly).

'An' then Mr. Nicefellow told the waiter to bring me a glass of sodawater an' asked me if I didn't mind, and he don't want some peanuts, and I said I didn't mind, an' he brought me some, an' just then Buck Ewing made a home run, an' Mr. Nicefellow said he guessed the Chicagos couldn't play bell, and he'd rather see a game of football and father see a game of football and he'd rather see a game of football and have thought on any other things to attend to not have minded. If he had wanted to mary the daughter of my dearest friend, I should have assisted joyfully. It was only because it was May, whom I should have thought how she had clung to his banisters

Then I looked at the shoe that was still in his hand, and thought how she had clung to his banisters calling out good-by, of his upturned face—the little anxious face—and the little grave voice, saying 'I'll come back, Miss May.' Now he had come. He was sitting there opposite to me, asking me to give him leave to ask her to be his wife.

Then I looked at the shoe that was still buy the tickets?'

Why, cert.'

Then she kissed him and told him eneedn't say anything about their going and Tommy moved toward the down. When he got outside he drew a long breath and exclaimed to himself:

"Gee! What a whopper! But it worked."

FINER THAN EVER.

See

Come. He was sitting there opposite to me, asking me to give him leave to ask her to be his wife.

'Is it all right?' he asked in a voice that showed be could not bear my silence any longer. 'If you say no, I will go away and never see her again. I could not bear te win her without your consent—only speak. You are not hesitating because we were so poor, because there was a time when we were starving, because—No, no!? I interrupted, batting myself, and feeling my heart go out to him.! I could not say more—there was something choking me. The tears were coming into my eyes.

'You no render the wind the proposite to me, asking me to be his wife.

'No, no!? I interrupted, batting myself, and feeling my heart go out to him.! I could not say more—there was something choking me. The tears were coming into my eyes.

'Then speak just one word. Is it all right.' I gave a little nod, for words had failed me. He got up and walked about the room, a great joy written on his face, and flashing from his eyes. You trust me, you will really trust me?' he said, stopping before me.

'Yes, dear,' I snswered, I will trust me, you will really trust me?' he said, stopping before me.

'Yes, dear,' I snswered, I will trust the words calmly. He strode across the room, then came back and stood before me again.

I shall never be good enough for hermever!' he said with a joyou- laud, miner at my best; and perhaps she won't on the remarked:

'Mamma, I've got some more to say.'

'Wery well, dear, go on,' said mammers.'

'Wery well, dear, go on,' said mammers.'

'O Lord I was fooling about. Bride.'

'Yery well, dear, go on,' said mammers.'

'O Lord I was fooling about. Bride.'

'O' Lord I was fooling about. Bride.'