

THE DARKEST HOUR

By E. C. S.

When he reached the hospital he was shown up into a ward that a glance revealed to him was occupied chiefly by consumptives.

"The person who advertised for you in there," she said, and returned to her duty, leaving Anthony to announce himself to the invisible patient.

He walked softly around the end of the screen and found himself face to face with a man who had been a fellow-clerk in Wayington's; but so worn and emaciated was he that Anthony was a full minute before he recognized him.

"You have come at last, I am glad," said the sick man with difficulty. "I was afraid you had gone away."

Anthony took one of the shadowy white hands in his own and pressed it sympathetically. "I had no idea you were here, Preston, or I should have come to see you sooner," he said kindly.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" The shock of seeing an old acquaintance in such a condition had made him forget momentarily the peculiar circumstance that had caused the meeting.

"You can't do anything for me except grant me your forgiveness," answered the other feebly. "It was I who took Wayington's pocketbook—I who put it in your trunk when I found detection inevitable, and I who let you go to gaol when a word would have saved you."

"It was to tell you this that I advertised for you. I suppose I ought not to expect you to forgive me, it was a terrible wrong; but if you knew what I have suffered since, I don't think you would find it in your heart to let me go into eternity unforgiven."

"The beads of moisture stood around his brow and lips and he closed his eyes as he spoke. Perhaps he dreaded reproach or invective.

Anthony sat as if turned to stone. In all his speculations as to the identity of the one who had planned his ruin, he had never once thought of Gilbert Preston. It was not in human nature not to recall the misery, mental and physical, that this man's cowardly act had been the cause of inflicting upon him, and it all recurred to him with the vividness of a flash of lightning. But the memory and the feelings it evoked lasted only long enough to remind him that he would one day need a generous pardon himself, and there was no trace of anger in his face or voice as he leaned over and wiped the perspiration from the face of the dying man, saying gently at the same time: "I forgive you as I hope to be forgiven myself. Are you strong enough to tell me how it happened?"

Preston opened his eyes and looked up, an expression of relief struggling with shame in his poor thin face. "You are very generous, Greyson," he said weakly. "Thank God, I had the courage to speak; it has taken a load off my mind. Yes, I will tell you how it happened. I had got into trouble—gambling debts; and the fellow I owed them to threatened to write and tell Mr. Wayington if I did not pay up by a certain date. You know the sort of a man the boss was; he'd have turned me out there and then if he'd known the rig I was running and that would have meant ruin to me. I was desperate—didn't know which way to turn—and that very day Mr. Wayington left a wallet on his desk with five hundred dollars in it, that he was about to take to the bank. So many of us were passing in and out that I fancied the suspicion was not likely to fall upon me more than another, and I put the wallet in my pocket and went out to lunch as usual, taking the opportunity to run round to my boarding house and hide the money before going back. When I returned to the office the place was in an uproar. The money had been missed and old Wayington was raving about like a madman. Everyone had to submit to being searched, as you no doubt remember; but as half of the staff had been out for lunch of course the search was useless. You have reason to remember how that afternoon passed and the misery everyone was in. Well, as soon as five struck I hurried off home and secured the wallet and was just about to set off with it to pay my persecutor when I heard strange voices downstairs, and looking over the balustrade I saw a detective coming up; a man I knew very well by sight, as it happened.

"I flashed upon me at once that Wayington had set him to hunt down the thief before the money should have been got rid of and I felt myself in a trap. He would certainly not let me go until he had searched my room and myself thoroughly. My heart died within me and I looked about for a means of escape. Your room, you remember, was next to mine, and had two doors; one leading into the hallway and the other into my room. I knew you never locked either, and so I slipped back into my own room, passed into yours, and threw the wallet into your trunk, which was standing open. Then I went back again and met the detective as he entered my room.

"Of course a search followed." He went into every nook and cranny, and searched from head to foot—I am sure he suspected me for I must have looked guilty—of course he found nothing to reward him. Then he went into your room and I went with him. He hunted nearly everywhere before he went to the trunk, and I was hoping he would not touch it; for it did not look a likely hiding place with the lid flung back the way it was. He did go to it however and—and—you know the rest.

"There was no one to prove that you had not visited your room since morning—the street door was open all day and you might have gone in and out a dozen times without being noticed—so your only defence broke down and you

were punished for my crime while I stood by and held my peace. When I think of it I wonder how you can forgive me."

He paused exhausted, and Anthony gave him a spoonful of wine. Don't say any more about it," said the latter, sadly "you didn't do it through spite or malice, but just to save yourself. Let it go now, it is all over and I am none the worse, thank God."

"You shall be none the worse, for I have put a written confession in the hands of the doctor who attends me, with instructions to publish it as soon as I am dead," said the sick man, feverishly. "I meant to die without trying to see you, but I could not. I dared not face the next world until I knew you had forgiven me. Surely God will not refuse what His creature grants. Do you think He will?"

"God never refuses to hear the penitent sinner," said Anthony, reverently. "Have you—have you seen a clergyman?"

He felt diffident about asking the question, for Preston was not of the household of faith.

"The sick man shook his head wearily. "What good can they do me?" he asked. "Read a chapter of Scripture and extemporize a prayer; I can do that myself. If I had time enough left me, I'd study up your religion. It must be immensely comforting to you Catholics to believe that the Lord allows His ministers to assure you of forgiveness, so that you won't go out of life in a state of uncertainty. But I'm too late for that now, and must take my chance."

"Not at all, if you are thoroughly in earnest," said Anthony, eagerly. "Since you don't care to have one of your own ministers, will you have one of mine?"

"If you think he can help me, bring him by all means," said Preston.

"Who knows, perhaps he may be able to give me back the peace of mind I lost twelve months ago, when I wronged you so terribly. Do you know, Greyson," he added, with the ghost of a smile. "I think you are responsible for the disease that is taking me off, because I went to the dogs altogether after that time. My sin didn't avail me much, after all, for old Wayington gave me the bounce before you'd been in gaol a month. Heigho! What a hand I've made of myself. But go now, like a good chap, and bring one of your priests to me; he may be able to patch my poor soul up a bit before it sets out on its long voyage."

The anxiety in his sunken eyes gave a denial to the seeming flippancy of his words, and Anthony went away with a warm thrill of exultation in his heart. Surely to help this poor storm-beaten derelict into port was a revenge worth having!

Half an hour afterward he returned in company with a gray-haired priest, whom thirty years of missionary labor had familiarized with all the weaknesses and frailties of poor human nature. A man who had been all things to all men that he might gain them to Christ.

Leaving the Father with the dying man, Anthony sought out the hospital authorities and arranged with them to remove him into a private ward, where he and the priest could have access to him at all hours. This done he went away, treading upon air, to recount to his kind patron all that had befallen him.

Mr. Leduc congratulated him warmly, and then marched out to the other office and informed the clerks that Mr. Greyson's character had been cleared of all stain, and that they should know of the name of the real criminal before long.

It was, however, nearly a fortnight later before Gilbert Preston passed away, comforted and sustained by the Sacraments of the Church, into which he had been brought almost by a miracle. Friends, old and new, flocked around Anthony Greyson when his innocence was established, and Mr. Wayington would turn him back at almost double his former salary, but Anthony was faithful to the interests of Mr. Leduc, to whom he felt he was under obligations that he could never repay.

Years have passed since then and the one-time convict is now a prosperous merchant, distinguished amongst his fellow merchants for honesty and integrity, but especially known by those who know him best as an ardent and zealous promoter of the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, in whose honor his life and fortune are spent.

FASHION JOURNALS CALL ATTENTION TO BROWN SHADES.

You Get the Best Colors From Diamond Dyes.

The fashion journals are agreed that the best shades of Browns will be in favor as Fall colors this year.

Thousands of women are not in a position financially to purchase new dresses from season to season, and so have to content themselves with very cheap materials that rarely come in the new shades, or wear their old costumes.

For the benefit of women generally, it may be stated that last season's dresses can, with little work or trouble, be transformed into stylish costumes for Autumn wear.

The first great essential is to get the right color. This part of the work can be done with the never-failing and reliable Diamond Dyes, which produce the richest and newest Browns, such as Seal Brown, Milan Brown, Red Brown, Olive Brown and Amber Brown.

No trouble to have a dress equal to new, if you use the Diamond Dyes. Do not experiment with the common imitation dyes that some dealers sell. The Diamond Dyes give the best colors, and they cost no more than the poor and deceptive dyes sold for the sake of large profits. Ask for the "Diamond"; refuse all others.

MEDICINAL FOODS.

Celery is invaluable as a food for those suffering from any form of rheumatism, for diseases of the nerves, and nervous dyspepsia. Lettuce for those suffering from insomnia. Watercress is a remedy for soury. Onions are almost the best nerve-nerve. No medicine is so use-

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ful in cases of nervous prostration, and there is nothing else that will so quickly relieve and tone up a worn-out system. Onions are useful in all cases of coughs, colds and influenza; in consumption, insomnia, hydrophobia, scurvy, gravel, and kindred liver complaints. Eaten every other day, they soon have a clearing and whitening effect on the complexion. Spinach is useful to those with gravel. Aparagus is used to induce perspiration. Carrots are useful for asthma. Turnips for nervous disorders and for scurvy. Raw beef proves of great benefit to persons of frail constitution, and to those suffering from consumption. It is chopped fine, seasoned with salt, and heated by placing it in a dish of hot water. It assimilates rapidly, and affords the best nourishment. Eggs contain a large amount of nutriment in compact, quickly available form. Beaten up raw, with sugar, they are used to clear and strengthen the voice. With sugar and lemon juice the beaten white of egg is to relieve hoarseness. Honey is wholesome, strengthening, cleansing, healing and nourishing.

A FATHER'S STORY.

HAPPINESS RESTORED WHEN HOPE WAS ALMOST GONE.

HIS DAUGHTER BEGAN TO DROOP AND FADE— WAS ATTACKED WITH HEMORRHAGE AND LIFE WAS DESPAIRED OF—SHE IS AGAIN ENJOYING ROBUST HEALTH.

From the Grand Trunk Courier.

A recent addition to the Grand Trunk staff in this city is Mr. Thos. Clift, who is living at 75 Chatham street. Mr. Clift, who was formerly a policeman in the great city of London, is a fine looking specimen of an Englishman of the type so often seen in the Grand Trunk employ and who makes so desirable a class of citizens. Since his advent here he has been a warm advocate of that well known medicine, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and through his endorsement dozens of boxes have been sold to his friends and acquaintances.

A Courier representative, anxious, although not surprised, to know the reason for Mr. Clift's warm eulogy of the pills, called on that gentleman recently. Mr. Clift willingly consented to an interview, and in the following story told his reason for being so sincere an advocate of a world renowned medicine. "Some five years ago," said Mr. Clift, "my daughter Lilly began to droop and fade, and became disinclined either for work or pleasure. A doctor in London was called in and he prescribed exercise and a general 'raising up,' as the best medicine to effect a cure. My daughter did her best to follow his instructions, but the forced exertion exhausted her completely, and she gradually grew worse. One night I and my wife were terribly alarmed by a cry from Lilly, and hastening to her room found her gulping up large quantities of blood. I rushed for a doctor and he did his best to stop her hemorrhage, but admitted to me that her case was very critical. She dropped away to a veritable shadow, and for weeks when I went to bid her good-bye in the morning as I went to my work I feared I might not see her alive again. This went on for a long time until one day a friend recommended my daughter to try the effect of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She consented to do so and in a comparatively brief period a decided benefit was perceptible. She persisted with the use of the pills and gradually rose from a bed of suffering and sickness until she once again attained robust young womanhood. For the last three years she has been in excellent health. It was Pink Pills that virtually brought her from the mouth of the grave and preserved for me my only daughter. Now do you wonder why I sound their praises and recommend them at every opportunity?"

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike at the root of the disease, driving it from the system and restoring the patient to health and strength. In cases of paralysis, spinal troubles, locomotor ataxia, sciatica, rheumatism, erysipelas, scrofulous troubles, etc., these pills are superior to all other treatment. They are also a specific for the troubles which make the lives of so many women a burden, and speedily restore the rich glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. Men broken down by overwork, worry or excesses, will find in Pink Pills a certain cure. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail post paid, at 50c a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

WHAT A MAN CANNOT DO.

A man cannot do two things at a time. A woman will broil a steak, and see that the coffee does not boil over, and watch the cat, that she does not steal the remnant of meat on the kitchen table, and dress the youngest boy, and set the table, and see to the toast, and stir the oatmeal, and give the orders to the butcher; and she can do it all at once, and not half

try. Man has done wonders since he came before the public. He has navigated the ocean, he has penetrated the mysteries of the starry heavens, he has harnessed the lightning, and made it pull street cars and light the great cities of the world. But he can't find a spool of red thread in his wife's work basket; he can't discover her pocket in a dress hanging in the closet; he cannot hang out clothes and get them on the line the right end up; he cannot hold clothespins in his mouth while he is doing it, either; he cannot be polite to somebody he hates; he would never think of kissing his rival when he met him, as a woman will kiss her rival; he can't sit in a rocking chair without banging the rockers into the baseboards; he can't put the tily on the sofa-pillow right side out; he cannot sew on a button. In short, he cannot do a hundred things that women do almost instinctively.

FOR POISONING.

RULES WHICH SHOULD BE KNOWN FOR THE TREATMENT OF ALL KINDS OF POISONING.

There are certain rules which apply more or less to all kinds of poisoning which should be known to everyone, so that in case of accidents the proper treatment may be begun before the medical man arrives.

First and foremost, in a case of poisoning no matter what the nature of the poison may be, the object is to get rid of the poison, and to attain that it is necessary to cause the patient to vomit—in some cases the use of a stomach pump being necessary. The latter no one but a skilled medical man should use, as serious accidents have arisen through the unskillful use of this instrument.

No matter what is going to be done for the poisoned patient, it is essential that what is done must be done at once, as the chief thing is to save time. Mustard and water to cause vomiting, and to get rid of the poison, given immediately the poison has been taken, is worth the very best remedy that can be given half an hour later.

A great number of poisons, after being taken, cause vomiting themselves; but, even in these cases an emetic should be given instantly to further the vomiting, and so perhaps get rid of the poison altogether.

When an emetic of mustard and water is required and this is both the simplest and nearest at hand, the quantity should be as follows: Mustard, one and a half tablespoonfuls mixed with one and a half pints of lukewarm water. Draughts to be taken continually until the contents of the stomach have been evacuated.

ARE YOU TIRED?

All the time? This condition is a sure indication that your blood is not rich and nourishing as it ought to be and as it may be if you take a few bottles of the great blood purifier, Hood's Sarsaparilla. Thousands write that Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured them of that tired feeling by giving them rich, red blood.

Hood's Pills act easily and promptly on the liver and bowels. Cure sick headache.

BEWARE OF LATE HOURS.

Do not we all know the folly of keeping late hours, and has it not been said over and over again that an hour's sleep obtained before the bewitching hour of 12 is worth three or four hours' sleep obtained afterwards? But do we, any of us, go to bed any earlier in consequence?

Truly it has been said that this is the beauty sleep, for if we do not go to rest in the early hours we cannot possibly obtain the sleep that our tired bodies and wearied, worn-out minds require, and are, consequently, cross, fretful, pale and languid the next day.

If these late hours are continually kept, the necessary strain which we are putting ourselves to, both mentally and bodily, will very soon show its effect, and our health will soon become seriously impaired.

Many people, it is true, cannot get that early rest which is so beneficial to health, on account of their having to work late at night; in such cases, it is well for these people to lie in bed later in the morning, or, if this is not practicable, it is a good plan to get an hour or two's rest in the afternoon, and, by so doing, be fresh and ready for work again in the evening.

"Why, Charley," said his friend, in astonishment, "what has happened? Oh, I see, you have been using hair dye." "No such thing, my friend," replied Charley; "I have an honest head of black hair all my own, and I got it by using Luby's Parisian Hair Renewer." This wonderful remedy is sold by all chemists at 50c per large bottle.

CARE OF TOOTHBRUSHES.

The care of toothbrushes is not sufficiently observed. In city houses they stand in their cups or hang on their racks above the set toilet bowls day and night, absorbing any disease germs that may be floating about. They should be washed frequently—at least about twice a week—in some anti-septic solution, strong salt and water or bicarbonate of sodium and water being two good and readily provided cleansers. Tooth-washes and pastes should also be kept carefully covered.

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