Her Happy Hour.

When the busy day is over, "And the twilight folds the flower," O I how happy are the children, For you know, 'tis grandma's hour.

How the feet now gently patter To the room they love the best! Grandma's there, her beads reciting, With her eyes upon the West.

How her face now beams with pleasure! As she greets her darlings all: Then they group themselves around her, And a story, is their call.

O ! how swiftly pass the moments, Time to say good-night is here; Grandma's ktss and "May God bless you," To the children are most dear.

When sweet childhood hours are over, "And the twilight folds the flower," Oft in mem'ry all united, They'll be spending grandma's hour.

#### -Catholic Youth.

#### LADY JANE. CHAPTER IV.

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AN INTERRUPTED JOURNEY. For a moment, madame debated on what was best to be done; then, finding herself equal to the emergency, she gently laid the unconscious woman on the bed, unfastened her dress, and slowly and softly removed her clothing. ugh madame was lame, she was very strong, and in a few moments the sufferer was resting between the clean, cool sheets, while her child clung

to her cold hands and sobbed piteously.
"Don't cry, my little dear, don't cry.
Help me to bathe your mama's face;
help me like a good child, and she'll be
better soon, now she's comfortable and

With the thought that she could be of some assistance, Lady Jane struggled bravely to swallow her sobs, took off her hat with womanly gravity, and prepared herself to assist as nurse.

Here's smelling salts, and colognewater," she said, opening her mother's bag. "Mama likes this; let me wet her handkerchief."

Madame Jozain, watching the child's movements, caught a glimpse of the silver fittings of the bag, and of a bulg-ing pocketbook within it, and, while the little girl was hanging over her mother, she quietly removed the valuables to the drawer of her armoire. which she locked, and put the key in

"I must keep these things away from Raste," she said to herself; "he's so thoughtless and impulsive, he might take them without considering the con-

sequences."

For some time madame bent over the stranger, using every remedy she knew to restore her to consciousness, while the child assisted her with thoughtfulness and self-control, really surprising in one of her age. Some times her hot tears fell on her mother's white face, but no sob or cry escaped her little quivering lips, while she bathed the pale forehead, smoothed the beautiful hair, and rubbed the soft, cold hands.

At length, with a shiver and a con vulsive groan, the mother partly opened her eyes, but there was no recognition in their dull gaze.

"Mama, dear, dear mama, are you better?" implored the child, as she hung over her and kissed her passion-

ately.
"You see she's opened her eyes, so hatter, but she's sleepy," she must be better: but she's sleepy," said madame gently. "Now, my little dear, all she needs is rest, and you mustn't disturb her. You must be very quiet, and let her sleep. some nice, fresh milk the milkman has I know he'll be glad to come, for he just brought. Won't you eat some rice and milk, and then let me take off your clothes, and bathe you, and you can doctor, and I'd feel safe to have him. slip on your little nightgown that's in your mother's bag; and then you can lie down beside her and sleep till morning, and in the morning you'll both be well and nicely rested.

Lady Jane agreed to madame's arrangements with perfect docility, but she would not leave her mother who had fallen into a heavy stupor and appeared to be resting comfort

"If you'll please to let me sit by the bed close to mama and eat the rice and milk, I'll take it, for I'm very hungry

"Certainly my dear; you can sit there and hold her hand all the time; I'll put your supper on this little table

close by you."

And madame bustled about, apparently overflowing with kindly attentions. She watched the child eat the rice and milk, smiling benevolently the while; then she bathed her, and put on the fine little nightgown, braided the thick silken hair, and was about to lift her up beside her mother, when Lady Jane exclaimed in a shocked

"You musn't put me to bed yet; I haven't said my prayers." Her large eyes were full of solemn reproach as she slipped from madame's arms down to the side of the bed. "Mama can't hear them, because she's asleep, but God can, for He never sleeps." Then God can, for He never sleeps.' she repeated the touching little formula that all pious mothers teach their children, adding fervently several times, 'and please make dear mama well, so that we can leave this place early tomorrow morning.

Madame smiled grimly at the last clause of the petition, and a great many curious thoughts whirled through

her brain. As the child rose from her knees her eyes fell on the basket containing the blue heron, which stood quite neglected,

just where she placed it when her mother fainted. "Oh, oh!" she cried, springing toward it. "Why, I forgot it! My Tony, my dear Tony!"
"What is it?" asked madame, start-

ing back in surprise at the rustling

Every testimonial regarding Hood's Sar-saparilla is an honest, unpurchased state-ment of what this medicine has actually done.

to me on the cars.

"Ah," ejaculated madame, "a boy

ave it to you; some one you knew?"
"No, I never saw him before."
"Don't you know his name?"
"That's funny," and the child laughed softly to herself. "No, I don't know his name. I never thought to ask; besides he was a stranger, and it

wouldn't have been polite, you know."
"No, it wouldn't have been polite,"
repeated madame. "But what are ou going to do with this long-legged thing?

It's not a thing. It's a blue heron, and they're very rare," returned the child stoutly.

She had untied the cover and taken the bird out of the basket, and now stood in her nightgown and little bare feet, holding it in her arms, and stroking the feathers softly, while glanced every moment toward the bed.

"I'm sure I don't know what to do with him to-night. I know he's hungry and thirsty, and I'm afraid to let him out for fear he'll get away;" and she raised her little anxious face to madame inquiringly, for she felt overburdened with her numerous responsibilities.
"Oh, I know what we'll do with

him," said madame, alertly-she was prepared for every emergency. "I've a fine large cage. It was my parrot's cage; he was too clever to live, so he died a while ago, and his empty cage is hanging in the kitchen. I'll get it, and you can put your bird in it for tonight, and we'll feed him and give him water; he'll be quite safe, so you needn't water the the thin " needn't worry about him."
"Thank you very much," said Lady

Jane, with more politeness than warmth. "My mama will thank you, oo, when she wakes.'

After seeing Tony safely put in the cage, with a saucer of rice for his supper, and a cup of water to wash it down, Lady Jane climbed up on the bed, and not daring to kiss her mother good-night lest she might disturb her, she nestled close to her. Worn out with fatigue, she was soon sleeping soundly and peacefully.

the bed, watching the sick stranger, and wondering who she was, and whether her sudden illness was likely to be long and serious. "If I could keep her here, and nurse her," she thought, "no doubt she would pay me well. I'd rather nurse than do lace; and if she's very bad she'd better not be moved. I'd take good care of her, and make her comfortable! and if she's no friends about here to look after her she'd be better off with me than in the hospital. Yes, it would be cruel to send her to the hospital. Ladies don't like to go there. It looks to me as if she's going to have a fever," and madame laid her fingers on the burning hand and fluttering pulse of the sleeper. "This isn't healthy, natural sleeper. "This isn't healthy, natural sleep. I've nursed too many with fever, not to know. I doubt if she'll come to her senses again. If she doesn't no one will ever know who she is, and I may as well have the benefit

of nursing her as any one else; but I must be careful, I mustn't let her lie here and die without a doctor. That would never do. If she's not better in the morning I'll send for Doctor Debrot never has any practice to speak of now, After a while she got up and went

she sat there alone and lifted her mild profoundly in the small front room. eves toward the sky no one would have dreamed of the strange thoughts that were passing through her mind. Now she was neither hungry nor lonesome a sudden excitement thrilled her through and through. She was about to engage in a project that might com pensate her for all her misfortunes. The glimpse she had of money, of valuables, of possible gain, awakened all her cupidity. The only thing she cared for was money. She hated work, she hated to be at the beck and call of those she considered beneath her. What a gratification it would be to her to refuse to do Madame Joubert's lace, to fling it at her, and tell her to take it elsewhere! With a little ready money, she could be so independent and so comfortable. Raste had a knack of getting together a great deal in one way and another. He was lucky; if "Had way and another. He was lacky; in he had a little to begin with he could, perhaps, make a fortune. Then she started, and looked around as one might who suddenly found himself on the brink of an awful chasm. From within she heard the sick stranger moan and toss restlessly then, in a moment, all was quiet again. Presently, she began to debate in her mind how far she should admit Raste to her confidence. Should she let him know about the money and valuables she had hidden? The key in her bosom seemed to burn like a coal of fire. No, she would not tell him about the money While taking the child's nightgown from the bag, she had discovered the railroad tickets, two baggage checks, and a roll of notes and loose change in a little compartment of the bag. He would think that was all; and she would never tell him of the other.

"Yes, it's alive," said Lady Jane, with a faint smile. "It's a bird, a blue heron. Such a nice boy gave it blue heron. Such a nice boy gave it level fellow, coarse and strong, with a looking fellow, coarse and strong, with a looking fellow, coarse and strong, with a looking fellow. eyed fellow, coarse and strong, with a loud, dashing kind of beauty, and he was very observing, and very shrewd.

She often said he had all his father's the case; the fever was peculiar. It

it won't cost anything for her to sleep in my bed to-night."

"What is she like? Is she one of the poor sort? Did you look over her traps? Has she zot any money?" he alked earney!"

"Poor lamb, poor lamb!" he mutaked earney!"

"Oh, Raste, Raste; as if I searched her pockets! She's got a fine watch and chain, and when I opened her bag to get the child's nightgown, I

give you as much as a fiver.'"
"I don't believe she'll be able to go

to-morrow. I think she's down for a long sickness. If she's no better in the morning, I want you to cross and find Dr. Debrot "Old Debrot? That's fun! Why, he's no good-he'll kill her.

"Nonsense; you know he's one of the best doctors in the city."
"Sometimes, yes. But you can't keep the woman here, if she's sick; you'll have to send her to the hospital. And you didn't find out her name, nor For some time Madame Jozain sat by where she belongs? Suppose she dies on your hands? What then?" "If I take care of her and she dies,

I can't help it; and I may as well have her things as any one else."
"But has she got anything worth

having? Enough to pay you for your trouble and expense?" he asked. Then he whistled softly, and added, 'Oh, mum, you're a deep one, but I see through you."

"I don't know what you mean. boy," said madame, indignantly. course, if I nurse the woman, and give up my bed to her, I expect to be paid. I hate to send her to the hospital, and I don't know her name, nor the name of her friends. So what can I do?' "Do just what you've planned to do, mum. Go right ahead, but be careful

and cover up your tracks. Do you understand?" Madame made no reply to this dis-interested piece of advice, but sat silently thinking for some time. At last she said in a persuasive tone, "Didn't you bring some money from the levee? I've had no supper, and I

intend to sit up all night with that poor woman. Can't you go to Joubert's and get me some bread and cheese?" "Money, money-look here!" and

brought. The night was very quiet, a fresh in the kitchen, chatting over their sup breeze cooled the burning heat, the per in the most friendly way; while stars shone brightly and softly, and as

#### CHAPTER V.

LAST DAYS AT GRETNA. The next morning, Madame Jozain sent Raste across the river for Dr.

Debrot, for the sick woman still lay in a heavy stupor, her dull eyes partly closed, her lips parched and dry, and the crimson flush of fever burning on

Before Raste went, Madame Jozain took the travelling bag into the kitchen, and together they examined its contents. There were the two baggage-checks, the tickets and money besides the usual articles of clothing, and odds and ends; but there was no letter, nor card, nor name, except the monogram, J. C., on the silver fittings, to assist in establishing the stranger's

"Hadn't I better takes these," said Raste, slipping the baggage-checks into his pocket, "and have her bag-gage sent over? When she comes to, you can tell her that she and the young one needed clothes, and you thought it was best to get them. You can make that all right when she gets well," and Raste smiled knowingly at madame, whose face wore an expression of grave solicitude as she said:

"Hurry, my son, and bring the doctor back with you. I'm so anxious about the poor thing, and I dread to have the child wake and find her

mother no better."
When Dr. Debrot entered Madame Jozain's front room, his head was not as clear as it ought to have been, and he did not observe anything peculiar in the situation. He had known Madame, more or less, for a number of years, and he might be considered one of the At that moment, she heard him friends who thought well of her. Therefore, he never suspected that the young coming down the street, singing a

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sound within the basket. "Why, it's rollicking song. So she got up, and woman lying there in a stupor was any something alive!" rollicking song. So she got up, and woman lying there in a stupor was any hoddled toward him, for he feared he other than the relative from Texas cunning and penetration, therefore she might have been produced by certain must disguise her plans carefully. might have been produced by certain conditions and localities. It might be must disguise her plans carefully.
"Hallo, mum," he said, as he saw her limping toward him, her manner
"Hallo, mum," he said, as he saw not say; but of one thing he was cereager, her face rather pale and excited; tain, there would be no protracted struggle, the crisis would arrive very for her to meet him in that way. "Hush, hush, Raste. Don't make a beyond help in a few days, and it was "Hush, hush, Raste. Don't make a noise. Such a strange thing has happened since you went out!" said madame, in a low voice. "Sit down here on the steps, and I'll tell you." Then briefly, and without much show of interest, she told him of the arrival of the strangers; and of the young woman's sudden illness.

Adame Jozain was an excellent nurse; she had nursed with him through an epidemic. The invalid could not be in better hands. Then he wrote a prescription, and while he was giving young woman's sudden illness.

"And they're in there asleep," he said, pointing with his thumb in the direction of the room. "That's a fine thing for you to do—to saddle yourself with a sick woman and a child."

"What could I do?" asked madame indignantly. "You wouldn't have me turn a fainting woman into the street? It won't cost anything for her to slean addy at the little creature.

tered, as madame hurried him to the

Shortly after the doctor left, there was a little ripple of excitement, which entered even into the sick-room—the sound of wheels, and Raste giving saw that it was fitted up with silver."
"What luck!" exclaimed Raste brightly. "Then she's a swell, and to-morrow when she goes away she'll saw that it was fitted up with silver."

sound of wheels, and Raste giving orders in a subdued voice, while two large, handsome trunks were brought in and placed in the corner of the back apartment. These two immense boxes looked strangely out of place amid their humble surroundings; and when madame looked at them she almost trembled, thinking of the difficulty of getting rid of such witnesses should a day of reckoning ever come. the little green door closed on them, it seemed as if the small house had swal-lowed up every trace of the mother and child, and that their identity was lost forever.

For several days the doctor continued his visits, in a more or less lucid con dition, and every day he departed with a more dejected expression on his hag-gard face. He saw almost from the first that the case was hopeless; and his heart (for he still had one) ached for the child, whose wide eyes seemed to haun him with their intense misery. Every day he saw her sitting by her mother side, pale and quiet, with such a pain-ful look of age on her little face, such repressed suffering in every line and expression as she watched him for some gleam of hope, that the thought of it tortured him and forced him to affect a cheerfulness and confidence which he did not feel. But, in spite of every effort to deceive her, she was not con forted. She seemed to see deeper than the surface. Her mother had never recognized her, never spoken to her, since that dreadful night, and, in one respect, she seemed already dead to her. Sometimes she seemed unable to control herself, and would break out into sharp, passionate cries, and implore her mother, with kisses and caresses, to speak to her—to her darling, her baby. "Wake up, mama, wake up! It's Lady Jane! It's darling! Oh, mama, wake up and speak to me!"

she would ery almost fiercely.

Then, when madame would tell her he's so old and stupid; he's a good doctor, and I'd feel safe to have him." handful of silver. "That's what I've would never get well, it was touching to witness her efforts at self-control. She would sit for hours silent and pas sive, with her mother's hand clasped in hers, and her lips pressed to the feeble fingers that had no power to re-

turn her tender caress. Whatever was good in Madame Jozain showed itself in compassion for the suffering little one, and no one could have been more faithful than she in her care of both the mother and child; she felt such pity for them, that she soon began to think she was acting in a noble and disinterested spirit by keeping them with her, and nursing the unfortunate mother so faithfully She even began to identify herself with them; they were hers by virtue of their friendlessness; they belonged to no one else, therefore they belonged to her; and, in her self-satisfaction, she imagined that she was not influenced by any unworthy motive in her treat ment of them.

One day, only a little more than a week after the arrival of the strangers, modest funeral wended it's way through the narrow streets of Gretna toward the ferry, and the passers stopped to stare at Adraste Jozain, dressed in her best suit, sitting with much dignity beside Dr. Debrot in the only carriage that followed the hearse TO BE CONTINUED

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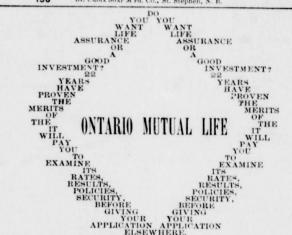
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