

How a person can gain a pound a day by taking a ounce of Scott's Emulsion is hard to explain, but it certainly happens.

It seems to start the digestive machinery working properly. You obtain a greater benefit from your food.

The oil being predigested, and combined with the hypophosphites, makes a food tonic of wonderful flesh-forming power.

All physicians know this to be a fact.

All druggists, etc., and S. O. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

NEARING THE SHADOWS.

BY MISS MARY LEE.

(Catholic Mirror.)

Many are the radiant summers that have passed me by.

Glad days fall of sunshine that brought sweet heaven nigh.

That dropped rich fruits to me, Lilies fall of friendship roses rare of love for me.

Now have backwards from the seasons As robins to the South;

Of fruits that I have tasted Some awed in my mouth;

I meet upon my journey The bare and leafless trees, And feel upon my forehead The swirl of angry seas.

My weary feet may not retrace, The pleasant frowny way.

Perforce, I must mount up to meet The dying of Life's day.

Until, awestruck, I may find Pale chariot of the cars, Who drifts south down the river That leaves the scoundrel shores.

Oh heart, be stout and cheery, Oh soul, be steady, brave, Faith not when most the blow.

When high doth roll the waves, Unnumbered ones have journeyed here, But ever one by one, With Source of life to mingle The true life just begin.

Ah me! the wondrous mystery Of heart-beat and of breath, Less awesome in the shadow Than blithely we call death.

There is some peace and comfort When calmly we recall, The assurance that hereafter, We shall comprehend it all.

Think About Your Health.

This is the Time to Give Attention to Your Physical Attitude.

The warmer weather which will come with the approaching spring months should find you strong and in robust health.

It is a common error to suppose that the danger of serious illness is confined to the winter months.

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CHAPTER VIII.

Isabel Fitzroy was dealing out tea at summer day to a few intimate friends, all busy with the latest gowns and the latest engagement.

and in that haphazard way with which society regards the great events passing around it and which are destined to make history, the instruction was touched upon.

The resignation of Sir Ralph Abercrombie, the coming of Lord Lake to replace him, the arrival of this or that new regiment, the surprising intelligence that this or that gentleman had joined the insurgents—all formed a part of the afternoon gossip of a society set.

The room, very handsomely and picturesquely furnished, seemed a fit setting for Miss Fitzroy's face and figure, and her dainty gown and graceful movements seemed to single her out from the various women collected there, chatting with the sprinkling of men which was momentarily increasing.

Presently the servant appeared and announced: "Lieutenant Morrison."

And a young officer who then entered made his way to the tea-table, and, having taken a cup of fragrant Tokay from his hostess, began to tell her a piece of news which he seemed fairly bursting.

"O Miss Fitzroy, I must tell you such a lark, you know?"

And he laughed aloud at some recollection which appeared to his sense of the ludicrous.

Isabel smiled sympathetically, and two or three girls drew their chairs nearer.

"Of course we want to hear it," said one. "What can it be that is making you laugh so, Lieutenant?"

"How can't you show him? anywhere without raising a laugh," he exclaimed at last.

Isabel raised her pretty eyebrows. "Why, in my recollection of Captain Howe," she said, carelessly, "he was the very reverse of amusing. I mean that he was fearfully solemn."

"But it was such a lark!" repeated the Lieutenant. "How was it?"

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Isabel listened at first with resentment, then bewilderment, and finally with a flash of intelligence.

"Matt!"

"Of course she did not say the word aloud; but the Lieutenant was again surprised by the lovely color which rose to her cheeks and the merriment which danced in her eyes.

He did not heed the embarrassed silence which had fallen around him, nor the whispered exclamation:

"It couldn't have been he. He couldn't have changed so much."

"Well, the fellow behaved very handsomely—made them dine with him, and all that sort of thing; and a rattling good dinner they got, too, with the choicest wine. The English told me he and his neighbor at table were half-choked trying not to laugh whilst Howe, in his solemn way, talked to Latouche. Dinner over, there was more delay; and at last they got started to the inn, where, it appears, it all came out. It was Latouche at all."

And Lieutenant Morrison's voice broke into another laugh.

"Who was it?" asked a man who stood lounging near the chimney-piece.

"Why, a clever rascal of a servant—foster-brother or something of other."

"And how was it discovered?"

"I fancy the astonishment of the people at the inn, and some chance words I fell by a well from Dublin who was down there shooting, opened Howe's eyes; it all came out then; and the prisoner, at heart a honest fellow, made no further attempt at concealment."

"What will be done with him, I should like to know?" said one of the girls who sat near Isabel.

"I suppose they will keep him till Latouche turns up, so that the gossips may not be cheated of their prey," replied the Lieutenant, indifferently.

Isabel turned away her head, replacing with much deliberation the coat which had fallen from the tea-table. Her mother, who sat in a distant part of the room, cast an anxious glance at her; while the tall man at the chimney-piece, letting his eyes wander in the same direction, said to himself:

"Game, by Jove! Harry Latouche is in luck if he has chosen to mix himself up with this infernal row."

The talk drifted away to other topics, in which Isabel, by an effort scarcely visible save to her intimate friends, bore a part—interrupting herself to pour out tea for some newcomer, or to shake hands with departing visitors.

"Morrison," said the tall man, when they had got out upon the sidewalk half an hour later—and Isabel did not guess that he was principally through his management the room had been cleared so much earlier than usual—"Morrison, you ought to be hanged yourself."

Morrison looked at him in astonishment. Had he suddenly taken leave of his senses? The young man was, in fact, full of a certain exaltation. He fancied he had been quite a success that afternoon, and had kept his young mistress' attention mainly directed toward himself.

"Whatever are you driving at?" he asked. "Why should I be hanged?"

"For telling any girl such a confounded yarn about the man she is engaged to."

"And what is so particularly amusing in the affair? These things are everyday occurrences now."

"I am going to tell you," said Morrison, enjoying the interest he seemed to have excited in the beautiful Miss Fitzroy.

"Howe made his way to the Hall."

"The Hall?" Isabel repeated.

"What Hall, Lieutenant?"

"Oh, I can enlighten you! That is what the people about it appears, call this responsible lark."

"Well, don't keep an in suspense, but hurry on with this wonderful tale."

There was always a hint of ferocity in Isabel Fitzroy's manner, which was considerably heightened—though the Lieutenant knew it not—by his last words. However, he felt the note of command, and did not hurry on.

"Why, they got to the door. It was opened by a heavy English swell of a footman, who kept them there till Howe was fuming."

"Well?" said Isabel Fitzroy, bonding forward in her eagerness.

"Well, they kept him there, making delay after delay, until finally Mr. Latouche—that was the name of the chap they were after—came down."

Isabel Fitzroy drew in her breath sharply, suddenly straightening herself upright in her chair. But the narrator piped nothing, and such a bumpkin as you have just described? It seems incredible."

"Miss Fitzroy!" said Captain Howe, in astonishment. "I had no idea of such a thing."

"I was aware of it," put in one of the girls. "They were to have been married shortly. Hard lines for him to have to go to jail instead."

"He merely remarked that he had had the honor and pleasure of meeting the lady," said Captain Howe, with a gleam of humor in his eyes.

"He said that!" cried the stranger.

"Why, Latouche must have marvellously changed!" Then, as she thought struck him, and he added quickly: "But I suppose one does

Old People's Troubles. Hard for the old folks to move about—constant backaches to bother them in the daytime—urinary weakness to disturb their rest at night. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS Strengthen the Kidneys and help to make the declining years comfortable.

get rusty in manner and appearance living in these wild places. For he, like Isabel Fitzroy, had guessed something of the truth, and had resolved to be silent on the subject.

For the first time a vague suspicion began to form itself in Captain Howe's mind. He remembered all at once the ill-concealed astonishment of the landlord, and others who stood about, at the appearance of Mr. Latouche. Still he wanted to proceed cautiously, so he rang the bell and told an orderly to find out if Mr. Latouche were quite rested, and if he would come down. The stranger excused himself and strolled away; for, though both curious and amused, he had no mind to be questioned or to have any hand or part in the denouement which he felt was near.

He regretted deeply, indeed, that he had said any word which might aid in the discovery of what was clearly a cleverly contrived fraud. But it was the landlady, Mrs. Farley, who in her simplicity, was destined to give the key to the mystery.

Matt had at once obeyed the Captain's summons, and at the latter's invitation had seated himself at the supper table. The landlady, coming in from the kitchen, paused with a dish in her hand, eyeing with ludicrous bewilderment the figure which sat, sober as a judge, at Captain Howe's right hand.

"Matt Crimmins," cried she, "as I'm a sinner! O you vagabond! what trick are you playing on their honors? What's come over you at all, at all?"

All eyes were turned upon the supposed Mr. Latouche, who set perfectly still, not a muscle in his face moving.

"What is the matter with you, my good woman?" said Captain Howe, in astonishment. "Why do you call this gentleman by such a name?"

"Gentleman!" cried she. "What do you mean? And is it to Matt Crimmins you're giving that title?"

"The same," interposed Matt, coolly, his whole series of signals for her having failed. "I came for that bone of cold lamb you promised me, Mrs. Farley, ma'am, if you please."

At this remark there was a general outbreak of laughter. "What buffoonery is this?" cried the Captain, sternly; whilst at the moment a servant made his appearance and asked to have a word with his commander. He told him that he had just heard in the kitchen, from reliable authority, that Mr. Latouche had gone some time before to the hills of Scotland.

A NURSE'S STORY. Tells how she was cured of Heart and Nerve Troubles. The onerous duties that fall to the lot of a nurse, the worry, care, loss of sleep, irregularity of meals soon tell on the nervous system and undermine the health.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cure Anæmia, Nervousness, Weakness, Sleeplessness, Palpitation, Throbbing, Faint Spells, Dizziness or any condition arising from Impoverished Blood, Disordered Nerves or Weak Heart.

Laxative Pills clean Coated Tongue. Customer—What on earth is this broth made of, waiter? Waiter—Well, sir, it's chicken broth in its infancy. It's made out of the water that the eggs are boiled in.—London Fun.

Minard's Liniment is the best. CAPS OR CROWNS. Whether the head wears a cap or a crown headaches will come. Burdock Blood Purifiers cures all forms of headaches. It is a curative for such or poor.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House. The tailor is engaged in a fitting occupation.

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians. HAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL is prepared to relieve and cure rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, lumbago, sprains, etc.

AN EX-ALDERMAN SPEAKS. Mr. Jas. Hagan, the well-known ex-alderman of Kempville, Ont., says: "For some years I have been greatly troubled with pain across my back. Urinary troubles caused me much loss of sleep, and I suffered from nervousness and general debility. Doan's Kidney Pills gave me relief in a short time. The pain in my back has disappeared, and I feel that I would be doing wrong not to recommend them to others suffering as I did. They are the best medicine I ever used."

Minard's Liniment is the best. The more we think of some people the less we think of them.

Continued success means sterling merit. NORWAY PINE SYRUP has sterling merit—hence its continued success. It cures coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, hoarseness, sore throat and all throat and lung troubles.

BRIGHT AS A DOLLAR. Heart and nerve troubles cloud the brain, tangle the memory, wreck the system, and destroy sleep. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills regulate the heart, tone the nerves, and bring health and vigor to the entire system.

MILBURN'S STERLING HEADACHE POWDERS are easy to take, harmless in action and sure to cure any headache in from 5 to 30 minutes.

Hockey Boots. Well, well, we are right in it! That beat them all. Boys' Home-made, \$1.65, Men's Home-made, \$2.00, Men's Chocolate and Borkeys, \$2.35, at GOFF BROTHERS.

DR. CLIFT Remnant Sale. Remnants of Overcoatings, Remnants of Trouserings, Remnants of Suitings, Remnant of Vestings, Remnants of Ulsterings.

DR.