er, or are exposed to the cold or damp are prone to suffer from that most painful dis-ease, rheumatism. This is a disease of the blood and can only be percan only be per-manently cured by going back to first principles and driving out all impurities, and filling the arteries with a new, rich, red, healthy life-stream.

teries with a new, rich, red, healthy life-stream.

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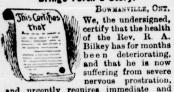
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(From Toronto Globe.)

THIS CERTIFICATE Brings Forth a Story.



suffering from severe nervous prostration, and urgently requires immediate and prolonged rest. J. W. McLaughlin, M.D. longed rest. J. W. McLaughin, S. Beith, M.D., L. Holland Reid

THIS INTERVIEW TELLS IT.

A reporter called on the Rev. R. A. Bilkey, rector St. John's (Episcopal) Church, Bowmanville, Ontario, during a church function, and on congratulating him on the great change for the better in his appearance, the reverend gentleman his appearance, the reverend gentleman said, "It is due entirely to Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills. "I suffered for over three years from

extreme nervousness, weakness and pros-tration, and could not obtain relief. A tration, and could not obtain relief. A few months ago it became only too apparent that extreme nervous prostration had set in, as I lost flesh and appetite rapidly. Three of our four medical men pronounced me in urgent need of immediate and prolonged rest in order to build up my nervous system, giving me a certificate to that effect. About this time, by pure accident, Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills were brought to my notice. I decided to try them, and on doing so a I decided to try them, and on doing so a decided change for the better took place at once. I have since continued taking the pills, with continued and marked benethe pills, with continued and marked bene-fit and improvement. My appetite has returned. I am gaining in flesh steadily, and my general health is now good. Further, I am sure that these results are due to the action of Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills, and I have every confidence that they will de for others all that they have done for me."

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THE GUARDIAN'S MYSTERY

Rejected for Conscience's Sake. BY CHRISTINE FABER.

XXX.-CONTINUED.

Kellar's voice was as soft and persuas-ive as a woman's and he leaned toward Malliflower as if he were utterly oblivious of the accident at the other end of the of the accident at the of the accident at the other end of the table. Perhaps it was that seeming ob-liviousness on his part that made Miss Liscome so bold as to glower at Malli-flower, and to show her temper a little to her sister. She did not dream that he isitor was reading her as surely as he

Young Mallidower was assured and emboldened; it was rarely that he was the object of so much attention and deference, for his propensity for prefacing his remarks, together with his love of showy dress, made him the butt of his companions in business and not infrequently an object of ridicule even to his most friend ly acquaintances; now, under the genial influences of Kellar's manner, his wonted

influences of Kellar's manner, his wonted habit of prefacing every account that he was called upon to give came up with renewed intensity.

He straightened himself in his chair and dropped his knife and fork in order to place his long, bony hands on his knees; he could talk better when he had thus spread himself:

"Well, boss, I'll just preface my remarks by stating to you that my mo-

"Well, boss, I'll just preface my remarks, by stating to you that my motives on that occasion were entirely good, entirely good, sir, which goes to prove that I had the right to preface my remarks, and let me just here further preface my remarks by telling you that it was with no idle curiosity I at that time prefaced my remarks to Mr. Mallaby."

Kellar began to wonder when the preface would end; and Miss Liscome was wrought up to a fever-heat of fear and anger. Her sister and her brother-in-law were too much accustomed to Malliflower's idiotic oddities, to be amused at him,

were too much accusioned to standing er's idiotic oddities, to be amused at him, and not knowing the little secret underplot which agitated the breasts of others at the table, they were not even curious.
"You are talking nonsensically, Malli-flower. I am sure Mr. Kellar must think

so," burst from Prudence who could en-dure the situation no longer. But Kellar was not going to be baffled. The youth must have useful informa-tion underlying his many prefaces, and his questioner determined that he should

have ample opportunity to impart it.
"I assure you, Miss Liscome, that I am "Your nephew is an extraordinary young

man; so novel and entertaining, Please do not hint at the discontinuance of his And Kellar smiled fascinatingly at Miss

nephew.
"Go on, my dear young man; you were

"Go on, my dear young man; you were saying that you had prefaced your remarks to Mr. Mallaby by—"
Young Mallary straightened himself more than he had done before, and fondled his knees with his bony hands; never was he so full of importance: the interest and attention of this elegant and authorized gentlemen, caused him to swell cultured gentleman caused him to swell

"I tell you, boss," he said, turning in his chair so that his back was squarely presented to his aunt, "but let me just preface my remarks by saying that a letter came to me one day, and Aunt Prud-ence found out that it wasn't for me, but

for that friend of yours, Mr. Mallaby."

"How did she find out? did she read
the letter?" asked Kellar so softly that his words were almost whispered, bu they sounded as loud as if they were shouted to dismayed and horrified Miss

"Read it—you bet, boss, she read it," answered the youth betrayed by the con sciousness of his importance and his self confidence into an unusual vivacity of

"She read it, and I read it, and we all read it, and I'll just preface my remarks by saying it was a very odd letter—it was l about a man named Jared."

Not muscle of Kellar's face moved, nor did he make the slightest change in his attitude. He did not even raise his eyes o Miss Liscome. She was ready to faint from confusion, anger and fear, and the natural color in her cheeks was brighter than any rouge she had ever put on. Her

man any rouge she had ever puton. Her nephew continued:

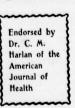
"I'll just preface my remarks again by saying that I couldn't think what I had to do with any one named Jared, but Aunt Prudence found out that it was for that Mallaby, and she made me take it to him."

"And was that the occasion on which my friend, Mr. Mallaby, treated you so gruffly?" asked Kellar, in the same per-suasively low, gentle voice. "That was the occasion, boss; I just

went to preface my remarks so that he'd understand what I wanted to see him about, but he wouldn't listen, and I had to give him the letter before I had time to

"And did he not thank you, my dear young friend, for the time and the trouble you had taken? and was he not glad to get his latter?" Kellar's voice was tender as a lover's.

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He says:—Among the proprietary medicines recognized is Dr. Chase's Ointment, compounded by Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Buffalo, N.Y., and Edmanson, Bates & Co. Toronto, as a remedy for Company of the Company of the

MR. O. P. St. John, 246 Shaw St., Toronto, in his letter states: I suffered for some years from Itching Piles, at times being unable to sleep for the annoyance caused by them. After trying almost every remedy known, I was induced to try Dr. Chase! Ointment, and can say one box entirely cured me! I cannot speak too highly of it, and have recommended it to several of my friends, all whom have been cured by its use.

"No; he did not thank me. He took the letter and read it, trembling all the time as if he had the ague, and looking at me when he got through, as if I was a wild animal that he d like to shoot. And then he went into his office."

Kellar turned to Miss Liscome fairly beauting upon her.

Kellar turned to Miss Liscome fairly beaming upon her.
"My dear Miss Liscome, mzy I trouble you for another cup of that delicious tea?"
He extended his cup as if he did not know that the tea had been spilled, and that the teapot had not been replenished. Prudence took the cup without well knowing whatshe should do with it, being assured there was not more tea on the table, and in doubt of the temper of the kitchen fire. Probably the over-worked domestic as it was a warm evening had let it go out. She could not risk a truthful answer by summoning the girl, and let it go out. She could not risk a truth-ful answer by summoning the girl, and with a brief excuse for leaving the table

with a brief excuse for leaving the table she went herself to the kitchen. The interval of absence was somewhat of a relief to her; it enabled her to think for a moment; but her thoughts were almost sickening, and as she waited while the girl endeavored to rekindle the fire sufficiently to boil some water, she was bitterly reproaching herself for not having taken some means to prevent her nephew's revelation; but she never dreamed of his reference to the letter; indeed, she had not thought him intelligent enough to attach any importance to the enough to attach any importance to the matter, nor even to remember the fact that a letter had come to him which had been intended for Mallaby. That Kellan

been intended for Mallaby. That Kellar knew now to what her secret knowledge of Jared amounted, she was quite convinced, her conviction nothing shaken by the composure he had maintained during her nephew's account.

In her vain and shallow-mindedness, she feared the effect of the disclosure upon Kellar's friendship for herself, and she was more disappointed and chagrined at that than at being detected in any untruthfulness. She tried to think of some plausible explanation, of her unwarrantable use of the name of Jared, but her efforts served only to make her thoughts more intricate and distressing, and in her perplexity she poured half-boiled water on the already well-drained tea-leaves having utterly forgotten to put more tea into the vessel.

having utterly forgotten to put more tea into the vessel.

But Kellar heroically drank the watery stuff, declaring to Miss Liscome apology when she saw how absolutely coloriess it poured out, that it was more for the pleasure of being helped again by her fair hand he had asked for another cup. And the silly creature believed him, and in her pleasure at his flattery she became less fearful of the consequences of her nephew's garulousness, and consequently less agitated.

ly less agitated.
Mr. and Mrs. Mallary, simple people that they were, being little more than older editions of their ridiculous son, saw nothing in what was going on about them, to arouse either their wonder or sus picion, and remembering as they rose from the table, Miss Liscome's instructians, they managed to leave the presence without even the form of an ex cuse. Mallary having been encouraged by Kellar, to feel as it were, the importance of his own powers, was little dis-posed to do likewise, and he lingered, even following his aunt and her guest to the

parlor door.
"Mr. Kellar will excuse you, Malliflower," said his aunt with exterior sweet-ness, but an interior exasperation that made her voice tremble a little. And Kellar feeling there was

mportant information to be gained from the youth, hastily interposed:
"Certainly, my dear young friend, I

know how precious are the evening hours to youths like yourself. By all means leave us. Your charming and estimable leave us. Your charming and estimable aunt will entertain me."

While he was speaking Prudence had

partially withdrawn into the parlor, and directly that Kellar followed her, she shut door unceremoniously upon her ephew. visitor's continued flattery in The

creased her confidence; in her egregious vanity she felt that his regard for her was great enough to condone any fault, and be arch and coy, but which was only

ridiculous. He understood it all, and the smile with which he beamed upon her was but faction.

"I congratulate you, my dear Miss Liscome," he said, pretending to survey her with an air of admiration, "I congratulate you," he repeated, "on the possession of qualities most rare in your sex. You have shown a masculine judgment, penetration, and wit, in your use of the con-tents of that letter for Mr. Mallaby which fell by mistake into your nephew's hands. No doubt, you had read Mr. Mallaby's odd, timorous character, and could not re

sist amusing yourself a little with it."

"Oh, Mr. Kellar," she remonstrated, lifting her hands to him in a sort of delifting precating way, and affecting to be exceedingly abashed.

He caught her hands and held them loing so without difficulty for she did not nake the least motion to withdraw them, nile he resumed:
"My friend Mallaby is a little morbid

subject connected with this name which you have used with such ared, which you have used with such dmirable cleverness, my dear Miss Lis-ome; just a little morbid, but his morbid-less is of such a nature, that I fear for the happiness of your friends, the Wilburs, should Mr. Wilbur marry Mr. Mallaby's

should Mr. Wilbur marry Mr. Mallaby's ward, Miss Hammond."

In her attonishment Prudence actually jerked her hands from their captors.

"My goodness! Mr. Kellar," she exclaimed, "you don't say so."

"I do say so, Miss Liscome, and stick to the fact after saying so."

"And it was only this morning I left Deborah, Sydney's sister, you know, in a dreadful state of anger, because, I would not accompany her to see him in order to give him a talking to about his marriage. Deborah was in such a rage about it when he told her that he has left his home these three days past and is boarding at some three days past and is boarding at some

It was Kellar's turn to be surprised; he had not dreamed that Miss Hammond's engagement would cause a rupture be-tween Wilbur and his sister. "I intended to call on Mr. Wilbur some

"I intended to call on Mr. Wilbur some time to-morrow, and thought of getting you, my dear Miss Liscome, to arrange with him the time of an interview with me. I think I have some things to tell him which may make him hesitate to marry Miss Hammond."

Prudence was trembling from sheer delight. Here was a prospect at once of dashing the happiness of the hated Miss Hammond, and of making her own peace with Deborah.

"I shall arrange it all with Sydney's sister," she said, "I shall see her this very night, and she, I know will contrive an early interview for you."

"Thank you. my dear, dear Miss Liscome, and may I rely upon you to get me early word to morrow? I must see Mr. Wilbur to-morrow."

Wilbur to-morrow."

"Yes: I shall get Deborah to telegraph to Mr. Mallaby's office for you."

"No; not to Mallaby's office: send it to this address," giving her a card with the number of his boarding-house upon it.

He staid a full hour after that, pretending to grow both communicative, and confidential, and winning with little difficulty the whole story of Miss Liscome's secret the whole story of Miss Liscome's secret knowledge of Jared—all but her matri-monial overtures to Mallaby; that she had not the hardihood to reveal; she even told him the contents of the letter—she told him the contents of the letter—she remembered them exactly, and his secret anxiety lest the letter had contained more than it did, was quite removed. And she, in her gushing delight did not notice his omission to confide to her the cause of Mr. Mallaby's morbidness. Indeed, she was so full of her guest's attentions to herself that she almost forgot her satisfaction at the threatened blight to Miss Hammond's prospects. She was trembling with the momentous thought of offering him the little golden heart. Her better sense whispered that there was nothter sense whispered that there was nothing in the occasion to warrant such a proceeding on her part, but on the other hand her ardent gratitude for his flatter hand her ardent gratitude for his flattering attention was urging her to show him in some way how warmly she responded to it. Her impulse prevailed, and when he rose to depart, she excused herself, and left the room for a little. When she returned, the heart in its wrapping of tissue paper carefully in her hand, she found the task of actually giving it to him harder than she had anticipated. It was only at the last minute, when he was saying another good-bye on the stoop, and promising himself the pleasure of speedily seeing her again, that she slipped it to him and then said in a confused way:

"It is only a little token of gratitude, dear Mr. Kellar; you have been so entertaining."

aining."
And then she retreated to the hall, and he flashing back one of his broadest smil

at her went slowly down the stoop and slowly up the street, trying to guess by feeling of it what the token might be, and laughing gleefully at the old maid's folly and weakness.

and weakness.

Being barely 10 o'clock Prudence had no doubt of finding Deborah up, and she hastened to don her bonnet and shawl and run across. She was still thrilling with exultation and delight, and she felt as she pulled the bell with unusual force, that her present good spirits would amply present good spirits would amply her should Deborah, despite the that her tidings brought to her, still refuse to be

Deborah was in little better mood than that in which Prudence had left her in the morning. Her visit to Sydney's hotel had resulted in disappointment: he had left a half hour before her arrival and would not return until an early hour the next day. She glowered at Prudence when she saw her and snapped cut:

"What do you want?"
Prudence lost little time in making known her errand, and she dweltso much on what Kellar had said of being able tell Mr. Wilbur that which would make him hesitate to marry Miss Hammond that Deborah was mollified at once. Prudence had told the whole story, so skillfully suppressing all the facts which bore upon herself, that Miss Wilbur supposed it was only that evening Prude ad learned of Kellar's acquaintance with

Mallaby, and that she had made the discovery in a most accidental manner.

"And didn't he hint at what he has to

tell Sydney?" questioned Deborah.
"No; he did not; but, its something weighty you may be sure, or he wouldn't speak in that confident way. So you'd better arrange about the interview; for Mr. Kellar wants word sent him as soon

possible to-morrow. Deborah pursed her lips together and If this man really did have information powerful enough to avert that horrible marriage, it might be wise policy for her to seem to have be-come resigned to the present situation. It would mollify Sydney, and in the event of the engagement being broken, cement him the engagement being broken, cement him more firmly to her. She was secretly glad to have a pretext for yielding to him, her hostility having gained nothing. She would write to him at once in a sort of penitent spirit, and promise compli-ance with all he asked; and in order to prevent him from being suspicious of the motive of her submission, she would put motive of her submission, she would put in a postcript—as if it were an unimport-ant matter and almost forgotten—the fact that some one wished to see him and de-sired a time appointed for the interview. She was confident that Sydney would come home immediately on the reception of that message and she thus informed Prudence when she had detailed her plan.

"So, I shall not be able to give you an answer much before noon, to-morrow," she added, and Prudence, on the whole, well satisfied with the result of her mis-sion, bade Deborah good-night, and hast-

ned home.

Miss Wilbur's note dispatched at an early hour the next morning, arrived al-most simultaneously with her brother's arrival from his suburban visit. He smiled when he read it; he had not expected to have her yield so easily, and then as he read it a second time, smiling then as he read it a second time, smiling more broadly at the stiff penitence it expressed, he thought it well to be a little slow in accepting her compliance. He would defer for a day or two longer his return to Hubert street, the party wishing to see him could call at his present address. He was so indifferent about the solicited interview, that, in answering his sister's note he did not assign any hour for it and Debroat was disappointed and sister's note he did not assign any hour for it, and Deborah was disappointed and chagrined that he did not reply in person to her message. She sent curt word to Miss Liscome, and that lady learning from it nothing more than Wilbur's address, and the fact that he had just returned to that address after an absence of several hours, took it upon herself to telegraph the same to Mr. Kellar.

Mr. Kellar frowned when he read the telegram.

telegram.

One object of asking Miss Liscome to

friend of the family that she avowed herself to be, her services could be as effectually used. He did not doubt that with the garrulous tendency of her sex she would repeat every word he said in reference to the communication he had to make to Wilbur and while he felt that Wilbur's first emotions on hearing such a reason for the interview might be those Wilbur's first emotions on hearing such a reason for the interview might be those of indignation and distrust, he was equally certain that they would be succeeded by such curiosity and interest as would at least insure him a civil hearing. The telegram announcing no hour for the interview puzzled and disappointed him. Had neither Mr. Wilbur's sister

nor Miss Liscome been able to see him nor Miss Liscome been able to see him, or had his consent to the interview gone no further than this vague message?

He put on his hat with a savage thrust, and took his way to the hotel where Wilbur was temporarily sojourning. Then having ascertained that the gentleman was in, he sent up his card, first writing on the corner, "Pressing and confidentia

business."
Wilbur's first impulse was to return a decided and emphatic refusal to see the man, but the phrase in the corner of the card checked hlm. His curiosity was excited, and he gave a curt order to show the

gentleman up. Kellar bore his wonted air, an easy swagger but it was a little less dashed with the familiarity which was so hateful o Wilbur; there was even something of a to Wholl; there was even someting or a respectful reserve in his manner that won a readier attention than Wilbur thought at first to give him. That attention was increased by the promptness and brevity with which Kellar introduced his busiwith which Kellar introduced his busi-ness, and it was painfully riveted as Kel-lar continued. He might have been a lawyer for the careful, exact, bare way in which he made his communication, and when he had finished, Wilbur staggered to his feet like a man who had received a deadly blow. He thrust his hands out before him as if he would push Kellar away, and then without speaking—his lips seemed to be glued together—he paced the room. Kellar watched him without moving a muscle of his own face, or changing his easy position.

The first effect of the shock passed, William of the shock passed, William or changing his easy position.

short in his walk, and asked, speaking between such compressed lips that the words had a startling sharpness:

"You claim to have given me facts, facts to which you have been an eye-wit-

ness. Give me your proofs."

"My first and best proof is that Malla-

"My first and best proof is that Malia-by himself will not deny what I have told you. Tax him with it, or even hint at it, and see how his guilt will betray itself."

"Your motive for telling this to me now," the words still came from tightly-compressed, and bloodless lips.

"My motive: I don't know that I am bound to tell you that it is sufficient that bound to tell you that, it is sufficient that I have given you the information which in justice you ought to know. And knowing it, it lies with you to make it serve you. If in defiance of what I have revealed you will proceed to make the con-nection you contemplate, you will be pre-pared of course to bear your share of

what the future may bring. I at least

have done my duty. He rose to depart. He rose to depart.

Wilbur's brain was in a whirl. Had some inexorable fate from the first decreed that Agnes Hammond was never to be his wife? Was this the reward for his be his wife? Was this the reward for his ardor, his constancy, his sacrifice, to be met at the end of his weary months of wandering, regret and doubt, with a revelation which made it impossible for him to marry her? He wished that Kellar had not told him; that he had been suffered to walk unknowingly into the trap prepared for him. The discovery afterward would be horrible, but then he would not be deprived of Agnes. Now, he himward would be norrible, but then he would not be deprived of Agnes. Now, he himself must resign her, that is if Kellar's story were true. He jumped at the doubt, and hugged it, but in a moment it was dissipated by the remembrance of the proof which Kellar had adduced. He had said that Mallaby would not deput it—what stronger proof could not deny it—what stronger proof could there be? and then a shiver broke over him as he thought of telling to Mallaby what he had heard and receiving in reply a horrible confirmation of its truth. And as a further confirmation there flashed upon him Mallaby's own manner with this man, Kellar-his shyness, his ill-concealed tear, his silence, the expression of his face in response to a look from his ward two evenings before: all these bore out the awful things he had heard. Then Miss Hammond's inexplicable agitasion on the last evening he saw her—her reserve with him—surely he needed no more to prove to him what she knew, and knowing what she must be Ha no more to prove to him what she knew, and knowing, what she must be. He groaned audibly and covered his face with both his hands. Then remembering the presence of his visitor, who, though he had risen to depart, had been too intent on watching Wilbur's evident agony to make any further motion to do so, he took his hands from his face, and said with forced columners.

calmness:
"You have finished your business with

Kellar bowed. "Then good-day," and Wilbur turned haughtily on his heel and threw himself into a chair in a remote corner of the

Kellar went out with a broad smile He had acted to his own satisfaction his part in the first act of the drama of Mallaby's doom.

XXXI.

Not once during the day succeeding the last visit of Wilbur had Agnes been able to see her guardian. As he had done on the previous morning, so did he on this morning, depart before she had even awakened from the feverish slumber into which she had fallen about dawn, and as on the former occasion he left neither excuse nor apology. And at dinner he was not present, nor had he come, Mrs. Denner said, to lunch, causing that good woman to express an anxiety about him apparently second only to Miss Hammond's own concern, save that the young lady gives no voice to her feelings. Wilbur had said not to expect him that evening, so there was nothing to distract her from her nameless trouble, and it grew in proportion as she dwelt upon it, assuming proportion as she dwelt upon it, assuming the size from the very vagueness by which it was surrounded. She tried to pray, but the words seemed to be only words with little meaning to them, and then she wandered from her room to the parlor, and back lingering in the hall and on the

carry the burden of his mystery another day. When midnight chimed without bringing him, her fears took a new shape. Some accident might have befallen him; she started in afright and pain at that thought, for his unselfish kindness, his many little acts of affection. tured him borne to some hospital, or worse, to the morgue with the unknown dead, she

burst into tears.

She was alone in the parlor, even Mrs. She was alone in the parlor, even Mrs. Denner having retired on the promise of Miss Hammond to extinguish the light, and see that the door was properly secured so soon as Mr. Mallaby should come in, and she wept without restraint. She sought to quiet her fears by thinking he had business which would detain him all night, but he had never remained from home for such a period without leaving, or sending, word. No; it must be something had happened to him, and she burst into had happened to him, and she burst into a very paroxysm of weeping. At that instant there was the sound of

a key in the lock of the hall-door. thing was so still she heard it distinctly, and hastily drying her eyes she hurried from the parlor, meeting her guardian just as he had softly closed the door behind him.

She forgot everything but her relief at

seeing him, and she extended both hands to him, smiling through the tears still we

to him, smiling through the tears still wet upon her cheeks:
"I am so glad you have come, Mr. Mallaby—I was afraid something had happened to you."

He put down his umbrella, and took her hands, clasping them tightly enough to make them ache, and his warm, anxious face seemed fairly slight with the ious face seemed fairly alight with the

smile that overspread it.
"I am sorry to have caused you any any xiety, but I had some business matter at attend to, and I did not dream you'd stay

up for me. Good-night."

He had spoken with the sad gentleness that was so touching, and having dropped her hands, he was turning to ascend to his room. The feelings that had caused her room. The feelings that had caused her to wait for him assailed her anew, though they were mingled with and tempered by the inexplicable sympathy he inspired. She sprang after him clasping her hands about his arm, and forcing him to turn with her to the parlor.

"I must ask you some questions to-night and you must answer them," she

His face blanched until not a trace of its wonted floridness could be discovered. His knees shook, and his breath came in labored gasps. It was as he had feared. Kellar had taken his revenge. She knew it all. It was owing to his fear of that, unat ne nad not come home earlier, in order to avert as long as possible, the moment of seeing her, and the relief he had experienced when he so unexpectedly met her and was assured by her manner that his fear had been groundless, seemed to make the dismay and horror of this moment all the deeper. that he had not come home earlier, in

nent all the deeper.

He could not answer her as she drew him shivering and gasping into the parlor, and when she relinquished his arm for the purpose of closing the door behind

them, he sank into the nearest chair. When she turned and saw him—saw the death-like face, the grizzled head sunk low upon his breast, the whole form so utterly collapsed, shrinking and trembling, a sort of voiceless horror took possession of her for a moment; for a moment, until it was tempered by the same inexplicable symmetric transfer. tempered by the same inexplicable sym-pathy which of late seemed to permeate all her emotions.

"Tell me what is the matter," she said,

in a subdued, but excited voice.

He answered in a trembling whisper without looking up:

'Tell me what you know, how much you have been told."
"What I know—how much I have been

told?

The horrified astonishment in her tones made him look up, without, however, lift ing his head.
"I don't know anything; I have been told nothing. What could I have been told? who would tell me?"

TO BE CONTINUED. Sincerity.

Flat-contradiction, severe criticism, fault finding and condemnation, the omission of gentle and pleasing attentions, curt manners, blunt speeches, unkind allusions, are continually excused, on the plea of sincerity. "I said what I thought," and "I never said what I thought," and "I never pretend to what I do not feel," are common assertions supposed to justify all manner of rude and ill natured words and actions. Yet one who unites sincerity with kind feeling is never heard to utter such language. His sympathies are too keen to allow him to hurt another needlessly, and it never occurs to him that it is insincere to offer such courteous attentions as express a general feeling of good will, even though he may not be drawn by any bonds of affection.

SHORTNESS IN LIFE.

The weakness and folly of childhood, the vanity and vices of youth, the bustle and care of middle life, and the infirmities of old age (if we live to be old), what do they leave us? A short life indeed! Yes, man has a soul of vast desires. He is capable of much, and aims at more. Many things he can not attain, and many more are not worth the pains. Oh, it is a pity that he should not know how to choose the good and refuse the evil! How to make the most and best of so short a

Grand Trunk Engineer Swears by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Pills.

Chase's Kidney-Pills.

Mr. Geo. Cummings, for 20 years engineer on Grand Trunk running between Toronto and Allandale, says: "The constant duty with my work gave me excessive pains in my back, racking my kidneys. I tried several remedies until I was recommended by my fireman, Mr. Dave Conley, to try Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Two boxes have completely cured me and I feel to day a better man than ever. I recommend them to all my friends.

One object of asking Miss Liscome to prepare the way for his interview with Wilbur, was, as it were to avert the disagreeableness of ushering himself into Wilbur's presence. With all his assurance he quailed secretly before the unmisstakable dislike and distrust of him evinced by that gentleman.

He had ithought first of seeking Wilbur's sister, and asking her to arrange the matter of the interview. But the tea at Miss Liscome's seemed to present even a more opportune means, and being the

BEPTEMBER 3, 1898 (For the CATHOLIC RECORD.)

Saint Philip Neri. BY BROTHER REMIGIUS.

To Brother Paul, of the Cross, C. S. C.-R. I. I Saint Philip Neri, lover of the young, Thy pockets, crammed with sweets, were like mine
That yielded nuggets, toothsome, freely flur
'Mong boys of Rome, where yet thy praise

A daisy saint, in that thou didst combine Not too much prayer with sport galore. In fir A saint revered, all other saints among. The spirit of St. Philip, brother dear, Was thine, although they named thee "of the Cross."

His joyous heart wast thine, to onward che The lads who sadly now deplore thy loss.

When evening shadows over the campus fall Our hearts oft turn to thee, dear Brother Pau

PASSING BY CHARITY'S CALL

The New World.

Parkhill, August 22, 1898,

"Which of these three in thy opinion w neighbor to him that fell among the robber But he said: He that shewed mercy him. And Jesus said to him: Go, and of thou in like manner."—Gospel.

One of the most difficult lessons learn in the school of Christian virtis the lesson of love. It is difficult b cause of its application. It is easie for us to love one who is infinite above us. It is natural to love the who are amiable and winsome; ware thoroughly respectable, who a congenial spirits, giving in retu quite as much as we gave them. At though at times we may find it di cult to love our personal friends that deep, rich, constant and unselfi way demanded of us, and hard ev in the tenderest relations to be ev kind, tender, patient, thoughtfu gentle, free from envy and jealous more difficult and harder is the larg application of loving our neighbor ourself. We would like to determi for ourself who our neighbor is; would like to fix upon the manner showing our love to him. But have no liberty of selection. We m not choose whom we shall love, or h we shall love, if we claim to be Chi tians.

Other people may not be beauti

in their character, nor congenial their habits, manners, modes of li disposition, they may be unkind to unjust, unreasonable, or inflict inju or hardships upon us; yet we of them the love "that thinketh no e that seeketh not its own, that bear all things, endureth all things, s never faileth." It is not so hard to frain from doing our neighbor an jury as it is to reach out our hand help him. With a strong effort elf-control we may resist the impu to return blow for blow, to deman tooth for a tooth, to repay unkindn with kindness, but to love them, to g a kiss for a blow, to return kinds for unkindness, to repay wrong a injury with mercy and meekness, t indeed a sore test. Our part pictured for us in the example of good Samaritan, who is the true id of loving by doing good and servi and set over against it we have an ample of loving by not doing har Neither the priest nor the Levite the wounded man any harm. It the robbers who hurt him almost death. They who passed by w plight, they would have done him injury for the world; but the s reads as if they had done someth not right, as if they had injured wounded the man in some v Pondering over the matter we feel Lord means to teach us that we do sore wrong to others by not do

We hardly ever think of such thas sinful. When we examine conscience we remember the h word we spoke, our self-indulge our unkind feelings, our selfish our envyings and jealousies, our patience and anger, as for not d the things we ought to, and our ure to do deeds of kindness we ne to confess these among the day's Love, then, is not doing others no h it is doing them all the good we or is in our power to do. We love's debtors to our neighbors, too often most of our days leave ur debts of love; of kindnesses and ices due to others, but not paid, tainly not paid in full. The r the Levite did not hurt wounded man, they failed to him the debt they owed which was the difference tween their passing by in har neglect of love's call, and the service rendered by the good Se

love's duties to them

We may press the application lesson more closely to ourselves. along life's dusty way lie wou men and women. Which role at playing—the priest's and Levit the good Samaritan's? Yesterde learned of a neighbor in troubl was in our thought to go to him to help. The day closed, and the thought found no expression in a the brotherly kindness was with He might have rejoiced had it not for our sin of omission. People tinually stand before us with appealing to us for love' needs. vices which we may render to It may be only ordinary courtes gentle kindness of the home circ patient treatment of neighbors, o tomers in business, and many tokens which are the requirement Christian love. Failure in these does them a grevious wrong, withheld.

The priest when he came nea wounded man kept his face taway so that he could not see Allowing ourselves to be ignor human needs will not excuse thos follow that example. We are but know the misery and sorrow all and try to offer relief. Express sympathy do not cover a multit