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P. C. LARKIN & CO., 25 Front St. E.
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A Lost Gem

He was turning away, when his attention was arrested by a word from Kingscott's lips. Stella was bending over him and trying to do something for his arm, but the word he uttered made her suddenly turn to her side. "Hannington," he said.

Stella half raised herself, glanced round her, and said, almost below her breath:

"Where is Molly?"

She thought that Alan would, if he could, have annihilated her on the spot. "In her room, of course," he answered sternly. "You are unnerved, Stella. What is Ralph saying? Attend to Bertie—I will look after Ralph. Do you know me, Ralph? Who did this? Who has been here?"

"Hannington."

"Hannington! He does not know what he is saying," said Alan, for the benefit of the listeners around him, but his face blanched a little at the sound. "You need not crowd into this room," he said, addressing himself to the servants. "There is no further cause for alarm. We will get Mr. Kingscott to bed, and Mr. Bertie also; I hope that the doctor will be here presently. Now, Ralph?"

Kingscott opened his eyes. A contraction of his forehead showed that he was listening intently.

"What! Did he shoot me?" he asked, trying to sit up, but turning whiter than ever with the effort as he moved.

"The young scoundrel!"

"Of whom are you speaking, Ralph?"

"Of Bertie, of course. Isn't his revolver anywhere about? He shot me, I tell you, whether by accident or not. I can't say. I think I knocked him down in return. Good heavens! my arm!"

"What are you talking about, Ralph? Did not burglars get into the house?"

"Burglars! certainly not. John Hannington did—if you call him a burglar—he has stolen one thing, at any rate. Have you some brandy there? This pain makes me feel unwell."

Alan was obliged to control his impatience while he gave the brandy; but before Kingscott had swallowed it, a woman servant came flying into the room with news. "Oh, sir, oh, sir! Miss Molly's no' in her bed nor in her room, nor anywhere! She's maybe hiding, or carryt off by the robbers."

Stella, who was now attending to Bertie's wants, turned so white a face towards her husband, that even at that moment of anxiety he was struck by its expression.

"Send the woman away," Ralph murmured faintly. "I think I can explain."

"Mr. Monroie, I am sure, is the girl out of the room, and then Ralph murmured his explanation in his brother-in-law's ear. "I'm afraid that Molly—Molly—has eloped with Hannington."

"She said, 'The were stealing out by the door in the Tower when I came down. Molly had a bag; she was in her cloak and hat. Bertie was with her—perhaps he meant to go, too; I can't say and you see the result.'"

Stella sprang up with a cry. "Oh, it can't be!" she exclaimed, hastening to her husband's side. The grey change in his face alarmed her. "Alan, it can't be true."

She put her hand on his arm, but he repulsed her, speaking harshly in his grief. "Was this your secret?" he said.

"Were you helping my daughter to bring disgrace upon my name?"

"Alan, don't say such a cruel thing. I knew that Mr. Hannington had met her—I was trying to put an end to it. I had no idea that Molly ever thought of leaving us in this way! Oh, cannot we stop her? Cannot we bring her back?"

"Too late," said Alan, grimly. "If I could, I would not now. Molly is no longer a child of mine. I have done with her for ever. And if Bertie has helped her to disgrace herself in this way, I will—"

"No, Alan, don't say it—don't say anything just now," said Stella, clinging to him, although the sight of his rigid and repellent attitude, his fiery eyes and sternly set face, would usually have been enough to startle her into silence and submission. Kingscott, watching her cynically in spite of the pain that he would as soon have thrown his arms around the neck of an infuriated lion. But Stella was carried out of herself and beyond the domination of fear.

Alan's hand was fiercely clenched; the words upon his tongue had been harsh and bitter, and even terrible. Second thoughts, however, came to him. But the hand relaxed, the words died into silence, as his fair young wife clung to him and gazed pleadingly into his face. A look of anguish took the place of fury; he turned away, placing his hand over his eyes, as if to shut out the vision of wife and son and absent, erring daughter. Stella was obliged to release him, but she felt—afterwards, for she was too much bewildered and distressed to think anything just then—that her interposition had not been without effect. Alan staggered a little in his walk as he went blindly towards the door; but he refused all offered help, straightened himself, and walked out of the room with head held high, but a face like marble and eyes like living coals.

Kingscott sank back with a groan of pain, and called to the old butler to give him more brandy. Stella hastened to Bertie's side, for the lad's eyes were unclosed, and he had raised himself on one arm with a bewildered air. She

could not leave him to the servants at that moment, although her heart yearned after her husband in his agony of wounded love and pride.

"What is it? What does it mean?" murmured Bertie.

"Don't talk yet," said Stella, gently. "Do you feel any pain? We must have you taken to your room when you are able to move, and the doctor will be here directly."

"I'm hurt," said Bertie, in a stronger voice. "Only a little dazed, I think. What was my father saying about me? I did not understand—"

"You had better hold your tongue," said Kingscott from the couch on which he was lying, in tones rendered harsh, presumably by pain. "You can do no good by talking."

Stella was sorry to see that the lad covered when these words were spoken, as though they contained a threat. She redoubled her attentions to him, and was rewarded presently by finding that although still sick and faint, he was able to move without difficulty; then, thinking that she could be of no use at present to Kingscott, she went away from the Tower to make inquiries about Molly, and to give any orders that might be needed.

Alan was invisible; the responsibility for every kind of action seemed at once to have fallen on her shoulders. The servants turned to her as if knowing instinctively that her head was sure to be clear, her judgment sound, and her will decided. She had to restore order, as far as possible, to the distracted household, and provide for future contingencies. Notwithstanding Alan's declaration that he would have no more to do with Molly, she sent messengers in one or two directions—the coachman to the railway station with orders to telegraph to the station master at Perth—a groom in another direction with somewhat similar injunctions. She thought that there might be still a chance of finding Molly and bringing her back.

But her hopes grew small when, after a considerable search, she found a letter addressed to herself in Molly's room. It was short, but clear and to the point. As you are so determined to prevent my marriage with Jack, wrote Molly, "we have thought it better to take matters into our own hands. Jack is waiting for me with a carriage in the road. We shall not go to Dunk, I or to Perth, so you need not look for us there. We shall be married tomorrow morning, and then I will write again. I have written to my father, and I hope that he will be angry with us. I would not have taken this way if you had not driven me to it by coming between me and Jack. I am sorry for my father's sake, but not for anything else, because I love Jack better than anybody in the world."

She had signed her full name at the end—"Mary Helen Monroie."

(To be Continued.)

You've No Idea

How nicely Hood's Sarsaparilla hits the needs of the people who feel all tired out or run down from any cause. It seems to oil up the whole mechanism of the body so that all moves smoothly and work becomes delight. If you are weak, tired and nervous, Hood's Sarsaparilla is just what you need. Try it.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache and indigestion.

A man in a peck of trouble is in a measure to be pitied.

Nerves on Edge.

I was nervous, tired, irritable and cross. Karl's Clover Root Tea has made me well and happy.

Mrs. E. B. WOODEN.

English clergy adopted silk gowns for church use in 1534.

Pills Do No Cure.

Pills do not cure Constipation. They only aggravate. Karl's Clover Root Tea gives perfect regularity of the bowels.

Prosperity makes more fools than adversity does.

A Fact Worth Knowing.

Consumption, La Grippe, Pneumonia and all Throat and Lung diseases are cured by Shilo's Cure.

The end of a novel (compressed by the editor owing to lack of space): "Otokar took a small brandy, then his hat, his departure, besides no notice of his pursuers, meantime a revolver out of his pocket, and lastly his own life."

Piles! Piles! Itching Piles!

SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; mostly at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore.

Ointment stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail, for 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia, Lyman, Sons & Co., Montreal, wholesale agents.

"So you still believe in the Darwinian theory, do you?" "Of course I do. What is the spring house cleaning mania but a survival of the times when we were birds?"

The Best Pills.—Mr. Wm. Vandervoort, Sydney Crossing, Ont., writes: "We have been using Parnele's Pills, and find them by far the best Pills we ever used." For Delicate and Debilitated Constitutions these Pills act like a charm. Taken in small doses, the effect is both a tonic and a stimulant, mildly exciting the secretions of the body, giving tone and vigor.

"I sometimes feel as if I would like to be a real bad man," sadly said the small gentleman, "but I fear I am not a good enough man to back it up."

Worms cause feverishness, moaning and restlessness during sleep. Mother Graves' Worm Expeller is pleasant, sure and effectual. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to procure it for you.

First Student—Look here—\$5—the first money I ever earned. Second student—And how did you earn it? First Student—Sold empty wine bottles.

Among the pains and aches cured with marvelous rapidity with Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is earache. The oil is especially subject to the ear, and the desirability of this Oil as a family remedy is enhanced by the fact that it is admirably adapted not only to the above ailment, but also to the hurts, disorders of the bowels, and affections of the throat, to which the young are especially subject.

Coal-Wood.

Messrs. Bowman & Co. beg to inform their customers and the public that they have appointed Frank B. Clarke, 416 Richmond, as their agent. He will continue to take orders for coal and wood. Best beech and maple blocks, \$4.50; half cord, \$2.25; quarter cord, \$1.15. Mr. Clarke will also continue the ticket and exchange business at the old stand.

ywt

THE POWER OF CONSCIENCE.

Lessons Drawn from the Words of Pontius Pilate,

Whom Jesus Was Brought Before the Sanhedrim—Dr. Talmage's Sunday Afternoon Sermon.

New York, May 6.—On Sunday afternoon Rev. Dr. Talmage chose for his subject "Conscience," the text selected being Matthew xxvii. 24: "He took water and washed his hands before the multitude saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just person; see ye to it."

At about 7 o'clock in the morning, up the marble stairs of a palace and across the floors of richest mosaic, and under the ceiling of gold and the splendors of color, and between snow banks of white and glistening sculpture, passes a poor, pale, sick young man of 33, already condemned to death, on his way to be condemned again. Jesus of Nazareth is his name.

In a semi-circle around the prisoner are the Sanhedrists, prosecuting this case in the name of religion, for the bitterest prosecutions have been religious prosecutions, and when Satan takes hold of a good man he makes up by intensity for brevity of occupation. If you have never seen an ecclesiastical court trying a man, then you have no idea of the foaming infernalism of these old religious Sanhedrists. Governor Pilate cross-questions the prisoner, and finds right away he is innocent, and wants to let him go. His caution is also increased by a message from Claudia Procula, his wife, who has had a dream about the innocence of this prisoner and about the danger of executing him, and she awakens from this morning dream in time to send the message to her husband, that on the judicial bench, and what with the protest of his wife and the voice of his own conscience, and the entire failure of the Sanhedrists to make out their case, Governor Pilate resolves to discharge the prisoner from custody.

But the intimation of such a thing brings upon the Governor an equivoical storm of indignation. They will report him to the Emperor at Rome. They will have him recalled. They will send him up home, and he will be hung for treason, for the Emperor at Rome has already a suspicion in regard to Pilate, and that suspicion does not cease until Pilate is banished and the message to her husband, that on the judicial bench, and what with the protest of his wife and the voice of his own conscience, and the entire failure of the Sanhedrists to make out their case, Governor Pilate resolves to discharge the prisoner from custody.

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ever. Or it may be that he is responsible for a great mystery, the disappearance of someone who was never heard of, and the tracks were all covered up, and the swift horse or the rail train took him out of reach, and there are only two persons in the universe who know of it—God and himself. God present at the time of the tragedy and present at the retrospection and conscience.

Conscience amounts to nothing unless the heart is converted, and the pocket-book is converted, and the cash drawer is converted, and the ledger is converted, and the pigeon-hole containing the correspondence is converted. A man half converted, or quarter converted, or a thousandth part converted, is not converted at all. What will be the great book in the Day of Judgment? Conscience. Conscience recalling misimproved opportunities. Conscience recalling unrepented sins. Conscience bringing up all the past. The worst thing a man can have is an evil conscience, and the best thing a man can have is what Paul calls a good conscience.

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