There's a spot upon one corner—Blood, perhaps; who is to tell? For this poor, filthy scrap some soul May have been doomed to hell! Some hand all red with murder May have held it e'en to-day-It may be full of deadly germs, Who shall presume to say?

in lancy I can see it On its travels through the land; Now held by dainty fingers, Now in some grimy hand-Last week owned by some fallen wretch Pah: vile, dishonored thing— yet men will fight and die for it, And constitute it king!

Taugh! Torn, dishonered, soiled and rank, I cast it hence—but stay!

guess I'll grab it up again, Let it be blown away! Oh, filthy scrap, all stained with blood. I wish that I knew how I might get forty thousand such

Abominations now!

He was tall, dark and to my taste, absolutely charming.

Last evening for the first time we walked in the winding alley of the park; the straight avenue which stretched itself under the windows of the house had been until now the only witness to our confidences; I loved dearly this avenue with its great oak trees placed at regular distances apart, the benches for talking quite at one's ease, the green grass all around and beyond. When one wandered off a bit the buge window panes, which seemed by the light of the setting sun great wide open eyes, all smiling at our happiness.

"Walk along the avenue with Monsieur de Valente, Angele," my mother had said to me at the beginning of our engagement. "The alleys of the park are altogether too damp."

That evening, however, my head was turned and something tugged at my heart strings-he was to leave the next day to hunt up some paper necessary to our marriage.

Eight days without seeing him! How sould I live? And he taking advantage of my trouble made me turn into the damp alley, which, by the way, in spite of its bad reputation seemed to me as dry as possible.

"My Angele, you are not going to for get me during these eight days?"

"Forget you! Ah!"
I would have lifted my eyes to take Heaven as a witness that such a thing could never happen if he had not held them tightly clasped in his own. It is not my habit to lose myself in sentimental protestations, my vivacity for bids it, and this time not more than at others did I play my nature false.

"Racul, you love me do you not?

Well, then, I wish to tell you all my faults. I shall be more tranquil if you know them beforehand. You would see them sooner or later; so listen! I am very wilful. I will not yield to youyou may as well make up your mind to Then I am as quick as gunpowder. I stamp my foot, I scream, I even cry at times. Happily all this passes quickly. Besides that, I am a coquette, like all women. You will not be jealous, I hope. And then, what else ! I can't quite tell -a little gourmande at times, not wicked, not deceitful-I find nothing else. So much, then, for the moral side. As to the physical, what can I have wrong there? You must know that also. Ah one of my linger-nails is not quite the same as the others: look! but it seems to me that isn't too ugly."

And releasing my hand, I showed him little pink nail, a little squarer than the others, a very innocent eccentricity of nature. Raoul laughed and wanted to kiss it, but I drew away my hand.

I have also lost a wisdom-tooth, which is lost for ever, alas! So I can never be altogether wise. They took it out because it came too soon. Now, sir, it is your turn. Confess yourself."

Raoul, visibly embarrassed, remained

'Go on. Have a bit of courage. You may be quite easy. I shall not scold. I do not know your taults, but it is quite certain you have some. In the first place, you are near sighted, for you wear a monocle instead of an eye-glass. with which, it seems to me, you would see much better. Mamma says that glass causes you to make such fearful faces, but I don't think so. You please me as you are. However, take out the glass, so that I can see how you look

when your face isn't crooked." I had seized with a little gentle gesture the string of the monocle, when Raoul stopped my hand.

No, my little Angele, leave it there. Without it I should no longer see you. am near sighted, very near sighted, it is true; and I want to see you, Angele, for you are the joy of my eyes.

Then, before even I had time to think, he had taken me, drawn me to him and Covered my eyes and my hair with

Enough of that—if you please."

"Why naughty? Are you not my fiance—my darling little wife?"

"When I am your wife it will be quite different. Let me go. I will not remain.

different; let me go. I will not remain here; it is too dark under these trees." I had succeeded in releasing myself and holding down my hair, which, under those soft kisses, was flying in all directions as if charged with electricity. I escaped by running to the avenue. There was no longer any question of making Raoul confess; blushing vio-

lently I was thinking of quite different Datters.

gather up the reins, the horses pull to gether, the victoria sway; in a word, so bade my speaking. Mamma, however, as not to see they were taking him went quickly towards Justine. away from me.

Papa had gone with him to the station, while mamma and I breakfasted alone together. I was dismal in the ex-

Mamma ate as usual, which I couldn't understand; as for myself, I ate very little, just enough to sustain me, and even that with difficulty. Every mouthful stuck in my throat.
In the midst of the breakfast Justine

opened the door.
"Madame, Monsieur de Valente has

left his glass eye in his room. Shall it be sent to him?"

Had the heavens been opened to let fall on the table the sun and the moon, I couldn't have felt a greater shock. The end of the world will perhaps be nothing to equal it. I repeated with

"His glass eye, Justine?" "Yes, mademoiselle; it is on the wash-

Mamma grew pale, but remained

"Very well, Justine; you may leave the room. We will see if it is necessary to send it to him."

I had only two alternatives either to faint away or burst into convulsive solos. I chose the latter.

"Mamma, mamma, he has a glass eye? Good heavens, is it possible? How hor rible? I shall never console myself! I

shall die of grief!"

Calm yourself, my child, calm yourself. It is ridiculous to put yourself in such a state. This gentleman has deceived us; that is all. I always thought

he had rather a queer expression."

Mamma had risen and I was sobbing on her breast.
"Why did he not tell me? I, who had avowed all my own defects—the nail, the wisdom tooth and the anger—

all-everything! Dear me! how happy I am! And only last evening he had said, 'You are the joy of my eyes.' He should have said, 'You are the joy of my eye.' Ah, it is dreadful-dread-"Come; quiet down; don't cry like

that. I tell you it is ridiculous. Think no more about it; try to calm yourself. How unfortunate it is that things have gone so far? Only eight days before the wedding, and everything ready! Well, it is a good thing we found it out in time."

I hardly listened. One question burned in my throat.

" He has another eye to change with mamma, and this one which he has used is probably put in water to cool "

Mamma was horribly worried. I knew nothing whatever about it. I have never known any one intimately who had a glass eye and do not care to know how

She continues a little monologue all to herself: "It is pleasant. All this trousseau, marked with a V. We never will find the same initial again, and my husband will listen to no one else. He was charmed with this gentleman at first sight. The references were perfect; the Jesuit Fathers, his colonel, and every one. That is so like a man; one can never count on them. A pretty discovery indeed. I always thought there was something extraordinary about .. im; the individual never pleased me, and I was quite right."

I had raised my head; the vision of the glass eye gazing at me from the sows courtesy reaps friendship, and he depths of the washbasin still troubled who plants kindness reaps love. me profoundly. But another vision came also to my memory.

I saw again my fiancé, so good, so tender. I heard once again all our prospects for the future, all our plans made together, and suddenly it seemed to me to be last evening and a rain of kisses was falling on my hair. I had not told mamma about these kisses, but I felt that I loved Raoul with his one eye and that nothing would induce me to give him up. All my courage came back to

" Mamma, I am quite sure be lost that eve in some honorable, magnificent way; it is a wound of which he should be proud, in saving some one perhaps from a fire; in sacrificing himself, it is cer-tain—he is so good, he has such noble sentiments. I quite understand he would dislike confessing it."

"What do you say? Are you quite crazy? Do you think I am going to allow you to marry this man with such an infirmity? You, beautiful as you are and only seventeen, and with your fortune too? No, a thousand times no, my child. Do not forge yourself a romance of devotion and sacrifice; it is perfectly useless. I will never consent to your marriage with a man with one eye. Should he lose the other he would be quite blind, and how agreeable that would be!"

"But, mamma, I will be his faithful dog. I will lead him, I will take care of him and will ove him in spite of his infirmity, in spite of everything which inany evil or impure thought so much as terferes to separate us!"

I was in an extraordinary state of exaltation. My sobs began again harder than ever and did not promise soon to thrust it out, ere it is too late! Argue stop, when Justine re entered the room, her honest face showing every expression of astonishment and stupefaction.

"It isn't possible that mademoiselle it begone for ever. - Coulson Kernsban. can put herself in such a state because M. de Valente has forgotten his eye; at all events he can buy another if he needs it before this evening, and he won't throw himself in the river because

he hasn't that thing in his face." And Justine showed me, hanging delicately at the end of her fingers, Raoul's moncole that I knew so well, with its round glass encircled with tortoise shell, which seemed to me for the moment

IT DON'T PAY To buy drinks for the boys—it don't pay to buy drinks for yourself. It will pay to quit, but the trouble has been to do this. THE A. HUTION DIXON cure will absolutely remove all desire for liquor in a couple of days, so you can quit with-cut using any self-denial and nobody need know you are taking the medicine. You'll save money and gain in health and self-respect from the start. Medicine is pleasant to taste, and produces The next day he was gone. What a good appetite, refreshing sleep, steady nerves, and does not interfere with busifightful moment this departure? when, ness duties. Full particulars sealed. THE Buffalo, N.Y., and receive Dr. Pierce's standing on the fourth of the fourth

" Is that what you call a glass eye,

Justine?" Gertainly, madame. It seems to me that's the name for it. In any case it doesn't suit Monsieur Raoul, and mademoiselle would do well to give him spectacl s when they are married. It is strange to think that men of the present day think it pretty to look with one eye—like that; it must be very difficult to keep it in place. I should n ver know how." And Justine, with a comical grimace, stretching her mouth and turning up her nose, tried to introduce the monocle underneath her right eyebrow. I could contain myself no longer. My tears and sobs turned to

idiotic laughter-I was so content! so happy! It is now twenty five years since all that happened.

Recoil has been an excellent husband —quite as unendurable as that order of individual always is. He has worn spectacles now for a long time, and when he wishes to see anything looks with his two eyes. The monocle is buried in a bureau drawer. I keep it as a relic of tears and laughter, and shall will it to my grand children, if God gives me any. My daughters are en-gaged, and I have already told them that the alleys in the park are cold and dangerous in the evening! Each one has his turn in this world-life passes, and very soon there will be nothing left of our household but my fiance's glass eye .- From the French of Andre du Blaumont.

A COMMON EXPERIENCE.

Scene I.-Mr. Johnson is obliged to give up work, remain in the house and take care of himself on account of a dreadful scrofula sore on one of his limbs.

Scene II.-Mr. Johnson reads a testimonial which tells of scrofulous troubles cured by H.ad's Sarsaparilla. He resolves to try it, sends for a bottle and begins taking it.

Scene III -Mr. Johnson has taken six bottles of Had's Sarsavarilla. His scrofula sore is cured. He is feeling stronger, has a good appetite and is able to attend to his work. He writes a testimonial telling of his experience with Hood's Sarsaparilla, and recommends it to others.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

When in doubt, don't talk. Prosperity getteth friends, but advers-

ity tireth tuem.

Some people are proud of being proud, and some are proud of being humble.

Every man's character is what his thoughts are. "As a man thinketh, so To morrow cannot furnish an opportunity for the duty you should have done

to-day. M re people should rejoice that they don't get what they deserve instead of

complaining. It is only through some faults and mistakes that most of us rise to our best

and final character. The intellect is really a passive faculty

which is aroused to activity only by its appropriate object. A good deed is never lost; he who

The winter's frost must rend the burn of the nut before the fruit is seen; so adversity tempers the human heart, to dis-

cover its real worth. The mind is the man. If that be kept pure, a man signifies somewhat. If not. what difference is there between a man and a beast, save that the man has the greater power for the largest mischief?

Between the faculty apprehending and the object apprehended there must be a certain agreement. It so, religion cannot be learned simply as though it were a branch of impersonal science. Nor has it ever made converts by means of colorless, achromatic reasoning.-Wil-

liam Barry, D.D. Do your work wherever you are, and do it faithfully and well; and so contentedly that men will want you one step higher, and will call you up. When you get there work so thoroughly that they will want you still higher. The better you work the higher they will want you; higher, higher, higher,

Take courage, you who are fearful; the powerful Virgin who is the Mother of your Judge and your God is also the advocate of mankind-the skilful advo cate, who knows all the means of appeas ing the Lord; the universal advocate who sends no applicant away from her without having received some consolation.—St. Thomas of Villanova.

Foul Fancies.-In God's name, in the casts the shadow of its approaching presence on your soul, then in all the strength of your manhood, arise and not, delay not, listen not, but hurl the loathsome whisper from you as though it were some poisonous reptile, and bid

Centuries ago, people used to fear what they called the pestilence. "Black Death" was the most terrible thing in the world to them. They feared it as people now fear the Cholera and Yellow Fever. And yet there is a thing that causes more misery and more deaths than any of these. It is so common that nine-tenths of all the sickness in the world is traceable to it. It is merely that simple, common thing constipation. It makes people listless, causes dizziness, headaches, loss of appetite, loss of sleep, foul breath and distress after eating. The little help needed is furnished by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. One pill is a gentle laxative and two a mild cathartic. Once used, always in favor. If you are careless enough to let an unscrupulous druggist sell you something on which he makes more money, it's your own fault if you do not get well. Be sure and get Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

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Montreal, 27th September, 1897. 11-6

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Buffalo, N.Y., and receive Dr. Pierce's their value. If we have not thereby at their value. If we have not their value is the not their value. If we have not their value is the not their value is the not their value. If we have not their value is the not their value is the not their value. If we have not their value is the not their value is the not their value. If we have not their value is the not their value is the not their value is the not their value. If we ha

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IN LIGHTER VEIN.

There is a cockney youth, who, every

time he wishes to get a glimpse at his sweetheart, cries, "Fire" directly under

tore where a smart young man, who

had tong been enamoured, but dare not

speak, stood behind the counter, selling

goods. In order to remain as long as

Willie: Give me a fistful of raisins

Mamma: Take a fistful yourself,

Willie: Ah, your fist is larger.

First Stranger: It seems to me I have

seen your face before.
Se ond Stranger: Quite likely. That's

James Fox: Ob, 1 don't quite see it.

She could not be a fireman or a police-

Mrs. Bowles: Why not an auctioneer,

Mrs. B.: Whatever anything will do,

you must remain inside to day and look

after the children. There is a beautiful

Mistress: Not going to marry that sweep after all, Jane? Why, I thought it was all settled.

Jane: So it was, mum: but the fact is

saw him with a clean face for the first

time last night, and I can't marry him. You've no idea how ugly he is when he

Photographer: Six shillings, madam,

Fond Mother: Don't be rude, sir; this

She leaves the shop in a terrible tem-

Deacon Hasbeen (laying down his paper): I have just been reading that

alcohol will remove grass stains from

Mrs. Hasbeen (severely); There you go

again, Jason, trying to find some excuse

for tippling. Just remember that you have no grass stains in your stomach.

Break it Slowly—Young Woman (to telegraph clerk): Sir, do me the favor to

wire to my sweetheart that mother is ill,

but wire a bit slowly please, so as not to

Parent: Who is the laz'est boy in your

class, Johnny?
Johnny—I don't know.
Parent: Then you ought to know.

When all the others are industriously

writing or studying their lessons, who is

he that sits idly in his seat and watches

An amusing story is told about a pro-

fessor. The learned gentleman has a

wife and family, but, professorlike, his

One evening his wife, who had been

out for some hours, returned to find the

house remarkably quiet. She had left

the children playing about, but now they

She demanded to be told what had

become of them and the professor ex-

plained that as they had made a good

deal of noise he had put them to bed

without waiting for her or calling a

"I hope they gave you no trouble,"

"No," replied the professor, "with the

exception of the one in the cot here. He

objected a good deal to my undressing him and putting him to bed."

The wife went to inspect the cot.

Why," she exclaimed, "that's little

STRENGTH HAS RETURNED.

"My whole system was run down. I

was so weak I could scarcely get around

to do my work. I finally began to take

Hood's Sarsaparilla and after using five

bottles I found that my strength had re-

turned and my appetite was better. I now feel as strong as ever." MRS. KELLEY, 9 Wellington Avenue, Toronto,

Hood's Pills cure nausea, sick head-

Johnny Green from next door."

thoughts are always with his books.

the rest instead of working himself?

the most delicate fabric.

frighten him so badly.

Johnny: The teacher.

were nowhere to be seen.

she said.

Photographer: I mean, ma'am-

but I make a reduction on a dozen.

is my first.

man or-or-an-auctioneer.

ing if you were not so dear,"

mamma.

where I carry it.

as men.

pray?

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her window. In the alarm of the moment she plunges her head out of the window and asks, "Where?" Then he poetically slaps himself on the bosom, and exclaims: "Fre. my Hangelina." 1. P. CONROY (Late with Paddon & Nicholson) 228 Centre Street.

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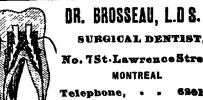
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