DE

Christmas Day. (Uncle Seth loquitur.)

A good old-rashioned Chris'mas, with the logs upon the hearth.
The table filled with feasters, an' the room a-ror 'ith mirth.
With the stockin's cranned to bu'stin', and the medders piled 'ith snow—
A good old-ashloned Chris'mas like we had so long ago!

Mow that's the thing I'd like to see ag'in afor But Chris'mas in thecity here-it's different, oh With the crowded hustle bustle of the slushy, noisy stret.

An' the scowl upon the faces of the strangers that you meet.

Oh, there's buyin', plenty of it, of a lot of gorgeons toys:

An' it takes a mint of money to please modern girls and boys.

Why, I mind the time a jack knife an' a toffylump for me Made my little heart an'stockin' jus' chock-full o' Chris'mas glee.

An'there's feastin'. Think o' feedin' with these stuck-ap city folk!
Why, ye have to speak in whispers, an' ye dar'sn't crack a joke.
Then remember how the tables looked all crowded with your kin.
When you couldn't hear a whistle blow across the merry din!

You see I'm so old-fashioned like I don't care much for style. And to eat your Chris'mas banquets here I wouldn't go a mile; I'd rather have, like Solomon, a good yarbdinner set
With real old friends than turkle soup with all
the nobs you'd get.

There's my next door neighbor Gurley—fancy how his brows 'u'd lift
If I'd holler, 'Merry Chris'mas! Caught, old fellow, Chris'mas gift?"
Lordy-Lord, I'd like to try it! Guess he'd nearly have a lit.
Hang this city stiffness, anyways, I can't get used to it.

Then your heart it kept a-swellin'

bu'st your side,
An' by night your jaws were achin' with your
smile four inches wide.
An' your enemy, the wo' one, you just grab
his hand an' say:
"Mebbe both of us was wrong, John.
let's shake. It's Christmas Day."

Mighty little Chris'mas spirit seems to dwell 'tween city walls, Where each snow-flake brings a soot-flake for a brother as it falls: Mighty little Chris'mas spirit: An' I'm pinin', don't you know,
For a good old-fashioned Chris'mas like we had
so long ago.

Alice Williams Broth

LILY LASS.

By JUSTIN HUNTLEY MCCARTHY, M. P.

PROLOGUE BY GEOFFREY LONGSTAFF. OF NEW YORK, AUTHOR.

CHAPTER VI.

MACMURCHAD S MESSAGE.

When Mr. Geraldine returned to the Crown some time later, he found Lilias and Lord Mountmarvel sitting together talking. The young man rose and saluted the elder gracefully.

"I meant to pay you an early visit," he said; "but if I was early, you were earlier still."

"Where have you been, Edward?" asked Lilias, with a pretty peremptor iness which made Mr. Geraldine smile and which Mountmarvel found ador

"Where have I been? Where have I not been? In Cloud-cuckoo-town in Cockaigne, in Land East of the Sun and West of the Moon; where you will so that the place be marvellous. have been feasting with mine enemy that is, I have been beneath the roof of

"Of a rebel?" Lilias and my lord questioned in chorus.

"Ay, lady, 'twas my word," Mr. Geraldine responded, 'semi-tragically. "I have found a feudal castle standing in the slums. It is called the Red Tower, and is owned by a rebel with an ancient name and a pedigree dating from the days of Lady Ceasair, who, it seems, colonized Ireland before the

Mountmarvel's face darkened, as it always did when one man's name came into his mind, and with the sullen look, the fitful fleeting resemblance to the dead and gone Hell-Fire, his forefather downstairs, came out strongly, and startled Lilias.

"That madman, MacMurchad!" said. "Have you found out his den already?"

Turning to the girl, who looked be wildered, Mountmarvel explained some what incoherently.

"The fellow you saw in the street yesterday. A beastly hole that I wouldn't house a dog in. Ought to have been clapped in gaol long ago. tumbledown, draughty pig-stye without a roof." Nonsense, nonsense," Mr. Geral-

dine laughingly interposed, "The pig-stye, as you call it, is a most picturesque and comfortable heirloom, with a very excellent roof, I can swear to it, for I saw as fair a view as ever my eves wish to see from it not an hou As for its master, he may be a rebel, but he is a courteous and accomplished gentleman, and I am, in some ense, his accomplice in rebellion, for I am the bearer of a message from If Mr. Geraldine had announced

him as plenipotentiary extraordinary from the Prince of the Power of the Air, his statement could scarcely have pleased Mountmarvel less.
"My dear Mr. Geraldine," he pro-

tested, "you are a stranger here. Let me beg of you not to mix yourself up in any way with ruffians like MacMur-

Mr. Geraldine surveyed the young man composedly, and answered drily You need not be alarmed for me I shall steer clear of treason-felony.

Here Lilias interrupted impatiently "But the message, Edward, the message.

"No such alarming matter. Simply

that there is to be a public meeting at the hall yonder this evening, and Mr. MacMurchad has kindly given me

you will go, Edward. Can I come too?" These were the words of Lilias. "I certainly mean to go," Mr. Ger-aldine said, answering both at once. aldine said, answering both at once. I am a citizen of the world, and think nothing human foreign to me. You can come if you like, Lily Lass; ladies

attend these meetings."
"Ladies!" Mountmarvel sniffed,

"When you are as old as I am," Mr. Geraldine gravely retorted, "you will know that a man may be a gentleman and a woman a lady even though they had the misfortune to differ in opinion from you.'

The grey eyes of Lilias flashed gratefully at Edward Geraldine. Mountmarvel flushed hotly, opened his mouth-and then did the wisest thing he could do under the circumstances closed it again, and said nothing. Lilias spoke. "Of course, I want to come, Edward.

When is it? "Eight o'clock. We will go across

after dinner.

Lord Mountmarvel had already settled to his own satisfaction the problem as to whether Lilias Geraldine was or was not, strictly speaking, a pretty girl. He had decided that she was very pretty. Now, he wondered how he could ever have doubted the fact as he gazed admiringly at the lithe young figure, and the fair young face faintly colored with excitement, and the grey eyes shining.

One of Mountmarvel's courtly ances tha tone, say, who smirked uncoffee-ro ..., would have at once paid Miss Geraldine a world of high-heeled compliments in which the whole heathen mythology tripped itself up in

riotous jostle of comparison. Lord Mountmarvel had not the mode his last-century ancestors; but he paid as high a compliment to Lilias Geraldine's pretty face as if he had prattled about a whole pantheon when he announced his intention of accompanying her and Mr. Geraldine to the meeting.

"I shall regard myself in the light of a country-irritant," he said, laughing, "and prevent you both from becoming too deeply inoculated with the poison of sedition. They say this MacMurchad has a tongue which would tempt the devil. If you will let me stop to dinner I shall consider myself 'ie most favored of self-invited

So it was settled, and a little before eight all three quitted the Crown, and crossed the street towards the open doors of the Desmond Confederate Club, into which already a number of persons were making their way.

Mr. Geraldine's tickets were for a

few reserved seats in the front of the rest, and in a few minutes Lilias found herself seated between Mr. Geraldine and Lord Mountmarvel in the front row, quite close to the platform, and surveying with keen interest the strangely unfamiliar scene. Although it still wanted some time

of the hour for which the meeting was summoned, the body of the hall was beginning to be thronged with people. The hall itself was a bare, bleak, barrack-like place; the cold monotony of its white-washed wails only slightly relieved by a few green flags bearing

At the far end was a platform with chairs and a table also covered with green cloth. A few persons sitting on the platform, surveying the body of the hall with that curiously constrained air of assumed indifference which the earliest occupants of a plat form invariably put on pending the arrival of the orators of the occasion.

CHAPTER VII.

EVIL TIDINGS.

Lord Mountmarvel was whispering some contemptuous comment on the place and its people into the ear of Lilias, when her attention, diverted for a moment from the platform, was rapidly recalled to it by the loud applause of those who occupied it, ap plause which was taken up and echoed in deafening volume by the great crowd that now thronged the hall and filled its every available inch of sitting or standing room.

Murrough MacMurchad had just made his appearance on the platform, accompanied by Brian Fermanagh and half a dozen friends. He bowed slightly to the plaudits of the hall, and sat down near the table. His dark eyes, wandering over the audience, smiled recognition as they met Mr. Geraldine's gaze, and flashed for a moment angrily as they saw Lord Mountmarvel. Then they rested on Lilias, and a look of sudden interest quickened them into unusual brightness. The next instant they surveyed the whole audience with the calm, impassive, far-away look which was most familiar to them.

The routine proceedings incidental to all meetings were meantime being hurried through, little heeded Lilias, whose interest in the novel scene was entirely absorbed in the attraction of the Young Irelander's dark, melancholy face.

Brian Fermanagh was moved into the chair; some letters, to which nobody paid much attention, were read over by the secretary of the Desmond Confederate Club; the minutes of a preceding meeting were mumbled over,

and solemnly signed by the chairman. There was a moment's pause, and then Brian Fermanagh, rising to his feet, said that it would be needless for him to waste the time of the assembly with any preliminary utterances, and

got up, and, moving towards the table, stood facing his supporters with his right hand resting lightly on the green flag with the uncrowned harp of gold

which covered it

Every man in the assemblage sprang to his feet waving his hat and shouting himself hoarse. Lilias, half startled by the sudden tumult, looked for a moment away from the platform and glanced round upon the crowd about

In that glance she saw one thing, and one thing only, out of all the med-ley of moving, shouting, shrieking humanity—a girl's face gazing up in-tently at the Young Irelander with a look which the quick eyes of another woman were able to read only too

The girl was young and beautiful, with the antique beauty of the Celt. The pale, proud face, the dark, passion-ate eyes, the braids of hair blacker the pate, the braids of hair blacker than midnight, were all characteristics of an ancient Irish type. Women of that type trod the old paths between the Athenian olive-trees, and moved amid the arbutus groves of Eryx. Women of that type are to be found to-day on the slopes of Pentelicus, in the valleys of the Parnes range, and be neath the orange-trees of Parthenope to prove the common bond of Grecian blood among the Irish race and the

dwellers by the Tyrrhene Sea.

Lilias, as she looked, could scarcely restrain an involuntary cry of admiration at the girl's beauty; a moment more and she resented the vague pang with which she followed the direction of those dark eyes and saw them rest

on MacMurchard. MacMurchad appeared to be wholly unaware of that fixed gaze. His eyes were looking across the audience far into the distant corner of the hall.

The pang which had annoyed Lilias was succeeded by a yet more unreasonable throb of pleasure as she perceived the indifference of the Young Irelander to the bright eyes that ardently upon him. Then the throb of pleasure was followed by a thrill of oity as Lilias saw how eagerly the face of Fermanagh was turned in the direction of the girl, and the pained lines about his mouth and eves as he noted how her eyes were riveted on the face of his friend.

"Here is a tragedy to begin with, Lilias thought to herself, and at that moment MacMurchad began to speak, and Lilias forgot the girl and Fermanagh and everything else except the charm of the speaker's voice and the marvellous magic of his words.

MacMurchad spoke slowly and quietly at first, with full, grave enunciation that reached the farthest ears as easily as those which hearkened to him in his immediate neighborhood.

It is no part of my purpose to give here the speech which Murrough Mac-Murchad made that day. The very words lie before me as I write, lie before me in the slip of yellowed paper and faded print, a cutting from the report of the local paper which I found carefully preserved among the contents of Fermanagh's box. Who shall say how the hot words which then burned their way like flame into the hearts and of his hearers might show,

copied out coldly here by me.

Burning words they were, which
stir my tamed, elderly blood as I read them, and bring so vividly before my Trans-atlantic eyes the crowded hall and the faces I never saw—the faces of that wild young speaker, and his fast friend and the two fair women who watched him so eagerly.

Words of flame they seemed to mos men there, who hung upon them as upon the utterances of a prophet. Words of flame they seemed to Lilias, as she listened with clasped hands and as she listened with clasped hands and beating heart to the impetuous flood of the young man's elegonous flood of

the young man's eloquence.

MacMurchad talked of the theme which then were agitating all men's minds with the wealth of language, the almost gorgeous grace of words, and the glowing passion which the Young Irelanders drew from the foun-

In the pause that followed upon the applause that succeeded to some fiery appeal to the old traditions and the new hopes of the race, Mountmarvel whispered sneeringly into the ear of

Lilias.
"The fellow gets every line of this Lilias gave her companion an angry flash of scorn, which brought a smile to Mountmarvel's thin lips. moment an odd chance gave MacMur-chad the opportunity of refuting the charge which unknown to him had been just made against him.

He was speaking of the dangers of the movement, and as he paused for a moment for breath, from the back of the hall, far away, a voice-the voice of an old woman, as it seemed-cried out to him in clear, shrill tones.

"Well. God bring you safe, any how. There was a second of dead silence. MacMurchad glanced with flashing eyes in the direction from which the proceeded, and then in loud, unfaltering tones answered the words

of his well-wisher. 'A far better prayer would be, God bring the cause safe,' for the prisons in which men suffer and the graves in which they lie are but the landmarks of that eternal cause which with us has had thus far only its mis sionaries and its martyrs, but which will yet, I hope and firmly believe, have its heroes and its kings."

e hall yonder this evening, and Mr. acMurchad has kindly given me ckets."

"Of course you won't dream of bing?" This was from Mountmarel.

"Oh, how delightful! Of course of the hall, growing louder and wilder as Murrough MacMurchad to address them."

"Oh, how delightful! Of course of the hall, growing louder and wilder as Murrough MacMurchad to address them."

"Nine Long Years.

Mrs. John McLean writes from Barrie Island, Ont., March 4, 1889, as follows: "I have been a great sufferer from neuralgia for the last nine years, but, being advised to try St. Jacobs Oil, can now heartily endorse it as being a most excellent remedy for this complaint, rs I have been greatly benefited by its use.

Under cover of the rapturous applause which greeted these gallant words, Lilias leaned a little towards Mountmarvel and asked him softly, "Was that prepared? Was that a parrot's echo?"

Mountmarvel, with a somewhat annoyed expression on his face, was about to answer, but what he was going to say was lost for Lilias by a

new cause for excitement and wonder. On the platform just behind MacMurchad a young man, pale and excited, had forced his way, and regardless of the protestations of many on the platform, pushed towards the chairman, and caught him by the arm hastily

Fermanagh looked up in surprise, saw the pallid face and wild eyes above him, listened to some words hurriedly whispered by the newcomer, and grew pale himself.

There was some excitement among the audience at the colloquy between Fermanagh and the stranger. Mac-Murchad perceived that something had happened, but he went on composedly, until Farmanagh leaning forward, caught him by the arm. He turned round, saw Fermanagh's troubled face. and leaning down, listened to the hurried words of his friend.

As he listened, Lılias, eagerly watching the strange scene, saw his dark face grow pale too, and his mouth and eyes stern

this time the excitement in the audience had greatly increased. Every man saw that something unwonted had occurred; no one knew what; and the hum of wondering voices rose high, and those who stood

in the back part of the hall began to sway uneasily, pressing upon those who sat or stood in front,

MacMurchad drewhimself up from his hurried conference with Fermanagh, and advanced again to the front of the platform. Immediately the tumult stopped, and intense eager quiet folowed. Lilias held her breath in painful expectation. There was something ominous in this unexpected interruption; in the startled faces on the plat-form; in the set passion of MacMur-

chad's features. For a few seconds MacMurchad stood facing the hushed crowd. Twice he made as if to speak, twice his lips failed him; and the seconds seemed every expectant being in that hall to lapse by with the awful length of centuries.

Then MacMurchad spoke, and his

vords fell like the tidings of doom upon his hearers. "John Mitchel has been sentenced

to penal servitude. He sailed from Dublin yesterday. There was no attempt at rescue

CHAPTER VIII.

A DISAGREEABLE FPISODE.
As the words fell from MacMurchad's lips the audience remained for another breathing - space absolutely silent. Then from almost every man and almost every woman in the hall broke ut a wild, plaintive, passionate cry, like the cry the mourners utter when they keen for the dead.

The wail lasted but a little time, and

then it died down again into silence, as the fire dies down from its fierce flames into a sullen glow.

So silent did the hall become that Mountmarvel's voice was heard dis-tinctly in almost every part of it, although he was hardly speaking louder than his wont, and was quite unconscious of speaking any louder.

It is the way of mankind when it opens its mouth in the midst of tumult unconsciously to pitch its tones a note or two higher than its ordinary, and this was what Mountmarvel, somewhat unfortunately for himself, had done.

Heaven be praised !"

He was saying it to Mr. Geraldine. half jestingly, half seriously. He had not intended that any one should hear it but him. He had thought-so far as he thought about his word at all—that they would be covered by the clamor tain of the Girondists, and in which they so far surpassed their masters. clear, almost shrill voice to be distinctly heard by those about him, and even by some who were far from him.

The moment he had spoken he saw what a mistake he had made—saw it in the looks of fury in the faces near to him, saw it in the hands that were raised at once in menace.

A man immediately behind Mount-

narvel reached out and caught him by the collar of his coat. The young lord tried unsuccessfully

to shake off his assailant.
"What did you say?" the man demanded, in a voice hoarse with pas-

Mountmarvel cursed himself in-

wardly for his folly. He experienced no sense of fear for himself, only of alarm for his companions, whom his ill-timed comment had compromised, and of annoyance at the somewhat ridicuous figure which, according to his deas, he would be likely to cut before them in engaging in an altercation in such a place and with such people.

"What did you say?" his captor asked again, shaking him angrily;

and "What did you say?" was echoed by half a score of voices about him. Men were standing up in all parts of the hall.

Those who were nearest to Mount marvel began to close in ominously around him. Mountmarvel was a brave man Mountmarvel was strong.

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With an angry wrench he tore himself free from the clutch of his ques-tioner, and, looking straight into the

fierce eyes, answered,
"I said there is one more of the damned rebels gone. What have you

to say to me?' Instantly the man who had asked the question struck savagely at Mount-marvel. Mountmarvel was quick and skilful, and he parried the blow.

Then he stood for a second on the de fensive, cool and cautious, waiting for what would happen next.

Geraldine sprang to his feet and stood beside the young man, trying to interpose, urging patience.

Lilias was on her feet too, facing the crowd. She was very pale, but she did not scream, and she did not feel alarmed. She was not sorry for Mountwhose cruel comment had angered her; she was only interested, and intensely excited.

The scene she was looking at was more attractive than anything in a play, and she enjoyed it as fully, quite unconscious of or quite indifferent to The hall was full of tumult. Half a

marvel. Mr. Geraldine was flung aside to reel against the platform gasping for breath.

Lilias herself was in some danger from the men who, in their eagerness to get hold of Mountmarvel, hustled

dozen men had closed in upon Mount

er unintentionally aside. All this was the work of half a doze

As the girl staggered about to fall he seemed to hear a loud voice over head shouting some words of stern command to the surging crowd. Two men leaped lightly down from the platform. One flung himself into the crowd that surrounded Mountmarvel. The other sprang to the side of Lilias. The next moment a strong arm caught her up and drew her aside out of the whirlpool of angry fighting humanity. and placed her by Mr. Geraldine side in safety.

It was MacMurchad. He turned angrily upon Mountmar-vel's assailants, shouting to them to stand aside; and when his command was not obeyed, he pushed himself into the midst of them, where Brian Fermanagh already was shielding Lord Mountmarvel from the blows that were aimed at him, and endeavoring to bring his antagonists to reason.

Those who saw MacMurchad gave

way; but some of those who were nearest to Mountmarvel either did not recognize him, or were too wild with fury to heed anything but the imme diate object of their vengeance. MacMurchad looked round angrily

and saw behind him the fantasti figure of his follower smiling in grim enjoyment of the tumult.
"Bring that man out, Cormac," he

cried, and in another moment the herculean dwarf had forced himself into the centre of the struggle-had flung half a dozen strong men to left and right as if they were playthings, and had caught the form of Mountmar vel in his arms.

Not a moment too soon! Though Mountmarvel was a strong, vigorous, trained athlete, he was no match for the men who had assailed him, and he was badly bruised and well-nigh fainting when Cormac lifted him lightly to his shoulder and carried him, as easily as he would have carried a child, on to the platform.

MacMurchad and Fermanagh stood side by side, between the dwarf and Mountmarvel's furious assailants. the men recognized MacMurchad now. and, though they were numerous enough to have swept him and his friend aside, they reverenced the young leader too highly to dream of doing this. So they kept their ground and par

leved. "Don't stand in the way of us

Master Macmurchad," said one. "An' sure you would not be saving the Saxon?" said another, in plaintive expostulation, while angry voices from behind shouted angry threats, and urged those in front forward.

"The man who strikes at him," said MacMurchad, "must strike me down first. He came here alone; he shall go hence in safety. It shall not be said of us that if the stranger was lacking in courtesy we were weak enough to heed his insults, or to avenge them. Let every man leave the hall at once The bad news we have received to-day calls for the deepest deliberation and the most careful counsel. Let every man be ready! Let no man be rash! CHAPTER IX.

AN ECCENTRIC INTRODUCTION.

The commanding tones of MacMurchad's voice influenced the crowd every man in which recognized in MacMurchad a leader for whom he would have given his life. So with a little grumbling and with some angry glances towards the platform, where Mountmarvel had now struggled to his feet, the crowd slowly moved out of the door and into the street beyond. MacMurchad turned and addressed himself to Mr. Geraldine, who was standing by the side of Lilias.

"I hope," he said, "that your daughter has not been hurt," and as he spoke he cast an anxious glance on Lilias's pale face, which brought a faint color into her cheeks and the CONTINUED ON THIRD PAGE.

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from dyspepsia than Mr. E. A. McMahon, well known grocer of Staunton, Va. He says "Before 1878 I was in excellent health, weigh

In gover 200 pounds. In that year an ailment developed into acute dyspepsia, and soon I was reduced to 162 pounds, suffering burning sensations in the tomach, palpitation of the heart, nausea, and indigestion. I could not sleep, lost all heart in my work, had fits of melancholia, and or days a time I would have released. for days at a time I would have welcomed death. I became morose, sullen and irritable, and for eight years life was a burden. I tried

and for eight years life was a burden. I tried many physicians and many remedies. One day a workman employed by me suggested that I take Sarsapaith had Suffering rilla, as cured his dyspepsia. I did so, and before taking the whole of a bottle I began to feel like a new man. The terrible pains to which I had been subjected ceased, the palpitation of the heart subsided, my stomach became easier, nausea disapmy stomach became easier, nausea disappeared, and my entire system began to tone up. With returning strength came activity of mind and body. Before the fifth bottle was taken

I had regained my former weight and natural condition. I am today well and I ascribe it.

on. I am today well and I ascribe it to taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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