

AN ELECTION, And What Came of It.

Boyle Fanning had all his life been too busy making money to bother much with politics. It flattered him, however, when one day some one mentioned his name for the legislature. The suggestion spread with favor. All agreed that he was rich, shrewd, benevolent, respectable; his little cotton mill had fed many a wage-earning family. . . .

there's more money in it for me, and the Lord knows I need all that is rightly coming my way. I intended to help Mr. Fanning, I say, but it is different now. I see that he's trying to injure me. Well, let him go on; he shall find out that others can strike back, and in an effective way. . . .

turn moods felt that the real key-stone was absent from the archway. It had been his custom all through his student years to pay the Fannings a neighborly visit on returning from college. In the present instance he was in a dilemma, as to what course to pursue, but after deliberating the pros and cons he determined to make the usual call just as if nothing had transpired to alter the former relations. . . .

piece of goods! And, oh, my couldn't he carry a jag when he wanted to! He's been in the legislature for the past three years. He told me of a little game he had to put up to get the job. . . .

extraordinary success at the great Metropolitan. Hitherto he had begrudged the young man even the gerund of legitimate success, but now all at once the thought of that success seemed to Boyle Fanning a source of extreme satisfaction. . . .

but there'll be none of these fannings with the rice bags, I assure you! . . .

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Boyle Fanning was deeply mortified to see his honored name made sport of. He at once withdrew from the contest. The speech of Sheriff Killowen wounded his proud and sensitive nature, and Fanning knew in his heart that he had done nothing to deserve such treatment or bring upon himself terms of disrespect and opprobrium. . . .

The local journal chuckled with ghoulish hilarity next morning. The main great starting headlines read: "Triumph for Clean Politics. Fanning withdraws because beaten?" This was an additional insult which Mr. Fanning laid at the door of the sheriff, and which besides he was inclined to condone or forgive. . . .

John Killowen had looked forward with great eagerness to the closing of his academic year, and his entrance into a new life. When, however, the day came for his graduation from the law school, it seemed as if the very bottom had fallen out of all his hopes and aspirations. . . .

Now that he thought of it, his youthful career was studded with bright memories of Agatha Fanning. Her name and her image figured in some vague way in his earliest dreams and his loftiest ambitions. . . .

The young barrister returned home to Hostonville much talked about; much welcomed, much lionized; there was no question about the general esteem in which his native city held him. . . .

What a splendid office for you, two fine rooms up on High street. I had them saved for you. They're beautiful! . . .

"Why, of course, you'll set up here! Where else would you go? You've got a magnificent prospect here—a chance in a thousand! Think of all your many friends! . . .

"Where will you go?" "New York. I'm filled with young lawyers who are struggling and starving. . . .

Bobby Lawrence was on his way to spend Christmas with his former guardian, Father Hannan of Hostonville. He had passed most of the journey playing a hand of poker in the smoking car, but as the train was beginning to approach his destination, Bobby left the party of players and went into a rear car to assemble his valises. . . .

"Well, how are you, Bobby? Still on the Press?" "Yes; still reporting, Jack. . . .

It was Christmas eve. The great towering church of St. Clare at Hostonville was a sublime scene in the noonday of that momentous night, its lofty interior flooded with the splendor of a thousand lights, its sanctuary resplendent with the sweet fragrance of rising incense, its lofty arches reverberating with the joyous re-echoing of the "Adeste Fideles." . . .

At the close of the Midnight Mass Boyle Fanning, who had been present all through the solemn service, went over to kneel down in front of the little crib at the side altar, and make there an act of thanksgiving to Almighty God. . . .

Suddenly now, however, as he glanced at John Killowen, Boyle Fanning seemed to feel that something cold and dark was slipping away from his bosom. . . .

IF INTERESTED. If interested in children you are interested in Scott's Emulsion. As a remedy for consumption and other forms of lung and throat diseases Scott's Emulsion has won such fame that its value as a children's medicine is sometimes forgotten. . . .

But notice—that for rickets, scrofula, tubercular disease, whooping cough, St. Vitus's dance, coughs and colds—Scott's Emulsion has a direct effect. Food and medicine all in the same dose. . . .

One rare day in June, two years later, Bobby Lawrence, finding himself in the neighborhood of Hostonville, decided to run over and pay an unexpected visit to his old guardian. The morning was bright and inviting so he scattered on leisurely foot towards the rector's home. . . .

"I've arrived at the wrong moment," murmured Bobby to himself, "may the Lord preserve us from a good man's wrath! It comes like the thunderbolt, but why, when and where, no man may say. . . .

"I have mighty good reason to be troubled. Just look at that hand in a gesture of disgust. The fingers were parted like claws. Bobby looked as he was hidden, scrutinizing chancel, ceiling, and windows, then he turned in vacant silence to the priest. . . .

"What's the matter with it, Father Hannan?" replied Bobby faintly, for, do his best, Bobby, though he looked and looked, could discover nothing. . . .

"But, father, there are some of them that have trouble enough to raise it as it is. Well, there'll be another wedding here to-morrow. . . .

The Shepherd Water. Far away in round about Bet herds were watching the valleys the all that those who sat which were used for in the midmountain mountain summits and here and there branches were descending. . . .

St. Croix Soap Mfg. Co., ST. STEPHEN, N. B. SURPRISE SOAP A Pure Hard Soap. Like you, Sarah, the strange unrest feared to speak of. I observed this morning on the trees. . . .

Accountant and Liquidator. 180 ST. JAMES STREET, Montreal. Telephone 1182. Fifteen years' experience in connection with the liquidation of Private and Insolvent Estates. Auditing Books and preparing Annual Reports for private firms, and public corporations a specialty.

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