

Nor was she disappointed, for the lady now said, "I seem to know your face, but I do not think you were here last Sunday; perhaps you have been in before?"

"No, they brought me here Monday night, but I remember you, too," replied Dorothy shyly; "you spoke to me at the corner close by the Red Lion, and told me 'twasn't a place to wait."

"Well, I was right, was I not?" returned the lady gently; "if you had gone home when I spoke to you, this sad accident would not have happened, and you would not be lying here now, suffering all this pain."

"I like to be lying here, and my arm doesn't hurt much now," said Dorothy, wistfully; but Mrs. Carey, though the words and tone in which they were uttered interested her, had not time then for a longer talk, and with a nod and smile, hurried away, much to Dorothy's disappointment.

The next Sunday and the next, however, she stood by her bedside, and she soon gathered that the gipsy girl was very dissatisfied with her way of life, and was ready to change it.

The girl's looks and manners had both attracted her strongly, and she felt very much inclined to try to help her, while she recognised all the difficulty of doing so very clearly.

When she said a few words to her of the delights of service, of the pleasure of learning, to do something useful, Dorothy's face lighted up with eagerness and she said she wanted so much "to live in a house," but she was so ignorant of everything to do with home life that Mrs. Carey felt doubtful if she at all understood what service would require of her, and whether she would be really ready to submit to its restrictions.

With her hair up she looked many years older than she really was, and when Mrs. Carey found she was not yet fourteen she felt all the more doubtful of the wisdom of interfering, and was afraid of saying too much, or by her notice raising hopes which might only be disappointed.

She had, however, a friend who was interested in a training home for young servants, and she felt that if she could get the poor little gipsy into it she might give her at least a chance. She first set herself to find out whether Lily Lovell would be received into the Home, and here difficulties met her at once; a gipsy girl would be sure to give endless trouble, and no doubt in the end, after all this had been taken, would prove incorrigible.

At last Mrs. Carey's personal influence overcame this difficulty, and as she was ready to guarantee the annual payment, she felt already as if she had taken a responsibility on her shoulders which might weigh heavily, when she remembered that she had still to gain the parents' consent, for without it she could do nothing.

With some qualms still troubling her as to whether she were doing a wise thing, but with thoughts turning often with sympathy to the poor girl's pleading eyes, and enumerating to herself all the good she had heard of her at the hospital, for Dorothy had become a great favorite with the nurses, Mrs. Carey now made her way to the gipsy encampment.

Nance was out, but Joe was lounging at the door enjoying his pipe; he had been very furious at Missie's resistance to his will, and hardly a day had passed without his torturing Nance's loving heart with threats of what he would do if her foster-child did not obey him in the future.

He was very angry and also very alarmed when Mrs. Carey explained to him her mission, and offered to take charge of his daughter Lily for the future, and have her trained for service. He was cunning enough, however, to know that by appearing a cruel father he might enlist further sympathy in her favour which might prove inconvenient, so he answered with some civility that he could not and would not part with her; she was useful to him and to her mother; there was blind Jenny to be looked after.

Mrs. Carey argued with him bravely for some minutes, pointing out the great advantages he was throwing away for his child, but the longer she talked the more surly he grew, and at last she was obliged to give up her attempt to persuade him, remembering that one of the difficulties made at the home had been that such parents, even if they consented to part with a child at first, would

be almost sure to cause great trouble and annoyance in the future.

She felt very glad that she had said nothing of her project to Lily, as she had learnt to call her, so she would be spared what might have been a great disappointment, and she felt almost glad to remember that every one at the hospital knew she was to be away for some weeks, so the poor girl would have left it probably before she returned, and she would not have the pain of looking at her again and knowing that she could do nothing to help her, while she wondered more than ever at her grace and refinement as she thought of this surly though somewhat picturesque-looking father.

She tried to remember all the girl had told her of her own people, but she had not been very communicative, and it was this very reticence which had helped to impress Mrs. Carey with the sense of her innate superiority to her surroundings; she had had a brother who had died, of whom she had spoken with intense affection and regret. "It was all different now Jem was dead," she had explained as if in excuse for her discontent, and she had talked of "Mother" as if she loved her; blind Jenny was, of course, the child she had first seen her with; she could not remember her mentioning her father, so Mrs. Carey put away all her regretful thoughts of the gipsy girl, and started on a long round of visits, telling herself cheerfully that she had done her best and failed; after all she might have had infinite trouble and disappointment had she succeeded; very little could be expected from a girl brought up in a gipsy van.

Dorothy knew that the lady who spoke so kindly to her was not coming again, and was full of an undefined feeling of disappointment; it was true she had promised no help, but she had spoken to her as if she disapproved of her present life; surely she would help her to another. When this hope had vanished she turned again to her dreams; some day she would go to Scotland and find out who she really was, but then was she the baby who had been saved by old Rover?

For three weeks she had seen nothing of Nance and had almost ceased to expect her, when she came leading in Jenny, who looked, if possible, more wretched than ever; the sight of her foster-mother, who appeared ill and disheartened, brought back all the misery of their life keenly, and her own spirits began to fail; she had promised Jem to take care of his mother.

To be Continued.

Toronto Conservatory of Music.

The audience at the organ recital on Saturday afternoon was, as usual, large, and the performance fully sustained the good name of the Conservatory in every particular, and afforded a delightful pastime.

Whatever the cause, whether the enthusiasm of the pupils themselves, who are always there in force with their friends, or the inherent merit of the performance and the beauty of the selections, there is no doubt these concerts of the Conservatory are among the most popular entertainments we have. The attendance of such an audience as is usually found there, unmistakably shows the hold the higher class of music has upon the public, and the appreciation of the work of the Conservatory.

There is every reason to regard this institution with satisfaction. In its late annual report the President, the Hon. G. W. Allan, shows that the attendance has more than doubled in the last five years. The teaching staff has of necessity been largely increased, and includes several of the most eminent musicians and instructors in both vocal and instrumental music.

Sig. F. d'Auria and Madame d'Auria, both well known and distinguished for their success in vocal training; Sig. Giuseppe Dinalli, Associate of the London Academy of Music; Mr. Arthur E. Fisher, Mus. Bac. A.C.O., A.T.C.L. (Eng.); Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, organist St. Simon's Church, and other well-known musicians.

In view of the steady growth of the institution, it is not surprising to hear that the Directors are arranging to have the premises greatly enlarged and fitted up with every modern appliance advantageous to the students and staff.

Presenting, as it does, rare opportunities for acquiring a thorough musical education, and assisting students to avail themselves of these opportunities by offering free tuition in primary branches, as explained in the Calendar, the Conservatory deserves the success it has won; and that it has secured the confidence of the country and become a fixture is due, in great measure, to the steady purpose, marked ability and thoroughness of Mr. Edward Fisher.

Hints to Housekeepers.

FINE COOKIES.—1½ cups sugar, 1 cup of thin sweet cream, 1½ cups butter, 1 egg, 8 teaspoons baking powder, flour to roll soft. Mix quickly, roll thin, sprinkle with sugar, cut and bake in a quick oven.

Citric acid will remove ink stains.

SICKNESS AMONG CHILDREN, especially infants, is prevalent more or less at all times, but is largely avoided by giving proper nourishment and wholesome food. The most successful and reliable of all is the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Your grocer and druggist keep it.

CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA.—As is well known, this troublesome complaint arises from over-eating, the use of too much rich food, neglected constipation, lack of exercise, bad air, etc. The food should be thoroughly chewed and never bolted or swallowed in haste, stimulants must be avoided and exercise taken if possible. A remedy which has rarely failed to give prompt relief and effect permanent cures, even in the most obstinate cases, is Burdock Blood Bitters. It acts by regulating and toning the digestive organs, removing costiveness and increasing the appetite and restoring health and vigor to the system. As a case in point we quote from a letter written by Miss L. A. Kuhn, of Hamilton, Ont.:—"Two years ago life seemed a burden. I could not eat the simplest food without being in dreadful misery in my stomach, under my shoulders and across the back of my neck. Medical advice failed to procure relief, and seeing B. B. B. advertised, I took two bottles of it, and have been entirely free from any symptoms of my complaint since."

This gives very conclusive proof of the efficiency of this wonderful remedy.

STEAMED INDIAN PUDDING.—One and one-half cupfuls of sour milk, one-half cupful of cream, one teaspoonful of soda and one of salt, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one egg, one cupful of flour, two cupfuls of meal. Steam two hours.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.—Physicians, travellers, pioneers, settlers, invalids, and all classes of people of every degree, testify to the medical and tonic virtues of Burdock Blood Bitters, the most popular and effective medicine extant. It cures all diseases of the stomach, liver, bowels and blood.

BAKED SOUR APPLES.—Pare and core, leaving the apple whole. Place in a dish, fill the cores with sugar, and sprinkle sugar over them; put sufficient water in the dish for the sauce, and bake until done.

COLD WEATHER TRIALS.—Dear Sirs,—This fall and winter I suffered from neuralgia in my face and had the best medical advice without avail. I at last thought of trying B. B. B., and after using one bottle have not felt any symptoms of neuralgia since. I regard it as a fine family medicine.

J. T. DROST, HEASLIP, MAN.

WHIPPED CREAM CAKE.—Use your favorite layer cake receipt and bake in two layers. Whip one cupful of cream, add one-half cupful of sugar, place between layers and on top. On the top layer of cream put bits of some bright-colored jelly, and you have a very dainty cake.

You can keep butter and milk fresh a long time in warm weather without ice, wrapping a large porous pot in a wet cloth and inverting it over the butter or milk? The external evaporation cools the interior.