(By John Austin Schetty.)

He was forty perhaps, not badooking, and a prosperous lawyer well known to metropolitan fame; and because his physician had said he was overworked and in need of a rest he garden. He knew nothing about flowers or gardens, except that he loved the former instinctively and admired the latter as a novelty. Outside of the cried. "You can't think how I'll law, which most persons agreed he prize it, now! You are rewarding inknew pretty thoroughly, old and rare stead of punishing me." books were his passion. It was said But he was absorbed in the charms of ously.

the garden. ed to break the law and steal one.

It was in truth an ideal little spot. walk, with great red blooms nodding was not dislike, and he took It riotouely on either side. Pompous peonies of a blushing pink added col- ship. or to the scene. A little arbor covered with the clambering vine known as virgin bower stood invitingly at the roses. the farther end in the domain of the

"My lady sits there to dream love fancies," determined the lawyer. He gazed at the neighboring house. It was as neat and trim as the garden. No one seemed stirring.

thought; "I imagined rural folk arose attended a good many of them to with the lark." He strolled down toward the roses, filled with a sudden joy of life. The bracing air of Vinedale had already performed miracles. The physical weariness of the last months seemed to have left him over night. Birds were caroling to the new born day which had but kissed farewell to night. A delicious coolness filled the air, and a butterfly brushed This with half a smile. his cheek with its downy wings.

"This is life!" he murmured gratefully. The wall dividing him from roses clambered it rose to a greater ed smiling to him. protect them.

will make ample restitution, if the ory.' goddess demands."

A rose nodded invitingly above the wall. "I'll get a foothold-there are pleased. hollows in the wall." And forthwith this metropolitan pillar of the law set forth to violate it with all the suddenly flung him a rose. ardor of a boy. The door of his abode opened and the lady of the the winding path to the house.

"I declare them city 'uns is the queerest critters-that's fun for him I s'pose!" She felt her respect dwindl- brown-eyed ones all the time." ing, therefore turned back to get his breakfast. Meanwhile the man struggled. He meant to get a rose, and versation. was too busy to see the door of the trim little house open and some one saunter down the garden path. Just then he got to the top. There were "She that you wuz talkin' to? Ros ticularly choice one. He was forced to herself, Mr. Weston," snorted stoop over and reach down, and when lady. he grasped it the flower refused to part from its parent stem. More, its thorns pricked him rebelliously.

"Like many human roses," he conmented, "though beautiful you can wound! I must get my knife." The next moment, flushed, stained, but victorious, he sat upright with his spoils-to give a stratled exclamation! Standing before him, very near the wall, stood a young woman in an attitude of dignified surprise. But it was not the attitude so much as the real tired." woman herself with her long braids of thick clustering brown hair that, framing either side of her white neck, fell in two long plaits over her breast and hung below her waist. Her simple morning gown of some light summer material clung about her slim,

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had never observed in any imported seemed cheerful again. oval face with its de'icate blend of love flowers."

"Good morning!" he began imper turbably. "You're the goddess, and well I'm-the guilty one! I'm. You've caught me in the act. shall I do to be forgiven?"

color.

For a moment the goddess trembled found himself miles away in the coun- between her love for dignity and the all the brightness left it. try, this bright summer morning, humor of the situation. Her face gazing admiringly at his neighbor's grew stern, but her eyes and lips smiled; then she unbent and laughed merrily.

> "Keep it," she said. "Thank you ever so much,"

"If you really like them so much he was quite and authority on them. take another," she suggested, gener-

"No! More would be vandalism "How well-ordered it is," he mur- You have forgiven. That is enough." mured "This side isn't! I wonder "You have determined to reform? why? What beautiful roses down there Well, I am going to cut some for the near the wall! I love roses. There table." She turned to the flowers are hosts of them there. I am impell- without more ado. He watched her graceful figure with admiration as she I wonder would the goddess mind?- stooped to clip a rose here and there. for of course, only where a goddess When she leaned forward her long presides could there be such a gar- brown hair swung to and fro like pendulums. She straightened up suddenly, and met his scrutiny with a There was a winding flower-bordered hidden challenge in her own eyes. It mean an invitation to farther friend-

"Your garden is beautiful," he said "You like it?" she asked, fondling

"It is fit for a king!" "We have no kings-in Vinedale,

she said demurely. "But they have queens!" he flung back quickly.

She raised her eyes; they met his in quick magnetic glance that thrilled "It must be very early," he him with pleasure. "You must have flatter so readily."

"Is that a rebuke?" he demurred half vexed at her doubting him. "Where do you come from?" parried his question with another

'New York, I suppose?" "Right! My lady of the garden. arrived last night and-"

"You are staying with Mrs. Bond. "Yes, why? Is it going to be bond

She laughed. "Oh, no, I didn't mean the beautiful garden was built of that. Only she is not a very lively stone. Where he stood it was low person." She clipped a few more enough to vault over, but where the roses, then, with her arms filled turn-

height than the man, as though to "There-don't move!" he begged. "Oh, what a picture you are. A per-"But I am going to have one, never-| fect Esmeralda. I want to fix you as manded. "I would have been only theless!" he said, dterminedly. "I your are now, forever in my mem- glad to help."

"How very silly. I am going." She

"But promise to come back, tomorrow," he begged. She stopped, and

"Perhaps," she said, and sped house gazed in mute astonishment at hoped she would turn to look at him out of it, I get despairing. It is all her city boarder clinging to the wall again, but she did not, and Mr. Jere- so hopeless that, that-" she choked. and kicking his heels in very undigni- my Weston climbed down from the fied fashion as he sought to climb wall, tingling with pleasurable emotions. "I always raved over golden-

and given to grunts instead of con- this old place so much."

"What's the name of the lady next door?" he asked. A prelude of three grunts, then,

"Don't blame her," said Mr. Wes-

ton, cheerfully. In the afternoon he took a long ramble through the hills of the countryside, and coming down by way of

and sped out. She looked up deringly as he caught up with her. "I've just come from town," "she said, wearily, "and, oh, I'm tired,

"Come in here and have some re freshments." But she declined, saying she must

get home speedily. "You look annoyed," he said.

train," she answered, evasively. Together they sauntered up the road and he could not help but see that she less you mistrust me." was troubled. She was no longer as gay as in the morning: Her beautiful she said softly. "I'm glad I told hair was tucked away under a plain you now." little hat, leaving one with no idea of its profusion. Altogether she was wondered how they were going to the same, yet not the same. He straighten out the tangle. "I can't

I want to make restitution."

had greeted him in the morning. Then would have wondered indeed. the candor of his face seemed to melt Next morning Rosalie was to go her reserve.

know yours, that isn't fair!" she mind off that confounded mortgage, protested, closing the gate.

to-morrow? "I do not know. Perhaps, Good out right."

well-moulded figure with a charm he rayed with the same simplicity. She hands; but she broke away with a The French Government and the gown of fancy price. But this was "I always cut some flowers for the only secondary to the charm of her table," she explained, "they both

"They? Who?" he demanded "My grandparents."

"Oh!" he exclaimed, with 'I feared you meant boarders, men!' She looked startled. "What an idea. We never have kept boarders, but-" her face clouded suddenly and "But what?" he asked.

There!" She tossed him a rose. He cious. caught it deftly. "Come back, no." he

Thereafter she tossed him a week they were very good friends. I have." Later he was admitted to the house "It's something worth having, to each other and so rejoiced in each real abiding treasure." neat. A towering old clock stood then seemed too good to be true. ing path together. The days passed mean to me, to all of us!" pected to be a dreary exile from the plied. "I shall prove it speedily."

expectedly upon Rosalie, weeping in was their own for all time. the garden.

"Dear little girl, what is it?" asked, tenderly.

She saw it was useless to deny to betray a lack of confidence in him. night wrapped them about like "I will tell you," she said with a beautiful dream. smothered sob. "I suppose I am very silly, but it is the mortgage. It is she said, softly. eating our hearts out."

"Why did you not tell me!" he de-

"Oh, no, that would never so. They would die if they thought I had told she said roguishly. moved away, but he knew she was you of it. Promise me you won't say anything of it." She grew so agitat- precated, "just myself." ed that he promised.

"But tell me more about it. Perhap can advise you.'

"I wish some one could advise," she said, drearily. "I can't see any way before. It touched him.

"I have to pretend cheerfulness, haired women," he commented, "but she continued, "for their sakes. They now I know I meant brown-haired, are old and they have done so much for me that I cannot bear to see it tv. And, of course, one does require For this damage the French nation Mrs. Bond proved gaunt, stolid, breaking their hearts. And they love a dainty garment of this kind when subsequently paid over to the Eng-

"What is the amount of the mortgage?" he asked. "Eight hundred dollars," she

plied tragically, "and all we can her surplus supply of embroidered or possibly raise is two hundred. I have hemstitched handkerchiefs. To make hemstitched handkerchiefs. To make the been to see Barter & Company. They roses galore, but he wanted a par- lie Dale. She thinks a powerful lot o' been to see Barter & Company. They the daintiest possible corset covers have not been hard, they have extended the time a month, but half of that is gone now. I can't think of anything more. Somehow all hope just died out of me to-day."

"You must not despair. Trust to me. It will all come out right," he the village stopped for a glass of said blithely. He had a wild plan of milk, when he saw Miss Dale pass. making her accept his aid. He could gether, take one of the halves and lay With a gurgle he put down the glass readily afford to and he would cheerfully expend eight hundred dollars if to its wonted cheerfulness.

"I wonder if she loves me," venturesome enough to ask her in her trouble

me," he said, desperately. You must. the sleeves make straps of lace and "It's warm and tiresome in the | I'll help you somehow." "But-" she began.

"No buts. You must, you will! Un-"Oh, no, I do not mistrust you.

After she had gone into the house,

was plain she was anxious to be heads," he resolved, "no matter grave, when, by the timely use of within.

What their pride may be. Even if I Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup the pain can be allayed and the danger plan. Live in it while paying for it.

Want to make restitution."

Write for prospectus, Capadian Home. She lifted her eyes with something which he was ready to go because of ing, healing and curing all affections of that same dignified surprise that a girlish face and a rose garden they of the throat and lungs, coughs, colds

for a row on the lake.

"You know my name, I do not "You might just as well get your he explained solicitiously, "worrying Allen's Lung Balsam, containing no He told her. "Now I hope we can won't help it. Some one has said the opium, goes to the root of the troube friends, the best of friends." he world's a mirror to be smiled at if ble and cures deep-seated affections of said, "and you will be in the garden you want it to smile back at you. throat and lungs. Besides I told you it would all come

She was gone, so there was "Yes, I know," she said. "I am nothing to do but go home and dream trying to believe it because you said I would praise the heart of Jesus, "I wish you would pin your faith

merry little laugh, to get her hat, she said. In a ferment of emotion he turned absently to a small rack of books that lined the wall, and thoughtlessly pulled one out. It was Gasquet appeared in The London old, but his attention suddenly be- Times:

came fixed as he caught the title. "Horsemander's Negro Plot, New "Oh, nothing. I must go now. though it were something very pre-

ed with great gravity.

to meet a sweet old lady and white-deed," said Weston. "That book," he on that day, which, curiously enough haired old man, who were so devoted waved it solemnly, "is a treasure, a is the day upon which President Lou-

with them at once. The house was girl, with whitening face, for the ate by force the hospitality the delightfully quaint, old-fashioned and prospect of possessing a treasure just French nation has accorded to Engin the hall, and there was a spinning "I mean," said he, a tender, glad three centuries. Of their right to do wheel in the sitting room which the light in his eyes, "that this is a so, if they please, I make no quesold lady said her own mother had priceless old rarity. Why, it's bound tion. What, however, I find difficult been wont to use. Looking at these by Lortie, a perfect gem. Little girl, to understand is why the French things Weston felt a sudden distaste I know a man who will give you a should be allowed to confiscate a confor the city's turmoil. Having passed thousand dollars to-morrow, if need siderable amount of British property muster at his first visit he was ad- be, for it. Cheerfully, cheerfully, too!" and to break up a working establish- Phone: Residence Main 2075. mitted to greater intimacy. There "Oh," cried Rosalie, covering her ment which was purely and entirely

city's joys, became instead a Para- Of course there was no boating that lized State for injury done to the dise. He put the thought of return day. Instead Weston went down to subjects of another.

his own, while the scent of flowers Douai has been administered in there was something, unless she cared and the soft sounds of the summer France by the Bureau des Fondations

"I am glad you stole my roses.

the goddess of the garden," he whis- dictine monastery, and the college itwill have it."

"That depends upon what it is," "It's nothing very valuable," he de

"That will do, best of all," whispered.

A Chat with the Girls

With the hot weather comes the nethese latter, as every girl knows, cost quite a little bit if one wishes to purchase something lacey and prettries were at war with each other. it can partly be seen through a thin and very little time the ingenious girl acknowledged that according to civican make her own corset covers from

two little embroidered handkerchiefs

are required.

First, fold a handkerchief cornerwise together, and cut in half. The second handkerchief is cut in half in the same manner, and then one of the France must surely be taken as proof halves is again cut, thus quartering Lay another half next to this, the need be to restore that lovely face points downward. The two quarters are then fitted in at each end, the whole forming an elongated strip. Bethought. "If she did, matters would tween these sections of handkerchief promptly clear." But he was not insert heading and lace also at the top and bottom of the strip; run a ribbon through the beading to draw "You must promise to leave it to up the "cover," when it is worn. For beading. Hollow out the corset cover a trifle for the under arm fitting, and fasten the strap across this point.

Of course the more dainty the handkerchief, the more dainty will be the corset cover.

Why will you allow a cough to lasought to linger at the gate, but it let the old place be sold over their the risk of filling a consumptive's have seen the extravagant lengths to the taste, and unsurpassed for relievbronchitis, etc., etc.

> BY BRIBING THE NERVES with opium you may stop a cough but the inflammation goes from bad to worse.

The Sacred Heart

But my words would find no goal. They are too weak, I cannot speak Next morning she was in the garden to me in all things," he ventured The praise that's in my soul.

—Florence Cras -Florence Crane.

Douai Benedictines

The following letter from Abbot

Sir-Six months ago you allowed me space to call attention to the threat-York, 1774, 'Pon my word! Where on earth did they ever get this?" He ened expulsion of the English Benedicmoved over to the light, turning the tines from their college at Douai. pages with a keen, critical eye. When Since that time, after receiving indi-Rosalic re-entered the room he was rect assurances from the French auhandling the book in a dainty way as thorities that the "law of associations" would not be put in force in "Where did you get this?" he ask- respect to our House, at the last moment the college was suddenly se "That old book? It was my father's, questered by an official liquidator, and every morning, and at the end of the It is the only thing belonging to him we received notice to quit within three months. The period of grace expires on the 6th of next month, and bet lands in England on his official other's company that he fell in love "What do you mean?" grasped the visit, the present Government terminlish Catholics at Douai for more than was no longer need of his standing on face with her hands. "You are really, English, and on which, relying on the the other side of the garden wall. In- really serious?" she asked, coming honor of the French Government, a stead, he and Rosalie trod the wind- over to him. "Think what it would considerable amount of English money has been spent, without some serious The MANCHESTER FIRI into weeks and what had been ex- "I was never more serious," he re- attempt to obtain such fair compensation as is usually given by any civi-

from him. There was work awaiting the city, taking the book with him, I am, of course, aware that there him. What of it? Nothing could make the two conspirators meanwhile relis no legal method of enforcing any up for these glorious summer days. solving to keep the matter to them- such claim, but generally diplomatic Mrs. Bond saw little of her guest, for selves until their suppositions were representations on the baris of interhe frequently dined with her neigh- proven correct. When he returned he national equity is sufficient to secure had a check for one thousand dollars, justice. In respect to the English Meantime with all the placid calm payable to Rosalie Dale, and certified College of Douai I am given to underof the Dale household Weston knew by a well-known metropolitan bank, stand that the authorities of our Forthere was something that troubled In the afternoon they both went to eign Office are unable, or unwilling, to them. Some burden of grief or care Barter & Company's where the debt render us any assistance to obtain which they did not choose to share was cancelled, leaving a snug bal- reasonable compensation for the with him. And he would have counted ance. Then they went back and told compulsory closing of our establishit a favor to help them. A month had the old couple, who were overwhelmed ment and for the loss that necessarily gone by, when one day he came un- at the realization that their home entails, as well as for the confiscation of a (to us) considerable amount of property. For more than three-That night Weston stood in the rose quarters of a century the property begarden. He held Rosalie's hands in longing to the English College at a Anglaises. The revenue disbursed by this bureau is derived from the rents of English properties still existing, like the houses in the Rue S. Jacques "But I never made restitution to at Paris, formerly the English Benefrom the sale of other English properties. During this time, whilst the French Government have insisted upon retaining the administration and upon the revenues being spent in France, they have always allowed tha the propertywas that of des etablismens britanniques. Nor, indeed could they do otherwise, since these properties were preserved during the most lawless period of the French cessity for thin waits and, conse- Revolution simply because they were He had never seen her so cheerless quently, of dainty corset covers. Now English. Whatever damage was done to them was done at a later period, precisely because they were English

and at a time when the two counlish Government a considerable sum in compensation, and by this act lized usages such indemnity was due EDWIN MARSHALL, DAVID PASKEN, for injury to precisely the same is true, did in fact confiscate this indemnity paid by the French because we were Catholics, but the fact that the nation retained the money for its own use and did not return it to that the English authorities regarded the money as in reality due to Brit-

ish subjects. Why the English Foreign Office now considers that it can do nothing to assist us British subjects to obtain redress I do not profess to know. But it certainly does seem strange and not a little hard that in the year 1826 the English Government could confiscate the compensation paid to us by France for exactly the same injury done to the same proprty in the same way, and that now, in more liberal days, when we should not lose our own by reason of our religious beliefs, the authorities of the Foreign Office should profess themselves unable to assist us in any way.-I am Sir, your obedient servant,

FRANCIS ADIAN GASQUET, Abbot President of the English Benedictines. The Athenaeum Club, S. W., June 16.

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