

What is Scott's Emulsion?

It is the best cod-liver oil, partly digested, and combined with the hypophosphites and glycerine. What will it do? It will make the poor blood of the anemic rich and red.

It will give nervous energy to the overworked brain and nerves. It will add flesh to the thin form of a child, wasted from fat-starvation.

It is everywhere acknowledged as 'The Standard of the World.'

See and hear all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

THE SWORD OF THE LORD.

By MARION MITCHELL.

Where the imperial eagle fluttered and fell down, Where struggled German, Goth and Vandal for the crown Of the great world, its pleasure, plunder and renown, The guardian of the Cross adjured the sword alone.

While far and near the burdened nations make their moan, Rowed by the weight of weapons, saving not their own.

Because beloved the righteous and abhorred the wrong, Because he served the weak and fatter-ed not the strong, To him the pain and power of his Lord, In truth, belong.

For this he waits alone; therefore, by watchful Heaven, To him his highest weapon, Light, hath well been given.

The spiritual sword by which all hosts are riven.

—Ave Maria.

You Can't Get Rooted

Because that Tired Feeling is not the result of exertion. It is due to the unhealthy condition of your blood. This vital fluid should give nourishment to every organ, nerve and muscle. But it cannot do this unless it is rich and pure.

AN ORPHAN'S LEGACY.

ESTHER A. WAGAMAN, in Sacred Heart Review.

(Continued.)

"Where is Colonel Stanhope?" said Prue, looking past Jenkins into the dusky rooms beyond.

"In the library, in the west wing," gasped the stammering functionary.

"Then I'll go to him; you stay here," she said to Dick. "I think I would rather meet him alone, and before Dick could remonstrate she had turned from him and, crossing the drawing-room, she went along a narrow hall, guided by a faint streak of light that shone through a crack in the library door.

There was something about the big, old-fashioned house, the dim hall, the half-closed door, the man whom everyone seemed to fear, that appealed to her spirit of adventure. Her imagination was excited, but there was a deeper feeling, unconfessed. Since the first agony of grief for her father's loss had passed she longed with loving tenderness to everything connected with him.

Yes, I have, and taking a book from her pocket she bore out one of the leaves, and hastily scribbling a few lines she handed it to her messenger.

"Will you take it to him now?" Mrs. Clash did not answer immediately; she was reluctant to leave, for she dearly loved to gossip, and it was not often that she could find so attentive a listener, but she concluded, since the young lady was so anxious to send the note, it must be a love letter, and Mrs. Clash, like many another worthy widow whose husband had been identified by death, delighted in romantic situations, even if she was unconvinced thereby, so trying Prue's hair with a bit of ribbon she rose laboriously from her chair, and bidding her charge good-night she padded contentedly away to deliver the note to Dick with a sympathetic smile.

Dick was in the library; he read the note, then looked at the address on the envelope. "Your uncle is an untrustworthy fellow," he read. "I am going back to Mr. Dunlop's tomorrow, so don't leave me here."

The Colonel smiled grimly. "Well, she has her father's spirit," was all that he said. But on the morrow Prue could not return; she received a telegram from Mrs. Dunlop saying that her physician had ordered her South for the winter, and that she would have to cancel her invitation to Prue.

Prue was in the breakfast room when she received this message; she tore the yellow paper to bits in her despair, and then burying her face in her hands she tried to think to plan out her lonely future, for she felt that there was no one to whom she could turn in this big, cheerful house. She was not crying, she could not cry, but her cheeks were burning and her head—how it ached—and the pain in her heart returned—nearly stifled her. Suddenly she became conscious of a tall figure standing between her and the window.

"What's the matter?" asked the Colonel's harsh voice. Prue rose and scattered the bits of paper as if in a whirlwind. "My friend is ill; she has been ordered South. Oh! where can I go; where can I go?"

"You can stay here," he said calmly, picking up the Morning News. "There is nothing to get excited about."

"Stay here—with you?" "Where did you intend to go?" he asked, looking at her over his round rimmed spectacles. "Since you have forfeited your right to return to school, this is the proper place for you. Your father appointed me your guardian; it is therefore my duty to watch over you. If my presence annoys you, well, I will try to keep out of your way."

His words were calm and decisive. She felt that if it came to a clash of wills his would prove the stronger. "I do not want to be dependent upon anyone. My father left me some money; if it is not enough to support me I would like to work. That is what I came to find out; that is the business matter which brought me here."

"Your fortune is sufficient for your needs," he said impatiently. "If you wish to talk business you can come to the library after breakfast. Meanwhile you must make up your mind to stay. I know that your father would prefer it."

Just then Dick came in, followed by a burst of sunlight. "Jove! what's the row?" he said. "Come, sit down, Miss Prue, and have some breakfast. I am not going back to the University today; I want to introduce you to the people in Stanhope. Take a cup of coffee. How did you sleep last night? Didn't she get the old commodore, did you?"

"No," she said, taking her place at the table and trying to force herself to eat. "I've had bad news this morning. Mrs. Dunlop has been ordered South for her health and I—I don't know where I can go, and she began to tell Dick her troubles, quietly ignoring the Colonel's existence."

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS FOR WEAK PEOPLE.

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