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A Woman's Love.

His eye kindled, and his face glowed with excitement, but it was for a moment only, as if a flash of summer lightning had lit up a stormy sky and a gloomy earth. He remained silent for some time, so bowed down and so depressed in spirit, and so sick at heart, that my whole soul was melted with pity for him. I could no longer keep back my tears.

"God bless you, Phoebe," he exclaimed, and he pulled himself together, and began to consider my affairs.

"I cannot think the deed your father wished you to sign what you imagine," he said, "it must be something else, which we shall know of by-and-by."

"Do you know where he is?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied and said no more.

"What name did he give to me in the will you speak of?" I inquired.

"He called you, my reputed daughter, known as Phoebe Lincoln," he answered. "I expostulated with him on the point, and he said he only made this will provisionally, and would make another after you were three-and-twenty."

"Again I felt baffled.

"Are you going down to the Priory?" he asked. "I have little doubt I can get you some allowance made for your maintenance until matters are settled."

"But that will be taken from the creditors," I said.

"From the estate," he replied. "This being wound up, and there are great hindrances, as your father has carried away all books of the company, and all the other assets in a deplorable way, and there would be some difficulty in finding a purchaser of the estate for its value. Yes! You had better go down to the Priory and establish yourself in possession. It is nine points of the law."

"But the tenth is justice and common honesty," I said. "I shall not take possession of the Priory, and if it should be decided that it is mine, I will give it up on time."

"That is very noble of you, Phoebe," he answered, sighing, "noble and grand, but very young. Your father and I would have considered the same when we were your age. But no person can carry out a counsel of perfection, and we must do as other people do in this world. There is no other way in the city who would blame your father for making a reasonable provision for his wife and children."

"But he was not solvent when he bought the Priory," I said.

"He hesitated, and was reluctant to reply.

"No," he admitted at last, "we were solvent one week, and insolvent the next. But, my dear, we were running tremendous risks, and he desired to secure you from the pinch of poverty."

"With other people's money," I interrupted, with a mingled feeling of scorn and shame, "poor people's money—money intrusted to him—hard-earned savings! I could not touch a penny of it. I would rather sweep a crossing or beg my bread, than touch a penny of it. I would rather sweep a crossing or beg my bread, than touch a penny of it. I would rather sweep a crossing or beg my bread, than touch a penny of it."

"I wish I had a home to offer you," he said, "but I am only free on sufferance, because I give valuable information concerning the company's complicated transactions. There is a warrant out against me, and I live in daily dread of arrest. What shall you do, Phoebe?"

"Did you know David Palmer?" I asked.

"Our old manager—yes, to be sure," he answered; "he was like you, unpractical and imprudent. He was a customer of mine, and I had to make a cat's paw of him. He refused to let him leave the country, and made him pay the penalty of two years in jail. I've lost sight of them for years. Do you know anything of them?"

"Well," I said, "I have seen Tom, who did fly from justice. I did not see much of him, but he looked like a degraded scamp, sly and skulking. Now I shall have a chance of judging how wise the course may have been. My old governess, Miss A. Elliot, and I are going to live in two rooms in David Palmer's house, No. 11 Churchwarden street."

"It will be a nest of fanatics," said

Mr. Templeton with a melancholy smile, as he wrote down the address, and you will be as poor as such dreamers generally are. But I could wish myself a fanatic, too.

"I am not afraid," I replied, rising to leave him. But before quitting the office turned back for a few more words.

"I know you are in communication with my stepfather," I said. "Tell him all I have told you, and beg of him to let me know, through you, my father's name, and my own name. I am Phoebe Lincoln no longer."

CHAPTER X.

I did not know when I crossed the threshold of the little bookseller's shop in Churchwarden street, how utterly my life was about to change, not only in its outer circumstances, but in that conscious, intrinsic being, invisible and immortal, the germ of which we bear in our inmost souls.

Hitherto I had dwelt in a world of Mammon worshipers, or, at the least, those who strove to perform the impossible task of serving both God and Mammon. Money, either getting or spending it, was the chief factor in our daily existence. It was the mainspring of all our actions, though we were closely at the root of them it was well concealed.

"The world is too much with us, late and soon, Getting and spending we lay waste our powers."

I did not see the whole truth of that until I left my old mode of life behind me, and looked back upon it from a height which had been unknown and unseen by me. For I had never supposed I was not as good a Christian as I need be. I was a self-willed, high-spirited girl, but I observed all the customary forms of religion as sedulously as any of my companions. I had been taken to task and examined in the Ten Commandments. I should have answered all the young ruler answered our Lord, "All these I have kept from my youth up." I had been wont to help cordially in sales of work, and charity concerts, and parochial penny readings. I was a member of the guild for making clothes for the poor, and I made twice the allotted number of garments, and I had been careful to give away a tenth of my allowance. I had always been faithful to my duties, and the many curates who had frequented our house. With the unmarried curates I had been more than a favorite.

Now I was about to live with people, very poor, but with whom money was the last thing thought of. All family cares were laid aside as though unworthy of occupying the heart and mind. I had always been faithful to my duties, and the many curates who had frequented our house. With the unmarried curates I had been more than a favorite.

David Palmer was watching for my arrival, with a radiant smile on his delicate face, and I detected a corresponding gleam in his eyes. He was a tall, thin man, with a long, thin nose, and a small, pointed chin. He was dressed in a simple, but elegant, suit. He was looking at me with a keen, penetrating gaze. He was looking at me with a keen, penetrating gaze. He was looking at me with a keen, penetrating gaze.

"I cannot tell you how welcome you are," he said, simply and earnestly. He led us upstairs, and showed us two rooms, the sitting room over the shop and the bedroom over the kitchen behind it. Both rooms were small, but exquisitely clean. As I discovered later on, the whole house was clean with the cleanliness of the deck of a man-of-war, immediately after it has been washed. I saw small pieces of furniture, which we had sent by cart, and which looked like my father's, but I saw no other furniture. No unnecessary furniture was allowed in the house.

"Plain living and high-thinking" had taken the place of superstitions. And when one begins to strip off superstitions, the externals of life become very simple. As there was nothing unnecessary to do, the household work wonderfully diminished. Yet the provision of books made the house appear neither empty nor solitary.

Tea was already laid on Abby's little round table in our sitting-room, but I refused to sit at a table of disappointment. There were only two tea-cups, and I guess she wished for three. I hesitated to suggest it, but I said, "I wish you would have tea with us," I said, putting my hand on David's arm, as he was going to leave us to our selves. "We do not want to be treated as lodgers, but as your guests. And I understood we were coming to help, not to be waited upon."

CANADIAN INDIANS.

Facing Starvation in Keewatin—Serious Statement by a Missionary.

Toronto, March 7.—Rev. Dr. Sutherland has received a letter from Rev. Fred G. Stevens, missionary to the Indians in the Keewatin territory. In his letter Mr. Stevens says: "This is the hardest winter ever known in this land. So far as the Indians and traders, the deer are gone, also the rabbits. Our people were too poor to provide themselves with nets for the fall fishing, and consequently fish in store are scarce. So far, I have not been able to buy a deer for travelling, and that is a proof of the severity of the winter. We are well provided for, but our lack of food, and of that we get very little. What meat we do get is brought four or five days' journey by dogs. Our house is cold and old, but we keep fires going night and day, and thus are comfortable to 42 degrees below zero, and we expect it to go down to 63."

LIFE SAVED.—Mr. James Bryson Cameron writes: "I was confined to my bed with inflammation of the lungs, and was given up by physicians. A neighbor advised me to try Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, stating that his wife had used it for a throat trouble with the best results. Acting on this advice, I procured the medicine, and less than half a bottle cured me; certainly believe I saved my life. It was with reluctance that I consented to a trial, as I was reduced to such a state that I doubted the power of any other remedy I could use."

Results of Experimental Farm Work.

Grain and Roots Which Show the Best Results.

Some Enormous Yields—British Columbia's Phenomenal Crops of Turnips and Corn.

A bulletin has been issued by the Dominion department of agriculture showing the results of experiments with various varieties of seed grain at the different experimental farms in the Dominion.

This bulletin contains information of great value to the farmers of Canada. It shows the varieties of grain and roots from which the best results have been obtained. A summary of the facts given in the bulletin will be found below.

EXPERIMENTS IN OATS.

Sixty-three varieties of oats were tested during the season of '07. At the Ottawa experimental farm, the best yield, 57 bushels 12 pounds, was obtained from the variety, Early Mammoth, came next with 56 bushels 11 pounds, and the variety, Early Mammoth, came next with 56 bushels 11 pounds, and the variety, Early Mammoth, came next with 56 bushels 11 pounds.

EXPERIMENTS IN CORN.

Twenty-five varieties of Indian food-grain were tested at the Ottawa experimental farm. The best yield, 1,200 bushels, was obtained from the variety, Early Mammoth, came next with 1,100 bushels, and the variety, Early Mammoth, came next with 1,100 bushels.

EXPERIMENTS IN TURNIPS.

Eighteen varieties of turnips were tested at the Ottawa experimental farm. The best yield, 1,200 bushels, was obtained from the variety, Early Mammoth, came next with 1,100 bushels, and the variety, Early Mammoth, came next with 1,100 bushels.

EXPERIMENTS IN WHEAT.

Thirty-eight varieties of spring wheat were tested at the Ottawa experimental farm. The best yield, 1,200 bushels, was obtained from the variety, Early Mammoth, came next with 1,100 bushels, and the variety, Early Mammoth, came next with 1,100 bushels.

EXPERIMENTS IN POTATOES.

Twenty-five varieties of potatoes were tested at the Ottawa experimental farm. The best yield, 1,200 bushels, was obtained from the variety, Early Mammoth, came next with 1,100 bushels, and the variety, Early Mammoth, came next with 1,100 bushels.

EXPERIMENTS IN BEANS.

Twenty-five varieties of beans were tested at the Ottawa experimental farm. The best yield, 1,200 bushels, was obtained from the variety, Early Mammoth, came next with 1,100 bushels, and the variety, Early Mammoth, came next with 1,100 bushels.

EXPERIMENTS IN PEAS.

Twenty-five varieties of peas were tested at the Ottawa experimental farm. The best yield, 1,200 bushels, was obtained from the variety, Early Mammoth, came next with 1,100 bushels, and the variety, Early Mammoth, came next with 1,100 bushels.

second with 40 bushels and 20 pounds, and Admiral third with 30 bushels and 10 pounds. White Cornell was fourth with a yield of 31 bushels and 40 pounds. Wellman's Pile coming second with 31 bushels 20 pounds, and second with 31 bushels 20 pounds, and second with 31 bushels 20 pounds.

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S.S. TEUTONIC, March 9

S.S. BRITANNIC, March 16

S.S. MAJESTIC, March 23

S.S. GERANION, March 30

S.S. LUTETIAN, April 6

S.S. BRITANNIC, April 13