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of the Church,

the—ha—representatives of the Queen, how can they listen without —ha—em-phatic protest to such disloyal prin-

how can they listen without a principles?" asked the Canon.

"Oh, these eccentricities are quite tolerable, and even amusing." said the Doctor, "to Englishmen. It is only when we see such principles reduced to practice by silent and steady organization that we bring down the whip." ization that we bring down the whip."
"But the language, air!—" said the

"We never mind talk," said the Doctor; "it is the silence we dread." And the Canon thenceforward was

dumb.
"There's a letter from Louis by the "There's a letter from Louis by the evening mail," said Mrs. Wilson, addressing her husbaud.
"A modest request for twenty pounds?" asked the Doctor, lifting his black eyebrows.
"No, indeed. You can read it. There's nothing of that kind in it." And the filial letter ran thus:—

"Dearest Mother:—Arrived here quite safe; yon the 11th and looked up my old diggings. Things were pretty rough and disorganized, as I was not expected so soon by the housekeeper, None of my chums has returned, and London is yet a desert. The natives are just swarming on the cool hillsides or in the deep valley of the Alps, or leaning over the gunwales of their yachts in the Mediterranesa, or fishing in the Norway rivers. But there is a pretty large growd of country cousins in the streets, ing on the cool hillsides or in the deep valleys of the Alps. or leaning over the gunwales of their yachts in the Mediterranean or fishing in the Norway rivers. But there is a pretty large crowd of country cousins in the streets, very open as to their mooths, but very close as to their pockets. They move in squads and seem to be in a condition of chronic panic. You can imagine how duit all this is! Nothing to do. Hot streets, blazing skies, no society. Well, a little We had a meeting of the profits of the long holidays several arrangements were made. I am booked for a lecture on 'Turner' some time in January. We had also a garden party up the river at Uskhoime. A select few of the rabble of artists, poets, musicians, etc., met at the house of Lady L.—whom you already know as patroness of the arts, She asked me to come. I pleaded headache, sunstroke, several engagements. No use, I had to go. It was delighted in the series of the arts, the select had the series of the rabble of active the series of the arts, she sked me to come. I pleaded headache, sunstroke, several engagements. No use, I had to go. It was delighted in the series of the arts, and the series of the arts, she sked me to come. I pleaded headache, sunstroke, several engagements. No use, I had to go. It was delighted in the series of the arts, she asked me to come. I pleaded headache, sunstroke, several engagements. No use, I had to go. It was delighted in the series of the arts, the s

coldness.
"I wish I were a theological student, and could sit under his chair," "I wish I were a theological student and could sit under his chair," said the father.

"I think." said the Canon, "that that is—ha—an admirable letter. It manifests distinctly four or five—ha—features that are very consoling. It is clear that our dear boy is moving in—hat carellent sequence. That distinctly for or five—hat the could be seen that our dear boy is moving in—hat overlent sequence. "Go where? Where will she go?" clear that our dear boy is moving in— ha—excellent society. That distin-guished lady who—ha—had the good-ness to invite him to her garden party ness to invite nim to her garder party must have seen something more than usually attractive in Louis. Then, his devotion—to—ha—study—clinical, is it not, doctor? What zeal and perseverance it needs to remain whole everance it needs to remain days in the—ha—dreadful wards, in momentary—ha—danger of contracting Then, his attention to his ha—religious duties. Vespers are not letter."
—ha—obligatory in our church, Dr. "It Calthrop; but you see how early—ha
—impressions and careful Christian

sulting the letter. 'I am sure that is-ha-excellent

criticism," continued the Canon.
"And then his witty, indeed, rather too free—ha—remarks on preaching! But, then, young men, young men!
And his solicitude for the Church the appearance she-hathe public! How lamentable that they will not turn out—ha—better types from our colleges! Mark the—ha— -distinction between this-ha rude young Celt and that refined and polished clergyman—named, Bessie?"
"Dr. Vanghan, Master of the
Temple!" said Mrs. Wilson, again

sulting the letter.
Dr. Vaughan, Master of the color of t "Dr. Vaugh

"Calm, majestic, well reasoned, well-delivered," said Mrs. Wilson, reading. "Calm, majestic, well-reasoned, well-delivered," echoed the Canon, leaning on each word with emphasis. "I should say that such a—ha—discourse was most creditable and — ha — re-

spectable."
"What would you think of Louis becoming a theological student?" said The Canon saw the sarcasm, and

winced. "I should say, indeed," he replied, "I should say, indeed," he replied,
"that at this period of his career it
would be—ha—inadvisable to change.
But I am—ha—quite sure that whatever profession Louis adopts, he will maintain the honor-ha-of our family,

sans tache."
"Come, Calthrop, and have a final cigar," said the doctor.
"I say, Wilson," said Dr. Calthrop, as he pinched off the end of his cigar,

as he pinched on the end of his organ, "you'll forgive the comparison; but your good brother-in-law reminds me atrongly of the 'Father of the Marshalsea,' or Casby."
"He is neither," said Dr. Wilson,

"but quite an ingenuous, good man, who has put on a little mannerism with age. Some think it the result of disfor it is certain he was a red-hot ease, for it is certain ne was a re-rebel in his youth. There is a curious story told of him. When he took possession of his parish, he had scarcely arrived when he got a message from the local magnate to have his church cleared of pews, benches, and seats early on Monday morning, for that the landlord's corn should be threshed

there."
"What?" cried Dr. Calthrop, re moving his cigar.
"I am speaking of facts," said Dr.
Wilson. "The priest took no notice

of the order, but summoned some few sturdy parishioners; and when the landlord's men had arrived, they were confronted with a regiment of rap-parees. They were unprepared, for this had never occurred before. They had always been allowed to thresh their corn on the chapel floor. They had to retreat, and inform at head quarters that there was an insurrec-

tion; and then—"
"And then?" said Dr. Calthrop,
deeply interested.
"And then the landlord asked the

priest to dine; and ever afterwards there was a cover laid for the priest in the mansion; and he actually got permission to hang up a bell in an extem-porized turret."

day of general judgment."
"I'm airaid we'll hardly be disposed

to continue the acquaintance then," said Dr. Wilson. "We'll have to part company that day, if not before." Dr. Calthrop laughed. But the little affectations of the

Canon date from that event," said Dr. Wilson. "He became a man of peace, and is one of five or six of his profession in Ireland who believe in landlords and the Utopia, where the lion lies down with the lamb. Hitherto he has been justified. His parish is a paradise. He has a considerable private income, and it all goes to improving the condition of his people. The cabins have become cottages. The old manure heaps are swept away. ers, vegetables, new breads of poultry—everything novel and progressive he has introduced. No one dare oppose has introduced. No one dare opposed in the is an autocart, or rather a patriarch. His very mannerism affects the people strangely. When he stands at the altar on Sunday morning and says, 'Ha!' you would think Moses had come down from the mountain, so reverential and awed are the people. He doesn't boast: but what the Jesuits did in Paraquay, he is doing in his own

parish."
"I'm so glad you told me. I'm

really proud to meet such a man," said the guest. Osi sic omnes!
"But like all his class, who are not entirely absorbed in their sacred duties, he must twine his tendrils around something. And he has chosen Louis and Barbars instead of a dog or a

"I am not surprised at his affection for his niece," said Dr. Calthrop; "she is the gentlest and sweetest girl I have ever seen. I have never seen a hawk and a dove in close company till to-night, when I saw that woman sitting near her at the dinner table."
"Ay!" said Dr. Wilson, and his

voice would have broken sadly but for

said Dr. Calthrop.
"Look here, Calthrop! You cannot understand. It is all the d—d literalness of this religion of ours. Go sell all thou hast and give to the poor;—
'Consider the lilies of the field;'—
'What doth it profit a man?'—'Deny thyself, take up thy cross, and follow Me.' This is what we are ever hearing; and these young featherheads be-lieve it all and take it letter by

"It sounds very like the Gospel, though," said Dr. Calthrop. "Of course. But this is the nine--impressions and careful Christian training mould the—ha—entire future career of our boys. What is that, Bessie? The music was—ha—" unfortunate man have, with such a be lief as that, amongst the army of rabid and the distribution of the field?" What chance would any unfortunate man have, with such a be lief as that, amongst the army of rabid and the distribution of the field.

lief as that, amongst the army of rabid and unscrupulous Orangemen here in Dublin? He would be in the work-

Jew, or Atheist, Freemason, Agnostic Socinian—but no one minds. You can rob, steal, swindle and sit down calmly rob, steal, swindle and sit down calmly the following Sunday and hear that such have no place in the Kingdom of Heaven. I call that delightful. But let one of our musty, barefooted friars say, with certain emphasis next Sunday: 'Come, rise up. and follow the footsteps of blood,' why, every little girl is dying to start at once for China or Large and got her little neck

or Japan, and get her little neck chopped off by some pig-tailed savage. And this will be the way with Barbara. Instead of a few balls and parties, and then a decent marriage, she will become a 'servant of the poor,' or kitchen maid to a parcel of lunatics.'

"And your son — has he similar

And your son - has he similar notions ? Will sow his wild oats, I suppose." " And then ? "And then depend on his uncle for

a dispensary. TO BE CONTINUED.

THE HONOR OF CONOR SHEAN.

As Conor Shean entered his board ing house, he found a letter on the hall table where his landlady deposited the boarder's mail each day. With a sur-prised lift of his eyebrows, Conor noted the business card of a safe and lock company which was a formidable competitor of his employer. Tearing

the envelope he read: Dear Sir: "A few months ago it was my privilege to examine a number of specifications and drawings made by you. I was impressed by the neatness you. I was impressed by the heathess and exactness of your work and the great care it evinced. By the death of one of our draughtsmen, we stand in need of the services of such a man as yourself, and should be pleased to know whether a consideration of \$150

per month would interest you.

"I shall not ask that you keep this matter in confidence. The Enterprise is a competitor of the Master Company, and I want you with us if I can secure you. An early reply would oblige "Sincerely yours "John Beck"

"Press Master Safe Co."

" Pres. Master Safe Co.' As Conor ate his modest supper and

drank the concoction charitably called coffee which filled his cup, he beamed in an unwonted manner upon his fellows, even trading jokes with the old professor, of whom he usually fought uncompromisingly shy.

Rose Emerson presented a charming picture as she waited for Conor that November evening. Gibson might have passed her with no desire to reproduce her in black and white, but a painter of Madonnas would have claimed her for his own. As the fireshine polished the ebony of her hair, and sent off a context of markles from the shine polished the shine polish and sent off a cluster of sparkles from her gold brown eyes, she smiled into the flames, and a rosy flush diffused her cheek and brow. A peal of the electric bell roused her from her porized turret."
"It seems to me," said Dr. Calelectric bell roused her from ner throp, "that we English will begin to throp, "that we English will begin to the "Rose, darling, have you been "this lang."

waiting long?' "No, Conor, dear; just a little while. Come, sit by the fire and 'fess up.' I'm convinced that there is an

abnormal weight upon your brain. Something remarkable must have happened by the look of your face, my man, What is it? Tell me, there's a man, What is it? Tell me, there's a good chap." Conor laughed indulgently at her as

she stood where the firelight enveloped her fn its soft radiance, and replied: ' Yes. little sweetheart, something has happened. It is good news, but every-thing is so quiet and dear in this bles sed Inglenook I don't like to talk busidess just yet. Stand there a minute and let me look at you."

What a scrutiny! Lovers' eyes are keen and far from blind, but as he gazed at the beautiful girl who had was not a fault to be found in her.

"If I am to do the graven image

act much longer, I shall need a sup-port or a pedestal," she laughed.
"It's very flattering, but not a bit comfortable. May I please be seated

Yes, sweetheart." Conor responded, in a graver tone. Somehow, it walways difficult for this young Isishm Somehow, it was to be merry with his sweetheart. Her wit was keen and her laughter very dear and wholesome, but "this thing called love" was so serious with him that he was inclined to become overgrave when in her company. To night was no exception.
"Come sit by me here, sweetheart.

I want to show you something."
Obediently she went to him, and, sitting side by side, they read the letter.
"Hurrah for Mr. Conor Shean! I knew it was in you, my boy," cried Rose. "Tell the honorable president are to be had at once. I always knew those Enterprise people didn't half appreciate my boy. Bat—Conor—dear—you will be twenty-five miles away from—hore." of the Master Safe Company that you

"I know it, little girl; but I'll make a new home down there and you'll be the general manager. If I 'make good good with the Master people, we can be married in six months."

give me time."
"Time?" What would you have to

do ?"
" My dear Mr. Shean, you are extremely clever in the business of manufacturing safes and locks. You could tell to the hundreth fraction of a cent tell to the hundreth fraction of a cent how much iron is a pound, or steel is by the ton. You could draw an exact picture of a vault or a screw-door safe, but you don't know 'beans' about a woman's wardrobe or the making of it. I am not sure but that it would require six months to give you a detailed list of the things I shall have to do before I can possibly go to the altar with a sure in the property of the pater with a sure in the property of the pater with a sure in the property of the pater with a sure in the property of the pater with a sure in the property of the pater with a sure in the property of the pater with a sure in the property of the pater with a sure in the property of the pater with a sure in the property of the pater with a sure in the property of the pater with a sure in the property of the pater with a sure in the property of the pater with a sure in the pater w fore I can possibly go to the altar with you as your bride. You can come up each Sunday, though, and I will tell

you in instalments.

"My dear Conor, you wax danger-ously near profanity. I am sure I couldn't think of a wedding before six months, but-I-might make it in

"Good! Seven months from to-day that would make it June 20, wouldn't it? "Oh, what a lightning calculator you are! But—well—pes, I will be-come Mrs. Conor Shean at 8 o'clock in the morning on June 20th."

Two months had passed since Conor Shean had taken a table in the draughting-room of the Master Safe Company. He had gone to work with the twin incentives—love of his work and love of a girl. The combination is not always good, for the work some-times gets too hard, or the girl con-trary; but Conor had so far found smooth sailing, and two months of the smooth salling, and two holders of the seven were gone. Rose had given him such generous installments of informa-tion about the amazing business of getting ready that he fostered a wild hope of her being able to "make it" in five. He had not yet summoned the courage, however, to offer the suggestion. To him the whole categories suggestion. To him the whole categy, ory of intricate knowledge about locks, bolts and architraves, to say nothing of the cheerful sound of "hammers closing rivets up," was infantile compared with Rose's knowledge of feminine foibles, French seams, shirrings, and pinkings, and puffings; pipings and gorings; medallions, insertings and edgings; ruffles, tucks and -his brain whirled sometimes, but he passed bravely through the ordeal, and always congratulated himself on his good fortunes in having won the affections of so clever a woman as his

"Buzz" purred the electric bell under Conor's table, which meant that he was summoned to the private office of the president. "Good morning, Shear," was summoned to the privace once of the president. "Good morning, Shean," smiled that worthy as Conor presented himself. "Have a chair." After carefully closing the door and casting: glance about, to make sure of no possi-ble auditors, Mr. Beck retured to his

desk.
"Shean, we are going to 'pull' that

Copperhead Bank deal if we can, and I

want your help."

"All right, sir. What can I do?"

"Well, you see, it's like this," said
Beck, exhibiting something so near
akin to confusion that Conor was surprised. "The Enterprise people have
already made their bid." "Yes?" was Conor's non-committal

answer. 'And you made the specifications, I believe. Now, I want you to draw up a duplicate of that bid, as near as you can, from memory."

Conor's face, whose expression had

at first been one of surprise, now reflected the dull red of anger. "I cannot do that, sir."

Beek, misunderstanding him, went on: "I do not expect you to reproduce it verbatim—just the main specifica-tions and the figures, you know. We can then make ours sufficiently lower to swing the deal our way. Understand?"
"Mr. Beek I understand perfectly Mr. Beck, I understand perfectly, but I cannot do such a thing. I was a paid employee of the Enterprise Safe Company when I draughted those specions and made the bids, and I can-

not divulge their business.' Beck stared at the young Irishman in amazement. Such effrontery had never before been dreamed of in his presence. This young strip of a fellow's daring not to put his brain, or time, or concience at his disposal was simply be-

yord belief.
"What! Do you mean to say you refuse to give me those figures? Why, man, this is the biggest safe deal of the century. We have got to have that order. Fifty thousand dollars profit at least, and you practically have it in your power to help us to it."

"I cannot betray confidence, sir."
"Tut tut, fellow! Suppose we should offer an inducement — two or three thousand would be fairly good price for a few typewritten specifica-tion sheets, eh?"

"A good price for typewriting, Mr. Beck, but my honor is not for sale." Bsfore Beck could make any reply Conor turned on his heel, opened the door and passed out. Beck's proposition to divulge the bids had in itself been been been but his segmential. been bad enough, but his assumption that he could be induced to sell the information was too much for the pride of a man of Shean's calibre. He went immediately to his room, gathered up his belongings and left the building, too angry and humiliated to remain a

moment or say a word to any one.

Beck's first impulse after Conor's hasty departure was to touch the elec-tric button which would call him back, but his finger paused in mid air. "No; I'll let him think it over. He will get over this foolishness in a day or two. He was confoundedly impudent, but it won't pay to take too much notice that for the present; we need those specifications first." * * *

When Shean found himself in his own apartment that evening, his first in-tention was to write his flance a straightforward statement of the facts. "What unmitigated assurance! I His second thought, however, forbade haven't said yet that six months would this, for it brought him the heartbreaking conviction that not even to his promised wife could he, with honor, betray the import or the results of his

interview with his employer.

After long reflection and the most serious moral conflict of his life, he at

arisen, and which I may say were not of my own making, I cannot honorably retain the position another day. To "I suppose so," said Dr. Calthrop, smoking leisurely.

"Now, there's the beauty of your religion," said Dr. Wilson. "It fits you like a dressing-gown—ease, beauty, elasticity. You can be anything you like—Turk, Jew, or Atheist, Freemason. Agnostic.

"Rose, Rose, can't you be serious, dear? We have waited so long and I have wanted you so, couldn't you come to me just as you are and make me the tome just as you are and make me the tome just as you are and make me the tome just as you are and make me the tome just as you are and make me the tome just as you are and make me the tome just as you are and make me the tome just as you are and make me the tome just as you are and make me the tome just as you are and make me the tome just as you are and make me the tome just as you are and make me the tome just as you are and make me the tome just as you are and make me the tome just as you are and make me the tome just as you are and make me the tome just as you are and make me the tome just as you are and make me the tome just as you are and make me the tome just as you are and make me the tome just as you are and make me the tome just as you are and make me the tome just hat imposes this silence upon me. Rose, Rose, Rose, don't cry s.,'' soothed her friend, now deeply distressed. "I never dreamed of this. I thought—"

"Yes, I know."

"But, Rose dear, why did he resign at the Master? Papa meant to do but if you love me, dear, trust me now tell you more would be to divulge a that I could explain, but my honor is at stake and I cannot. Write me and tell me you are brave enough to wait.

Your devoted " CONOR." After closing this letter Conor wrote

to Beck:
"My Dear Sir: After the interview of this morning, I cannot remain longer in your employ. I regret this exceedingly, but my mind cannot be changed.

Moreover, as I have failed when you needed me most as a 'oog in the wheel of selfishness,' I presume I shall not be missed or my resignation regretted by

you or the company.
"Very truly yours, All night the young man tossed upon his bed. The long hours left lines upon his brow and about his determined mouth, and heavy shadows lay beneath his eyes; but morning found him calm. Like a young giant who had fought a long and weakening fight with a powerful opponent, he walked out into the sunlight and dropped his letters into a mail-box near at hand.

Could Rose Emerson have seen him

as he glanced at her letter before drop-ping it into the box, perhaps she would have forgiven him, for never before had his manly young face appeared to such advantage. The struggle of the night had given it an added nobility. His gray eyes reflected a soul of im-maculate honor; his proud nostrils maculate honor; his proud nostrils me something of your own affairs. It dilated with the angry thoughts that **^**

pale children is magical.

by little folk.

still surged through his brain ; his lips pressed together in a determined line, bespeaking a strength of purpose that naught on earth could shake, and his firm chin accentuated the expression of his lips. But poor Rose was not given a glimpse of this picture. There was naught in the gray clouds of the morn-ing or the steady fall of a late Novem ber rain to put good cheer into her wounded heart as she read his missive the next morning. Sensitive as a de-licate flower, high-spirited as a deer, his letter broke her heart, but nettled

his letter broke her heart, but nettled her temper, and without due reflection she wrote him his reply.

After a day of fruitless endeavor to secure work. Conor returned to his lodgings and found the dainty envelope whose contents would mean so much to whose contents would mean so much to his aching heart. He did not open it in the public dining room, but, histily eating a bit of supper, hurried to his room. Then he broke the seal. No moment of his life had ever been filled with such intense emotion. He vibrated between hope and despair a hundred times in that pregnant meaning times in that pregnant meaning times. hundred times in that pregnant mo-ment. Mad with desire to know her verdict, faint with fear lest it not be favorable. At length, after an eternity of mental torture, he unfolded the portentous sheet and read:

"Dear Mr. Shean: Your surprising letter has just reached me. I do not hesitate to say that I am cruelly disappointed in you. A man who cannot trust his sweetheart would be very unlikely to make a trustworthy husband, It is well I discovered this unguessed weakness before it was too late. As you have willfully thrown away the chance of your life in a business way. I cannot entertain the thought of marrying you. Very sincerely and sorrowfully, "Rose Emerson."

As he read the lines deepened on his face. As a bright and happy landscape, bathed in the glory of the sun, suddenly enters into the shadow of a passing plant at the face face of the rough. ing cloud, so the fine face of the young Irishman, usually so full of inner sun-shine and good cheer, grew gray and cold under the shadow of his first real sorrow. "God help me!" he muttered, as the letter dropped from his hand, "O Rose, how could you?" Then, more gently, for he loved her at that moment more than he ever had before: "Poor

Rose! Dear, little, misguided Rose. And I can't tell you, dear-oh, I-can't. And I can't tell you, dear—oh, I—can't.
And after this letter I cannot write again. Yet I forgive you your scorn. On, I wonder if it is always so hard to do right." Then, as though the thought held in itself a grain of comfort, he smiled faintly, and, pulling his great

frame together, began to pace the floor.
"Well, thank God, I lost her for doing right, and not through any dis-graceful act. I am a man and can work, but—she, poor little girl, how she will suffer because she thinks I do not trust her! My God, I would trust her with my life, but not with another man's secrets. They are not mine to tell."

Two young girls, Rose Emerson and Marie Beck, sat in the latter's dainty boudoir talking. During their board-ing-school days they had been room-mates, and were still fast friends. Rose ad come to spend the week end with

"Rosie, dear, now that the first flush of greeting is over, you look pale. What is it, child? Too much work getting ready for the wedding, I sup-pose. By the way, where is that young knight of yours? My father told me three or four months ago, that he had resigned at the office, and you have been as silent as the Sphynx in your

letters.
Rose's pale face went scarlet, then white, and tears she fain would have hidden sprang to her eyes.
"O Marie, I don't know where he is.

We are not engaged any more; he

"Marie, that was the trouble. He wouldn't tell me why; said that was your father's business, and he couldn't tell any one, not even me. I wrote him in haste, breaking the engagement, and he has never replied. I do not know

he has never replied. I do not know what has become of him."
"Poor little girl, we won't talk any more about it now. Come, wash away those tears, dearle. When you are rested we will speak of this again. I

think everything may comeout rightyet"
After bidding her friend good night,
Marie slipped into the library, and, perching upon an arm of her father's chair, told him the whole story. Mr chair, told him the whole story. Mr. Beck's wife having passed away when her little daughter was a baby, this father and daughter had been the dearest of companions and confidants all through the years. Seldom indeed had Beck refused anything to his one darling child, and Marie had approached him that night with a confident head

ling child, and Marie had approached him that night with a confident heart. "Say, pop, why did Conor Shean re sign. I'd like to tell Rose." "My dear," said the gray-haired man, who had exhibited a strange agitation during the recital of Rose's story, "if Conor couldn't tell his sweetheart, It was a I can't tell my daughter. It was business difference, my dear, and he was quite right in not divulging it."

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It makes them plump, rosy, active, happy.

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and so put together that it is easily digested

ALL DRUGGISTS; 50c. AND \$1.00.

home a year instead of this one short

Marie was wiser than to push her point just then, but resolved to try

After weeks of endeavor, John Beck ucceeded in locating the young Irishman. He had said no word to his daughter, but had begun at once a quiet investigation. At length he learned that, failing at every point to get suitable work, because he could not give the names of his former employers as reference, he had accepted an humble position as bookkeeper in a wholesa e grocery. It was there Beck found him bending industriously over his ledger.
"Good afternoon, Mr. Shean."

At the sound of the familiar voice Conor raised his head with a start of surprise.

"Don't say a word, young man, until I have explained all: then talk." Conor smiled involuntarily and listened while Beck told the story of Rose's visit, Marie's appeal and his

ong search. ong search.

"I have come here, Shean, to tell you that I am ashamed of myself, and I want to ask your pardon. I don't deserve it, but I ask it, anyway."

Shean's hand went out at once to

the older man. "Mr. Bock, I forgive you freely."
"Thank you, Shean. I will see to it
that I deserve forgiveness. We lost the Copperhead job, as I suppose you have heard, but I have made up my mind that a young man who could throw up a good place without anything in sight —give up his sweetheart—rather than betray an old reprobate like myself. and then go to work at the bottom of the ladder again is worthy to hold the best place I can give him. The super-intendency of the draughting room is yours if you say the word. I want you back at the office, and if I am not mis-taken, that little girl wants you, too, though she didn't say so," he loyally added. "I shall tell her why you left me, and I venture to say the result will me, and I venture to say the result will be exactly to your liking. Will you

Conor's eyes were moist as he replied: "God bless you, Mr. Beck; of course, I will."

A month later Conor, who had assumed his new duties, but had not yet received any word from Rose, was asked to dine with his employer. The servant who answered his ring showed him into a small reception room and left him. In a few moments the por-tiors were drawn timidly aside and— Rose Emerson entered the room.

Before he could utter a word she ex-claimed: "Conor, Conor, will you forgive me? I couldn't understand it like, she burst into tears.

"My precious little girl I have nothing to forgive," he replied, as he gently clasped her to his heart.

By and by when coherent speech be-came possible, Rose lifted a tearful but very happy face to her lover's and whispered:
"Conor, dear, this is only June first

-perhaps--"
"Can it still be the twentieth?" he answered, the light of a great hope leaping into his eyes.

Her only answer was an adoring smile.—Lida Keck-Wiggins in Exten-

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business difference, my dear, and he was quite right in not divulging it."
"But, daddy, don't you think you could find him?"
"I don't know—possibly. But don't worry your head over this. Come, tell me something of your own affairs. It seems as though I had been away from School, Gerrard East, Toronto. W. H. SHAW, President.

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