

McGALE'S COMPOUND BUTTERNUT PILLS are carefully prepared with a CONCENTRATED EXTRACT made from the BUTTERNUT and scientifically combined with other Vegetable principles that render them without doubt one of the best LIVER and STOMACH PILLS now before the public.

Can be sent by Mail on receipt of 25c in money or postage stamps. B. E. McGALE, Chemist, 301 St. Joseph Street, Montreal.

THE ROYAL IRISH CONSTABULARY. THE GRIBVANCES. To understand the position of the Irish Constabulary force as to pay and allowances it is necessary to go back to the year 1874, when the last Constabulary act was passed.

Table with 3 columns: Post, Old Pay, New Pay. Rows include First County Inspector, Second County Inspector, First Sub-Inspector, etc.

It will thus be seen that while the county Inspectors had £50 a year added to their pay the other officers of the force got no increase, the commission "not feeling justified in recommending an increase while an abundant supply of officers could be obtained."

The question of pensions is another branch of the demands of the force. It was not dealt with by the commission of 1873, and is settled by two acts of Parliament of 1847 and 1866.

By the former act, constables then in the force who were returned as medically unfit were to receive after fifteen years service two-thirds of their pay, and after twenty years their full pay.

By the latter act, constables who were returned as medically unfit after fifteen years service were to receive one-half their salary; between twenty and twenty-five years, two-thirds; between twenty-five and thirty, three-fourths; and after thirty, the full salary.

Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases. St. Druggists.

EVERY STUDENT OF MUSIC in America has just reason to feel proud of the facilities now afforded by the New England Conservatory of Music.

An incident in the reckless career of the Marquis of Hastings is related by a traveller, who claimed to be staying in the chief hotel at Sheffield, one evening when he and a few companions resolved on what they termed a "lark."

Keep your place and your place will keep you. But you cannot expect to keep your place without health, the foundation of all success.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound strengthens the stomach and kidneys and aids digestion. THE COMET OF A SEASON!

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued. "Who is he? A friend of your father?" "Oh, yes; wait outside, Jane; I'll call you in a moment."

"You seem to hate us all, dear, don't you?" Geraldine said with a smile. Melissa positively smiled in return.

"I don't think I hate you now so much as I did; and, anyhow, I know you are just the sort of girl to get me out of this scrape. How could I go and see him? Look at my eyes; look at my cheeks; how could I see any one? Will you see him, Miss Rowan?"

"Can you, really? That's very nice of you to say, anyhow. But he is such a nuisance all the same, and I won't have it," Melissa declared, with renewed energy.

"I would much rather he never came, but papa wouldn't stand that, I am afraid, even for me. Let him come to-morrow at five. There will be other people here then, and he can't talk to me. He can talk to you. I dare say you will discover all sorts of great and good qualities in him. I declare I think he is just such another good person as you are—good-natured and sweet; and not malicious and bad-tempered, and all this, like some who shall be nameless."

"Miss Aquitaine begs you will excuse her," she said; "she is not quite well to-day, and cannot see any one. But she hopes you will call to-morrow, about five."

CHAPTER IX. ON TOWER HILL. CLEMENT HOPE had come apparently on a fool's errand. From the moment of his having Mr. Aquitaine, the day before, he had been filled with a wild desire to take the father at his word and go straight away and propose for the daughter.

"Anyhow, it will end the matter," he thought, and he felt a sort of wild and bitter desire that his repulse might be all as painful as Mr. Aquitaine had led him to expect.

Clement had expected anything rather than the kind of anticlimax which awaited him. He had made up his mind that somehow he was to be alone with Miss Aquitaine, and now he was shown into a room at which his uncertain eyes could only first make out that there were several other persons.

"To sum it up, six long years of bed-ridden sickness, costing \$200 per year, total \$1,200—all of this expense was stopped by three bottles of Hop Bitters, taken by my wife. She has done her own homework for a year since, without the loss of a day, and I want everybody to know it for their benefit.—N. E. Farmer."

as he could, and he actually succeeded in seeing Miss Aquitaine. She was seated on an ottoman, her profile turned to him; she was talking to a lady, and apparently not thinking about him in the least.

"I did not know you were in town until the other day." "No?" said she. "We have not been long here." "I hope you are enjoying yourself," he remarked.

"I am glad to see you again, Mr. Hope. I suppose you are a Londoner; now you can tell me something I want to know about London. We all happen to be strangers here."

He looked in the face of the lady—the lady?—no; the beneficent and redeeming angel who had thus rescued him from utter confusion, had taken him by the hand and drawn him within the circle of living humanity.

Then in an instant he saw that it was the girl who had spoken so kindly to him the day before, and had pledged herself to procure him that interview which now seemed so hopeful and satisfactory; and he felt that she was asking him about London only to relieve him from an embarrassment which she could well understand and feel for.

It was arranged the next day Clement was to "personally conduct" a select party to Tower Hill, and that this select party too were to walk all the way, and to be shown Eastcheap, and the Strand, and in memory of the wild Price, and Poles, and Jack Falstaff.

"I am glad you like my feeling," she replied, gaining courage and voice; "if I don't see what we have to do with old buildings or with ruins. This is our time, is it not?"

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pliments and conveying with his eyes the impression that he admired her. That would have been powerless, indeed, compared with the course he unconsciously took.

CHAPTER X. CLEMENT'S EVENING WALK. GERALDINE was very thoughtful all the evening after her excursion to Tower Hill. She was a good deal interested in Clement's Hope, and somewhat touched as well as amused by his melancholy and his passion.

"I wish he would make a name for himself," said Melissa, "if he likes it; but what I object to is his trying to make a name for me."

"I think he is a sweet boy," Geraldine declared. "He is not quite a boy," said Melissa; "I suppose he is four or five and twenty. I think he is quite old enough to have more sense, and to know what he is going to do with himself."

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"I think you like him, after all, at the bottom of your heart," Geraldine said, trying to find response in Melissa's downcast eyes.

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