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CHAPTER XVI.—CONTINUED.

"Unexpected circumstances made her end her visit," "awfully sad and tired-looking," "made her lie down as soon as possible," these were the statements that worked themselves into Mr. Mallaby's brain, and as they did so, the expression of his face changed to one of positive pain and anxiety. His brown eyes were full of that sad wistfulness which had appealed so to Florence Wilbur's heart, and which now almost brought the tears to Mrs. Denner's eyes. Mrs. Denner's eyes.

Mrs. Denner's eyes.
"Do you think she is sick?" Even his
voice seemed tremulous from anxiety.
"No, I don't think as she's sick, but I think she's unhappy some way. Just stay here, and I'll see if she's rested enough to come down to you." Miss Hammond, unable to sleep, had remained in bed but a very short time, so

that she was quite prepared to descend to Mr. Mallaby, and she rose at once from her pensive position by the window and accompanied Mrs. Denner to the parlor. That good-hearied, but somewhat curious woman would like to have entered with the young lady, and it was with more than one sigh of regret she kept on her re-

than one sigh of regret she kept on her re-luctant way to the kitchen.

Mr. Mallaby was standing just as Mrs.
Denner had left him, the same anxious
expression on his face, the same wistful
look in his eyes. Never, perhaps had
even his ward observed that look so plainly before.

Welcome, Miss Hammond," he said "Welcome, Miss Hammond, he saw, his look changing to one of genuine relief and pleasure, as her appearance—she had forced a smile to her lips—seemed to deny the probability, at least of illness.

"And how have you come to us so unexpectedly?" shaking the hand she extended and speaking playfully, as if to

expectedly?" shaking the hand she ex-tended, and speaking playfully, as if to hide the evidence of much deeper feeling. She told him in a few words of Flor ence's unexpected departure, and in order account for any dejection she might be future be unable to conceal, she tolor ow acutely she felt that departure, Flor how acutely she feit that departure, Fibrence and she having loved each other as if they had been twin sisters. And, of course, Mr. Mallaby dreamed of no other pang, that his ward could have suffered when she bade farewell to her friends and while he sympathized with her sor row, he felt that, arising as it did only from a friendship formed at school, it could have neither the strength nor the constancy to cause him much anxiety. constancy to cause him much anxiety. In that manner he expressed himself when he told Mrs. Denner why Miss Hammond had left her friends so soon, and Mrs. Denner quite agreed with him She said that, in her opinion school-gir friendships were like pills, "sticky whit you're swallowing, but forgotten when

### XVII.

they're down.'

Mr. Denner's boarders were few-owing as she said to the season of the year comprising but four very staid gentlemen, and a couple of exceedingly deaf old ladies. The gentlemen breakfasted early did not return to lunch, and at the eve-ning dinner seemed to pay an entire, and very solemn attention to their plates. The deaf old ladies made but few atempts at conversation, but they atoned or their silence by attending religiously their appetites and demanding from very one in their vicinity constant atten-on in the way of passing to them articles nat were often within their own con-

Thus, Miss Hammond, when she went o breakfast the next morning, found not uch a public table as she had dreaded to neet. Mr. Mallaby sat next to her having the old ladies on the other side of him. The four staid gentlemen had breakfasted an hour before. He intro-duced his ward to the old ladies, and Agnes heavy-hearted as she was, found it

difficult to refrain from laughing as one of the bewigged dames stiffly responded: "How do you do, Miss Apple?" and the other said, with a piping voice like that of

am happy to meet you, Miss Hatter. 'Hammond!" shouted Mr. Mallaby, his florid face growing more florid in his exertion to make the deaf old creatures

"Oh, Hartache," exclaimed the first, and "Hastate," chimed in the second, not then they both begged pardon to ether for having in the first instant so readfully misunderstood the name, and anstantly fell to demanding of Mr. Mallaby the attentions that it was evident they were accustomed to received from him, has preventing him from making any urther effort to correct them in the mater of his ward's cognomen. But that act did not make him less thoughtful took kindly in his attentions, and while he was delicately watchful to see that Miss Hammond had everything tor which she cared, neither did he neglect the gluttonous old ladies in any particular. His Oh. Hartache," exclaimed the first tonous old ladies in any particular. His ward noticed that the very waitress at-tended him with an alacrity and manifest pleasure not bestowed upon anybody else

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THE GUARDIAN'S MYSTERY;

OR,

Bejected for Conscience's Sake.

BY CHRISTINE FABER.

CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

BY CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

for practice."

She spoke cheerfully enough, and he, not knowing that the cheerfulness was assumed, went to his daily avocation quite satisfied that with such pleasant occupation she would be neither lone-some nor home-sick; but he kept thinking as he went down the street, what he should bring her when he returned. Books and music, those were the things to which her tastes inclined. He remembered the time when his tastes were similarly inclined, and then he seemed to feel a sudden chill—a chill that made the perspiration which the heat of the morning had brought out upon his forehead to become as cold as if it were a death dew. He had to cross to the sunny side of the street, and to put down his umbrella in order to get out of the grave-like-shiver. As he walked on briskly, in order to crush the awful remembrance that had caused the chill, he set his face into the expression that reluctant debtors dreaded, and he caused his eyes to assume the hard, keen, persistent stare which few cared to encounter a second time.

On Nassau street, where his office was or practice. She spoke cheerfully enough, and he

cared to encounter a second time.

On Nassau street, where his office was structed, he was so well known that his sad appearance had long since ceased to excite comment, and as his reputation for excite comment, and as ms reputation for integrity had also become well estab-lished, he was held, despite his eccentric ways, in no little regard by business men. On this morning, at the very door of his office he was met by as odd-looking a figure as he was himself — a tall, lank,

ong-haired young man.

He was evidently young from the absence of all down upon his face, and a certain infantile expression that denotes the spooney age; but he was so tall, and at the same time so slight, that the high, carefully brushed beaver on his head, and the bright blue of his broadcloth panta-loons, and swallow-tailed coat, made a yery gaidy and absurdly attractive sight. His feet were exceedingly small and en-cased in brilliantly-polished boots, and it was evident from the admiring looks he requently cast upon them that he re-garded them as the most important por-tion of his very slim person. Certainly, from the shape of his head, and the exfrom the snape of his head, and the ex-pression of his short-chinned narrow face, the quantity of his brains must have been limited. His pale-blue eyes were small placed close together, and had the white

placed close together, and had the white rim about the pupil, which physiognom-ists say denotes "a bad eye."

"Mr. Mallaby, odd as was his own ap-pearance, gazed with a sort of amused wonder at this apparition — the young man's attenuated person might almost pass for such. pass for such.

His wonder increased when the appariion, said in a very high, shrieking sort of roice—the kind of voice one hears from loydenish girls trying to be masculine. "Say, boss, are you Mr. Matthias Mal

That's my name," answered Mallaby

in his gruff, business tone.

"Well, then, boss: just let me preface
my remarks by assuring you it is with no
idle curiosity that I've approached you
this morning for the purpose of saying
that, which, while it may cause in you

some emotions of displeasure, will on my part only come from a respect that is tem-pered by—"

ered by—"
He was cut short by Mallaby fairly oaring at him: "What the devil are you roaring at him: "What the devil are you trying to say?"

The apparition retreated a little, but mmediately resumed in the same shricky

A moment, boss; just let me explain "A moment, boss; just let me explain.
I was going to tell you, that as I said before, it is with no idle curiosity I approached you this morning; but I'll preface my remarks by saying that in view
of the mistake which has occurred, I would only say, so that you may be quite clear in

"And I would only say that you are a

consummate jackass!' came again from Mallaby, indignant that both his time and ould be thus trie

"Either say what you want to say, you fool, without so many prefaces, or be-

gone Ob, now boss, listen a minute while I preface my remarks by telling you that a letter came to you for me—I mean came to me for you—I mean came to both of us or each other—" and at that stage of his oreach other—and at that stage of his explanation he became so uncertain him-self of what he did mean that he stopped short, turned very red in the face, looked lown at his exquisite feet as if they ight help him, and began to fumble in

You're a born ass!" ejaculated Malla

by, unable to contain himself, and not to be detained longer he turned shortly on his heel to go within the office.

By that time, however, the strange-looking youth had produced a letter the broken seal of which showed that it had been opened, and he pulled Mr. Mallaby back and placed it in his hand.

Mallaby turned to the superscription, reading with new wonder his own name, Mr. Mallaby, only that the "b" carelessly made, and not of sufficient height, might be taken at a cursory glance for another letter. Then, he turned again to the broken seal and from that to the youth with a most indignant glare: the glare had the effect of enabling the latter to say without prefacing his remarks:

had the effect of enabling the latter to say without prefacing his remarks:

"I thought the letter was for me, boss—my name's Mallary—and I read it; then I thought it must be for you."

The florid hue in Mallaby's face died away to ghastliness, and his hand shook violently as he opened the letter: it had been folded so as to make its own inclosed. re. Still, while he tremulously unfold-it, he endeavored to reassure himself y the fact that the penmanship was tterly unfamiliar; but the foreign postnarks upon it—those made his heart

door to that of Mallaby, and hence the mistake that put into his hands on the previous day an epistle that so bewildered him he took it home for some members of his fortility to the fortility of the fortility o nistake that put into his hands on the revious day an epistle that so be wildered him he took it home for some members f his family to explain it. The only one of his family to explain it. The only one who seemed able to do so was his aunt, and she, sagely concluding that it must be meant for somebody else, asked her nephew if there was anyone in the vicinpephew if there was anyone in the vicinty of his office who bore a similar name,
or a name even somewhat like his own.
After a little thought he remembered Mr.
Mallaby, of whom, brief as was the time
of his own connection with a firm on Nassau street, he had heard, and whom on
one occasion he had even seen, Mr. Mallaby being pointed out to him by a com-

'Then he is the man," said his aunt, "Then he is the man," said his aunt, and having obtained from her nephew as ull a description as the latter could give of Mr. Mallaby, her soul was secretly laddened by the thought that he must be the very Mallaby to whom she had been ntroduced, the guardian of that hated Miss Hammond. Should such be the very and if that mysterious letter were and if that mysterious letter were ase, and if that mysterious letter were eally for him, what satisfactory conse-quences for herself might not follow. quences for herself might not follow. Perhaps even the inclining to her favor matrimonially of Mr. Mallaby himself through that very letter which had fallen so strangely into her hands. Her nephew, in his idiotic fear at having act-

ally read a letter not intended for him, ranted to destroy it, and never breathe a wanted to destroy it, and never breathe a word about it to anybody; but his aunt, in well-feigned, virtuous horror, exclaimed violently at such a proposition, and protested that in such an event it should become her religious duty to acquaint Mr. Mallaby herself. That threat disktancia Mallie years ware soul, and he That threat frightened Malliflower's very soul, and he hastened to promise compliance with whatever Aunt Prudence should advise. She advised that her nephew should go early next morning to Mr. Mallaby's office, tell him the mistake that had occurred, and deliver to him the lettter, no neglecting at the same time to watch carefully the effect of his communication upon Mr. Mallaby. She even prepared a speech to accompany the delivery of the letter, but her nephew in his semi-idiocy, had forgotten one part of it, and had ludicrously distorted the other part. His stupidity, however, did not prevent him taking in more of Matthias Mallaby than the latter dreamed the dolt was canable the latter dreamed the dolt was capa of doing, and when with a deep-dra sigh of relief he put the letter into his pocket bidding at the same time a cur' "good morning," to Mallary, and turned into the office, he had not the slightest enspicion of how faithful a description

his agitation was to be given a few hours later to Prudence Liscome.

On that same morning, hardly an hour after the departure of young Mal-lary, Anne, out on a domestic errand made time to call upon Miss Liscome, de-livering to that lady the parcel and note h were to have been given to Sydney

Wilbur.

"I couldn't manage to give them ma'am. Mr. Wilbur wasn't home at all or Friday, as you know yourself, and he was out on Saturday," secretly assuring herself that she was telling no lie, so long as Mr. Wilbur had left the house on Sat-

urday to take the steamer.

"And you couldn't get any chance?
oh, Anne "said Miss Liscome in a sort
of dismayed disappointment, as she took haven't mentioned it to Miss

"But you haven't mentioned it to Miss Wilbur, nor anybody,"her dismay changing a little to fear.

"No, ma'am; I never yet made a fool of myself, by meddling in things that didn't belong to me, or putting myself forward, and I hope I never shall. Good meaning ma'am."

morning, ma'am."

And Anne faced immediately about and departed, thinking to herself as she I wonder if the old creature took

hat I said." But Miss Liscome took it no further than to think that Anne was rather im pertinent, and to feel that only she was somewhat in the power of that domestic, she would like to have given her a good setting down; and then she went back to all the feelings engendered by the return

Wilbur's look on the steamer when she had made that remark to him had caused her to doubt a little his acceptance of the gift; still, as Anne had not returned it on the preceding day, she had felt he must have taken it, and that fact consoled her not a little; now, however, to find it had not even been offered to him, she knew not whether to yield to disappointment because it had happened so, or to be glad hat he had not the opportunity of reject-

ing it.

The incident, however, in connection with her recollection of his indignant and

contemptuous look awoke within her the desire to crush him as mercilessly as she would crush Agnes Hammond. would crush Agnes Hammond.

It made her also wish with a sort of ferceness to win Mallaby. Why should she not, remembering the attention he had paid her on that only time of their meeting, and, as the wife of Miss Hammond and the state of mond's guardian, what might she not be able to do in the way of revenging herself upon Miss Hammond? Then also mat-ters in her sister's household were becoming rather uncomfortable; unpleasantly frequent demands being made upon her for loans from her own little private an-nuity, so that a combination of undesir-able circumstances seemed to point to Mr. able circumstances seemed to point to Mr.
Mallaby as a very happy settlement. She
put her little charm into its old resting-place with the single tarnished earring and the pinless breast-pin, and she
felt as she closed the box that it might
not be very long until the golden heart
would be again brought forth and presented to Mr. Mallaby as a token of her
maidenly regard. maidenly regard.

Miss Hammond tried to occupy herself with her books and music, taking from her trunk its little store of volumes—they were all either histories, philosophies, or

"You are merciless, Agnes!"

And in spite of herself her thoughts would wander to the life of the two on ship-board, to the foreign shore to which they were going, to conjectures about Wilbur's future movements—whether he would remain with Florence and her mother, or go still further abroad; and then she longed with a sort of wild, flerce longing, for the letter that Florence had promised to write on the steamer, and to post the first opportunity. But so many post the first opportunity. But so many days must elapse before she could receive it, that her heart sank, and it was only by it, that her heart sank, and it was only by beginning a wild, loud, brilliant passage of music, she managed to suppress a passionate burst of tears. When Mr. Mallaby returned to lunch—which it was only occasionally convenient for him to do, and which he did to day, with a good deal of inconvenience—he bore with him a package of books and music for his ward. The selection gave evidence of so much taste selection gave evidence of so much taste and culture, in such matters, that the young lady was further puzzled to under-stand her odd-looking guardian, while she stand her odd-looking gatardar, was also not a little touched by his kind thoughtfulness. And when she would have thanked him with more feeling than she usually manifested he turned away hastily, as if he were either offended or these be could not hear the exhibition of that he could not bear the exhibition of

her gratitude.

Every day she experienced in numberless ways evidences of his watchful regard, and yet he seemed positively bashful in her presence, speaking but little,
and always acting as if he feared he were
guilty of some intrusion.

Sometimes she could not help being
amused by it all, but oftener she was
touched—touched to sudden tears by his
rare, and woman-like gentleness. Nor ner gratitude.

rare, and woman-like gentleness. Nor was she long in ascertaining the devotionwas she long in ascertaining the devotional regard with which he seemed to have inspired everybody in the house; the deaf old ladies had a positive affection for him, the staid gentlemen often in turn consulted him, and in return seemed less staid and more cheerful after the consultation, while the affection of Mrs. Denner and the little ones was visibly and audibly demonstrated many times a day. as a pleasure of white the house gave convincing testimony.
Thus, despite her former half-contemptous regard for Mr. Mallaby, and her in-

uous regard for Mr. Manaoy, and her in-tense satisfaction that he was no relative, Agnes was daily experiencing an esteem for him that did not seem unlikely to grow into positive affection. She even found herself when Florence's first letter ound hersel when relativel to him with a freedom and abandon that she might have used with Florence herself, and only that she was too eager to go to her room in order to read its contents in solitude she might have noticed the singular look hat came into his face at her manner.

The letter written on the steamer though lengthy, contained little more than expressions of the writer's affection for Agnes, and the pain that absence caused Of Wilbur it said no more than:

"Sydney does not mention you, dear Agnes, and when I do, he remains sternly silent; but, be dearest, how nobly you have done your luty, and I feel that our Blessed Lady, to whom you have been so devoted, will find means of compensating you even in this world." But the little attempt at consolation was

neffectual, for Agnes, woman-like, was inking only of the cold, cruel fact that ydney hever mentioned her. She seemed to forget for the time that she had given him up irrevocably, and that ever since, while she prayed for him fervently, since, while she prayed for him lervently she had been trying desperately to put every other regard for him out of her eart and mind. As she read the letter a hi d time she became indignant, saying

to herself I should not have been so sternly eilent about him

ilent about him."

Then her old pride that had seemed to be quite crushed, but which had only lumbered, biding its time, flashed up, trying the tears, before they did more han moisten her eyelashes, and flushing her pale cheeks.

She put the letter into her trunk, and of her resolution to compel her hear to be sternly silent about Sydney Wilbur; and to strengthen her resolution, she deter-mined to devote part of her time to some charitable work. She had already begun charitable work. She had already beguin to go to Mass in the mornings, concealing her pious practice under the pretense of a morning walk in Washington Square which was almost in the immediate vicinity of Mrs. Denner's, and, she had even conquered her pride sufficiently to accompany Mr. Mallaby to the High Mass or Sundays. The latter victory cost her on Sundays. The latter victory cost her no slight struggle, for Mr. Mallaby's dress on the Sabbath, even to the item of the green umbrella, did not differ from that which he wore on week-days; to be sure he was always spotlessly clean and neat, never a speck appearing even in his nails, that were suffered to grow a full eighth of that were suffered to grow a full eighth of an inch beyond his white, freckled fingers; but all that did not detract from his exceedingly odd appearance. In her strong desire now for spiritual distraction she thought of offering her services in the Sunday school, and the thought became more ardent as she pictured a Sunday-school class of poor children to whose homes she might make charitable visits. It was true her benevolent intentions would probably cause serious inroads upon her slender annual allowance, but in her present zealous mood she felt conal in her present zealous mood she felt equal

in her present zealous mood she leit equal to any personal sacrifice.

In the fulfilment of this determination, on the very next Sunday, instead of accompanying Mr. Mallaby to the High Mass, she asked to go with Mrs. Denner's four tow-headed youngsters to Sunday school, at which Mrs. Denner accertaining the young lady's intention, was much school, at which sits before accertaining the young lady's intention, was much surprised, honored, and edified; but, Mr. Mallaby, when apprised of his ward's design, only smiled—it might be in approval, or it might be in doubt, of her perse-

were all either histories, phinosophies, or religious works—and arranging them for convenient use, and then removing from the head, as letters do, nor was there any form of address; it began at once:

"Your last was not satisfactory. The spectre of the past is only to be laid by prompt and full compliance. I. Jarcel, tell you this so that you may know what to expect.

Mallaby breathed more freely. There was nothing in the letter to reveal his secret; and if there had been he doubted already shown it to some one of more intelligent, and more evil comprehension by the dolf who had already shown it to some one of more intelligent, and more evil comprehension than he himself possessed—his aunt, Prudence Liscome.

Malliflower Mallary had become recently attached to an office almost next. verance in the good work.

Miss Hammon I introducing herself, but at the same time keeping the little Denners about her as a sort of testimonial

instruction, she was obliged to turn back in short order, the skirt of her dress being most violently plucked—it was in the ad-miring hands of the whole motley dozen.

miring hands of the whole motley dozen. She speedily convinced, even the Denners, privileged as they feit themselves to be, that she was not there for ornament, nor amusement, and when the hour for dismissal arrived she felt that the session had indeed been a time of distraction. Owing to the buzz about her, and the ceaseless vigilance required by her own restless and mischievous charges, she had not been able to yield for an instant to her wonted thoughts. She wondered a little, as tired and spiritless she wended her way home, whether she had not been little, as tired and spiritless she wended her way home, whether she had not been premature in committing herself to such an uncongenial spiritual work, as this, her first experience of Sunday School teaching seemed to be. How much more pleasant would her books have been; but, with that thought herstronger, and better nature aroused itself; she felt her cheeks growing hot at the realization of her spir-itual sloth and cowardice, and she began to walk very fast as if to atone by exer-

to walk very last as it to do by eler-tion for her secret weakness.

There were pattering steps behind her, and she turned to behold her whole Sunday School class headed by the redout-able Denners—to whom she had not even hinted the slightest desire of their com-pany home—close in her rear. They had maintained a very respectable distance until Miss Hammond's accelerated gait put them off their guard, when in a sort of unconscious boldness they had in-creased their own pace until it suddenly brought them almost up to her. Their look of dismay at being detected was comical, and the way the more bashful ones endeavored to hide themselves behind their companions caused a scramb-ling that was ludicrous; even the digni-fied young lady had to laugh a little, and then her amusement gave place to won-der, as the whole pack encouraged by the Denners, rushed past her in pursuit of an-other object. That object was Mr. Malla-by who, on his way home from church, was just turning a corner a whole block in covarion of the nexty.

in advance of the party.

Miss Hammond slackened her gait thankful that she was so near home, for she felt that Mr. Mallaby being speedily informed of her proximity, would wait to He was so modest and gentle in all his requirements, and so grateful for the smallest service, that to wait upon him the house gave convincing testimony. The house gave convincing testimony the house gave convincing testimony. reached him, and it the little ones tool
him he did not even look back to ascertain the proximity of his ward, but devoted himself at once, as he always
seemed to do, to the childish interests
about him. It was evident that the Denners had introduced their companions,
and that Mr. Mallaby was delighted with
the exceedingly friendly terms which the exceedingly friendly terms which immediately appeared to ensue, between all parties. They walked on each side of him trying to arrange themselves so that each one could get as near to him as poseach one could get as near to min as pos-sible, and whatever charm he used even the boisterousness of the Denners became subdued, and they, as well as their companions, were listening to him with a silent but evidently delighted attention.

ilent, but evidently delighted attention Miss Hammond felt increased esteem for her guardian; an esteem so much for her guardian, an escent so the slight-est note of his odd appearance; and, mingled with her admiration of his un-selfish qualities was a sort of shame of herself; her secret consciousness whispered that it was very selfishness which had moved her to the charitable work of that morning-her selfish desire escape the pain of her own fruitless long-ings and that same consciousness whis-pered that her work had been done in a pered that her work had been done in a sort of half-hearted and ungraceful way, utterly unlike the manner in which it would have been done by truly good and zealous people. Her feelings were a little intensified when Mr. Mallaby, having arrived at his own stoop, bade good-bye to the little strangers,—the Denners, snifting the odor of the dinner, dived into the reas and waited smilingly until his ward. area, and waited smilingly until his ward

joined him.
"I fear you have tired yourself, my dear," he said gently, but even while he spoke he seemed to avoid looking at her, and when he had opened the door with his latchkey, and held it back for her to ass, he looked beyond, rather

Distasteful as was Sunday Schoolteaching, and visiting the parents of Sunday School-children, when the latter were delinquert in the matter of attendance, or lessons, Miss Hammond faithfully persevered in each; and owing to her acute consciousness of selfishness in it all, her acts were not corroded by the vanity that might at another time have destroyed their merit. She hated herself for being so selfish, and she hated herself ieroely Distasteful as was Sunday School teachso selfish, and she hated herself flercely for not being able to forget Sydney Wil-bur. She never mentioned his name in her answer to Florence's letter, and she was sconstantly summoning to aid her in repelling every thought of

### TO BE CONTINUED.

DIOCESAN PILGRIMAGE, We call the attention of our readers to the date, July 19, prox, of the great Diocesan Pilgrimage to St. Anne de Beaupré, Quebec, of the Archdiocese of Kingston, under the patronage of the Right Rev. Monsignor Farrely, Administrator. Fare from Toronto and return on both the C. P. R. and the G. T. R., only \$6.75. Those who do not desire to visit the Shrine of St. Anne will have a grand opportunity by taking in this Pilgrand. grand opportunity by taking in this P grimage, to visit the chief cities of Province of Quebec, or to make as from Montreal to the far famed Lake plain and vicinity, as all tickets will be good for a week and good to return on any regular passenger trains.

### HOW ONE OF OUR LADY READ-ERS MAKES A GOOD LIVING.

I have noticed the different ways in which some of your readers have been which some of your readers have been making money, and I wish now to give my experience. I am selling Bairds Non-Alcoholic Flavoring Powders, never making less than \$3 a day, and I often-times clear over \$5. These powders are much cheaper than the liquids and they go twice as far. From one to eight different flavors can be sold at most every house for flavoring ice cream, enstards, cakes, flavors can be sold at most every house for flavoring ice cream, custards, cakes, candies, etc., and they give to any delicacy in which they are put that richness of flavor so common to the fruits and flowers they represent. Guaranteed to be perfectly healthful. I have not any trouble selling them, as everyone who sees them tried buys them. By writing to W. H. Baird & Co., Statjon A, Pittsburg, Pa., they will give you full particulars and give you a start. I give my experience, hoping that others who are in need of employment can do as well as I have.

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