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DEPENDS ON



BY CHRISTINE FABER.

CHAPTER XIV .- CONTINUED. But, despite the hope she strove both to npart, and to feel, and the cheerful tones e assumed, there was a gloom upon her irits, much more than even the occa-on seemed to warrant. It was as if the nger of inexorable fate were pointing to separation greater than even distance ould make between herself and her be-

At tea, Aunt Deb and Miss Liscom bore them company; Aunt Deb was par-ticularly cheerful, owing to her perpetual gratitude for the awful danger her brother gratitude for the awfai danger her brother had escaped, and she kept up a light but still, to her three spiritless companions, a sort of exasperating conversation, for it compelled answers constantly from each of them in turn. Miss Liscome wanted to be permitted to observe in silence the foce of Miss Harmond, who as directly to be permitted to observe in silence the face of Miss Hammond who sat directly opposite to her, and to wonder in what special feature was the charm that had won Wilbur. In her opinion Miss Ham-mond's mouth was too large, and her forehead too low, and just now she was frightfully pale. But she had to acknowl-edge the charm of the delicate skin and that other more potent charm of youth. Miss Hammond's face bore no lines, nor wrinkles, nor crows feet.

wrinkles, nor crows' feet. It never occurred to her to think about It never occurred to her to think about Miss Hammond's character, nor to won-der at, or admire, the resolution which could put aside so tempting an offer as Sydney Wilbur's heart and hand. Such hereing was haven deven her concention. She was beyond even her conception. She was conscious of nothing but a vio-lent jealousy of the girl, and a secret, but none the less deadly desire to crush her if she could. She hated her with all her little vain soul for the love she had won. All but Aunt Deb were glad when the meal was finished, and hearing her ask, or rather command, Prudence to accom-pany her to her room in order to help her inish some sewing upon which both had been engaged during the afternoon, Agnes and Florence repaired to the parlor.

They sat in silence holding each o hands and looking into each other's eyes with the dreariest attempts at cheerfu expressions of countenance, until Florence could bear it no longer. In desperation for something to break the agonizing nonotony, she urged : "Sing for me, Agnes."

"Sing for me, Agnes." Agnes went to the piano; she had little heart to sing, but she could not at such a time, refuse any request from Florence, and thinking it would harrow herself less to sing something from the music belong-ing to the Wilburs, than the strains with which both she and Florence were famil-iar, she opened one of the books of mel-ody lying on the piano. They were mostly light airs, but cheerful ones, and when having sume a counde. Florence

mostly light airs, but cheerial ones, and when having sung a couple, Florence begged her to continue, she came sudden-ly upon "Kathleen Mavourneen." "It may be for years, and it may be for ever," rang out in her exquisite con-tralto, and with an expression in the singer's voice that told how her own ach-ing heart was in the convertion strains

g heart was in the quivering strains. Florence felt her own heart would bur she waited to hear more, and she sto rom the room leaving the singer wh ow seemed unconscious to everythin but that she was giving vent to emotions with which her soul was full. The hall-door opened, and Wilbur en-

tered, pausing a moment as the strains reached him. Then he stole to the par-lor-door; Florence had left it partly open. He looked within, and seeing its sole occupant, went noiselessly in, standing behind the singer and hardly daring to breathe lest he might betray his pres-

But her own feelings were overmaster ng her; the agony of parting with Syc ney, with Florence, the anticipation of a

nelike boarding-house and odd Mallaby, the craving for the affection of a father, mother, brother, sister to which to flee in order to fill the awful gap that ould be made by Florence's departure seemed to have been rendered more in-tense by the very words she was singing, and in the middle of the second stanza her song gave way to the great sob that had been gathering in her heart from the first, and she laid her head on the piano, and gave utter way to her grief. Wilbur could not control himself; he lorgot his promise not to appear in her sight; he forgot all his former regard for her extreme delizacy, and rushing for-ward he caught her in his arms. "My darling ! our separation shall not be—you have consented—you will con-sent—you will tell me not to leave you." He held her so tightly that for a mo-ment she could hardly even struggle in his arms; then, with a desperate effort which alarmed him for the result of his impetuous action, she freed herself, and in her horror at having been actually in his embrace, and her fear of yielding at last to him, she shrank from him as though he had been some unsightly thing.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

ain

riate attire.

He approached her, but she shrank forther away, in her desperation praying unconsciously aloud : "Oh, my God save me ! Holy Mother

of God help me

of God help me !" He stopped short, astonished, grieved and angered at her prayers: astonished and grieved that she should thus fear him, and angered that he was powerless to move her resolution. Could she love him, he argued with himself, and love him as he loved her, and still act in this memory? Other Catholic women could be manner? Other Catholic women equall as good, had married Protestants, wh should Agnes Hammond hold herself superior? He had not asked her to giv

her religion; he had not even de inded that she should sacrifice one its requirements ; then, why her refuse to marry him? Might it not be owing t a sort of natural obtinacy in her charac-ter or even a secret hope that he would prove his love by becoming a convert to Catholicity for her sake — at which though Not even for Ag is whole soul rebelled. hes Hammond, passionately as he love her, unless that motive were accompanie by sure and full conviction, would he re nounce the Faith of his fathers.

a Agnes, 'he said, at length, "you need not fear me; if in the ardor of my regard for you-a regard which I now feel you neither understand, appreciate, nor re-turn-I have forgotten myself, I beg you o forgive me. It is the last time I shall He turned from her, going toward the

oor, but before he reached it, something mpelled him to look back. She, stung y his words, knowing how mistaken he was, and feeling that she could not 1 im go with that cruel thought of her, had face, a wild, agonized and imploring look. In an instant he was at her side again, very thought of her gone but that she oved him.

"Agnes, my own ! your face has recalled me — your eyes speak the words which your tongue has so cruelly refused to utter, and remember all that I have prom-sed with regard to your faith, all, rememme ber—I demand no sacrifice from you — you will tell me now that you will marry

It was well that the poor, tempted crea ture lost not for an instant the thought of prayer. Having learned so sadly the little dependence to be placed on her own strength, her soul had hardly intermitted for a second, its silent petition for help and now she was enabled to answer with frmness which even he felt it were vair o endeavor longer to struggle against.

"If my face seemed to recall you it was because you had wronged me by saying that I neither understood, nor appreclated, nor returned your regard. Per-haps the best evidence of my doing all three is the very sacrifice I am making. I do not love you less, because I love my God more, nor would you in your better and manlier moments even seek to make me do that which was contrary to my principles. Now, in kindness to me, go

The prime of the set o asked once more, is your answer to marry

ie, irrevocably no ?" His whole eager passionate soul was in is eyes, and he turned them full upo er.

r, compelling her to meet them. She answered as firmly as before : Irrevocably no

He turned away, and went again to th door, and out; she heard his quick ster as he strode, rather than walked to his study, and then she went up stairs to Florence, who had but just become cain after the burst of grief evoked by " Kath leen Mavourneen." " Let me cry a little, dear," she said

outting her arms around Florence's neck, I think it will do me good.

XV.

In the bustle of the preparations for departure the next morning, Anne forgot to deliver Miss Liscome's parcel; indeed the domestic was in such bewildering demand by "Aunt Deb," that it was a der, as she herself expressed it that it was a

displeasure for the giver. Not dreaming of the utter contempt which her report of his interview with Miss Hammond had inspired, she entertained only her own old pleasant thoughts of him.

At length, the passengers and their friends began to arrive, and as carriage after carriage deposited its load, Miss Lis-come feit some anxiety lest her friends might come too late for any but the most burried farewell. To add to her discom-but the day gram. bort the day grew more threatening, and the dark, comfortable-looking costume of every lady about her, made her somewhat lly conscious of her own inappro

But her fears were all forgotten the mo ment the Wilbur conveyance drove int sight, and to the astonishment of its thre sight, and to the astonishment of listicree occupants — Sydney was not there — the first to meet them as they alighted, was startling-looking Miss Liscome. Flor-ence, despite her heavy heart, could not forbear smilling at the creature's ridicu-lous appearance, and her look of disap-pointment, which she could not conceal, at the absence of Mr. Wilbur. "What on earth are you doing here

he absence of Mr. Wilbur. "What on earth are you doing here ?rudence Liscome?" spoke up Deborah harply, her sharpness arising from the act that Miss Liscome might not believe are more absorbed to the tot the difference of the provided of the start of the start of the difference of the start of the start of the start of the difference of the start of the start of the start of the difference of the start of the start of the start of the difference of the start of the start of the start of the difference of the start of the st Pruden er when she should tell her that she di not know until the last minute Sydne would meet them instead of accompan them, and that had she known it Pruden hight have had that vacant seat in th age. ss Liscome, however, was relieved so Miss

ong as she felt there was still a chance o eeing Sydney, and she summoned cour age to say: "Do not mind, dear Deborah, about no

having invited me ; I only felt that in re-turn for all Mr. Wilbur's kind attentions to me, I ought to come to wish him at the last a friendly good-bye." " Mr. Wilbur's kind attentions " to her

ad consisted of nothing more than common civility when as his sister's guest he had been obliged to meet her, and even Deborah wondered at the conceit that could thus magnify mere courtesy. De-sirous, however, of not offending Pru-dence, and yet equally anxious to spare her brother a meeting for which he would

her brother a meeting for which he would not thank her, she said : "We do not know that Sydney has arrived yet, and while we go to inspect the state-rooms, you can get into the car-riage, Prodence, and wait for us." But Miss Liscome was not to be cajoled in that manner. Were Sydney actually on board, Deborah might not tell him, or he might not have the time to come out and see her, so expressing a valement desire e her, so, expressing a vehement desire behold the interior of an ocean steamer,

he followed the party up the gangplank. Wilbur met them almost immediately, is face having the white, haggad ap-searance of one, who had lost both rest and food, and his mouth set in such a ainfully stern way it made Florence hudder to look at him. His sister noted his appearance also, but the anxiety it ight at another time have caused, was

hat he would meet them instead of ac ompany them, and she was thankful for he arrangement; it spared them both he agony of that drive together, in which ney must be so near, and yet must stern

keep themselves so far apart. Now, desperately anxious to do any hing save look at him, or even think bout him if that were possible, she kept lose to Florence, giving her little last nessages, and for the sake of maintain

Florence responded by little nods; did she attempt to reply by so much as a word, she felt she should burst into the

moment before going to inspect the state-rooms, and Wilbur standing beside his sister, saw nothing but Agnes. He had

" It is you who are cruel to thus harrow me. You know that I cannot consent to that which you ask. Good-bye." He released her hands while she wai

He released her hands while she was speaking, and in order to maintain her self-control she had turned away with the last wood, to which he did not respond, upon her lips; owing to the great dumb agony in her heart, she was going blind-ly forward, not well knowing whither her steps were leading until some one set her right and she found herself descend-ing the gangolank almost the very last of her fight and she hound herself descend-ing the gangplank almost the very last of the loitering visitors. Neither caring nor thinking of the direction Deborah had taken, she stood on the pier among others who waited to see the departure of the steemer

steamer. The cloudy, gloomy, though still rain-less day, seemed to be in accord with her miserable feelings, and every strain of the wordage, every creak of the timbers as the ressel prepared to depart, was like a neavy blow upon her heart. Slowly, ma-estically the steamer detached itself and eaded for the broad water, while an awe

headed for the broad water, while an awed silence seemed to fall upon the spectators. On board the decks were crowded with the passengers ready to wave their adieus. In the front line stood Wilbur, his hat off as were the hats of most of the gentle-men about him, and his head bowed. Agness awn oo one else. He looked up when the waving of adieu began, and so that he might see her she forced her way to the very edge of the pier and waved her that he might see her she forced her way to the very edge of the pier and waved her handkerchief. He waved his in return, and then her blinding tears that could be restrained no longer, prevented her from seeing him again eing him again. "Miss Hammond! a pretty chase you've eeing l

led me looking for you, everywhere; why in the world didn't you follow me when I left the steamer, and not make me lose

ou in this manner." It was Miss Wilbur's sharp, shrill It was Miss Wilbur's sharp, shrill voice—Miss Wilbur accompanied by Miss Liscome. Together they had been search-ing for her, and the search had not made either of them amiable judging from the scowling looks darted at her by both. "I beg pardon," she said, drying her eyes and turning to accompany them, "I had forettien that I was beging the car-

"I never believed," continued Miss Wilbur as they treaded their way to the

Wilbur as they treaded their way to the family vehicle, "in the sickly sentimental-ity of waiting to see a steamer off. You have said good-bye on board, and what more is there to do?" "When Sydney went away before and when I knew he was going to be gone a whole two years, or more, I went home immediately that I said good-bye to him on the vessel, and plunged right into my work. That's what I did, Prudence Lis-come," as if it were Prudence who had been guilty of the sentimentality she de-plored. "I have no doubt of it in the least, dear Deborah." mildly answered Miss Lis-come, and by that time they had reached the carriage.

the carriage. Agnes shrank into a corner, thankful that a drive of little more than a half would free her from the presence of her ompanions. The exterior of Mrs. Denner's house was

more pretentious than either Miss Wil bur's, or Miss Liscome's, but as Prudence afterwards to Deborah, it was utterly without style, and in a very unaristocrati neighborhood.

These facts, however, did not trouble Miss Hammond, as she hurried out of the carriage. She stood a moment at the car-riage door to thank Miss Wilbur for her haspitality, and to say a brief adieu to each lady, without however, offering to accompany it with her hand. Then she went quickly up the stoop of the house, and the carriage drove away.

XVI.

Mrs. Denner was absorbed-hands and mind in dessert-making when one of the little wide-eyed, tow-headed Denners rushed down to the kitchen and announced "Miss Hammond's in the parlor and she wants to see my ma." "Merciful sakes! Miss Hammond!

and Mrs. Denner's eves in a sort of dis mayed astonishment, opened as wide as JUNE 18, 1898.

soiled, and untidily-hung skirts, collarless waists, and torn aprons, or that, did she bestow care upon her person it might seem like the evidence of an unworthy seem like the evidence of an unworthy vanity, not even the boarders, finding such strange contrast between the appear-ance of the mistress and the appearance of the house, could determine, and every of the house, could determine, and every day, save for an hour or two on Sunday, Mrs. Denner was to be found in that con-dition which necessitated when anybody called to see her, the ejaculation : " Merciful sakes! whatever shall I do,

go up to the parlor in this trim. His heart, however, was in its proper mis near, however, was in his proper condition—large, sympathetic, and kind-y—and perhaps no one of her boarders who rarely left her save to return, experi-meed that fact in shorter time, than did

or heart-sick, home-sick, lonely Agnes Hammond. She felt it in the delicate and tempting

She let it in the dencate and tempting ittle reparts which was brought to her by Mrs. Denner's own hands, and by the tender, motherly manner in which that good woman insisted that Miss Ham-mond after partaking of the repart should

he down and have a quiet little slumber; and she waited in order to place the "dear child" comfortably in bed, and to draw the blinds so as to exclude the light. hen she went out softly, and back to he dessert-making, wondering a little what could have been the "unexpected circum-stances" which had terminated so surprisingly soon Miss Hammond's visit. Neither could she quite control her desire for Mr. Mallaby's return from business-fortunately he was not away on one of his suburban trips — in order to see how he would take his ward's unexpected coming.

She heard him on the stoop at length The sound of his voice mingled with the voices of the children by whom he was surrounded, coming into the kitchen through the area window, and she hur-ried to meet him, receiving him just as he had let himself in with the whole boisterus crowd hanging about him.

" Go away, every one of you ! you're a disgrace to any house, piling in, in this manner, and how Mr. Mallaby can stand t. I don't know."

Mr. Mallaby was as much surprised as were the children who had become in-stantly and simultaneously silent. Never had Mrs. Denner before objected to any-thing they did when they were in com-pany with Mr. Mallaby.

He hastened now to apologize for them. "They mean no harm, ma'am, and its my own fault."

"But I want to speak to you, Mr. Mal-laby, so just go away every one of you," and she turned them all out, uncerethem, and then slamming the door upon them, and then she drew Mr. Mallaby into the parlor, the door of which room she also shut.

" Miss Agnes has come - she's here

" Miss Agnes has come," he repeated, now." " Miss Agnes has come," he repeated, looking bewildered, and as if he quite doubted the fact. "Yes; she said that 'unexpected circum-stances'--them's her very words -- made her end her visit so soon. She looked awfully sad and tired, but I didn't ask her any onestions as I didn't think it was my any questions as I didn't think it was my place to do so. I just got her as a bit to eat and made her lie down as soon as possible.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A DISTINGUISHED GUEST.

In Chinese visiting etiquette the rank of the caller is denoted by the size of his card. Thus the visiting card of a high mandarin would be an immense roll of paper, nicely tied up. The late Admiral Porter once engaged a full-blooded Chinese servant, and Mrs. Porter immediately thereafter held a reception. John Chinaman attended door, and received with great disgust small paste - boards of the visitors, and, evidently with an opinion of his own of the low condition the Admiral's friends, pitched the

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wildest grief. They were in the saloon, pausing

not noticed Miss Liscome by so much as she, a little abashed ht

might at another time have caused, was absorbed in the gratitude she still con-tinued to feel that he was not going to marry Miss Hammond. Agnes, after one furitive, hasty glance, did not trust herself to look again. She guessed well why almost at the last moment he went hurriedly from the house, leaving word that he would meet them instead of ac-



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thing. | "Agnes," he said, his voice sounding oarse and unnatural from his own wild motions, "do you fear me? has it come emotions, to this, that you shrink from me?

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wards, she had any sort of a head are she did not consider herself to blame or having neglected poor Miss Liscome. But she did not intend to tell that lady But she did not intend to tell that lady that her failure to deliver the message was due to anything save Mr. Wilbur's own absence from home, which was quite true of Friday, but not at all true of Satur-day, for though he did not show himself until the moment of departure, he was in his study almost the whole morning. Aunt Deb wondered a little that Pra-dence did not come over but secretly sho

lence did not come over, but secretly she was just as well pleased; it might be un-pleasant to have Sydney meeting her, should he happen to leave his solitude, as

he was likely to do on this last day. Miss Liscome had not made her wonted call on the Wilburs, because she wanted to be early on the pier from which the steamer was to sail; and that she was steamer was to sail; and that she was early, unusually early, was attested by the presence of not another female, and the ab-sence of much of the bustle which attends an out-bound steamer. She had not gone to the house through fear of being unable even there to nurmur her farewell to Mr. Wilbur, and she could not with decency

announce to Deborah, since the latter had taken it for granted she would not go invited, her anxiety to get away in orde b be in time for the departure of the essel. There did not seem to be any impropriety in meeting them all on the pier and certainly during that meeting there must be an opportunity for her to say mething graceful, if not tender, to Mr.

Wilbur. She had arrayed herself, as usual, in She had arrayed invenile custume, as She had arrayed herself, as usual, in some light-colored juvenile custume, as unbecoming as it was unsuitable, and with her rouged cheeks and a great bunch of monthly roses in her bosom, she looked rather an ontre sight, on the rough and not overclean dock. What made her ap-pear still more out of keeping with her surroundings, was the morning itself — dark, cloudy, windy, as utterly unlike the summer season to which it belonged, as Miss Liscome herself was unlike the youth Miss Liscome berself was unlike the youth and beauty she strove so desperately to younterfeit.

Everybody who chanced to pass looked at her; sometimes even a laborer whing his handcart went slower to ha better view of her, and a couple of red-faced, middle aged, and seemingly jolly tars tried to oggle the "old gal," as they called her, but she indignantly put up her parasol and turned her back to them. She found patience and consolation in the thought that Sydney by this time had in his possession her little gift; it never occurred to her that he might decline to receive it or that he might return it to

such unexpected deportment, kept some-what in the rear. But she was devour-ing both him and Agnes with her eyes, and when they all went forward to the state-rooms she kept still behind the bet-ter to watch the conduct of the lovers, and

ealntation an

ing, she went to survey herself in the piece of looking glass that hung near the to seize an opportunity for the delivery of herown little speech. dresser. "She said she wanted to see you right

That opportunity seemed to come when, having to pass through a narrow part of the vessel, he waited to let his companions precede him. Miss Liscome was so far in the rear when he paused, that he did not even see her. But, notic-ing her opportunity, she hurried forward and overtook him just as he had turned to follow his sister. "She said she wanted to see you right away, ma," urged the little Denner. " Merciful sakes ! then, I'll have to go up just as I am." And smoothing he dress as if that were to give it a more cleanly look, she ascended to the parlor. It was two wasrs since she had soor It was two years since she had see Miss Hammond—the latter preferring t spend all the holidays of her last schoo year in the convent with Florence—an ollow his sister.

follow his sister. "A moment, Mr. Wilbur, please; I may not again have the opportunity of wishing you a pleasant voyage, and, hop-ing that the heart you carry with you will be a real charm to you on your jour-ner." Mrs. Denner could hardly help mingling with her kindly welcome, expressions of delighted astonishment at the way the young lady had grown. "Mr. Mallaby kept telling me that you were getting tall and handsome, but you beateverything that he said. Excuse me

Was the creature crazy ? that was his first thought looking at her ridiculous at-tire. His second thought was that her speech had reference to his attachment to Miss Hammond, and it was with diffifor saying so Miss Agnes, but you're an out-and-out beauty." Agnes smiled a little, but it was in a dreary sort of way. She felt as if her re-cent trial had crushed beyond chance of culty he restrained himself from giving her a sharper reply than he had ever made to a woman in his life. As it was, he turned from her with an expression of contemptuous indignation which even resurrection, every emotion of vanity. "I have come to stay with you, Mrs. Denner; unexpected circumstances caus-I thought to do. But I suppose it makes little difference — you can find some accommodation for me, can you not? I shall be easily satisfied." she, impervious as she was, could not misunderstand. She fell back again to the rear, hating him almost as much as

The very last moment had arrived, and Wilbur purposely waited until even Flor-nes' arms, and had field to her state-room was touched; she looked so tired an spoke that Mrs. Denner was touched; she could be a state to be a state-room was touched; she could accommodation for me, shall be easily satisfied. The very last moment had arrived, and Wilbur purposely waited until even Flor-ence had torn herself sobbing from Ag-mes' arms, and had fied to her state-room there to give unrestrained way to her grief, before he extended his hand a lised his sister, and he had waited even until she had begun her retreat to the gangway near the head of which Miss Liseome had taken her place. Then he extended both his hands to Agnes, and since it seemed likely to be the last time, she placed her own within them. " Is your answer still the same?" his voice was fairly quivering. " Still the same."

are merciless." She feit his hot breath on her face as he spoke, and but too surely she read in the working of his conitenance the evidence of what he said : but her own pain was

se of her offspring. Whatever shall I do? I am not in cards into a basket, and with scant ceremony showed their owners into the trim to see such an elegant young lady as she is," and she looked down ruefully at her solled calico dress, and then leaving the batter she had been vigorously mix-

drawing room. But presently the gas man called with a bill — a big piece of cream colored paper. The card satisfied John : with deep reverence he re-ceived it. With low salaams, he ushered the bearer not only into the drawing-room, but, with profound genuflections, to the dismay of the gas man and horror of Mrs. Porter, right up to the centre of the room, where that lady was receiving her distinguished guests; and then John, with another reverence, meekly re--and tired, doubtless supposing that the owner of that card was a person of high distinction.

Father Burke's Reply.

Father Tom Burke, the Dominican priest who so successfully refuted the false theories Froude, the great English historian, tried to impress on the people of this country regarding Irish history, a number of years ago, was riding one day in Dablin on top of an omnibus and reading his breviary. theological opponent got on and thought to read Father Tom a lecture. and "The Lord tells us, sir," he said, "that when we pray we should not be

as hypocrites are, who love to pray in public and at the corners of the streets that they might be seem of men. No when I pray, I enter into my closet, and, closing the door, pray in secret." "Yes," replied Father Tom, without taking his eyes off the book, "and then you come out on the top of an omnibus and tell everyone all about it.'

Weak Yonng Men and Women are seen everywhere. Heredity or over-study renders them untited to core with the responsibilities of life, susceptible to con-sumption or decline, Medicine has failed and must fail, for they need food. Take cod liver oil? No! Their poor stomachs rebel. Take emulsiona? No! They are equally distasteful. Nothing will effect a cure but Maltine with Cod Liver Oil. The cd. ren-dered palatable and ensy of digestion, is quickly assimilated, and the maltine, equal in untrition to the oil, and even surpassing it in energetic action upon the digestive processes, usite in producing increased weight; improved color, and that elasticity and buoyancy which herald returning health. Maltine with cod liver oil has a remedial value ten times greater than emulsions. Weak Young Men and Women ers made her insensible to the effect of Try it.

"Is your answer som the same ? Ins voice was fairly quivering. "Still the same." He had to stoop to catch the words as tremulously uttered as his own had been. " You are willing to-make this a final farewell and to crush my heart as you are doing—oh Agnes ! you are cruel, you are mercless." So far from not minding it for the pres-ent, Agnes thought, when she was ushered into the large comfortable apartment that it would do very well for all the time. Its neatness certainly belied Mrs. Donner's own appearance, from which Agnes had instinctively, but secretly shrank; but Miss Hammond was speedily to learn that Mrs. Denner's own appearance was the