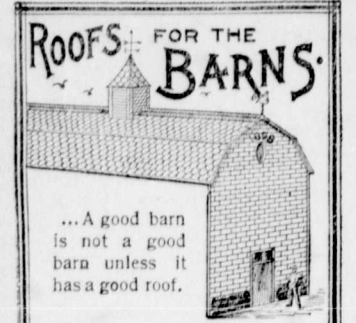


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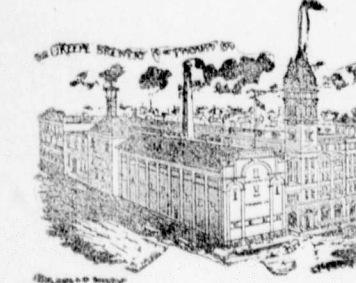
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We would therefore press on you the importance of enquiring into the durability of our Steel Shingles before deciding on the covering of your barn.

We will give you the benefit of our 32 years' experience in roofing...

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THE O'KEEFE BREWERY COMPANY OF TORONTO (Limited). SPECIALTIES—High-Class English and Bavarian Hopped Ales...

Cobbett's "Reformation." Just issued a new edition of the Protestant Reformation by Wm. Cobbett...

CANCER! Tumors and all Blood Disorders conquered! I have cured many cases...

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT WILL HEAL IT. ALL DEALERS, PRICE 50c. DR. CHASE, BATES & CO., TORONTO

THE GUARDIAN'S MYSTERY

Rejected for Conscience's Sake. BY CHRISTINE FABER.

CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

The efforts of the women to pull the old man out of his narrow quarters were almost as ludicrous as his fall had been...

"Do you know it's in the house of God, you are? You disrespected snip! Get out of here and go outside, and don't be desecrating this holy place with your presence."

"What shall we do?" whispered Florence, throwing back her veil, and preparing for another attempt at egress...

"I really am sorry, Agnes, and I wish I could control myself like you do, but it is no use, I cannot. You go back to your place, like a dear good girl, and say a prayer for me, and by that time I think that old woman whom I so terribly disrespected will be gone, I shall go in also."

"Come into the parlor, Uncle Sydney, and I shall explain; if I did so here, Aunt Deb might be aroused."

"I have been so wanting in gratitude, in courtesy, in respect, in politeness, in everything, that I have been so wanting in gratitude, in courtesy, in respect, in politeness, in everything...

"We can manage very well about going to the masses on Sundays. I did not seem to call for much of a precocious manner. I asked the priest who heard our confession, and he told me the first Mass would be at six o'clock."

"Oh, Agnes; how I envy and admire you, burst from generous-hearted Florence, you forget nothing pertaining to spiritual interests—now poor me, I never thought until this moment of the hour of going to Mass. Oh! dear Lord! forgive me, and give me a better prayer."

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not so early in the morning, for breakfast is not until nine on week days; it is probably much later on Sundays, and consequently the rising of my respected uncle and aunt must be late in accordance. I shall find out from Anne the mechanism of the fastening of the front door, so that we shall have no difficulty about egress, and certainly none about our ingress, for I shall contrive to smuggle a latch-key."

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She had certainly told the truth, but she had told it in such an enigmatical way, that it bewildered her simple, trusting, unassuming companion who never dream of the facts that prompted such a confession; and she was right; poor little Florence saw in it all only another proof of the ardent piety of her friend, and she exclaimed in her generosity:

"Agnes, you are so good, I really think you are intended for a religious. Oh, dearest Lord! how much I should like to be of myself. Do, Agnes, love, pray for me, that I may become like you."

"I do not know, my dear friend, but I will do my best for you. And Florence, with her dress still hanging indifferently about her, sat herself upon the floor, and looked up into Miss Hammond's face with a most woe-begone expression.

"Do you think, Uncle Sydney, I ought to go to her?" asked Florence, looking heavy-eyed enough herself to be in bed, though with heroic self-control she had not said a word of her headache, lest it should cause any anxiety to Agnes.

"No, child; he replied with an unmitigable decision of tone. Go to your room, both of you, and rest; you have a full hour until dinner."

"Go and see how my sister is, and whether Miss Liscome will favor us with her company at dinner."

"That Miss Wilbur was so very ill, Miss Liscome could not leave her for a moment."

"Neither Anne nor Mr. Wilbur knew how the heart of the spinster yearned to accept that invitation, and but for the wrathful flash of the black eyes of the little body in the bed, she might have been brave enough to ask her permission to do so."

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She followed his advice. Florence, glad enough under the pretext of rest to throw herself upon the bed, while Agnes tried to read "Spiritual Perfection." But, somehow, there was no relief in the volume, and she put it down after a struggle to peruse it, and gave herself up to the strange and painful thoughts that had obtained such sudden and complete mastery of her.

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LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART.

Devotion to the Sacred Heart. GENERAL INTENTION FOR JUNE, 1898.

Recommended to our Prayers by His Holiness, Leo XIII.

American Messenger of the Sacred Heart. The Blessed Sacrament has been well said to be a compendium of our faith. How true this is will appear when we consider how it implies the belief in the three great fundamental doctrines—the Holy Trinity, the Incarnation, and the Redemption.

Moreover, the Eucharist is not merely a commemoration, a memorial of a past fact, but it is the true extension of the Incarnation: for Jesus Christ Himself, true God and true Man, is really and substantially present in it. It is, besides, the reproduction of the Passion and death of our Saviour, the earnest of our resurrection, and the pledge of future glory.

"Oh, Florence! you are dreadfully ill." At the same time Sydney was saying: "Are you sick, Florence? you do not seem to be eating a mouthful."

"But you are positively too ill to continue at table," said Agnes in great distress, and looking as if she would like to leave the table herself, for the purpose of attending Florence.

"I really think," she continued, "that your uncle will propose for this afternoon a special altar for your health."

"For me, it may be, but it need, and should not include anybody else—for instance—"

"For instance," interrupted Agnes, "we are all tired, having been up at an absurdly early hour—"

"Darling Florence! you have envied my seeming piety, but could you see the struggle in my heart you would think far otherwise."

"My God! my God! help me! Oh! Blessed Mother! come to my aid!" And then she dropped softly on her knees, and prayed with such fervor that the tears rolled down her cheeks. Strength seemed to have been given her, for when she arose, her resolution was taken. She leaned over Florence, very pale, but very firm-looking, and wished a little that her friend would awaken. But Florence slept on for a half hour longer; then, however, she opened her eyes quite refreshed and well, save for a dizziness when she attempted to lift her head.

TO BE CONTINUED. If you are not feeling well, why don't you take 'Hool's Sarsaparilla'! It will purify and enrich your blood and do you wonderful good.