LORD HUNTLEIGH

MODERN NEMESIS

(By Margaret Kelly)

CHAPTER XI.

Oshorno Clivo was shut up in his

study in Wimpolo street meditating

on fate in general and its unkindness

to him in particular Before speaking

been warm and deep, but sinco ob-

stacles had arisen in the course of

obstructions (as is so often the case)

-the love that only comes to us once

or set aside, leaves a scar upon the

heart which even old Time himself

cannot efface. Such being the case,

to be baffled by trifles-it must be

something serious indeed which would

keep him and Dollie asunder. He had

a certain faith in his own intuition

that she was all he believed her to

was not a novel reader-in fact, out-

little of the great world in which he

lived The woman from whom he

women was his mother, whose mem-

ory he now loved and revered as that

with a reflection of the graces and

question arrived at the conclusion

to prevent the carrying out of his

designs Her people perhaps were not

his equals in social position. He re-

called the scene in which he had wit-

nessed her kissing the old man -

probably her father, he conjectured-

at the hospital door. The obstacle

would, however, be as nothing to him. What did he care? His love was

not to be barred by distinctions of

sought to know whether the beloved

was one degree higher or lower in the

social scale - or, worse still, whe-

ther the gold of the loved one weigh-

ed more or less in the balance! Os-

borne Clive had a soul above such

calculations — though be could never

have loved where goodness and re-

finement were wanting Beauty and

education were recommendations, as

the advertisements say, but not abso-

lute essentials. Having diposed of

the question of social equality, he

had yet to deal with Dollie's own

statement about events in her past

life, and now there also troubled him

the likeness between her and the child

to mention the affair of his love to

her without her permission. But

Providence was kind to him. He had

gone through a day of hard work

which had culminated in the perform-

ance of three very tiresome opera-

tions. The last of the three patients

was one from Nursa Dornthy's ward.

and Mr. Clive fully expected to see

her in charge. He liked her to bring

his patients up to the "theatre." she

was so very useful in controlling and

soothing them before the giving of the

ansaethetics. To-day he was much an-

noyed, as this patient of Nurse

Dorothy's was wretchedly hystertical,

declaring, as soon as she found her-

self in the presence of the house sur-

geon and others that she would not

have the operation performed at all.

At another time our surgeon would

unlimited stock of patience; so it

abidents and nurses alike, when he

turned round quickly, with unwonted

acerbity of manner, and said: "Come,

comet Let us have an end of this non-

sense. Is it to be done or not?" Then,

evidently astonished at his own

What a mere mockery and

that her "past-' could not be such as

he was not going to allow himself lutely.

to Nurse Dorothy on the subject heart and brain in a whirl he found

nearest his heart his love for her had his way home, where he could not

that love it has been fanned by these release him from his promise made

into a white heat. His was real love with her, and also made a renewal of

in a lifetime, and which, if rejected couched in such delicately worded

be, notwithstanding her assertion as | she felt,, and was at present even in-

to her possessing a history Mr Clivo capable of answering the letter Sho

side his profession he knew singularly | hardly be responsible for anything

had derived most of his notions of borne Clive. That very morning he

of a saint, and his chivairous nature ed its presence to her He was stand-

was apt to endow all other women ling at the door of his own room when

virtues he had seen in her. Thus he A brother surgeon had just left him

had no doubts or misgivings about and was going in Dollie's direction

Dollie and after thinking out the towards the left wing of the hos-

travesty of love was that which first him to mount the stairs again. so.

adopted by Mrs. Clifton. He began gives me an opportunity of speaking

Clivo's name.

range some papers.

"Not more."

him.

sations of their bearts only giving in-

Mr Ciivo's sojourn was a very

short one With the excuse of pres-

sure of business he soon made it con-

ventent to take his leave, and with

rest until he had despatched a lotter

to Nurso Dorothy It begged her to

on the occasion of his last interview

all his former overtues. It was

phrases, and was yet so full of kind-

ly love, that as Dollio read it her

heart went out to the writer abso-

But the past enshrouded her like a

dark cloud through which no ray of

light could pierce, and as she re-read

the letter her tears fell upon it thick-

ly and bitterly She could do nothing

must think matters over, she could

Providence was still kind to Os-

met Dollie She was pale and list-

less, for mental anxiety soon betray-

she passed at the end of the corridor

pital Suddenly he turned round — he

Mr. Clive. He saw Dollie close behind

had forgotten to give something to

"Dear me, Nurse, what a Godsend

you are! Might I trouble you to give

that to Mr. Clive? I am in such a

desperate hurry-ten minutes late

now, and not as young as I used to

He was a stout, plethoric looking

old gentleman, and Dollie felt that it would indeed be no light task for

with her usual gentle smile, she took

the small parcel carefully, though

the hot blood had suffused her checks

and brow at the very mention of Mr.

"So many thanks!" panted Mr. El-derson as Dollie turned back towards

Mr. Clive's sanctum. The surgeon saw

her coming, and with a feeling of agi-

tation which he could not conceal he

turned to his desk and began to ar-

"Come in," he said, in answer to

Elderson forgetting that! He is most

absent-minded. But I am glad that it

then added quickly: "Let me thank

you for your very kind letter, Mr.

she said in her present mood

ward evidence of their feelings

JIK.

tion. protesy.

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Clive, but I cannot say anything more than what I said on a former occasion." "That you have a history?" inquired the surgeon in matter-of-fact tones as though diagnosing a case, "and

replied Dollie, and

you think the history would not be agreeable to me?" Dollie acquiesced with a meek bow of her stately head.

"Could you not tell 'me the history?" Osborne Clive spoke in his most gentle tones and looked up pleadingly into the dark eyes, that soltened as they met his. "I am asking too much," he went on, taking in his own one of Dollie's hands. "But have shown himself possessed of an let me ask someone else about it. You chain me down in every way. came as a surprise to his confreres, have said that I will have you and your history - if I cannot have you without You won't allow me to do this, so what can I do? When the history does come out, it will be something not worth making one bit of

> one you know-your father." He hazarded this last shot, for he had only surmised that old Christopher was her lather.

fuss about. Let me speak to some

Dollie lifted ber brown eyes, that were luminous amidst the gathering tears as stars velled by the thinnest of mists.

"You may if you wish it," said slowly, "bit I shall forfeit your friendship and regard through your efforts to give me your love."

"Rather they will be increased s thousand times," replied the surgeon raising Dollie's hand to his libs. She withdrew it tremblingly and said slowly: "Wait till you have seen

my father." "Until then I am happy to wait and I shall not have to wait long I think your five minutes is up now,

Nurse." He waved his hand playfully as he dismissed her, and a load seemed to have been lifted from his heart, for the frown began to be amnothed away, and the grave surgeon finished his work that morning singing little snatches of the various songs which

surgeon askance, for since his telafessed to seek the hand of his daughter. But he could not long withstand bidden tear aide.

the honest. straightforward simplithe honest. straightforward simplihis case, and at last, after subjecting | must be going 'off it' a bit " him to a severe cross-examination ning his features as intently as lied Felix. though he were able to read his character and disposition there, he said

"Well, you seem to be a nice like sort of young man, and since there's been i no real marriago already, willing to do the right thing as far as I can tell, but somehow," and here the old man passed his hand aver his fore head in a dared, bewildered fashion, "somehow I don't seem to trust no one now '

"I am sorry your opinion of mankind is at so low an chb," answered Mr Clivo gently "Perhaps had gone through your experiences I might have even a worse one But believe me, Mr Brownedge, there are be next." yet some decent, good-hearted people

left in the world " "Aye, aye, lad," returned Christopher, dropping into a familiar style of speech as Osborno Clivo's gental manner made him feel more at home, "and I don't doubt but you're one of them, and you'll be good to my little girl, my little Dollie."

Mr Clive took Christopher's hand in his and shook it warmly.

"You may trust me," he said. shall be as good to her as even you could desire Her happiness shall be my chief care - or rather, furthering that happiness shall be the great joy of my life "

Osborne Clive was happy that day as he left Christopher Brownedge

CHAPTER XIL.

"Well, you lucky beggar! But it's always the way - fellows who can enough are always (avored by Dame sonage than Mr. Osborne Clive, the Fortune, whilst poor miserable dogs eminent surgeon " who have the hardest work to live even, never get a life out of the mire an honest living day after day, year after year, and the Fates mean to leave me to it. But you - you have only just started when you are drowned with bricks, as good as promised the woolsack, and now a fairy godmother turns up and leaves you a fortune. I declare it's a shame!

Felix Woodford and Mr. Marchison were slowly threading their way through the crowded Strand from the Law Courts. Marchison had just would be rather an anomaly, wouldheard the news that his friend had inherited a large fortune from some maternal great-aunt of whose very name be had been hitherto ignorant, but who had seen him as a baby and had always remembered the fact that he had not cried when she lifted him the formal tap; and then, taking the in her arms, as most bables did, for parcel from Dollie, said "The idea of she was not a very prepossessing

she was not a very prepossessing creature even in those days "You give us a first-rate supper on the strength of it?" continued

to repent of his promise to Dollie not to you. Have you five minutes to Marchison. Felix smiled and promised the sup-

"Don't smile in that woebegone way. Why, man, you might be a paid mourner, an undertaker's assistant, or something of that sort, instead of a rising barrister just come into al-

most a quarter of a million " But Felix was lost in his old dream of "what might have been," and was full of angry impatience at the good fortune which, he reflected, had come now only to mock and taunt

"Good gracious, Marchison," said, almost irritably, "money lan't

synonymous with happiness." "Ah, well, it stands for a good lot of happiness all the same, so don't deceive yourself. 'Money maketh man' nowadays, and not manners -- as 14 used to be in my copybook days. But there are things that even money cannot compensate for, I grant you."

"Such as-?" inquired Felix languidly, as they ascended the stone stairs that led to his rooms. "Such as love," was the inexpect-

ed answer. Felix felt an uncomfortable certainv that he was blushing. "What do you know about love?"

he asked, with an attempt at indif-"What don't I know" evelaimed Marchison. "Mine is the old story something like your own-of blighted affections, rejected love, and a broken heart My heart, however, is not merely broken-it is crushed into pulp. That is why it seems so nonexistent. One can't expect a heart of

the consistency of pulp to fulfil its functions properly.' Marchison had thrown aside his hat and established himself in the one rocking-chair that his friend's room boasted, and was preparing to light his cigar. He spoke in tones half tragic, half comic, but there was a nathetic softening about the lines of his mouth and a strange wistfulness in his eyes that placed him in a new light before Felix Woodford. He seemed now to understand something of Marchison's wild recklessness, his happy-go-lucky attitude, his sublime indifference, in fact to all things mundane He looked straight into the

At first Christopher had eyed the a chord of the crushed hoart, and instantaneously and involuntarily tions with Dudley Leigh he put no there came a sudden awelling in trust in apparent gentlemen who pro- Marchison's throat and dim mist in his eyes. Hastily he dashed the im-

the honest, straightforward simpli-city with which our surgeon stated I ami Don't took at me! I think I

"Your enished heart is ovidently swhich would have done credit to his mending up a little-beginning to master, Marchison, Q. C.), and scan- make itself felt, at all events, rel-

And then Marchison laughed, and blamed his folly and idiocy for this display of feeling.

"I had no idea of coming up hero and making confidences to you. It is wonderful what depths of inteclity we can sink into, isn't it! Oh, by the way, I knew I had something to tell -Christopher, you know - has found his daughter "

"Ah! Everything comes to him who knows how to wait," answered Felix, between the nulls of his eigar

"Yes, and that's how it is you have got the £200,000. Now, my turn will "And what is the daughter like"

Have you seen her? Are you going to tose the old man?" Felix asked his questions in rapid succession

"First, What is she like" Second, Havo I seen her? We'll take the last first, and answer 'Yes.' As to the first query, she is a beauty-a stun-One might almost aympathise with the fellow who ran away with hor '

Marchison drew several long whiffs reflectively "Where is the fellow?"

"That's the question, the problem that old Chris is trying to solve, and which I hope devoutly he never will, for there will be a tremedous reck-

oning up. But I must tell you the rest of this romantic story The girl thought she was married to this scamp, who, however, told her that she was mistaken and descried her some time ago. However, she is about to make a good match - with make their way in the world easily whom, do you think? No less a per-

"Whew!" whistled Felix "Sto must be all right I know he is a good felof poverty Here I am, grinding out low - true se steel - very clever. too. I should have thought he could have married almost anyone " 'Chacun a son gout'-and Clive is

not to be sneezed at. She can hold her own with anyone." "And you factotum-what of him? His position is rather infra dig. for

Clive's father-in-law."
"He intends to stick to me, but of course I don't know how his daughter and Clive may influence him. It

n't it?" "Truth is stranger than fiction," meditated Felix aloud.

It was shortly after thiz that Felix met Lady Huntleigh at her father's "Papa has been telling me." she

said, "that good fortune has been at-

tending you lately I am so pleased! Won't you sit down here? It seems an age sir e I spoke to you." Felix sank into the lounge at Sybil's side. He had not yet recovered from the shock of finding himself, the possessor of his great-aunt's thousands, and was in a strange mood of bitterness and disappointment; yet he owned himself brutally selfish to think so much of his own griefs as be noticed the change which had come over Sybil since he had last seen her. She was more than ever fragile and transparent looking, her eyes larger and unnaturally brilliant; ber snile but the ghost of that bewitching one which had formerly made such havoc amongst hearts. His heart smote him Surely if he were unhappy she

was doubly so. "I suppose we shall see more of you in society now. Surely you won't spend so much time in those musty

law-courts?" "Society has very little attraction for me. I think rather that being now provided with a moderate competence shall go and susticate in the Sandwish Islands or some other spot equally far removed from civilization. I am growing to hate London especially. It spells nothing for me but disappointment I declare that a little further acquaintance with it will transform me into a subject for

melancholia." They talked on for some time, filling up the conversation with the veri-

iest communplaces The next day Subil and her husband were binching tete-a-tete. Lord Huntleigh was in one of the moods which he reserved for his wife alone-a mood in which had temper, sulkiness and brutality vied with each other for

predominance. "I wish you would keep away from Park Lane, I am sick and tired of hearing your people moaning about you. It's downright absurd. Here I am with heaps of engagements on my hands and I am supposed to take you down to the Riviera for the good of your health. Your father is an old dolt-and you are thoroughly spoil-

. Alario's face grew red with pession as he concluded his speech; for he had worked himself up into quite an injured frame of mind

Sybil regarded bin as one might

"That's right. I like to see you showing a little spirit. If you go over to Para Lane now while that color lasts they will change their minds about the Riviera," Alarie replied, tauntingly.

The color that he scoffed at had died away almost before he finished speaking, and had given piaco to a deathly pallor. Sylil stood up and faced her hisband - pretending to tunch under such circumstances as these was a farce

"You are a wretch, Alaric Huntleigh. If there were anything of the man in you, I might hate you As it is you are too paltry and despicable a creature to waste such strong feelings on How I ever imagined I loved you has become a mystery to me It was nothing but a blind infatuayou What do you think? My old man I tion of which I am now paying the penalty As for going to the Riviera with you-pray don't disturb yourself about it, as I have not the faintest in ention of accompanying you! 'Heroics again,' said Aiaric, de-

voting himself to the contents of his plate with a pretence of nonchalance When will you learn that the role of tragedy queen does not become you, and is without effect on me? You need not go to the Riviera, of course. but I shall go, and this evening, too.'

"I shall not go," Sybil repeated, as she swept out of the room, leaving Alaric, notwithstanding his assumption of coolness, so infuriated that he scarcely knew how to contain him-

self. The fact of the matter was that he had been annoyed at the suggestion of Mr Margrave that he should take Syhi: out of town for a few weeks. but reflecting that discretion was the better part of valor, he had gone to Lady Garston and laid his caso before her She had solved the difficulty immediately by saying, in her false, silvery tones:

"It is hard to send you into exile like this, but suppose Charles and I come, too, would that make it any better?"

"Do you mean it?" asked Alaric, "I am for ever indebted to you," be added, heaving a sigh of relief She meanwhile turned to Sir

Charles and said a little loudly and raspingly, ber voice was always rasping when she raised it, and Sir Charles was deal, so she was obliged to raise it when addressing him: "Charles, we are going to Monaco" "Some tobacco, did you say, my

dear," inquired Sir Charles, hastening forward and evincing just a ttle surprise at the regiest. "Don't be an idiot, Charles," snapped the wife, impatiently, "I said, we are going to Monaco-do you un-

derstand now? (To be Continued.)

French Gentleman Gracefully Expresses His Own and His Wife's Gratitude.

A Strong Letter Written with the larger gathering to be convened.

St Hippolyte, Que., May 12.—(Special) — Nr. L. A. Paquin of this village has written for publication the following letter. In it he speaks for both himself and his wife. The letter reats:

"After much suffering I had become unable to work. I had Kidney Trouble which gave me great pain. "My wife had used a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills for a similar trouble sometime before, and as they had completely restored her to good

health I made up my mind totake a treatment myself. "I was not disappointed, and I can now say that I have tried and proved Dodd's Kidney Pills to be the

greatest medicine in the world. "We are now both quite well, and able to do our work as well as ever. "We have found Dodd's Kidney Pills to be a remedy, which saves us the pains and trouble which we so often see in others, who are languishing and incapable of attending to their

work. "We keep Dodd's Kidney Pills constantly on band, and use them occasionally if we feel the slightest indisposition. We have used altogeth-

er between us six boxes. "Perhaps I should explain why write this letter It is because I feel there may be many others who have not heard of Dodd's Kidney Pills, or who having heard, have not ret given them a trial, and to such I would say 'Give Dodd's Kidney Pills a fair trial and you will agree with my wife and myself that there is not any other such medicine to be

had." What Dodd's Kidney Pills have done for Mr. Paulin and his good wife, ther will do for any man or woman who suffers from Kidney Disease in any lorm.

WORKINGMEN AND CAPITAL

Ottawa, May 5 -The lecture deliv-

ered last night by Rev Father L. Lalonde, S. J., of Montreal, at the University Hall, met the anticipations of a cultured addience. The sub-

Politics In Ottawa

Retirement of Mr. D'Arcy Scott Mr D'Arcy Scott, after receiving the Liberal party nomination in Uttawa, has written the following let ter to the press, which explains at

Ottawa, May 5th, 1903 Robert Stewart, Esq., Acting Presi-dent Orland Reform Association, Ottawa.

My Deat Su-As you are aware, on Thursday last the first instant, I received a majority of votes over Mr. limphan at the Interal convention, art, the acting a main same and and was chosen a one of the party candidates in the approaching provincial elections I would have received a much larger vote had it not been for the strong influences that worked against me, and for the fact that the gentleman who nominated Mr Bingham pledged the latter to abide by the decision of the conven tion, which I have since learned was unauthorized After the result of the ballot was announced, a motion was carried making my nomination unani-

I am therefore one of the properly chosen standard-bearers of the party in the city, and have the right to go table Pills in regulating the stomach to the polis as one of the Liberal and consequently keeping the head candidates at the approaching elec- clear. tion

For reasons for which I am in no way responsible, division has unfortunately occurred in the ranks of the party, and unless the situation is remedied, not merely one, but both the seats for Ottawa may be lost to the Liberal party This state of af-fairs is very much to be regretted

no way to blame for the present difficulty, I recognize that the present is not a time when one should stand obstinately for one's rights, when self-abnegation is required for the sake of the party, and I am willing in the interests of Liberalism to make a personal sacrifice. I beg, therefore, with the consent of my friends to place my resignation in your hands, as the official head of the Liberal party in the city of Ottawa, in the hope that some decision may be arrived at which will tend to unite the party in this city, and enable us to present a united front to the enemy on the 29th.

I need not attempt to conceal from you the ambition I had to be the party standard-bearer on this occasion. My desires were well known to you, and most of the prominent men in the party in this city. With a fair field and no favor I feel satisfied I

Province of Ontario. A deputation of my friends cailed you this letter. While the gentlemen on the deputation came from nearly all the wards of the city, and thoroughly represented the different elements in the party who were supporting me, it was not as large as I would like to have seen it, but I un. Hyde.

derstand time would not permit a account of any influence that might Perry Davis', I know it is the best be brought to bear upon me, or with thing on earth for summer comthe hope of gaining any reward whatever. I desire to make it perfectly clear that I take the present step prompted by one, and only one, mo-

tive, and that is the best interests of the Liberal party. I seel satisfied that with a united effort we can undoubtedly win the two seats in Ottawa for the Liberal

I have one regret that I feel justifled in mentioning in this letter, and that is the disappointment that my resignation may cause to my friends. For reasons which I cannot by any means attribute to my personal ability, I have received spontaneous and very enthusiastic support from A the Liberal cause in the city. The young men in the party especially have been most generous to me. hope these good friends will appreciate that I am prompted solely by the desire to secure the triumph of Liberalism, and that they will join with me is a united effort to elect whoever shall be the party standard bearer in the approaching contest

It may be asked why, if I am now willing to retire, I did not do so prior to the convention. There were several good reasons for my not doing so My friends thought, and apparently reasonably so, that I would carry the convention, and it was also expected that Mr. Bingham would abide by the decision therein expressed. This probably would have been the result had it not been for certain gentlemen who were determined that Mr Bingham was to be a candidate whether he received the endorsation of the party or not. In addition to this I had given a pledge to the Reform Association that no matter His hostility to evil cails fortis the what happened I would go to the convention in spite of any influence that might be brought to bear upon me. I gave this pledge after having been assured by the Hon Mr Latchford in his office in this city not much more than a month ago, that neither he nor the Ontario Government would in any way interfers in the local contest for the Liberal nomination, but would leave the party entirely free to select its own candidates. Bearing in mind this assurance, and events which happened after I had received it, and prior to the convention, I did not feel disposed to make the situation too sery for the gentlemen who were advising Mr. Bingham New my position has been vindicat- stincts!

gs I have received the unanimous nomination of the party.

In conclusion let me assure you that I stand as I am as a hase - tood ready to do where it in my limble was I can, to seem the triumph co the candidates of the Itees Covernment at the polls

Yours in . finis

DAMES COTT May the letter tot to present from Mr Scott, a residence of 12. executive committee wie lety by the Liberal Association's room and in resignation was accepted Mr. Sto. in all probability a facts convers will not be called by that ir it den and Mr. Blogbam will go to a s poils.

A SOUND STOWAGE MEANS A CLEAR HEAD -The bigh pressure or a nervous life which business men of the present day are constrained to live makes draughts upon their vitalits highly detrimental to their health It is only by the most care ul treatment that they are able to keep themselves atert and active in their various callings, many of them know the value of Parmaice's Ve c-

GREEKS AND CELTS. The Greek alphatet was used by the

Druids of Gall, and it is a commonplace history that the Irish clerica of the 6th and 9th century were the greatest masters of Greek in Europe. airs is very much to be regretted St. Columbanus, St. Alleran the While, as I have said, I have the Wise, St. Cummin, and others are right to be the candidate, and am in sufficiently convincing proofs of an extensive knowledge of Greek, Augustine, Sedulius (Sheil) the Younger, and St. Calmin give ample evidence of not only an intimate acquaintance with Greek, but also with Hebrew and Oriental learning. Above all, the great John Scotus Erigena, the founder of the scholastic system of philosophy, was the only scholar in Europe, of his age, capable of translating the Greek passages in the works of the pseudo-Dionysius. As the late Professor Stokes, of Trinity. says; "These eighth and nigth Greek manuscripts, covered with Irlah glosses, and Irish poems, and Irish notes, have engaged the attention of palaco-graphers and students of the Greek texts of the New Testament during the last two centuries." From the 6th to the 9th century an uninterrupted intercourse was maintained between Greek-speaking Gaul and Ireland, and even Gaulish princes came would have been elected to represent over to Ireland to be taught Greek. this city in the Legislature of the This is called a "late tradition" by some of our latter-day antiquaries, but is vouched for by Mezeray and upon me on Saturday to confer on Fleury. The story of Troy, from the the present situation, and it is with Greek, is to be found in a 10th centheir advice and consent that I write turt Irish manuscript, quoted in the Book of Leinster Professor Gwynn alone attempts to belittle the knowledge of Greek literature possessed by the Irish of what he is pleased to call the "Dark Ages." We prefer the authority of Zimmer, Jubainville and

> PLEASE MR. DRUGGIST give me What I ask for—ii plaints. So do you. Thank you. Thereis your money,

The time comes when one feels the need of the shimber of death, as, at the end of a tollsome day, one feels the reed of another sleep.

The world estimates worth at so much per annum; God, by intrinsic values, witnesses it by generous deeds and heroic satrifices. Provided we attain at last to the

truly heroic and Divine life, which is the life of virtue, it will matter liftle to us by what wild and weary ways, or through what painful and large number of the best workers in himiliating processes, we have acrived thither. If we will not let the world-either the aggregate of material things or society, with its maxims and ways-

hinder us from the noble life. If we

will not allow it to prevent, but use

it to aid us in seeing God, in loving

Him, in doing our duty for His dear

sake, then, however solitary or sad

or unsuccessful our ille may otherwise have been, we have conquered, and all else is deleat. The Christian's work necessarily antagonizes the world, for its aim is to destroy the works of the devil, but we should seek to perform our duty in such a manner es to win the confidence of those about us, and their help in our work Christ is hated for the good He does His Holiness in a standard too high for the world, and the ungodly would destroy Him. Him works of mercy ats a rebuke to the

THE MATERIALS USED IN "THIS D. & L." EMULSION are the finest the market affords regardless of expence. Taken in cases of wasting discases, loss of weight, or loss of anpetite, with great tenefit. Davis Lawrence Co., Ltd manufacturers.

selfish world, and it denounces them.

enmity of the workers of evil.

Life is a combat and not an unife ited liberty of enjoyment, life in the struggle of the Divine Elem which would fain reconque place Glorious struggle, which ands peace and liberty upon the rules bad inclinations and degraded for

regard a seven-beaded monster. Won-Clive? A doctor's life is very terrible ject of the locture was well developder, horror, and disgust were depictblue eyes and said feelingly: "I am be had heard in the drawing-rooms of think. You are always rushing from ed under the title of "Workingman ed upon her countenance. awfully sorry, old boy-I am inhis friends. millar to post. Do sit down for a deed," and he continued gazing won-deringly at Marchison Perhaps it and Citizen." The lecturer spoke of "How dare you speak in that way of my father behing his back?" she When next day they met, Mr. Clive moment and talk to me. Baby and I the different means that the laborer was in possession of all the facts have come to see Nirse Dorothy bewas the words of sympathy, or percan use in securing recognition from exclaimed - refraining from adding fore we so away into the country. Of relating to Dollie's deception by the haps the tone in which Felix uttered them, or pechaps it was a reminiscapital. Strikes and suffrage, he said. the words which rose to her lips man who had called himself Dudley. course you know Nurse she is one of were the means by which the laborer "whilst you spend his money day by Leigh, for he had interviewed Chris-topher Brownedge after telling the could battle against capital in order peace of the dead past, but whatever day on your selfab-if not weese Doctor and mirse greeted each other it may have been, something touched to protect their rights. old man of his intentions. with polite formality, the quicker pul-

warmth, and as though to palliate somewhat the effect of his words, he added half peevishly, half wearily: "Why isn't Nurse Dorothy here" She is not on duty this afternoon." answered the nurse who was in charge, rather haughtily. At last, weary in mind and body, Osborne

Clive's labors were over for the day. He was pausing through the corridor, out of which opened various reception and committee rooms, etc., when it occurred to him to go into one and write a letter which he could post on his way to Wimpole street. With the characteristic energy and haste with which he always set about doing that on which his mind was bent, he opened the door of the room pearest to him, and had advanced almost to the table which was placed in the middle before he became Aware that the apartment was occupied. Before he had time to retreat after an apology Mrs. Clifton came towards him, and then his heart began to heat wildly as he saw that Nurse Dorothy was also of the company. "Are you in a desperate burry, Mr