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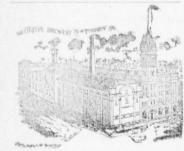
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BY CHRISTINE FABER.

CHAPTER IV. The meeting of Aunt Deb and Miss Hammond had taken place leaving with each a most unfavorable impression of the other. Aunt Deb conceived at once a flerce hatred for her guest because of her beauty and its probable effect upon her brother, while Miss Hammond could not repress an inward shivering at the piercing little bead like black eyes, and the cold, thin, shrill voice. But Florence was by her side to reassure her with a covert. cold, thin, shrill voice. But Florence was by her side to reassure her with a covert pinch, and Sydney was before her to make amends with his warm smile and pleasant voice for the sharocoldness of his sister's greeting. Miss Hammond also met Miss Liscome. Miss Liscome was a lady of very uncertain age in a very elab-orate toilet, her dress being a combination

lady of very uncertain age in a very elaborate toilet, her dress being a combination of peagreen silk and white lace, and so scanty, or rather fashionably made, that it had only shoulder knots for sleeves, and the merest pretense for a waist. Her face was not ill-looking, but its natural comeliness was destroyed by the heavy coat of rouge on her cheeks, and the affected simper of her mouth. She was unusually tall and thin, and whenever she stood, having a habit of thrusting her head out before her, she made one think of some scraggy animal looking over a fence. Unlike her friend Deborah Wilbur, she had neither been born nor bred in that neighborhood of Hubert Street; she was even a comparatively recent comer; her residence in the vicinity dating but five years back. She supervised the house-keeping of a partially invalided married sister, and it was while out on marketing duties that she had made the acquaintance of Miss Wilbur, who also personally attended to such cares. Whether it was that each intuitively discovered in the other affinities of character, or that they were attracted by a mutual sympathy because of their try-

character, or that they were attracted by a mutual sympathy because of their try-ing domestic anxieties they became al-most instant friends and confidents calling each other Prudence and Deborah, and pouring regularly and faithfully into each other's ears their own affairs and whatever they might ascertain of the

affairs of the neighborhood. affairs of the neighborhood.

Prudence Liscome did not belie her name; she prudently sought to turn everything to her own interest, and had she not over-reached herself in the matter. of her beloved virtue she might not have arrived at her present mature age without having entered the matrimonial state. Perseverance, however, in that respect was her axiom, and when she met Debrah Wilbur, and found that lady had a brother whose chivalrous manhood made him polite to every woman, and for his sister's sake attentive to his sister's guests, she took fresh heart in her pursuit of a husband. Her resolution received new vigor from the fact that Miss Wilbur had once in a confidential outburst declared she would be delighted should her brother marry Miss Liscome, avowing as her reasons for her satisfac-Perseverance, however, in that respect should her brother marry Miss Liscome, avowing as her reasons for her satisfac-tion, Miss Liscome's sensible age and amiable disposition (Prudence was al-ways careful not to express a thought un-less she was agreet would be

less she was sure it would be approved by her dear friend Deborah).

Thus the reader may be certain of the full confidence which Miss Liscome had received relative to the coming of Aunt

Her appearance gave so much mirth to Florence, the girl was in an agony trying to repress it, and at length, in order not to disgrace herself, she began to tell funny stories that they might afford her a pre-tense for laughing. Her uncle penetrating her ruse assisted her, and even Miss Lis-come joined in the merriment, not dreaming that the hearty mirth of Sydney and his niece, and her friend, was caused by her a great deal more than by the comical

Aunt Deb was somewhat sharper; she suspected the occasion of the laugh-ter, and she could have strangled both ASTHMA so that you need not sti up All Night gasping for the at Michael Street, for fear of suffocation. On receipt of name and P.O. address will mail Trial Botate. Dr. O. Tait Bros. Med. Co., 186 West Adelaide Street, Teronto, Ontario. in stell, and when she bound the was title probability of the pleasantries com-g to an end, she unceremoniously in-rrupted them by requesting—it was fore a command—Miss Liscome to sing.

nore a command—Miss Liscome to sing. Prudence would not dare to disobey; out she was nothing loath to grant the avor, having taken singing lessons in her outh, and fondly imagining that her

lavor, having taken singing lessons in her youth, and fondly imagining that her voice was both strong and sweet.

Wilbur with perfect gravity, conducted her to the little old-fashioned piano, while his niece pinched herself until she felt the pain sharply in order to compose her face; but just as she had succeeded, Miss Liscome's song nearly sent both her and Agnes into another convulsion. Her voice had all the strength that she imagined it to possess, but as for sweetness it came out absolutely through her nose, and was quite regardless of pitch, or note. To add to its ludicrousness, she had chosen a most tender love song, and the endearing words were dwelt upon and repeated until Florence felt despite her pinching which she had vigorously re-

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specific for all sain diseases which babies are peculiarly subject.

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commenced, that she should explode, and right in the face of Aunt Deb who, instead of looking at the singer was threateningly watching both her and Agnes. Even Agnes had far more self-control,

for after the first violent disposition to laugh caused by the song, she had quite composed her countenance, and sat look-ing dignified and respectful enough, and

heated from her exertion, but also looking very much pleased with herself. Then Mr. Wilbur would hear Miss Hammond. Her voice was neither very Hammond. Her voice was neither very loud, nor strong, but it was a pure, sweet contraito of the kind to harmonize exquisitely with sad, tender strains. Upon Wilbur the effect was indescribable even to himself, and it required all that determination which was the key-note of his character to prevent himself from falling then and there madly in love with his beautiful guest. As it was, he begged from her song after song until Miss Liscome grew so pale from jealousy her rouge looked like hideous red daubs, and Aunt Deb, her own knotted face red from anger, interposed sharply;

anger, interposed sharply;
"I think, Sydney, you have troubled
Miss Hammoned quite enough. Suppose
you let us hear Florence's voice."
Florence, on whom the low, sweet pathetic strains had the effect of banishing her

"Hear me, Aunt Deb, after those exquisite songs—the effect would be most uncomplimentary to me. I must beg you to excuse me this evening." That little speech seemed to enlighten

Miss Liscome with regard to her own musical performance, more even then musical performance, more even then Miss Hammond's singing had done, and she hated both speaker and singer as in-tensely as the latter was hated by Aunt

In their room that night and before either had begun to remove her dress which, according to the modest convent fashion—in direct contrast to Miss Lis-come's—was made extremely high in the neck and long in the sleeves, the two girls were exchanging merry confidences But, as usual, Florence was much the merrier, delivering it as her wise, but laughing opinion, that Agnes' singing has

laughing opinion, that Agnes singing had crushed completely Miss Liscome's hopes.

"And oh," she continued, "an idea has just struck me—won't you invite Mr. Mallaby for some evening when Miss Liscome is expected? I fancy now that I see the two together-oh-oh-oh!" and Florence laughed so wildly and violently that it was some seconds before she could recover herself; when she did she recover herself; when she did she rerecover herself; when she did, she re

"Will you, Agnes?"
"Invite my guardian to your Aun'
Deb's house when I am only here mysel
on sufferance," replied Agnes in a very
questioning tone.
"Fiddlesticks!" ejaculated Florence

Who cares for Aunt Deb when we hav Uncle Sydney on our side, and any on can see you have him on your side. Yo don't know him. From my childhood have heard about his firm will; that when he was a mere lad at school his firmness was the marvel and fear also, o many. When he wants a thing he'l move heaven and earth to get it, and when he does not want to yield no powe short of the supernatural can make hin do so. You would not think he had such a character under his affable exterior out he has, being passive and gentle unti-some one or something thwarts him then, beware! not that he storms; he jusesolves, and that resolution is quietle relentlessly executed. He is equally strong in his likes and dislikes. You look at me with those great eyes of your as if you wondered where I obtained s My moth you that he is quite my hero. If he wer not my uncle i should hardly be answer able for my youthful affections. Neithe would I be so sure of trusting you, dea our great piety, and that you ever, never consent to make a never, never consent to make a mixed marriage. But, even though I am so confident of your being proof against his charms, I beg of you to be careful not to run counter to his will, lest you might feel the weight of his inflexible and tersible detections.

reit the weight of his inflexible and terrible determination."

The last words were spoken as all the
preceding words had been, playfully, and
there certainly was no disposition, nor
thought in the mind of the speaker, as to
prophecy, but with their utterance an involuntary shudder passed over Agnes, and
the admonition seemed to become a sort
of fixture in her brain.

f fixture in her brain. Florence beginning to yawn, looked at

"Half past eleven, as I am a sinner"she exclaimed, springing up with a vigor that was laughable considering her previ-ous indisposition to do anything but talk, "and Uncle Syd means to begin to-mor-"and Uncle Syd means to begin to-morrow morning to show us some of the city
sights. Nice looking pair we shall be,
losing our night's rest in this manner. I
insist that you prepare for bed immediately, Agnes Hammond," using a very
peremptory tone, and beginning a hasty
disrobing of herself as she spoke.

"When I say my rosary," replied Miss
Hammond, taking from her pocket the
little pearl gift of the morning. It was
enclosed in an odd-shaped case which had
the name, Agnes, engraved on a tiny silver plate, and opening the case drew from
"I never write to him like that," she
"I'll dictate it," said rlorence, and she
did, so kind and warm and affectionate
an epistle, that dignified Miss Hammond
paused midway in sheer amazement.
"I never write to him like that," she

the name, Agnes, engraved on a tiny silver plate, and opening the case drew from it the beads, and proceeded to kneel in a very straight, mortified manner in the middle of the room in order not to be tempted by the proximity of a chair to any reclining position.

"You uncanonized saint!" rejoined the irrepressible Florence, "I forgot that you never omit your rosary. I said part of mine at Mass this morning, and Blessed Mother will have to take the rest on credit. I am too tired and sleepy to do more than say my prayers now."

than say my prayers now. But tired and sleepy as she declared herself to be, she could not help watching her erectly-kneeling friend, and wonderherself to be, she could not near the herself to be, she could not near the her erectly-kneeling friend, and wondering at, and effectually envying the piety that made Agnes say such long prayers, and say them with such evident devotion and mortification; for herself, when she was ready to say her own prayers she could not resist the temptation of making a very comfortable prien-Dieu out of the great easy chair, and she made her prayer very short; so short, that she was about to change her dress, she felt in her pocket for the little case containing her rosary, that she might transfer it to the pocket of the dress she was about to the pocket of the dress she was about to the pocket of the dress she was about to the pocket of the dress she was about to the pocket of the dress she was about to the pocket of the dress she was about to the pocket of the dress she was about to the pocket of the dress she was about to the pocket of the dress she was about to the pocket of the dress she was about to the pocket of the dress she was about to the pocket of the dress she was about to the pocket of the dress she was about to the pocket of the dress she was about to the pocket of the dress she was about to the pocket of the dress she was about to the pocket of the dress she was about to the pocket of the dress she was about to the pocket of the dress she was about to the pocket for the little case of the pocket of the dress she was about to the pocket of the dress she was about to the pocket of the dress she was about to the pocket of the dress she was about to the pocket of the dress she was about to the pocket of the dress she was about to the pocket of the dress she was about to the pocket of the dress she was about to the pocket of the dress she was about to the pocket of the dress she was about to the pocket of th

awoke her with a very warm goodnight kiss, at which she aroused herself sufficiently to say:
"You are such a good, pious girl, Agnes—surely God must love you very

And Agnes' heart responded to the in the matter of piety to her friend Alas! pride goeth before a fall.

The next day, when Aunt Deb found herself not invited to make one of her brother's company into an interesting excursion about the city, she consoled herself by sending for Miss Liscome, and treating that lady to all she would like to have said to both Miss Hammond and her niece. And Miss Liscome, because of her jealousy, feeling equally indignant and revengeful, listened with a most deferential silence, or added by herremarks to the wrath of Miss Wilbur.

"But never you mind, Pru, (when Miss Wilbur was very confidential the Christian name of her friend was abbreviated) there is one excellent thing to

riated) there is one excellent thing to be remembered—the terms of the will I told you about, and in consequence of that, my brother could not, absolutely could not marry Miss Hammond, no mater how much her pretty face might win

nim."

"She has a pretty face, certainly," admitted Pra, "but don't you think Deb.—
(whenever Miss Wilbur got down to Pra,
Miss Liscome in flattering imitation abbreviated to Deb) "that she is very forward; at least it so struck me last night,
the way she kent on singing, and that the way she kept on singing, and that, after I, mindful of the rest of the com-pany, had sung only once."
"Forward! the creature is odiously so;

but come up stairs and see the way I have fixed their room. They say that these Romanists never read the Bible, so I thought I'd make them take a few of its

I thought I'd make them take a few of its texts as folks are said to get small-pox, without any special effort."

And Miss Wilbur smiled at her little effort of wit, while Miss Liscome laughed, and rejoined that Deb's sayings were so good they ought positively to be kept in writing. And thus smiling, and laughing, and flattering, the two found themselves in the text-adorned bed chamber. Miss Wilbur's quick eyes caught the sparkle of something on the dressing table.

'As I live, Prudence Liscome, if there as Tive, Fraderice Escone, it there isn't one of their Romish spells—don't touch it—" as Miss Liscome hurrying to the table, was about to lift the little case that partially opened, disclosed the silver crucifix attached to Miss Hammond's

"Don't touch the abomination," she repeated. "I shall get the duster and brush it to where it ought to be—these people even if one of them is my own niece have no right to turn a good Presby-terion house intro. "Bomieh institution."

terian house into a Romish institution. And while she spoke she had taken a fancy feather duster from its place by the mantle, and brushed the little case with ts contents from the dressing-table to the floor; then, triumphantly continuing her effort she swept it to the open brick fire-place, where the little case with its half revealed rosary fell into a cavity between two somewhat loose bricks and be-came utterly lost to view.

What events sometimes hang upon our

trifling actions! Could Aunt Deb have foreseen that which would happen one day to the hated rosary, lost though it then seemed to be, she would have left it undisturbed on the dressing-table.

As it was, Miss Liscome could not re-

frain from saying:
"Will it not be missed, and inquired for?" To which Miss Wilbur savagely replied:
"And if it is, what difference will that

"And If it is, what difference will that make? I want it to be missed and inquired for, so that I may give my opinion about such things. I am not afraid, Prudence Liscome, to speak my mind, when truth and religion require it."

An assertion in which Prudence Liscome in the control of the co come immediately and emphatically con-

In the midst of the sight-seeing which both girls enjoyed with a delight all the more refreshing to Wilbur, because of its simplicity and naturalness, Florence

or inviting Mr. Mallaby.

"Beg Agnes to do it, Uncle Syd," she said with exquisite persuasiveness, and Uncle Syd investigation of the syd investigation of the syd investigation leads to the syd investigation leads to

guest a most imploring look, while he en-

reated:

"Do, Miss Hammond! I assure you, it will afford me exceeding pleasure to meet your guardian."

There was a sincerity in his tones which his guest could not doubt, and to Florence's delight she promised to write to Mr. Mallaby that very evening, asking him to name the time of his visit.

And her friend did not permit her to forget her promise, for as soon as they were at home, and before even they had changed their street costumes, Florence was clamoring for the letter, saying as an

was clamoring for the letter, saying as an apology for her haste.

"You say that he leaves the city frequently and sometimes for long periods, so that if you do not write immediately he may be absent when the invitation reaches him."

an epistle, that dignified Miss Hammond paused midway in sheer amazement. "I never write to him like that," she said, looking almost reproachfully at her

friend. "He is not any relative."

"Well, suppose he is not; he is your guardian, and that is akin to relationship. It is high time, Miss, that you condescend to put off a little of your dignity with odd Mr. Mallaby. I dare say if we could only see beneath all that excentricity, we should find something to admire and to

Agnes shrugged her shoulders, not dreaming how one day these words would come back to her with a bitter force and

in bed and quite comfortably asleep when Miss Hammond crept in beside her and

little twinge of self-reproach for having been so wanting in recollection all day, remembering with a sigh that not once had she repeated her wonted daily little aspiration, and in her secret heart she felt that her neglect had been all owing to the sharm which she experienced in Sydney narm which she experienced in Sydney

wilbur's company.

No matter into what recess of her pocket
she thrust her fingers, she could not feel
the little case, and at length, shaking
forth her handkerchief and turning her
rocket inside out without any better re-

forth her handkerchief and turning her pocket inside out without any better result, she exclaimed in dismay.

"Oh! Florence! I have lost it—the little pearl rosary with my name on its case that dear Madame H—— gave me just before we came away. What shall I do? I would not lose it for anything in this wide world!"

"Don't look so distressed, dear!" rejoined the practical Florence, "if it be really lost, you can say your rosary on your little brown beads, as you have been in the habit of doing. But you are not sure that it is lost. Perhaps you did not take it with you this morning, and that it is lying here somewhere in the room." is lying here somewhere in the room."

And she proceeded to look for it quite energetically."

The room for I am

And she proceeded to look for it quite energetically."

"No: it is not in the room, for I am sure I put it into my pocket this morning the first thing. I wouldn't i couldn't forget it. I value it too highly."

But even while she so vehemently declared her recollection of it, her secret conscience was telling her how she fied, for that morning, the first thing, her thoughts had been full of Sydney Wilbur. And when her search joined to that which Florence was making, revealed nothing of the missing treasure, tears of vexation and regret welled up in her eyes, and she said to herself:

"I deserve the loss: I have forgotten my pious resolution and the Blessed Virgin did not think I was worthy to retain dear Madame's gift."

dear Madame's gift."

A thought which made her feel not quite so much the superior in piety of Florence as she had done the previous night.

VI.

Matthias Mallaby was the fixture, stand-by and oracle of Mrs. Denner's modest boarding-house. Nobody there thought of so much as smiling at his singular dress, for if they had done so, Mrs. Denner, Mr. Denner all the little Denners belonging to Mrs. Denner and Mr. Denner, and all the large Denners, belonging to Mr. Denner by a former spouse, would have gone in a body to smite the person so smiling. Indeed, the children not alone of the house, but of all the houses on the block adjoining made them selves a sort of bodyguard for Mr. Mallaby, for never was he seen going up the by, for never was he seen going up the street or coming down the street, but that there was seen also a little army of chil dren about him. They seemed to con sider his hands, arms, and legs their's to hold, hug, twist, and pinch, if they would and how their good-natured victim ever succeeded in reaching his own doorway was sometimes a matter of surprise ever to himself. His business was the collec-tion of bills, and for that avocation h tion of bills, and for that avocation he seemed to have a very special and decided talent. No reluctant debtor who once encountered Matthias Mallaby would be willing to repeat the meeting. It was said that his eyes enforced the payment as much as ever did his tongue, and that, to get away from his peculiar, hard, persistent, following stare, a man would say any bill no matter how my lill. hard, persistent, following stare, a man would pay any bill no matter how unwilling he might be just then to meet it. It was also said that he enforced the presentation of his bill by a sort of threatening presentation of his green cotton umbrella, which he carried on all occasions, and that when he met an unwilling or disputing debtor, he was wont to accompany every word he uttered with a s—i—r, which long drawn out, and having the r very much trilled, produced a most ludicrous effect. On one occasion he had even tracked an escaping debtor, and had succeeded in capturing him, to the diseven tracked an escaping debtor, and had succeeded in capturing him, to the disappointment and envy of the detectives engaged in the pursuit, and to the congratulations and delight of the firm by which he, Mallaby, was employed. And his cleverness had been made the subject of a long newspaper article in which was included even an accurate descripnded even an accurate ion of his own appearance; but Mallaby

esty. That none of the pugnacious qualities which distinguished his daily avocation were suffered to appear in his leisure moments, was attested by the attraction which he had for children. They hailed his coming and deplored his going, when, as it sometimes happened he was obliged to go to somewhat distant localities in the interest of his business. erest of his business.

interest of his business.

From all this the reader will infer that he was neither an obscure, nor unfamiliar figure in business circles, and that it was not unlikely Sydney Wilbur in his business' intercourse—which even he, retired as he lived, was sometimes obliged to hold—should have heard of him.

Mrs. Denner loved the ground upon which he walked, and she frequently called him "that blessed man," a term of praise that was hardly to be wondered at, as she being a very affectionate

as she being a very affectionate other was naturally touched by Mr. Mallaby's attention to her offspring.

On the day that Miss Hammond's in-

vitation arrived by post for him there came by the same post, another letter also for Mr. Mallaby, and as Mrs Denner placed them both in conspicuous position in his room, while she smiled over one, in his room, while she smiled over one, recognizing Miss Hammond's penmanship, she shook her head very dubiously over the other.

"That's one of the letters as always

effect him so,' she said quite aloud: and then she bent to it and examined very critically the clear, bold, handsome

hand.

"He isn't quite himself for days after he gets one of these," she said quite aloud again, and then she started, for at that instant Mr. Mallaby's voice accompanied by the shrill treble of a quartet of her own boisterous little Denners, floated up to her from the entrance hall.

She hurried down calling him, even before she could see him: hand

fore she could see him:

"Two letters for you, Mr. Mallaby!
One, I know by the handwriting is from that dear child, Miss Agnes."
She might have added, that though she did not know the writer of the other, she knew the handwriting quite well and dreaded for Mr. Mallaby's sake its com-

ing to the house.
"Two," he repeated, and then he shook himself from the noisy little Denners and ran laughingly to his room.

Mrs. Denner was right about the effect

of the letter which was not Miss Ham-

mond's. One hasty perusal of it caused Mr. Mallaby to let it drop from his tremulous hand, to sit staring straight before him with a very helpless and bewildered look, after which his lips compressed so tight in the effort to stifle some mental and the straight of the straight him line formed about his agony that a blue line formed about his mouth. For the space of an hour he re-tained that position looking straight be-fore him, and with the letter lying open fore him, and with the letter lying open at his feet. Then Mrs. Denner, her anxiety aroused, (he had not responded to the dinner bell) knocked at the door saying very loudly at the same time:

"Mr. Mallaby; arn't you coming down, or would you like as a bit sent up to you?"

to you?"

Mr. Mallaby started, picked up the let-

ter, and hastily thrusting it into a drawer which he locked, answered: "Yes; yes, Mrs. Denner, I'm coming down as soon as I read Miss Hammond's

down as soon as I read Miss Hammond's letter."

"As soon as he reads Miss Hammond's letter;" Mrs. Denner soliloquized. That statement simply and unsuspiciously made was proof that the letter had its usual effect, for instead of reading the dear child's letter he had taken the other one up and had brooded over it ever since, and the good woman felt almost as if she would be willing to give her right hand to know the contents of these mysterious letters; not through cariosity she assured herself, but just for the sake of "that blessed man."

While she was descending, Mr. Mallaby perused Miss Hammond's very warm note of invitation. It was so different from her wonted brief, cool manner of writing to him, that before he finished he looked at the signature to be sure it was printed in hor account. letter.

ooked at the signature to be sure it was written in her name; and then he read it again, and smiled a little, as if somewhat increculous still, after which he put it away, not however, in the drawer with away, not however, in the drawer with the other. Despite its warm tone he was a little doubtfal about accepting the invitation. When, however, he had his dinner, and in response to Mrs Denner's inquiry for the dear child, Miss Agnes, he had acquainted her with the object of the note, Mrs. Denner so strongly pressed him to accept the invitation that his doubt was quite shaken, and when she added that it was his duty to accept it in order to see for himself something of the family with whom the dear child was staying, his doubt entirely disappeared; and before he went forth on the business of the afternoon, he dispatched in his stiff, old-fashioned hand, a characteristic reply to his ward, in which he named the next evening but one as the date on which he would give himself the extremely felicitous pleasure, etc., etc.

ly felicitous pleasure, etc., etc.
Florence Wilbur fairly screamed when
Agnes, after a hasty and indifferent perusal of the note of acceptance, handed it to her to read. It was so precise, and contained so many dictionary words, as Florence called every word of more than three syllables, and it was so accurately dotted as to "is" crossed "ts," and immense punctuation marks, that it was enough, as the merry girl said, to make a stoic lanch.

And what a blessed thing it is, Agnes," she continued, "that you are not sensitive about him—else, where would my fun be? I say my, because all of his oddities do not seem to raise the ghost of a smile in you."

"Oh! I am used to him," replied Agnes.
"All of his letters are like this one,
models of composition and punctuation—
and why should I be sensitive," opening
her big eyes a little wider and placing
them yery earnessity on her triend.

them very earnestly on her friend, when he is not my flesh and blood." But Florence was in such haste to show the note to her uncle, and to get him o plan some way of having Miss Liscome

oresent on the evening named by Mr. Mallaby, that she did not wait to reply to Agnes' last remark, Sydney Wilbur seemed to enjoy the ittle epistle as much as his niece had lone, for the smile with which he began ts perusal, broke into a hearty laugh when he ended it.

when he ended it.

"He is a character," he said when having folded the note, he handed it back to Florence.

"And what about Miss Liscome,

Syd?"
On occasions, when she was mirthful and very eager, Florence dropped the term which she usually prefaced Mr. Wil-

"You know," she continued vivacious-y, "that if I so much as hinted to Aunt beb a wish for Miss Liscome's company n a particular evening she would imme-Deb a wish for Miss Liscome's company on a particular evening she would immediately contrive that, that maiden lady should not stir one inch from her own domicile for twelve whole hours."

"And you expect me, I suppose, to coax, bully, force, hoodwink, or palaver, my respected sister into inviting her dear friend here to-morrow evening."

"Of course I do: just you see a jobs of

"Of course I do; just exert one iota of that awful will of yours, and your respect-ed sister," absurdly mimicing his tone,

and everybody else's respected sisters vill yield at once." In pretended anger he hurled a sheet of colscap at her, but she dodged it and was out of the study before it had well settled

Aunt Deb was in the dining-room Aunt Deb was in the dining-room sharply berating Anne for some trifling neglect in the appointment of the table. She had to berate some one as a sort of vent to the worry, indignation, and alarm cause by her guests. Anybody could see, as she had averred to her friend, Prudence, that horrid, doll-faced creature, Miss Hammond, was doing everything in her power to win Syduey Wilbur, and her own niece, Florence, she verily believed, was not a whit behind in the matter of helping her. The only hopeful thing about it was that Florence was going to London in a couple of months, to stay about it was that Florence was going to London in a couple of months, to stay there, and Miss Hammond, should she have the assurance to prolong her stay until then, would be obliged to depart also; but then what mischief might not be worked in those couple of months! her heart sank to think of it, and only for the fortunate terms of a cortain will schick part. nate terms of a certain will which must keep Sydney from marrying Miss Ham-mond, she declared she would die. Miss Liscome had spent days, and even a portion of some nights, wondering what could be the mysterious terms of that oft-men-tioned will; but even so much as a hint at gratifying her curiosity was never youchsafed for, singularly enough, with all her intimacy, and confidence upon every other matter, Miss Wilbur studiously re-frained for the same studiously refrained from imparting any information upon this one.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Do You Want Cousumption? Are you really looking for it? Inviting it? Then pay no attention to your hacking cough, and your weak throat. You can prevent it, though. Take Scott's Emulsion early, when the cough first begins,

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