





HIS MOTHER'S DIAMOND.

I was lying lazily in my hammock, which swung in the cool breeze, hung from the giant limb of one of the great trees in the compound. I was realizing, somewhat uncomfortably, the condition of my finances, and forcing myself to look the situation squarely in the face. I was slow to believe that pleasure is a more costly thing than labor, and its products far from being as satisfactory. When I left England I assured my father that 500 a year and my pay would be more than enough to cover all reasonable wants and wishes, and now, after nine or ten months in Bareilly, I was so straitened for lack of gear that I must either overdraw, borrow or live an exceedingly retired life for the next three months. The privilege of playing guinea pool in Ashton's room with much better players than myself, and the not very heavy book on half a dozen sporting events, had combined toward this rapid result, as I could not help ruefully acknowledging.

As I mused I became suddenly aware of a laughing face looking down into my hammock. Rankelior, the captain of my company, had swung himself noiselessly into the tree, and perched astride a rough limb that swung alongside of mine. "Well, Campbell," was his first greeting, "you are enjoying the dolce far niente in the shade. I am just released from duty."

"You are mistaken about the dolce," I replied. "I am tasting the bitter, not the sweet do-nothing, and shall have to taste it for some time to come."

"I have been a bit remorseful over you, lad," he said, speaking more gravely than was his wont, and without looking at me, scraping down gray fragments of lichen from the trunk of the old tree. "I have not forgotten that it was I who first introduced you into Ashton's room and to his fact set. I have been foolish enough myself; but I had no right to drag you into a like scrape."

"Nonsense, Rankelior," I said hastily. "I was just charging myself with moral supineness when you came upon me suddenly—resolving to pull myself together, and resist even sixpenny Nap in future!"

"All right, lad. I'll back you up—I am afraid I need not say what I came to say—to ask, rather. You could not lead me a tenner for two days?"

heedlessly, to lounge away a few of the fifteen minutes that would intervene before the bell sounded for tiffin. Suddenly I heard the man calling me by name.

"Mr. Campbell, sir, won't you please come here just for a moment?" I jumped up and went to the mouth of the hole, into which man and rabbit had both disappeared. Peterson was emerging from it feet foremost, dragging something after him.

"This is a queer place, sir," he said; "it goes in ever so far. It's a regular tunnel, it is; and I found them things inside!"

"Where do you suppose it leads to?" I asked, taking the trowel in my hand.

"Well, sir, I didn't go in very far; but it goes off that way a good bit." He described a sweep with his arm, passing the officers' quarters to the left.

"And that leads?"—only for an instant did I stand with bent brows; then, as if a "brain wave" had floated across to the other, we both exclaimed at once, "Good gracious! The fort—the fort, with all the money!"

What a relation Rankelior bore to this strange discovery of the secret tunnel. I had abundance of time to pursue my reflections, for with the solitary exception of the orderly who brought my luncheon, no one came near me for several hours. Over and over, round and round again, spun and whirled in my brain the events of the day and my strange discovery. The conclusion I came to was startling; and the instant I found myself being driven towards it, like a horse swerving from a desperate leap, I turned away and began my summary all over again. One or two things I was quite sure of: Rankelior's diamond had sparked and scintillated on his finger last evening at the late mass dinner. Ashton and Fordyce had both declared that they had watched the tunnel since yesterday afternoon; Rankelior must therefore have lost the jewel in the tunnel while it was being watched, and at night, or very early in the morning. What could that possibly mean except?

"I always stopped there, and began all over again. I remembered with a strange feeling of disloyalty to one who had been the kindest of friends to me how Rankelior had two or three times told me that he would have 'plenty of money' within a day or two at the furthest, and would even be able to help me out of my tight places. One thing I was decided upon, in the slow crystallization of repulsive ideas forming in my brain against my will—that was, that so far as I was concerned in the matter, I would shield my friend's name. I would preserve utter silence on the subject of his lost diamond, for the present at least, no matter what the penalty might be.

A quick footstep in the corridor caught my ear; my door was thrown open and Rankelior walked in, his face suffused with a fiery glow of indignation. "What a thundering shame, Campbell!" was his impulsive exclamation, holding out both hands to me. "Ashton and Fordyce knew just as I do they would laugh at the thought of bringing such a charge against you."

"As you do," I said, forcing a smile. "I mean—as you laugh at it!"

"He looked at me attentively, as if something in my manner had struck him as unusual.

"Tell me all about it, Campbell," he said, speaking with authority and kindness, both. "Let me hear your version of the affair."

"Mine is very simple. I was at my rope drill as the men can testify, I had dismissed the men, all but Peterson, whose duty it was to see to the ropes, when I saw him fling his cap at a rabbit just darting into his hole, as we thought. Cap and rabbit both disappeared, and Peterson crawled in after, and found—what made him forget the rabbit. We had just finished exploring the tunnel, in fact; I have not yet had Peterson's report. Ashton and Fordyce, with one or two men, seized and arrested us, and scoffed at my explanations."

Rankelior looked grave.

"May I hear their account of it?" I asked, after a pause.

"Yes. It seems that they discovered this tunnel yesterday, and without exploring it very thoroughly suspected it might lead to the fort, and, by turns, I saw that the old night, by turns. No one approached him, and he went on to-day, when they both—Ashton and Fordyce—saw you and your man near the entrance. Then, as they suppose, with a view to discovering how far the tunnel had yet to penetrate before reaching the fort, the man crept inside, and you walked toward the fort until within a few yards. Then they called up their men and arrested you both on the spot. Is that correct, Campbell?"

"Before I could reply a knock at the door was followed by the entrance of an orderly, who informed me that Colonel Pryor desired my presence in the ante room. I went at once, followed by Rankelior. There were only two men—my accusers—present in the ante room with Colonel Pryor when I entered. It was quite an informal inquiry; but I saw that the old 'chief' noted keenly my every word and look; I told the plain unvarnished truth, with simple directness, to Colonel Pryor, and he listened with courtesy. When I had ended he looked toward Ashton and Fordyce.

"You found this tunnel yesterday afternoon, you say, gentlemen?"

"I shall post sentries there tonight. I think you had better confine yourselves to barracks till tomorrow afternoon—you three discoverers, I mean—and let me deal alone with this henceforward."

Without speaking to any of them, I returned to my own room, again followed by Rankelior, who, in his friendliest manner, laid his hand on my shoulder.

"I don't suspect—I know, Rankelior!" I said, looking earnestly at him. "I found your diamond—where you lost it, in the very mouth of that tunnel, among the freshly-turned earth on the trowel!"

"You found my diamond there?—my mother's gift?" he said, stercorously.

"Yes, I found it there. I have it safely, and no eye has seen it but mine, nor shall any one hear of it from me. Rankelior!"

"His face brightened again and he reached his hand on my shoulder with a smile. He had but opened his lips to speak when a hideous sound, or rather a babel of sounds, arose from the opposite room in the same corridor—a rain of heavy blows, mingled with howls and loud protestations and groans of 'Oh, sashy; I not steal it! I not steal anything! Oh—oh, sashy!' We both walked unconsciously into Ashton's room, whence the sounds proceeded. It was not quite an unheard-of thing to find an officer beating his Hindu servant with his braces or anything that came handy; but Ashton was in a furious passion, and was kicking savagely as well. With-out a moment's hesitation Rankelior sprang forward and wrenched the man's arm out of Ashton's angry grip.



A LIFE SAVED BY TAKING AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. Several years ago, I caught a severe cold, which with a cough, kept me from my work on no rest, either day or night. The doctor's treatment did me no good. A friend of mine, who had a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, sent me a bottle of it, which I took, and I was completely cured, and I believe it saved my life. W. H. Ward, a Quinlan Ave., Lowell, Mass.

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Large advertisement on the right side of the page containing various notices, including a list of books, a dictionary advertisement, and a sarsaparilla advertisement, all with detailed text and some small illustrations.







FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Eighteenth Sunday after Pentecost.

BAD THOUGHTS. "Why do you think evil in your hearts? (St. Matt. ix. 4.)"

What harm can there be in mere thoughts? They are only light and momentary fancies, various and fleeting as summer clouds, coming and going as if by some will of their own, quite independent of our control.

Yes, my brethren, God does regard our thoughts. Our Lord Jesus Christ tells us that all sin has its birthplace in the heart.

You see that a serious matter our thoughts must be in God's sight, when they are thus put in the same catalogue with such enormous sins as murder, adultery, theft, perjury and blasphemy.

Once upon a time—that is a good old-fashioned way of beginning a tale—a worn-out weary man named Joseph, oppressed with many cares and anxieties, was making his way rather dolefully along the Strand in the great city of London.

Presently he thought he heard our Blessed Lady, who hold him by the hand, say, "watch and listen."

He looked again and the poor ragged woman was on her knees and praying and crying bitterly. "Oh, my God! forgive me, for but for that shilling I should have been lost forever.

Joe was a soft-hearted fellow in his way of most of his troubles in life had come from the same failing or virtue—it may be either, according to the use or abuse of it—and followed the sad looking woman.

There, mother, said he, "it's the last I have, but you've welcome to it. She looked up and gasped out something he did not hear; but her look of gratitude he never forgot—no, not to his dying day.

Though evil thoughts may come to us by hundreds and thousands, and beset us over and over again, if we always banish them, and pray against them, and refuse consent to them, so far from committing sin, we gain a victory every time, and store up merit in God's sight.

Now, my brethren, it is perfectly true that we cannot help such thoughts coming in to the mind; but we can help their staying there. We can prevent our hearts and minds from being hives and nests for them to dwell in.

Helping out a Mind Reader. At an entertainment in Dublin a mind reader boasted that he could find a marked pin hidden by one of the audience.

The student, suspecting the man from his looks, slyly took away the pin from his hiding-place. On his return to the platform, the mind reader gazed into the hider's face, and putting his hand to his brow, was blindedfolded and led the student to the hiding-place, but, of course, could find no pin.

He did so. There was a yell, and jumping up, the mind-reader hastily pulled from his coat tails the marked pin.

Not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story of its merits and success. Remember Hood's cures.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Forming a Habit.

No effort is required to form a bad habit. It forms itself by mere repetition. Unpleasant habits are usually the result of thoughtlessness in the beginning.

While Joseph gazed, to his surprise the Mother of God left the manger, came down to where he was sitting and touched him. A peace and joy which he had never known thrilled in his soul as the Mother of Jesus laid her hand upon his shoulder.

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phic melody seemed to fill the church. The smoke of ten thousand censurs and the fumes of most exquisite incense appeared to rise from Heaven. The building was illuminated with the lights of candles which no man could number, and (what appeared to him) a mountain of rare and magnificent flowers was heaped up on each side of the altar, filling the church with their fragrance and dazzling all present with the brilliancy of their varied beauty.

Joseph looked again, and where he expected to see the Blessed Sacrament, all that was there was a manger with a little Child lying in it, and a humble maiden and a saintly-looking man kneeling before it.

While Joseph gazed, to his surprise the Mother of God left the manger, came down to where he was sitting and touched him. A peace and joy which he had never known thrilled in his soul as the Mother of Jesus laid her hand upon his shoulder.

"Come with me," said the Virgin Mother, and as she spoke the church and the wondrous scenes within it seemed to disappear. Joseph found himself gazing in spirit upon a poor ragged desolate woman. She had entered a damp stagnant cellar in one of the fetid courts of Drury-lane with a basket full of humble provisions. Two children were lying on a few coarse sacks and looked up eagerly as the woman came in.

"Mother," they cried, "we are so hungry I do give us some food."

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BEST FOR WASH DAY USE SURPRISE SOAP BEST FOR EVERY DAY.

ing and soothing when applied externally to relieve pain, and powerfully remedial when swallowed.

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Faith leads many to believe, yet when one has experienced anything and has reason to rejoice, it is far stronger proof than faith without reasonable proof. About four miles from California, along a pleasant road, passing by numerous farms, lived Rev. T. J. Butler, the parish priest of this district.

Presently he thought he heard our Blessed Lady, who hold him by the hand, say, "watch and listen."

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Resolution of Condolence. Jesus said: "I am the resurrection and the life..."

Fraternally yours, Rev. Edward Savage, W. J. Duncan, Committee.

Halifax, N. S., Sept. 24, 1895. At a regular meeting of St. Patrick's Branch, No. 175, Kinkora...

Resolved that we extend to our afflicted Brothers our sincere sympathy in this their hour of trial...

Resolved that this resolution be entered in the minutes of this meeting and that copies be sent to the Brothers...

Resolved that we, the members of Branch 74, tender Rev. Bro. O'Meara our sincere sympathy in his bereavement...

Resolved that we extend to Brother M. Margan our sincere sympathy for the loss sustained by the death of his only son...

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ARCHDIOCESE OF TORONTO.

On Monday evening, 23rd September, the parishioners of St. Paul's church met at St. Anne's hall...

Rev. and dear Father - We the women's division of the Confraternity of the Holy Family have learned that His Grace the Archbishop in his recent kindness...

Resolved that we extend to our afflicted Brothers our sincere sympathy in this their hour of trial...

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that for them and their brother, Mr. J. Murray, the greatest sympathy is felt in the community...

DUNCAN P. McKEAL BRECHIN, ONT. It is with deep sorrow we announce the death of Mr. P. McKeal Brechin...

The remains, placed in a beautiful casket, were conveyed to his late residence here, the funeral taking place on Saturday morning...

DIocese OF HAMILTON. The following reference to the death of a beloved priest of this diocese was clipped from the Mount Forest Representative of Sept. 29...

After the ceremonies, the funeral, headed by the Dundalk Silver Band, began to move, and in about ten minutes the cortege was seen in that locality...

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The picnic held on the 17th ult. in Macton by Rev. Father O'Leary, the esteemed pastor of the parish, was in every sense of the word a success...

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DEATH.

McRAE-At Cannington, on 30th August, 1895, Duncan P. McRae, of Brechin, aged thirty-five years. Deeply regretted.

FATHER KENNEDY'S NERVE TONIC. A NATURAL REMEDY FOR Epileptic Fits, Falling Sickness, Hysterics, St. Vitus Dance, Nervousness, Hypochondria, Melancholia, Inebriety, Sleeplessness, Dizziness, Brain and Spinal Weakness.

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MARKET REPORTS. LONDON. Toronto, Oct. 3.-Wheat, 54 to 56c. per bush. Oats, 25 to 27c. per bush. Corn, 20 to 22c. per bush.

MARKET REPORTS. DETROIT. Detroit, Mich., Oct. 3, 1895.-Wheat, No. 2 red, 94c. No. 1 white, 94c. Corn, No. 2, 24c. No. 1, 24c.

MARKET REPORTS. TORONTO. Toronto, October 3.-The market was, in all respects, a very poor one. There was scarcely any trading done in export cattle...

MARKET REPORTS. EAST BUFFALO. East Buffalo, Oct. 3.-Cattle - The receipts were about three cars of milk cows...

MARKET REPORTS. TORONTO. Toronto, October 3.-The market was, in all respects, a very poor one. There was scarcely any trading done in export cattle...

Webster's International Dictionary. THE BEST FOR EVERYBODY BECAUSE It is easy to find the word wanted. Words are given their correct alphabetical place, such as botanical, geographical, etc.