

Scott's Emulsion. MUCH BETTER, Thank You! THIS IS THE UNIVERSAL TESTIMONY of those who have suffered from CHRONIC BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS, OR ANY FORM OF WASTING DISEASES, after they have tried SCOTT'S EMULSION.

The Canadian Post. LINDSAY, FRIDAY, NOV. 27, 1891. MISS FRENCH.

"Well, Henry, what is it now?" Miss French had just taken her seat at her own desk in the Division, and looked up, with a somewhat impatient air, at the colored messenger standing before her. "There's a file of papers waiting to be distributed," said the messenger with a deprecating expression that she understood. "Mr. Clark wants to know if you will be so kind as to assist him this morning?"

"Yes, I understand that it's on account of sickness," said Miss French. "Very well, Henry; tell Mr. Calvert I'll come presently. Miss French's tones were perfectly even, but she never allowed herself to betray emotion. "In office." There were so many foolish women who did let jealousy, or temper, or nerves get the better of them in public, that she was doubly careful to avoid the display. But outward composure showed inward vexation; and Mr. Calvert's sensitive little gentleman—was quick to feel the touch of frost in her manner. "I am extremely sorry, Miss French, to interrupt you, but Miss Morrison is, unfortunately, ill again, and the work is piling up so rapidly—" "I might say the same of my own work, Mr. Calvert."

"You may scold me if you like. It was so kind of you to come." "Oh, kind! I am disgusted with myself." Miss French rose from her knees, drew a chair to the bedside, and sat down in it with an air of determination. "I've an engagement at her watch; and counting the ride home, it takes me ten minutes to talk. May I ask you some questions?" "As many as you please." "Well, but you're in this forlorn place? You have a fair salary—nine hundred, I suppose?" "Only seven-hundred," corrected Miss Morrison. "I thought you had your promotion! Mr. Calvert said you had passed the examination, and he recommended to the Commissioner. He says you are doing very good work."

"It doesn't seem to help you much unless you have influence, and I have nobody to push the thing for me." "There should be no need," said Miss French, bitterly. "Good work should do its own pushing; but it's no use expecting that. Even so, sixty dollars a month ought to give you more comforts. Are you helping anybody with your salary?" "I have to provide for my mother, and my grandmother, and my little lame brother. They have only me to look to." "Miss French forgot the well-bred composure for the moment, but Miss Morrison maintained hers. "We should do well enough," she continued simply, "if I could keep my health. My mother has a little house in the country where rent is cheap, and she is a good manager. But I—I don't know what is the matter with me. I seem to break down—" Her voice quivered. The starting tears, the pale cheeks, and trembling hands told the story of nervous prostration—brought on, as one might easily guess, by continuous personal privation. "I am so afraid," she added, struggling with a sob, "of losing my place! If it comes to that, it just means starvation for all of us."

"I believe you are starving yourself now," said her visitor promptly. "Do you board in this house?" "No, that is not exactly—" "Yes, that is, which means that you pay for your lodging and live on crackers and cheese?" Miss Morrison was mute. "How can you expect to keep your health when you are not properly nourished? Would it be kind enough to tell me what you have had to eat to-day?" "All I wanted. Indeed, I have no appetite. Mrs. Hoxie brought me up some tea. She has been very kind." "What is the name of the person who told you this?" "Yes, I don't see any one else in the house." "I shall speak to her when I go down. And if she brings you up some hot coffee, by, and a glass of wine, you'll take them." "Miss Morrison hid her face in her hands. "I shan't go till you say you will," continued Miss French. "And I've no time to spare. I'll do anything you tell me. Kiss me before you go!"

The thin arms were stretched out in childish entreaty; the watery eyes shone through wet lashes with grateful affection. Miss French was not a woman who frequently, said Miss French, in a less frigid tone. She was aware that her "frigid" was above the office-level, and there was some compensation in having the fact recognized. "Her health is frail," Mr. Calvert returned. "I don't think she is absent without cause; but it certainly happens frequently. Her sick-leave for the year was used up before July, and she had to make up arrears on her own account." "Do you mean that she has been here all summer—that she has had no holiday at all?" asked Miss French, a little startled. "I believe so. The fact is—" lowering his voice discreetly, Miss Morrison is not to be what you might call prosperous circumstances."

"That might be said of most of us," with a slight curl of her soft upper lip. "We are all Government papers here, Mr. Calvert." "Just so; but there are degrees in patriotism. Between yourself and Miss Morrison, for instance—" A messenger came up with a batch of letters, and the sentence was never finished. But the attention suggested lingered in Miss French's consciousness throughout the busy morning. Mr. Calvert had drawn it out superficial grounds. Any one could see the outward differences marking social grade and habit, and the inference was naturally in her mind. But she was aware of something more radical. At luncheon-time she asked, casually, if anybody knew where Miss Morrison lived. In the group of four or five, who by law of natural selection took their Russian tea together at noon, there was one who did know. And, with the address in her card-case, she walked down to the Junction after office hours, and took a Ninth-street car out towards Le Droit Paris. Some-where in the rather dreary neighborhood she found a dingy, red-brick caravansary, upon which "Cheap Boarding-house" was the legible stamp. A slatternly colored girl answered the door-bell, and refused her entrance. "Deed it ain't worth while totin' that upstairs. Miss Mawson's sick abaid. She kin't come down to see nobody."

"Can I go up to her room, perhaps?" "Beckon you kin, it's on the top flo'. Jes keep on till you stop, an' knock at the fast do' you come to." Miss French followed these somewhat vague directions, and climbed three dusky flights of stairs. At the head of the last she met a woman who had just emerged from the first door on the landing place, and asked to be directed to Miss Morrison's room. "It's right here," was the answer, eagerly given. "I wonder if you are one of the young ladies from the office?" Miss French answered that she was, and the woman's face brightened with a sympathetic pleasure. "I cert'ly an glad! She's been wishin' somebody wou' come. Miss Mawson—" opening the door a little way—"here's company for you. Can she walk in, in?" "Who is it?" a weak voice asked, in a flattered tone. "You'll know, I reckon. Somebody from the door was pushed open; the guide, with more delicacy than might have been inferred from her appearance, vanished behind the stained wall; and the visitor found herself in a room so small, so bare, so poverty-stricken, that her heart, touched at last with remorseful pity, melted utterly at the forlornness before her. Upon a narrow iron cot lay a slight figure, poorly covered with a threadbare quilt. A pale, eager, startled face looked up to her with unconscious pleading in the big, brown eyes; and without a thought of conventionalities that would have been remembered in other circumstances, Miss French dropped on her knees by the bed.

"You poor little thing!" she cried. "You poor little thing! Why didn't you let some of us know? I didn't think I had any right." "That is to say, you thought us all heartless creatures. You ought to be ashamed of yourself." Miss Morrison smiled—a patient, pitiful little smile. "You may scold me if you like. It was so kind of you to come." "Oh, kind! I am disgusted with myself." Miss French rose from her knees, drew a chair to the bedside, and sat down in it with an air of determination. "I've an engagement at her watch; and counting the ride home, it takes me ten minutes to talk. May I ask you some questions?" "As many as you please." "Well, but you're in this forlorn place? You have a fair salary—nine hundred, I suppose?" "Only seven-hundred," corrected Miss Morrison. "I thought you had your promotion! Mr. Calvert said you had passed the examination, and he recommended to the Commissioner. He says you are doing very good work."

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