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"Perhaps, I do not think it likely. I believe my uncle is already in a state with some one else for the shooting, so there will be nothing to come for."

"Nothing to come for," repeated Waring, as if to himself; and Mona suddenly thought—"Does he imagine that I am the attraction to St. John Leslie, and does his friendliness incline him to rejoice at the prospect of a good marriage for me?"

She rose and went into the next room to find a book, for an excuse not to talk any more. As she returned, she met Waring, who had followed her.

"Good-night," he said to her. "I am rather tired. Miss Black is booked for chess, and you are going to read to me. You would like me to read to you?"

It seemed strange to Mona that Uncle Sandy—who, though on the whole extremely indifferent to things which did not affect himself, was when his attention was aroused, a keen observer—did not notice the complete understanding which existed between Kenneth and Mary, nor the very tender attentions which, as he grew more at ease in his new home, the young Highlander could not refrain from bestowing on the lady of his heart.

It was a lovely day stolen from May to beautify the last hours of March. The blue sky, the glittering loch, the balmy air which stole like a caress around cheek and throat, seemed to promise that "gloomy winter was awa'."

Most people know that if they have been sick they need Scott's Emulsion to bring back health and strength. But the strongest point about Scott's Emulsion is that you don't have to be sick to get results from it.

It keeps up the athlete's strength, puts fat on thin people, makes a fretful baby happy, brings color to a pale girl's cheeks, and prevents coughs, colds and consumption. Food in concentrated form for sick and well, young and old, rich and poor. And it contains no drugs and no alcohol. ALL DRUGGISTS; 50c. AND \$1.00.

"You're no fond o' the liddle yourself!" "Only in a sisterly way, I assure you. I am deeply interested in his welfare."

"I'm not a sisterly person, I assure you. I'm a friend. I'm not a sisterly person, I assure you. I'm a friend. I'm not a sisterly person, I assure you. I'm a friend."

"What is it," he asked cautiously. "While Mr. Waring stays, make no disturbance. He has been so comfortable here, let him take his good impression unimpaired."

"I'm not a sisterly person, I assure you. I'm a friend. I'm not a sisterly person, I assure you. I'm a friend. I'm not a sisterly person, I assure you. I'm a friend."

"What's the matter with you?" "I'm not a sisterly person, I assure you. I'm a friend. I'm not a sisterly person, I assure you. I'm a friend. I'm not a sisterly person, I assure you. I'm a friend."

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IN A DEADLY DECLINE. Our Scotch Corner.

THE SCOT IN LONDON LIFE. Some cynically remarks that London's city population—the tens of thousands who pour into the Square Mile every morning and stream out again at night—is rapidly becoming composed of Scots men and women.

He that as it may, it is certainly a fact that in the ranks of clerks there is none so prominent as the Scot, not even the German, who has so freely invaded London during the past ten years. There is much in common between these two "aliens," the secret of their success being in each case the triple combination of simplicity of life, dogged determination, and a philosophical conviction that the drab present will in the fulness of time dissolve to a rosiate future.

Every department of London's professional, commercial, and industrial life, says a writer in the Scottish Review, the Scot stands high, trusted by his superior officers, and perhaps a little feared—by his subordinates. This is a fact concerning which many absurd things have been said and written, but it remains none the less a fact. Granted that there are, alas! many promising young Scotsmen who, dazzled and bewitched by the tawdry attractions of the metropolis, have been flung into the vortex of oblation—and worse—it is a matter of everyday occurrence that the Scotsman in London has usually succeeded in making his mark.

Every decent Scotchman, who has come up to London attended by three guardian angels of poverty, push, and patience, has, sooner or later, found his way to the front. Take the realm of city life in its narrowest sense. In how many banks is the Scot in evidence? The Bank of England—founded by him, the Scotchman, William Paterson—has on its staff not a few of his fellow-countrymen. Two names stand out amongst the head officials—Mr. Kenneth Graham, the secretary (not unknown in letters also), and Mr. J. Gordon Nairne, chief cashier. The latter, whose signature is so familiar upon the notes of his institution, is a respected elder at St. Columba's Church of Scotland, Pont street, the church where Dr. Fleming has succeeded Dr. Donald MacLeod.

After all, it is hardly necessary to enumerate the prominent Scotsmen in the London banks, even were it possible. I am not alluding, of course, to the officials and staff of any of the London branches of the Scotch banks, who naturally recruit ninety-nine per cent. of their men from beyond the border.

Although Scotsmen have climbed high in the service of the English banks, they still to special advantage in the employment of the Indian and Colonial banks. Thanks largely to their untiring tendencies in younger countries, opportunities in younger countries, and some slight prejudice against them on the part of the old English banks (now scarcely to be observed), the Scots have taken an Indian and Colonial banking into their own hands.

It is scarcely possible to enter the London office of any Indian, Canadian, African or Australian bank without coming into contact with a Scottish manager, accountant, or secretary, not to mention innumerable junior officers engaged in the same work.

Turning from specific city life, we find in every other walk that the Scot holds his own. At the present moment, he has the whip hand in politics, in law, in Church; nor is his name unknown, or unknown in literature, art, and science, particularly medicine and surgery. The British Premier's Cabinet is strongly Scotch, though by no means aggressive. It is a contrast to the singular economy of the Bath election in 1646 it may be amiss to subjoin the following list of "charges of one day's expenses at a small pothouse at Ilchester in the contest for the county of Somerset in 1817":

Laid out in victuals at George Inn 11 4
Laid out in drinking 7 2
Laid out in tobacco and drinking vessels 4 4
353 bottles of rum and gin, at 6s. 105 18 0
57 ditto French brandy, at 10s 6d. 29 18 6
814 gallons of beer, at 2s 8d. 60 10 8
702 dinners, at 2s. 6d. 99 0 0
Total 303 7 2

God keep you three the silent night

God keep you three the silent night and guard Your pillow from all perils, dear From dark to dawn I pray his love to ward And watch you, hovering ever near, God keep you thro' the busy day, dear heart, And guide your feet thro' every maze From dawn to dusk may not his love impart Or lose its tender vigils.

Prayer. Holy and most merciful God, in whose image we were at first created, we thank Thee for Thy purpose, manifested in the image of Thy Son of restoring to us the image which we have lost. We have been taught that God is love, and in Christ Jesus we have seen the divine love declared in love and truth, and in Him we have seen the love which is the source of all life and happiness. Teach us in all our affairs and relations to be true to the spirit of Thy law, and to be true to the spirit of Thy love. Amen.

Like as the blast which swept over arrogant monarchies mightily host, leaving in its train but legions of dead corpses, so, in temperate climes, it is not rarely frost seals the final doom of many a variety of plant life, utterly wrecking the beauty of the brilliant flower-bordered borders, and changing a scene of gorgeous radiance into a dismal, black-and-void devastation.

What more beautiful than the splendid, glowing flower beds of a well-arranged garden in all their September prime; here a bed of luxuriant begonia, a vivid display of vermillion, and gold, and delicate pink; the dark velvet thyme of the serrated leaves gimpling here and there amidst the wealth of color, enhancing the brilliancy and the richness of the gay parterre. Or here a large bed of the showy and resplendent scarlet salvia, each petal covered with long, pendulous tassels, or more great spikes of flashing scarlet, the whole a very brilliant and lustrous bower; while adjoining is the handsome blue variety, its less redundant display of florid being, with the exception of the Alpine gentian, perhaps the most vivid and richest in color in the entire range of Nature's beautiful tints.

There are few entirely unbroken lives in this world; there are few men who fulfil their own plans and plans without thwarting or interrupting at some point. Now and then there is one who in early youth marks out a course for himself and then moves straight on it. His goal, but most persons live very differently from the man who early dreams, and later, in the pursuit of their career that in sorely one particular have they realized their own life dreams; at every point God has simply set aside their plans and substituted His own.

There are some lives whose plans are so completely thwarted that their story is most pathetic as we read it; yet we have but to follow it through to the end to see that the broken life was better and more effective than if its own plan had been carried out.

But during the time of the besom of destruction sweeps over the gay scene, a blast of the gold breath of the north lowers glow like over it, and the fell hand of death has ruthlessly struck down its floral victims; so that where yesterday beds were beauty and grace, and lovely radiance, to-day a blackened ruin, a grim, unlovely desolation. And though the wind veers round and waits the genial air from more sunny climes never more will those lifeless beauties rise in the sun and fascinate again well. They gladden and fascinate those who so appreciated their charms.

God's Care for His Children. He cares for us with a care implying constant and tender solicitude, yet tranquil and serene in the infinite light which does all things well. While our care is like the angry wind which lashes the ocean into angry waves, and sends its cruel billows in swift assault upon the shore, His care is like the brooding dove which, at the beginning, moved over the face of the chaotic waters, and the sun was setting high on Galilee, quelled the mariners' fear as it cried: "Peace, be still!" The Orbit of Life, by W. T. Horridge, D. D.

Too Good. They held a meeting in Hamilton to discuss the bringing to that city of Evangelists Torrey and Alexander, and only twenty-nine people attended. The residents there have been glad to hear the idea that they were so good to respond.

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