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URIEL; Or, the Chapel of the Holy Angels.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE AUSTRALIAN DUKE; OR, THE NEW UTOPIA," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

On the following morning Geoffrey announced that his departure would be early, as he had business which would take him to Tremadoc, a village on the sea-coast, where it was proposed to experiment on the new life boat, and that he should proceed thence to Swinburne without returning home. This arrangement rendered necessary the leaving of various orders, which were duly received by Mary, who generally acted as her brother's domestic lieutenant, and she had accompanied him into the hall to take his last directions and witness his departure, when, as the hall door opened, they perceived approaching a carriage, which both recognized as the Merylin equipage. It was an unusual apparition, and an unusual time for visitors, and as the solitary occupant was received at the door by the brother and sister, Mary's exclamation of joyful wonder shall serve as her introduction: "Is it possible, Aurelia?"

There was no doubt, at any rate, as to the personality of his visitor, whom Mary proceeded, before ushering her into the library, to disencumber of her furs and winter wraps, displaying as she did so a stately and graceful figure entirely robed in black, for since her brother's death Aurelia Pendragon had never laid aside her mourning. Her beauty, which was undeniable, was accompanied by an air of unconsciousness and indifference to her own exterior as could hardly escape the notice of a close observer. It almost seemed to betoken that this beauty, or rather, perhaps, the admiration which it was calculated to excite, was a nuisance to its possessor instead of being a pride, and that, far from seeking to display it to its best advantage, she would gladly have concealed it had she been able. But such a result would have taxed a greater ingenuity than Aurelia dreamt of employing on the matter. We shall not undertake to paint her portrait for the reader's benefit, being of opinion that beauty is indescribable: only one feature we would beg him to remark, and that is, the mass of golden hair, which no amount of plaiting and doubling up availed to conceal. It was the hereditary appanage of her race, which marked her at once as a true Pendragon of Merylin. Not that every member of that family was distinguished by this peculiar feature; but from time to time it reappeared among them, and tradition had come to affirm that those who bore that dazzling badge of the old British royalty were marked by destiny either for great misfortune or for heroic career, possibly even for both. And, in point of fact, the loyal cavalier who had died for his king on the scaffold, and another noble youth who had assumed the priestly character and been hanged at Tyburn, were both known to have been true golden-haired Pendragons. It seemed a sort of outward and visible token of inward greatness of soul, which rose above the common lot of mortals, and led them to a noble if even, as the world counted it, unhappy end, as in particular the sorrows of her father, had stamped their own impress on Aurelia's character. Perhaps, also, the influence of these old traditions had told on her, for it could not be denied that there was a certain exaltation of ideas in the Pendragon race not altogether unalloyed with superstition. Be that as it may,

Aurelia, from her very childhood, had regarded herself as severed from many of the ordinary interests and aspirations of girls of her age and position. The retired life which she led in the old castle had fostered this disposition, and it might truly have been said that Aurelia had grown up neither knowing nor caring for the world. Her very uncommon powers of mind and force of will developed therefore in their own way, and, as her father's broken health and spirits unfitted him more and more from taking any active part in his own affairs, the direction of everything fell into Aurelia's hands. Acting under Geoffrey's advice, she had established good order both in the household and on the estate; she had in her much of that courage and talent for government which is discernible in the characteristics of so many noble women of Catholic times, united to a tender charity which made her known in every poor cottage within five miles of the castle. In times of sickness or danger she seemed altogether indifferent to the thought of her own safety, and possibly the feeling to which she had become used, almost unconsciously, that the mark of destiny was on her, had not been without its effect, and Aurelia habitually lived as one devoted.

"I am an early visitor, I know," she began, in a tone of apology, as she submitted to Mary's affectionate care. "But such a rare one," interrupted Mary, "that you would be welcome if you came at cock-crow." "The fact was, I wanted to see Mr. Houghton, and I did not know when I should find him at home if I called at a more reasonable hour," said Aurelia. "And in five minutes later he would have been on the road to Tremadoc," said Mary, "so you see how wise you were to come when you did." "Nothing the matter, I hope?" said Geoffrey.

"No, nothing whatever, only poor papa; you know when he has an idea in his head how it takes possession of him. He has been so drooping of late, I was afraid of his getting back into that dreadful despondent way. I turned over so many things, in hopes of rousing him, and at last one day, I think it must have been an inspiration of some good angel, we were talking of the chapel, you know it is all but a ruin, and I said how I wished we could restore it. He took it up and has been thinking and talking of it ever since; and I really think if we could get it going, it would be just the sort of interest to prevent his brooding." "No doubt about it," said Geoffrey, "I don't see any objection. There's the money, of course?" "No," said Aurelia, smiling, the money would not be any difficulty, for I could undertake all that. You know I have my mother's property; now you are not going to put any obstacles in the way," she continued, as Geoffrey stood before the fire, with his hands in his pockets, and a long tone of interrogation on his countenance, "and it was not a Committee on Ways and Means that I wanted. At least, it was Ways, but not Means. What I want to know is, how are we to do it?" "Simple enough," said Geoffrey, "get an architect, have a plan, get an estimate, and so forth, and begin in the spring, I should say."

"Oh, yes," said Aurelia, but the case is not by any means as simple as that. You can't imagine what the chapel is to my father. He spends half the day there, damp as it is. I always tremble lest he should get a chill, and nothing will induce him to have it warmed. If an architect takes it in hand, and insists on having his own way, I don't know where he would begin or where he would end. And, you know, if he changed and upset things, papa would think it lay hands on a sacred ark. And they will do what they like—that is what I am afraid of."

"Very true," said Geoffrey, "it's like lawyers; they're all rogues. I mostly do my own buildings on that account—with a builder, you know. There's Jones, of Tremadoc, he's a very honest fellow. Well, we got the mill down there set right, and the granary; capitally done, and we employed no architect." Aurelia smiled again, but before she could reply, Mary interposed. "My dear Geff," she said, "you are the best of mill-builders, and Jones, as all the world knows, is a capital tradesman, and not a rogue; but I don't think he would quite do to restore a chapel of the thirteenth century." "I didn't say he would," replied Geoffrey, "but you are always so quick; you don't give one time. What I mean is that architects are great nuisances, and if one can do without them it's much the best." "I am afraid in the present case there will be no hope of doing without one," said Aurelia. "What I wanted you to try and find out for me if you can, is, who would be best; if there is anywhere such a thing as a man who would consider papa's wishes and feelings, and do no more than he wished to have done? I should be in agonies if anybody were to begin upon the mortuary chapel; yet it is in a dreadful state." Geoffrey continued standing as before, jingling his keys in his pockets, in serious reflection. "Well," he said, at last, "I think I'll ask Julian. You see he knows everybody—I mean artists and so forth. I'm sure if there is a man in all England that would suit you, Julian would know him, and if he doesn't know him, he'll find him. Extraordinary he is for hunting people out, and getting what can't be got elsewhere. Now he got me a plow last year; I couldn't find it anywhere; the Dunearth plow it is—goes by steam. I was sure there was such a thing, but no one could tell me the right place. Well, Julian got me the address in a

week. In Glasgow it was—most useful contrivance. I'll ask Julian; I shall see him to-night, and we can talk it over, and I'll let you know to-morrow."

"Thanks," said Aurelia; "not that I have any idea who Mr. Julian is—is he a farmer? I don't seem to know the name." Mary could not contain her amusement. "A farmer! My dear Aurelia, Mr. Julian Wyvern is her presumptive to an earldom, and Geff's dearest friend. You must have heard of him and his pictures, and his lifeboats, and I don't know what besides?"

"How stupid I am," said Aurelia; "of course I know who Mr. Julian Wyvern is, though I have never seen him, that I know of. He is just the one who could tell us about it. Really, Geoffrey," she continued, turning to him as she spoke, "you are everybody's friend. I wonder what we should all do without you. You think of everything."

Geoffrey became scarlet to the root of his hair, and looked more awkward than ever; but though extremely pleased, was far too shy to enjoy the satisfaction. "I think if you'll excuse me," he said, "I must be off to Tremadoc; I was to be there by 11, you see, and it only wants a quarter."

"Then don't stay," said Aurelia, "only let me know as soon as you can what Mr. Wyvern has to suggest." Geoffrey took his leave, and Aurelia continued her eulogium of him to his sister. "I do think he is so good," she said; "I never yet asked him a thing he has not done or tried to do." Mary listened in silent triumph to the praise of her brother. "It is very good of you to say so," she said. "Everybody knows Geoffrey is not a genius—but he works so hard, and does so much; more, I think, than many who make a better show—and, then, he is the best of brothers."

Aurelia sighed. "How happy you are," she said, "I don't know what it is, but whenever I come to Laventor it seems to me like something too beautiful to be real—as though it were a scene in a book." Mary laughed heartily. "To think of your dressing up our poor little Laventor in that style," she said, "is just one step above a comfortable farmhouse! If I were to speak of your wonderful castle, there would be some meaning in it. I never enter Merylin, with its tapestry and its armor, and its ancestral pictures, but I ask myself if it is not all an enchanted dream."

"And it is just all that which I am so weary of," replied Aurelia, "and which makes me feel as I do when I am here. The flapping tapestry and the weird old pictures are but sad companions." "You, a Pendragon, to talk so of your ancestors' portraits!" said Mary. "It is something like felony."

"Perhaps so," said Aurelia; "but the fine talk about Pendragon ancestry has cost us dear. What I love at Laventor is the bright home atmosphere, like one's nursery days grown up." "Well, I know what you mean," said Mary, "though I should never have thought of your putting it in comparison with the grandeur of Merylin. We have kept our happy childish days longer than most family circles, I think. But it is all Geoffrey—it is indeed. He is a home in himself. He is not clever or handsome, and he can't talk; and often, when he tries, he makes a sad mess of it. And he is awkward, I know, though he can show dignity when he forgets to be shy. But what he is in the house no one can imagine; always kind to mamma, and an angelic temper—a little gruff sometimes, but just like clockwork for regularity. I wonder sometimes if it will always go on so—I suppose it can't—but, as you say, we are a happy family." The tears came into poor Aurelia's eyes, and Mary wished she had chosen any other subject. "No," said Aurelia, "that is the sad thing with family happiness. It is so beautiful—but it can't go on. A death, or a marriage, and the whole thing is changed."

"Well, dear Geff will never turn Benedict, I think," said Mary. "But you and Gertrude might leave him," said Aurelia. "I hear Gertrude and Mr. Beresford are supposed to understand one another. Perhaps it is only gossip?" "Oh, I don't know that it will come to that," said Mary. "He's here now, and Gertrude likes him, certainly. I don't. There's no harm in him, you know; I have nothing to say against him. But it wouldn't make me happy. He talks, if you like; but it is all I. Old Geoffrey is worth a hundred of him, with all his blunders. Whatever Gertrude does, Geff and I shall keep together, and take care of one another. That's our dream."

Their dreams and their talk were interrupted by the entrance of the other members of the family, including Mr. Beresford, who had excused himself from accompanying Geoffrey to Tremadoc on the plea of having pledged himself to escort Miss Gertrude Houghton somewhere; for, as Aurelia had hinted, they were on terms of mutual understanding. Gertrude agreed in the general opinion of Mr. Beresford, wherein Mr. Beresford was regarded as "a most superior person." Perhaps South Cornwall was right, and Mary was unappreciative. Certainly, Rodolph shared in the sentiments of his admiring friends, and would have considered it an excellent joke to have been told that any man, and yet more any woman, could have dreamt of put-

ting Geoffrey Houghton in the balance against him. "It was extremely gratifying to him to find Miss Pendragon in the drawing-room; for the Pendragons were people of consideration, and mixed so little in general society, that to be able to tell his friends he had spent a morning with the beautiful Aurelia would be something worth saying. He, therefore, laid himself out for being brilliant and amusing, and would probably have succeeded in winning the applause of a large majority of ladies, whether young or old, by his small talk, his droll way of telling nothing, and his sarcastic skill in hitting off the weaknesses or absurdities of everybody of whom he spoke. But Aurelia was not captivated, or rather, to tell the truth, she was excessively weary, and took an early opportunity of making her escape. She had ordered the carriage not to wait, and was going to walk home. "In the snow!—and alone!—impossible!" said Rodolph. "Would she allow him to accompany her as far as the castle lodge?" Resistance and expostulation were in vain, and Aurelia, once more enveloped in her furs, found herself most politely escorted homewards by her talkative companion.

"Most fortunate I resisted our friend Geoffrey's powers of seduction," said Rodolph, battling with the acknowledged difficulties of holding an umbrella over the lady by his side. "Imagine trying a lifeboat in such weather as this!" "Is that what he has gone to Tremadoc for?" said Aurelia. "I am so glad something is being done about the lifeboats. I did not know Mr. Houghton had taken them up."

"Well, you know what an excellent fellow he is, though as simple as a child. I suppose he understands as much about lifeboats as I do of upholstery—but he goes in for it as a duty he owes to society; just like his magistrate's work—solemn duty. Nothing comes of it you know, but the satisfaction of his own mind. If the dear fellow could learn to put two words together it would be a great providence. When his sister Mary is at his back, she prompts him; but if he tries to express his sentiments without her at his elbow, as he did yesterday at the meeting, the effect is peculiar."

No doubt Mr. Rodolph Beresford had no intention of being ill-natured. He was obeying his instincts of hitting off the droll side of everybody. Geoffrey did do his work rather solemnly, it is true; and his style of speaking was, as has been said, fragmentary and imperfect, but he was no simpleton; and if the amount of real business done by him at the meeting alluded to had been set aside by side with that effected by Rodolph, glibly as the latter had spoken, the balance would have gone against him. Of this Aurelia felt an instinctive assurance. "I have the greatest regard for Mr. Houghton," she said, "he has been everything to my father."

"Oh, he is thoroughly worthy," said Rodolph; "only not so fortunate as to have had a fairly good mother to look after his personal charms, and so forth, to use his own expression." "What a hateful man!" thought Aurelia, as they reached the Merylin Lodge at last, and he had bowed his leave-taking. "What can Gertrude see in him to admire!" Then she laughed at her vehemence. "Just like everybody, I suppose, everybody but Geoffrey;" and then she laughed again to think what Rodolph's surprise would have been, could he have heard her comments, or have guessed it possible that the distinguished lady from whom he had just parted could be serious in preferring to his amusing and good-looking self, the stupid, awkward, ugly Geoffrey Houghton.

TO BE CONTINUED.

AT THE LAST MOMENT.

The Final Triumph of Grace Over a Proud Heart.

BY EMILIE FOSTER.

With Dupuytren's death closed the generation of distinguished surgeons who have given pre-eminence to the hospitals of Paris. Regarded by his subordinates with fear and dread, disliked by his equals on account of his offensive and arrogant manners, his home rendered desolate by his overbearing conduct, there seems little, save his talent, to admire, but his life was full of incident.

It is a worn old adage that "Nothing is so successful as success," and Fortune seemed ever ready to lend Dupuytren a helping hand. While still a youth, treading the streets of Paris, at early dawn, on his way to the Hotel Dieu, where he was an interne, studying indefatigably by the bedside and in the dead room, returning at night to a frugal meal and cheap lodging, he one day was attracted toward a crowd of excited Parisians making frantic endeavors to check the progress of a run-away horse. In another moment came a crash, and the young interne eagerly pressed forward to proffer his services. The unfortunate occupant of the carriage proved to be one of the Rothschilds, and the young surgeon's endeavors were rewarded by the announcement of the patient, when convalescent, that there were 20,000 francs in the bank awaiting his pleasure.

Years later, as the Duke de Barri was ascending a narrow staircase of the Opera House, to attend a masked ball, a treacherous assassin, maddened by jealousy, recognizing him despite his disguise, as the heir apparent to the throne of France, plunged a dagger into his side. Dupuytren, already known as a skillful surgeon, was summoned to attend him, and henceforth regarded as court physician. His term of service at the Hotel Dieu was indeed a reign of terror; the shrinking patient gained neither confidence or sympathy from his eye, and internes and nurses well knew that the fierce imprecation or cutting sarcasm was all their inexperience would win from him.

One day a very pale, delicate-looking man, from one of the little villages outlying Paris, appeared at the surgeon's residence and sought advice regarding a tumor upon his neck. Dupuytren closely scrutinized the swelling, and then in a harsh tone exclaimed: "Avec cela il faut mourir." "That will kill you." The pale face neither flushed nor became a shade whiter, nor did the quiet, honest eye show the slightest emotion at the verdict of the unsympathetic judge, as he exclaimed, a sweet smile illuminating his countenance: "I thought so, but it was at the earnest wish of my people I came to you." Then proffering five francs, he said: "It is but a small recompense, but it is all my people could raise, for they are very poor."

The assistants were amazed to see a semblance of emotion upon the surgeon's face. Then he hastily took from his drawer an order for a bed in Hotel Dieu, and giving it to the cure, bade him report there upon a certain day. The hour of the operation came, and he whose life had been spent in the shadow of the Cross, imbibing the spirit of his suffering Master, "Learning of Jesus how to die," as he had learned from the same blessed Exemplar how to live, now calmly endured the torture of the surgeon's knife. Dupuytren, from time to time, sharply scrutinized the pale face of his patient, but could never detect an outward expression of the torture he was inflicting.

The operation was successful; the patient lived, and for several years, each returning anniversary the grateful cure appeared at Dupuytren's residence with some slight tribute of his gratitude. Sometimes it was a basket of golden pears or ruddy crimson plums, again a few fresh eggs or a pair of tender chickens, but the day was never forgotten. Years passed on, and the cure worked on in a placid, contented spirit, working ever for his Master, in the simple little village, and Dupuytren, too, worked, but for himself and science; and then came a day when the suffering surgeon read his own verdict in the eye of a celebrated contemporary, whose opinion he eagerly sought for his own ills.

His days were numbered; the heart which had so rarely beaten in sympathy with his fellow men would very soon cease its heavy throbs. Then, as the wolf creeps into his lair to die alone, the great surgeon shut himself up in his own apartment with his God. No one will ever know what struggles that lonely chamber witnessed, as the proud man yielded himself to the power of the King of Death. One day the cure was surprised at receiving a card with these words in Dupuytren's characteristic hand-writing: "Le medecin a besoin de cure." Dupuytren. He quickly obeyed the summons, and only left the bedside when the hard lock had passed from the surgeon's face, the fire from his eye, the hand which for forty years had so successfully wielded the scalpel, lay nerveless at his side, for Dupuytren was with his God.—Catholic Columbian.

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General Interest

Messenger of the DEVOTION TO THE During the month of our Associates, for import of a revival spirit among the besought with earnestness the D to bring about the His own glory and mankind. But nations Christ as their R way has been actions by families members. Cately quickly use ever serve or to renew in those lesser around in their in their aggregate peoples and nations. By far the most compass this end devotion to that was so highly, so he was able to count bers. We are now Joseph, who was ily upon earth. title to our ven father of our Lor month sing his h powerful inter furthermore, co- empilar of the C family he sets denial, of disti implicit trust. In studying this the Christian her per his authority a peaceful and not a tyrant in The Christian imitate Mary's scendent, but virtues in her o peace, of unal piety the most The educati another subject instructive m parents. Fro direct the reg their children Brother of Na them, while v ingenious pi touching and It was to that on June Leo XIII, issue versal Associa "There is no Pontiff, "wh prosperity of that of the con cipally on the tuted. The o rooted in the the greater t inculcate by precepts of r also will therefrom a Wherefore, a domestic soc holly consti governed by religious spi Christian life pale with ca "Evident view that t plating the s which had b ages, so ar work and th ception, it in the augu stituted Ja could behol of domestic the most ex "Such a where, befo the fullest Justice, he remained Mother an sponse, the Jesus, wa father. In the perfect and home-fidelity of from saint tice of viri lustre will destined o other hom "Where of Provide so consti whatsoever belong, m study, fin tion to the In fact, J Joseph an and Blessed mothers modesty, perfect t who was a divine to venter The de a devoti in Canada early da of havin establish Family ascribed of the g It was the fam Family see th Father Jesus, w Provide pletion.

HOUSEKEEPERS

who are delicate, run-down, or overworked, and those who suffer from back-ache, headache, dragging-down sensations in the abdomen, and many other symptoms of derangement of the female functions can find renewed strength and health by taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. For the pains and aches, periods of melancholy and sleeplessness—nothing can do you so much permanent good as this vegetable compound. You save the doctor's fee, as well as your modesty, by purchasing this "Prescription" of Dr. R. V. Pierce (chief consulting physician and specialist to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y.) made a specialty of the diseases of women, and from his large experience he was able to compound a "Prescription" which acted directly upon the special internal parts of the system. When in doubt as to your ailment write him, it will cost you nothing. A Book, on "Woman and Her Diseases," published by the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., is of interest to all women. It will be sent for ten cents in stamps.

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Brooklyn, Jackson Co., N.Y. Gentlemen—I am more than willing to say your most valuable medicine has cured me of female weakness and a catarrhal discharge from the lining membranes of the special parts. I suffered for years with pain in my back, never a night was I free. At your request I commenced treatment with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I could not sleep on a mattress; it seemed as though it would kill me. Since taking the medicine I can sleep anywhere; I am perfectly well. I would not be placed in my former condition for any money. Gratefully yours, Mrs. J. H. Parker