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AFTER WEARY YEARS.

By Most Rev. CORNELIUS O'BRIEN, D.D. Archbishop of Halifaz.

CHAPTER XXVII.-Continued.

familiar in his angular form. Hearing his voice all doubt vanished. The two turned to look after a carriage which drove past, and Morgan stood face to face with Mr. Drew and—can it be ?—yee. Washy! Alas poor Washy! who is most to blame for thy vices and crimes,—a careless parent, a vicious school system. a foul press, libertine literature, or the "spirit of the age"? Alas poor Washy! There is not much of the man left in thy composition, but there is yet plenty of

Mr. Drew recognized Morgan and was evidently pleased to meet him.

Who would ever think of meeting you in Broadway? I do warm to an old friend always. Why, come and take a bit of dinner at our house. They will all be glad to see you. So Rome has bust has it, and you were all given your walking-ticket? By Jeminny, but you fought well though in '67. Read all about it in the Herald! As it is pretty near as often right as wrong, we believe it always; saves reflection you see. But won't you come?"
Thus Mr. Drew in the first effusion of

his joy.

Morgan smiled at his naive reason for always believing the Herald, and thought how much truth there was in the observation. Accepting Mr. Drew's proffered hospitality, they mounted an omnibus and chatted about Mr. Drew's adventures in Europe. Washy's contribution was the remark that it " was a rum start to have gone at all."

Mrs. Drew received her husband and Morgan in a gaudily-upholstered apartment. She did not recognized Morgan at first. On being told who he was, she

Polite ways."

Here Miss Drew sighed as she recalled Peppe's manly form, and the help he had afforded her in mounting the ruins of the

Flavian Amphitheatre.

The poor "Countess" said never a word.

Her young romance was over; her hero was only clay, and base at that. Her sprightly airs were subdued and quiet; her face care-worn and sad. She gave a mute appealing look to Mr. Drew, who seemed to understand her, for he changed the conversation by asking Morgan when he would leave New York.
"I leave to-night for Montreal," he re-

"I am anxious to arrive home as plied. soon as possible."

After partaking of Mr. Drew's hospitality Morgan drove to the railway station. As he went along he wondered much at the blindness of many girls. A quiet, unassuming man is slighted and a brainless coxcomb adored. The sacred pleasures of a cheerful fireside have no charms for them; all their aspirations are for the whirl and excitement of a fashionable life. They hunger for love, and yet they sell themselves for money or position. They dream of domestic joys, still they never strive to fit themselves for conferring them. Blind to the dictates of common-sense, and deaf to the advice of friends, they romantically imagine that the object of their ill-regulated affections is perfect.

And a sister is not made wiser by the unhappiness of a sister. Miss Drew knows the fraud of which her sister has been the victim, still she would be as easily deceived to-morrow as if the "Italian Count" had been genuine. She feels that hero would be true. Sensational literature has bred a mental unrest, and destroyed the womanly in-

stincts of many besides Miss Drew.

And still, God be thanked, woman's best qualities often remain untouched in the root. Morgan felt sure that if the lazy Italian impostor were stricken with a dire disease his poor duped wife, forgetful of her wrongs, would be his devo-

ted nurse. Such reflections as these occupied Morgan's mind for a length of time. That young girls would strive to overcome the romantic tendency of their nature, and "Oh! it is only at first that they

prize the quiet joys of a simple home was his wish, as the express clattered rapidly on towards fair Canada.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE STOLEN DOCUMENT. Once again the month of October has returned; the rich grapes are being gathered on the banks of Lake Albano, and the chestnuts fall thickly in the woods below the crazily perched town of Rocca di Papa. Little children with large, wondering dark eyes, and a wealth of black hair, pick up the nuts in osierbaskets, or sport like youthful dryads in the checkered light. From the chestnut a coarse nutritious meal is procured, which the peasantry either use alone or mix with wheaten flour. On the squares of every town and city roasted chesnuts hold the place of the American pea-nut. It is not then for amusement that the children are at work.

A month has passed since the Pontifi-cal army was disbanded; a menth has passed since Pius IX, became a prisoner in the Vatican. The infidel world has had its shout of joy; the bigots have uttered their frenzied cry that "Popery has

Turning his attention to the elder, gem of inaccessibility, inconvenience, Morgan fancied he recognized something and primeval irregularity. Once, howtend to the west and end with the wails

but I know scarcely anything about your

do so. When Giovanni Aldini bound me to silence you were to learn all through him; if he failed to inform you, I might speak. If we cannot recover the

about them, whilst they pretend to dislike the man who makes love to them."

pretend to dislike their wooers, as my uncle's case will show. They do this to enhance their value, to make their admirers more eager in their suit, and to gratify their vanity. No surer way, Signor Lorenzo, of succeeding quickly with the greater number of girls than to be careless about them. Per Bacco! but that makes them angry and resolved to

win you."
"Why Peppe, you talk as though you had had a vast experience of female character. I always thought that you rarely mingled in their society.' "I have lived some years and I have

kept my eyes open, that is how I know "Then your opinion, Peppe," said Lorenzo, with a smile, "is that woman welcome to you if you do not go to her."

(To be continued.) [This story can be had in book form from J. Murphy & Co., Baltimore, or Knowle's book store, Halifax, N.S.]

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

in the Vatican. The initidel world has had its shout of joy; the bigots have uttered their frenzied cry that "Popery has fallen." They have yet to learn, what history might have taught them, that the Chnrch never dies. Pius IX. may die, but Peter will live on; he has lived for eighteen hundred years, and he will Live until time shall be no more.

The ascent through the grove of chest-inut and ilex-trees to Rocca di Papi is steep and winding. This little town is built on a spur of Monte Cavo, and is a gem of inaccessibility, inconvenience, and primeval irregularity. Once, however, that you have mastered the difficulties of the situation and scaled its dizzy heights, you can enjoy a glorious prospect. Monte Cavo looms grimly above you, perhaps sulkiny veiling its head with a cloud; Lake Albano glints peacefully below, apparently so near that you meditate a leap into its inviting waters. The green fring e of low underwood around the base of Moute Cavo sparkles in the setting sun, and is redected in the finy wavelets of the lake. The town of Albano is seen on its gentle slope, scemingly desirous of going forth to meet the waters of the Mediterranean. Patches of sun-lit hill are interspersed with the shade of small valleys, mingled like the grave and gay of life; they extend to the west and end with the walls of Rome.

L'n the steep ascent two needs a trace of the New England Magazine in the setting and with the walls of Rome.

The steep ascent two needs were as-THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

tend to the west and end with the wails of Rome.

Up the steep ascent two men were ascending on this quiet October evening. They were Lorenzo and Peppe. Like their fellow-countrymen who had belonged to the Pope's army, they had refused to take service under the invader. They were now comparatively free in their movements. The reason of their present excursion may be learned from their conversation.

"Are you sure, Peppe, that we are on the right track?"

"I wish I were as sure of a chance of fighting for the Pope. I saw the old rascal this morning."

"There is no doubt in your mind about its being the one we want?"

"Why. Signor Lorenzo." said Peppe, evidently astonished, "can you ask such a question? Could I be deceived in old Ezra? Surely now there is no other such face and figure in all Italy. I could pick him out in the valley of Jehosaphat. unless, indeed, the impenitent thief or Judas mirch the mistaken for him."

The Californian in the Field of Art Work.

The Contents of the New England Magazine for September Indicate that this popular young magazine is more skilfully edited than many of september indicate that this popular young magazine is more skilfully edited than many of september indicate that this popular young magazine is more skilfully edited than many of september indicate that this popular young magazine is more skilfully edited than many of september indicate that this popular young magazine is more skilfully edited than many of the older monthiles. The number is exceptionally well balanced; it contains matter for all tastes, and all tastes, and nearly or september indicate that this popular young magazine is more skilfully edited than many or september indicate that this popular young magazine is more skilfully edited than many or all the older monthiles. The number is exceptionally well balanced; it contains matter for all tastes, and nearly well balanced; it contains matter for all tastes, and nearly or light safew of its competitors.

The contents of the New England Magazine for September THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

"I slways did say to Daniel how as me and him was fooish to take the eights among foreign catchpennies." Here she glared covertly at the Italian 'Count,' her hopeful son-in-law, who was lazily recliming on a crimson lounge. 'Mrs. Here she girls did here in the tensor is because they have not got the money. When ja made his pile it was only right to enign ourselves, and to make the grand tour." "Yes, and be snapped up by any goods for-nothing foreigner as has got curly hair, and bows, and grins," repeated Mrs. Drew with considering the control of the money. Well, I am sure, ma, all the foreigners re not like that. We saw a perfect years of the ways."

Here Miss Drew sighed as she recalled spread sand orded her in measurement.

you silent during his lifetime, duty to me might make you speak now. You know more about me than I know myself."

"It is true that I do, Signor Lorenzo; but I know scarcely anything about your mother."

"Tell me what you do know," said Lorenzo, as he stood motionless in the dusty road.

"I do not think that I am at liberty to do so. When Giovanni Aldini bound

THE COLORADO CATHOLIC'S NEW WORK. me to silence you were to learn all through him; if he failed to inform you, I might speak. If we cannot recover the stolen document I shall tell what I know, but it is not all you wish to learn."

"I suppose you are right, Peppe, and since I have waited so long, I can wait longer. After all, what does it matter now? It is better, penhaps, that I should not find the lost paper. The search for it will be an employment which will serve to distract my mind. Were it in my possession what object would I have

"Englished a new work from the pen of that guited author and controversalist, Rev. L. A. Anmbert, L. L. D. The new work is composed of the series of letters which were published during the year in the New York Telegram In all the year in the New York Telegram In a since I have were copyrighted by Mr. James Gordon Bennett, of the New York Herdid, who has transferred his rights to the Colorado Catholic, from whose press they have list been issued in near book will be mailed free on receipt of price; paper 25 cents; cloth 59 cents. Ask your bookseller to it.

KEEP YOUR EYE ON GODEY'S.

serve to distract my mind. Were it in my possession what object would I have left? Ah' if only Eleanor"— His voice had gradually sunk during the latter part of this speech, and now became in inaudible.

Peppe who understood pretty well the mature of Lorenzo's feelings regarding Eleanor Leahy, and being persuaded that she could not help loving him, wished to urge him on to a renewal of his suit, but did not dare speak openly. He took another course by saying:

**\[\subset*\] Signor Lorenzo. we had better wait here until sunset; old Ezra will be about the streets until that time. If you wish I will tell you how my uncle, who was a man of considerable importance, got his wife, a fine lady. I will help to pass the time."

"Yery good, Peppe, I shall be glad to hear it."

"My uncle," began Peppe, "was a dashing young officer forty years ago, as my mother often told me. He had good looks, high hopes, spirit, but no money. All the girls of his acquaintance were madly in love with him, for somehow they manage to lose their hearts easy to one who does not seek them, or care about them, whilst they pretend to distile the man who makes laye to them."

**Bood THEP Sarsmarilla has effective to them, who makes laye to them."

**Cottled Sarsmarilla has effectively such as the latter of the mean tile."

**My uncle," began Peppe, "was a dashing young officer forty years ago, as my mother often told me. He had good looks, high hopes, spirit, but no money. All the girls of his acquaintance were madly in love with him, for somehow they manage to lose their hearts easly to one who does not seek them, or care about them, whilst they pretend to distillate the man who makes laye to them."

**Basing Pour of the latters will read with taterary feast shift the women of America will delight, and all the one who does not seek them, or care about them, whilst they pretend to distillate the man who makes laye to them."

**Basing Pour of the source provided the same will be read by the women of America will delight, and all the file of the ma

NO OTHER Sarsaparilla has effected such remarkable cures as HOOD'S Sarsaparilla, of Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and other blood diseases.

A GLENGARRY MIRACLE.

MR JAMES SANDS' WONDEREUL RE-STORATION TO HEALTH.

Atter Three Years of Paralysis, Insensibility, and Uselessuess, He Tells the Taleofilis Recovery and

Renewed Work in the World-His Story as Told a Free Press Reporter.

Ottawa Free Press-The town of Alexandria, some 55 miles south of the city of Ottawa, on the Canada Atlantic Railway, has been completely astonished, recently, at the marvellous experience of a young man, who, after having been bed-ridden for nearly twelve months, and his case pronounced incurable by Montreal and Alexandria doctors, is now restored to complete health and strength.

Mr. James Sands is a young teamster, well known and extremely popular throughout the country side, and his illness and wonderful recovery have been -indeed still are-the chief topics in the town and neighborhood. The story of his miraculous cure having reached of his miraculous cure having reached Williams' Medicine Company, from Ottawa, a member of the Free Press staff either address. The price at which these journeyed to Alexandria and sought out pills are sold make a course of treatment Mr. Sands for the purpose of ascertaining the truth of the statements made regarding his recovery. Mr. Sands is a slimly built, but wiry-looking young man of about 32 years of age, and when met by the newspaper man the bloom of health was on his cheek, and his whole frame showed signs of unimpared vigor and vitality.

The newspaper man told Mr. Sands

the object of his visit, and the latter ex-

pressed his perfect willingness to give all

the facts connected with his case. "I was," said Mr. Sands, "a complete wreck, given up by the doctors, but now I am well and strong again, and gaining strength every day. I was born in Lan-caster in 1860, and up to three years ago I was always healthy and strong, living in the open air and being well known throughout the whole county of Glengarry. It was in the winter of 1888-89 that I first felt signs of incipient paralysis. I was then a teamster for the sash and door factory here, and had been exposed to all kinds of weather. I then experienced violent twisting cramps in my right hand. I was in Cornwall that winter when the first stroke fell, and remained there for three days before I knew anybody at all. A medical man was called in but could do nothing for me. After that I came home and appeared to get all right for a time, but after a few days the old trouble began again, my hand continuing the twitching and cramping that had preceded the stroke. Up to twelve months ago these twitching fits were the only symptoms I suffered from. Then in August, 1891, when I was in Huntingdon village I sustained a second stroke, and remained unconscious for about seven hours. A doctor attended me and I recovered sufficiently to be brought home. After my return home the paralysis stead-ily gained on me, and I lost the use of my right arm and leg entirely; my right eye was distorted and my tongue partially paralyzed. I was prescribed for by an Alexandria physician, whose treatment I carefully followed, but it had no effect. I still got steadily worse, and about a month before Christmas last, I went to the English hospital at Montreal. Prof. Stuart and all the doctors came around me, as mine was a curious case, and the professor treated me. All the doctors came around not appear to understand my case. I questioned some of them, but they told me it was a hopeless case. I remained me it was a hopeless case. I remained in the hospital a month, without the least improvement, and was then brought home, and remained in my bed till May day. I had constant medical advice, but continued to grow worse and worse. My right arm withered and I grew so weak and useless that I could not turn myself in bed. Meantime I had tried all sorts of patent medicines without the least effect. In May I saw an advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the papers, and said I would try them as a last resort. I had heard of the wonderful cures worked by Pink Pills and told my folks to get me some. I had not taken them long when I found mye'f improving, and this determined me to continue their use. My strength gradually returned, the muscles of my arm and leg became invigorated and stronger, and I was able to sit up. I still continued taking the Pills and gaining strength, until at last I was able to go about, and finally to return to my old place at the sash and door featers. door factory. I gave up the Pills for a while, but did not feel so well, so I again began their use. I now feel as well as ever, though perhaps not quite so strong as formerly. You can see my right arm, which was withered, is now all right," and Mr. Sands stretched out a muscular imb, which would have done credit to a

of me. The newspaper man then called on Messrs. Ostrom Bros. & Co., widely known druggists, and interviewed their representative, Mr. Smith as to his knowledge of the case. Mr. Smith was fully conversant with the facts, and vouched for the story told by Mr. Sands, and further said, that his hopeless case and remarkable recovery are known through out Glengarry County. In reply to the query if many of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold, Mr. Smith replied that the sale was remarkable and his experience he had never handled a remedy that sold so well, or gave such general satisfaction to those using them, as everywhere glowing reports are heard of the excellent results following their 5-tf

blacksmith. In reply to the reporter Mr. Sands said he thought his trouble

had been brought on through exposure

to the weather. "I am completely satisfied," said he, "that it is entirely to Dr.

Williams' Pink Pills that I owe my won-

derful restoration. Besides the medical

treatment I had tried electricity and

patent medicines both internal and external, but without the slightest avail.

mend, and they have made a new man

use. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not a patent medicine in the sense that word is understood. They are the result of years of experience and careful investigation. They are not a purgative medicine, but act directly upon the blood and nerves, supplying those constituents required to chrich the former and stimulate

and restore the latter. For all diseases depending upon a vitiated condition of the blood, or shattered nerves, they are an unfailing remedy. Such diseases as these speedily yield to their treatment. Locomotor ataxia, prrtial paralysis, St. Vitus'dance, neuralgia, rheumatism, sciatica, nervous prostration, nervous headache, dyspepsia, chronic eryoipelas, scrofula, etc. They are a specific for the troubles peculiar to females, correcting irregularities, and restoring the functions, and in the case of men effect a radical cure in all cases arising from over-work mental worry or excesses of any nature. In fact it may be said of them

"They come as a boon and a blessing to men. Restoring to health, life and vigor again." These are manufactured by the Dr-William's Medicine Company, Brock-ville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes (never in locse form by the dozen or hundred, and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations. Sold in this shape at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. comperatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

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De Quincey published "The Confes-tions of an English Opium Eater " at 36.

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For Island Pond—3.55 p m. For St. Hyacinthe—5.20 p.m. Mixed for Quebec and Island Pond—6.45

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Through Pullman Sleeping Car on 11.15 p.m. train for Halifax.

Through Parlor Car on 7.55 a.m. train for St. Flavie.

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Its Scarching and Healing proporties are known throughout the world for the cure of Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounde, Sores and Ulcers This is an infallible remedy. If effectually nubed on the nock and obest, as sait into most, it ourses SORE THROAT, Diphtheria, Bronoblits, Coughs, Colds, and even ASTHMA. For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses Files, Fistulas

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