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and had attempted to oppose her entrance to the sick room, but Catherine THE HEIR OF ROMNEY. was not to be deterred from what she considered a duty.

BY CHRISTINE FABER.

VII.

Had some marvelous phenomenon dropped out of the heavens among the neighbors and friends of old Larry Dominick, it could not have created greater commotion than did the extra ordinary news, borne far and near, that his daughter was the wife of Sir Hubert Romney. The whole country was discussing it, gentry and peas-antry alike. On Christmas Day a dinner was given in one of the Castle halls to the tenantry, at which Catherine was presented by her husband as the mistress of Romney Castle: and not until many days had elapsed did that part of the country resume its wonted quiet.

Carnarven and old Maura changed their abode to the cottage of the Dominicks, and thither Larry Dominick spent the greater portion of each day. It soon became apparent that Sir Hubert Romney and his wife, though deal and was very low for some time. At dwelling within the same walls, lived last the doctor said he would not get well entirely separate lives. He continued unless an operation was performed. At this gay company, his hunts, his partthis time we read about Hood's Sarsapaties, and he left Catherine as completely to herself as though he had openly repudiated the tie forced upon him. She had her own splendid apartments, and a private purse, from which she was lavish in her charity to the poor, and n such deeds she endeavored to stifle the ceaseless craving of her heart for her husband's love. Once Carnarven deputed her father to ask her if she were happy; she replied:
"Happier than I expected, or de-

served to be." When Larry repeated the answer, Carnarven turned aside and said to himself:
"I could do little good by interfer-

ing again. I cannot force his love when he is not willing to give it.

The strange and total change in old Dominick's life seemed to have some withering effect upon his constitution, for he drooped rapidly, and before he had been three months in his new home, died an apparently painless death. A short time after the heir of Romney was born, but it was only a fair, dead form they placed in its mother's arms. Sir Hubert shouted when he was told that the boy was dead, and with an oath that sent a shudder through the servant who brought the news, he said there was out one thing needed to make the tidings doubly glad, and that was the death of the mother also; and that night there was a wild orgie within the Castle walls, during which Sir Hubert looked and acted like a demon.

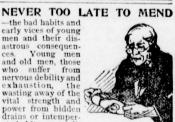
Catherine Romney rose from her ck bed an altered woman: in her heart there did not remain a tithe of regard for her selfish and indifferent husband. Purified by suffering, she reviewed her life with feelings different from any she had ever experi-enced, and she resolved to make the uture atone for the folly and wrong of he past. Thenceforward no one heard her murmur, and no one saw a frown upon her face. She became so gentle, so kindly, so self-denying, so thoughtful of and so prompt to relieve the sufferings of others, that the homage of the poor for miles about were

given to her In one of her daily rounds among the poor, she heard that Florence Carnarven was down with the fever. An hour after, and for the first time since she had become the acknowledged mistress of Romney Castle, she stood in

her old home, at the bedside of rest less, raving Florence Carnarven.

Old Maura had received her coldly

-the bad habits and early vices of young men and their disastrous consequen-ces. Young men-and old men, those who suffer from nervous debility and exhaustion, the wasting away of the vital strength and



desire to know all the credible.
his birth, she begged him to tell her.
his birth, she begged him to tell her.

'You've a grand home beyond," the old woman said, while the tears coursed her cheeks, "and he's lying there—lying to die, and you'll never took full charge of me.

know-never know Catherine was so much engaged in

trying to arrange more comfortably the poor tossing head, that she did not notice Maura's incoherent observa-tions; and when she seemed to have somewhat succeeded in quieting his restlessness, she stepped outside to despatch a boy to the Castle for neces-saries for the sick man. During her absence Maura clasped her hands together and bent over Florence.
"Take the saycret that's heavy on

me soul, darling, off of it. Let me tell her before you die, who you are, and what you done for her. Say, asthore, that I may tell her."

The sick man opened his eyes, and began again to toss and rave. of Maura's scattered sentences seemed to rouse him for a moment to a vague consciousness of its meaning, and he muttered in a wild incoherent

The secret ! oh, yes ! tell it to them And then he imagined that he all. was talking about the state of the country to Larry Dominick, as he used to

"Praise be to God!" said the old woman. "I can tell her now, though it was only raving he gave the con-

And when Catherine returned, and again was soothing tenderly the patient's vagaries, Maura, with a flush on her withered cheeks, and her fingers working nervously together, said:
"Tend him well, Catherine. He

deserves it from you, for he gave up name and wealth for your happiness." The excitement in the old woman's manner, more than her words, attracted Catherine's attention, and taking her hand from the burning

forehead of the patient, she asked : What do you mean?" " That the Castle beyond, that the elegant grounds you walk in, that the servants that attend you, belong to that poor, dying boy; for he is Sir Hubert Romney's first son by his first marriage—the son he never claimed nor owned till he himself was dying."

The mistress of Romney Castle cooked for a moment as if she had been suddenly transfixed, her form became so motionless, and her features so rigid; then a shriek burst from hera shriek so full of agony, and so appalling, that it made the sick man start and shudder.

"Oh, God!" she meaned.

Then she sunk upon her knees, and buried her face in the bed-clothes. She comprehended it all now; the myster-ious influence by which Florence had compelled her husband to acknowledge her, and the sacrifice the young man had made of himself for her happiness. Her tears rained on his hair and face, and she pressed her lips to his burning hands.
"My noble one! when you recover,

if there be any power in the land, by which justice may be had, neither he nor i shall keep you longer from your own; and my place shall be here, at your bedside, until you recover."

She knew too well, alas! there would be no inquiries made for her at the castle, at least, by her husband, and she deemed it a sacred and imperative duty to give all her attention to Flor-ence. Too full of her anxiety about him, and of the extraordinary fact she had heard, and which she did not for a moment doubt, she sought not to learn more of the mystery that must have surrounded his birth. And Maura, somewhat frightened at having told the secret, volunteered no further inormation.

All that tender care and skill could levise, Catherine bestowed upon her patient, and one morning he woke to know her. But after his astonished and joyous recognition, he besought her to leave him.

"You are married, Catherine; you must not remain here.

"Nay; but I must remain here," she said, through the tears that would ome, "until you are quite well, when I have something very earnest to say to you, and after that I shall trouble you no more "

He was too weak to remonstrate urther, and as much talking was proibited Catherine would not have list ened to him had he attempted it.

But at length, one bright summer day, he was able to leave his bed, and while Maura assisted him to robe, Catherine arranged a comfortable seat for him in the open doorway, where the soft balmy breeze might fan him.

When all three were seated, she told him what she had learned about him. He turned reproachfully to Maura. She hung her head while she an

swered : You gave the consent in your ray ing, and I thought it was better she'd

"A thousand times better," said Catherine, "and now tell me all about t, so that I shall know how to act."

He looked searchingly into her face There is no acting for you to do, tate, save to be as good a wife as you an be to your husband. I shall not disturb things, for I am content with

what I am. She saw the utter futility of attemptng, at least for the present, to move determination; so, concealing under a pretence of curiosity her real desire to know all the circumstance of

said, 'and if I should go astray Maura and Catherine bounded to her feet and

and in his travels he fell in love with, and married, an Irish girl somewhere in the south of Ireland, and took her abroad with him. She brought an Irish maid with her, Maura there. She died when I, her first child, was born, and Maura, from love of my mother,

"A little after that my father lost much of his means, and he continued to lose until he had nothing left but the domain here that bears his name In order to enrich himself again, he married a wealthy but haughty English lady. She knew he was married, and that he had a son by that mar-riage, and one of the conditions of giving him her hand was that I should be disowned, and not alone that, but she demanded that I should be sent to some distant place from which there was never to be sent any tidings of me.

When my father told Maura that he was going to send me away she begged to be allowed to continue her Then he put everything plain before her, and she offered to take me away, and to give me another name, and she swore never to reveal the secret until Sir Hubert himself should do so. And Sir Hubert chose this part of Ireland for us, thinking, perhaps, that the very fact of Maura being so near his place would make her more certain to keep her sworn pledge. He never came near us, but e managed te keep Maura supplied with means for us both.

"His second wife had a son, but while he was a mere lad she also died, and the son grew up to be a gay, passionate man of the world like his father. He traveled and spent, and did not give much heed to the counsels of those about him. He was knighted for something, and his father, after a certain fashion, was proud of him, until he went through money too fast, and was heard to wonder when old Si Hubert would die, so that he might have possession of the estates. He had been so much engaged in traveling through other parts of the world that he did not come to Ireland until his father was sick with his last sickness.

Just before his visit here, however, his disrespect and neglect had so en-raged old Sir Hubert that for revenge resolved to leave his Irish estate to his first born. A trusty messenger was sent down to see old Maura and me, and to give me a hint that I might soon be told who I was. That set my heart jumping, for you know, Kate, how wistful I used to be to find out something about my parents.

This messenger told us that in a little while some one would come to bring me over to England, but if by a ertain date no one came it might be well for me to go on myself, and he left me full directions for the journey.

"It was at that time, Sir Hubert's on came down here. He knew his father could not last much longer, and I suppose he wanted to see the estate He had heard something about me, but he was told that I was dead, and so it did not trouble him.

"I went to England, as you know, and though I stood in my father's house, and in presence of my father himself, stretched upon his sick bed, and though I answered his questions about myself. I was not told his name, nor that he was related to me. informed afterward that it was his wish to keep me in ignorance. He wanted to see me, but he desired that I should know nothing until after his death, so his attendants were very careful, calling him by another name, and telling me that he had known my father, but that he was very odd, and that I'd spoil everything if I asked a single question. So I said nothing.
"When I came away I had to swear

that I'd not reveal to mortal, save Maura, what I'd seen or heard till I'd hear further. I suppose they were afraid that Sir Hubert, who was down here, might hear about it, and take the alarm in some way.

"The old gentleman died, and Sin Hubert was summoned to England, where no one disputed his claim to everything left by his father. His father had requested that I should not be told anything, and that my claims should not be presented for some time after his death. When that time passed the same gentleman that came before, came again from England, and everything was explained to me. My name is Hubert Romney, and name of your husband is Hubert Ralph Deville Romney. His mother's name was Deville; my mother's name was Florence Carparven. That is all. Say nothing about it to your husband. and please do not refer to it again."
He leaned back exhausted, and

Catherine gave way to her tears.
She returned to the Castle that after noon and found her husband absent. As she had expected he had not made a single inquiry about her, and it was with feelings of such bitterness and hatred as she never before had experienced for him, that she turned in the direction of her own apartments. She spent the night in trying to form some plan by which Florence Carnarven, the name by which she still thought of him, could be induced to claim his right, and she determined to appeal to him again when she should visit him on the Her appeal was as futile as the first had been: the young man would not listen to her, and at length, exhausted by her tears and entreaties, she became painfully silent, while Florence looked calmly on the scene without.

They were sitting in the open doorway, and within Maura was preparing some light repast for the invalid. Suddenly, there was the sound of hoofs turning into the fir bordered path, there can help me.
"My father," his voice trembled the powerful black charger and his ex-

animal he always rode. Up to the very door he came, and then both Florence and Catherine saw that he was little When her indefatigable labors at less than a maniac from the combined effects of passion and wine.

"Harlot!" he shouted, reining up his horse so suddenly that the creature reared upon his haunches, and well

nigh threw his infuriated rider.
"I was told I should find you here nursing your lover. The country is ringing with your good deeds, no doubt, for charity covers a multitude of

And he laughed loud and long

Supernatural strength seemed animate young Carnarven; he arose as erect and firm as in his healthiest

days, and strode to the madman.
"Hold!" he said sternly, putting
his hand on the horse's side, "and think of what you are saying.

Sir Hubert's answer was a curse horrid, deadly curse-and he raised his silver mounted whip that he always carried, but never used upon his horse, to strike Carnarven. His hand wa unsteady, and Florence, veering sud denly aside, the blow came down on the animal's flank. The spirited beast, stung by the unwonted treatment, be came maddened, and wheeling about darted back by the path he had come

Sir Hubert kept his seat for a few moments, but the circle which the horse had described rendered him too dizzy to retain his hold, and he fell, his fool catching in the stirrup and his body dragging along the path with a scrap ing, sickening sound.

Some one out on the road stopped the infuriated animal, but when Cather ine and Florence whose suddenly acquired strength had not diminished, came up to the panting, trembling beast, his rider that had been, lay upon the dusty highway dead.

VIII.

"The last of the Romneys!" people said, when the scarred, loathsome corpse of Sir Hubert Romney was laid away from mortal sight. Catherine, in the mourning garments which she had not put off since the death of father, moved solitary and bewildered through the stately castle. But when the first startling effect of that wretched death had passed, and she became able to think clearly, she sent for Florence Carnarven and told him her plans.

Should he still refuse to accept his rights, she would refuse to usurp them longer; she would leave the castle and bury herself somewhere in order to do penance for the past.

Florence answered quietly, but with an air of determination that showed how irrevocable were his plans.

"It has been for some time my in tention to enter a religious order. On that night on which I learned from your own lips that you were his wife something seemed to come into my soul that spoke of a better and nobler love than any that is given to creatures; and the feeling became so strong, Catherine, that at length I only waited to be assured that you would not be ill treated by your husband, when I would repair to some one of the religious orders where I could devote myself wholly to those better and higher in terests.

"The assurance for which I waited has come. It is my wish and will that you retain the property which was said to have been mine. The charity to to have been mine. The charity to which you have already devoted it is sufficient assurance of the good use to which you will put it in the future. You speak of burying yourself some where to do penance for the past. Remain here, Catherine, and continue to be the angel of the poor ; let the good to which the Romney estates will be devoted, wipe out the evil that the Rom-neys have done in the old time."

His k for crying. true nobility in such marked contrast to her own base conduct of the past, stabbed her to the quick. About him there was no sign of emotion; his countenance and bearing had all that calm ness which belongs alone to great and devoted souls.

Too well she knew the utter hope lessness of attempting to change his resolution, and when her outburst of

tears had subsided she answered: "Be it so: I shall hold the estate in trust for you, and dispense whatever charity I may, in your name.

"In your own name, Catherine," he eplied. "I shall never accept any replied. part of the Romney fortune. estate is yours to keep, or sell, or give, as you may choose to do.

That was their last meeting. The very next day he sailed for a distant land, and Catherine begun her life of denial and charity.

She became truly the angel of the poor, not alone of the peasantry, but of needy convents, and of distressed priests. Her labors impaired her health, but that fact neither diminished her zeal nor closed her purse. From Florence she heard not a word, and, though knowing the religious house to which he had gone, she refrained from writing to him, for she also would practice complete detachment. But when gaunt Famine made one of its visitations to Ireland and its merciless hand reached even to the parishes in the vicinity of the Romney estate, the mistress of the castle found her purse so depleted that, in order to continue her charity, it was necessary to dispose of her property. Then she wro Florence Carnarven, asking what she should do.

She received a reply announcing that he had died three months before; the letter also stated that his religious life had been so exemplary, and his death so holy, his companions venerated him as a saint.

length prostrated her she was indebted for a shelter, and even for a pallet upon which to die, to one of the whom she herself had succored. charities had made her as poor as the poorest, but at that fact she rejoiced, and the priest who was summoned to her deathbed marvelled at the perfect serenity and happiness with which she awaited the dread summons.

Her funeral was attended alone by the poor, but the blessings that rained upon her grave, and the prayers that were tearfully and fervently said for her, attested how deep was the affec tion she had inspired, and how entire ly erased by her kind deeds, was every wrong that had been committed by Romney.

THE END.

## THE DESPATCH - BEARER.

The sun shone so fiercely hot on the 17th of August, 187-, that the leaves of the trees folded themselves in humble protest and the birds crept pantingly under the shade of the brushwood which lined the banks of Otter Creek in their endeavor to screen themselves from the fiery orb. But the But the heat seemingly had no effect upon a man who stood upon an overturned wagon which formed part of some breastwork that had been upreared a knoll about five hundred vards from the creek. He was shading his eyes with his hands as be looked earnestly along a trail which ran away to the southeast.

"No signs of the troops yet," he muttered, as he rubbed his weary eyes good heavens! another day like this

and then—"
Bang! zip! rang out the report of a rifle, and a builet buried itself in the

wagon bed.
"A miss is as good as a mile, my beauties," said the soldier, for such his dress showed him to be, "though," he added, after a moment's consideration, I'd prefer the mile!"

Instantly from the hills that lay about half a mile to westward of the creek came the report of many rifles, and a shower of bullets whistled unpleasantly close to the foolhardy soldier, who now, yielding to the entreaties of his comrades, slowly descended from the breastwork and entered the corral. Inside the corral a harrowing sight met his eyes. In a pit behind the hastily thrown up parapet lay a number of wounded men vainly call-ing for "water, water," the murmuring of which they could almost hear as they lay there, suffering from the agony of thirst augmented by the pain of their wounds. Their faces were pale and wan, their lips were cracked and dry, and as the sweltering sun beat upon their dying forms they moved their heads uneasily from side to side, moaning feebly, "water, water!" It was truly a heart-rending

scene. So thought old Jones, the soldier, who had just descended from the lookout; for, striding over to where the commanding officer stood, he requested Colonel Mack to allow him to go to the creek and obtain some water for the

"Do you know that you will almost certainly sacrifice your life in so doing?" said the colonel, for the approach to the creek was swept by the

enemy's fire. "Why, sir, I allow that thar is a risk; but, sir, they're sufferin awful," Jones returned, jerking his thumb

over his shoulder to indicate what he meant by "they."
"Well, then, since you will go, my brave fellow, may God protect you!" and the stern old soldier turned, his gray eyes suffused with tears as he witnessed this touching trait of true

heroism in the private. Catching up a couple of buckets. Jones clambered over the breastwork and walked toward the creek as cool and self-possessed as if he were crossing a parade ground. As the enemy's bullets ploughed up the ground in front and rear of him the hearts of his comrades stood still. They held their breath and grasped more tightly their carbines as they watched the progress of this daring soldier who was willing to lay down his life if by so doing a few wounded comrades might be benefited. Reaching the creek he filled his buckets and returned. When about half way to the camp he stopped and rested himself, calmly directing his gaze toward the enemy's lines, who, seemingly astonished by his coolness, withheld their fire and allowed him to

pass unmolested. So the day wore on. Twice the In-dians had striven to carry the camp and twice had they been repulsed. But Colonel Mack knew full well that he could not possibly hold out another day; his garrison was becoming weaker, his ammunition and rations were running low, and the Indians, having received a reinforcement, were becoming bolder. The latter, also, taking advantage of the many washouts which lay between the hills and the camp, had approached to within four hundred yards and were subjecting it to a most galling fire, some of the bul-lets even finding their way into the pit where the wounded lay

"Some one must go and find the general," he muttered. "And yet I do not care to detail a man upon this dangerous service. I'll ask for a volunteer, and then it will be hard to decide among so gallant a command," and a smile of pride curled up the corners of his mouth, for the colonel Then, Catherine sold the estate, and devoted the proceeds entirely to the solving, he walked over to where the thought - justly, perhaps - that no

Dr. D., of Chatham, writes: "It is a most valuable aid and stimulant to the digestive processes, slightly, "was Sir Hubert Romney, cited rider, her husband and the miserable, starving creatures not alone men were receiving their rations of