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CHAPTER XXIII.

"LET ME HELP YOU." From the hill "which saw St. Peter

die" to the grand Basilica where his body lies is not a great distance, and the road lies through one of the most interesting quarters of Rome. Every foot of the way is filled with memories of the warlike clash and splendid tu-mult of ages when men did and dared great deeds. Every tower and ruined wall is written over and over again with records of history stretching back through centuries. Great figures seem to step forth on every side pagan philosopher and Christian saint, soldiers of ancient Rome and martyrs of Christ, heathen emperors and mediæval kings, jostle one another, as it were; there is not a page of human history which does not touch, in one form or another, this great centre of human existence. And it is like a burst of exultant music when from the narrow, winding, deep-colored streets one enters the noble piazza of St. Peter's, with its encircling colonnades, its obelisk and springing fountains. All the varied pageant of ages seems to lead to this -space to kneel at the feet of Christ's Vicar.

Cecil's heart bounded with the thought that she had no longer the sense of alienation with which she first entered here. She had felt then that in all this greatness she had no partshe was a stranger and an outsider cut off from the inheritance of all the past, which stretched back in unbroken continuity to the hour when the Fisherman of Galilee entered the city of the Casais. Everything surrounding her, every sentiment, every tradition, every embodied idea, ap pealed so irresistibly to her love of greatness, that she felt this alienation as only a few souls feel it-a few who cannot be fed on the narrow and color less traditions of Protestantism, and who, standing amid the mighty monu ments of Rome, realize how great ar inheritance has been wrested from

"I cannot tell you," she said to he companions, as they crossed the por-"how painfully I felt myself an alien when I entered here first. I was a consciousness which over whelmed me so that I could hardly even admire. Everything seemed saying to me, 'In all this you have no share.' I could not console myself with any fiction of 'a common Christianity,' for I saw here what I had fel efore-that Christianity is Roman or t is nothing. And I was among th number of those who stood apart from t, and had no right in this ancient sanctuary save as a stranger and sightseer, admitted by courtesy within its walls!"

"But now you come as a child to her rightful inheritance," said Kathleen, holding out her hand; and while Tyr connel lifted the heavy leathern curtain, she drew Cecil within the marvel ous interior, where majesty of space and harmony of proportion, such as man never planned before, are united with a richness of color, a splendor of decoration, passing all description.
As they slowly walked up the vast nave toward the circle of star like lamps which mark the tomb of the Apostles Tyrconnel said softly, as if thinking aloud:

"'This shall come to pass— From yonder altar to their kingdoms down The kings once more shall pace, sceptre erown On that dim sea of marble and of brass Showering, as angels on the sea of glass, Their amaranthine wreaths.'

"Doyou know our Irish poet, Aubrey de Vere?" he asken, ... 'He has Cecil's inquiring glance. "He has written a beautiful set of sonnets which he calls 'Urbs Roma,' and from the lines are taken. There is he asked, in answer to which those lines are taken. There is hardly a spot in Rome where some thought of his is not recalled.'

"I know many of his poems," Cecil answered, "and I must find the son ets of which you speak. Kathleen as repeated several for me. I do not onder that this 'dim sea of marble shou'd suggest to him that which we as stretching before the brone of God. I can never think of mything else when I see it spreading away before me.

It is indeed a vista of unsurpassed eauty which this great nave of St. Peter's offers - the vast expanse of polished marble underfoot, the richly

Dr. CHASE CURES FATHER AND CHILD

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w the value of DR. CHASE'S DINT age her hands up. 1 HASE'S OINTMENTSO highly advertised I made up my mind to purchase a box, which I did from one of our leading druggists. The first application I noticed a change. It was then I began to think about myself. With four or five applications, to my surprise, I am completely cured no sign of the disease, and my little girl's factoday is clear of all the scabs. I am only to glad to inform any person what a blessing DF "HASE'S OINTMENT has proved itself."

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gilded roof above, the splendid sculptured arches opening on each side glimpses into the chapels which line the aisles, the noble space that marks the soaring dome, under which stands the canopied high altar, and the glory of golden light which at the end of the tribune pours above the chair of Peter-all unite to form a picture of unapproachable majesty and mag-

But it was when Cecil knelt at the marble balustrade which guards the opening before the great confessional that she was conscious of an emotion far beyond the power of words to ex Ardent faith and passionate gratitude almost overwhelmed her as she made her earnest solicitation that God would enable her to show by living deeds her sense of what He had

When they left the church Tyrconnel was struck by the expression of her face. There was a radiance on it and a light in her eyes as of one who had seen a vision. As they stood on the steps of the portico while their car riage drove up, she looked toward the Vatican and said to Kathleen: "The hands are the hands of Leo, but the voice is the voice of Peter, and it bade me go and work for man in token of gratitude for God. So I think I may safely believe that the way will be opened for me."
"I am sure of that," was the earnest

It was the first time that Cecil had spoken, save in general terms, of anything that had been said in the last audience which the Holy Father had granted her-a private audience, given at the special request of the Abbé Ravoux, who knew Rome well, and knew just what channels to employ to gain whatever end he had

It was in a mood of positive exalta tion that Miss Lorimer went home that Such moods come probably now and then to all of us, but they come most of all to the impressionable and enthusiastic-especially to those who have dreamed high dreams and before whom seems to open a vista of possibil ity for their fulfilment. At such times we neither see nor heed all the difficulties that must encompass this fulfilment, as they encompass everything earthly Our gaze is on the sunlit heights, and we do not mark the toilsome, cloudwrapped way that lies between us and the point we fain would reach. Cecil, who had known little of disapointment, it seemed as if a providen al way had opened by which she night accomplish all the good she orged to do: she had only to pour the surplus wealth that burdened her into Tyrconnell's hands to see the fulfilment f plans so beneficent and wide reach ng that they appeared the wonderful realization of her own ideals. so absorbed in this thought that it did not occur to her to consider how it would be possible for Tyrconnel to accept and use her wealth, even though it were for ends wholly There could be no doubt that Cecil was open to the charge so often brought against enthusiasts-her head was sometimes in the clouds.

Several days passed before she had an opportunity to speak to Tyrconnel on the subject burning at her heart. But at last they were alone one afternoon in the grounds of the Villa Al bani; the rest of their party were still lingering within the Villa, but they had passed into the garden. It is imbeautiful than this spot, and, beguiled by the spell of its classic grace and loveliness, Cecil had almost forgotten her purpose until Tyrconnel suggested, after they had been walking for some time, that they should rest a while in a charming nook, where a fountain filled the silence with its musical murmur, and the white shapes of statues gleamed against the dark green of cypress and Cecil placed herself on a seat, and then it suddenly occurred to her that here was her opportunity. looked up at Tyrconnel, who stood be side her, and with characteristic frank ness plunged at once into the subject

so near her heart. "Mr. Tyrconnel," she said, a slight tension of voice alone betraying her nervousness, "do you remember what you said to me about your difficulties n Ireland the other day at San Pietro in Montorio?"

"I remember," answered Tyrconnel. miling, "that I talked at length and very egotistically. You were good enough to encourage me in egotism by your interest. I hope you have not repented of it."

No," she replied, gravely. was very much interested in all that you told me, and especially in your plans for improving the lives of the the people. They seemed to me very wise plans—such as are certain to sucseed and do good, because they would enable people to help themselves

"I am glad you think so well of them," he said. "Nothing is certain until it has been tested; but I believe that they would succeed—if they could be tried. But," he added, "that is an insurmountable 'if.'

"It need not be insurmountable. she said quickly, "if you will let others some one who is very rich-richer than anybody need beshould offer you the means for this good work, would you refuse it?'

"Well, yes," answered Tyrconnel, after a moment's surprised pause; "I should have no alternative but to re fuse, because I could have no certainty that the money would not be thrown away. I would risk my own if I had it, but I could not risk that of some one

more than willing for it to be riskedas willing as you could be?" "Not even then, for the responsibil-

world will tell you that philanthropic schemes are of all schemes the least likely to make a profitable return. But why do you ask? Do you know of any one anxious to play at philanthropy?"
"No," she answered, and something

in her tone showed that she was a little wounded, "I do not know of any one anxious to play at philanthropy I know some one who is very anxious. more anxious than I can tell you, to do some good-some real, lasting goodin the world with a superfluity of money which happens to be hers."
"Miss Lorimer!" The next moment

he had seated himself beside her. 'Forgive me if I have misunderstood you," he said earnestly. "I see now that you are speaking of yourself. How can I thank you for such a generous thought! It is like you—to wish to put out your hand and help wherever you know that suffering exists. I am grateful for myself and for my poor people, but you must see that it is im-possible for me to take what you so generously offer."

"Why is it impossible?" she asked, turning on him a glance of eloquent appeal. "You do not know how long appeal. I have been desiring and seeking a way to spend my wealth in doing some real, practical good. And now that I have found the way, why should you deny me the happiness of doing it can never find a better way-of that I am sure, and you must be sure too. Let me help you, then. Let me put my useless money into those things of which you spoke—cultivated lands and good houses, and industries to give the people employment. That is just the work I have dreamed of. You will not—surely you can not—deny me the opportunity to realize this dream

How did Tyrconnel restrain himself from taking the hands she unconsci ously clasped in her appeal and lifting them up to his lips? He hardly knew. His heart leaped, his head seemed for an instant whirling as she leaned to ward him saying, "Let me help you!"
All the love he had never before acknowledged suddenly asserted itself with a force that almost deprived him of self control. He did not know after ward how he resisted the temptation which assailed him so strongly-the temptation to speak, to cry out passionately, "I love you -I love you! f only he might pray her to share his labors, to help him indeed! But the money of which she spoke stood like a barrier between them, and the thought of his own poverty nerved him to sil-The conviction flashed upon him like a scorching flame that if he had ever meant to ask her to share his life he had waited too long-it was too late to speak after she had told him of her superfluity of wealth, and he had told her how sorely he needed money. Thoughts like these-thoughts on which a whole life hinge-can pass quickly. There was not a very long pause before he answered Cecil's last words with a gravity which chilled

her.
"My dear Miss Lorimer, you forget that what you are asking me to do is to allow you to spend your money on my estate for the benefit of my tenants. You must see, if you will pause a mo ment and think, that such a thing is impossible in the world as it is at pres ent constituted. Your generous ardor leads you to forget this, but I am forced to remember it. For your sake, as well as for the sake of my people, I wish that it were possible, but it is not.

In the sharpness of her disappoint ment tears welled into her eyes, and startled herself as well as Tyrconnel by suddenly dropping in a crystal tion which she did not catch, for she was making an effort to speak com-

posedly "I did not mean to be so childish, she said, lifting her handkerchief to her eyes. "But when one hopes a great deal it is hard to bear disappointment. I had so long been looking for such an opportunity, and when I found it I did not think of being denied. It seems so simple a thing and so natural a thing to spend what one has in doing good, that I have never considered what the world would think or say in such a case. Therefore I have made, t seems, a great mistake. You must pardon me. I have troubled you an l done no good.

"Troubled me!" he repeated, passionately. "Do you think it is troublling me to have showed me the possibilities that lie in such a heart and such a nature as yours? From this day you have made the world a better place to me ; for I have seen with my own eyes how gentle and lofty thoughts transmute themselves into noble deeds. I wish I could thank you for the reve lation of yourself, as well as for all that you desire to do ; but the only return I seem able to make is to wound you can. You do not know how hard it is to me." and disappoint you! Forgive me, if

Something in the tone of his last words made her glance at him quickly. What she saw in his face or read in his eyes-what unconscious betrayal of himself he made-it is difficult to tell; but she suddenly rose to her feet.

"I am sorry," she said, "that I have made anything hard to you. was not what I meant; but I have been told that I am visionary, and perhaps it is true. Probably this is some thing I should not have thought of Let us try to forget it. And now Mrs. Severn will be wondering where I am. Shall we find the others?'

It was with a sense of a horrible necessity that he turned with her down the path which led to the Villa. He knew that she felt herself misunderstood, that he seemed cold and unsympathetic; he longed miserably to express a part at least of all that was ity would be mine. And the whole in his heart, but how could he express

part without uttering the whole? He felt like a man under a spell of malign enchantment as he walked by her side down the long, box-bordered avenue, and found no words which his lips dared utter.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"NOT OF-HIM."

Like all impulsive people, Cecil Lor imer had many a time been compelled to regret having spoken or acted too hastily; but never before had she suffered from this cause so acutely as she did now, when realizing what a mis take she had committed in making an offer of pecuniary assistance to Tyr-That power of self-control connel. and instinctive repression of all outward signs of emotion, which the con ventional life of the world teaches se effectually, enabled her to resume her usual manner on rejoining the party in the Villa. She simply ignored the aching, stinging sense of disappoint ment and humiliation by which she had been at first overwhelmed, and which had betrayed her into that un characteristic burst of tears, as a brave spirit often ignores physical pain and infirmity when occasion requires. Not only to the brilliant company gathered that evening in Mrs. Severn salon, but to Tyrconnel as well, did she seem quite her ordinary self. But nature-particularly so high-strung a nature as hers-though it may, unde the constraint of a resolute will, manifest wonderful pluck and endurance in an emergency, must inevitably give way after a time; and when she had at last gained the solitude of her chamber that night, and had dismissed her maid, all the restraint she had im posed on herself vanished-dropping away from her like a mask that thrown aside. Pale and agitated, she walked up and down the floor with hasty steps and clasped hands, selfreproachful, mortified, and miserable

"How could I have been so stupid so senseless, as to do such a thing she exclaimed to herself, in a paroxysm of unavailing regret. "How could I have imagined for a moment that he would accept from a stranger-one on whom he had no claim, and who had no claim on him-such an obligation see now that, as he said, it is impos Oh, what must he think of -what can he think but that I intended -that I wished-'

She flung herself into a deep chair that stood in a recess beside a window, and bowed her burning face into her hands, a few tears trickling through the slender fingers.

"And yet it seemed to me-it does eem to me-reasonable, natural, that of my useless abundance I should endeavor to help those who need help so rely," she murmured. "He ought to have known-he ought to have understood! It is ungenerous of him -it is unjust! He is depriving these people who are in such dire straits of overty of the comfort and relief which word of his would bring them. vill speak to him again ; I will ask him if he thinks he has a right to do this will at least make him understand -she lifted her head haughtily-"that was thinking only of the poor people,

not of - him. But she did not speak again on the subject ; for the more she thought of her terrible blunder, the more dis tressed and embarrassed was she; and, despite her utmost efforts to avoid any change of manner, this embarrassmen showed itself, when she met Tyrconne on the following day, in a certain reserve and coldness which cut him to the heart. He could not see that he had given her any cause for resent-ment, or that he could have acted differently; yet he was miserable and self-reproachful-ready to blame himself rather than her for a misapprehen sion that had been caused by no fault on his part ; longing to ask in how he had offended her and to deprecate her displeasure, but having neither courage nor opportunity for such explan ation. In truth if opportunity had been afforded him—and it was not-what could he have said? I knew that if he spoke at all the expression of his love would force itself from his lips; and he said to himself that to speak of love now would simply be tantamount to an acknowledgement that he had held back so long as he did not know of her wealth, and came forward as soon as he was assured of it. For several days he debated with

himself what he should, or rather what he could, do, and finally decided to go back to Ireland. It was useless to remain in Rome waiting for the impossible -a return of the frank, friendly association between Cecil and himself which had been such a happiness to him. There was more pain than pleasure in meeting her now, as he felt in every word, every tone, a change so subtle as to be indescribable in words, yet so decided as to admit of no doubt as to its existence. That she strove to conceal this change, especially in the presence of others, was evident; but equally apparent was the fact that she did not succeed in doing so; that each one of their little circle perceived and wondered at it-each probably finding or fancying a different solution of the mystery. effect on himself was also noticed he could not doubt It would have been impossible not to

notice it; for though his manner did not alter, his appearance did. He grew thin and pale; his face when at rest wearing the same expression by which Cecil had been both struck and touched when she saw that face first so many months before. And to read the suffering thus legibly marked on it was hard to her-very hard. Never yet had her woman's pride permitted her to acknowledge in words, even in the deepest recesses of her own

thoughts, that she loved this man who had never expressed love for her ; bu she did admit to herself that she pitied him with that passion of pain and admiration blended together which seldom excited save by a contemplation of undeserved suffering.

It is not to be supposed that Kathleen Tyrconnel, with her quick sympathy and keen observation, was long in di vining the cloud that had risen beween the two people whom she fully believed to be formed for each other She had carefully refrained from much as hinting to her brother the conjecture of the Abbe and herself concerning Cecil's fortune, knowing well that the very suspicion of such a thing would be a lion in the way of his seeking to win Cecil's heart. She had a hundred times felicitated herself on the opportune illness which brought them again together, and rejoiced with exceeding great joy as day by day she beheld the interest with which they had been mutually inspired from their first meeting deeping into a life long attachment. And to see all her ex. pectations suddenly fade away was the sharpest disappointment and pain she had ever known.

She did not speak to either of them on the subject, a natural delicacy restraining her from manifesting consciousness so far as Cecil was concerned : while an instinctive comprehension that it would be like touching a bare nerve of his heart to question her brother prevented her saying a word to him. Into the ear of her good friend the Abbe, however, she poured out freely her apprehensions and la-

"There is certainly something the matter between them," she said, interlacing her fingers, and looking wistinto the kind eyes bent upon her. "What can it be? Do you think she can have refused him?

"I doubt if it is that," the Abbe an-wered. "Something is the matterswered. But do not be in too great haste o despond. It may be merely some ittle misunderstanding --

He paused and smiled. 'A lover's quarre!, you mean?"

"Well, yes. Such an occurence would not be unprecedented." She shook her head decidedly. Neither of them is the sort of person or that," she said. "You know Ger ald-that he is not; nor, I assure you is Miss Lorimer. It is so strange! she went on sadly. "I canno imagine the meaning of it, for even if as I suspected at first, he has offered himself and been rejected, that surely little things I have heard Miss Marriot say, she must be too much accustome to admiration to take the disappoint ment of her rejected lovers much heart. And she does take this t

heart. "For that reason I think we may hope that the estrangement is only temporary," said the Abbe. "Is he

manner to yourself changed at all?
"No; she is as cordial to me as ever only I see less of her. She always ha some excuse now for making her visit very short, and she never comes alone She and Miss Marriott were here hal an hour ago, but they stayed only a few minutes, said they were engaged to dine with some friends of theirs wh have lately arrived in Rome, and could not see us again this evening.

"That was a reasonable excuse. "Yes, but only an excuse. Oh, she resumed after a momentary pause 'it breaks my heart to look at Gerald -to see how he is suffering was so certain that a brighter life was opening for him. It was not that so much of thought money-I am sure she is very wealth; though she never told me so. of it a little. I must confess ; for money would make such a difference in his life. But it was herself. She has such a fine nature—so like Gerald's own And he loves her passionately ! I can see that. It breaks my heart

The Abbe's own heart was very sau for her as he tried to say some words o encouragement and consolation, a which she shook her head hopelessly "I am so afraid," she said, "that h

will go away and lose the opportunity of ever making up the difficulty, what-ever it may be! Every day I expect him to say that he is going. Her fears were prophetic ; for almost as she spoke he came into the room, and, after greeting the priest with his

usual cheerfulness and warmth, and talking for a few minutes on indifferent topics, he turned to her and said "I have had letters from Irelanddon't be alarmed!"—she had started nervously—"there is nothing unusual in them. But my presence is needed there, as you may suppose. And since you are now well again I must gosorry as I am to leave you.

He spoke very tenderly, then re sumed cenversation with the Abbe, in order, as she knew, to give her time to recover from the effect of his announce

"You must go?" she said, when few minutes later they were alone, the Abbe having soon taken leave.

"Yes," he answered, with a sigh, "I must go. Maloney writes me that there has been some tampering with the people—with that black sheep Par Riley in particular. It is very impor-ant for me to be there on this account is better on every account that I should go," he added, in a significant tone.

He was standing opposite Kathleen and she looked up at him with such a questioning, apprehensive glance that

he smiled, though sadly.
"What is it, Gerald?" she asked wistfully. "Something is the matter

—I have seen that. What is it?"

"Nothing that words can mend, " It is only that I have was the reply. "It is only that I have come back from dreamland to reality.

"But she loves ye in a low, eager tone. Gerald-I am sure of He shook his hea terest she has manife not for myself, but f trying to do. How From her own lips. money—any amount faint smile, that had

APRIL 10, 18

dash of bitterness in for an instant as h very wealthy, it se know it. "I have suspecte "I wish you had

he answered.

would have been the

girl, but broke dow

cluded the question "Been rejacted? I never offered mys "But you love he "Yes, God help n Ishall never ask he eried Kathleen, wit estness. "Don't le tween you and h throw away--'
He motioned with

stop. "You do no are saying. You a en, as I told you be love for me that yo -no!-or she would as she has. It was work. She migh married me in orde work, had I asked ! had spoken before l she might have b herself I loved. apparently until I rich, she could n motives to be merc

"How can you th her!" the girl exc dignantly. "She suspicion! She noble—" "Yes, she is get he said, in a tone

cold, so great was his emotion. "D. not know that? and the noble who cenary and the m take me to be if I for her. And so sense, since, as yo marry a woman w as I am myself ; at to marry her it wo not for, her fortun Kathleen looked it was so plain to h only, as it were, p ness that might be able to feel that sh prevent his doing

"Gerald, dear last, " if you have self, think of her her every reason t heart is hers. A without a word? can fail to perceiv dishonorable in yo Tyrconnel's he bound, the eye flushed. Ah, if h

this! If he could b demanded the sac of what he consid would make he s gain happiness. lieve it, and the quickly as it had 'No," he said. mer with the one my life. But I very rich. I sha my wife."

> Zola's Rea In his notoriou

Emile Zola depic young woman wh but who is widely tain Marie Lebr visited the famo ojourn of the nov ly known to be consumption. As Zola's nove proclaim the r which he rather

the horror and p

ings one sees at of his "artistic" votte " as he fe doomed to dea branchu has def the novel by a c palpable a mira sed at Lourd picture of rosy health and the fa electrified Paris called upon by t collection for son Not long since a at St. Ambrose's the announcem branchu would sulted in an un ance and a gene the church is on

The question editions of his b miraculous cure ing many perso where; but as uphold the nat supernatural, it e will exalt tr As bladness

maturely old, s gives to mature youth. To secu former, Ayer's dently recomme gentlemen pre dressing.