

o out every id spade a n their gar-or try to Mr. Glad-

chopping the family fire-wood.

A more ridiculous method of curing a man who is suffering from nervous exhaustion and is threatened with nervous prostration could not be well conceived. A man who has overworked does not need more work, but less work and more rest. The man who has lost his appetite needs something to restore it. The man whose nerves are shattered needs something to tone and strengthen them. Get the nerves right and sound, and refreshing sleep will follow. A man who sleeps well and eats well, and digests and assimilates his food will not remain ill.

In cases of this kind Dr. Pierce's Golden

digests and assimilates his food will not remain ill.

In cases of this kind Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery goes to bed rock—to first causes. It creates a hearty appetite; it makes the digestion and assimilation perfect; it invigorates the liver; it purifies the blood and fills it with the life-giving elements of the food. It builds up new flesh, new muscle and new nerve fibres. It is an unfailing cure for nervous exhaustion and nervous prostration, and the best of all medicines for overworked men and women. An honest druggist won't urge an inferior substitute upon you, thereby insulting your intelligence.

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you ask for—not what he prefers for selfish profit's sake to sell.

A man or woman who neglects constipation suffers from slow poisoning. Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. One little "Pellet" is a gentle laxative, and two a mild cathartic. All medicine dealers sell them.

(From Toronto Globe.)

THIS CERTIFICATE Brings Forth a Story.



We, the undersigned, certify that the health of the Rev. R. A. Bilkey has for months been deteriorating, Bilkey has for months been deteriorating, and that he is now suffering from severe nervous prostration, and urgently requires immediate and prolonged rest. J. W. McLaughlin, M.D., A. Beith, M.D., L. Holland Reid, M.R.C.S., etc.

THIS INTERVIEW TELLS IT.

A reporter called on the Rev. R. A. silkey, rector St. John's (Episcopal) hurch. Bowmanville, Ontario, during Church, Bowmanville, Ontario, during a church function, and on congratulating him on the great change for the better in his appearance, the reverend gentleman said, "It is due entirely to Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills.

"I suffered for over three years from

"I suffered for over three years from extreme nervousness, weakness and prostration, and could not obtain relief. A few months ago it became only too apparent that extreme nervous prostration had set in, as I lost flesh and appetite rapidly. Three of our four medical men rapidly. Three of our four mental hear pronounced me in urgent need of immediate and prolonged rest in order to build up my nervous system, giving me a certificate to that effect. About this time, by pure accident, Dr. Ward's Blood and cate to that effect. About this time, by pure accident, Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills were brought to my notice. I decided to try them, and on doing so a decided change for the better took place at once. I have since continued taking the pills, with continued and marked benefit and improvement. My appetite has returned. I am gaining in flesh steadily, and my general health is now good. Further, I am sure that these results are due to the action of Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills, and I have every confidence that they will de for others all that they have done for me." that they have done for me."

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THE GUARDIAN'S MYSTERY

Rejected for Conscience's Sake.

BY CHRISTINE FABER.

XL—Continued.

To Agnes though her eyes were fixed quietly on the prisoner, and her form betrayed no movement of agitation, her heart was beating with wilder throbs than it had ever beat before. Mallaby, during all the years she had known him, had not so much as hinted that he had ever been married; now, to find that the murder with which he' was charged was that of his own father-in-law, made her gasp and shiver inwardly, but without making an outward emotion, until it flashed upon her mind that, according to Mr. Mallaby's statement, it was not he who was guilty, but her father; that Mallaby was but suffering the charge to be imputed to him. She gasped outwardly then, and turned her attention once more to the witness.

"Did you see Mr. Forrester after the reputed suicide of his father-in-law?" asked the counsel for the State.

"I did see him," replied the witness, "be came home with the body, he and

asked the counsel for the State.

"I did see him," replied the witness,
"he came home with the body, he and
the two men that came to the house first
with him—I forget their names now—and
his griaf was tarrible.

his grief was terrible.
"The grief of his wife," she went on without giving an opportunity to the counsel to continue his questions, "was as much because her father had taken his own life, as because of his death; she thought his soul could not be saved, and she used to say that if he had only died

she used to say that if he had only died any other way she would be satisfied."

The counsel interrupted her; her evidence was out of form with the pointed questions he had prepared, but which she gave him no opportunity to ask.

"You are here, Mrs. Kelpley, to testify to your knowledge of the bad feeling which existed between Rueben Turner and his son-in-law, during their stay together in the mines; that knowledge, as you learned it, from the letters read to you by Mrs. Forrester and to testify to the conduct of Mr. Forrester after his return from the mines."

The witness dropped a courtesy, answering at the same time with touching,

but firm simplicity:

"Ah, sir; I must be allowed to tell me allowed t story in me own way, and if I'm a little roundabout or mixed in things I'm trying

to tell, you must have patience."
"But, remember, woman, you are on oath, and you must be particular as to the acts."
"It is because I am on me oath that

"It is because I am on me oath that I must tell me story in me own way. I was told when they brought me a few days ago to Mr. Turner's house, that it was found out how Mr. Forrester had killed his father-in-law, and that I was only wanted to tell in the court, what I knew of their bad feelings for each other, and how Miss Millicent disliked her hust had become to her father. And and for his treatment to her father. And

band for his treatment to her father. And I said nothing, one way or the other then, but I made up my mind that if I was put on oath to tell one thing I'd tell another. I'd tell something that I never told before to mortal creature and that 'll maybe surprise Mr. John Turner himself."

Up to that point there had been no stopping her, and it was evident from the strained attention of everybody that her testimony, out of order as it was, was intensely interesting. Into the prisoner's face were coming repeated changes of color and expression, and he leaned forward and looked at the witness as if by the piercing and longing earnestness of the piercing and longing earnestness of his gaze he must force her to look at him; but her eyes seemed only to see the ques-tioning attorney, or modestly to seek the

Thomas attorney, or mouestly to seek the floor.

The counsel, evidently annoyed at the woman's persistency, would—when at length she did stop with that strange innuendo to John Turner,—have forced her to give just the answers to his questions and nothing further, but the Judge interposed, and Nanno Kelpley was asked to continue her evidence in her own way, which she did in her former, simple manner looking only at the counsel

which she did in her former, simple man-ner, looking only at the counsel
"When Mr. Turner was buried, Mr.
Forrester's two friends that had come home with him from the mines, went away, and the lad, Mr. John Turner, was taken away sick by the man that he worled for.

There was no one in the house but Mr and Mrs. Forrester and me, and Mrs. Forrester was like to go out of her mind with grieving for her father's soul because with grieving for her father's soul because he killed himself. Her baby was born a few days after, and her grief seemed to get worse; it was so bad, that Mr. Forrester came to me in his trouble about it, and he said, taking my hand:

"Nanno, I am going to tell my wife something, and you must come and hear it too."

"And I went with him, and he told us both, how he shot Mr. Rueben Turner, not meaning to do it, and how his friends advised him not to tell that, but to let be advised him not to tell that, but to let be thought the way it was, so that there would be no trouble made for him that might keep him away from his poor young wife; but that seeing her feel so badly, thinking that her father had killed himself, Mr. Forrester thought it might ease her to know the truth. ease her to know the truth.

"But it did not ease her; of anything

Raw from Her Toes to

MAKES A WONDERFUL

Her Knees CURE Mrs. Knight, 17 Hanover Place, Toronto, makes the following

Statement:—

Y mother, Mrs. Wright, who lives at Norval, near Doncaster, suffered a summer and winter with Eczema in her feet. She could not walk, and very seldom got any sleep. It became so bad that she was perfectly raw from the toes to the knees. After trying every available remedy without receiving any benefit, and almost hopeiess of relief, she was advised to try Dr. Chase's Ointment. She has altogether used 8 boxes since commencing, but with the happiest results, for she is now completely cured. There is but one scar on one of her feet, a memento of her fearful suffering condition. Any person desiring further testimony in this case is at liberty to communicate with Mrs. Wright at her address, Norval P.O.

Mrs. Knight says after such a grand statement :-

it made her wilder. She said her father's blood was on her husband's hands, and neither of us could quiet her. She would not let her husband touch the baby; and not let her husband touch the baby; and then, when Mr. Forrester, nearly out of his mind himself, asked her what he should do that would satisfy her, saying he would give himself up and stand his trial if she wished, she got quiet all of a sudden, and she asked him if he had loved her.

"To show her that he did, he got down on his knees beside the bed and said he would prove his love in any way she wanted.
"Then she asked him if he would take

"Then she asked him if he would take the most solemn oath, never to make known to the child that he was its father; that should she, its mother, die, he might be the guardian of the child, but never to let himself by word, or sign show to the child, or anybody else, that he was a drop's blood to her. And he swore, calling to witness the heavenly names she made him say, and then she said to ne: "That was to avenge my murdered father, Nanno; as my husband caused his death away from me, his only child, so shall he, my husband, never be permitted the caress of this, his child. He has sworn to be the cold, watchful guardian, nothing more, and I know his affectionate nature, Nanno: it will wring him to the soul."

"And then she told him a name to call the child by. She did not ask me to take any orth and an hour affer that she was "Then she asked him if he would take

"And then she told him a name to call the child by. She did not ask me to take any oath, and an hour after that she was out of her mind, screaming the words of the oath she had made her husband take, and making him say the dreadful words again after her. The next day she died quietly, but without getting back her senses, and the people who came to her funeral thought that her baby had died too, and was lying in the coffin with her.

"Mr. Forrester shut up the house then till Mr. John Turner could look after it, and he and I with the baby went away at anight: we went away to another part, and

and he and I will the bady went away as night; we went away to another part, and I stayed with him until he found a nurse for the baby. Then he went east, but saying to me before he went:

"You are the only one, Nanno, who knows that I am the father of this child, and who knows of my oath to the dead.

knows that I am the lather of this child, and who knows of my oath to the dead. I do not ask you to take any pledge to keep the secret, but I trust in you because of your love for my poor wife."

"And I kept the secret. When I went back to San Francisco and I saw Mr. John Tarner, and he asked me about his niece, I told him only that she was dead, and her husband had gone away. And in all the years after that, I still kept the secret, though I sometimes saw Mr. Turner, and knew how rich he was getting, and I wondered if Mr. Forrester were living and if dered if Mr. Forrester were living and i dered if Mr. Forrester were living and in he knew how rich his brother-in-law was, and how Mr. Turner, having no near kin, would feel if he knew his niece had a child, and that perhaps that child was

iving.
"I kept the secret until now, when it wouldn't seem right to keep it longer."
She stooped suddenly, and a sort of awe seemed to have fallen upon the audience; not a motion was made and hardly a breath drawn, until the counsel asked softly, as if the awe had fallen even upon

him:
The name of this child whom the prisoner swore to regard only as his

'The mother said it should be called Agnes Hammond."

"Look at the prisoner and tell us if you recognize in him Mr. Forrester whom you knew as the husband of Reuben Turner's

laughter." She turned and faced the prisoner, hearing at the same time a sort of commotion behind her, but not noticing it.

"I do recognize him. He is older, to be sure, but he has the same features; he is the new parter."

s the same person."

The commotion behind her was caused The commotion behind her was caused by Agnes Hammond. She had started from her place not well knowing what she was doing, and looking wildly from the prisoner to the witness, and seeing, as one sees sometimes in the fantastical background of a dream, another face looking at her from the rear rank of the jury. Even in that wild, awful moment, when every appetion of her being seemed to center in in that wild, awful moment, when ever emotion of her being seemed to center the certainty of that utterly unexpected revelation, she felt the stare of its pierce

revelation, she felt the stare of its piercing eyes, but she looked beyond it to Mallaby. He, seeing her forward movement, had arisen, and she, regardless of everything but that trembling figure fain to support itself against the side of the dock, rushed on, flinging herself as it were, through the people who alfrightedly made way for her, until she reached the elevated railing that inclosed him. There, confronting him with a face, so pale and set it seemed more like that of a corpse, she stood, extending her arms to him.

"And you are my father!"

The concentrated reproach, the bitter amazement, the struggling affection in her tones, made them wild, and high, and thrilling, and they pierced the ears and the hearts of everybody in the court-room. But, after that, the room swam about her, and there seemed to be two Mallabys struggling to reach her, both being withheld by the grasp of powerful men, and she heard as if it came from a distance, a hoarse, quivering voice say:

"For God's sake, gentlemen, let me go

"For God's sake, gentlemen, let me go to her. She is my daughter." The rest was a blank.

XLI.

That dramatic and unexpected scene made it necessary to adjourn the court; but it was difficult to clear the court-room.

but it was difficult to clear the court-room. People would linger either to see, or hear further of Mailaby's ward, so startiingly proved to be his own child.

She had been borne to one of the waiting-rooms, and it was reported that she was still in an insensible condition, attended by the lady who always accompanied her, and a physician; that the prisoner had been remanded to his cell, and that Mr. John Turner—to whom the revelation of his relationship to Mallaby's ward had come with startling astonishment—had given orders that everything should be done for the young lady. Some her feet. She could not walk, and very seldom got any sleep. It became so bad that she was perfectly raw from the toes to the knees. After trying every available remedy without receiving any benefit, and almost hopeiess of relief, she was advised to try Dr. Chase's Ointment. She has altogether used 8 boxes since commencing, but with the happiest results, for she is now completely cured. There is but one scar on one of her feet, a mement of her fearful suffering condition. Any person desiring further testimony in this case is at liberty to communicate with Mrs. Wright at her address, Norval P.O.

Mrs. Knight says after such a grand success, is it any wonder we recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment?

Mrs. Knight says after such a grand success, is it any wonder we recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment?

learned to abhor long ago, and who he now fully believed to be the murderer of his brother.

Within the waiting-room slowly recovering from her swoon, Agnes was lying,
partially supported by Mrs. Sibly. Her
first glance was into the kind face of the
widow, and then she remembered. Her
strength seemed to return with marvelous rapidity. She sat up, putting back
the arms that still would have enfolded her, and taking her bonnet that lay on a chair beside her, she put it on her head. But all the time her face retained its ghastly expression, and her eyes seemed to look strangely into the blank space be-

fore them.

The physician shook his head somewhat ominously at Mrs. Sibly, and then he attempted to take Miss Hammond's hand while he told her to refrain a little nand while he told her to retrain a little from any exertion. Instead of obeying him she sprang to her feet, removing her hand far from his touch, and saying in such a changed voice, Mrs. Sibly hardly recognized it.

recognized it:

"I must go to Mr. Mallaby."

Her companions wondered if, having no memory of the revelation in the court-room, she still thought that Mr. Mallaby room, she still thought that Mr. Mallaby was only her guardian, but, at the same time, the physician felt that it would not be well to keep her from the prisoner, and, securing the necessary permission, he with Mrs. Sibly, accompanied the young lady to the door of the cell. There they left her, the doctor doubtful of the effect of the interview, remaining in the corridor, in order to be within call, and Mrs. Sibly waiting in one of the warden's apartwaiting in one of the warden's apartments.

ments.

The prisoner, finding that his entreaties to be permitted to see Agnes were ineffectual, on his return to his cell, had relapsed into a sort of bitter silence. The officials had assured him of the attention she was receiving, and one had told him also of Mr. John Turner's charitable offer. But all that assuaged little his agonized longing to know how she regarded her startingly discovered relationship to him—did she blame him for his course of seeming deceit, and, believing him to be guilty of the crime of which he was accused, abhor him? Did she shrink from a relationship that, imposed upon her so much obloquy, and giving full credit to the evidence trus far adduced against his character, hate and despise him? Or, most harrowing The prisoner, finding that his entreaties and despise him? Or, most harrowing thought of all, would she sink beneath the thought of all, would she sink beneath the strain of her 'terrible feelings, and die as her mother had done, a shrieking maniac? Her face while borne past him in her swoon, had seemed to be in its set, marble whiteness, an exact reproduction of that of his dead wife.

Some one was opening the door. There

of that of his dead wife.

Some one was opening the door, There was the slight clink of the lock, a sound that, slight and ordinary as it was, never failed to give him a peculiar thrill. On this occasion it was like an electric shock, going out to the very ends of his fingers, and he rose from his stool, looking as it has whole of his noor, strugging soul were he whole of his poor, struggling soul were

in his eyes.

The door opened wide, unusually wide it seemed to him, before any one appeared in sight; then, Agnes stood there, not ad-vancing for a moment, but looking at

As persons drowning are said som times to see in instantaneous review the most minute instances of their past lives so Agnes, in the moment that sh so Agnes, in the moment that she stood as if wanting the power to advance, seemed to recall every action, word, and sign, that puzzling her in the pat regarding her guardian, were now such strong and touching confirmation of his paternal relation to herself. From what else could have spring his gentle kindness and relation to herself. From what else could have sprung his gentle kindness, and watchful regard? What but a father's affection could have made him so unselfishly content with the meagre compensation of a ward's attachment? And how much he must have suffered in earlier years from her indifference and ill-concealed contempt; how much she now knew that he had suffered in recent years from his struggle to keep his painful secret. Guilty he might be; friendless, odd and contemned, he certainly seemed to but he was her father—her broken-down, imprisoned, suffering father.

imprisoned, suffering father.

She nerved herself out of the paralysis that had seemed to have settled upon her limbs, and the blood came back to her heart and her face. With arms that

born and educated in England he was the only child of parents in comparatively affluent circumstances. His mother died when he was a boy, his father just as he was entering manhood. Their death put him into possession of a moderate fortune, and partly from a spirit of adventure, and partly to increase his means, he went to New York, meeting there Kellar and Kellar's cousin. Kellar made the first advance to acquaintance, and Forester being young, knowing little of the world, and having a generous, trusting, unsuspicious nature, was attracted by the cordial, affable manners of Kellar. Kellar's consin was equally affable, but less demonstrative. Forrester was easily induced to go to the West with the cousins, and when taken ill in Rueben Turner's house, he was so grateful for the kindness of Turner and his daughter that he felt it would be little to repay his debt of gratitude by the gift of his whole fortune. He had also learned to love Millicent Turner, but feeling that she did not return his but feeling that she did not return his affection, he was careful to betray no warm regard. He was painfully aware that she ridiculed his appearance, and his odd ways: his shyness in her presence made him all the odder. But her father liked him, and when an opportunity came in which Forrester could assist Turner

But their advent in the mines was the beginning of the unpleasantness for Forge loan by Kellar; he gave it, being ured that he should be shortly repaid large assured that he should be shortly repaid.
Instead, however, of any repayment he was asked again and again for smallar sums until he finally refused. The refusal did not seem to make any change in Kellar's cordial, and even confidential manner; he continued to seek the companionship of Forrester as he had done, and was always pleasant and affable.

Suddenly, Turner became distant and

Suddenly, Turner became distant and moody with his son-in-law, and at length, moody with his son-in-law, and at length, on occasions, gave vent to angry innuendoes of the unfairness of the latter's superior luck. At the same time, For-rester was in the receipt of very strange letters from his wife short, cold and rester was in the receipt of very strange letters from his wife—short, cold, and containing an undercurrent of dislike and irony that he could not understand, but that he could not mistake. Kellar, seeing the ill feeling which Turner manifested more and more every day, used in private to sympathize with Forrester, and Forrester, believing in and trusting him, was grateful for his sympathy.

On one occasion, when Forrester happened, on an unusually lucky find, Turner became violently excited, and in a trust of pression accused his son-in-law

pened, on an unusually lucky find, Tur-ner became violently excited, and in a burst of passion accused his son-in-law of dishonestly appropriating it. Forrester, knowing how honestly he had on every coggion fulfilled the terms of the covered knowing how honestly he had on every occasion fulfilled the terms of the compact regarding division of their finds, was stung into bitter words of retaliation. The bitterness increased by his secret intention at the end of their stay in the mines,

tion at the end of their stay in the mines, to make a further generous division of his gains with his father-in-law.

But, Turner, angered beyond all bounds, sprang upon his son-in-law, and Kellar and his cousin who were present, caught him and pulled him away.

Then Forrester said:

"I shall fix him some day."

He meant, as he explained afterward to Kellar and his cousin, to fix him by surprising him with a totally unexpected and generous gift when they should both return to San Francisco.

After that, Turner's ill feeling seemed to become more bitter, and the letters

After that, Turner's ill feeling seemed to become more bitter, and the letters from the young wife shorter and colder. In vain Forrester sought an explanation; he could get none further than what the property of the proper tion; he could get non-tritied unit a blind, unreasonable jealousy and suspicion on the part of Turner, and which he must have communicated to his daughter. To add to Turner's unhappiness he received an angry letter from his young brother-in-law, John Turner, but it ex-plained nothing, and Forrester returned plained nothing, and Forrester Featured an indignant reply denouncing the causeless dislike of his father-in-law, and ending with the words, "but I shall fix him some day," meaning as he had meant when he had spoken the threat, to fix him by heaping coals of fire on his head, for his love for his wife made him able to forgive any injury done by her kindred.

her kindred.

At length Forrester could endure the situation no longer. He announced his intention to throw up mining and return to San Francisco. That was an occasion for the manifestation of more bitter feeling on the part of his father-in-law, and on contenting the beginning the significant parture. ing on the part of his tather-in-law, and on the night before his intended departure being asked by Kellar to join him in the game of cards he and his cousin were playing, he had hardly seated himself when Turner, whom he had left in moody silence a moment before rushed in, and was down upon him.

During the struggle to defend himself he falt Turner, draw, a pixtol, and in self-de-

felt Turner draw a pistol, and in self-de-fence Forrester wrested the pistol from him, but in striving to put it beyond Tur-ner's reach it went off, and Turner fell, ex-

elaiming: "Forrester has killed me." Everley had come upon the scene only in time to witness that to which he had testified, and Forrester, dazed and horror strik en, was dragged away by the cousins Knowing his guiltlessness of intention to kill he never thought that any suspicior could attach to him, and he was surprised at the proposition to have it suppose that Turner had committed suicide; bu when it was represented to him that in any other case he might be held until an investigation could be made, and so be de tained from his unprotected and friend-less wife, he consented, gladly permitting Kellar, who seemed to be more of a sym-pathizing friend than ever, to make all

the arrangements.

Then occurred all that Nanno Kelpley had told save that she had not depicted the extreme bitterness with which Mrs For reserved her husband, nor his frigid reception by her uncle, John Turner. The unjust feelings of Rueben Turner toward his son-in-law, had been but too successfully imparted to his daughter and his brother, and though neither of them doubted the story of the suicide, they seemed to feel that it was due in a great Since that to which the prisoner's oath bound him, had been disclosed in open court, there need be no more secrecy on his part; he could tell everything to his daughter; and he did, giving her the history of his life from his boyhood.

Born and educated in England he was Born and educated in England he was Kellar was everywhere, trying to soothe the only child of parents in comparative. His mother the wife and her uncle, and to mapart courage and hope to the wretched husband, while his consin was as silent as though he had been a mute; and Forrester was so grateful to Kellar that, after the interment, when young John Turner was carried back ill to the home of his employer, and Kellar announcing his intention to return to the East kinted his improverighed condition. nouncing his intention to return to the East, hinted his' impoverished condition, Forrester made him a generous gift of money. Then he was left alone with his wife and Nanno Kelpley, and the only time that his wife showed any return of the tenderness she had once given him was when he took the oath she demanded. That seemed to be a proof of a love ed. That seemed to be a proof of a love too great to be resisted, and her embrace

of him he never forgot; the memory of it seemed to be a constant help in the keeping of his oath.

In one of the suburban villages of New York he found a nursery in which to place the babe, and at the earliest age acceptable by transferred her to the Convent. possible he transfered her to the Convent possible he transfered her to the Convent of the Sacred Heart. His thoughts, his hopes were all for her, and his last gift to Kellar having well-nigh exhausted what had been left of his early fortune, it was necessary to work hard to accumulate the wealth he desired for his daughter. Bred to no trade, and unable to secure a higher position than that of collector of bills he turned all his energies to that, hoping by the means of great personal economy to be very successful to a degree that ex-ceeded his expectations. His great struggle was to conceal his wild affection for his ward. He dreamed of her, and struggle was to conceal his wild affection for his ward. He dreamed of her, and lived upon the visits he was permitted to make to the Convent. Having secured an eligible boarding place with Mrs. Denner, and finding her to be a kind, motherly woman, he brought his little ward there for a few days during the summer years old. A little after her next birthday, and when she had made a second

vacation visit of three days to Mrs. Denner, and had returned again to the convent, Forresier was suddenly confronted on the street one day by Kellar. Little dreaming of Kellar's object, and confident of his friendship, Forrester welcomed him, taking him to his office, and talking to him freely of his business, his circumstances, and everything save his daughter; and when Kellar asked him about his wife, he answered simply that she died a ter; and when kellar asked him about his wife, he answered simply that she died a few days after Kellar's departure from California. He explained his assumption of the name Matthias Mallaby, by his wish to obliterate from his memory every circumstance of the harrowing past, and Valler, seemed to agree with him, and Kellar seemed to agree with him, and Kellar seemed to agree with him, and was very particular never to forget himself and use the name of Forrester.

One day in the office, Kellar saw by accident an open letter addressed to Mallaby, in a child's hand, and beginning:

"Dear Guardian."

He interrogated Mallaby about it, and

was answered with admirable composure that Mallaby was guardian to a little girl in obedience to the request of her dying mother, and Kellar seemed satisfied with

For one whole week Kellar acted the part of a pleasant, confidential friend. Then, he suddenly disclosed himself. His object in returning to New York from His object in returning to New York from Australia was to extort from Mallaby a large sum of money. It was no accident-al meeting on the street as Mallaby had supposed it to be; Kellar had simply made it appear so, though how, or where he had learned to find Mallaby, he would

not tell.

Did Mallaby refuse to accede to his demand, both he and his cousin whom he had left in Australia were prepared to swear that Mallaby with deliberate intention had killed his father-in-law, Reuter Tracer. That he Kellar, would ben Turner. That he, Kellar, would ben Turner. That he, Kellar, would communicate with the brother of the murdered man, John Turner, who as Mallaby knew from newspaper paragraphs was already rising into wealth and prominence; that pains would be taken to hunt up Everley who could testify to Reuben Turner's last words; that the very fact of Evergeter having assumed an alias would

Forrester having assumed an alias would Forrester having assumed an alias would prove the fear in which he lived—a fear that could only be induced by a consciousness of his guilt—and altogether, Kellar placed before Mallaby so systematic and well-laid a plan of proving the murder of Reuben Turner by Forrester, that the latter was aghast. He thought of his child, and what to her would be the consequences of his arrest on this charge; that anxiety was greater even than his bitter detestation of Kellar. But it would be impossible to pay the large sum dedetestation of Kellar. But it would be impossible to pay the large sum demanded, and Kellar substituted the payment of certain remittances four times a year, to which Mallaby consented. Then began Mallaby's torture, for, after Kellar's departure every letter with which he acknowledged the receipt of the remittan contained cunning, but harrowing reference to the murder. After a little, finding that the reading of them caused him so much anguish, he wrote to have Kel-lar send them to his boarding-house rather than to the office. He could conceal his torture better in his room in poarding-house than in the office where ne could not be always sure there would

be no eye upon him.

It was owing to the payment of those remittances that Mallaby had been unable to give his ward a larger income, and that had caused him to hesitate when she spoke of going to Italy.

TO BE CONTINUED.

DANGER TO FAITH.

St. Theresa tells us that "all things

pass away." It is a time worn aphor-ism. The same can be said of the

words of our Lord, "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" What gain is there in an education which alone fits us for this world. Liberal Catholics say the clergy go too far in condemning secular schools. They point out schools where immorality and bigotry are unknown-schools where Catholic boys and girls are ever welcome and treated as becomes ladies and gentlemen. All very true. There may be no danger as to faith or morals, but where shall the child imbibe the true Catholic spirit? What shall give him strength to preserve the faith handed down to them by religious ancestors? There is always danger outside of a Catholic atmosphere. There are negative dangers, if not positive ones. Listen to a learned Jesuit— Father Rickaby addressing a class of young Oxford students: "Danger," he says, "consists not in anything you hear from lecturers and tutors, not in attacks made by your equals upon your religion, but in that urbanity and courtesy, and gaity, and good humor and truth, and friendship and vigor of mind and body, in that host of natural virtues which you admire in the society around you, all independent, it appears, of the grace of Christ and the aith and sacraments of His Church. Then the question arises in the heart : What is the need of faith and sacraments and the restraints of Catholic belief and practice when such fair gifts are to be had without them? Who wants more than what we can find here where the Church is not? . . . The natural goodness that you see flourishing without the Catholic faith is a snare and a temptation. Some power be hind it seems to cry: "All these things I will give thee if thou wilt resign thy part in Christ and thine in-

heritance in the Son of Mary !"- Carmelite Review Successful at Last. "I was a sufferer from neuralgia in my side, and headaches. I followed numerous prescriptions without benefit and was persuaded to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. When I had taken only one bottle I realized it was doing me good and I continued taking it until I was cured." Mrs. CARRIE PRICE, Georgetown. Ontario.

Georgetown, Ontario.

FORGIVENESS OF ENEMIES.

Few Christian precepts are so distinctly antagonistic to the trend of human nature as that brief command of Christianity's Founder: "Love your enemies." Human reason, it is true, enemies." recognized thousands of years ago the beauty of clemency: but it was re-served for the God Man to introduce upon earth a practice and institute a precept so sublime that reason could never have soared to its conception though once prescribed, men could readily perceive its wisdom and recognize its utility.

There is one point in this law of love

that merits particular attention—the forgiveness of injuries. It is a decidedly practical subject, not only because all have frequent opportunities of ex-ercising this virtue, but because not a d living Christians seem to entertain most erroneous opinions as to the nature and extent of the obliga-

tion to exercise it. To pardon our enemies, no matter how grievously they have offended, no matter how considerably they have injured us, is for us Christians a sacrifice that is absolutely necessary. The proof lies in a multitude of pas sages scattered throughout the Gospels. Therefore," says Our Lord Himself, "if thou offerest thy gift at the altar and there shalt remember that thy

brother hath anything against thee first go and be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift." What does this mean, if thy gift." What does this mean, if not that God has the accomplishment of this precept so much at heart that He rejects every sacrifice that is not accompanied by mercy? It means that we may pray and fast and give alms and render worship and frequen the Sacraments-aye, may suffer martyrdom; but if we are not reconciled to our enemy, it is all in vain. Why Because we are wanting in an essential point of the law; because we have not the virtue of charity; and with out charity we, like St. Paul, are noth

He, says St. John, who flatters him self that he loves God while he hold his neighbor in hatred or aversion i a liar and a hypocrite unworthy of th name of Christian. It follows that th forgiveness of injuries is an indispens able duty on the part of a practice Catholic. Men and women who lea otherwise a regular life, who frequen the Sacraments, do good works, giv good example, and nevertheless pre serve in their inmost hearts a feelin of resentment, a germ of hatred, desire for revenge, a disposition secretly to rejoice over the humiliation or downfall of their enemies, -su persons are sterile of merit before Go

To contend that it is impossible forgive even one's most invetera enemy is exaggerated nonsense. G never commands impossibilities, as he does most expressly and emphat cally command this forgiveness. difficult of course; and this is just w our conduct becomes more noble, mo magnanimous, more worthy of Chr It is difficult, but it is well remember that heaven is not promis to cowards; and he whom innate mal or human respect prevents from stru gling with, conquering and utter routing the demon of hatred that lodg in his heart, is nothing else th an abject coward, who should blush call himself a soldier of Jesus Christ

Are we, then, really obliged actua to love those who detest us and v lose to opportunity in injuring us our fortune or good name? Most suredly we are, for Christ expre ordains it. "I say to you, love y enemies; do good to them that h you, and pray for them that persec and calumniate you." We are bound to love them with the confid tial love, the affectionate regard, wh we entertain for our best friends we owe them at least a patient le devoid of all rancor; we should su their defects, excuse them, and refe from making them public. We them a benevolent love, praying them, and rendering them good s ice when the occasion presents itsel

Is it thus that we act in our not every day life? Alas! how many lusions about this matter do we cherish! "I forgive him; but I a good memory, and I shall never get what he has done."—"I do bear him any ill will, but let hir his road and I'll go mine. I want to have anything more to do him. I can't bear the sight of h But it is not enough to bear his ill-will; we must wish him well, him as ourselves; be afflicted injury is done to him, prevent it we can. If, instead of feeling acting thus, we keep spite in hearts, nourish projects of reve are pleased when evil is spoken done to our enemy, cherish a pu of retaliating upon him, we lac charity which God exacts from us deliberately lock ourselves outsid portals of divine forgiveness.

Deplorable, in very truth, is t of the vindictive man, since he re himself absolutely incapable of r ing God's pardon for his own gressions. "Forgive and you was forgiven" says the Gospel. your pardon and God will refus Of what avail is prayer to him "Forgive and you preserves enmity and rancor heart? "Forgive us our tree as we forgive those who tr against us," runs the most excel all prayers. "As we forgive," not the vindictive Christian wh this formula call down God's ans

upon himself? It may be that the indi who injures us is one we have many times befr -one who imposes upon our and generosity, desiring only to us down to a level with himself failing in this, leaves no meas