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THE HEIR OF ROMNEY.

BY CHRISTINE FABER.

The next morning dawned as brightly as if no storm had swept over the country the preceding night, and fair Catherine Dominick went early on one of her housewifely errands.

Though not trilling, as was her wont, some morning matin, there was a richer blush than usual upon her cheek, and a happier look in her bright eyes. Her encounter with the handsome stranger on the previous day, had been a pleasant incident in her simple life, and since, she had thought of little else.

The handsome horseman and his black steed filled her dreams, and now as she sauntered down the little walk, she was marking the spot where he had first accosted her, and so intently that she did not observe the approach of a young man until he had laid his hand familiarly upon her arm and called softly:—

"Catherine!" She started, and a blush mantled her whole face as if she had been caught in some dishonorable act, while her voice slightly trembled as she said:—

"You frighten me, Florence." "It's seldom that happens, dear, for Florry Carnarven to startle you," he answered, with slight reproach in his tones, and then an awkward silence ensued.

Catherine looked down and toyed with her white fingers. He watched her for some minutes, then said with evident embarrassment:—

"You act strangely this morning, Catherine, and it seems the harder to me, that I am going away to-day. I called at the 'Arms' yesterday, and again this morning, but no one had come; so I'll go to England myself; that is why I came over so early to see you before I went. Perhaps I'll not be gone long, but I can't tell yet."

She made no reply; she did not even look up, and he burst forth in indignant surprise:—

"What all you, Catherine? Have you no word of God-speed for me? Isn't it for you that I'm trying what's in this thing? Isn't it for you I'm praying they're not false hopes they're giving me?"

His voice took a lower and more tender tone. "Oh, Catherine, what do mean at all?"

As if touched by the sadness in his voice, she looked up and answered quickly:—

"You take things too much to heart, Florry. Of course I wish you God-speed, and no one will be more delighted than I shall be if you turn out to be a rich young man. But of the other matter"—she blushed more deeply—"we shall talk when you come home; and now come up to the house and see my father."

"That's more like yourself, Kate; and I'm too hasty with you, I know; but it's the great love I have for you that makes me so," he said, as they walked toward the cottage.

"And you're off to-day, my boy," said Larry Dominick regretfully, when young Carnarven had told him the cause of his early visit.

"Yes; but not to be gone long, I hope," was the reply, accompanied by a wistful glance toward Catherine, who was preparing breakfast.

"No, I hope not." And Larry, bending forward, grasped the young man's hand while he added:—

"Remember, my boy, whether you come back to us poor, or rich—whether this thing is as you say, or whether it turns out for your good, that you shall be the same to us, and Catherine will be your wife."

Catherine on some pretext went hastily from the room, but the youth pressed the old man's hands, and then both were silent until the young woman returned, and the three sat down to the morning meal.

Somehow the conversation was not as brisk as it was wont to be when Florry Carnarven was old Dominick's guest; but that might be owing to Catherine's unusual silence, which her father attributed to the approaching departure of her lover.

"Cheer up, girl," he said. "Florry will be back soon, and please God, with good news."

But his daughter made no reply, and she maintained her silence up to the very moment of Carnarven's departure.

The three stood in the doorway; Florence holding Catherine's hand and speaking in a low and tender voice of his bright hopes, when the clatter of a horse's hoofs was heard, and in a moment there appeared, cantering up the path, the horseman of the preceding day.

The young girl hastily drew her hand from the grasp of her lover, and turned aside to hide the tell-tale color in her face; but Florence in his surprise at the advent of the stranger, seemed not to notice her action.

"This is the gentleman who was here yesterday. I forgot to tell you about him, Florry," said the old man, while the handsome horseman, having cantered up to the door, gracefully alighted, and extended his hand to Larry with so frank and kind a manner that the old man's hospitable heart was charmed.

He grasped the outstretched hand, shook it warmly, then, turning, he placed his hand on the shoulder of Florence, saying:—

"This, I might almost say, is my son—at least, he soon will be, please God—Florence Carnarven. But I'm not acquainted with your name, sir."

"Oh, mine," the stranger replied, laughing lightly, "that was a grave omission yesterday, not to have told you. It is Ralph Deville."

He bowed to Florence, who seemed to be eying him suspiciously. "But I have not made my obeisance to your fair daughter, sir," he continued, and with a still lower bow he extended his hand to blushing, trembling Catherine.

Carnarven looked sharply and distrustfully at the grasp of hands, but it was so delicate and respectful as he could wish it to be, and he turned to the old man muttering something about the necessity of his immediate departure, which the stranger hearing, he turned also, and made some friendly observation to Florence.

As the young men stood beside each other, Catherine was struck with their resemblance in form and height; but for, while Deville wore rich garments, the fashionable cut of which displayed the grace of his figure, Florence was clothed in nothing better than frieze and corduroy, and both of the homeliest make, and while Deville's manner had all the polish of aristocratic breeding, that of Carnarven evinced only the simple candor of the honest Irish rustic.

And these differences Catherine fully observed, and it was with secret reluctance that she prepared to accompany Florence to the end of the fir path. Deville had accepted Larry's invitation to enter, and while "the boy" took charge of the horse, the lovers walked slowly toward the highway.

Not a word was spoken until the broad road was reached, then, when both had paused, and the young man had looked about him in an embarrassed manner, he said sadly:—

"I can't make you out at all, Catherine, this morning, and I won't hurt you by telling the thought that crossed my mind; but perhaps it will be different when I come back."

Again, touched by the despondency in his tones, the dejection in his manner, she put her hand on his arm and said soothingly:—

"It is you who are strange; you are so full of doubts this morning, as if you had lost all your old trust in me."

"Not that, Catherine—never that. But I have a queer feeling over me, especially since I've seen that stranger here. He was at the 'Arms' yesterday, when I called there, and it was remarked that he looked like Sir Hubert Romney. You have heard what the Romneys are; how there is never a visit down here from one of them, but that something evil marks it."

Catherine laughed merrily. "And you too are tainted with the old, foolish superstition," she replied. "Why, Florry, is not his name different? And is it likely that a high, proud Romney would come down here that way, or would notice the like of us?"

Florence shook his head and murmured something about Catherine being fair enough to attract the attention of a prince, for which gallant speech the young girl playfully censured him, and at length she bade him go, and not torment himself with fears during his absence. But while she went lightly and quickly back, he went slowly and heavily forward.

"There's a weight at my heart," he said to himself, "and if it wasn't that I gave my word to go, I'd trouble myself no further about this thing; but please God, I'll hope for the best," and whistling a rollicking tune, he continued until he had reached his own home.

It was no difficult task for Deville to play his unusual role of frankness and

kindness with old Dominick and his beautiful daughter; and it was little wonder that the Dominicks, in return for the young gentleman's flattering courtesy, should extend to him their heartiest hospitality.

Thus it happened that every day found the black horse with his handsome rider going up to old Larry's cottage; and the neighbors began to shake their heads and to talk among themselves of these singular visits. They would not venture to remark them to old Dominick, for the latter, while much esteemed, was known to be spirited and independent, a reputation largely contributed to by the unusually good education of his daughter.

The fond, foolish old man saw in these visits from one so far above him in the social scale, only a cause for congratulation. He was flattered by the respectful attention paid to him by the cultured stranger, and, wrapped in his own conceit, he was blind to what the very plough boy in the field saw—Catherine's growing preference for the young man.

Sometimes old Callahan of Romney Lodge came over to have a social smoke with Larry Dominick, and on such occasions they held lengthy discussions on their own peculiar affairs and those of the country in general.

On Callahan's visit after Deville's nocturnal call at the castle, the old man was full of the event, the start it had given Jimmy, and Jimmy's suspicious about the identity of the stranger. But Dominick refused to concur in these surmises, and he endeavored to disabuse his visitor of them, in which attempt he partially succeeded, and when many days elapsed during which the stranger did not again visit the castle, but continued quietly to occupy his room at the "Arms," even the Callahans said he could not be a Romney.

Catherine was divided between the pleasure afforded her by Deville's visits, and remorse for the wrong that her acceptance of them was doing to Carnarven. But she confided in no one, and she endured in silence the conflict between her woman's weak heart, and admonitions of her better nature.

One afternoon, when the honest-hearted youth had been gone nearly a fortnight, Catherine suddenly donned her cloak, and saying to her father that she was going out for a walk, took her way rapidly to a cottage situated about a half mile from her own.

Denville had paid his wonted visit not an hour before, and at parting—had whispered words of tenderness, which put her into a fever of excitement that was burning still.

And she hurried along the road, she whispered more than once:— "God help me!"

The cottage before which she stopped, though not of so inviting an exterior as her own, belonged to the better class, and evinced signs of comfort unusual in the homes of the Irish poor.

A cleanly-looking old woman sat just within the doorway smoking. She nodded as Catherine crossed the threshold, and taking the pipe from her mouth, waited until its last whiff had quite died away before she said curtly:—

"Is time for you to come." "Forgive me, Maura," replied the girl humbly. "I did not mean to stay away so long; but I thought every day would see you at our place."

"Is it me, with the hobbling I have to walk at all? Sure, Florry knew when he went that it was badly I could spare him. And I suppose he didn't tell you, for the reason that he was so wrapped in yourself. Well, poor boy! it's a pity he's so blind."

And the old woman resumed her pipe with seeming indifference to her visitor.

Catherine stood a moment looking irresolutely at the wreaths of smoke curling about the white-capped head; then kneeling, she said softly and pleadingly:—

"Why be so cross, Maura? I have come to make amends for my neglect, and when Florry comes back I shall be still better."

The old woman removed her pipe, but it was not to speak immediately. She settled herself back on the low seat, and looked steadfastly into Catherine's eyes before she said:—

"Catherine Dominick, you'll not win in the game you're playing. All the country is ringing with the visits you're receiving from the gentleman at the 'Arms,' and you engaged to Florry Carnarven. God made you purty, but He didn't make you to break any daunt boy's heart like poor Florry. And God gave you the learning—more's the pity, for it makes you set yourself up for a fine lady."

"Florry Carnarven is not my son, but he's the staff of my heart and the light of my old eyes, and if the world had its rights, it's not on this poor place with old Maura Donovan he'd be. God grant you won't rue it, Catherine Dominick, but him that you're daling with, if he's what they say, never worked any one good yet."

And the old woman resumed her pipe with the most stolid composure.

Catherine arose with an air of offended dignity:—

"My father receives the gentleman's visits."

"Poor, old, blind fool!" Maura muttered; and the young girl, finding her efforts useless to appease the old woman's sullen wrath, prepared to depart, turning to say sorrowfully when she had stepped outside:—

"When Florry comes back you will be different, Maura."

"And so will you," scornfully answered Maura.

Catherine went slowly homeward, pausing when she reached the place

where Florence had bade her adieu, and while tears of remorse filled her eyes, she murmured:—

"Old Maura is right. I am untrue to Florry; but I shall see Mr. Deville no more after to-morrow. I shall frankly tell him all."

Alas for the strength of Catherine's virtuous resolution! Her very frankness, the plea she made for her rustic lover, but made the wooing more engaging and more piquant to Deville. He who had toyed with the hearts of high born ladies, and might have chosen more than once a consort from the peerage, to be rejected by an Irish country girl was too absurd a thought for him to yield to for a moment. But it gave a new and startling zest to his suit, and the fascination that had been so effectual with higher-bred dames, was exerted with all its force upon wayward-hearted Catherine.

She recalled the appearance of her simple lover as he had looked when standing beside this handsome, polished man of the world; his homely garments, his bashful air, his rustic look, and, inflamed by the thoughts of the brilliant future that the tempter offered, she yielded at last to his proposal of a secret marriage.

"Why, then, it's a sudden notion you took, Kate," said old Dominick, when his daughter announced her intention of paying a visit to her aunt in Dublin. But, as Catherine was wont to act upon impulse, and as she made annual calls upon the lady in question, he did not attempt to oppose her. Only, when she was about to depart, he held her fondly in his arms, and, kissing her, besought her not to remain long, as she took with her all the light and happiness of his old days.

His emotion formed a pretext for her own grief, and with a passionate burst of tears, she said:—

"It is cruel of me to leave you, father. I won't go."

"Hut, tut, Kate! Is it for my sake you'd deprive yourself of the pleasure of the visit? I'm only an old man and I'll not be very lonesome; sure the gentleman from the 'Arms' has promised to come and see me as usual."

Had Catherine's face not been pressed against his shoulder, her father might have seen the tide of color that rushed into it at the mention of the "gentleman from the Arms."

But the fond, trusting old man, saw nothing unusual in his daughter's demeanor, and he bade her good-bye at last with a cheerful smile and a hearty God speed.

Ralph Deville paid his accustomed daily visit to old Dominick's cottage that day and the day after, and the tide of gossip in the little place seemed to turn—the neighbors, taking the part of Catherine and surmising that she had gone to meet young Carnarven on his return journey; but old Maura Donovan sternly denied any such supposition, and muttered to herself after the departure of her gossiping visitor:—

"To meet him, is it she's gone? No, but me heart misgives me it's to fly from him she went."

On the day after Catherine's departure, Deville announced to Dominick that he had received orders to return immediately to England, where he intended to resign at once all further interest in Sir Hubert Romney's business, but that it was probable he would return to that part of Ireland the following spring, and in the event of his doing so, he begged permission to avail himself again of his present hospitality, which permission Dominick warmly granted. That same afternoon, as suddenly and as strangely as he had come, Ralph Deville departed from the "Romney Arms."

Catherine did not protract her visit, and her father received her speedy return as another proof of her filial affection. True, he noticed the unwonted pallor on her cheek and a most unusual expression of sadness in her eyes, but the simple old soul ascribed all to fatigue, and when, as the days passed on, and both the pallor and the sad expression remained, he said they were caused by Carnarven's protracted absence. She did not visit old Maura, and when gently reproached for her neglect by her father, she murmured some trifling excuse that made him think she had some petty quarrel with the testy old woman.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Bringing up Children.

The son of a very eminent lawyer, while awaiting sentence in the felon's dock, was asked by the judge, "So you remember your father?" "Perfectly," said the youth; "whenever I entered his presence he said, 'Run away, my lad, and don't trouble me.'"

The great lawyer was thus enabled to complete his great work on "The Law of Trusts," and his son in due time furnished a practical commentary on the way in which his father had honored that most sacred of trusts committed to him in the person of his child.—Exchange.

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A MARTYR-MISSIONARY OF SCOTLAND.

The Countess of Courson in Ave Maria.

Father Ogilvie was then taken back to his cell, where a Scotch laird came to see him, and reproached him shamefully for his disobedience to the king's orders, adding: "If I were the king I would cook you in wax." The priest only laughed at his visitor's anger.

"As I saw he was not to be appeased with courteous words, I joked him. When I wanted to drink his health across the table and he would not accept my challenge, I took him off in jest to get him out of his bad temper, and made them all laugh."

The royal commissioners seem at last to have come to the conclusion that nothing was to be got out of a prisoner who joked with his tormentors, smiled when under torture, who, when exhausted by pain and unrest, preserved his boldness, cheerfulness, ready wit, and prompt repartee. They gave the priest back to Spottiswood, who had been present all through the proceedings at Edinburgh, unwilling to relinquish his claim over so remarkable a captive. The Archbishop decided to return to Glasgow; and on Christmas Eve, 1614, Father John Ogilvie and his chief persecutor arrived in that city, which they had left about three weeks before.

Father Ogilvie tells us how, on his return to Glasgow, he was fastened by one foot with a bolt and two iron chains binding the iron." The martyr's cheerfulness remained undiminished, and the heavy iron chains with which his limbs were loaded had no power to crush his bright spirit.

Meantime the wildest stories were being circulated as to the magical practices to which the Jesuit prisoner had been addicted; and among the ignorant lower classes these absurd tales were eagerly believed. A woman who had seen him saying his Breviary at night reported that he must be a magician; another added to the story, and asserted that a crowd of black animals used to assemble round him and bring him food.

The "preachers" must have sorely tried the prisoner's patience when they flocked to his cell, anxious to discuss with him; but his ready wit easily shattered their arguments. The Bishop of the Isles, Andrew Knox, boasted to him that he could say Mass as well as he. Father Ogilvie, who knew that only a short time previous his opponent had been violently oppressed to the Episcopal Church, boldly answered: "When I was a boy you held as an article of faith that there was not any head of the Church; now all swear and subscribe that the king is the head of the Church in his own dominions. You yourself formerly swore and subscribed the contrary. . . . At Paisley, you said you would openly declare him to be a devil who should be made a Bishop; yet fifteen days later you yourself were made a Bishop! And, not content with the episcopate of the Isles, you have taken another fatter one in Ireland."

The Bishop seems to have been struck by the good sense and boldness of the prisoner's replies, although they were directed against himself. "Mr. Ogilvie, I wish that many of your sort were following me." How surprised must the craven "prelate" have been at the martyr's ready reply! "I would rather follow the executioner to the gallows, because you are going straight to the devil." The Bishop remonstrated with the prisoner for the freedom of his speech. "You must forgive me, My Lord," answered the martyr. "I have not learned court phrasology, and we Jesuits speak as we think. I may not flatter you, but if you do not wish me to say what I think about you, you had better bid me hold my peace, and I will say nothing. But if you wish me to speak, I shall say, what I think, and not what you like."

Spottiswood himself seems at last to have been considerably puzzled what to do with this remarkable prisoner, whose irresistible good temper and quick repartee gave him an undoubted advantage over his enemies, and whose heroism under the severest torments had made him celebrated throughout the country. Father Ogilvie tells us that once at dinner the Archbishop exclaimed that he would be willing to be hanged himself if his prisoner ever escaped: "for," said he, quoting a Scotch proverb, "he would put saut in their kale,"—that is to say, he would do irreparable mischief to the Protestant party if he recovered his liberty.

From the moment of the young Jesuit's arrest the king had been kept informed of the affair in its smallest details; and now, with the love of controversy that was one of the characteristics of King James, he sent the prisoner a list of questions, which the latter was to answer; and upon those answers his subsequent fate was to depend. On January 28, 1615, Father Ogilvie was summoned before a tribunal composed of seven members, among whom were the pseudo Bishop of Argyle and the Archbishop of Glasgow. The latter read aloud the five questions to which the king required an answer. These questions related to the power attributed to the Pope of deposing and excommunicating an heretical king, and to his spiritual jurisdiction over the heretics and over the faithful. Father Ogilvie answered with his usual firmness. When he said that he "condemned both the oaths and of allegiance," he must have known that he was, in fact, signing his own death-warrant—these being

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points upon which particularly tenacious.

After relating to martyr's written accu-sedly breaks us, we have, as a closing scenes of his testimony of his Catholic fellow taking up the narra- left by the confessor the end.

Before Father Ogilvie the king's question sent to London, he whether he persisted declarations; he re- active, and cheerfully which his answers down. From that that his fate was seen many and such hard faith, he felt that drawing near the beyond which was e

About this time in sending the mar- to London, had ad- and explanations, things in a calu- suddenly called to E- care of his wife, who shown some kindness band's helpless victim's fellow-prisoner- factly inform us bishops" was esp- "when, according had been indulging tain potatoes." He- ments of compara- quiet were not lost and we have read "Archbishops" f- for it was during the Ogilvie wrote the p- largely quoted. In- simple in its form- linger with thrilli- noble confessor un- graphic picture of- to see and hear him dry humor, bright w- and absolute devo- Truth.

Besides the accou- ment, Father Ogil- letters during this- time. They have- preserved; and they- rare and admirable- martyr united to a- ready tongue a most- heart.

The first letter is- his fellow prisoners, whom he entrusted to- tory of his captivity- "to hand these doc- tor of the first Jesu- and ask him for his- copies to Father C- and to pray for me."

This short letter- danger of being ca- not allow me to giv- even to note down- part of the facts- must in their chari- rectly any blunders- Ogilvie, and for the- low-prisoners with- lic faith."

Mayne had been co- but he was revived- perpetual banishm- on his friends' beh- fidelity, and Father- narrative was giv- Father Rector of- deaux when he lan- Before the end of- it was made known- principal establish- in France and Italy.

Another letter is- Claude Aquaviva, G- ety of Jesus. It- beloved and most w- est object of the af- after Christ and the- My punishments ar- tortures sharp. Y- ity will make you- may undergo them- age for Jesus, who- everything for us- long preserve you- leader of His own- bulwark of His Chur- Reverend Paternity- vant in Christ and m- son."

The great relig- Father to whom ver- lines, so full of filia- ence, had gone to h- before—on the 21st- Cut off from the ou- been since the pre- martyr had not h- Aquaviva's death; h- believe that his a- found an echo in th- and that the praye- ral of the Society w- his "little son and- the closing scenes of-

A third letter is- Alberi, an eminent- Order, who, when P- tria, had admitted- postulant, John Ogil- ety. The captive o- Father Alberi of th- mends to his charit- er, John Mayne, fo- lita of that kindne- have experienced."

He speaks to him, t- trusted to Mayne, t- "This letter is dat- at Glasgow, where- the ground and lo- weighing over two- "I endured the- watchings for eight- nights; now I exp- tures, and then d- awake—the 22nd of-