

"IF,"

As an authority says, "Truth well expressed makes the best advertisement." Then here is one of the best advertisements in this paper—



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A Woman's Love

For the last few days David Palmer had been happy with a childlike light-heartedness, which had great charm. He had talked much of his early life, and often quoted both prose and poetry which had attracted him as a young man. He was talking now of his love in low tones, and the murmur of his voice reached me with a soothing sound. At last I heard the old feeble voice raise a little. He was reciting some lines I did not know:

"Then was the truth revealed into my heart,
That under heaviest sorrow earth can bring,
If from the afflictions somewhere do not grow
Honor which could not else have been a fall.
An elevation and a sanctity;
If new strength be not given, nor old restored,
The blame is ours, not nature's."

"This is the honor that cometh from God only," he said devoutly. "Think of it, Felix. Honor, that is a faith, an elevation, and a sanctity."
They were silent for some minutes. A cloud passed over the moon, and the crystal window looked dark. But still they did not move or speak until suddenly Felix cried out, in a tone of deep anguish:

"Father, will you leave me alone?"
"No, my boy," said his father. "Who has the Father and the Son may be left, but not alone. You have been sewing; now you will begin to reap. I leave my dear child Phebe, and my dear friend Miss A. B. to you. They will not forsake you."

"No," I said, going to them, and laying my hands on the dying man's shoulder. "We shall be his friends, and fellow-workers, as long as we live, father."

His eyes brightened, and he looked up at me, with a smile; whilst Felix, who had never heard me call him father before, lifted my other hand to his lips. "You have made me very happy, and I trust him to you, Phebe and Abby," said David Palmer. "I will call you Abby now, if you will permit me. I added, with a gentle courtesy, as she came forward, and tenderly adjusted a pillow behind his head, and said:

"Oh, yes," she sobbed, "call me Abby. You don't know how happy I have been; happier than in all my life. Oh, my dear, my dear, will you love me so? Don't go away and leave us."

"I would stay with you if I could," he answered. "Be sure I would stay with my beloved friend, and my dear child, and my boy. Be quite assured of that, each one of you. My feet have reached the margin of my life, and I must cross over to that bourne from whence no traveler returns. Would you not have me go bravely to my God?"

"Do you feel worse, father?" Felix asked.
"Not worse, but better," he answered cheerfully. "I see your life in a clearer light, my boy. Ah, Felix, my son, learn thou to despise the shame, do not let it stand in the way of your unselfishness or happiness. It is a lesson far harder to get by heart than most men do. But it is your father's last charge."

He seemed so worn out and weary after this brief conversation that Abby and I left him, for Felix to help him into bed. I kissed him fondly, and as he held out his thin hand to Abby, he whispered with a pitiful, pathetic smile, "Do you kiss me, too, dear friend."

I saw the mingled terror and joy that shone out in Abby's eyes as she stooped down and gave the man she loved a farewell kiss. Then Felix, who had been to the door, and left me to take care of the dying man, returned, and the father and son were left to meet the last hour alone.

For I knew the last hour must be at hand, though Abby did not. We sat over the fire in the Parlor for a time, and heard Felix sing to his father. Then Abby left me, saying she must keep up her strength to nurse him tomorrow. She was sorrowful, though there was a great satisfaction in her heart. As for me, I resolved to share his watch with Felix.

I sat there alone, trembling at the thought of the dreary night, when I had already entered the house. I fancied I could feel the icy chill of his presence. Though I kept lamps lighted

and the logs blazing, I thought darkness triumphed, and a silence as of the grave enfolded me. I crept up the stairs, and, as I listened, I heard the sound, but I dared not interrupt the sacred silence, and went lingeringly down again, pausing on each step in the hope of something; I knew not what. Death was passing by, and could not go without the soul he came for.

How long that night lasted. At length the wintry dawn began to show itself in the gray sky, and then I heard Felix come out of the Parlor chamber. And soon there were those sounds about the house which told me all was over. I hastened to my room, fearful of her hearing of it from some careless servant. She was asleep, with a smile upon her faded face, but with unexpected calmness to what I had to break to her.

"Leave me, dear Phebe," she said. "I went back to the Parlor's parlor. There was Felix, who had come down from the chamber, and he had thrown himself down upon a chair beside the table, and buried his face in his arms, which were hung across it. He was listening to the movements of the women in the room above, and did not hear me as I softly opened the door and stole to his side. His heart was full of love and pity and reverence for him. I laid my hand on his bowed head.

"Felix?" I cried.
He turned, and stretched out his arms to me. At that moment there and Death. The two greatest of mysteries, disfigure and poverty. Disgrace and glory, riches and poverty, sin itself and expiation all rolled away from us as a scroll that perishes in fire. The world was no longer with us, but we looked through the gates of death, and there streamed from them the light which transforms the life of man.

CHAPTER XXVII.
So Felix Palmer never asked me to be his wife. But in the days that followed we discussed our future life as one that would be spent together. There was a right of sepulture in the old churchyard, where the monks lay buried, within the precincts of the Priory; ground that had been consecrated centuries ago, where our father had been laid to rest. We buried him in it. It was such a quiet, simple funeral as he would have desired. Only his old friend, Mr. Manning, attended it.

This grave made the Priory a sacred spot for us. Perhaps for that Felix might have wished to part with it, for our plan of life would not permit us to make it our constant home, for he and I felt he must stand at the people of East London. The good he had done, and could still do there, was worth any sacrifice. It was true he had never contemplated having a rich wife, but then he had never thought of having a wife at all.

"I shall only be playing at poverty now," he said, with a touch of vexation, "and it is needful to be actually poor to know what can be done and what cannot. You do not know what it is to be uncertain where you will get your next day's meal, when you have money in the bank or friends at your back."

"But you were really poor for ten years," I reminded him.
"Thank God!" he exclaimed. "I had neither silver nor gold to give, and they knew it. I could not give them. Phebe, it is no easy task to work among the poor and outcast."

"There's one thing I want to ask for," said Abby, who was listening to us. "She was wearing the deepest mourning, and I am sure she felt almost the widow of David Palmer."

"I want to live in Churchwarden Street," she continued in a tremulous voice. "I couldn't bear to think that room, printing room, you know, was papered over with common paper. I believe I could get my living by the shop, and I couldn't be so happy anywhere else."

"We will keep the house," I answered. "I should never like any other place in London as well. And nobody will think we are rich people if we live there."

I was often glad to know I had money in my purse. There were many cases in which it was just the help that was needed. Felix sometimes said that his work was hampered by our riches, but he was glad occasionally to draw upon them in having ample means at our disposal.

There were two persons I could help who would otherwise have suffered greatly. These were my stepmother and my friend Mr. Templeton. Our own expense were so simple that we could afford to make their old age more comfortable than it could have been without our help.

Abby never left the house in Churchwarden street; though after a time we moved into a large, old-fashioned dwelling.

A most pitiful sight that a mother and her child, both captives and shackled in the dungeon of death. There are thousands of mothers and their babes who lie shrouded by disease in the dungeon of death.

Without knowing it, or having the faintest comprehension of it, the families with the mother. Too many women enter upon the responsibilities of wifehood and motherhood while suffering from weakness and disease of the delicate and important organs that make wifehood and motherhood possible. A woman who suffers in this way cannot be a capable wife and a competent mother. Before entering upon the duties and responsibilities of these positions, she should see to it that her health, both general and local, is thoroughly restored. Dr. of all medicines for this purpose is the best making them strong, healthy and vigorous. It promotes regularity of the functions, always irritation and inflammation, heals ulceration, checks unnatural and exhausting drains and soothes pain. It tones up the shattered nerves. It turns safety and ease. It is a medicine that is intended for this one purpose only and is good for no other. Dealers sell it and no honest dealer will suggest a substitute.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription did me so much good that today I am well again and I have a baby one year old and as fit as I could wish to see. I took two bottles of Pierce's Favorite Prescription. My Pleasant Pellets in the house all the time. My family take no other kind of pills.

ing, on the outskirts of East London, where the air was better than in the city. But very frequently Felix and I would visit her in the old home, and mount up to the attic, and read the hymns which our father had printed there and pasted on the walls and ceiling. There was to us a sacred atmosphere about the humble place, as if it had been a consecrated cathedral.

Fearful Fate Of Seal-Fishers.

48 Men Frozen to Death on an Ice Floe

And 50 or 60 More Will Lose Some of Their Limbs.

Carried Out to Sea in a Storm of Wind and Snow—Worst Disaster in the History of the Sealing Industry—Names of the Dead.

St. Johns, Nfld., March 27.—The steamer Greenland, returning from the seal fishery, put into Bay de Verde yesterday, and reported a terrible disaster. On Wednesday last, while the crew were traveling about the ice in search of seals, a storm arose, accompanied by a blinding snow, which drifted rapidly, accompanied by a severe frost. The members of the crew who were on the ice could not regain the vessel and were exposed to the terrible weather throughout the night and all the next day. Forty-eight men perished, and between 50 and 60 were badly frost-bitten, and the amputation of one or more of their limbs was inevitable. Yesterday the Greenland succeeded in recovering the bodies of 25 of the victims, but the remaining 23 were buried beneath the snow drifts.

All of the frost-bitten men are now aboard the steamer, and are suffering terribly, having been without proper medical attendance.

From the circumstances of the disaster it is feared that other steamers have suffered in a similar manner. The disaster is the worst recorded in the history of the sealing industry. Most of the victims were from the Greenland.

The Greenland is expected to arrive here today, and the government is making preparations for the accommodation of the frost-bitten men. The steamer is lying off Bay de Verde.

SCENE OF THE CATASTROPHE.
Bay de Verde is a small harbor opening on Conception Bay, Newfoundland. So far the details of the disaster are meagre, but they show the story to be one of the most agonizing ever brought to light by a sea-going vessel.

THE DISASTER.
The disaster occurred Tuesday night. The Greenland crew, consisting of about 300 men—trained seal hunters—were on the ice, and the sealing grounds on March 1. The first three weeks of the present voyage were disastrous. The ice was so thick and so dangerous that the sealers were scarce. Last Tuesday their luck changed. The Greenland skirting the edge of a vast field of thick ice, saw a section of which immense herds of seals were disputing.

As the Greenland approached the seals, the crew got on to the ice, and the work of killing and securing their prey began, and continued all through the day.

OVERTAKEN BY DARKNESS.
As the Greenland approached the seals, the crew got on to the ice, and the work of killing and securing their prey began, and continued all through the day.

ADRIFF.
The alarm spread quickly, but the danger had been realized too late. The ice was on the main field, which stretched for miles behind them. Darkness was shutting down, and they were hardly able to find their way. The Greenland, which was some distance from the ice, from the story that comes to Halifax it appears that the crew of the Greenland also failed to discover the danger that had befallen part of her crew until it was too late.

TOO LATE
to render them any assistance. It is supposed that they did not know of the breaking away of a part of the field ice, and intended picking up all the men as she moved along.

THE STORM BEGAN THEM.
With the closing in of night a storm burst, and the high wind carried them swiftly away from the only help that was near at hand. The lusty throats of the hardy sealers almost burst with the frantic shouts they raised to bring assistance from their ship. For an hour they were on the ice, and the Greenland, who had mounted into the rigging of a schooner to watch the steamer, fell to her way through the tempest-beaten sea, searching vainly in the darkness to locate the drifting ice-floe. Perhaps the Greenland had the cries could be heard, for she

FAILED TO FIND THE HELPLESS MEN.
though the search was continued unceasingly till morning.

Piercing cold added its horrors to the crowd adrift on the open sea. Rain came in a pitiless downpour. Their clothing froze to their bodies, and they cast themselves on the ice in despair. As night advanced a terrible gale was blowing. Then the ice-floe began to separate into small sections, in which were anywhere from a score to half a hundred men, who by this time were perishing from the frightful exposure. They kept up their calls for help, but all in vain.

A NIGHT OF TERROR.
Those who managed to keep their feet wandered continuously over the ice in the vain hope of reaching help. They feared succor to those whom they feared were dying, and some of those who survived made their lives to the efforts made to keep in motion and prevent the blood from freezing in their bodies. No pen can picture the awful suffering of those on the drifting floe.

THE LAST WEEK IN CHRIST'S LIFE

portrays The Man, in His last hours, suffering as men do.

It is written by Amory H. Bradford, D.D., and accompanied by a wonderfully beautiful drawing by W. L. Taylor.

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shows a particularly fascinating series of sweet child faces gathered by the JOURNAL for those of you who love to look at them.

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entitled "Baby's Fairland," appears in the Easter number—both words and music.

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