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THE GUARDIAN'S MYSTERY;

Rejected for Conscience's Sake. BY CHRISTINE FABER.

XXXVII.

XXXVII.

It had come. The fate that Mallaby had been so sickeningly expecting, the mysterious something that Miss Hammond had been dreading, and it was a charge of murder, a murder said to have been committed by Matthias Mallaby in California twenty years before. That much knowledge Mallaby could no longer conceal from his ward, and that much knowledge made her frantic with the thought if what Mallaby had told her in the past were true, it was her father who was guilty of this crime of murder.

Unmindful of the presence of the officer, who had accompanied them home and who would not leave them until he had his prisoner safely on a westward-bound that we had a second that we had a second to have them until he had his prisoner safely on a westward-bound that we had a second that we were and the second that we had a sec

his prisoner safely on a westward-bound train, she knelt at Mallaby's feet clasping

train, she knelt at Mallaby's feet clasping his knees with her arms, and crying through her streaming tears:

"What shall I say to you? what shall I do for you—I, the daughter of the murderer whom you have so nobly shielded!"

"Hush!" he said, stooping to her and trying to raise her, his face as ghastly as her own, and his voice tremulous and husky.

"They will let me go with you?" she continued, turning with a frightened, questioning glance to the officer, who smiled grimly, but did not answer, at which she bounded to her feet, repeating

wildly:
"They will not prevent my going with

"They will not prevent my going with him, will they?"

"No one can prevent your travelling on the same train, young lady," he answered with a sort of kind evasiveness: but the answer did not satisfy her.

"He is my guardian," she said, with simple touching earnestness, "and it is my father who is guilty; my dead father, to save whose memory, and to save me from the dishonor, Mr. Mallaby let himself be charged with the crime. I must go with him to do as I would do for my father for whose sake he suffers, and to thell those who will try him that he is not the guilty one." the guilty one.'

Mallaby, too much overcome to try to stop her, had buried his face in his hands stop her, had buried his face in his hands, while the detective, touched in spite of himself by the beauty, grief and simplicity of the speaker, answered very kindly:

"If you can prove that on the trial it will be well; but the simple fact of your saying so will not make the jury believe

" But he, Mr. Mallaby, must tell them as he has told me," she said, at which a queer, skeptical expression came for a moment into the detective's face; and moment into the detectives face; and then, remembering suddenly the oath which Mallaby had told her, she turned to him and whispered:

"Are you so bound by that oath that you will not be able to tell everything on

our trial?"
He took his hands from his face and nodded. He could not trust himself to speak. If only he could have uttered one word; but the phantom seemed to stalk between him and the face of his ward, and the lips that once had shrieked after him the very words he had used in the taking of his oath, now seemed to open again as if to curse him did he betray an

Agnes wildly, her eyes streaming with tears; "I shall tell them of your care of me, of your devotion to my father, your long suffering for his sin. I shall touch their hearts—I—" "Then I shall plead to the jury," said

heir hearts—I—"
She could say no more for the sobs tha She could say no more for the sobs that choked her, and she fled to an adjoining room to give vent to her grief in solitude. Mallaby by an unwonted grace, was permitted two days to arrange his affairs, but he was everywhere either accompanied, or shadowed by the officer. Miss Hammond also, with a strength of will that surmounted every emotion and every doubt, made the arrangements for her days the strain of the strain doubt, made the arrangements for her departure. In addition to the strain of her position, she had to bear the impertinent and unfeeling curiosity of the people of the house, for the presence of an officer of the law, having been found out by some means, both she and her guardian were the objects of most trying scrutiny; and, aware of that, she schooled her face into an impassable expression—beyond its pallor it told nothing. But never was her soul so torn by emotions. The daughter of a murderer—well was it beyond its pailor it told nothing. But never was her soul so torn by emotions. The daughter of a murderer—well was it that her engagement with Wilbur had been broken, for, keener than any anguish of her own, would have been the disgrace she would have inflicted upon him: then the prospect of either the extreme penalty of the law, or a life imprisonment for Mallaby to whom she owed so much—oh God! how could she live on and know that he was suffering for her father's crime? And again the horrid doubt that Mallaby might not have told her the truth. If only she could be quite sure of that; would his trial make it clear? would it do anything but prove him guilty of the crime with which he was charged, and so leave her in the same horrid, torturing, awful uncertainty?

What prayers and tears she poured out is ber harried, wisits to the Riessed San.

What prayers and tears the poured out in her hurried visits to the Blessed Sac-tament, and what acts of renunciation he made Mallaby betrayed outwardly as little as

all and the conflicting emotions of his soul. Now that that which he so ong dreaded had really happened, a pressure seemed to be removed, and he would have felt thankful and relieved would have felt thankful and relieved had it not been for Agnes. She was so utterly unprovided for. All the means that he could furnish would pay little more than the expenses of her journey. And he had no friends in California to whom he might intrust her. He groaned when he thought of it. He had tried to induce her to return to Mrs. Denner, whom, despite her faults of curiosity and inquisitiveness, he knew to be kindhearted, and there remain until the end of his trial; but Agnes would listen to nothing save accompanying him. She would earn her living in the west as she earned it in the east, she said, and he was forced to be silent.

Her, threw her arms about her, and content and

vas forced to be silent. Some of the morning papers of the day on the evening of which they were to depart, contained a sensational account of Matthias Mallaby, and his arrest for murdinate the account. Matthias Mallaby, and his arrest for murder. How, or who furnished the account it was difficult to say, for even the officer who attended him, and who couried as much quiet as he could do, seemed to be very much annoyed by it. The writer of the article, however, knew little of Mallaby's antecedents, for nothing was told further than Mallaby had come from Cal-

ifornia to New York, several years ago, and since in his business avocation had borne an unblemished reputation. That article met Mrs. Denner's eye, or rather her ear through her, husband's eye, for he, reading it, told her. She was making sauce for a pudding and she had been carefully managing the ingredients so that they should not depart from the narrow way of the bowl, but, at the news about Mallaby, she let the spoon which she held, flop into the mixture, and sent the latter streaming over the vessel and down on the spotless table.

Another time, and the sight would have harrowed her, both because of the loss of

Another time, and the sight would have harrowed her, both because of the loss of material and the stains that were made; but on this occasion she was too much astonished, and to do her justice, in too much grief for Mr. Mallaby to care about

trifles.

True to her promise to herself when Mallaby left her, she had discovered where he had gone, and when he again changed his residence she managed to find that out also, though she failed to learn the locality of his second removal. The fact, however, of his frequent changes had given her intense satisfaction; it was an indisputable proof of the superiority of her house.

her house

her house.

The article in the paper gave Mallaby's address, and stated that he would start that evening for the West, and those facts determined Mrs. Denner to prompt

action.

"That poor child, Miss Agnes," she said, "may need something I can do for her. I shall get ready this minute and

go to her."

In the natural kindness of her heart she had forgotten her former anger at Miss Hammond's reticent leave-taking when that young lady was going away, not a word having been imparted to satisfy the good woman's devouring curiosity regarding the strangely absent suitor. She tortured herself with conjectures about the sudden cessation of his visits, and at length she felt certain that the departure from her house with Mr. Mallaby and his ward, was due to the breaking of Mr. Wilbur's engagement to Miss Hamand his ward, was due to the breaking of Mr. Wilbur's engagement to Miss Hammond. As everybody in the house knew of that engagement it would be of course too mortifying to the young lady and her guardian to remain after it was broken. Now, as she bustled about her preparations for immediate departure there came to her mind thoughts of the mysterious letters Mallaby used to receive, and later, the mysterious visitor who had the extraordinary privilege of going to Mallaby's room and who remained there so long.

"There was some heavy trouble on h mind," she solilcquized, "but, he's inneent; I know he is, that blessed man and then recurring to the numerous kin nesses of which her children and hersel had been the recipient from him, sh burst into tears, still, however, continuin to soliloquize, but in a manner as if sh were defending Mr. Mallaby from visibl

accusers.
"I tell you he wouldn't hurt a cockroach," she said, trying to make the skirt
of an old-fashioned dress meet round her
of an old-fashioned dress meet pound here. orpulent figure, "much less as kill a nan; why, I've known him to save a half-drowned fly, saying, to let the poor little thing enjoy its life; and then to tell me that he's a murderer—Mr. Mallaby as me that he's a murderer—Mr. Mallaby as is the gentlest, kindest, sweetest, modestest man the Lord ever made, and her tears streamed beyond all control. She was obliged to cover her face with a veil, and thus screened, but with her tears still flowing, she set forth.

Miss Hammond had closed all her entered with the paragraph of her entered to the state of the state o

gagements with the parents of her pupils gagements with the parents of her pupils, and as her engagements were closed before the appearance of the article in the paper, none of them knew the cause. They wondered at the suddenness, and deployed the pagestiv but Mice. deplored the necessity, but Miss Hamdeplored the necessity, but Miss Hammond's own reserved manner seemed to forbid even the proffer of friendship which some of the mothers, in admiration of the music teacher's beauty and accomplishments, might have been disposed to make. The next day, that on which they were to start, Miss Hammond packed her trunk. So far she had endured the strain with a strength and coolness that surprised herstrength and coolness that surprised her-self, but now, when the trunk—the same little modest article that had accompanied her from the convent ready to go into the expressman's arm, a sudden sense of her utter desolation of female friends seemed to overpower her. Most girls had somebody; a mother, sis-

ter, or companion; she had no one. True, she remembered her kind teachers of the Sacred Heart, but in the beginning she had neglected to maintain a correspondence with them, and afterwards she was too proud to reveal to them her humiliations. She threw herself sol. Jing into a chair. Just then there was a knock into a chair. Just then there was a knock at the door, and the tow-headed servant without waiting for a response thrust her fluffy locks within the room.

"There's a lady to see you, Miss, and as she said she was an old friend of yours,

and as the parlor's taken up with men to see that officer, I though you wouldn' mind if I just brought her up—she's ou

Agnes arose in a sort of mute, but in howing a sincere sympathy and grief, and followed the girl to the doorway. Her presence seemed almost like an answer to Miss Hammond's longing for some one, and remembering only the motherly interest which Mrs. Denner, had always tried to show, Miss Hammond rushed to her, threw her arms about her, and con-tinued upon her breast the sobs that had

around the young lady, and said:
"You poor, dear, darling child: it's
little wonder your heart would be broken
—but maybe it won't come out so bad
after all; it's not at the blackest side we

And then they cried together, and it was

you if you wanted a place to stay in when you get there."
And Agnes thankfully accepted the

XXXVIII.

Mrs. Penner made one of the strange little party which, a few hours after her meeting with Agnes, alighted from a cab at the Jersey City ferry-house. The officer, fearing that the notoriety given by the newspaper article might lead to the discovery of their presence and make them objects of morbid observation, hurried his prisoner to the boat in waiting Agnes and Mrs. Denner quickly follow

That their presence was known and had That their presence was known and had been even awaited, was evident from a group of people who followed them from the moment of their alighting from the cab, and who persisted in following and staring until the little party had actually boarded the train. How thankful Agnes was for the companionship of a female, as the ill-mannered and morbid group of spectators, finding that she was with the prisoner, pressed close to her, and even rudely attempted to penetrate beneath her veil. Not a word was spoken until they were on the car and it was time for they were on the car and it was time for Mrs. Denner to go. She had given Miss Hammond the letter she had promised, and now, to avert the scene she felt she would be sure to make, did she begin at

and now, to avert the scene she felt she would be sure to make, did she begin at once to say good-bye, she said instead:

"You will go at once to my sister, dear, and of course, you will write to me how you like San Francisco;" speaking as if Miss Hammond were starting on the mest ordinary journey in the world; but then her eyes fell on Mallaby's drooping figure, the old, familiar umbrella lying across his lap, and she could carry her stoicism no further.

"Oh, Mr. Mallaby!" she cried, stooping towards him, and taking his big, freckled hands in her own:

"You poor, dear, blessed man!"

"It is time for you to go," said the detective, apprehensive of further notice being drawn upon them by the woman's outburst, and Mrs. Denner, having no small fear of this officer of the law, drew back immediately, Mallaby looking at her the gratitude he did not express, and smiling upon her in that touchingly sad manner which, as she expressed it afterward, made her "want to cry her heart out."

Miss Hammond went to the door of the

Miss Hammond went to the door of the car with her, giving her a last embrace on the very platform, and then hurrying to her seat, she saw her still near the track when the engine having shrieked its when the engine having shrieked its warning whistle, the train started on its way. Mrs. Denner could hardly tear herself from the spot even when the cars had whirled entirely out of sight, her heart was so filled with the unhappy travelers. Her grief and sympathy had excluded for the time even her curiosity to know about Wilbur: why his engagement to Miss Hammond had been broken—the young lady had not once mentioned his name. Hammond had been broken—the young lady had not once mentioned his name and Mrs. Denner had been too full of the and Mrs. Denner had been too full of the dear child's present trouble to ask a question about him. Now, however, as she looked along the track over which the train had passed, she thought of him, and stigmatized him as a dastard, "for," she soliloquized, "all this wasn't in the paper without his knowing it, big gentleman as he is, and why, even if the marriage was broken off couldn't he at least come for he is, and why, even if the marris broken off, couldn't he at least co broken off, couldn't he at least come for-ward to ask to do something for her. "The Lord help us! How it's the way of the world to leave us when we're in trouble.

That strange wretched journey! How Inat strange wretched journey! How often during it Agnes recalled the longing of her school days for travel; to behold the scenes of which she read with such interest and delight; now, they whirled by interest and delight, now, they her without arousing a gleam of interest or curiosity. She seemed to herself as she looked listlessly from the car window she should experience the relief of awaking. Objects lost their picturesqueness in the thought of the guilt of her father, the the thought of the games and that Mallaby was suffering for it, and the constant, but futile endeavor to think what she could do in the interest of just-

Though permitted to see Mallaby fre-quently she rarely spoke to him. What quently she rarely spoke to him. Wh could she say that she would have said in the presence of the officer, or that she could say to Mallaby himself at such a time? And he had as little disposition to time? And he had as little disposition to speak; had he trusted himself to do so, his overcharged feelings might have betrayed him into some violation of his oath, and now, that in spite of him, his trial might reveal what he had so solemnly sworn to guard, he was more painfully anxious to have no mark of a broken pledge upon his conscience. He seemed to be wonderfully calm; no trace of agitation, nor anxiety, at any time in his mantion, nor anxiety, at any time in his man-ner, and his eyes, constantly fixed upon the scenes which they passed, with the air of a man engaged in some earnest re-

spection.
As they neared the end of the journey

As they neared the end of the journey he referred with a sort of mourniul satisfaction to the letter of introduction Agnes held to Mrs. Denner's sister.

"She will be kind to you, I am sure," he said, "kind, while I am in prison;" and then his eyes, that had seemed to leave the exterior view in order to seek her face, but which had looked beyond ather than at her, resumed their mourning. ather than at her, resumed their mourn

occupied observation. It was well that on their arrival in that It was well that on their arrival in that utterly strange, unfamiliar city the young woman had a letter of introduction; it was a sort of sheet anchor in the gale of utter desolation that overtook her as the time neared for her parting with Mallaby. He was to be taken immediately to prison, and all that could be done for her was to consign her to the care of the driver of one of the public cabs, giving him instructions where to take her.

"They will let me in to the prison to

"They will let me in to the prison to-morrow to see you?" she asked, address-ing Mallaby, but seeming to expect an answer from the officer, and that person, compassionate from two sources, a nat-urally kind heart, and his sympathy for trany kind neart, and his sympathy for the unprotected girl, answered kindly: "There will be no doubt about that—I shall see that permits are sent to you to enable you to see him, if possible every

"Thank you," murmured with a half sob, for she was trying so hard to keep her tears back, and then she turned en-tirely to Mallaby.

He was standing in his old, familiar at-

titude, his umbrella under his arm, and evidently endeavoring to preserve a sort of indifferent composure, not looking at her but up at the cloudless California

sky.
Taking one of his hands in both of her own, she clasped it very tight.
"I shall go to see you to-morrow, Mr.

Mallaby, and every day—I shall pray for you, I shall think of you and love you for what you have so nobly done; but more than all I shall pray to God to have justice done you."

She had succeeded to the end in controlling all emotion save a slight tremulousness of voice, and for an instant he let his eves meet hers: they had the expression.

his eyes meet hers; they had the expres-sion which recalled the evening in Hubert sion which recalled the evening in Fidner Street; then he looked again towards the sky, and she dropped his hand and turned away. He wondered with a sort of in-ward shiver what change her feelings would undergo when she knew.

XXXXX.

Mrs. Sibly, Mrs. Denner's sister, unlike Mrs. Sibly, Mrs. Denner's sister, uninke Mrs. Denner, was small, slender, pretty and refined-looking. She was a childless widow, having a little means, to which she added by renting furnished rooms. Her quiet manner and neat appearance were in favorable contrast to her sister in the East and they prepossessed and even in East, and they prepossessed and even in a measure refreshed the tired, desolate girl seeking not alone acquaintance but a

She was also kind-hearted and sym-She was also kind-hearted and sympathetic, and having read the letter—an extravagant account of Miss Hammond's many virtues—and having heard Miss Hammond's own brief, simple account of the cause of her presence in California, she seemed to take the young lady to her affections at once, but in an exceedingly quiet and centle manner.

affections at once, but in an exceedingly quiet and gentle manner.

Thus Agnes found herself comfortably domiciled and with the unexpected companionship of a sympathetic friend on her daily journeys to the prison, for Mrs. Sibly would not suffer the young lady to go out alone, even whan the latter became sadly familiar with the route. Then Mrs. Sibly was a devout Catholic, and embraced with the same eagerness that Agnes did, opportunities to visit the Blessed Sacrament, and to pour out before it long, fervent prayers. With Agnes the burden of every petition was, as she that Agnes did, opportunities to visit the Blessed Sacrament, and to pour out before it long, fervent prayers. With Agnes the burden of every petition was, as she had said to her guardian it would be, that justice should be done to him—that every-body should know how he had sacrificed himself, and that it was her father who was guilty. She crushed the thoughts that rose of the obloquy which would attach to her, as the daughter of a murderer, the thrice bitter thoughts of Wilbur's satisfaction in having missed so disgraceful an alliance should he hear the true facts in the case as he could hardly fail to do, when, if the justice she craved were granted, the papers west and east would be full of it. She heroically struggled against every feeling but that which seemed to be her present duty—absolute devotion to Mallaby. Her doubt of him grew less with every visit to his prison-cell—he was so gentle and uncomplaining, so courteously thankful to the officials about him, so calm in his manner at all times. All was a proof. Agnes fficials about him, so calm in his man mer at all times. All was a proof, Agne thought, that the story of his sacrific must be true—it was the consciousness; must be true—it was the consciousness of his innocence which made him thus patient and resigned; were it not so, son agitation of his guilty conscience must be-tray itself. And each time she left him it

opportunity to sacritice herself for The trial began at length—the trial of Francis Forrester, alias Matthias Mallaby, for the murder of Rueben Turner in

with a burning desire to have son

the gold mines in 18—.
Owing to the attention which the press Owing to the attention which the press had been drawing to the case, the court-room was crowded, not a few being ladies, and these concentrated their observation on the slender, veiled figure of Miss Hammond. The papers, according to their sensational wont, had discanted on the devo sational wont, had discanted on the devo-tion which she showed to her guardian, and on her arrival in the court she was im-mediately pointed out. Mrs. Sibly accom-panied her, and the two had places almost directly expected by the pricards.

directly opposite the prisoner.

Confinement had told upon him in the Confinement had told upon him in the case and his big, white, freckled hands seemed to be constantly in uneasy positions as if they missed their usual care, the umbrella. His grizzled hair showed far more white His grizzled hair showed far more white than red, and his brown eyes from the worn palior of his face seemed to have become larger and brighter. For an instant he turned them about the court-room, and Agnes, feeling that they were in search of her, threw up her veil and met them. Malleby spiled in regronge—a smile of such laby smiled in response—a smile of such unutterable kindness and gratitude, her tears came and she hastened to cover her

face again. That first day consisted of little mo than impanelling the jury. On the next, the prisoner pleaded "Not guilty." "Thank God!" said Agnes, beneath her veil, She had feared that his sacrifice

veil, She had feared that his sacrifice would go even to the extent of accusing himself in court of the crime.

Then the examination of the witnesses against the accused commenced, and the first one called was Nathan Kellar. Agnes started and threw up her veil

It was he, the mysterious acquaintance of her guardian, and he took his place with a brisk step in the witness stand, with a brisk step in an additional tooking as large, portly, and flashily and expensively dressed as when she has seen him in New York. His manne was that of confidence and triumph com was that of confidence and drupp con-bined; he had even the effrontery when, having ascended to his place he stared quickly, but cooly around the court-room, to bow slightly to Miss Hammond. Suc colored with indignation and dropped her

veil.

The substance of his testimony was, that twenty-three years before he had met the prisoner, Francis Forrester, in New York. Forrester had just arrived from England, and was anxious to make a fortune in America. He, Kellar, in company with a cousin since dead, induced him to accompany them to California intending that all three should try their luck in the gold mines. But, Forfornia intending that all three should try their luck in the gold mines. But, For-rester becoming ill in San Francisco, re-mained there. Two years after, Forrest-er, accompanied by Rueben Turner, went to the mines, and meeting again with Kellar and Kellar's cousin, resumed his acquaintace with them. The four became close companions, the companionship being marred alone by the frequent quar-rels between Forrester and Turner. The quarrels seemed to spring out of some in-explicable dislike of Turner entertained by Forrester, and were always provoked by the latter; that on one occasion, he, Kellar, and his cousin were obliged to in-terfere to save Turner from the summary wrath of Forrester; that on that occas Forrester was heard to say he would fix Turner some day. That, on a certain night, when Kellar, and the deceased cousin of the latter, and Turner, were sitting together playing cards, Forrester sud-denly drew a pistol on Turner; that Turdenly drew a pistol on Turner; that Turner iell, exclaiming:

"Forrester has killed me!" and that at which builds a solid foundation for health in pure, rich blood—Hood's Sarsaparilla.

the moment of his fall and exclamation, another of the miners had come upon the scene, a man named Wildred Everley. That Kellar's cousin having conceived a liking for Forrester, and now pitying him because of the consequences that would ensue from his crime, insisted to have it given out that the murdered man. ensue from his crime, insisted to have it given out that the murdered man had committed suicide; that he induced Kellar, despite the latter sconscientious protest, to consent to the plan. That Everley also was won to the same view. That the plan was fully carried out. Everybody supposed that Reuben Turner, from his despondency at his ill luck, had committed suicide. That Kellar and his cousin accompanied Forrester when the latter took the body of his victim to San Francisco there to be interred by rela-Francisco there to be interred by rela

That Kellar and his cousin waited for That Keilar and his cousin wated for the interment. That they then parted with Forrester and went East and after some time went to Australia. That con-scientious scruples had not ceased to tor-ment Kellar, but that they were always temporarily allayed by his cousin's com-passionating arguments. That on one occasion, about eight years after the mur-der leving business which recalled him der, having business which recalled him for a short time to New York, he met Forrester, the latter having assumed the name of Mallaby, and admitting to Kellar that he had assumed it in order to con-ceal his identity should any question ever arise of his part in the shooting of Reuben Turner

That Keliar returned to Australia, and lived there with his cousin nearly years, when his cousin died. That ar's conscientious scruples regarding the murder, tormented him anew, and having murder, tormented him anew, and having no one to allay them as formerly, they kept increasing in vigor, until they com-pelled him to return again to New York and seek Forrester, or Mallaby. That he did so, and frankly told what had brought

That Mallaby defied him, saying that That Manaby defice him, saying make the lapse of so many years would make it difficult to prove the murder. That Kellar's testimony alone would not be sufficient, and that the man named Everley, who had heard Reuben Turner's last exclamation, might be dead, or in some other way not accessible.

other way not accessible.

That Kellar, having seen in the papers occasional mention of John Turner, a rich and influential Californian, he conceived him to be the brother of the murdered man, and the same whom he had met in the home of Reuben Turner on his first visit to San Francisco, though at that time John Turner was a mere youth TO BE CONTINUED.

HOLY WATER.

The first thing one notices on entering every well-regulated Catholic church or chapel is a vessel of holy water. To the Catholic instructed in the practices of his religion, that vessel of water is a thing of solema significance. For that water was blessed with solemn rites by Church, to the end that those who use it in the proper spirit may be benefited thereby. Water, the symbol of purification, and salt, the symbol of wisdom and incorruption, are exercised that the spirit of evil may have no more power over them. prayers are said invoking b upon these elements and upon all who shall use them piously; and, finally, the salt and water are mingled in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost.

Now, this holy water is placed at doors of our churches to remind us of the purity of heart with which we should present ourselves in God's house, and to excite in our hearts, with the help of God's grace, ments of sorrow for our sins and shortcomings. Weenter into the sacramental presence of the Most Holy to offer to Him the homage of our hearts. We should never forget to sprinkle ourselves with the blessed water in the name of the Trinity and in the spirit of the publican who said, nerciful to me a sinner.

The Church, for fear we might be thoughtless about the matter, directs hat the faithful be sprinkled with holy water by the priest before High Mass She wants to impress on on Sundays. us the necessity of innocence of heart in those who are going to assist at the clean oblation of the New Law. The priest recites or the choir sings, as the case may be, a verse taken from the of the Psalms, "Thou wilt sprinkle me with hyssop and I shall be cleansed wilt wash me and I shall Thou be made whiter than snow. ceremony, so solemn and so beau tiful, dates back a thousand y Again these same words, which said as a preparation for the I Mass, are appointed to be said clergy when they go to the hou the faithful to administer the ments of Holy Eucharist and Extra Unction, in order that all present, and especially the sick person, may be reminded of the holiness that becomes those who assist at the ceremony Many of the older generation of Cath olics, who took rather more interest than their children do in familiarizing themselves with the rites of the Church, have the edifying practice of repeating the "Asperges" in English when the holy water is cast upon them. It ought not to be necessary to say that in every Catholic house there sho be a supply of blessed water, and that it should moreover be kept clean and Such vessels in an appropriate vessel. be had at a trifling expense can now If you are pious Catholics you will

her prayers avail much. Starving Children. Thousands of well-fed children are starving simply because their food is not of the right kind. They are thin, pale and delicate. Scott's Emulsion will change all this. It gives vim and vigor, flash and force.

sprinkle yourselves on going to bed

and rising, in time of temptations and

in sickness. Don't be afraid of being

thought superstitious because of these

practices. Remember that the Church

has prayed for those who use holy

water in the spirit of faith and that

CONVERTSE; AND BORN; CATHO-LICS Some Useful Letsons Drawn From a Publication of the Former's Grievnces. We have received a very large number of letters from converts, giving their experience since they entered

the Church, says the Liverpool Catho-

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lic Times. Some few writers have ex-pressed surprise and regret that we should have allowed complaints from converts to be published in our col-We can only say that we have done it purposely and from a settled view the space devoted to correspondence in a newspaper cannot be better employed than in ventilating grievances. If the grievances are legitimate there is a probability of redress when they are made known, and even if they cannot be redressed it is well to remember they are less dangerous and trying when they are no longer, so to speak, beneath the surface. If the grievance are groundless and mere fictions of the imagination, then they are convinc ingly exposed, and those who have entertaining them are led to abandon them. But in any case it is not our business to pro duce false impressions by painting rosy pictures and ignoring everything which is distasteful. That, in ou opinion, would be an absolutely bale Converts coming into th ful course. Church might form to themselves th conviction that they were taking thei place amongst people who were almost free from human imperfections, an when they discovered that the tru state of affairs was by no means who they had believed it to be there would undoubtedly be a strong reaction i their minds. Better is it conver should recognize that Catholics, lil non Catholics, fall far short of the hig standard of conduct laid down by the religion, that they have their weak nesses and imperfections, and the some show a remarkable insensibili to the precepts and beauties of the creed they profess. Catholics are fact much like other folk around the so far as mere external acts are co But we think that, on the whole, t

testimony of converts is creditable the born Catholics. They are, as rule, genuinely kind, and besid bearing their own trials with patie resignation to the Divine will, glad afford to their neighbors such practi sympathy as they can tender. this various correspondents bear ness. The converts, on their pa are, according to the statements of majority of our correspondents, c spicuous for fervor and zeal, and bri with them into the Church many qu ities which must powerfully tend to advantage. But the corresponde rightly considered conveys a few u ful lessons to both born Catholics converts. In the first place, the b Catholics should always bear in m that converts living in a new att phere and amidst new surround! are sometimes peculiarly sensit Having done that which is always be deemed heroic-having renour the creed in which they were brot up and sacrificed worldly prospects the purpose of following Christcertainly have a right to expect they will be received by Catholics gladness and sympathy, and we pleased to observe from the unanit testimony of converts who have wr to us that this kindness; they invari meet with from the clergy.

The laity have not been so uni ally helpful. But it cannot be for ten that Catholics are only a minority in this country, and th every day life many of them fe would not be right to draw distinct between Catholics and non-Cath Moreover, whilst converts deserve than can possibly be done to con sate them for their sacrifices, it v be a misfortune if through the that the path of life was made ea them unworthy people without a That there are not man would thus abuse the forms of rewe are firmly persuaded, but e

few might do much mischief. Again, born Catholics are pe too much inclined to disapprove converts' energy with regard to caffairs. Now it is certain that energy to be effective should be exercised, but under any stances it is a sign of interest in ion and even when it goes l the bounds of discretion show patiently borne with. Indeed it be no small blessing if it could solution of a difficulty causes causes grave inconvenience this country—the difficulty of br the members of the various con tions into close touch and syr with one another. But it is culty in the Church of Engla well as in the Catholic Churc it is to be feared it will only dis gradually with the disappears class distinctions and the grow sense of the dignity of human

Meanwhile every effort sho made by pastors and people to the isolation felt by converts an who become members of congre where they have no personal It is, we believe, no exagger say that there are some district a man may frequent the service Church from year's end to ye without being spoken to by Catholic, except perhaps the He may possess ideas and acc ments which might be used wi profit for the advancement of but no one suggests that the used, and they go to waste. to us that both born Catholics verts should unite in carr

some broad scheme for puttin