

A Veteran's Voice

Gives High Praise to Hood's for Health

Blood Purified—Strength Built up—Tobacco Habit Cured.

Many a veteran of the war, whose health was wrecked by wounds, exposure and privation, has found in Hood's Sarsaparilla just the tonic and blood reviving effects he needed.

"Dear Sirs: On account of the great benefit Hood's Sarsaparilla has been to me, I gladly write this, that others similarly afflicted may learn of the success of the medicine in my case and a positive cure for them. I had been

A Physical Wreck

since 1864, and had also been a constant smoker for 25 years. My wife purchased the first bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and I commenced to take it more to please her than anything else.

A Power of Good

physically, and I feel like a new and free man. Previously, I had tried a good many different times to stop smoking, and to regain my health, but I was unable to accomplish the former, so that my attempt for the latter was each time a failure.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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ALCOHOLISM—THE LIQUOR HABIT.

A new home treatment, known as the "Dyke Cure"

This is a purely vegetable medicine taken by the mouth, and can be taken without the knowledge of any other person.

A Claim

AND An Offer

WE CLAIM there is only one preparation in Canada to-day that is guaranteed to cure BRONCHITIS, and that is DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINSEED AND TURPENTINE.

Many cases in this city have been cured since August last, and only such families can truly appreciate the great happiness they now enjoy.

A WOMAN OF FORTUNE

By CHRISTIAN REID. Author of "Armine," "Philip's Restoration," "The Child of Mary," "Heart of Steel," "The Land of the Sun," etc., etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"I MUST GO."

When Cecil so violently withdrew her hand from his, and with bitter words of reproach left him, Tyrconnel flung himself into a chair, and leaning his face down on a table beside him, remained silent and motionless for a long time—so long a time that Kathleen at length, going to his side, bent over him.

"O Gerald!" she exclaimed, "can you forgive me for being the cause of so much suffering to you? I who would endure any suffering myself to spare you! Oh, to think that I should have brought this wretchedness upon you!"

He lifted his head, and looked at her with surprise. "You!" he said. "My dear sister, what can you mean? How have you—"

"How have I caused your unhappiness?" she interrupted, in a miserable voice. "By bringing you into this association, which has proved so fatal to your peace. Ah, if only I had avoided instead of cultivating her friendship, as an instinct from the first warned me to do! I knew—Gerald, when you returned, and told us of that accident at sea, you mentioned her very slightly, but I fancied that you loved her even then."

"Yes, even then," he said—"from the first moment I saw her, I think. And that night when we were so near death, and she asked me to take her on deck if the vessel was foundering, God forgive me if I almost hoped that might be the end, and thought that I could gladly go down into those icy depths with my arms clasped around her. No!"—as a slight sob from Kathleen caught his ear—"I did not forget you, my poor darling, or my mother. I thought that my death might be the best solution of all the trouble, for you as well as for myself. But God willed otherwise. And to the difficulties that already beset me there was added the rendering of my heart in parting from her—in feeling that under other circumstances I might perhaps have won her love; that if I could have permitted my heart to appeal to her—"

He paused with a deep, long drawn breath, and was silent for a moment; then suddenly becoming aware that Kathleen had sunk to her knees, and was looking at him with all her soul in her eyes, he rose hastily, lifted her from her lowly position, and half carrying her to her chair beside the fire, drew another close to it, sat down, and went on, in the tone of one pouring out the fulness of his heart:

"The pain and trouble I had to endure on reaching home—the sordid cares, the miserable scenes with my mother, even the seeing you, poor child of bitterness and contention that made your life sad—would have been yet worse than if they were had not this other pain dwarfed their importance and dulled their edge. I often looked at you, and thanked God that, as your life was, it was exempt from the sharp suffering that was gnawing at my heart."

"You suffered so much then! And how much worse it is now!" said Kathleen, in a despairing tone. "Oh, that I had never met her! Oh, that I had not fallen ill and brought you here to be made miserable!"

"I am not miserable now," he answered. "I am happy—inexpressibly happy. Can you not understand?" he continued, in reply to her look of astonishment. "She loves me—I you heard her say it. "She loves me!"

"Yes," responded Kathleen, "I heard her say it. But she left you in anger—with cold and cruel words."

"No; they were words of just reproach. I do not resent them. I ought indeed to have known her better. I will never doubt her again."

"And you think there is hope of reconciliation?" cried the girl, eagerly. "I think so—I think she will forgive me. But even if she does not, it will not be as it was before. She loves me—I know it now; and, egotist that I am, I cannot but rejoice in the knowledge."

"Thank God for that! And you will not go to morrow, then?"

"I must go. There is no choice for me there. But I will see her before I go. A single glance will tell me whether she has forgiven my selfish

pride. If she has not, I must wait patiently; if she has, I will write to her."

"But you must go?"

"I must go."

And he did so—though, unfortunately, he missed seeing Cecil before leaving, as he found no one but Miss Marriott at home when he called. That young lady did her best to induce him to remain and see Mrs. Severn and Miss Lorimer, but in vain.

"I am expecting them in every moment," she said; "and they will be so sorry if they miss seeing you."

"I am more than sorry that I cannot wait," he returned, with evident sincerity; "but I shall lose my train if I do, and it is very important to me to get off to day. Railroad trains like time and tide, you know, wait no man."

He went away, after saying everything of social acknowledgment in his own graceful and cordial manner; leaving a vivid picture in Miss Marriott's memory of his dark, clear-cut face, air of distinction, and the peculiarly attractive smile she had always remarked and admired so much.

But this smile vanished from his eyes the moment he found himself alone. He felt very sharply the disappointment of having failed to meet Cecil; and his spirits, which had been so unwontedly hopeful the evening before, were proportionately depressed now—the inevitable doubt of the lover returning upon him with full force and as it were, double intensity. It was consequently with a very heavy heart and sombre countenance that he stepped into his train, and was whirled away from the bright presence which had shed over his life the only sunshine it had ever known.

Grace Marriott sighed and sighed again with a sort of impatient irritation after he left her. "It is unaccountable: I do not understand it," she thought, as she had often thought before since first observing the estrangement between her friend and this man, about whom there was to her, so wonderful a fascination. "He is making a great mistake in leaving without seeing Cecil. I am afraid they are both making a mistake which will be a lifelong regret to them."

Her face was very grave when, a few minutes later, she looked up at the announcement of another visitor, and there was an expression on it that rather startled that intruder, as he felt himself to be.

"I hope you will pardon me," he said—it was Craven—"for coming up when I was told you were not receiving. I met Mrs. Severn and Miss Lorimer half an hour ago, and hearing that you were unwell this morning, I called merely to leave this book that we were speaking of the other day." He produced a volume from his pocket and laid it down on a table, while continuing, "But as I was entering I met Tyrconnel, who said he had just left you, and I hoped I too might be permitted the privilege of a slight visit."

"Oh, certainly," she replied, but there was a slight shade of embarrassment in her manner. "I had a headache this morning, but it has almost left me now. Thank you so much for this book—taking it up from where he had placed it. "I have been wanting to see it."

There was a moment of silence as she turned over the pages of the book; and he watched her face, until, becoming suddenly conscious that the situation was growing rather awkward, he recalled his wandering thoughts and remarked:

"So Tyrconnel is leaving Rome?"

"Yes. He must have been summoned home quite urgently," she answered.

"I am puzzled," said Craven. "It strikes me that he went away with his flag at half-mast, and I should like to know the reason why."

"What suggested such an idea to you?" asked Grace. "He seemed to me to be looking very well this morning, and quite in his usual spirits."

"So he seemed when speaking to me," replied Craven. "But I happened to catch a glimpse of his face before he was aware of my presence, and I never saw a more sad countenance. It changed at once to his ordinary expression when his eye caught mine."

"That was how he looked when we saw him first—sad and depressed," said Grace. "No doubt he is feeling now as he felt then—a great dread of returning to Ireland, and all the troubles he must encounter the moment he gets there."

"Do you think that is the only cause of his depression?" Craven inquired, dryly.

She hesitated, then said, reluctantly: "I think he is very much in love with Cecil."

"Of that there can be no question," responded her companion. "And if it be permissible to say such a thing of a lady, I think she is in love with him. Why, therefore, so abrupt a departure on his part, and such an effort on her side to appear in uncommonly good spirits?"

Grace shook her head. "I never in my life knew two people who seemed to me to have less nonsense about them than Cecil and Mr. Tyrconnel," she said; "and yet I cannot but suspect that one or both of them must have acted very foolishly, or they would not be parting in this way. I have thought ever since we first met Mr. Tyrconnel that they were born for each other."

"As to that I don't know," said Craven. "But I have thought ever since I heard of him and his embarrassed estate that there was a use to which Miss Lorimer might apply her superfluous thousands with advantage.

And after seeing the man himself I am still more of that opinion."

"I am sure his mother and sister would agree with you if they knew of her thousands, tens of thousands, millions. I suppose you are aware that she has five or six millions?"

"Ah?—so much as that?" said Craven. "No, I did not know the amount of her fortune. It was by chance that I came to hear of all of her being an heiress."

"It is one of her peculiarities," remarked Grace, "that she does not like her wealth known or talked about. She made my brother and myself promise that we would not mention it to any one. She has a horror of being annoyed by fortune-hunters."

"Perhaps Tyrconnel does not know of her wealth, and, feeling that he cannot afford to marry, has taken himself out of the way of temptation," observed Craven, smiling at the recollection of De Vrac's admirable prudence under similar circumstances.

"It is much more probable that he does know of it, and for this reason has taken himself out of the way of temptation," exclaimed Miss Marriott, with hasty warmth.

"I meant no imputation on his disinterestedness, I assure you," said her companion, with a laugh. "But do you really think it would be commendable in him to refrain from offering himself to Miss Lorimer, when he is so obviously in love with her, because she happens to be rich?"

"Certainly not. But I think it might be characteristic in him to hesitate—to dislike even the appearance of being mercenary in his motives. I can very well understand that a man of his stamp might feel in this way."

"Yes. He is typically Irish in his nature—and, in its best sense, that means generous and uncalculating. If he did not have a very clear brain he might be as Quixotic as Miss Lorimer herself. But he is practical, though a little of a dreamer, I judge. I like him very much," he added, in a tone of unusual warmth. "In fact, it is a long time since I have met a man who pleased me in every respect so much."

Grace looked up with a smile from her occupation of idly tossing over the pages of the book that now lay open on her lap, and said: "I like him so much that I have wished all along that Cecil would marry him. But I am afraid there is no hope of it now."

"Impossible to conjecture," said Craven. "At present there is a hitch somewhere or somehow, but time may straighten that. One view of the matter which has occurred to me is that Miss Lorimer may have been avoiding his proposal, until becoming discouraged, and taking it for granted that she wished to spare him the pain of rejection, he has withdrawn without speaking."

"I scarcely think that probable," said Grace, thoughtfully. "They have been a great deal together since Kathleen's recovery. He surely had opportunity to speak if he wished to do so."

"I thought I observed that she had been avoiding him for some days past," replied Craven. "You must have noticed that?"

"I have noticed a great constraint between them, but what the meaning of it is I cannot conceive."

"Sometimes women do act in this way," Craven went on, pursuing his own train of thought. "I am not alluding to the intentional evasions and artifices practised by coquettes for the gratification of their vanity. I mean—he spoke gravely and deliberately—"that it is a mistaken kindness to refuse to let a man hear his fate in tones, even if it is to be adverse to his hopes. You must be aware that for some time past I have wished to ask mine. I have not very much to offer which you may think worth your acceptance—a moderate fortune with tastes and habits of life that would, I believe, suit your own, and a very sincere admiration, a very earnest love. Is it worth while to offer you these things?"

She hesitated to speak, but the expression of her countenance so plainly answered the question in the negative, that Craven's face lost a shade of color.

"I see that there is no hope for me," he said. "I feared—I might have known—that it would be so. Forgive me for having pained you uselessly. Good-by."

At the last word he rose, and glancing toward him, Grace was so struck by the sudden change in his appearance that she exclaimed, impulsively: "Do you really care so much? Oh, I am sorry! I wish—"

A vivid blush dyed her cheek and brow, and a look of doubt, which Craven was quick to detect, came into her eyes.

"You wish you could love me?" he suggested. "Are you sure that you could not—if you tried?"

"I am sure that if I tried and succeeded I should be departing from my ideal of what would make me happy, of what I have always meant my life to be," she replied. "My dream has always been to devote myself to art."

He approached the couch on which she was sitting, and placed himself beside her as he said gently:

"Dreams are well enough in their way, but they are very unsubstantial, very unsatisfying after a time. I do not say that there are not people in the world who may be contented with them, but I don't think you, any more than myself, are of the number."

"How can you tell what would content me?" she asked, in a low tone.

"You may not be aware of it, but I am a very close observer of character," he replied; "and am not often mistaken in my judgment. I have found. I have done more than ob-

serve your character—I have studied it; and I am convinced that, while you love art sincerely, the studio of a painter and the salons of society would not very long continue to satisfy all the requirements of your nature. After early youth, the heart as well as the head asks something of life. And sometimes a realization of this truth comes very suddenly, perhaps too late. It had but just begun to dawn on my mind when I came to Rome, and unexpectedly met my fate."

"And I," she said, with a half laugh, "came to study art—"

"And," he interposed, "to meet yours—may I hope?"

She shook her head. "I dare not give you any such assurance as that."

"But you do not forbid me to hope?" he said, his face clearing visibly. "So here I rest my case. Take a week, a month, even, if you insist, a year, to decide whether you will not share with me the life you have dreamed of, instead of pursuing it alone."

TO BE CONTINUED.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

Sacred Heart Review.

Strong drink is the devil's way to man, and man's way to the devil.

Whisky fills a hundred thousand homes with misery, and is poisoning the blood of the generations.

At a temperance meeting, where several related their experiences, a humorous Irishman who spoke was acknowledged to be the chief speaker.

He had on a pair of fine new boots. Said he: "A week after I signed the pledge I met an old friend and he said: 'Them's a fine pair of boots you have on.' 'They are,' says I, 'and by the same token 'twas the saloon-keeper who gave them to me.' 'That was generous of him,' says he. 'It was,' says I, 'but I made a bargain with him. He was to keep his drink and I was to keep my money. My money bought me these fine boots. I got the best of the bargain, and I'm going to stick to it.'"

How can anybody doubt that there is a devil and know that there is such a place as a drunkard's home?—Ran's Horn.

Of all the papers in public institutions of Massachusetts three out of every four, according to the Bureau of Statistics, were addicted to the use of liquor, and nearly one-half had intemperate parents.

The sages of antiquity were not insensible to the madness of intoxication. Some prohibited all cups beyond three—the first for health, the second for cheerfulness, the third for sleep. Lycurgus forbade every man to drink more than what was strictly necessary for satisfying the thirst: by the laws of Athens, an archon convicted of drunkenness was condemned to death; and Pittacus decreed that a crime under the influence of liquor could be doubly punished. The prudence of the Romans, who, to inspire their children with disgust, sometimes made their slaves drunk, is well known. To drink on an empty stomach was regarded as gross intemperance.

True Moral Strength.

It is not only unmanly, says Charles Follen Palmer in "Inebriety," but mean spirited, for the intemperate man to declare that, although he is weak on the one point of getting drunk, he is especially strong on other temptations; that, although he gives way to inebriety, he does not do so in other vices, such as gambling, lying, stealing, taking undue advantage of another in a bargain, scandal-mongering, bearing false witness, adultery, and the like. He deceives himself and attempts to deceive others when he says so, for he knows that he does not exercise any strong force of moral resistance to these, and that the reason he does not yield to them is because he has no strong tendencies or inclinations in such directions. If they possessed one-half the power over him that drink does, he would yield to every one of them.

There is no manliness in adhering to virtues which are in harmony with the disposition—no moral advancement whatever; for it might be harder to gamble than not to gamble, to take advantage of another than not do so, to commit adultery than to subdue the prudent fear of consequences, to steal than not to steal.

The truth is that he will exhibit greater moral strength in fighting against his one great temptation—drink—than in any other direction, and it is in this one direction that his restoration to the full stature of man is to come.

The temperance zealot, lacking the appetite or desire for liquor, may be much less the man, as far as drink goes, than the inebriate who resists his craving for drink five times out of ten; and so it is with every virtue in the calendar. We are only strengthened, developed, and made rightful claimants and possessors of the title and dignity of manhood by our successful fightings with every form of weakness.

A large number of men and women go through life with the credit of being manly men and moral women, who have never had a temptation sufficiently strong and potent for a kitten not to resist on the score of impropriety, and who yet fail to resist even these.

When you are weak, tired and lifeless, you need to enrich and purify your blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Grover C. Connelly, of Richmond Corners N. B., says of Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure: "I am pleased I used Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. I had it in a very severe form for nearly five years. I used several so-called cures, but got no relief. None of them did me any good. One box of Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure completely cured me.

A PREACHER'S PRAISE.

"Coming up from Italy," writes Rev. Dr. Fields, a Protestant preacher, in the *Evangelist*, "I had to cross the Alps, and having an American friend as a companion, we walked over the Simplon Pass, on the very top of which is the hospice, where the monks spend their lives amid eternal snows, that they may rescue lost travelers. One night we slept in the convent and when in the morning we parted from our kind hosts I could not feel that we were in a condition to compare ourselves with them as to which were the better Christians. Such devotion I have found all over the world. Away off on the other side of the globe, coming from the Island of Java to Singapore, the most southern point of Asia, I observed sitting on the upper deck a Catholic priest, and, approaching him as a stranger, I spoke to him in French, asking him the question which would have been the first addressed to an American missionary: "When are you going to return home?" To which I received an answer which I never heard before: "Jamais! Never! Never! He had given his life to the service of the Church and of his Divine Master."

"There is another reason why we should have a care how we disparage the Catholic priests, namely that some day, not so far off in the next century, we may have to call upon them for help against political and social dangers. The late Prof. Roswell D. Hitchcock has often said to me that the time might come when the Roman Catholic Church would prove the greatest bulwark and safeguard against the socialism and communism which have been imported into our country from abroad. That is what all Europe is afraid of at this moment—a cataclysm not from above, but from beneath: an earthquake that will yawn so wide and so deep as to swallow up civilization itself! If such destruction sweeps over the Old World, it will not be long in crossing the ocean to the New. Let us be on our guard that we do not break down any strong barrier against it!"

On Marrying Rich.

The preacher of the recent retreat for the Children of Mary, at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Boston, spoke a little in his closing discourse, on the subject of vocations. This, for the benefit of the younger members.

"For those who are thinking of getting married," he said, "I have one serious counsel—Don't marry in poverty."

A profound sensation was evident among his hearers. One young woman afterwards confessed that she had with lightning-like rapidity run up the list of well to do young men in her circle, and dismayed at its brevity, was marvelling how she could follow the good Father's advice.

A practical woman, older in years, admitted that, waiting no qualification she considered this advice the very cream of common-sense.

But there was a qualification; and before the ultra-romantic folk had recovered from the shock which broke so coldly on their dream of love in a cottage, the preacher was explaining that spiritual poverty was the danger to be avoided.

He would have the young woman utilize for her soul the comparative freedom and leisure of her maidenhood—frequent Sacraments, daily Mass, attendance at sermons, all manner of works of piety and charity which her condition permits; in a word, she should form a strong spiritual character, and lay up to her account in Heaven a great store of spiritual merit.

Then she is like a woman with a large bank account to draw upon during the days sure to come when she cannot accumulate merit in the same way. For, except in very unusual cases, the married woman cannot attend the sacraments as frequently as she did during her maidenhood.

Happy the young woman who has been spiritually provident, and who finds that her husband has been equally wise. But even if she marry a man who has not been devout, she can do much for both; and this is true, even if she marry a non-Catholic. It is assumed, of course, in this latter case that she does it with all the required safeguards.

In these cases, the husband may be said to live on his wife's spiritual riches. For her sake, in answer to her prayers, grace is given him, and, as in the time of St. Paul, the believing wife sanctifies the unbelieving husband.—Boston Pilot.

Officials Made to Pay Their Debts.

The new charter of San Jose will provide that no man be retained as an employe of the city who does not pay his debts. This provision is a practical way of saying that without private integrity there cannot be public efficiency, measuring service as it ought to be measured. A man untrue to himself, as is a shiftless debtor, cannot be expected not to break faith in some way with the community.

Thousands are suffering excruciating misery from that plague of the night, Itching Piles, and say nothing about it, for fear of delicacy. All such will find an instant relief in the use of Chase's Ointment. It never fails.

THE BRIGHTEST FLOWERS must fade, but young lives endangered by severe coughs and colds may be preserved by DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL. Croup, whooping cough, bronchitis, in short all affections of the throat and lungs, are relieved by this sterling preparation, which also remedies rheumatic pains, sores, bruises, piles, kidney difficulty, and is most economic.

BY KAT

The spring comes slowly. A little nearer ever.

The blackbird's first roundelay at Good luck, as of the

In kirtle all of green. The spring comes slowly. She has delicious. But will not answer. Nor haste her sea. The spring comes slowly. To make the world

THE AN

How the Arch

The "First Anglicans is for an impartion on the encyclical bishops, in representation Apostolic letters of the XIII., writes correspondent. Since the thirion, the Church lished no such consider the i matter of the animates and sacred fire.

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add, perhaps to show their the Church of it is its privi Anglicanism the admittion councils.

JUST W Leo XIII. pected this even say the fervor w into all the assertions of her priviles ness and of dition, year sions in whi display her wonderf On the morr Bull Aposto demmed with call delibera harsh feeli the incorr Papecy ha leaving ar the Anglic articles in famed spo confidential the impetu stone—the d York—all t moment sh had been deepest an beliefs, the virtue of th can Orders valid, the sources of Christian c precious as the perfume longer a s evangelica the word; religious, sect, but la Pascal, the Chu with vigor the validit. This, prop and substa the reasoni ing

w the Papecy Rome was of view: t Halifaxes, tals and t evidence proofs befo whence pr Anglican e encyclical and diffi doubtless i ing Rome Anglican case befo Christians assertion point of view haps light wish and the Angli lity is the sacrament priesthood is require neither se ments can In spit