

Honora opened her eyes and looked about. "There was no better way," she said. "The result would have been the same in any case, and she suffered only a minute."

Tears were swimming in his fine eyes. "She has, indeed, hidden herself in the bosom of God, where no harm can reach her, and it is best so. We can see that it is most merciful for her. But for that unhappy son..."

"Do not name him!" exclaimed Miss Pembroke, shuddering. "I cannot think of him without abhorrence! See what ruin he has wrought wherever he has been. What has escaped him? Nothing! Do you, can you, believe there is hope for one whose soul is such an abyss of weakness and selfishness? He has stripped from me my dearest friends; he has smitten those who loved him best..."

She stopped, half from the bitter weeping that choked her words, half because the priest had laid his checking hand on her arm.

"The silence of death is in the house," he said gently. "Do not disturb it by anger. Leave Lawrence Gerald to the lashes of his guilty conscience. Believe me, it will be punishment enough. Forgive him, and pray for him."

"Not yet! I cannot yet!" she protested. "He has been forgiven too much. But I will say no more. I am sorry I should have spoken so in my home."

"Come out into the air of the garden a little while; it will refresh you," the priest urged. "I must go directly to F. Chevreuse, but I will return. He went to Mrs. Ferrier more than an hour ago, and was to wait there for me or come this way to learn the result. Poor F. Chevreuse! he is sorely tried. Everything rests on him. Don't sit here in the dark any longer. Come!"

"You had better go, Miss Pembroke. You can do nothing here," Mrs. Macon said to her.

She went out and hid herself in a little arbor that had been a favorite resort of Mrs. Gerald's on warm summer days, and sitting there, too stunned for weeping, now that the first burst of tears was dried, tried to recollect and realize what had happened.

As she sat there she heard presently the tramping of horses and the roll of a carriage, and mechanically leaned forward to see who was passing, but without in the least caring. The bright bays and the sparkling harness were very familiar to her eyes, and she saw that Mrs. Ferrier herself was in the carriage. The woman's face was red and swollen with weeping and excitement, and as she passed the cottage she put up her hand as if she would have shut it from her sight. Evidently her interview with F. Chevreuse had been a stormy one, and had left her in anything but a charitable frame of mind.

Miss Pembroke looked indifferently at first, but a moment after she rose and took a step forward to see better; for F. Chevreuse and P. O'Donovan had appeared in the street in front of the carriage and stopped it, and the elder priest was speaking sternly to Mrs. Ferrier.

"Where are you going?" he demanded.

"I am going to the prison to tell them to let Mr. Scheninger go free," she answered defiantly. "I am going to take him to my house."

"You are going to do nothing of the sort," said the priest. "You have no right to, and will only do harm, and disgrace yourself."

"I couldn't be more disgraced than I am already, with that..." she began in a loud voice, but F. Chevreuse stopped her.

"Silence!" he said authoritatively. "You are insane."

"John drive on!" she called out of the window.

"John, you will not drive a step further," said the priest in a low voice.

"You'd better do what he says, ma'am," said John, leaning down from the box. "And you'd better not talk so loud. People are beginning to notice."

"I should like to know what you think of yourself for a priest, making my own servants disobey me," the poor woman cried, relapsing into tears. And then, instantly recovering her spirit, she added, "If I cannot go to the prison, I will know where my poor daughter is. I believe Mrs. Gerald could tell. She must know where they are hid. I will have Anne take back again."

"You had better come in and ask Mrs. Gerald," F. Chevreuse said calmly. "Do not hesitate! It will, perhaps, be better for you to see her."

She shrank a little, yet could not bear to remain inactive. To her mind, she had been hushed, and imposed on, and silenced by everybody, in order that this worthless criminal might ruin her daughter's happiness, and obtain possession of her money, and she was burning to pour her anger out on some one. F. Chevreuse's authoritative interference, while she yielded to it, only exasperated her more. "I will go in and find where Anne is," she said resolutely, and stepped out of her carriage, too much excited to stumble.

Honora Pembroke came forward and stood between her and the door, looking in astonishment at the two priests who followed her.

"Let her go in!" F. O'Donovan said.

She was obliged to, indeed, for Mrs. Ferrier's strong hand set her aside as if she had been a feather.

The woman entered with a haughty step and a high head, her silks rust-

ling about her through the solemn silence, and walked straight to the sitting-room. Mrs. Macon met her at the door, but she put her aside, and took a step into the room—only one step, and then she stopped short, and uttered a cry.

"See how that mother heard the news!" said F. Chevreuse in a low voice at her side. "Have you any questions to ask her?"

Mrs. Ferrier retreated a step, and leaned against the door-frame. They all drew back and left her a full view of the silent form stretched on the sofa, and only Honora Pembroke's weeping disturbed the silence.

"You don't say that it killed her!" she exclaimed in a low, frightened voice; then, before they could answer, she threw up her arms, and ran across the room. "You poor dear!" she sobbed. "You poor, broken-hearted dear!"

She flung herself on her knees beside the sofa, and embraced and wept over the motionless form there, all her anger, all thought of self, forgotten in a generous and loving pity and grief.

F. Chevreuse glanced at his brother priest with a faint, sad smile. "Her heart is right," he said. "It is always right."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE MEMORARE.

I happened to be in Naut, a little town in Aveyron; while there I met a poor woman whose advanced age and sad appearance struck me. I soon learned that she had lost her only son, and, so wishing to show her my sympathy, I spoke to her of her sorrow. Here is nearly word for word what she told me:

I had an only son, whom I fondly loved, and he loved me too, this son of mine. He was clever, so I kept him at school for a long time, where he carried off all the prizes. Perhaps I was too proud of him. He went up for an examination in Marseilles, and passed it. Everyone predicted a brilliant future for me; so I consented to let him go from me as I thought it might be for his advantage. When parting from my child I said to him 'You love the Blessed Virgin, my boy; do not fail in remembering that she never abandons those who have recourse to her. You promise me this, Charles!' and he answered: 'Yes mother, as he left me to enter upon his new life. He went to Marseilles. At first he wrote to me often, and his letters were most affectionate, but by degrees they became rarer until—I wept, I prayed, I waited, but, alas! nothing came. One day—oh, a long time afterwards. I received a telegram which said: 'Come quickly. Your son needs you.' I went off at once, and in twenty-four hours I was in Marseilles."

"I went to the house where Charles was lodging. The servant who opened the door did not wish to allow me to go to him."

"I am his mother," I cried, as I rushed upstairs like a mad woman. I went into my son's room in spite of two men, who wanted to keep me out. "Poor Charles, my dearest child, was very ill. He clasped me in his arms as he said:—"

"I have implored of Our Blessed Lady to send me a priest, and it is she who has sent you, mother."

"I calmed him, and then he told me what had happened to him. He had fallen into the company of men without any faith; he had become a Freemason, and had sworn to live and die without God. However, when sickness came upon him and he saw death approaching quickly, he remembered that he was a Christian. He asked for a priest, but his request was refused. Two of his friends were stationed as sentinels of the demon to prevent a priest coming near to him; even the nurse refused to bring him one! And thus was Charles dying when he recollected my parting words, and the 'Memorare' rose to his lips; he repeated it unceasingly and aloud. A lady—or, rather, an angel I should call her—passing by the door of his room heard him pray. During the absence of the nurse she approached my child, and, touched with pity, she sent me the telegram which enabled me to save him and free him from his wicked friends by my presence."

"Imagine, mother," he said to me, 'they wanted my body, in order to inter it with their ceremonial; they pressed me to sign a paper which would have given it to them. But I did not do that. You would have died from sorrow, mother, if I had.'

"A priest, whom I had asked to follow me, came immediately. He heard my son's Confession, and gave him much comfort and consolation. I remained two days with him; at the end of the second he called me over to him and whispered into my ear:—"

"Mother, it was Our Lady who sent you."

"A moment afterwards my poor dear boy was dead."

Probably in March more than any other month in the year are the ravages of cold in the head and catarrh most severely felt. Do not neglect either for an instant, but apply Naut Balm, a time-tried, never-failing cure. Easy to use, pleasant and agreeable. Try it. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of price—25c. and \$1 a bottle. F. O'Donovan & Co., Brockville, Ont.

There are so many cough medicines in the market that it is sometimes difficult to tell which to buy; but if we had a cough, a cold or any affliction of the throat or lungs, we would try Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. Those who have used it think it is far ahead of all other preparations recommended for such complaints. The little folks like it as it is as pleasant as syrup.

Beware of Cholera.

The healthy body throws off the germs of cholera, therefore wisdom counsels the use of Burdock Blood Bitters this spring to purify the blood, regulate the system, and fortify the body against cholera or other epidemics. Minard's Liniment cures Dystentery,

BROWN SCAPULARS.

The Manner in Which They Caused the Conversion of a Minister and his Wife.

About the year 1845, the sailing ship King of the Ocean, left London Docks with a full complement of passengers for that far off land of South Australia. Amongst the passengers was a devout English Protestant clergyman, the Rev. James Fisher, and his wife and two children, James and Amelia, aged, respectively, about nine and seven. The good ship ploughed her way pleasantly over the wild waste of waters until about making her eastward course, some five hundred miles west of Cape Agulhas, where the trade winds generally keep revel with the fierce under-current in that part of the Indian Ocean. The sun had scarcely sunk beneath the western waters when a wild tornado swept the ocean from N. W. The waves were lashed into fury, the sails torn to shreds, and all the wooden structure on deck were only as reeds before the angry winds and waves on that memorable occasion. The passengers (says D. P. K. in the Cork Examiner) were battered below; the captain and crew, who had lashed themselves to the deck rigging, were unable to act. Moans of despair and cries of mercy, mingled with prayers, were heard alike from passengers and crew. Wave on wave washed over the apparently doomed boat, and nothing, but the intervention of Providence, could now save her from a watery death. The Rev. Mr. Fisher, with his family and others, came on deck and asked that all might join in prayer for mercy and forgiveness, as their doom seemed inevitable, but the prayers and cries of help seemed only to be mocked by the hissing and moaning of the infuriated elements. Amongst the crew was a young Irish sailor, a native of the county Louth, named John M'Auliffe, who opening his smock, took from his neck a pair of scapulars, given him by a pious mother, waved them in the form of a cross and then threw them into the ocean. This action was only witnessed by the Rev. Mr. Fisher, his wife and children. Immediately the waters abated their fury, and the howling tempest calmed, as it were to a zephyr, but a wavelet washed over the side of the boat and cast near the sailor boy the scapulars he had thrown into the seething foam some minutes before. All was now calm; captain and sailors freed themselves from their lashings to right and set about re-rigging their boat, and steered her safely into Botany harbor. The Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Fisher approached the sailor boy with deep reverence, and begged of him to let them know what these simple pieces of brown braid and cloth marked B. V. M. signified. When told, they, then and there, promised to join the Faith which has for its protector and powerful advocate, "Star of the Sea," the "Mother of Help."

On landing at Sydney, the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Fisher fulfilled their promises. They repaired to the little wooded chapel of St. Mary, on the site of which now stands a most gorgeous and magnificent church—and sought the advice and spiritual assistance of the then pious Father Palding, afterwards Archbishop, by whom they were received within the folds of the Catholic Church. This good family afterwards settled down on a farm on a nice plateau on the Blue Mountains, distant from Sydney some two hundred miles. The writer had the pleasure of conversing in the same house with James Fisher, the son of the Rev. Mr. Fisher, and hearing from him the foregoing facts, and no more devoted and practical members of our holy Faith at the antipodes can be found than the Fisher family of the Blue Mountains, N. S. W.

He Belonged to the A. P. A.

The Chicago Tribune of last Saturday presented to its readers the picture of a man dressed in Highland Scotch costume—kilt, tartan, bonnet and all—and explained that it was a portrait of John Cornelius Swalm. The picture is accompanied by more than a column of reading matter, and this reading matter informs the public that the man of the picture is a Scotchman who has resided in Chicago for some years; it is not said that he came here from Ontario, as that goes without saying, that he carried on the business of architect and engineer, had a wife and several children, was a member of the Methodist church and remarkable for the loudness of his prayers in meeting, borrowed money from all who were fools enough to trust him, tried to get money from a bank on bogus checks, deserted his wife and children and is now suspected (by his deserted wife) to be in the company of another woman in another state, etc., etc. The account closes with the statement, "He belonged to the A. P. A."

Moral: Watch those who belong to the A.P.A. They are not to be trusted. They may be, in appearance, pious Methodists and pray loudly; but they are hypocrites and frauds. We repeat, they are not to be trusted.—New World.

Ah! there is one devotion! It is to have more confidence in our Blessed Mother's prayers. More undoubted trust, more bold petition, more real faith in her. There would be more love for Mary if there were more faith in Mary. She has been in the secret of all the good things that has happened to us in life. She is ever mindful of that second maternity which dates from Calvary, and how we cost her in the travail of her dollars a price which has no fellow, except the Sacrifice of her Son, Our Brother, and Our Lord.—Father Faber.

STRIVE TO SAVE YOUR SOUL.

BY PHILIP O'NEIL.

If I had the finger with which Christ wrote in the sand you then could see the particular crime that is your besetting sin, and which shuts you out from your natural inheritance. If you think a moment your sins will come up before you. If you could see with the eyes of the spirit, your soul deformed as it is by your sins, and under the slavery of the devil, and surrounded by his imps, you would shriek out in horror and dismay. Your exclamation would be: "My God!" ere you swooned in affright.

When we think of the important interests at stake for all eternity, it seems that we should drop everything and take up our real life-work—the salvation of our souls. Of what use are fine houses and lands and stocks when our soul is in hell?

HOW TO REPENT.

Those people who have committed the crimes of which St. Paul speaks: the woman who has destroyed a hidden life; the man who has turned one aside from the path of innocence, or has wronged the weak, the widow or the orphan, by fraud or foreclosure; these must all repent. It must be an extraordinary repentance. These crimes have made an eternal hell our just doom. You have to overcome all this, and yet conquer heaven. God in His mercy has made this possible for you through repentance. My friend, when in five, ten or twenty years, or days you depart on your unknown journey would you not like to feel a sense of security that your works have obtained forgiveness, and that it will be well with you at the judgment seat? Then you will drop everything and repent.

Repent for the whole time that is left—repent for life. Your crimes alone would require the death of Christ. Your repentance must be a supreme effort of the whole man. Pray in the day, pray in the night, pray with sighs and tears. Ask others to pray for you. It would be well to stand in front of your church as did the Emperor Theodosius, asking the people to pray for you as they enter. What would they think? What matter, they are all sinners, too. Your main idea is to save your soul, not what others think. Your example would lead others to repent also. David shows how to repent, (Ps. 102.) "By reason of the voice of my groaning, my bones cleave to my skin. I am like a pelican in the wilderness; I am like an owl of the desert. I watch and am as a sparrow alone upon the house top." Think you there is any misery so great as the knowledge that you are living at enmity with God?

If you could see the infinite malice of sin, if you could see God's infinite hatred of sin, you would then be lost in astonishment of His long suffering patience. What must we do? We must drop everything, and make satisfaction the work of our life. Wait not a day, nor even a moment. God has never promised a day for repentance. St. Paul says: "Now is the acceptable time, behold now is the day of salvation." My friend, it is a frightful thing to be at enmity with the living God, even for one moment. If you saw the terrible flash of His sleepless eye as He looks deep into your heart with an infinite loathing for your shocking sins, you would turn white. If you could see the anxiety of your guardian angel you would pity that radiant creature, who loves you more than you deserve. After reading these lines and knowing your startling condition, being sensible, too, that God is watching your decision, what will you do?

Archbishop Tache on Purely Secular Education.

Archbishop Corrigan has received an open letter from Archbishop Tache of St. Boniface, Manitoba, which he has made public. It is an exhaustive exposition of the school question. He insists that the Church maintains that she is the divinely established power to teach truth and morals, and that she prescribes the necessity for religious instruction in schools, dreading greatly the consequence of neutral instruction in Public schools. He also insists that the Church acknowledges the right of parents and indicates their duties with regard to the education of their children; that the Church is not antagonistic to the civil power, but at the same time repudiates the idea of purely secular education.

He concludes that the Church in its wisdom recognizes that the ordinary rules admit of relaxation in exceptional cases. She leaves to her chief pastors to decide each particular in stance, and insists all the more that great caution should be taken to remove evil consequences that may arise from the dispensation.

"What's in a name?" Well that depends. For instance, the name of "Ayer" is sufficient guarantee that Ayer's Sarsaparilla is a genuine, scientific blood-purifier, and not a sham, like so much that goes by the name of "sarsaparilla." Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the standard.

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The Moustached Minister, the Communion Cup, and the Lady.

From the N. Y. Sun.

In a recent conference of the Methodist Episcopal clergymen of St. Louis the question of "the propriety of a moustached minister offering the communion cup to a lady" was discussed.

The two brief newspaper accounts of the meeting contain no information as to the substance of the discussion. This is a pity, for the question is now in theological controversy; and while it does not have to do with the foundations of faith, like the issues involved in the Briggs trial, it is nevertheless a matter in which all the brethren and sisters may be interested. In the absence of all information as to how the discussion arose, it is impossible to say whether it had its cause in the reluctance of some sister to partake of the communion cup from the hands of a moustached minister, or in the objection of some one of the brethren to seeing a moustached minister offer the communion cup to a sister. It would be interesting to know which of these sources gave rise to the discussion; and when the minutes of the meeting are published, as surely they must be in response to the demand created by public interest in this new theological question, the committee having the matter in charge should not fail to set forth in the preface whether the first objection came from a masculine or from a feminine communicant.

A few years ago our strict Methodist friends held that the moustache was hardly less iniquitous than the fiddle. For a minister of that denomination to be seen wearing a moustache would have been considered almost as great a sacrilege as for him to be heard fiddling "the Devil's Dream." Not only did the preachers avoid the moustache, but class leaders and other men of prominence in the congregation kept the upper lip close shaven and purple, even while permitting the beard to grow elsewhere as it would; and not too much confidence was placed in the orthodoxy of the ordinary layman who indulged himself in a moustache, especially if it turned up at the ends. Is it to be inferred now from the raising of that question by the Methodist preachers of St. Louis that our Methodist friends have become so tolerant of the moustache that they propose to draw the line against it only on the lip of a minister offering the communion cup to a lady? And, if so, why should the line be drawn there? If there is no inherent devilry in the moustache, why discriminate against it at all? In no spirit of irreverence much has been said by sanitary experts in opposition to the communion cup. If the objection to the moustache is wholly of a sanitary and in no degree a religious-sanitary nature, why not dispose of the objection by doing away with the communion cup in favor of individual cups for the communion service, and let the sisters provide the preacher with a moustache cup if they think he needs one?

These thoughts are put forth from the darkness, so to speak, for we don't know what the St. Louis Methodists said or what they decided upon. We respectfully call for the minutes of what must have been an interesting discussion.

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