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Nervous and Weak

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He is Just Away.

BY JAMES BERRY BENDEL.

I cannot say and I will not say That he is dead—he is just away.

With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand He has wandered into an unknown land.

And left us dreaming how very fair It needs must be, since he lingers there.

And you—oh, you—who the wildest years For the old time step, and the glad return—

Think of him faring on, as dear In the love of there as the love of here.

Mild and gentle as he was brave, When the sweetest love of his life he gave.

To simpler things, where the violets grew, Pure as the eyes they were likened to.

The touches of his hands have stayed, As reverently as the lips have prayed:

When the little brown thrush that harshly chirped

Was dear to him as the mocking-bird;

And he pitied as much as a man in pain A writhing honey bee wet with rain;

Think of him still the same, I say; He is not dead—he is just away.

A WOMAN OF FORTUNE

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

Author of "Armine," "Phillip's Restoration," "The Child of Mary," "Heart of Steel," "The Land of the Sun," etc., etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXV.

"I DID LOVE YOU."

It chanced that Cecil on returning home from the hasty visit to Kathleen

which the latter mentioned to the Abbé, found a large basket of flowers

that had arrived for her during her absence. Partly a feeling that she

had been neglecting Kathleen lately—visiting the sin of the brother, or her own folly, on the sister's head—and

partly a remembrance of the wistful look on Kathleen's face as the girl said, "I see so little of you now!"

inspired her instantly with the idea of taking these flowers to Miss Tyrconnel. Therefore on their way to the

dinner to which they were going she stopped the carriage as they were passing Mrs. Tyrconnel's apartment, and

after a word of explanation to her companions, alighted and went in for a moment to present the fragrant offering.

With the habit of familiarity acquired while Kathleen was ill, she did not cause her presence to be announced by a servant, but, passing through the antechamber alone, lifted the portiere and entered the salon during the moment of silence in which Tyrconnel was wrestling with the temptation excited by Kathleen's words.

His head was bent, his eyes fastened on the fire; and Kathleen was watching him with eager, strained gaze, her whole attention thus absorbed; so that neither of them heard the faint rustle of drapery, and Miss Lorimer had advanced half way across the large room when, his eyes still fixed on the leaping flames, he spoke.

A world of emotion surged through her heart as his words cut clearly upon her ear—"No, I love Cecil Lorimer with one, exclusive passion of my life. But I am poor and she is very rich. I shall never ask her to be my wife."

There was another silence of scarcely an instant's duration; but how much of thought, joy, pain can be crowded into the briefest measure of time in moments of strong feeling! Cecil's first consciousness was a sense of exultant happiness. He loved her! And swift as a flash her heart responded with the unuttered but passionate cry, "And I love you!"

Then came the recoil. An icy hand seemed to seize her heart and still its wild throbbing, restoring as by magic her presence of mind and composure. She saw that neither the brother nor sister was aware of her presence, and, hoping to leave the room unperceived, turned to go—or rather she was about to turn; for so entirely were her thoughts now awake to the exigence of the moment, that she lifted carefully the folds of her rustling silk drapery before moving.

There was a slight sound caused by the motion of her hand, however, and it attracted their notice. Both glanced up, and there before them stood Cecil, looking more beautiful than they had ever seen her before; for she was in a toilet the richness of which adorned her beauty as the setting of a diamond enhances its brilliance. The friends to whom she was going being aware of her wealth, she was reluctant to appear singular in their eyes by dress-

ing differently from what had been her custom when they saw her last; and this had induced her to yield to the persuasions of her maid with regard to her toilet for the evening.

And so she wore a rich gown of white silk and priceless lace, with gems glittering about her slender throat and on her arms, from which a light wrap had partly fallen.

As Tyrconnel's eye rested on her he thought in the first instant of his gaze that such a radiant presence must be a vision of his own imagination. But this fancy was dispelled when, becoming conscious that retreat was impossible, she moved quickly to Kathleen's side, and laid on her lap the roses which she had been carrying.

"I called just a moment," she said, in almost her ordinary voice, "to bring you these. I found them on my return home, and their perfume reminded me of you. Good by again. Good evening, Mr. Tyrconnel."

She bowed slightly, and was moving away when Tyrconnel stepped forward and stood beside her.

"Did you hear my last words?" he asked, in a very quiet tone—a tone so quiet that involuntarily she turned to reply; and as she encountered the look which was regarding her, a vivid color leaped to her cheek and her heart beat suffocatingly. But she controlled herself, and answered in a voice very nearly as steady as his own:

"I heard them, yes; but it shall be as though I had not. It was my fault—though by accident—that I stumbled on your counsel. I have to apologize for entering so unceremoniously. I will not do so again."

"Cecil!" he cried.

It was a passionate cry that compelled her eyes, which she had already averted, to return to the gaze that he was bending on her; and during a passing instant they stood face to face, Kathleen meanwhile regarding them with a breathless, indescribable expression of mingled hope and fear.

For the first time Tyrconnel permitted his voice and his eyes to speak the language of his heart; and there was one—just one—flash of response in the glance that met his own, before Cecil turned coldly away, refusing to see his extended hand.

But Kathleen started up, sprang to her side, and seizing her hand placed it in that of her lover, exclaiming:

"Gerald! Cecil! do not let pride stand between you! You love each other! What is money or the want of it to this love?"

"Nothing," answered Cecil, looking round at the pleading countenance of the speaker. "To me absolutely nothing. If he had held out his hand when I entered this room I would have given him my own without a falter of doubt or hesitation. But while every pulse of my heart was beating for him—and he must have felt and known it, as I felt and knew that he was beating for me—he was coldly weighing both these hearts in the scale against my fortune and his pride. And his pride outweighed them. And he thinks that he is not mercenary! In my eyes the vilest fortune hunter could not be more so!"

"You are right," said Tyrconnel, in a low tone. "I have acted unworthily in that I have allowed a thought of—of anything to come between us. In my inmost soul I have felt this. But—"

"But you lacked the courage to incur an unjust judgment of the world—"

"No!" he interrupted, speaking quickly almost violently. "It was not the world I feared, or even remembered the existence of. It was of yourself that I was thinking—it was that you might misinterpret my motives."

"I!" she exclaimed, suddenly facing round on him again, her eyes blazing with indignant scorn. "And you knew me so little as that! You thought I would suspect you of wishing to marry my fortune, not myself?"

"Yes," he answered, a dark flush mounting to his brow. "I was blind and a coward; I see that now. But, O Cecil, if I had dared to believe that you returned my love—"

"I did love you!" she exclaimed in a low but vehement tone. "I regarded you as the man who ever realized my ideal of all that is loftiest in faith and honor. I admired, I loved you!" Her voice had sunk lower and lower, but rose again as she added, with intense disdain. "But that is past. I will tear out my heart sooner than waste its love longer on one who has proved himself so unworthy of it!"

He had been holding her hand, without the slightest resistance on her part ever since Kathleen had placed it in his grasp; but now she hastily disengaged it, and, with a passionate gesture as of tearing out and casting away her heart, turned quickly and passed from the room.

There are occasions in life when the mind seems gifted with a double consciousness, it might almost be said a double individualism, by which it is enabled to exist in two separate worlds at the same time—a world of thought and one of merely mechanical action. It was so with Cecil Lorimer during the evening which followed. Almost blindly she made her way down the stairs alone on leaving Tyrconnel, the latter not attempting to accompany her; and on gaining the open air she put her hand to her throat with a sense of suffocation. Her heart was burning, her veins throbbing, her nerves tingling with such a passion of mingled and all but overpowering emotion as had never in her whole existence assailed her before. Indignation at and scorn of what seemed to her so cowardly and mercenary a spirit in Tyrconnel; keen disappointment in seeing her ideal thus cast down from the pinnacle on which her imagination had placed

him; a bitter sense of pain as she felt that the opportunity she had so long been seeking—to use the talent of wealth given her—had escaped her grasp just when she thought she had at last secured it; and, dominant over all a half reluctant and yet exultant sense of happiness in the certainty of Tyrconnel's love—all these conflicting sentiments were raging in her breast, and their work was to go on forever. It was not, however, the Divine plan to perpetuate the Church as a house divided against itself. Jesus prayed that His disciples might be one, as He and the Father were one. The Papacy was constructed as the centre of unity, and the Pope was regarded in every age as the successor of Peter, the vicar of Christ, the visible head of the Church and the infallible organ of divine truth, writes Doctor Justin S. Spreng, in the *Irish World*. The history of the Popes is the history of the Church and the primacy of the Roman See is the corner-stone of the religious fabric. Destroy this primacy and the entire edifice will tumble down. Bishops and pastors will be without authority, and the several churches will become so many disorganized mobs. The Holy Scripture will have no sanction, and revealed truth will perish. Such would be the religious condition of the world if the Papacy and its prerogatives disappeared; but this shall never occur, for Christ said: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

THE POWER OF SAINT PETER.

The idea of a divine government in the Church is as old as the Church itself. The apostles were conscious of their authority and they proclaimed it everywhere. The New Testament is a living witness of their Divine commission. They are to teach all nations, and their work was to go on forever.

It was not, however, the Divine plan to perpetuate the Church as a house divided against itself. Jesus prayed that His disciples might be one, as He and the Father were one. The Papacy was constructed as the centre of unity, and the Pope was regarded in every age as the successor of Peter, the vicar of Christ, the visible head of the Church and the infallible organ of divine truth, writes Doctor Justin S. Spreng, in the *Irish World*. The history of the Popes is the history of the Church and the primacy of the Roman See is the corner-stone of the religious fabric. Destroy this primacy and the entire edifice will tumble down. Bishops and pastors will be without authority, and the several churches will become so many disorganized mobs. The Holy Scripture will have no sanction, and revealed truth will perish. Such would be the religious condition of the world if the Papacy and its prerogatives disappeared; but this shall never occur, for Christ said: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

It is a palpable fact that our Lord continually singled out Peter from the other apostles. He was addressed in preference to all, and he was constantly speaking in the name of all. Nay, he could scarcely open his mouth without proclaiming the divinity of the Son of God. This is evidenced to every reader of the New Testament. On a certain occasion Christ said to His disciples:

"Whom do men say the Son of Man is?"

According to some he was John the Baptist, and according to others he was Elias, or Jeremias, or one of the prophets. It was reserved to Peter to cry out:

"Thou art Christ, the son of the living God."

Peter was an ignorant fisherman, but he enunciated the doctrine of the Incarnation of the Eternal World, which transcends the loftiest flights of angelic intelligence. Why was Peter thus called to make a profession of his faith? Because the time had come for the foundation of the Church and the establishment of the Papacy. Peter did not speak then, merely as man, but (as all future Popes did) as teaching the Church and proclaiming divine truth. He spoke infallibly, under the guidance of God, for Christ said:

"Flesh and blood hath not revealed it to thee, but My Father who is in Heaven."

The time fixed in the eternal decrees for rewarding the faith of Peter and founding the Church on the solid rock of the Papacy had almost come. Then Christ said:

"Thou art Peter and upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give thee the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven. And whatsoever thou shall bind upon earth shall be bound also in Heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth, it shall be loosed also in Heaven."

Thus, in recompense of the faith of Peter it pleased the Lord to make him the corner stone of His Church. To him was confided the fullness of ecclesiastical power. The keys were always considered the symbol of authority, and they were given to Peter without reserve.

There is another passage of the Holy Scripture which proves unmistakably the primacy of Peter, and it is in the twenty-second chapter of St. Luke. Before our Lord rose from the Last Supper He had reason to chide His disciples. There was a strife among them as to which would seem to be the greater, but He singled out Peter to confer on him the superiority. He said:

"I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not, and thou being once converted, confirm thy brethren."

Peter was then commanded to confirm the brethren. It was an evident mark of a primacy, not only of honor, but also of jurisdiction. Again he is made the rock on which the Church was built, and against which the gates of hell should never prevail. The words were spoken at the very time in which our Lord foretold the fall of Peter. He was presumptuous, and he fell. As yet he had only the promise, for he was not confirmed in the primacy until after the Resurrection. The promise was not revoked, on account of his fall, but, on that same night, he received the same assurance—"and thou, being once converted, confirm thy brethren." Here a solemn duty is imposed, and he discharged that duty well from the time he entered on his sacred office until his glorious martyrdom.

The moment came for the fulfilling of the promises. The work of the redemption was accomplished, and the Lord had risen from the dead. The Church was founded, priests were ordained and Bishops consecrated. It was time for Him to ascend to the Father, and His vicar had to take His place. The first Pope was chosen, and Peter was about to be installed in his office. The ceremony and the words were not without meaning. Hitherto Peter professed his faith, but the chief pastor had to give assurance of the intensity of his love, for love is essential to a good shepherd. Then the Lord said: "Feed My lambs, feed My sheep." Hence, the renowned Bossuet declared that as Peter loved

more intensely than the other apostles, so to his care was committed the feeding of the lambs and the governing of the shepherds. There were several Apostles, but one always spoke in the name of all, and one was preferred to the others. To only one was it said: "Feed My sheep." All this implies superiority, but it signifies much more. It was a positive demand; nay, it was the last request coming from the loving Heart of Jesus: "Peter, if you love Me, feed My sheep; follow Me." Our Divine Lord thus became a model to all future pastors. Never was such love witnessed as the love of Jesus. The first Pope followed closely in the footsteps of the Master. Peter sealed his faith and his love with his blood. As Vicar of Christ, in the exercise of his boundless authority, he was ever the tearful penitence. From the moment that Jesus looked upon him in pity, he never ceased to weep over his own fall and the miseries of poor human nature. He experienced the mercy of Jesus, who had no reproach save a look of pity; and he showed the same mercy to others. There was only one Peter in the long line of Popes, but faith and love never departed from the chair of Peter.—Catholic Review.

CATHOLIC CONVENTS.

A Secular Daily Corrects an Erroneous Impression Held by Many.

There is much misinformation printed about Catholic matters, simply because the writers thereof are not informed of the practices and regulations of the Church and the institutions connected therewith. In the reports of a stormy scene between a mother and her daughter and other persons at police headquarters the other day, all the papers had it that the mother threatened to place her daughter in the Reform School; that the daughter decided to enter a convent, and that she started in a car for Georgetown Convent.

The Georgetown Convent is a cloistered institution and is known as "The Academy of the Visitation." It is an institution for the education of young ladies, and contains a large number of boarders and day scholars, many of whom are Protestants. The Sisters in charge are jealous of the good conduct and lady like deportment of their pupils, and would under no circumstances, admit any one as a pupil that had been engaged in any sort of escapade. They are so careful of their charges that some years ago, they expelled several young ladies for writing notes to young men, and also expelled the day scholars who carried the notes out of the academy.

It is a common thing for statements to be printed whenever a young woman causes a scandal or engages in any escapade that she will enter a convent. There are Catholic institutions where they can enter, but they are not convents.—Washington Post.

Case of Galileo a Nutshell.

The following summary of this celebrated case shows what injustice is sought to be done to the Catholic Church by those who bring it forward as proof that she showed herself the enemy of science in general by the action of one of her tribunals in this matter.

They forget that the system advocated by Galileo had been advanced, without censure by the learned Cardinal Cusa, nearly two hundred years before; that it had been expressly maintained with the encouragement of the Roman Pontiffs, by Copernicus, fully ninety years before the Congregation of the Index pronounced sentence against the Florentine astronomer.

They forget, too, that Protestants were the first who vigorously opposed the Copernican system, on the ground of Scripture. "Even such a great man as Bacon," says Macaulay, "rejected with scorn the theory of Galileo."

"Had," says Kenrick, "Galileo confined himself, as he was repeatedly warned, to scientific demonstrations without meddling with Scripture, and proposed his system as probable, rather than as indubitable, he would have excited no opposition. It is rather unfair and ridiculous to call the Church an enemy of science because she forbids writers to adduce the Scripture in support of their views. No corporal punishment was inflicted in the case Galileo, and no dungeon was opened to receive him. On the contrary his disobedience and contempt were visited only with a slight penance—to say once a week for three years the seven penitential psalms—and he was put under some restraint—not in a prison—first with the Archbishop of Siena, his personal friend, and afterwards in his own villa, near Florence. The decree of the Index against Galileo proves nothing against Papal infallibility; it neither bears the Pope's name nor any mark to show the Pope's intention of defining a doctrine to be held by the whole Church. The decree in question was simply disciplinary not doctrinal.

In the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* of September, 1886, the following note appears:

"In 1621 (eight years after the decree of the Index had been issued) speaking of the new theory, Pope Urban VIII. said that the Church neither had condemned nor ever would condemn the doctrine of the earth's motion as heretical, but only as rash."

—Catholic Standard and Times.

No small objection which young folk had to the old-time spring medicines was their nauseousness. In our day, this objection is removed and Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the most powerful and popular of blood-purifiers, is as pleasant to the palate as a cordial.

An Estate BY GRACE DUFF

There's a tender tale In a volume old at an

Of the Christ-child's life Walking with the

And it tells—the story (True or false, ah,

How a bird with brood Dead within the

And the children—Lifted it by shad

Shouting, "Make a Sing, you lazy

But the Christ-child Took it in his gen

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Whispered to it—oh Lead His lips up

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