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CHAPTER XVII.

"I want something." "It strikes me," said Cecil, "that modern art is almost an impertinence in Rome."

"My dear Cecil!" exclaimed Grace. "Is that the impression which the work we have been looking at makes upon you?"

"My dear Grace, don't be shocked," replied Cecil. "I know that some of it is very good work; those Campagna studies of R... for instance, are admirable."

Miss Tyrcannel looked at the speaker with a gleam of responsive comprehension in her eyes. "I, too, have often felt that," she said.

"But what a life!" exclaimed Cecil. "It is either hopelessly trivial or more hopelessly sad. Greek tragedy is not more terrible than the face of human life as modern art, whether painted or written, shows it to us—without a hope or a meaning behind its struggle and its suffering."

"You forget nature," said Grace. "We owe all study and interpretation of that to modern art."

"Yes, and for that, I confess, we owe it a boundless debt," answered Cecil. "But for the training of modern art we might not be able to recognize all the elements of beauty in this scene," she added, as they drove up to the Piazzale, and saw outspread before them that wondrous panorama of Rome—the Campagna and the mountains—which has no equal in the world."

And it was just then the moment when this picture is most beautiful. Behind St. Peter's the sun was going down in a sea of gold, against which the vast outlines of the dome—"that work of man which alone has something of the grandeur of the works of God"—stood in majestic relief; white a flood of radiance gilded the figure of the angel on the Castle of San Angelo, and a soft, luminous mist lay over the city, with its palaces, domes, and towers. The sky was of exquisite color—tender, luscious, radiant where it touched the azure heights that bounded the horizon.

"Could anything be more beautiful?" said Cecil, with a soft sigh. "And what a spell, what a charm in the soft beauty! One feels nothing like it anywhere else."

"There is but one Rome," observed Kathleen. "Modern Gothic and Van

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Doctors Could Help, but Couldn't Cure—Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure Released the Prisoner, and To-day She is as Well as Ever—She Says it is a Great Remedy

"Yes, I am Mrs. Dobell," said a comely, pleasant-faced woman at her home on Horton street to a News reporter to-day, "and I was very glad to tell you what you want to know. About three years ago my husband was very ill, and I had frequently occasion to rise in the night and go for a doctor or to the drugist. In my hurry I often neglected to properly clean myself, and contracted several heavy colds, which turned at last to chronic catarrh. I tried doctors, who helped me, but did not cure me, and several special catarrh medicines. I was relieved but not cured. I was suffering intolerably when Mr. Shuff recommended me to try CHASE'S CATARRH CURE, and it began at once to help, and in about two months had entirely cured me. I cannot speak too highly of this remarkable medicine, and cheerfully recommend it to all sufferers from catarrh. The blower included is a great help to sufferers."

dals are trying to destroy it, but they cannot succeed as long as that stands"—and she pointed to the marvellous dome of the Leonine city. "Can one fancy Rome without it?" said Cecil. "All history for a thousand years centres there. One must be blind, deaf, stupid beyond comparison not to know and feel it. I sometimes think that I should like to see the man who is the inheritor of such a majestic tradition," she added slowly; "but then, again, I am afraid—"

"Of what?" asked Kathleen, as she paused. "Of having an ideal destroyed. It is such a marvellous position that it seems to me a man would have to be specially created in order to fill it worthily. Just think of all that he embodies, of all that he must carry of power and influence! He alone of all men declares to the world that he is the Vicar of Christ; he alone claims to speak infallibly by the direct inspiration of the Holy Ghost; he alone is the head and ruler of that ancient Church which formed the modern world, and to him alone were given the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven—No; if one thinks of all these things, one dare not see the man who claims such an august and unique position!"

"Have more courage," said Miss Tyrcannel, smiling. "Come and see the Holy Father. I think I can safely promise that you will not be disappointed."

Cecil shook her head. "No one can guarantee me against that," she answered. "I know my own capacities for disappointment too well."

"I have no doubt they are very great," thought Kathleen, struck by the words. "But before she could speak Cecil suddenly uttered an exclamation and leaned forward. "Surely," she said to Mrs. Severn, "I cannot be mistaken—is not that gentleman yonder Mr. Craven?"

"Where?" asked Mrs. Severn, looking around rather vaguely—which, considering the number of men in sight, was not surprising. "But Cecil was spared the attempt to indicate; for the man in question, who for some time had been observing the occupants of the carriage with the scrutinizing attention of a near-sighted person, now crossed the road deliberately and came up to them, proving to be indeed no other than Craven himself."

Mrs. Severn—who was an old friend of his—and Miss Lorimer greeted him warmly; he was presented to the others, and then, leaning against the carriage, he said to Cecil: "This is an unexpected as well as a very agreeable surprise. I had no idea of meeting you here. I fancied you in Germany."

"Cannot other people travel as well as yourself?" she asked, smiling. "I think I left you in France."

"Yes," he replied, significantly, "and some others also. Things were dull at Villemer after you left. I did not remain very long. By the way, I saw Madame de Verac the other day in Paris, and she made many inquiries about you. I was sorry that, having even less knowledge than herself, I could not answer any of them."

"I have not written to her for a long time," said Cecil. "I suppose I ought to do so. But I exhaust myself in answering the inquiries of Nellie and Jack. Nothing that I can say seems to disabuse their minds of the apprehension that I shall certainly get into mischief. Honestly, Mr. Craven, has not Jack been writing to you and asking you to keep an eye on me?"

"If he has," said Craven, "it was because he did not know what an excellent eye you had already upon you."

"I am at a loss to imagine why Miss Lorimer should be supposed to need an eye upon her at all," said that lady. "I have found her discretion personified."

"Tell Jack that when you write," said Cecil to Craven, with a laugh. "A few more words were exchanged; then, as the sun sank and the air grew chill, they parted, with a promise on Craven's part to see them soon; and the ladies drove downward into the city."

"You will come in and take a cup of tea with us?" said Mrs. Severn, turning to Miss Tyrcannel as the carriage drew up at their archway. "No, thanks," she answered; "not this afternoon. If you will kindly let the carriage drop me at the Church of the Trinita di Monti, there will be no need to detain it longer."

"I have never felt equal to formulating one," Cecil answered; "although nothing is more common, I believe. Half the people I know have made up a creed to suit themselves, but I cannot have faith enough in my own infallibility to accomplish anything of the kind. In knowledge of God I want something more certain than the mere opinions of myself or any one else."

"Then why are you not a Catholic?" asked the other quickly. "Why not?" repeated Cecil. She seemed asking the question of herself, and after a moment she answered: "Because I have never had an impulse of conviction and feeling strong enough to make me one. This seems strange to you, no doubt. I cannot expect you or any other Catholic to understand it. I have had moments of something like illumination, when I seemed to see a great harmonious whole of faith and worship; but those moments passed, and neither my mind nor my heart was roused sufficiently to think of doing anything. Yet I want something; do you know what it is?"

"Perfectly," answered Kathleen. "It is instruction."

They both laughed, and as the carriage stopped at this moment there was not time for more words. They descended and entered the church, which was well filled, but lighted only by the brilliant radiance of the altar. As they went in there was a pause in the services—what had gone before Cecil did not know—then a chorus of sweet voices began to sing; the tabernacle door swung open; the jewelled monstrance holding the spotless Host and flashing a thousand rays of light was lifted to its throne, while priest and people prostrated themselves before it. Miss Tyrcannel was pleased to see that Cecil knelt. She gave her one sweet glance, and then, lifting her eyes to the "sacred Victim," became absorbed in her own devotion. Cecil, looking at her now and then, thought she had the air of one who is rapt away from the world of sense. Her face, her whole attitude, breathed only adoration and ecstasy. "What would I not give for faith like that!" thought the observer with something like a pang. She, too, lifted her eyes. And what was it that she saw amid the jewels and lights and flowers—only a white wafer or the Body of the Lord? What was it the voices were singing now?

Præterites supplementum Sensuum defectum. The words struck on her listening ear like a message; she covered her face with her hands, as if dazzled by sudden light. For a moment faith did supply the defects of sense. She realized, as she had realized once or twice before, what those around her believed; but even then she said to herself, "It will not last."

When they were in the carriage again she said to her companion: "I never suspected myself of being emotional in the least until I entered Catholic churches. But they have an effect on me which has surprised myself. When I am there—especially when I am under the influence of that strange Presence which seems to dwell on your altars—I feel and believe things which I do not feel and believe elsewhere. How can one account for that except on the ground of being easily influenced through the emotions?"

"I should account for it," answered Miss Tyrcannel, "in a very different way. I should say that faith, which is a pure gift of God, is knocking at your heart, but that your mind fights against it. You have no intellectual conviction; you have never, probably, heard a reason why we should believe the truths of faith."

"Oh, yes, I have!" Cecil replied. "In Paris I heard many of the great preachers, and intellectually I never enjoyed anything more."

"Perhaps there was too much of the intellect in it," said Kathleen. "I think you need a special treatment. Will you come some day and let me present you to a man who is not a great preacher, but who has a peculiar gift of winning souls to God? You need not hesitate to see him. He will urge nothing on you."

"Why should you think I would hesitate?" asked Cecil, with surprise. "I am not afraid to hear and be convinced, if that be possible. On the contrary, if your friend can convert me, I am at his service. I shall certainly come. Could such a state of feeling as I had in that church be made lasting with me, I should feel as if wings had been given to bear me over the world."

CHAPTER XVIII. "COME AND SEE"

When Craven saw Cecil again, he told her that the marriage of the young Comte de Verac with Mademoiselle de Mirécourt had been arranged, and was to take place in the spring.

"There was a period of despair over your loss, in which he was quite refractory," he said; "but the Vicomtesse managed him admirably. He was finally brought to hear reason, but I sincerely hope that he may never learn all that was involved in the loss."

"So do I," she answered, "if it would give him a moment of unnecessary bitterness. There is nothing for him to regret, however, in his own conduct. I understood his position perfectly, and he could have gained nothing by acting differently."

said, as firmly as if she were answering M. de Verac himself, "he would not have won. If I ever doubted that for a moment, I was sure of it when I went away. One sees things in better perspective from a distance, you know."

"The fascination of Villemer was less apparent, no doubt," answered Craven, smiling. "I may be allowed to say that, since you resisted it so bravely on the spot. And now tell me what are you doing here? You are certainly settled very charmingly, and my old friend Mrs. Severn is a chap-eron who leaves nothing to be desired. Even Jack would be satisfied with your entourage, I think."

"He asked you to report upon it, I am sure," she said, with a laugh. "Is it not rather surprising that he and Nellie have such a deeply rooted distrust of my ability to conduct myself? Because I do not spend money exactly as every one else does, and have perhaps let fall one or two hints of how I should like to spend it, they think me capable of anything wild, wilful, and visionary."

"It is the penalty one must always pay for a little originality, a little unlikeliness to the vast mass of one's fellow creatures," answered Craven, shrugging his shoulders. "But you must allow me to remark that if Mr. and Mrs. Bernard are anxious concerning you, I am very curious. I, too, have my fears and doubts as to the success of your great ideas."

"So have I," she said frankly; "and therefore, as you perceive, they remain ideas and have not become facts. But here comes Grace just in time to entertain you, for I have an engagement with Miss Tyrcannel this afternoon."

"You should not have allowed me to detain you for a moment," observed Craven, rising to shake hands with Miss Tyrcannel. He had already been very much struck by the young artist, and was not sorry for any opportunity to cultivate her acquaintance.

Leaving them talking amicably over their cups of tea, Miss Lorimer went to keep an engagement which she now began a little to regret. It had been under an impulse that she had said to Kathleen that if the state of feeling she had known in the church could be made lasting with her, she was ready to present herself as a subject for conversion. Now the impulse had vanished, the glow of feeling was partially forgotten, and a sense of reluctance to "commit herself"—that shirking from conviction as from the imposing of a yoke of possibly painful duty—came over her, as it comes over many of those without the Church, who are drawn toward it by a reluctance they are often unable to define. But she had promised to go on this particular afternoon to meet the priest whom Kathleen wished her to see. "He is half French, half Irish, which makes a delightful whole," the latter had said; "and he has lived for years in Rome. I know you will like him."

That she should like him was quite possible, Cecil knew; for she had already met several Roman ecclesiastics, who had delighted her; but to meet such men on a purely social ground was one thing, and to be presented to one of them as subject for proselytism was quite another. It had been many days since she had felt so much "out of sorts" with herself as when she descended from her carriage at the foot of the stairs leading to the Tyrcannel apartment. "Do I look like an 'anxious inquirer,' I wonder?" she said to herself as she slowly mounted upward.

But when she entered the salon of the Tyrcannels she forgot to consider anything about herself, so pleasant were the aspect and social atmosphere of the room. Round the fireplace assembled a group consisting of two or three ladies, an elderly man whom a glance showed to be a priest, Mrs. Tyrcannel and Kathleen, while a low murmur of voices and laughter met the ear with a soft rush of sound when the door opened.

As Miss Lorimer came forward, with her striking presence, every one looked at her; the ladies put up their eye-glasses, and a quick glance was exchanged between the ecclesiastic and Kathleen. Mrs. Tyrcannel received her cordially, and presented her to Lady Somebody and the Contessa Somebody else—neither name was headed by Miss Lorimer, although she hardly needed the titles to assure her of the social rank of their bearers. Then Kathleen claimed her, carried her over to her corner of the fireplace, and introduced the Abbé Rayoux—"my special friend of whom I told you," she said to Miss Lorimer.

The Abbé bowed with the grace of a courtier, although it was only his manners which were courtly. In figure he was small almost to insignificance, and people were apt to think him plain until they caught the light of his eye and the sweetness of his smile. He smiled now as he looked at Kathleen.

"It is very good of her to speak of me as my special friend, when she has so many," he said to Miss Lorimer. "I hope that I am not insensible to the distinction."

"Miss Tyrcannel can never have much trouble in making friends," said Cecil. "If I may judge by myself, she gives a glance and that is enough."

"And how is it with yourself?" asked Kathleen, laying her hand with a caressing motion on that of the speaker. "Is not a glance sufficient with you also? I am sure it has proved so in more cases than mine. Is it not a little singular, M. l'Abbé, that I should have met Miss Lorimer by the merest chance, and received a

kindness from her which led to our acquaintance, without knowing that she was the lady with whom my brother crossed the ocean, and about whom he had talked to me so much?"

"There are many things which in our shortsightedness we call chance that are not chance at all," answered the Abbé. "You cannot tell how much you and Miss Lorimer are destined to influence each other. She may have crossed the ocean and you may have left Ireland for that meeting at Sant' Agnese."

The eyes of the two girls sought each other with something magnetic in their glance. "If so," said Cecil, involuntarily, "I know from whom the good will come."

"No, you do not know," replied the Abbé. "Good sometimes comes from sources which we think very unlikely. But in this case I have no doubt it will be reciprocal," he added, with one of his charming smiles.

"I really do not see," said Cecil, with a touch of humility which was very sincere, but which sat strangely upon her, "how any possible good can come to Miss Tyrcannel from me, but I am willing to admit the possibility of any amount from her."

"I have already said that you cannot tell," rejoined the Abbé before Kathleen could utter her disclaimer. "You will do her good, for one thing, if you give her an opportunity to help you toward a comprehension of this world which lies around you, and which must be a very strange world to you."

"Not so strange, perhaps, as you think," said Miss Lorimer. "Since I have been here I have realized how it is that in Rome no one is a foreigner. There is something so universal in the spirit which fills these vast basilicas! They seem made for nothing less than humanity."

The Abbé looked at her with a glance which Kathleen knew meant sympathy and approval. "It is well," he answered, "that you are able to feel these things—very well for yourself. Many of those who have been brought up in alien traditions are unable to feel them. And nothing can be more sad than the narrow and distorted views which even some of the most intelligent people entertain. Human history has no meaning for them, for here is its centre. They miss all the grandeur of that great conception of Christendom which made the Vicar of Christ reigning in this Eternal City the key-stone of its majestic arch. If they know that from Rome went forth the spirit which made the modern world, the fact seems to tell them nothing. The past has no voice for them, and the present no meaning. They do not feel what you have so well expressed in saying that no one can be a foreigner in Rome who does not alienate himself."

"Yet there would be no Rome without the Holy Father," remarked Kathleen, in a tone of soft reproach; "and Miss Lorimer does not wish to see him."

"But I told you why not," said Cecil. "It is because the conception is so great that I fear to see it inadequately realized. It is impossible, you know," she added, addressing the Abbé, "that any man could realize fully the ideal of the Vicar of Christ."

"To that," answered the Abbé quietly, "I can only reply, 'Come and see.' I was saying to Miss Tyrcannel before you entered that I can obtain a place for her in a party of ladies who are to be presented to the Holy Father to-morrow, if she desires it."

"And I said," added Miss Tyrcannel, "that I would desire it especially, if I could persuade you to accompany us."

Cecil hesitated for an instant, but only for an instant; then she smiled brightly. "How can I resist," she said, "when you are so kind? And really I think I should like to go very much if it were not for fearing the loss of an ideal."

"You will not lose it," replied the Abbé, with the same quietness. "I promise you that."

so much good as you will." "As he surely hopes Kathleen, but she spoke there are many of him. Old abuses can in a day. I wish the help him; for I could know me better than "Patience," observed Abbé. "Your time mean while you can well as there. Rome is an angel of prayer angel of works."

"WEEDS FROM THE DEN Under the above Thurston, S. J., contributed paper to the London Month, in a place of honor. It called that in the present English public writer had an article mentioned upon in the aimed at showing that which the Anglican 1714 for receiving I who apostatize from disproved the claim tinity which Anglican ing for their sect, form require such, nounce formally th the Creed of Pope P of the Council of T Catholic Church re the case of a conven Anglicanism. The furthermore showed paper, that although coedification was s houses of convocation date, it was allow astute and remain until it was amend the Anglican con held seven years ago his present paper called a continuatio article—is to show a priest to Anglican tury, the motives, their perversion, throw some light why this form of allowed to lapse in which it was suffic necessary for us to ston through all t gives of the char verted" priests w faith he instances, in darker colors th reviewing their Jesuit asserts that see, "the highest claimed for any. from the Catholic communion appear negative praise t himself not action or the rejection articles of the Ch assertion of "con converted" prie of those an exami elicited it from P two of those wroa principal part of gations and arti "an undisciplin and a depraved in the other, ar to have been i apostasy"; and as an illustration history repeats it the recent ludicrous Anglican Bishop one of the clerical last century was vaped by Catho vestigations pro Anglican friend fate, he was en on the continer view.

The "Bare That "heathe Bret Harte imm his "ways that that were vain, rival in the England. That of bigotry we and falsehood which occurs "scare-head" At Bologna, 1558, three Ro following writt Julius III, wh his counsel as strengthening book the Bib more than an against us th tempests w her swept away. A examines it di fronts therewith Church, he will cordance, and utterly differo contrary to it people understo their clamor divulged, and an object of hatred." A learned nished the P unanswerable in question w forgery. Af his part, the next editio accompanie "Romanists But even this not kept. which some p kingdom of G