man who
prowled about
the streets of
medieval London, with a lantern in his
hand to proclaim his coming, and who
aunounced

modern policeman does not proclaim his coming to the evil doer by shouting or by carrying a lantern. He does his work more quietly and effectively than the old-fash-ioned town watchman. oned town watchman. It is thus that in all the walks of life and

edge and efficiency increase. In this respect medical science has kept pace with the advance in other lines. Physicians and chemists have grown rapidly more skillful. There are medicinal preparations now-adays that cure diseases that were a few years ago considered absolutely incurable. The final triumph in this respect is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It was first given to the world thirty years ago, and has stood the test ever since that time. It cures 96 per cent. of all cases of consumption, bronchial, throat and kindred affections. Thousands who were hopeless sufferers, and had been given up by the doctors, have testified to its marvelous merits. It is the great blood-maker and fiesh-builder. It makes the appetite hearty, the digestion and assimilation perfect, the flesh-builder. It makes the appetite hearty, the digestion and assimilation perfect, the liver active, the blood pure and rich with the life-giving elements of the food, and the nerves strong and steady. It acts directly on the lungs and air-passages, driving out all impurities and disease germs. An honest dealer will not try to persuade you to take an inferior substitute for the sake of a few pennies added profit.

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Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills

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## SOLITARY ISLAND

A STORY OF THE ST. LAWRENCE. By John Talbot Smith, author of "Brother Azarias," "A Woman of Culture," His Honor the Mayor." "Saranac," etc.

CHAPTER XXIII .- CONTINUED.

The poet made his morning meal in silence and constraint. It reminded him forcibly of many meals he had eaten in the same room while sharing the hermit's hospitality. The circumstances were little changed. Although the day was cold, the sun shone through the red-curtained changed. Although the day was cold, the sun shone through the red-curtained window with a summer brightness, the log fire glowed in the hearth, the savory smell of broiled fish pervaded the little room, and Florian, a wonderful likeness of his father, sat eating sparingly, silent but not gloomy, save for the sad shadows occasionally flitting over his face. The contrast between the placid manner and the feverish countenance was odd, but not silent-man and the ambitious politician.
Paul gave up speculation as a hopeless task, and rightly judging his present temper, plunged abruptly into the matter of his visit. so forcible as the difference between this

"You may be aware of the circumstance which led to my stay on Solitary Island," said he for a beginning. Florian regarded him placidly, without a trace of the old feeling in his looks. Paul thought it pretense; but it was real. The great man had no feeling towards him. "I am not aware of them," he replied.

"Strangely enough, our resemblance was the cause of it," said Paul. "The spy, who pursued you because of your resemblance to your own family, pursued me for the same reason, drove me out of me for the same reason, drove me out of all employment, and, with the aid of in-judicious friends, brought me to the verge of poverty and death. Your father saved me, and, for reasons quite plain to us both, took me in and earned my everlasting gratitude for himself and his son." A faint flush spread over Florian's face in the pause that followed.

in the pause that followed.

"I must ask your pardon," he said humbly, "for my guilty share in your sufferings. I was your friend, and I should have aided you; but I was led to believe you stood between me and Ruth, and again between me and Frances Lynch. I was glad you suffered. I regret it sincerely now. I trust you will forgive me."

It was the poet's turn to blush at this humility.
"Don't mention it," said he. "Peter

"Don't mention it," said he. "Peter Carter was the cause of all these troubles. You are not to blame. I am not sorry for them. They brought me in contact with your father."
"And I hated you for that," Florian went on in the same tone, "because your worthiness won a privilege which my crimes desrived me of. I spoke to you crimes deprived me of. I spoke to you

once under that impression in a manner most insulting. I ask—"
"Hold on!" said Paul, jumping to his feet with a red face. "No more of that, Florian. I cannot stand it. If you are really sincere in this change that has come over you keep your apologies for Frances and others. But I do not understand it. I expected something like this, but not so complete and astounding a revolution."

Florian offered no remonstrance to this

blunt suspicion, but after a little pointed out to the grave with such a look in his face! then back to himself.
"Behold the murderer of his father," he said in a sudden burst of sobs, as he repeated the Count's telling words. could apologize to HIM as I do to you, a shall do to all the others. Alas! what numiliation is there greater than that?' "He's on the right track," said the

satisfied poet, wiping his eyes in sympathy and thinking joyfully of Frances.
"It's all cleared up between us, then, Flory," said he cheerfully, as he clasped the great man's hand. "My business is made the easier for that, and it will send me back to New York with a light heart. Come, I have some spots of interest t show you about the old house. Your father loved me, Flory. How proud I am of that honor! But, ah! not as he loved of that honor! you, his son. I was his confidant in ife and the explanation of its oddities

Flory, your father was a saint, of princely soul as well as princely birth.

He lifted a trap-door in the floor of the bedroom, and led the way, holding a lighted candle, into the celler.

nighted candle, into the celler.

'It is not a cellar," he explained, flashing the light on the rocky walls, "but a cave. Here is a door concealed in the rock very nicely. We open it so. Now enter and here we are."

They could hear the sound of running water in the cave, but Florian paid it no

water in the cave, but Florian paid it no attention. His eyes were fastened on the attention. The eyes were lastened on the new discovery. A set of rude shelves took up one whole side of an almost square room, and was thickly crowded with books. The general character was devotional and mystical, but the classics were well represented, and astronomy and philosophy had the choicest volumes. A philosophy had the choicest volumes. A ough desk below contained a wooden rough desk below contained a wooden carved crucifix, a few bits of manuscript, and writing materials. From a peg in its side hung a leather discipline, whose thongs were tipped with fine iron points. A few sacred prints hung on the walls. Except healt and bissed first the crucifix iorian knelt and kissed first the crucifix and then the discipline.

## Rev. J. N. Vanatter, of Albion, Wis. WRITES A LETTER ON

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.



He says: My wife was nost terribly affilicted with rotruding piles, and complated a surgical operation. A friend of ours recomended the use of Dr. Thase's Ontment, and less han one box effected a complete with the complete of the complete 25 years I suffered

with the above address and will obtain full particulars regarding the great cure.

pues and skin disease.
Dr. Chase's large-size recipe book, cloth-bound, sent to any address on receipt of 50 cents, by addressing Dr. Chase's Company, MAMA **公本金本** nto or Buffalo, N.Y.

"This spot," said Paul reverently, " is a secret to all save you and me. When I first came here, broken down and disheariened—it seems a beautiful and fit sanctuary for the disheartened—I was sincerely disposed to lean more heavily on God for the support I needed. After a little the prince took me into his confidence, and I beheld such a sight"—the tears of emotion poured from his eyes—
"as I had never dreamed of seeing this side of heaven. Long meditations and "as I had never dreamed of seeing this side of heaven. Long meditations and prayers, mortifications such as that discipline hints at, unbounded charity for all men, are virtues common to all the saints. They did not impress me as did the glimpses of his soul which I received. Ah! such an overpowering love of God. Ah! such an overpowering love of God It seemed to burn within him like a rea flame and to illuminate the space about him as does this candle. I would have feared him but for the love and strength heared him but for the love and strength these very qualities gave me. I knelt here with him often, and when I was strong enough tried to stay by him in his vigils. I know the angels often came to him visibly. I saw wonders here and dreamed real dreams. And no one knew it save myself. Who would have believed it had they not seen what I saw?"

it save myself. Who would have be-lieved it had they not seen what I saw?"
"Blind, blind, blind!" murmured Flor-ian. "We all caught glimpses of his glory, but my love was not as sharp as hate, and my soul too low to look for such a manifestation of grace. My sin is a The last time I saw him," continue

Paul, "was in this spot, kneeling where you are kneeling. He had a premotion of his coming passion, but it was lightened by the conviction—perhaps it had beer revealed to him—that out of it would come your salvation. 'Tell my son,' he said, 'that I died because of him.'' "'Behold the murderer of his father,'

Florian murmured to himself. "Tell him also not to despair, but with a good heart, and without haste or great grief for anything save for his sins, to be-gin his penance." You see he know and gin his penance.' You see he knew; and when I asked him if he were about to die, when I asked him if he were about to die, 'God holds all our days,' said he, 'who knows but this may be our last?' I never saw him again in life. God rest his soul, if it has suffered any delay!'

There was again a short pause as Paul

waited to review that last scene and to ecall the tones, the feelings, the incidents of a most pathetic moment. Florian still knelt at the desk with his fingers about the it is all over," he said to the

kneeling figure; "let us go. You notice the dry air of the cave. It is beautifully ventilated and very safe for such a place. Your father loved it. Come, my friend. Or do you wish to remain here? Florian rose and they returned to the

room above.
"I have finished my work—almost," said the poet, putting on his hat, "and now I am going. Can I be of any help to My father's friend and mine," Flor-

ian replied, "I have need only for your pardon and the renewal of that affection you once had for me."

"And never lost, Florian. You have

it still, and the pardon which is always yours beforehand. After a little you will return to New York?"
"Yes, after a little," he replied slowly, "but not to remain. Here is my home in the future. I have my business to close up and a great act of justice to per-

After that my solitude. It was on the poet's lips to dissuade him from so extravagant a course, but he thought better of it and said nothing, preferring to leave so delicate and dangerous a matter to time and good providence of God. Florian walked out with him as far as the opposite shore, a smile of joy lighting up oddly the sad lines of his face. He seemed, however, singularly destitute of the power of self-reflection. His thoughts were ever fixed on what he had seen and heard of his father, without much attention to their effect on himself. He was smiling, not for joy, but in obedience to some hidden impulse which he

woods.
"Until I see you again," said the poet,

Clasping his hand.

Clasping his hand.

That was a miserable day for Ruth
Pendleton which witnessed the vulgar
outbursts of Barbara Merrion and showed
to her the real character of the woman in whom she confided. There was nothing to prevent her telling Ruth's story to the whole world; and in her heart there was the dread of its reaching Paul's ears, as it must if he remained long in the town, or if Barbara encountered him. She was compelled to believe that Paul thought no more of her than of any other woman, in spite of Barbara's gossip. His manner had always been cordial, respectful, and distant. He had never sought her out, and he so near; had never presumed to any of a lover's familiarity; had always been as distant as a polite acquaintance could be, and talked of New York and his visit to her convent as common things, which they were not to her. Was the bit of Bristol board a fancy then? She looked at it many times a day. How it would amuse him when Barbara re-lated its history! Her cheeks burned at the thought of the humiliation. The

quire assured her that he had arranged t with Barbara nicely. Ruth was fain to be satisfied, but could not trust Barbara until she Paul had also departed from Clayburgh, It was a delicate and thoughtful act on the poet's part, and well deserved its intended effect. Ruth rejoiced over it from

Knowing the double meaning in his words he watched her confusion with secret de-light. "The island has another solitary."

She cast a startled look at him.

"Florian has come back a penitent, thrown up the world and its honors, and proposes to live and die, as did his father, in the obscurity of that island."

"I am dazed," she replied; "I cannot understand such things."

"They are as they seem. Miss

"They are as true as they seem, Miss Pendleton. This evening I shall explain them. Florian is on the island, has been there for ten days, and Mrs. Merrion has married a Russian count and gone to Europe. You are still more surprised. Let me say good-day to you, and do me the honor of being at home this eve-Ruth was again deceived. This visit

Florian, she thought, and consequently there was no reason why she should fear that Barbara had exposed That night when Rossiter called drifted into the usual channels Paul related the circumstances which had led to Florian's flight to the island, and gave Ruth a description of his experience with the penitent that morning.

"It is a wreck you have seen, not Florian," she said, with tears in her eyes; "but out of it the old Florian will come back to us. Thank God! I hope Linda and the prince know this day of joy."

and the prince know this day of joy."
"It is quite impossible," said Paul,
"that he should take up the life his
father led. Yet it fits him wonderfully

and to see him you would think the prince was revived."

"We shall leave Pere Rougevin to settle his future. He will make it easy for him to resume the old life without "I shall have the honor of accompany

ing you," said Paul, " if you have no ob jections. I am going to the Island my ections. I am going to the Island my self. My two reasons for coming her \_I wished to make certain of what and happened to Florian for the sake of "Poor girl!" said Ruth, "she will be

his salvation yet."
"Indeed she will, Miss Pendleton. believe his heart turns that way still. No great heart like his could ever find content in such a creature as Mrs. Mer-rion. And my other reason was to re-move any misunderstanding between you " Misunderstanding!" said Ruth, great

'I have loved you a long time, Miss Pendleton—fully eight years. I have tried to keep it a secret, to bury it forever from your knowledge, and yet I could not I could not leave you without having spoken. Gol knows if I might not have made a mistake in so doing! It would be an eternal regret to me, and so I wish to know from your own lips, Ruth, if I must part from you forever. It rests with you to give me the greatest happi

ness or the greatest sorrow of my life.",
"I shall be compelled to give you.",
She hesitated, for her emotion was
strong, and she dreaded an exhibition of Paul trembled in spite of his con fears. Faul trembled in spite of his confidence in Barbara's story.

"I shall be compelled to give you," said Ruth calmly, after a time, "what you call the greatest happiness of your life." And she laid her hand in his for an ingreat while their eyes met and ex-

an instant while their eyes met and ex changed the thoughts too true and swee changed the thoughts too true and sweet for expression. His face was radiant, and he made no demur when she begged to be excused and withdrew to her own room. God had been very good to her. In the very moment of her resignation to His will He had honored and blessed her beyond belief. The Squire's heart fell when Paul made a formal demand upon him for his daughter. him for his daughter.
"I had thought Ruth's idea of marry

ing was over," said the Squire sadly "but, if you've made it up between you

I have only to say yes."

Florian easily guessed the relation existing between the two who visited him did not think of analyzing.

"Why do you look so pleased?" said the next day. Rath's manner was always so clearly marked in its modesty and reserve that her intimates might the poet to him.

"Do I look pleased?" he asked, with a puzzled expression which silenced the puzzled expression which silenced the new hermit accepted the position quietly and without so much as a single reflection. tion on what might have been. He did not look for any surprise on the part of those who came to see him, nor did Ruth manifest any. It was as if he had been there ten years. Paul gave them an

there ten years. Faul gave them an opportunity to talk alone.
"I congratulate you," said Florian gravely, "on your present happiness. You are every way deserving of it." "And I congratulate you on yours," id Ruth. "Our island seems destined

to have a tenant always.' to have a tenant always."

She would have wept, had she been alone, at his sadly altered appearance, stooped, pale, hollow-eyed, and the firm lips quivering. But better that way and dearer to God than in the pride of his physical strength and political glory.
"Yes, this is a place for happiness," he said, looking around the homely room. It healed my father's heart-

"And it will heal yours," she added for him as he left the thought on his lips un-expressed. He smiled as if she had re-

proved him.

"I hope so. You have not known all my wickedness, Ruth. I deserted Fran-

"I know it all. Florian. Do not distress yourself with recounting it. Your repara-tion will be all the sweeter to her, poor

girl."
"How can I make it?" he said humbly. "I have put a shame upon her which only marriage can take away; yet I could not ask her after the wrong I have done."

"Do not think about it at all," said Ruth with emphasis. "Go to her, tell her after the wrong I have seen the said Ruth with emphasis."

turned from it. May God and my saintly father help me; but indeed, Ruth, I am a most miserable man!"

most miserable man!"

His cheeks flushed while he was speaking, and Ruth's tears fell slowly. It was his second outburst of feeling in mortal presence since the night his crime was fixed upon him. He bowed his head upon the table and wept in silence.

"Thank God, as I do, for these tears," she said. "Yours is a strong nature, Florian, and once turned from the right it would require just such means to bring you back. I am not sorry for your sins, since I see your repentance. Your father since I see your repentance. Your father cannot regret his sad ending, nor your share in it, when he sees your tears fall-ing into the hand of God. O Florian! be of good heart; all your sins are forgiven

It was a haggard face that he presented on rising.
"I know they are forgiven. I am very

fortunate. Pardon me for intruding thes things on you. It is not a day for tears. The sun was shining maliciously or the helpless snow, whose white fingers clung in vain to the spruce trees and the rocks, and with much weeping lost their hold and fell out of sight. Patches of gold color lay along the ice, and big shadows stole around the islands, retreating from the sun. The air and earth sparkled. the sun. The air and earth sparkled. A soft wind blew from the south in gusts and filled the narrow channels with music It was not a day for tears, as Florian had said, but the sight of that lonely grave upon the hill was ever in his eyes and the beauty of the world lay under its shadow. For him the sun rose and set behind it, and beyond it he saw heaven and hell, the eternal truths of religion, and the path that led to heaven. He could not but be a little gloomy, and the presence of men augmented the gloom. His friends parted rom him with many kind wishes and hopes for the future. Like his father, he said nothing and watched them until they were out of sight. What was he thinking were out of signt. What was he thinking
of? The poet thought it might be of the
days when the rights now exercised by
another over Ruth belonged to him. The
poet was wrong. Florian was wondering
if his repentance would bring him the
peace of heart which attached to the former hermit of Solitary Island!

CHAPTER XXV.

The oldest inhabitant of Clayburgh, mindful of that day, years back, when Florian had received a public reception from his townsmen, and particularly moved by the physical and moral grand-eur of the man at the time, had he seen the figure which one lone April day walked to the depot, would have been overcome with resentment and shame. Still pale and emaciated, stooped and shambling in his walk, as plainly clothed as a workman, Florian proceeded through the streets of the town as calmly as if it was a custom with him so to do. People stared at the stranger and wondered at his likeness to "their boy," speculated as to who he might be, and were mystified when no one knew him. Florian was more than disguised. It was another person who walked the streets that day on his pil

grimage of reparation.

He took the morning train for New York, buying his ticket with the Squire's startled eyes fixed on him fearfully. Was this a ghost? the Squire asked himself. He did not venture to address the figure, and Florian did not observe him, while and Florian did not observe min, white the more he looked at the undressed beard and the lean form the less resemblance could he see to his famous boy. The eyes of New Yorkers were not so easily deceived. Passing through the streets to his long-deserted office, he met a few acquantances, and all recovmet a few acquaintances, and all recognized him, offered him their sympathy for the illness of which they had heard nothing, and wondered at the odd manner in which he accepted their condo ences. Just then he was a political cip-her and was not troubled with the pres-ence of old adherents. A paragraph in the paper announced his return to the metropolis, and brought fear and trepidmetropolis, and brought fear and trepid-ation into the De Ponsonby household, but in no other circle did it create any excitement. No one had any idea that Florian would visit the boarding-house soon after his arrival in the city, and Paul was counting on that supposition to get madame into a reasonable frame of mind. All were surprised when the serv-ant one day laid Florian's card in the mistress' hand, and they heard his

Send him up," said madame, promptly, while Paul rose to go. "No," she continued, "you may remain. This matter is as public as was his engagement. I wish it to be so."

The poet sat down disturbed in mind.

Frances was in a state of agony utterly beyond her will to control, but madame never once alluded by word or look to her nervous manner. It was a formidable court before which the penitent present-ed himself. Yet Florian entered as in-differently as if he were in the lonely island cabin, and, after saluting the thre island cabin, and, after saluting the three gravely and politely, sat down. His appearance astonished madame greatly, and drew a quickly smothered sob from Frances, but all signs of emotion were presently buried in a dead calm, which grated upon Paul's nerves like saw-sharpening. He was bound by circumstances, and could say nothing and do nothing to alter the condition of affairs. The battle lay between madame and true love. If Fiorian suffered from any emotion it was Fiorian suffered from any emotion it was visible only in the long interval which followed his entrance before speaking. Like a true and determined enemy, madame said not a single word while wait ing for the parley to begin, until Paul in his hard indignation felt that a battery would not be too much to bring to bear of

unworthiness. I beg of you not to mis-understand my motives."

Madame never hesitated in her reply, although while Florian was speaking she caught the petitions of three appealing faces, the third being now visible through the half-open door, where Peter was list-ening, impatient and interested.

"I do not pretend to know your mo-tives," she said calmly, "but your offer we reject for good reasons. It is quite impossible that my daughter should ever again consider marriage with you."

impossible that my daughter should ever again consider marriage with you."

The face of Frances grew pale as death, but her lips were pressed tight in deter-mination. Paul growled and Peter started forward, then drew back. Madame crushed these signs of rebellion by her proud and confident indifference.

proud and confident indifference.

"Perhaps it is best," Florian said after a pause. He had received her answer without any surprise, as if he considered it a very proper thing. "There have been many changes in my life which might not be agreeable to you. In no way am I the same as when I first had the honor of preposing for your denwiters. the honor of proposing for your daughter's the honor of proposing for your daughter's hand. I will never again be the same, I trust. I have done all that I know how to do in atoning for a great injury. You have forgiven me. It would be a great pleasure to know that in your opinion I have done all that is possible."

His wistful gaze and simple words disconcepted mademe considerably.

concerted madame considerably. She was half-convinced that the man was acting, but his motives were hidden, nor could she discover them. There was no adequate motive to explain this You could not have done more," she

answered steadily in a tone that closed the interview. Florian rose and bowed his farewell. A rumor crept through pol-itical circles in the metropolis that Floritical circles in the metropoins that Fior-ian was closing up his legal business on the point of retiring to a more congenial field of labor. It was only a rumor, and before it could be verified the great politician had utterly disappeared from the sight of men. A reporter was knocking his door out of shape for an interview at the very moment which saw him approaching Clayburgh on the etrain. Thus the world could knock at the doors of his heart. again would they open to any of its emissaries, and his joy had something fierce in it as he reflected that, God willing, he was entering Clayburgh from the distance his burnt ships were smouldering—his fame, his power, his wealth, his memory, his love! Men would nevermore see them in their proud beauty sail rough seas towards glorious harbors! If they heard of him—and he prayed they would not—it would only be to hear of would not—it would only be to hear of the season would not be the season was entering Clayburgh from the south his conquests over himself; and probably they would wink, and smile, and touch their foreheads knowingly to insinuate his mental weakness, a fact which pleased him greatly and drew a smile world mistook wisdom for folly.

He jumped from the train before it reached the depot, and made his way across the fields to the river. It was now the first week of May and the ice was gone, but the chilly air blew sharply across the water, and the shore resounded under the breakers. He stood on the hill inder the breakers. He stood on the hill for a moment with his eyes fixed on Linda's resting-place, where the tall monu-ment pierced the sky. His resolution had been to look no more to the past, to leave its sad reflections in the grave, and to keep his eyes on the future, while his thoughts engaged the present and made what they could out of it. At this moment it was impossible. Back went his recollection to the hour when Linda was in the meridian of her health and beauty when he was young and full of hope and unstained by sin, when Ruth was his by love's clear title. The intervening years were like a nightmare-ignorance at the beginning, murder at the end, and mystery everywhere. Was he not dreaming At a convenient spot along the shore he found a boat, whose he knew not, but used it as if it were his own. It was a long and weary pull against a north wind until he reached the shelter of the longer and wearier across Eal channel: Bay to the anchorage below the cabin; and the night reminded him of that blus tering, raw evening when with Ruth he had first set foot on this island. First to the grave and then to the house! He lit the fire and drew the curtain, fondled Izaak Walton, and settling close to the log blaze, felt himself at home. His log blaze, felt himself at home. His home! He was cut off from the world at last and forever.

Ruth quickly received word of his re-turn and the events preceding it, and had a long conversation with Pere Rougevin touching the new hermit. As a part of a plan which she had conceived, and the Pere improved and perfected, the Squire was informed of Fiorian's presence in Clayburgh.

Clayburgh
"Where is he stopping?" said the old
man, doubtfully. "What's he doing here
at this time of the year? What's he

"He is living by himself on Solitary Island," said Rath. "For the rest you had better ask himself."

had better ask himself."

"What!" murmured the Squire, and he said a queer word under his breath, "have you Jesuits got hold of him again?"

"The news came from New York," Ruth replied indifferently; "I know nothing more aboutit, pans."

COMPLETELY PROSTRATED.

ing more about it, papa."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Quebec Farmer Tells How He Was Restored From Almost Hopeless Suffering to Complete Health.

tended effect. Ruth rejoiced over it from one point of view. It was hardly probable that he had mel Barbara. It so, and she had told him, there was no dread of meeting him again in this world. Her dream faded into the children of meeting him again in this world. Her dream faded into the children of meeting him again in this stronghold, and site bore this sorrow as stronghold, and site bore this sorrow as sweely as site had borne many others in her placid life. The winter wore away, until blustering March began to hint at the warment of spring. Then walking out one day she met at the post-office Paul, hearty and load from a consciousness of the happiness to come. It was:

"Miss Pendleton, are you not glad to see an old face to-day?" and "Mr. Rossiter, this is an unexpected pleasure," with bows and tremblings and beart-bears innumerable, and many inquires abort, morthing at all, nutil Paul said:

"You may wonder at my return in this rough season, but I come on a matter that concerns us both."

"You may wonder at my return in this rough season, but I come on a matter that concerns us both."

"I merely wished to give you a hint," he said, "of what you are to expect."

The world not be too much to bring to bearon his feminise obstructor to the natural onthis find that we done you and your daughters.

"I have done you and your daughter a retar wong," Florian said with simple literchess, "and I thank you for giving retar wong," Florian said with simple literchess, "and I thank you for giving retar wong," Florian said with simple irretary on, "I bestreet he is opportunity to express my sorrow and sak your pardon. I deserted Miss particular that the found of time of the world he would have made himself when the post-office Paul, he

## THE PRE - REFORMATION CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

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Rev. D. M. Barrett, O. S. B., in American French PART I.

In a letter remarkable for the pasby a c toral solicitude and tender charity to-wards "all the churches" which mark side by the present occupant of the Papal one risi the Hierarchy of Scotland on the sub ject of the re-union of Christendom. with more particular regard to "our separated brethren " in Scotland. beheld, After alluding to the seeds of Christian grand ity sown by St. Ninian—sent from Rome work, 200 years before Augustine came to beautif England-watered by St. Columba and were ri other holy missionaries, and fostered ons. by the saintly Queen Margaret, the everyw Pope reminds Scotsmen of the advan the pi tages bestowed upon their land by the numer Catholic Church when she reigned ficent of supreme there. It is proposed in this ed glas paper to take a giance at some of these | the we advantages, in order to show the loss in heig which Scotland sustained, over and cet lig above the loss of the true Faith, in by a what Leo XiII. terms "the terrible the en storm which swept over the Church in of the the sixteenth century."

Anything like an adequate review than the sixteenth century. The

of the thousand and more years during which Catholicity grew and flourished in Scotland would be an evident impossibility in an article such as this. It see it, would, therefore, seem more to the point in fore to take our stand at the period which its min was the apogee of its external greatness its pio and power — the early part of the six teenth century—and thence view in detail the benefits bestowed by the Church upon the nation at large. It was a time when the power and prestige of the Church were most conspicuous; since, although heresy had dared now and again to rear its head, it was rivalle scarcely regarded yet as an enemy to monas be feared.

Glancing from our standpoint down the vista of past ages, we come in sight of many a saintly figure. Faith ful Ireland had sent her missionaries ments -Columba, Drostan, Brendan, and a ful sp host of others, to evangelize the land. Danfe Scotland herself gave birth to others. Serf, Mungo, Ternan, Blaan, Natha lan, Duthac-to carry on the holy work. The blood of national martyrs | rival, of Donnan and his companion monks, of Maelrubha and Adrian and Magnus Chest -watered the soil; thousands more, the secret of whose sanctity is known only to Heaven, pleaded for the country, and enriched it with streams of grace. Through their prayers and paven merits religion has flourished, and the thirte Church has grown up to be a mighty lofty tree, whose branches overshadow the walls,

the Catholic Church energizes through thirteen episcopal Sees. Stately cathedrals, monasteries, collegiate and par ish churches stud the realm. God is worshipped within them with a magn - ficence of ceremonial not fully realized, dicting and scarcely appreciated in a nine teenth century, when ritual is often bound to give place to practical utility. Prelates, distinguished not only for wisdom and holiness, but often by noble, and even royal blood, uphold the Church's dignity; in the primatial See alone, no less than six of royal pedigree have occupied the episcopal chair during a century. In Scotland, as every-where and at all times, the Church has ever been the nursing-mother of learn ing and science, the patron of the eral and mechanical arts, the faith ful guardian of the rights of her children, defending them against oppression, relieving their hunger with lavish ishing the sick, providing, as far as lay in her power, for all their wants, both spiritual and temporal. It is the attempt of these pages to show in de tail how, through all these channels,
— splendor of fabric and ritual powerful prelates, learned men, tender and sympathetic lovers of their kindshe was the truest benefactor Scotland ever possessed.

David I., whom Scots love to designate "Saint," though a less generous whe successor to his throne styled him "a by sair sanct for the crown," was the first of a series of pious and enlightened rulers sprung from St. Margaret. To this great King Scotland owed not only a host of monastic foundations—Dun-fermline, Kelso, Lesmahago, for Benedictines; Melrose, Newbattle, Dundren-nan, Kinloss, for Cistercians; Holyrood and Jelburgh, for Austin Canons Torphicen, for Knights Hospitallers, and the rest-but she was also indebted to him for the introduction of method and order into the parochial system. His enthusiastic biographer. Aelred, the saintly abbot of Rielvaux, says that David found only three or four dioceses existing and left nine behind him these further multiplied in succeeding

To attempt any adequate description | poe of even one of the cathedrals of these not dioceses, as they appeared in the sixteenth century, would be vain in so brief a review as this. The primatial wif See of St. Andrews boasted of a church | sac 358 feet long, with a lofty central spire, numerous decorated pinnacles, and ria copper roofs blazing in the sun-its interior resplendent with polished eye pavements, carven images, and costly windows of painted glass. Then there was Glasgow Cathedral, enshrining in its unrivalled eastern crypt the body of ma St. Mungo; Aberdeen, with its granite church—the only cathedral in the world | inc ouilt of that material—and its exquis- an ite wood-carving, of finer workmanship im than anything of its kind in Europe. To enumerate would be tedious, but at liv the risk of trying the reader's patience we cannot forbear a more detailed description of Elgin Cathedral—"The ive bore the palm. It was 282 feet long and 87 wide, Ma