

IT'S A MILLSTONE

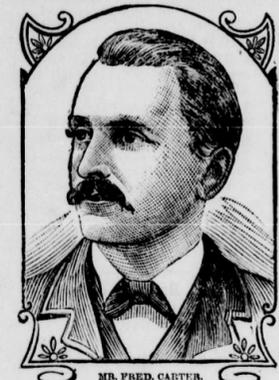
About a young man's neck to be a millstone... suffering from nervous exhaustion, nervous debility, impaired memory, low spirits, irritable temper, and the thousand and one derangements of mind and body that result from unwholesome habits, contracted through ignorance. Such habits result in loss of manly power, wreck the constitution and sometimes produce softening of the brain, epilepsy, paralysis, and even dread insanity.

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LINKED LIVES.

By Lady Gertrude Douglas.

CHAPTER XXXV. THE DAWN OF VITAM VENTURI S. PAULI.

"Souffrir passe. Avoir souffert ne passera jamais." —CURE OF ABB. "All that God blesses is our good. And unless good is ill; And all is right that seems most wrong, If it be His sweet will." —FABER.

On the morning of the 1st of October there appeared the following startling announcement in the leading columns of all the Melbourne journals:

"FRIGHTFUL DISASTER AT SEA.—Total destruction by fire of the steamship Leander.—Loss of two hundred and fifty lives.

"Intelligence reached this town this morning of the burning of the steamship Leander, which left Plymouth on the 31st of July last, having on board three hundred passengers, with the crew.

"Last night the French schooner La Sorciere arrived in harbor, bringing with her eighty souls, picked up in boats belonging to the ill-fated vessel which has so miserably perished almost within sight of land.

"Leander had all but completed an exceptionally fine passage from England to Melbourne. At eighty miles from land, early on the morning of the 29th ultimo, a fire broke out in the steerage, which unfortunately seems to have smouldered unperceived for some hours previously.

"Two of the boats were destroyed by fire before they could be launched. Of the other four, two were swamped by overcrowding, and the remaining two only escaped, carrying fifty-five persons in all, principally women and children.

"Thirty more have been picked up upon floating fragments of the wreck by the boats of La Sorciere, which last night put into harbor in order to land the survivors of the terrible catastrophe.

"We have not been able to obtain a list of the lost and saved before going to press.

"Into many hearts there crept the sickness of despair on that memorable morning of the 1st of October. Even in those families which the announcement did not personally affect, it caused consternation. The news lay spread out on the breakfast-tables of many a home.

"It formed the topic of conversation in every circle of rich and poor; it came like a death-knell to many an aching heart.

"There was sorrow and mourning all through Melbourne. Who can doubt it? But into the details of so much agony we have not time to inquire.

"With one house only have we to do, and in that house Hugh lies dying. After Father Vaughan's letter to Mabel was written, Hugh had decidedly rallied, so much so that more than once Father Vaughan was on the point of telling him what he had said to Mabel, and what he believed would be the result.

"Fear of exciting him, however, kept Father Vaughan silent, so that Hugh remained in ignorance, little dreaming of the surprise in store for him. So much stronger had he become that, in the early part of September, he actually began to contemplate the possibility of returning to England.

"He talked a good deal about it, and had almost made up his mind to the effort.

"He accordingly wrote, announcing his intention to Mabel, promising that, if all went well, he would be with her soon after Christmas.

"He had decided to start at the beginning of October, waiting only for the arrival of the mail, which should bring him Mabel's answer to the letter in which he had told her of his conversion to the Catholic faith.

"Father Vaughan in the meanwhile kept his own counsel; and he was thankful he had done so, for in September Hugh's health again succumbed, the temporary improvement giving place to such fits of prostration as to cause great alarm to his medical attendants.

"In a few days it became evident that a great change for the worse had come. He was sinking slowly but very surely; all hopes of the journey to England must be abandoned. Would Mabel be in time? Father Vaughan felt very doubtful—yet he hoped she might—

"for, if she was coming, another fortnight would surely bring her.

"He had determined to prepare Hugh a few days before the arrival of the mail for Mabel's coming; but when the time actually drew near, Hugh was so weak that Father Vaughan dared not run the risk of exciting him by revealing then what was still only a probability in his own imagination.

"Mabel perhaps might not come; and the disappointment in Hugh's precarious state might be dangerous, if not fatal, to him.

"So Father Vaughan waited, trusting and hoping that if she did come, Mabel could suggest the safest way in which the excessive joy might be broken to Hugh.

"On the morning of the 1st of October, Steenie, now entirely domesticated in the capacity of Hugh's attendant, went down as usual at 9 o'clock to fetch his master's breakfast. The maid-servant was cleaning the door-step, so that the street door was wide open. Steenie went to close it, at the same time reproving the maid for letting all the cold wind into the house; and while he was talking to her, the newspaper boy put a paper into his hand.

"Steenie was in Father Vaughan's confidence; he had been down at least a dozen times on the preceding day to inquire if the steamer had been sig-

nalled. He therefore anxiously unfolded the paper, and his eye was immediately arrested by the terrible announcement before mentioned.

"For some minutes Steenie sat upon the chair in the hall like one stunned by a heavy blow. The sound of Hugh's bell recalled to him his scattered senses. Then he went upstairs slowly, taking with him the fatal paper.

"So well, however, did he hide his emotion that Hugh perceived nothing strange in his manner, while Steenie waited upon him as usual. As soon as he felt he could be spared, he asked quite calmly if he might go into the town upon some necessary business.

"Hugh assented, suspecting nothing; but, as Steenie was leaving the room, he called out— "Has the paper come?"

"Ay, sir, it has so," replied Steenie gravely. "Wull I leave't to you, sir?"

"Yes, put it on the table; I shall want it presently."

"There's been an awfu' burnin' o' one o' they big ships, sir; I misdoot me sair, the mails will be lost," said Steenie, as he placed the paper on the table.

"Give it here to me!" exclaimed Hugh quickly. "There, you need not wait any longer, Logie," he added, seeing that Steenie still lingered, with an anxious look upon his face, that struck Hugh at the time, though he did not think more about it.

"So Steenie went away, and Hugh lay back upon his pillow, reading the account—how little he knew it!—of Mabel's death. He was not yet out of bed; he was rarely able to get up now before the afternoon, for he soon became exhausted.

"When he had finished reading the paragraph about the burnt ship, he laid the paper down beside him on his pillow, and fell into deep thought.

"His letter—the one he had so earnestly longed for before he died, the letter that would tell him of Mabel's joy and sorrow combined—was of course lost; he should never see it, and he would have to die, he well knew, before another mail arrived. It was an immense disappointment, but, after all, what was his disappointment in comparison with the fearful bereavement which had fallen upon so many a regret, and then mused upon the terrible sorrow that must be abroad in Melbourne that morning.

"The idea had come to him more than once at the beginning of his illness, and also during the last few weeks, that Mabel would perhaps willingly brave the voyage to be with him. Should he ask her to do so?—should he even hint to her how cravingly he longed for her? If he did, ah! he knew what would be her response. But these were only passing thoughts, upon which he had never allowed himself to dwell. He had buried his wishes down in the depths of his own unselfish, generous heart; for not for worlds would he have asked her to face the ocean she so much dreaded, just for the chance of a few blissful days with him, to be followed by fresh reading of her sorely riven heart.

"And now that he read the awful catastrophe which had recently taken place, he shuddered to think that, had he yielded to his first impulse, Mabel might have been in that very ship.

"Thinking about her, wondering how she looked and felt when she received his letter with Father Vaughan's, there darted across his brain a terrible suspicion. Why had it never occurred to him before? There had been hours, and days, and weeks when it might have been a comfort to him—why, why had it only risen to torment him now?

"The more he thought of it the more its likelihood grew upon him. He remembered many a little thing, many a passing word let fall occasionally by Father Vaughan at the time when he himself was preparing for the voyage to Europe. Hugh had not noticed them then, but now they had all, trivial as they were, acquired a sudden significance in his eyes.

"Now that he came to think of it, Father Vaughan had been for some days past unusually fidgety about the mail, Steenie uncommonly anxious to inquire for its arrival. Why had Steenie looked so grave when he went out of the room? What was his business in the town?

"Hugh raised himself upon his elbow, a flush of anxiety overspread his countenance, as he nervously drew Mabel's picture—the one he always carried about with him, that never left him night or day—from beneath his pillow, and gazed intently at the earnest eyes, which seemed to tell him that, if he doubted as to whether or not she were in the ship, he did her a cruel wrong.

"With her sweet face before him, there came to his memory the recollection of the conversation which had taken place many years before in the drawing-room of Elvanlee Vicarage. He saw the picture as he looked upon it that never to be forgotten first Sunday of his return to England—the pretty sitting-room, full of Genevieve's tastefully arranged necklaces; the sacred prints, in their black Oxford frames, adorning the soft cream-colored walls; the alabaster statues on the gracefully curved Bavarian brackets; the vases of sweet spring flowers; the soft glow cast by Venetian blinds, that bathed the room in a subdued light; Genevieve's bright, kind face, bending towards that low chair, where, with earnest eyes fixed upon the distant line of ocean, his darling, his treasure, his own Mabel sat, shivering as she told them how she loved, yet dreaded the sea.

"How would you do for a long voy-

age—to Australia?" or some such words, he remembered to have said to her, and ringing distinctly in his ears, as though it were but yesterday he had heard it spoken, came back her answer,

"I would not go—unless— " "Unless what? Now for the heroics, Mabel," Genevieve had said; but not until several months later had Hugh learned what the "unless" signified.

"She had explained it to him one evening. Ah! it was the evening of their last farewell on earth. With her golden head pillowed for the last time upon his breast, Hugh remembered how, looking down upon the sweet, sad face of his darling, he had seen her withdraw her long, wistful gaze from the moonlit ocean, and raise her eyes beseechingly to him, with the whispered prayer—

"Hugh, if you were ever ill, or dying, you would send for me, would you not? Oh! promise it to me before we part!"

"That, Mabel, would you dare to cross the ocean to come to me? You once said you would never do so."

"I said 'unless,' Hugh—and I meant by that—unless—it were to go with, or go to, my husband." She had lowered her voice, and a deep flush had come into her white face as she whispered almost inaudibly, "And you, Hugh, are you not the same to me as my husband?"

"So you would come to me if I sent for you, my own Mabel?"

"And, seizing his hand in her warm, firm clasp, she had answered with so solemn assurance: "Oh! Hugh! Hugh! don't you know it? Ten thousand oceans should not keep me from you!"

"Musing thus sadly, and gazing yearningly into the far past, Hugh's suspicions began to gain ground. The more he thought of it, the more certain he became that Mabel would have tried her utmost to keep her promise.

"Hugh was well acquainted with her impulsive disposition. Prudence was not one of his darling's characteristics. The only chance lay in the possibility of her not having received his letter in time to start by that ship; but it was only a possibility. The probability (Hugh's heart misgave him) was, that she had received the letter, and had started.

"Half an hour later, when Father Vaughan, with a blanched face, walked into the room, his first impression was that Hugh knew all.

"Where is Logie gone?" he inquired.

"Father Vaughan hesitated. "I know," continued Hugh, quickly, "he's gone to see who was in that ship? Tell me the truth, Father. Have you any reason for supposing she was there?"

"Hugh, forgive me. God help us both!" ejaculated Father Vaughan, sinking powerless into the nearest chair.

"You must tell me the exact truth," said Hugh, in a low, thrilling tone; "I can bear it."

"Thus urged, Father Vaughan knelt down by the bed-side, explaining, as well as he could, the tenor of his letter to Mabel, and no longer withholding his firm conviction that she had sailed from England in the ship in question.

"When he had finished speaking, Hugh lay white and exhausted on his pillow.

"Hugh, my poor fellow," said Father Vaughan, bending over him, "have I killed you?"

"Hugh feebly opened his eyes, and smiled—a strangely beautiful smile. "I am going to her," he replied. "It is well. God knows best."

"She may not have come after all; or she may be among the saved," suggested Father Vaughan, in a tone meant to be hopeful, but it sounded the reverse.

"She did come, my own darling, brave, unselfish Mabel," murmured Hugh, "and she is not among the living. You will see."

"After that he spoke no more, but lay like one dead until Steenie returned, two hours later.

"Steenie, on leaving the house, had gone first to Father Vaughan, who had already heard the news, and was setting out on his way to Hugh's dwelling.

"Leaving him, therefore, to go there alone, and knowing that his master would be in safe hands, Steenie next bent his steps towards the harbor, where he gained several scraps of intelligence—among the rest, that all the rescued passengers of the Leander, who had not already gone home to their friends, were to be found in the town hospital, whither they had been conveyed on landing, for temporary shelter, until they could communicate with their respective families. Thither Steenie repaired.

"Mabel had been well known on board the Leander. Steenie's worst fears, therefore, soon received full confirmation. She had not only been in the burning ship, but was positively among the missing. Of this there could be not the smallest doubt, for Steenie saw and conversed with several who had been either in one boat or in the other, and who all affirmed that Mabel never left the ship. Two ladies there were who distinctly recollected to have seen her, with her maid, on the deck after the fire broke out, but they had not set eyes on her again.

"Her servant is among the rescued. She will know all about her," suggested one of them.

"Steenie waited to hear no more, but rushed off frantically in search of the servant. It never occurred to him to imagine who that servant might be. Not knowing whom to ask for, he had some difficulty in finding her. Katie, who had been like a mad creature ever since the moment when, recovering

her senses, she found herself separated from Mabel, had been placed in a room apart, for her bursts of passionate grief very much disturbed the tranquility of the other sufferers. Walking through the wards, therefore, Steenie failed to discover anyone who could answer to the name of Mabel's servant, until at last a young Irish girl, to whom he had addressed himself, thinking that she looked a likely sort of person, inquired in return if the girl he was seeking for was a Scotch woman. A sudden light then broke upon Steenie.

"Had ye a Scotch lassie in the ship?" he asked breathlessly.

"Ah! sure, hadn't we then!" responded the girl, appealing to her mother, who sat weeping close at hand. Poor woman! her husband and two sons had been lost in the fated ship.

"I wouldn't wonder, sir," continued the girl, "if it were not Katie you are looking for. Well, then, sure it's herself that's saved, but she's terrible ill. She was in the boat with us, wasn't she now, mother?"

"It will jist be Katie Mackay, I's warrant," ejaculated Steenie. "Guid save us! Can ye not tell us whaur they've ta'en her, mistress?" he added, addressing himself to one of the hospital nurses who stood listening.

"Who?—the girl that speaks such terrible broad Scotch, and whom none of us can understand? Oh! yes, come along, I'll take you to her. We were afraid she had no friends to claim her, and she is raving, poor creature!"

"So saying, the nurse conducted Steenie to the end of the corridor, which ran the whole length of the building; and upstairs, in a little room, with another nurse attending upon her, lay poor Katie, wildly raving in a broad Scotch dialect, very unintelligible to unpractised ears.

"Steenie uttered an exclamation of joy, and darting forward, to the great surprise of the attendants, sunk upon his knees by the bedside, clasping Katie in his arms.

"Eh, Katie, my dear, darlin' Katie!" he began; then his broad shoulders shook and heaved with sobs.

"Katie made no effort to disengage herself from Steenie's arms. She had suffered during the last few days so keenly, she had been so utterly desolate and despairing, that it was like being in Paradise to hear once more the old country accent, to see again the face of one who had loved her so faithfully and so long, to feel friendly arms once more thrown around her, and to know that she was not alone in the world. Leaning her head upon his shoulder, she poured forth into his sympathizing ear the sad story she had told respecting her beloved mistress.

"The two nurses retired, leaving Steenie and Katie together; and it was some time before Katie, absorbed in her sorrow, recollected that she might well be ashamed to look Steenie in the face. When she did so, her manner changed entirely. Burning all over with confusion, she besought Steenie to go away and leave her, assuring him again and again that she was not worthy of his generous, devoted love, which there and then he offered her once more, together with his full, free pardon for all that had happened.

"How long the interview would have lasted is very doubtful, had it not been interrupted by the arrival of Mrs. Manvers, the lady who had volunteered to Father Vaughan the protection of her home for Mabel. Having learnt the sad fate which had befallen Mabel, and the rescue of her servant, Mrs. Manvers had come to seek for Katie, in order to remove her to her own house. With her, reluctantly enough at last, Steenie resigned himself to leave Katie. Mrs. Manvers's carriage was at the door, she wished to take Katie with her immediately. Steenie could come and see her at Mrs. Manvers's house; and in the meanwhile should he not hasten back to his master?

"Alas! Steenie had well-nigh, in the midst of his own joy, forgotten Hugh. He took a hasty leave of Katie, and rushed back as fast as his feet could carry him, taking with him the precious little bag which Katie had found fastened to her dress—Mabel's last token to her beloved Hugh.

"The moment Steenie opened the door of his master's room he saw that Hugh was prepared for the intelligence he had to give. Hugh looked at him earnestly, inquiringly, and Father Vaughan's face asked the question his lips refused to utter.

"Twice Steenie tried to speak, but words failed him. Falling down on his knees by Hugh's bedside, he burst into tears.

"I knew it!" broke from Hugh's lips. "She came, and she is lost!"

"Master! oh, dear master!" groaned Steenie, "ye maun keep yer hairt, ye'll no be lang wantin' her, I'm thinkin'."

"With that he took the little bag from his waistcoat pocket and gave it into Hugh's hands, with Katie's message concerning it. Hugh held it tightly pressed between his palms, then, closing his eyes once more, he murmured, "Now tell me all, Steenie. Keep back nothing. Remember I shall see her before twenty-four hours have passed—she will tell me if you keep anything back."

"And Steenie, in a voice choked with frequent sobbing, obeyed his master's wishes, relating everything just as he had received it from Katie. Hugh heard him in silence to the end, then he said with a quiet smile, turning to Father Vaughan.

"Leave me a while! I should like to be alone. Logie, see that no one comes to me. I cannot be disturbed. You need not be afraid," he added, seeing that Father Vaughan hesitated, "I am not going yet; but I can bear this best alone."

So they went out, closing the door behind them, leaving him alone with Mabel's little note, written to him from the threshold of eternity.

"Darling—my own Hugh,"—it began. Oh how sadly trembling with terror must have been the poor little fingers that traced those shaky lines!

"Good-bye for a little while; don't grieve for me, think what it would have been for me to come just in time perhaps to see you die. It is all much better as it is. Now I am going before, and shall be there to meet you, and we shall not have to say good-bye again. It is all very terrible just now—the fire and death—without kissing your dear face once more. But never mind, God knows best. Don't you remember telling me so very often? Good-bye darling; they are putting down the boats—I do not think I can struggle with that crowd. We can't all be saved. If Katie gets away she will bring you this. Oh, Hugh, my darling, how I love you! How glad I am we can now say our 'credo' together. Don't grieve, please don't, darling, we shall very soon meet. You know I would come to you, did you not, darling? Our faith has cost us all the sunshine of our lives; but we will make it up in heaven. And—oh, Hugh, isn't it worth the pain to know what faith is? Good-bye;—all, ever your own Mabel."

"My own Mabel," he repeated slowly, "faithful unto death." Then he shut his eyes, and lay motionless for nearly two hours.

"What yet remained in Hugh's chance of earthly sorrow was drained by him to the dregs during that long, long day. Bitter, however, as the agony must have been, it was indeed to be the last. He asked no more questions. He made no further reference to Mabel's death. He was silent, bearing that which had come upon him even as he had borne so many other sorrows, alone in his heart with God.

"When Steenie brought his master's dinner, Hugh did not, as Steenie feared he would, send it away without touching it. He allowed Steenie to assist him to rise, and tried to take what was put before him; but at the first effort to swallow he dropped his knife and fork helplessly on the plate, looked up with a melancholy smile, and shook his head.

"I cannot, Logie," he said, quietly. "I think the end is coming."

"After that he relapsed into silence; and when the doctor came in the afternoon, he said Hugh was evidently sinking fast. Hugh took no notice, they thought he was sleeping. Father Vaughan came backwards and forwards several times, but Hugh never spoke to him or to anyone until quite late that same night. Then he turned suddenly, and seeing Father Vaughan sitting by his bed-side, he put out his hand.

"What time is it?" he inquired feebly.

"Ten o'clock," said Father Vaughan, grasping the outstretched hand.

"Only ten!" murmured Hugh, wearily. "How slow it goes!"

"You are worse to-night, Hugh—worse, are you not?"

"Better! nearer her, I hope," said Hugh, with a glad smile.

"Hugh, my poor fellow, can you forgive me?" inquired Father Vaughan in a broken voice.

"Forgive you, Father? What for?" asked Hugh, wonderingly.

"I have thought all day that you were feeling it was my fault, and that had it not been for my letter she would have been safe now in Scotland."

"Yes, instead of waiting to welcome me to-night," answered Hugh, slowly. "Well, Father, even if it were your doing, I should have to thank, not to forgive you."

"Poor child, poor child! God knows it is a bitter day to me. I loved her as my own daughter, Hugh; there was no difference between them in my heart. God's will be done!"

"Father Vaughan's voice gave way. He was weeping.

"It seemed cruel to me this morning when I first heard it," returned Hugh; "but now I see it is the crowning mercy of my life. Can you imagine her grief had she come this morning only to see me die to-night?"

"Ah, Hugh, you would not have died. This has killed you."

"No, no," assured Hugh, positively. "I have felt for the last few days that the end was coming. I could not have gone on; this has made no difference. Do you see this?" pointing to Mabel's letter, which peeped out of the little bag he had hung round his neck, and which he held closely pressed to his heart. "When I am gone you may read it—but bury it with me. It will comfort you to see how she felt what I feel now. All is mercy—inexpressible mercy. Ah, Father, she would have come, whether you had written or not. Nothing would have kept her from me but God's will. My darling Mabel!"

"He closed his eyes. There was another long, long silence, broken at last by Hugh, in a weaker tone, as he again pressed Father Vaughan's hand.

"Thank you. You—gave—my darling—the opportunity of proving herself faithful unto death. This it is that comforts me, more than all. The agony is all over—for—both of us—I am ready to go. Give me that now which will help me to go—forth—out of this life,—to meet—her—with her God and mine."

"After these words Hugh spoke but little more. Father Vaughan, fearing that he would not outlive the night, gave him solemnly, at a quarter before twelve, the Holy Viaticum, followed by the blessing "in Articulo Mortis."

"Oh, Mabel—trusting, loving Mabel, thy sacrifice has been indeed accepted! Over now, past for ever, those long years of patient sorrow; over now, too, that most terrible of all life's

martyrdoms—the

ing the heart of the will may not be left the sharp anguish life on earth; all behold the end and life's joys are already begun for back a hundredfold suffered.

"Surely, to have tense peace shining as, in the soundless night hour, he rec time on earth, his enjoy Him for ete more than repaid sorrow in the past. only the beginning cannot pierce the v After receiving Hugh fell into a Father Vaughan la and Steenie sat by ready to give war change. Between Father Vaughan, w light dove, was awa of a sharp, short c slight gurgling r him spring up immu to the bedside.

"He is going," who had raised H pillow, pointing t oozing from betw has broken another. "Hugh," said bending over him here."

"Hugh opened his but said nothing. Vaughan knelt o Hugh's hand clasped a clear, low voice, ful farewell to her —"Go forth, O C this world!"

"Speak—very Hugh, and all thro was evidently try words after Father Hugh's grasp tight the sentence, "vouchsafed to die f from everlasting d. "Amen," whisp inaudibly.

"May Christ the God, place the v dant gardens of H He, the Good Shep thee among His absolve thee from place thee at His lot of His elect. thy Redeemer facs always in His blessed eyes on truth; and set blessed, mayst the ness of Divine con and ever. Amen.

"Amen," he ree more, for the last eyes; his lips w Father Vaughan catch what he was Mabel right you Sanctam Catholicam Ecclesiam," said he smiled once a once upon the fait was finished.

"So closed that no patient life. Upo far the heaviest s through God's me Lives of himself a suffered so long, tions she enjoyed the blindest, per the two. Otherwis he had never be single-hearted, so in his Protestantis the Church who lo longed, years be draw him also into deed, had been his hard as they we ion with his.

"But oh, surely was blessedness w paid for all. O lived as Hugh live suffered, submitted patiently, in the will, trusting w where he could n before all to his science, can hopo turn to die Hugh's is God's secret, u those who taste too, is the glory tage, the portio Holy Jesus once they that mour comforted."

CONCLUSION

How the Pope

We are told he converted Pope Le of the "plan of would your Holio Croke, "if a p Romagna were to a barren rack it were to enclose plant it with a v it a house, and g gan to bear, the at once to raise value of the impr if, on failure to were to be turn confiscated?" "the Pope, "a r the Archbishop re Father, has been the land quarrel Ireland."

The marvellous parilla is based up absolute merit. Tal spring months.

Bad Blood causes abscesses, ulcers, dock Blood Bites, scrofula from a comm scrofulous sore.