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equals Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills for nervousness, chronic headache, sore kidneys and back and loss of appe-tite. Yours truly, John McCutcheon, 522 Princess St., Kingston, Ont. All good druggists sell them. If they won't, we will supply you by mail on receipt of price, 50c. per box, or 5 boxes for \$2.00. The Doctor Ward Co., Limited, Torento, Ont.

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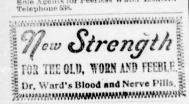
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SOLITARY ISLAND. A STORY OF THE ST. LAWRENCE. By John Talbot Smith, author of "Brother Azarias," "A Woman of Culture," His Honor the Mayor," "Saranac," etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.-CONTINUED.

"Hard fortune, my prince," she replied with a bitter sob. He was troubled no more with these longings. Barbara did not, however, give up her pleasant deal-ings with the Count. She enjoyed a petty revenge upon him by allowing him to continue his lectures on the glories of the Russian court, and in return described to him imaginary scenes with Florian in which the latter, for patriotic motives, utterly refused to leave America. It did not take the shrewd Russian long to dis-cover that she was playing with him.

not take the shrewd Russian long to dis-cover that she was playing with him. Was he always to be the sport of this woman and the politician? "You are a clever inventor," he said one evening, "and I see that you have discovered me. You are bound to remain in politics, Yankee politics, when it lies in your power to erjoy the refined pleas-ures of a civilized court. There is no ac-counting for tastes."

ures of a civilized court. There is no ac-counting for tastes." "Is Florian any the less a prince in America?" she asked. "According to your doctrines his blood is as blue and his title as good as any in Europe. With that I am satisfied." "Always Florian," he said, unable to hide his fiery jealousy. "If you should lose this manly paragon, what then?" "I(!' And she laughed in her exasper-ating way.

ating way. "You are playing with fire, dear lady. You do not know me. I have not given you up. I never will. I can destroy him in a breath, and if you do not take care I will destroy him. My mother's prayers have kept me from nothing so far, and I do not suppose they are yet more power-

ful." "You are charming, Count, when you talk and look like that. How many times have you made the same protestations?" "Believe me, never before. Barbara, Barbara, you are—" "There, there, Count do not be unfair.

I know all that you would tell me and sincerely believe it. Let us talk of something—well, interesting." He ground his teeth in silence and asked himself how much longer he would

be the scorn of this butterfly. "If the door opened now to admit your

Florian-"Always Florian," she interrupted re-

"In what a position you would be after his commands to you concerning my chful

visits!" "But he will not open the door, and if he did you would not be found here. The window, these curtains, your honor --what a number of happy circumstances

"Pshav! what is the matter with me "Pshav! what is the matter with me?" I have never allowed mysslf to be led by a string so with any woman. And my hand holding the winning card! One word and Florian would look on you with horror. What is the matter with me that I do not atter it?"

that I do not utter it?" "The matter with you, Count," said she, looking at her watch, to hide a faint apprehension, "is that you have stayed too long. Now take yourself off while the door is open to you, or you may have to go by the window." "One word, one little word," said the Count, half to himself, "and you are as-sured to me. I swear my belief that Florian would never wish to see your face azain." that I do not utter it?"

again. If you will not go," she said, rising, with a trembling voice, "I must leave you. You have always treated me with

"And I am bound so to treat you always," he exclaimed, at once jumping to his feet. "You shall not be compromised his feet. "You shall not be compromised on my account, even to satisfy my hate for your lover. My time will come, and this hand which now Iembrace-will you permit me-" He kissed her hand while he stood langhing at this foolid. He was listening like one in a terrible dream for the sole point of this discourse

oth her arms about him amid a storm

Dr. A. W. CHASE

COMES TO THE AID OF

Catarrh

'He threatened you, Florian !'' she

Florian was staggered out of his stoical calm by this plausible explanation, and looked at the Count inquiringly. "and if you will come with me I can show you the truth of what Madame is pleased to assert of me." "I will go," said Florian in a voice which made her heart quake. "Remember, sir, that the truth will bring a heavy nenalty on your head."

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

bring a heavy penalty on your head." "You must not go to-night, Florian, she sobbed—"oh! not to-night, my dear est. Wait until you are recollected. Ap

est. Wait until you are recolle be rearances are against you and me, and his man is your sworn enemy." He flung her off almost rudely. "You are under suspicion also," he

said in that same awful voice, the voice of suppressed rage or fear. "Be silent until 1 come again. Not a word!" until 1 come again. Not a word !" She fell back among her cushions as the door closed on the two men and their footsteps died gradually away. The two rivals in the affections of Barbara lost no time in sachiar. the lower the lower and the star-

rivals in the affections of Barbara lost no time in reaching the luxurious quarters of the Count. Each raged with sincere hatred of the other, and each was suffic-iently destitute of principle to use any means to compass the other's destruction. The successful rival saw his success smirched and befouled by his jealous op-ponent. The Count could not forgive the description practiced on him, and, thor revent. The 1

deception practiced on him, and, thor-oughly unscruppions, had little pity for the deceiver. With courage and bitter-ness they sat down to their weighty con-

versation. The Count having me activation age, could afford to be slow and sarcastic. "An odd change this," he said, "for us

who were friends." "Spare your sentiment," Florian re plied, "and come to the point. And le us understand each other. You said was in your power, and you used that as-sertion to intrude yourself on my pro-mised wife. I do not think the first true, and the second merits a punishmen which you shall certainly receive—on conditions."

"A capital phrase — on conditions," sneered the Count. "There are many conditions, then, why I shall never re-ceive the merited punishment. First of all, Madame Merrion is clever. I never made use of any threats to induce her to receive me. She has permitted my visits, secretly, of course, since you forbade her the pleasure of my company. At my in-tiration she pred you to make an at-"A capital phrase - on conditions," the pleasure of my company. At my in-stigation she urged you to make an at-tempt to regain the title you lately sold. She does not care for me as she does for you, I know. You out of the way, I fore-see what would happen. Of course I have left no means untried to put you out of the way. This interview is one of them. It is not turnon cal "

It is my trump card." He looked into Florian's set face with the old, gay, devilish look that the great man had often admired. There was anything but admiration in his soul then. Even the Count awed a little under the

intense purpose expressed in his frown ing face. Your father is dead." he said sudden

ly. "I know THAT, you see, and also wh did it. Have you never suspected ?" "Your spy," said Florian, with a shud-der and a groan. "He sent the bullet," the Count said.

obeying in that another's will. there were circumstances, remote and proximate, which led to the crime. I mean, have you never suspected THEM "Is that the secret of your power?" asked Florian, shading his face for an in-stant to hide its contortions of pain and horror. His voice was very low and quavering, almost pitiful. From that moment until the Count had finished speaking he ittered not a word.

uttered not a word. "Ah! you do suspect it," said the Count wickedly, "and you see I do not spare you. But you have not gone into the secret so deeply as I. You and I, my Florian, are a dangerous and bad pair. The prayers of your father and my mother have only made us worse, and it is lucky

knew it would come to that. Mercy is not beyond him, Paul. Oh! go, like his good money exposed your father to danger, so your desire for this woman destroyed him. You remember that day which revealed to me your love for Barbara Merrion—a selfish, cruel love, doing no honor even to her. How you triumphed over me! You sent me home mad! I shall never forget that day on which I sealed my own dam-nation, if there be damnation, because of you! The spy had found your father! What shall I do with him ? he asked; and I said, Kill him ?? angel." "I feel it is a nonsensical thing to do,"

"I feel it is a nonsensical thing to do," said he, "but I suppose it must be done. And if I find him, and everything should be favorable, what could we say to him about—well, your mother and father, for He examined the paper on the wall at-tentively, while she looked at him with a

puzzled face. I said, Kill him?" There was still no need to look at Flor-"If he is safe, that is enough," she an-

There was shill no need to look at the ian, now plunged into the depths of shame and agony. He uttered no moan even! Outside there was a roll of carriage wheels, and presently the servant was knocking at the door with Paul's card. The Count read it, and upon second "Well, let it go," said Paul, smiling.

He doesn't care very much for any of us, I fear, much as we are interested in him. And, Frank, as long as you live let no one know that I made myself such a goose for your sake and his father's. know that I made myselfsuch a goode for your sake and his father's. Rossiter slipped into Clayburgh without exciting attention. He found a close-mouthed fisherman after a few minutes' search, who for a reasonable sum agreed not only to take him to Solitary Island. but also to keep his mouth shut about it

not only to take him to Solitary Islam's but also to keep his mouth shut about it until eternity, and the journey was made in successful secrecy. Arrived at a spot overlocking the well-known cabin, Paul dismissed his guide and crossed the ice on foot to the opposite shore. It was now midnight. The lonely island lay three feet beneath the snow, singularly tranquil under the dim stars. A faint wind added to the gentle loneliness, and, stirring the to the genue ioneliness, and, surfing the trees on the hill, brought Paul's eyes to the grave beneath them. No light or sign of human presence anywhere! No tracks in the snow save his own until he reached in the snow save his own think because the cabin-door; there began a pathway which led down the slope and up the opposite hill to the grave — the path marked out by the funeral procession! Even while he looked a figure came stag-gering from the grave along the path to where he stood a figure stooped, uncerwhere he stood, a figure stooped, uncer tain in its gait, moaning, and stopping rarely to swing its arms upwards in potent despair. Paul trembled with dread, and the tears sprang to his eyes. Was he to

tured? Floring gave no sign loss of the sam him, but adopted at once his usual reserve. He was not insane. "You here?" he said calmly, but the voice quavered. "I believe you were there THAT night, and I remember you said you had a message for me. Will you come in if you care to?" A cheerful fire burned in the hearth of the single room and the tallow candle

the single room and the tallow candle showed Izaak Walton in his usual place, with every other circumstance of the room undisturbed. Paul said nothing until he

had scanned his old friend keenly. had scanned his old friend keenly. The great man sat down before the fire placidly and submitted to the inspection with an indifference so like his father's own that Paul drew a breath of delight. In ten days he had changed wofally. His clothes hung upon shrunken limbs, and bie foce was wasted. Hollow cheeks, holhis face was wasted. Hollow cheeks, ho low, burning eyes, and wide nostrils! The hand which rested on the favorite book showed its cords and veins, the shoulder were rounded, and his whole attitude one

were rounded, and his whole attitude one of physical exhaustion. The tears again sprang to the poet's eyes. Here was a penitent surely, and there was something boyish or childish about him that appealed to the heart wonderfully, as if misfortune had stripped him of all the years since boyhood, and all his honors. "I have a message for yon," the poet said, " but, with your permission, I'll put it off till to-morrow. I am going to remain t off till to morrow. I am going to remain

here for to-night with your permission also "Oh! certainly," Florian replied, in the same uncertain voice; "there is a good room yonder where he slept. You can have the bed. Have you had supper?" the "I would like something to eat," the set said out of curiosity. Florian took poet said out of curiosity. Florian took down a loaf of bread from the cupboard, oured some water into a cup, and down again without any apology for the scanty fare—just as his father would have done. Paul ate a slice or two of the bread

done. Paul ate a slice or two of the bread and drank the water, while a pleasant silence held the room. He did not know how to open a conversion. "This was his favorite book," said he, heard with wonder his strange confession

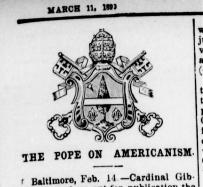
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him in the Solitary's groove as firmly as if he had been in it for years. On the night of Vladimir's revelation he had driven to his own apartments in a state of mind not to be described. He had long suspected his own share in his father's death, but the lurid color in which Vladimir painted his guilt was a Count in a sort of daze which his firm will could not dispel, and it seemed to him that madness or delirium was pre-vented only by the persistency with which he beat off the tumultuous thoughts that crowded upon him. His self-pos-session was entirely gone. The life which he had led, the ambitions which he had session was entirely gone. The life which he had led, the ambitions which he had cherished, the woman whom he had loved, all circumstances connected with his father's death, filled him with wild horror when he recalled them. He could not think of anything with method. He could only feel, and his feelings threataned to drive him into insanity, so sharp, so bitter were they, so confused yet active It was instinct more than reason which It was instinct more than reason which sent him to Solitary Island. It was a mechanical effort of the will which pro-duced the instructions for his clerk; but once on the journey, with people moving to the more again from some offer about him, and scene after scene bring. ing peace to his distracted mind, Florian was able to cry like a child hour by hour of his sorrowful flight. He scarcely knew why he wept, unless to ease the burden pressing upon his heart, which seemed to flow away with his tears. Like Paul, he reached Clayburgh in the night, and un-

reached Clayburgh in the night, and un-seen fled away on foot across the ice over the well-known course which he and Ruth and Linda had often taken in the yacht; past Round Island with a single light for the ice-waste, leaving Grindstone to the left as he ran along the narrow strait with two islands rising on each side of him like the walls of a coffin; through the woods to the spot overlook-ing the old cabin; across the bay and up the slope to the lonely grave on the sum-mit, where he cast himself with a long, sad cry of grief and despair. Five days passed before anything like calm and systematic thought returned to him. One idea stood before him like an inhabitant of the island, with a personal-

caim and systematic funding it enhanced him. One idea stood before him like an inhabitant of the island, with a personal-ity of its own—the words of the Count: "Behold the murderer of his father!" He muttered the accusing words many times in the day and night, sitting on the grave, regardless of the cold and whisper-ing them to bingaff, weening, solbling ing them to himself; weeping, sobbing, raving, moaning, silent by times, as the fit took him; never sleeping two hours at a time; haunted always by a dreadfu fear of divine or human vengeance. Poantoms of past incidents and people were floating around him sleeping and were notifing around min skepping and waking, causing him constant alarm. Even the sweet face of Linda frowned upon him, and that was hardest of all to bear. At the close of the fifth day his delirium suddenly left him and he en-joyed a long and refreshing sleep. When ne woke the hideous nightmare of sorrow and remorse and dread had vanished. He was himself again, but not the self which had flitted from New York to hide its anguish in the icy solitude. There was another Florian born of that long

travail, and a better Florian than the world had yet known. He was not aware of any change. He had lost his habit of self-consciousness, and he was to become aware of what was working within him only when others pointed it out to him. Kneeling in the energy at the foot of the grave, he said his snow at the foot of the grave, he said his morning prayers, promising the father of his love that never again would he have nest of the second seco found in the larder, traveling many miles that day in the snow to obtain flour and meal and necessaries at a distant village He was very weak, but it troubled him He had no regard for his own not at all. sufferings, so firmly were his eyes fixed on the martyrdom his father endured for



bons has given out for publication the following translation of the Pope's pronouncement on "Americanism The letter from the Pope was re warded by Cardinal Rampolla, the Papal Secretary of State, his letter being as follows:

Most Eminent and Reverend Lord Cardinal: In a former letter of last October I had the honor to make known to your Eminence that the Holy Father intended to address in due course of time a Pontifical letter concerning "Americanism," so-called. It now devolves upon me to remit to you a copy of the promised letter, advising you at the same time that other copies will be forwarded to you through Monsignor the Apostolic Delegate.

I profit by the present opportunity to renew the expression of my profound veneration. Kissing your hands, I am your humble servant, M. Cardinal Rampolla.

Rome, January 31, 1899.

THE POPE'S LETTER. Pope Leo's letter is as follows :

To Our Beloved Son, James Cardina Gibbons, Cardinal Priest of the Title Sancta Maria, Beyond the Tiber, Archbishop of Baltimore :

Leo XIII., Pope - Beloved Son Health and Apostolic Blessing : We send to you by this letter a renewed expression of that good-will which w have not failed during the course o our pontificate to manifest frequently to you and to your colleagues in th episcopate and to the whole America people, availing ourselves of ever opportunity offered us by the progress of your Church or whatever you hav done for safeguarding and promotin Catholic interests. Moreover, we hav often considered and admired th noble gifts of your nation, which e able the American people to be aliv to every good which promotes the good fumanity and the splendor of civ Although this letter be n ization. intended, as preceding ones, to repe the words of praise so often spoke but rather to call attention to sor things to be avoided and corrected because it is conceived in th same spirit of apostolic charity whi has inspired all our letters, we sh expect that you will take it as anoth proof of our love ; the more so becau it is intended to suppress certain co tentions which have arisen late

among you to the detriment of many souls. peace of It is known to you, beloved son, t

the life of Isaac Thomas Hecker, pecially as interpreted and transla in a foreign language, has excited a little controversy because ther have been voiced certain opinions of cerning the way of leading Christ

life. We, therefore, on account of apostolic office, having to guard integrity of the faith and the secu of the faithful, are desirous writing to you more at length conc ing the whole matter.

THE UNDERLYING PRINCIPLE. The underlying principle of t new opinions is that, in order to r easily attract those who differ from

the Church should shape her teach

more in accord with the spirit of

age, and relax some of her an

severity and make some concessio

new opinions. Many think that t

concessions should be made not on

regard to ways of living, but eve

regard to doctrines which belong t deposit of the faith. They con

The Russian smiled, although he too was pale from emotion and triumph. He rejoiced in his success, in the humiliation of his rival, in the joy of once more pos-sessing Barbara, even if it had been ac-complished through a dreadful crime. Low as Florian was, he was yet a degree lower. He whispered his last accusing lower. He whispered his last accusing words in the great man's ear with some

"The bullet of Nicholas slew you "The bullet of Michael Seew You-father, and I permitted it; but you-you-" he broke off abruptly and turned to Paul, his hateful feelings almost bursting from his worn, evil face, his finger pointed at

"Behold the murderer of his father!" he cried.

Florian rose and his face came into the light. A dumb animal would have pitied its woe, and the poet gave a cry of anger and sorrow which the politician did not and walked out gravely and steadily as a man proudly going to execution. "If I were his friend, sir," the poet said

in his simple, truthful way, "or had the slightest claim upon him, I would fee happy in the right to punish you for what you have done."

you have done." "Mr. Rossiter," replied the Russian courteously, "I would be sorry if you had a claim. He deserves no pity. It will do him good, the knowledge which he has of himself. You will excuse me." He offered his hand, which the poet did not take and the look which he cast at not take, and the look which he cast at the shapely member, as if he saw its bloody stain, brought an instant's flush to the brazen cheek. Paul went out to his carriage, and as he entered it he heard the gay voice of Vladimir humming a joyous tune.

CHAPTER XXIV. THE HIDDEN LIFE.

Rossiter's presence in the Count's cham-pers was the result of an hysteric appeal com Barbara, who fied to him in despair he moment the door closed on her angry lovers. It took some time to get the necessary explanations from her, and then Rossiter was only too eager to find the two rivals, before either could do mischief to the other. His failure did not at first sight threaten serious consequences, until he had time to reflect on the details of the painful scene. He had never seen any human being so affected by horror as Florian had been. He grew apprehensive ver it, and on his return, after dismiss ing the now quieted Barbara, communi-cated his apprehensions to Frances. "I am troubled for his sake as well as

yours," he said, and the kindly words brought a smile to her lips. "He has heard what I threatened to tell him, from very gentle lips, and he looked when left us as if his heart had been cruelly wrung. I do not know if the truth wi make him ill or bring him to his seness etter that he should know it per-I shall watch him and keep guard haps. I shall watch him and keep guard over him for your sake and his father's until any possible danger is passed." She thanked him gently. The poet she thanked him gently.

hought declined to see the gentleman, but the poet was already in the room making his apologies. One look at Florian con-vinced him that he had come too late. "There is no need for me to say any-thing, Count," he explained, "since I see you have done the mischief I wished to Russian smiled, although he too

the tears sprang to his eyes. Was he to find the mental wreck he had once pic-tured? Florian gave no sign of surprise

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 UCCESS in life is almost impossible for a man with bad breath. Nobody wants to do business with him. Nobody wants to associate with him. Nobody wants to associate with him. He is handicapped every women from Catarrh of the Stomach, some there. The stomach some here, the stomach some here, the stomach some here and the same for uncleannes.

 Material and the stomach some here, the stomach some the stomach some here, and the same here uncleanness.

 May men understand this, and make every do the same the stomach some here, and the same here.

 May men understand this, and make every do the sing the same here and the same here.

 May men understand this, and make every do the same the same here and the seme stomach. Some here and the seme stop here and the climate of Canada that seems to breed seise of the minerous membrane. Medical seeses of the singulations disease.

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which concerned him, "I will do you the honor of believing

permit me— He kissed her hard while she stood laughing at his foolish devo-tion; and this was the tableau which greeted the cold, steady gaze of Florian entering at that moment by the softly-comping door. There was an awkward that had you forseen the tragedy to spring from your manner of life for years past you would have changed it. I would not, I fear. You might not, for your ambition opening door. There was an awkward pause. Barbara grew pale to the last de-gree of pallor, and the Count felt a thrill has always been strong enough to blind you to truth and right. Pardon me for moralizing, but I wish you to understand me fully. You are a man I have never gree of panor, and the control ta tarm of delight leap along his veins. The great man alone was equal to the occa-sion, for he strode into the room as if noth-ing had happened, and made his polites bow to the two guilty ones. The Count tock his hat and retired towards the door not il Foion defained hin. me fully. You are a man I have never trusted since I knew you, and never could trust you. Had you not dropped your faith "-Florian started as if struck-" to took ins hat and reched him. "You may leave here with a wrong im-pression of my relations to Mrs. Merrion," he said, as blandly as was possible, "which I wish to correct. I once pre-which I wish to correct. I once pre-version of the said of the said with the said of the said of the "which I wish to correct. I once pre-table of the said of the said with the said of the "which I wish to correct. I once pre-table of the said of t

faith "-Florian started as if struck.-" to become a politician it would have been different. With a man who has once been a firm Catholic it is dangerous to deal. You went looking for your father; so did we. You were afraid to find him; we were also, or at least I was, for I fore-saw his taking off. You were afraid his appearance would lose to you the title-sale money. The motives of each of us which ber to you as my promised wife. t was a pleasantry which now merits ex-oranation. The lady herself will assure rou that henceforth she is less to me than ale money. The motives of each of us compare to the son's disadvantage, do The Count barbara rushed to Florian and threw they not?

It was of little use for Vladimir to fix his mocking eyes on the averted face. The great man, face to face with the specter which had so long stood at his side, had only its horrid features in his ried. "He said you were in his power. I did it for your sake. Oh! do not be cruel, do not be hasty. A little time, mylove-lime, time, time."

"Well, you begin to comprehend, my Florian; you begin to recognize your own soul in this mirror of mine. You were soal in this mirror of mine. To a false to a son's instincts because of your ambituon; you were false to a lover's instincts because of your passion. What another, you were used to a possion. What folly it was to expect you would be faith-ful to your friend when he stood in your way! You fooled us all very cunningly— alas! only in the end to shame yourself. alas! only in the end to shame yourself. You left your princely father exposed to the bullet of the assassin when a little honesty and patience would have saved him. How could you suppose I, the libertine, the unprincipled one, would bear your insults in quiet? We continued to look for the father you deserted, and we have a whition left him ex-

Sufferers

found him. Your ambition left him exposed to our fury. But I was merciful. I had no taste for blood, for the blood of

I had no taste for blood, for the blood of an unfortunate, a countryman, a co-re-ligionist, my friend's father. I would have saved him but for you." Again the great man started, and his face, hidden from the Count, was twisted shapeless from that inward agony. The Russian's face had assumed a stern, mal-ismant expression as he bent his face. ignant expression as he bent his fierce eyes on his foe and sometime friend. The last words he uttered as one would

thrust the knife into a man's heart "I would have saved him but for you. You left the honored woman whom you had solemnly promised to marry, to de-

prive me of the one woman of my life-a woman far below your standard, hypocritical, but charming; a woman to further your ambitions, but not to be the mother of Catholic children. As your desire for

ning Izaak Walton tenderly, member often to have seen him reading imbed to his attic, sadly haunted by "Yes," said Fiorian, with interest, " and it is one of my memories of him. I was very unfortunate in not knowing more of him. The world fooled me out of that

climbed to his attic, sadiy naunted by Florian's despairing face. "That time truth struck home," said he to himself, "and pretty sharply. If it does not drive him to any extreme it may have a healthy effect on him. But his eyes looked bad." He did not like to utter the thoughts which troubled him. Florian's mental balance was remarkable, but the events of a few months must were of a kind to

partly to himself. Paul was surprised more and more. This pleasant, natural manner of speaking offered an odd conof a few months past were of a kind to shake the reason of strong souls. Neither Florian nor Barbara was to be seen the trast to his woebegone looks. It was something like the Florian of years past. He deliberated whether it would not be shake the reason of strong sould. Arether Florian nor Barbara was to be seen the next day nor the day after, nor the third day. The papers had a curious rumor then of a sudden departure for Europe of the accomplished Barbara and a well-known attache of the Russian embassy, but Paul would not believo it unil a per-fumed note in Barbara's hand-writing reached him. Every one seemed to make him their couldant. "Day Mr. Rossiter: "Try to beliave everything people say of me in the next two weeks. My word for it, it is all true. I was married to Count Beh-renski this morning. He convinced me it was all over between me and Florian, and it almost boke my heart to know it, but it did not cloud my senses to my own advantages. I am a Russian, at all events. I wish you luck in your love-affair. An revoir ! "Barbara, Countes Behrenski," The news of Mrs. Merrion's departure tter to defer his communication unt "I came from New York to night," he ventured to say. "I was anxious about ventured to say. I was anatoms used you, and so were others." "There was no need to be anxious," said Florian cheerfally. "I am quite happy here. It is a pleasant residence winter and summer. I shall never re-gret the city, which will certainly not re-cret me."

"Barbara, Countess Behrenski," The news of Mrs. Merrion's departure in the role of countess, after exciting the usual wonder of the town, settled out o

sight. It did not reflect on Florian, whose broken engagement to the widow was not known; and still it would have mattered little to him, under present circumstances, if that disgrace had been flung upon him. He was not to be found in his office or in his boarding-house, but, with his usual careful foresight, he had left written instructions for his clerk, without hinting at any date of return. Paul grew more and nore uneasy when a week had passed and

there was no news of him. Frances, with her wistful eyes and a dread in her face which he alone understood, came to him daily for information. That he could not give it frightened both and vainly the poet cudgeled his brains to discover some clue to Florian's motives for suddenly disclue to Florian's motives for suddenly dis-appearing. Had he gone to the island? What could bring him there in the dreary days of March? If he were repentant— "There, that will do," said the post; 'that's not a sensible thought, and I don't know as I've had any sensible thoughts about this whole motter. I think I'll turn to the unexported for a change?"

to the unexpected for a change." "What can we do?" was Frances' daily

ery. "I can go to Clayburgh," he said, almost with a blush. "I have a silly idea that perhaps a great misfortune has made him penitent, and he has gone to do pen-ance over his father's grave." "That is it," said Frances eagerly, "I

of ten years of life, marveling what manor on years of the, marvering what mathematics ner of man this man could be; and his Communion was simple and fervent, as became a penitent. Thus began the eighth day, and at its close he was sit-ting calluly hafter the location in the ting calmly before the log-fire in the kitchen, and Izuak Walton was in his treasure -- and of many another," he added

What was he going to do? His period What was he going to do? His period what was ne going to do: I mis period of uncontrolled grief was over and his long penance begun. Where was it to end? He had many injuries to repair— his scandalous life, his rejection of Frances, his treatment of all his friends. Not for his treatment of all his friends. Not for one moment did he think of returning to the city or to public life. He saw clearly the precipice from which Provi-dence, by means of great misfortunes, had snatched him. He had entered the great city a pure-hearted boy to whom sin was almost unknown, whose one desire was to preserve the faith, in spirit and in word, incorrupt in himself. How gradu-ally and how surely he fall! Careless in-tercourse with all sorts of people and the careless reading of all sorts of people and the "You may not have heard of Mrs. Mercareless reading of all sorts of poops and the adoption of all sorts of books, with ideas, brought upon him an intellectual "No," said the other without curiosity. ideas, brought upon him an intellectual sensuality only too common and too little noticed in the world. Then came the loose thought and the loose glance and the loose word, the more than indifferent Some scandal connected with a Count Behrenski, probably." "No. She married him and went to Europe last week quietly." And after that the poet said no more, for he was in companions, the dangerons with isometric state which weakened faith and practice, and prepared the soul for its plunge into a maze and knew not what to think or do. a maze and knew not what to think or do. "I shall retire now, with your permis-sion, Florian," he said finally, using the old familiar name. "I hope I am not troubling you too much or driving you from your own bed." "Not at all, Rossiter, not at all. I never sleep there. Good-night; and if you should not find me in the morning have no uneasiness. I shall turn up again assuredly." he mid. Thank Gol! he had escaped the mud, at least. But who had saved him? And was he to go back to it all? him? And was he to go back to half. "There are some men whom politics will damn." Wise words for him, at whom they seemed to point. What was he to do? He thought over it that night and by the thought over it that night and do? He thought over it that night med the next morning. His resolution formed

itself slowly; finally it was made. He would take his father's place on the island, Paul fell asleep without settling the and remain there until death released him vexed questions which Florian's from his penance. Was it a hard thing to do? No, he said, not with the graves nanner and words suggested. The great manner and words suggested. I he great man, left to himself, behaved in a simple matter of fact fashion at once pathetic and anusing. He snuffed the candle with a face as earnest as if snuffing candles was the one duty of his life, put away the remnants of Paul's supper care-fully after washing the cun and drving it of father and sister so near him. And hus was he situated when Paul found

TO BE CONTINUED.

MARCH AND THE LION. fully after washing the cup and drying heatly, stirred the fire, opened much-bandled Izaak, and settled himself for a quiet hour's reading. Ten days had fixed

MARCH AND THE LION. Something Better Than the Old Saw. The saying about the lion and the lamb in other and a batter one which is literally true. When March comes in and finds you taking Hood's Sarsaparilla to purity, enrich and itized feeling and with none of the boils, pimples and eruptions which manifest tham-selves because of impure blood in the spring. Sarsaparilla for your spring medicine, we advice you to begin to day. We assure you it will make you feel better all through the coming summer.

that it would be opportune, in ord gain those who differ from us, to certain points of her teachings are of lesser importance and to down the meaning which the Ch has always attached to them. It not need many words, beloved se prove the falsity of these ideas i nature and origin of the doo which the Church proposes are reto mind. The Vatican Council concerning this point : "For the trine of faith which God has rev has not been proposed, like a philical invention, but has been deli as a divine deposit to the Spot Christ to be faithfully kept and libly declared. Hence that mean the sacred dogmas is perpetually retained which our Holy Mothe Church has once declared, nor i meaning ever to be departed from under the pretense or pretext of a er comprehension of them." (Co tio de Fide Catholica, chapter iv. " ALL THINGS TO ALL MEN.

We cannot consider as alto blameless the silence which put leads to the omission or neglect of of the principles of Christian do for all the principles come frame. Author and Master, "th same, Author and Master, "th Begotten Son, Who is in the be (John i., 18) T the Father." adapted to all times and all nati is clearly seen from the words Lord to His Apostles : "Going fore, teach all nations ; teaching to observe all things whatsoever commaded you, and behold, I a commaded you, and behold, I a you all days, even to the end world." (Matt. xxviii., 19.) C ing this point the Vatican says: "All those things are t lieved with divine and Cathol which are contained in the God, written or handed dow

Chronic Eczema Cared. One of the most chronic cases of Eczema ever cured is the case of Miss Gracie Ella Aiton, of Hartland, N. B. On a sworn state-ment Mr. Aiton says: "I hereby certify that my daughter Gracie Ella was cured of Eczema of long standing by using four boxes of Dr. Chase's Ointment, William Thisle, druggist, of Hartland, also certifies that he sold four boxes of Dr. Chase's Ointment which cured Gracie Ella. Chronic Eczema Cured.