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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 XXI.-CONTINUED. "Not until two weeks ago, when a heavy sadness disturbed him which he could not shake off. At that time he was not aware of the presence of his murderer. He must have discovered it suddenly and frightfully for his usual prudence and sagacity to have deserted him at a criticall moment. His end is wrapped in mystery, as was his life, and I believe he preferred to have it so."

There was for a short space a little

There was for a short space a fittle solemn thinking.

"I found a handkerchief in the old cabin the time the Count Behrenski and I were here together," said Florian. "It had a faint monogram, "W'..."

"It was Mrs. Wallace's," interrupted the priest. "She stole to the island that night to warn him of the presence of the Canat and to hid him heaver of meeting.

bount, and to bid him beware of meeting

your friend."

"And there is nothing further known of his hidden life; no letters, no scraps, no familiar insights, nothing to show what the man was under all his misfortunes, to make one feel that he was—a—father."

The last words came hesitatingly, and were answered by a curt nod from the

Pere.
"I have his last letter," he replied; "it was written for you to read in the event of his death. And Paul Rossiter may tell you things which he has not told to me. More than that—"

A shrug of the shoulders finished the

sentence.
"Linda had some idea of it," continued
"Linda had some idea of yery happy in the Pere, "and it made her very happy in dying. Perhaps his old confessor might dying. Perhaps his old confessor might be able to give you a glimpse of his interior life. I doubt it, however. It seems to have been a sanctuary into which angels only could enter."

'You have, then, so high an opinion of his hife,' said Ruth gratefally. The Pere bowed and said nothing for a few minutes but as if regretting his morospass.

tes, but, as if regretting his moroseness, he went on to say:

"He was a martyr to his religious convictions, of course. He could have easily won the favor of his emperor by embrac-ing the Greek religion, and, had he been a less tender father, might have lived in comparative comfort. The fear of bringg upon his children the sufferings he dd endured made him self-forgetful." "If you will let me have the letter you

spoke of, 'said Florian, who had been in dulging in a reverie, "I will be going.
The hour is late, and the island is a good
distance off." The Pere silently handed distance off. him a package, and rose as if to end a rather distasteful interview.

"I hope," said Ruth, "that you are not in the control of the control of

going to bury yourself in that dreary soli ude. Before you return to New York we would be happy to have you stop with us "And now that the cold weather is

here," said the Squire, who felt himself on familiar ground for the first time that evening, "you'll be apt to stick there if the ice came on too thin to bear ye and too thick for a boat. So you had better make a move double quick. And now a here, Flory, you ain't doing the right thi And now se by the party and by yourself. You ought to be in New York making cover for what is left of your hay. Your father was a good man, but the best man that even died wasn't quite worth half the fuss mad Florian received this lecture as pleasant

badinage, nor did he make any reply to Ruth's kindly invitation, but, wishing them all good-night, politely withdrew and made his way across the river in a dreary unsettled way, as if he had starte for no place and forgotten the harbor le had left. He was very eager to know something of the real life of his father, and somewhat bitter at finding himself left ou so regularly in the cold. of the hermit, and Linda had received a full measure of knowledge at the last moment. He alone knew nothing. His thirst—and it increased every day—was always unsatisfied. His father spoke to him only through the cold, unsympathetic channels of dead letters or of outsiders who cared little for him. It was a hard condition. He accepted it in his usual matter-of-fact way, but it hurt him nevertheless

When the island was reached and the When the island was reached and the door closed on all the world—on all his care and disappointments, on all his ambitions—he pulled the curtains over the window, replenished the fire, and with Izaak Walton at his elbow sat down to read his father's last communication to him. Just as his fatherhad sat often during the pichts of thirty years? The old ng the nights of thirty years? The old harm of the place was not yet lost to him; t increased rather because of its pathetic associations. Here he had slept and treamed that his father kissed him: here the hermit had made a last attempt to keep him in Clayburgh; here he had tried to discover, without much if any help from God, what his vecation in life might be. The warning which the Prince had given him still haunted his memory, but he had not gotten over his old skepticism

Mr. M. T. Wigle

Of Kingsville, Essex Co.

CURED OF ITCHING PILES OF 23 YEARS STANDING

M. T. Wigle, better known to every one in the

M. T. Wigle, better known to every one in the clinity as "Uncle Mike," was troubled for over 23 ears with itching piles. At times he was so bad he could have to quit work. The irritation became is intense with constant rubbing that they became lecrated and would bleed. He had been treated y many physicians, but found nothing that gave him ellef. Reading in the paper the cure of a friend who ad suffered in a like manner, and been cured by the Chesck lightment he procured a box. After the had suffered in a fine manner, and been cured by Dr. Chase's Olintment, he procured a box. After the third application he got such relief that he had the first comfortable night's sleep he had enjoyed in years. The one box made a complete cure, and he says he would not be without it for \$50 a box if it could not be replaced. Mr. Wigle is a wealthy farmer, well known in the community in which he resides. It is over two years since he was afflicted, and he has never been troubled since.

> Physicians fail to make a cure when Dr. Chase's Ointment gave Immediate Relief. . .

By the light of the old tallow candle he opened his father's letter and read reverentially:

opened his lather's letter and read reverentially:

"My son, my most dear son: I have little time to speak to you. I fear, I am sure, our enemy is on my track. I thought you had forever averted the danger. It is not so. These people will not be satisfied until they have killed me. God's will be done! When you read this I shall be dead. Much obscurity hangs over my lite. It will never be removed in this world. It will pain you, but it was ordered so for your good. Believe me, your father, every moment of my life was a study to save you from what will befall me, every word that I have said to you dictated by the strongest love. Be content with what you may learn of me from strangers. I give you my love and bid you adieu. I return to you, according to promise, a well-known document. My most dear son, a stranger to me all my life, your father hopes and prays to meet you in heaven.

"Florian."

He read it over three, four, ten times, with a more vivid picture each time of the circumstances under which it was written, until the long suffering of his father's life and the agony of that farewell was tearing his own heart, until sobs and tears came to show him that he was no more, after all, than a son of man. He felt humiliated, but only before himself. In these moments of meditation that necelliar these moments of meditation that peculiar these moments of medicators that pecuniar twisting of the features took place which had been noticed during the funeral, as if his very vitals had been seized by the grasp of intolerable pain. With his strong will he reasoned its cause down, but still the shadow haunted him night and day.

CHAPTER XXII.

BARBARA'S SPITE.

After a defeat the vanquished naturally hides his head for a short time. This reflection did not at all soothe the anxiety of Barbara over Florian's absence. Twenty times a day she tried to read be-Twenty times a day she tried to read between the lines of the passionate letters from Clayburgh, and because she found nothing her anxieties increased tenfold. Ruth was there, and who could tell what would happen? He had deserted one woman. Such a man was not to be trusted; and if the old love were still teneral for ten very of absence from its trusted; and if the old love were stim strong after ten years' of absence from its object, what would it not be in her pres-ence, what might it not dare if Ruth said, I am willing? Finally Barbara packed her trunk and started for Clayburgh to pay her old friend a visit. Sh little fearful of the effect of her ance upon Florian, but trusted to luck and her own charms to allay his anger.

The sight of her stepping from the train sent a cold chill along the Squire's spine, and Ruth's first glimpse of her coming up the walk to the house produced a seriou misgiving in that lady's heart. She was going to stay with them, of course. The city was so dull that she could no longer endureit, and it was so long since she had been to Clayburgh. While she was removing her bonnet and preparing to make herself comfortable the Squire found opportunity to whisper to Ruth:
"Not one word about Flory. That"

"Not one word about Fior." Ink's who she's after."

"Barbery," said he solemaly, as he sat down before her, "don't you attempt to tell me you came all the way from New York just to see your old friends. You don't care two coppers for us. You've go an object in coming here, and I want to know it. Because if you're after me may as well give in at once and save the trouble of a long courtship. If you're not, then I can rest satisfied and you can stay here as long as you wish too.'

here as long as you wish too."

"The vanity of an old fellow," said Barbara. "Now what could I possibly want with an antique like you?"

"An antique!" said the Squire, dazed. "Ruth, can you sit by and hear your father called an antique by a mere strip of a widow? If you can you have no more perion of your duty than any other more perion of your duty than any other process." nore notion of your duty than any other

"Well, papa, you are the sheriff—put Burbara in jail."
"I wish I could," said he gloomily
"She's not safe even in jail, though: she'd
bewitch the jailer, the chief of police, law

yers, judge. There ain't nothing, in fact, to hold her. Barbery, speak right out. Are you after me?" And the Squire groaned in mock an-

guish of spirit.

"No, I'm not after you, you poor man I have nothing to do with you, except to eat your dinners and make myself expens ive and troublesome for a few days."
"The hull house is yours, my girl, and all that's in it. If you say the word you

can have any man in the town that you're fishing for brought right here into the parlor, and I'll help you do the conting I will, by Jupiter!" shouted the Squire in follows: oyfully. "Thank you; but I am engaged already

Squire. "Jes' so." said Pendleton dubiously "but you're not safe, engaged or married." Sitting quietly in the parlor after din

siting quietly in the parlot after different er she flung down her gage of battle to them with disconcerting suddenness.

"I suppose you are both aware of the object of my visit here," she said.

"Well, Barbery." said the Squire coolly, "Flory's high game, and I don't blame you, but you'll never get him; work my my my works word! never get.

nark my my words-you'll never get

"You know where he's hiding. Why do you not tell me what I want to

"Tisn't fair, my dear. Flory must have a show," the Squire said with much gravity; "and as he's somewhat cast down how, it wouldn't do to let you go booing around him. You'd have him married to you in a wink. Your cooing doesn't suit as well after marriage as be-, and I'm going to save him from you,

You might as well know," she said,

to recall that she had confided the tender-est secret of her heart to this woman, and that nothing might hinder her from pub-lishing it to the world. Barbara looked after her with light scorn, and the ex-pression in her face stung the Squire into

rage.
"You've done enough for one day," he said, purpling," to give you a chance at a ten years' penance. That good girl sees what you are to the core, and if she doesn't make it known I will."

"That good girl!" said Barbara, with a sneering laugh. "She was always so good! Yet she encouraged Florian into offering her marriage, and then threw him off. She went to a convent in a streak of gushing piety, and when the gush stopped came running down to New York after a little poet upon whom her heart was set, and, if she had found him would have proposed to him and marrie

him. That modest girl indeed !"
With this shot Barbara transferred her effects and herself to the distress of mind. She ha into a difficulty, and saw no easy way of escape as long as she held to her deter-mination to discover Florian. To it she was bound to hold in spite of fate, confident that her old luck would not desert her. But matters had a gloomy look, and her orders to the landlord that she be taken to the depot for the night train was a sort of submission to fate which might not come amiss later. Sitting in the shabby hotel parlor, idly touching the keys of the consumptive piano, to her entered Paul Rossiter. He was not aware of her presence. A glad sparkle lit up her eyes at sight of him. Here was a chance to attain her object, here was an opportunity to stab Ruth Pendleton to the heart. "Mr. Rossiter-O Mr. Rossiter! is it

eally you?"
"It is, Mrs. Merrion and I am delighted to meet you."
"And where is Florian—Mr. Wallace? Why are you in the same town and not

"I suppose he is loafing on his island still," said the thoughtless poet. "He spends most of his time there and rarely comes to the village. And may I ask what fate has cast you at this unhappy season on the shores of the St. Law-

"My native place receives me at any

"Ah! your native place!"

"Ah! your native place!"

"You, I suppose, are soon to make your home here?"

"I return to New York in a week, Mrs. "Where you are hopelessly unknown

by this time, as most people think you have drowned yourself. And is Ruth to go with you? stammered the poet. "Do " Rath! you mean Miss Pendleton? I have not addressed her twice since I came to the

town. For a long time I was not aware she had left her convent." "And yet she left the convent for your sake." He flushed a little, ignorant as he was of the motive of her boldness. She

had, as she thought, an opportunity for belittling Ruth, and if the poet could not suspect it he could feel an uneasiness at er frank communications. "Do you remember a bit of bristol-pard," she continued, "scribbled upon

y you in the convent-grounds last

He did remember something of the "It was found and given to Ruth. Ro mantic, wasn't it? They could no longer hold her in the convent. 'She went by

nill, she went by dale,' until she came to me in the city, showed me the card, and implored me to aid her in finding you. When you were not to be found she was nearly frantic, and fled to the seclusion of Clayburgh to hide her grief. Worse than a convent, isn't it? And I thought you had settled the matter, and would take Rath with you to the city! Well, there's bashfulness for you! And so, Flo
—Mr. Wallace is on the island. Which

sland, I'd like to know?"
"Solitary Island I think they call it,"
aid Paul, absently, his whole body hot
with winds failure of above and do with mingled feelings of shame and delight. But he added, "I have heard that he returns to New York in the morning."

"Thank heaven," murmured Barbara,

shall be there ahead of him. Paul went out into the open air in a daze of happiness — Rath loved him; his fate was no longer uncertain, but he was sorry that her tender secret had found a resting-place in Barbara's bosom. He could not see the motives of the latter's coarse revelation of it to him. He was sure how. lation of it to him. He was sure, how-ever, that malice prompted both the coarseness and the revelation, and he had a dim suspicion that something might have happened since Barbara's arrival in town to bring it to pass. Perhaps Rut-knew and dreaded that Barbara would do something of the kind. How could she ever look in his face again, suspecting that Barbara had so ruthlessly exposed that Barbara had so rathlessly exposed her? The more the poet looked at the matter the stronger his suspicions grew, and alongside them grew the determination to leave Clayburgh that night as quietly as he had entered it months before. Ruth would then feel easier. In time he could come himself to press the suit in which he had altogether despaired; and if it was hard to forbear flying to her then and soliciting a surrender of the secret which rightfully belonged to him, its compensation was that the delicacy of his wife-to-be would not be so cruelly injured. She loved him and had sought for him and was grieved at his absence. He did not want more: but he walked near the house just after twilight, and saw her the Soujac at one side of the narrow here. the house just after twilight, and saw her sitting at one side of the parlor table, with the Squire at the other, her calm, peaceful face as sweet in its repose as if the nun's veil hung about it.

Barbara was on the train with him that

course of the day filled the poet with in-

ordinate vanity.

Peter Carter received him in a commonplace attic with tears and embraces, and spent a luxurious hour describing the perfidy of Florian, the woes of Frances, ane the cruelty of madame, who had driven him forth into the world without mercy and without allowance. He drank too much, or perhaps too fast for perfect and easy narration, and fell to snoring before all the details—worthy indeed of his fame—were given to Rossiter. The poet marveled greatly at the antics the city had played during his brief absence, and went to his old quarters with some haste and anxiety. Madame De Ponsonby Lynch gave him

a generous welcome. She was still madame, reserved, exclusive, and goodhearted, and very handsomely apologized for her treatment of him; nor did the faintest trace of feeling appear on her smooth face at mention of an incident which brought her exiled lord to her mind. Frances, she said, was probably about the house somewhere-most likel in the famous attic which he had s queerly deserted—and she begged him young lady's manner or appearance for she had lately met with a severe disap pointment. The disappointment he had probably heard of, since it was, in a quie way, the talk of metropolitan society. The poet after engaging his old attic, climbed the stairs to look for Frances. There was a burning indignation in his breast against the heartlessness of the man who could inflict so cruel an insul

man who could inflict so craci an insuit on a woman so gentle and good as his promised wife.

She came to the door in answer to his knock, and for a few seconds there was a hush of astonishment as the two met face to face. "Mr. Rossiter, or his ghost!" she exclaimed.

ne exclaimed.

"And the substantial Miss Lynch,' aid he, offering his hand. "I have ensaid he, offering his hand. "I have engaged the garret for a long term, and am not likely to lose it by any more mis-inderstandings." derstandings."
'How can I ever—"

Your mother has done it: don't say a "And my poor father, that made all the

disturbance—"
"I just came from him," said Paul, smiling, "so do not let bygones trouble you. I know you have enough of un

Her lip trembled and she could not trust herself to speak. While talking the changes sorrow had made in her. was still the gentle, sprightly girl of a year past, but his eye noted the trembling lip the melancholy shadows around mouth and eyes, and the nervousness of

her manner. "I have seen him so late as yesterday, Paul said, and I thought you ought to know. There have been so many strange things happening in his life. I was in Clayburgh, and he was there. He dis-covered his father in the person of an old fisherman that he had known for years hink of it—a prince of royal blood, with Yankee dialect and a Yankee look ading a solitary life on an island of the

'I am so glad," said Frances; "his nappiness will now be complete. "I suppose," the poet said cynically, but recollected himself in time. "Alas! Frank, there never was a more unhappy meeting of father and son. The father was dead, shot fatally by a sneaking assassin and it was only a corpse which death handed to Florian."

"Oh!" she murmured, with clasped hands, and the tears began to fall. I think it was a punishment on him,"
I Paul calmly. "No, don't look at me said Paul calmly. "No, don't look at me so. We only buried the Prince two weeks ago, and in telling you all about him I must say some hard things of Floran. You know I met Florian's father by a mere accident. He took me into his cabin, make a favorite of me, and let in some light not only on his own life but on mine. Florian was unworthy of him. He deserved, to lose him, and to lose him as he did, for he died as much from a as he did, for he died as much from a broken heart as from a bullet-wound.

wanted Florian to know that, but he suspected me and kept away."
"Paul," said she, through hersympathetic tears, "what has he ever done to you that you should talk of him so?"
"Nothing more than he has done to

any true man in his treatment of you. God sent him one punishment, and he got no sense or grace from it. I doubt very much if he will gain anything from another. So you all thought I had com-mitted suicide?" That remark brought the smiles to her

"Well, you know what a despairing poet is apt to do," she replied. "But we hoped you had merely changed your residence. Let me ask you, did you meet in Clayburgh that lovely Ruth Pendleton?" It was more than the poet could do to keep the blood from his fair face. It rose to his caller over it to his ears to his to his collar, over it, to his ears, to his eyes, to the roots of his hair, nor could his glib chatter hide it from her eyes.

CHAPTER XXIII,

TERRIBLE TRUTH.

They had left little trace on him, and he had put the incident of his father's death out of his life as thoroughly as the death of his sister, the loss of Rath, and the late election. Life's busy round was gone over as evenly and as hopefully as if these tragedies had never been. Yet he could not deny that his real self had been held not be him in the quiet of his late rateaut. with heightened color, "that I am Florian's promised wife. Will you tell me where he is."

"If you're engaged to him," the Squire remarked wickedly, "you ought to know where he is."

"I have a batch of letters which he has written to me every day since he came he came here, and that is all."

"You'll have to find him yourself, then," said the Squire it and, as we don't care to mix ourselves up in your doings, perhaps you wouldn't mind going to stay with your friends in the town."

"I have already decided on that, you funly old man, for it would be too much to accept of your hospitality farther."

Ruth rose and left the room without a word, but beyond measure at the vulgarity of Barbara's character. That it was light and insincere she well knew, but she had always given her credit for a certain refinement and natural pride sufficiently strong to prevent such behavior as she had just shown, It was bitter for her up to him in the quiet of his late retreat more minutely than at any time in the last ten years. He had even come close

of dreaming in daylight. In studying a political or legal problem he occasionally wandered into unpractical speculations on the incidents or personages of a suit. Not often. Nowadays he fell into a habit of often. Nowacays he led into a habit of reviewing events connected with his father's mournful history, and of studying those points at which his own and Linda's life had come in contact with the life of the solitary prince. These reveries had always one unvarying conclusion. Over his face passed that expression of anguish which twisted the body like the rack, and which twisted the body like the rack, and which had attacked him many times on the island. He blamed the pictures and mementoes in his room for this weakn There was the painting of the yacht and a score of pretty things belonging to that former time. A glimpse of any one of them disturbed him, but he had not the heart to put them away. He was content to wait the time when all these things would stand in his memory like distant mountains wrapped in a heavenly mist. He had lost none of his political standing by his defeat, and the Senate was open to him. He had resolved to accept the office. It would be a very quiet affair, and its dullness would be a safe refuge for a vessel without any definite harbor.

His love affairs were not going smoothly Barbara was acting oddly. He had said to her a few short polite words of the general character of her Clayburgh visit which were certain to put an end to escapades of that sort. She had a stock of other annoyances, however, and dealt them out carelessly. At an assembly she had chatted much with Rossiter and his impressive reasons why she should do nese things no more, she had laughed a him and done them again. Finally the climax was capped when he encountered the insidious Russian in Barbara's reception-room. It was certainly an odd thing for Florian to show his feeling strongly, but he did so on this occasion. His face paled slightly and a light sweat burst out on his forehead, while his hands hanging at his side shook as if with ague. He stood in the doorway, unable to do more or an instant, his eyes fixed on the Count with an expression which fright-ened Barbara into a faint scream. Viadmir smiled with deep satisfaction, and owing politely to the lady, bade her cood-morning and withdrew. The scream good-morning and withdrew. The scream prought Florian to his senses, and Bar para's pretty and anxious inquiries were net with his usual self-possession.

lady recognized the tone very well; it always reminded her of the late visit to Clayburgh—"the Count is obnoxious to me for the best of reasons. I do not wish to see you and him together again on any occasion. As for coming to your house, it must be his last visit." "And you were such friends!" pouted

"But I don't care two pins for him and I think it annoys him so to see us to-gether. You are just a little, a very little, hard, Flory. Confess, now, are you "Not hard enough for him," the great

man said savagely, "there is so much of the devil in him." Barbara was both curious and venturesome. What was the secret of their mut-nal dislike? It was something more than mere jealousy, and she would like to know it. Until she found out the cause her intentions were to keep on terms with the Count. It would require caution and secrecy. What of that? She was too clever to be caught by such a mass of dignity as her beloved Florian, who was nacquainted with short cuts in life's path, would not take them if he were and fancied his promised wife fashioned and fancied his promised wife fashioned after his own ideas. Barbara and the Count became quite friendly once more on the understanding that he was to keep out of Florian's way. Every art known to the fair widow was used to win from the Count the secret of his broken relations with Florian—which he never told, of course, but amused and revenge himself instead by filling Barbara's mine with wild longings for the title and grand-eur to which Florian had so lately re-signed the right. He made her believe that these things could vet be obtained. sian court, made the life of a senator's wife in Washington appear by contrast tedious. The astute Barbara was caught fast in he trap, and from that moment Florian

A significant incident put a sudden end A significant incident part of the control of the c ust die thinking of what might have been, if you do not make the attempt at

was beset with artifices and entreaties

He mistook her eagerness for satire and thowed her a casekuife.

"Take that," said he, " and stab me to the heart. It is as well do it now as to wait for a Russian spy to do it for you."

She looked at him and the knife for a few moments until the meaning broke upon her mind and with it the full malice of the Count's suggestions.

"Do you suppose, my dear," he said, amused at her astonishment, "that if there were a chance of obtaining my title and estates I would hestitate got what was possible, and with that we must be satisfied. An American prince is an oddity. Let us enjoy what glory we may from it." TO BE CONTINUED.

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the little sufferer to rest.

A SURE CURE FOR HEADACHE.—Bilions headache, to which women are more subject than men, becomes so acute in some subjects that they are utterly prostrated. The sumach refuses food, and there is constant and distressing effort to free the stomach from bile which has become unduly secreted there. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are a speedy alternative, and in neutralizing the effects of the intruding bile and relieves the pressure on the nerves which cause the headache. Try them.

Pale, sighly children should use Mother

Pale, sickly children should use Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. Worms are one of the principal causes of suffering in children and should be expelled from the sys-

To Those of Sedentary Occupation

Men who follow gettern To THOSE OF SEDENTARY OCCUPATION.

—Men who follow sedentary occupations, which deprive them of fresh air and exerciso, are more prone to disorders of the liver and kidneys than those who lead active, out door lives. The former will find in Parmelee's Vegetable Pills a restorative without question the most efficacious on the market. They are easily procurable, easily taken, act expeditiously and they are surprisingly cheap

" TRIUMPH OF FAILURE." A New and Remarkable Book by an

Irish Priest. Rev. William Barry, D. D., the fam

ous English scholar, gives to the Liverpool Catholic Times the following review of Rev. P. A. Sheehan's new book, " The Triumph of Failure." I remember, long ago. the title of a book of John Mitchel's which was called "The Last Conquest of Ireland - Per-

Without having read the vol

ume, one could be pretty sure that it was dealing with conquests achieved by force of arms rather than force of deas, and that it bore this name as a defiance, not a surrender. What Irishman, indeed, of ancient stock and St. Patrick's religion will ever admit that the Green island can be effectually conquered, or its people held down, that they shall not rise "sobbing from the soil," as I once heard it expressed with admirable vivacity? But alas, there is a conquest more subtle, more enduring, than comes after the foughten field-a conquest of poetry by prose, of romance by com mercialism, of religion by worldliness, of the ideal by the vulgar. And what should we say who belong to the greater Ireland, if our sacred island home, the Erin of saints and sages, with all its enchanting memories from of old, were at length to be subdued in this way and become a province of London a smaller England—in a word, to speak it sadly and mockingly, a mere Wes Britain? Better far that it should sink into the deep, with the fairy mist of the Tuatha de Danann floating above it, an immortal sorrow, unstained by touches of the base modern coa smoke, unvexed by the cries and screamings of a multitude given over to Mammon. What is Ireland making of her destiny? What of her messag to the nations? TRELAND IN DANGER.

The other day I opened Father Shea han's volume, not suspecting it contents; and I read and read, and was delighted, and somewhat amazed, o finding at last an Irishman at home, Catholic and a priest, who saw peri of this new and threatening conques shuddered at them, called his countr to arms against them and himself sho the way to vanquish them. He ha written a story ; but he was preaching a crusade. With learning in plent Greek, German, English, secular ar sacred; with flashes and gleams, u doubtedly, of genius; in a language always touching, often exquisite; an deeper than all these fine qualiti which become an eloquent style w the austere, kindly, imaginative moo Celtic and none other, that had seem to be failing out of a world not wort of it. I will allow the severe critic weaken my praise with as much wat as he can draw from Castalian spring but I do maintain that the spirit, t temper of this very remarkable tale all I have said-heroic, inspiring, Iri of the days that are no more; it i trumpet call to our people. Fati Sheehan's heart yearns over the you of Ireland, witnessing in what dead danger they stand at this momentyouth such as the Almighty nev created a second, innocent, affective ate, clear eyed, gentle, ardent as morning; but how shall they keep their fair nature in this utilitar

age

can reach of purity and poesy, nacles unattainable by our debasing called education, which stifles wher should cherish, and runs all to comp tion, to prizes, to places, to the w ship of money Teach the Irish c dren on this beautiful system watch the result. A Pagan educat at the crammer's means either indif ence in religion or unbelief; a nati al school education has too often me the very thing that Dr. What aimed at, taking from the Celt ev charm that was his own, to make a vile caricature of the Saxon. is that conquest of Ireland which enough to break one's heart. Sha succeed? It will, most assuredly, less Father Sheehan's way is follo the way which leads us back to saints, and which is a pilgrimag learning and love to Clonmacnoise Glendalough and Bangor and Lism seeking information where alone ancient folk like ours can find it our heroes and our history and our ligion. We can never be English. we degrade ourselves into West tons, who will prefer the twadry tation before the original? We deserve our fate, and there wi

none to pity us.

The peasant, the child-in these

may still perceive what the Celtic s

GODLESS EDUCATION. lam forgetting to tell you the s which is in these books. But the st though full of interest and moven is less to me than the moral. figures, Geoffrey Austin and Ch Travers, furnish a contrast, ims able, certainly, and I suppose realized, among Irish young m the middle class. Ah, that m class! It is our sphynx, our prob and will devour us all, gentle simple, if we do not comehow t form it by faith in the beauty God has made, and in the rel whereof our Lord Jesus Christ Messenger and Substance. But lads, with their unsullied Irish ! and their passion for learning, sent up to Mayfield—a house whe crammer reigns supreme-to pr against some London examina The old story of Irishmen le their home in the west-the wild, ic, sea-beaten west of Finnvarra selves to Dublin, and there, w warning or safeguard, plunged the modern chaos. One could ma

to a hair from the novels of Turg and the parables of Tolstoi. A