FACE AND HEAD SOLITARY ISLAND. A STORY OF THE ST. LAWRENCE. COVERED WITH SCALES

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Cure. Trice CUTICURA, & IS CUPEL. Last summer I had company. — a man and his wife. The man's hands and face had dry, scaly nore on them, and his head was covered, his mair being full of white scales. His wife said. "Bone mornings she would find a tablesponful in the bed." I asked him, "Why don't you cure dollars to be cured. I have paid out a lot of money, but don't get cured." I toid him, "I would cure him for less than that," and told him for some time after, and then he fairly should "I and cured. Curtering has doned and cured. "I and cured. Curtering has doned head and the Mass SARAM E, MINER, Lincoln, VI.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT purifies the blood and cir-pulating fluids of HUMOR GERMS, and thus removes Sold throughout the world. POTTER D. AND C. CORP., Sole Props., Boston. "How to Cure Every Humor," free. SAVE YOUR HAIR by warm Shampoon with

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the graveyard here one night he here here in his arms with his cheek against my own; and the time he came to New York, risking so much for love of me. Then his behavior towards Linda on her death-STAMINA For Men, Women and Children.

GLODO & NERVE

READ THE PROOF! GENTLEMEN,—I have for a long time needed something to make blood and build up my system. Myblood was watery and thin, lacking strength and vitality. Last January a friend said :—" Why not try Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills? They will supply the oxygen your blood GENTLEMEN,-I have for a long time They will supply the oxygen your blood needs and give you health and strength." I told him I was very skeptical as to any benefit that could be derived from any proprietary medicine and had no faith in them. There the matter rested until four months ago, when reading so much about what Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills have done for so many people with im-poverished blood, I concluded to give them a trial. I have taken four boxes and my unbelief so far as Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills are concerned has been entirely removed. They are a splendid blood builder and strength restorer, and an invaluable medicine for weak, enerwated people. This has been my experi-ence, they having given me strength of body and strong healthy blood. (Signed), PETER LAWRENCE WHYTE.

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INDIAN MISSIONS.

ARCHDIOCESE OF ST. BONIFACE MAN.

MAN. IT HAS BECOME A NECESSITY TO appeal to the generosity of Catholics throughout Canada for the maintenance and development of our Indian Mission. The re-sources formerly at our command bave in great part failed us, and the necessity of a vigorous policy imposes itself at the present moment, owing to the good dispositions of most of the pagen Indians and to the live competition we have to meet on the part of the sects. Per-sons beeding this call may communicate with the Archishep of 3t. Boi.face. or with the undersigned who has been specially charged with the promotion of this work. Our Missions may be assisted in the following manney:

Yearly subscriptions, ranging from \$5 t Legacies by testament (payable to the

Lecaces by testament (payable to the Archbishon of St. Boniface).
Clothing, new or second hand, material for clothing, for use in the Indian schools.
Promise to clothe a child, either by fur-nishing material, or by paying \$1 a month in case of a girl, \$1.50 in case of a boy.
Devoting one's self to the education of Indian children by accepting the charge of lay schools on Indian Reserves-asmall salary attached.

strached. 6. Entering a Religious Order of men or women specially devoted to work among the Indians: e., ifor North-Western Canada) the Oblate Fathers, the Grey Nuns of Montreal, the Fernelson Nuns Olupapen, etc.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

from the northwest, and with frequent tacking—for the channel in places was narrow—they arrived at Solitary Island a little after noon. On the Canadian shore stood a farmhouse, where they ate dinner, and afterwards they landed at Grindstone and hear preparations to search that

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

CHAPTER XX.-CONTINUED.

He repeated the last words over and over like one in delirium. When he had grown calmer she told him all the circum-stances of the last few days, beginning with her last talk with the hermit, and he

me, poor father ! in my sleep; and how in the graveyard here one night he held me

self-denial and love

house in silence.

he boat of use.

active that it will take an expert woodman

to overmatch him." "His pursuer," said Florian gloomily,

you can get no tug, for there is none here. Better wait until the rain stops; there

will be a wind then strong enough to mak

He held up his hand in the air.

I believe she knew it, for she looked

and afterwards they landed at Grindstone and began preparations to search that island through its entire length of seven miles or more. Florian seemed un-wearied, but Ruth was half dead from fatigue. Obstacles of every sort began to fall in their way. They had endeavored to secure horses from an island resident and help, which he was disposed to give only for enormous pay, and his petty de-lays wasted the precions time until half-past three. When at last they were almost ready, Ruth with beating heart, pointed out to Florian a cance with a single occupant making for Solitary

with her last talk with the hermit, and he sat with head bowed, listening, nor made any comment for a time. "Where were our eyes," she said cry-ing, "that we did not see through this loving imposture long since? A spy could discover him, and we could not." "The spy has exceptional resources," he answered; " and yet it would have been so easy to have reasoned. You re-member the interest he took in me, and I recall the dreams I had of him kissing me, poor father ! in my sleep; and how in pointed out to Fiorian a cance with a single occupant making for Solitary Island; and he, pale as death, watched it for a moment, and then, seizing her hand, ran down to the boat and bade the servant hoist the sail. His eyes did not for an instant leave the figure in the cance and a fluch of deep excitement and for an instant leave the figure in the cance, and a flush of deep excitement and tender feeling spread over his face as Scott stepped leisurely from his boat and walked slowly to his cabin. He had taken the pains to pull up his cance on the beach, and after entering the house closed the door. Evidently no harm had happened to him, and the noise which had been made over his accidental dis-appearance was premature. It was a few bed. I believe she knew it, for such looked from him to me so strangely—I see it now; I could not see it then. And my mother's behavior when he was present or spoken of. What a life "" and he add-ed after a pause, with a shudder of horror and grief, " and what a death, after so much salidanial and love " had been made over his accidental dis-appearance was premature. It was a few minutes past four when their boat touched the shore. Four o'clock in the afternoon of the first day of November was a moment which had scarred Ruth's memory years back so badly that the hour never struck without bringing the tears "Oh, be patient?" said she, attempting cheerfulness. "They are searching for him bravely, and he is so cunning and never struck without bringing the team to her eyes. At that hour on that day Linda died. She wept now with a vio-lence that surprised Florian as he helped her from the boat and led her joyfally to the cabin. He pushed open the door with some difficulty because of a heavy mov-able obstacle on the other side. When he car and recording the object he stood " His pursuer," said Florian gloomily, "is by profession an assassin. He has but one instinct, that of death, and he will follow, follow, follow like a hound, never wearying, never stopping, cunning and pitiless as a tiger, until his victim is dead. I can see him now crawling through some lonely patch of timber in the rain with that white face of his shin-ing in the cloom." and recognized the object he stood quite still for a moment, pushed Ruth gently back and, calmiy as might be, knelt beside the fallen form of his father and put his hand over the heart. It was forever stilled. The pallid face and half-closed eyes were evidence enough without the bullet wound and the blood stains on ing in the gloom." She had to admit that the picture was not overdrawn, and they came to the his garments. Scott was dead. In his hand he held a small crucifix, and the tears which he had shed in his last moments house in silence. "I will not go in," he said; "I must get a boat and join in the search. I am going mad, I think." "But there is no wind, Florian, and

CHAPTER XXI. THE PRINCE'S STORY.

still lay on his cheek.

It was a rare day in Clayburgh—rare for November. The air had a golden, fine-spun clearness, and the blue river was bluer than ever, although the islands, no longer green, showed their gray sides over the sparking waters like faded tomb-strong in a group forest. The village "There is wind enough," said he. "I could not stay; I must go." She went into the house and brought she went into the house and brought out some oil cloths for him to put on as a protection against the rain. With a ser-vant to manage the boat they started, taking a course straight down the river in what is wort the true, but the wind scon stones in a spruce forest. The village was not one whit less dull than usual, and villagers shook their heads over the order to meet the tug; but the wind soon died away almost entirely when they were opposite the well-known channel burst of unexpected sunshine. The late tragedy which had taken place had roffled for a few hours the placid stream of ex-istence. The affair was nobody's busiwere opposite the well-known channel leading into Eel Bay, and Ruth proposed, seeing how impatient he grew, that they would go to the hermit's cabin and wait ness in particular. There was no widow no children, no relatives. Scott had lived and died a lonely man, and the violence there for a favorable wind. It was done, and for the first time in years he entered of his taking off concerned only society i eneral and the officers of the law. Had his father's house. "What a palace for a prince !" he said, and a great bitteness filled his heart as memory after memory connected with the he been a popular, sociable fellow there might have been great excitement; but it being a case of nobody's funeral, no one minded it after the shock was over and old cabin rose before him. Darkness came on, and the servant lighted the old candle, and the fire was started in the fire-place. He sat reading Izaak Walton all had been said about it that could possibly be said. Clayburgh had a public calamity to grieve over. Florian had been defeated; his defeat had hurt it to the defeate or wandering uneasily to the shore, while Ruth, wearied, lay down to sleep in the inner room. The night passed in a dead calm. At four o'clock in the morning the quick. It could not understand the counties lying to the south and south west. Were they ignorant of the merits of the candidate, or had they been prac-tised upon by designing rivals or office caim. At four o'clock in the morning the clouds parted in the northwest and the first suspicion of a wind stirred the water. He waked her, saying gently: "We must be going." It was cold and unpleas-ant in the damp morning air, but a few stars shone faintly overhead. As before, they went straight down the river, taking the wind reheareds in order to intercent tised upon by designing rivals or office-seeking Whigs? The democrats had de-serted their candidate by thousands. The seeking rest of the ticket had been elected. Flor-ian alone, the pride of Clayburgh, had been "scratched" by his supposed friends and left a total ruin upon the battle-field. What was the murder of a solitary, sour

from his enemies. She wrung her hands and wept as this sharp reflection pierced her heart. But what need to trouble the mind now with conflicting thoughts? It was all over. In a strange land, among a strange people, the exile had died! In a poor hut the Russian prince, dead and cold, received from the hands of plain citizens those rites which kings would and lost his father before he found him? "I'm glad he's not my son," said Billy with a snuffle. "I'd rather have nobod at my grave, nobody, than such a stick He's worse than Sara."

He's worse than Sara." The yacht sailed away and left Florian sitting on the boulderover the spot where Linda had received the fatal wetting. He thought of that and of many other incid-ents of the time. He felt on his hot cheek the cool breezes of that first night on the island, when his dreams awoke him and sent him rambling along the shore. Those dreams of his had been a wonderful reality. His father had really kissed him in his sleep. It was pleasant to recall those kisses. He was first in his father's heart in soite of his sternness and cold, received from the hands of plain citizens those rites which kings would have been proud to give! In a free coun-try he had fallen as helplessly as in the land of the czars! Its laws had been no protection to him. Little he cared now, indeed, for what had been or for all his wrongs; what he asked was a grave and a prayer for his soul.

to recall those kisses. He was first in his father's heart in spite of his sternness and In the closed bedroom reclined the lately father's heart in spite of his sternness and secrecy. Then there was the night in the graveyard, when for a moment he lay in his arms and felt his cheek lovingly against his own. Accident then, now the purpose was visible. And Linda knew it before she died. Happy Linda, whose innocence merited such a reward, and to whom it had not been given to know him first when death had claimed him, and to suggest that—Again that spasm of mental defeated candidate for the chief magistracy of the State. His costume was not one of mourning, but such as he had been ac-customed to wear, correct and gentle-manly, with a smack of over-polish. His face was a trifle pale and wearied. No evidence of any deep disappointment for his defeat or of any shock at the violent taking off of his father was visible. For a man in his unique position he bore him-self very well. Looking at the dead her-mit, and salating him as his father after they had followed him to his cabin, Flor-ian accepted the hard conditions which defeated candidate for the chief magistrac; suspect that—Again that spasm of mental agony twisted his features shapeless for an instant, but passed away beneath his wonderful self-poise. "That way madian accepted the hard conditions which Providence had placed upon him, as he had taught himself to accept all unchange itself in his mind. He sat there all the afternoon, and when night came, heedless of the change, he walked up the hill and sat down on the grave—the first grave on Solitary Island! Three days passed— days of some anxiety to the friends of Florian. What was he doing on the island? His letters were sent to him daily and there were many of them. able facts. No tears, no excitement, no curious questions, but a complete accept ance of the state of affairs that was mar velous. There was a show of irritatio velous. There was a show of irritation occasionally against two persons, Paul and Pere Rougevin—so faint that only the latter perceived it, because he suspected its existence. These two men had been favored with the hermit's intimacy. They had, as it were, supplanted the heir in his father's affections, being, as Florian well daily, and there were many of them while the mail sent back by him was volfather's affections, being, as Florian well knew, better conformed to his father's idea of what men should be. Almost mechanically the irritation showed itself. Pere Rougevin kept himself and the un-conscious Paul out of the great man's way. For this reason they were rarely seen in the dead room, whither Florian often came

to gaze quietly on the prince's face. It had been decided to bury Scott o the island, as he had often desired, and t show no signs of mourning which would lead the neighbors to suspect the real state of affairs. The grave was dug among the of affairs. The grave was dug among the pines on the highest point of land on the island, and Pere Rongevin had brought over the requisites for the Mass of re-quiem. Ruth had gently hinted the pro-priety of laying the prince beside Linda, but prudence forbade. It was never to be known save to the few who this poor lonely fisherman had been. Near noon the crowd assembled in the room and about the door at a signal from

oom and about the door at a signal from the Squire. The singers from the Clay-burgh choir intoned the first notes of the "Kyrie Eleison," and the singing rose and fell on the clear air in that beautiful solitude like the sound of weeping. The in cense floated through the door, the holy water was springled, and the tones of the priest were heard delivering the sermon. Then came the shuffling of feet and the outpouring of the people. The Squire gathered them all before him in order to select the bearers, but in reality to give the mourners time for an unobserved mean. parting with their dead. It was done very quickly. The Pere and Paul and any one the trouble of replying to his grave salutation by at once taking the position of chairman of the meeting. Rath was satisfied to note in silence the changes which a few dear that whether the very quickly. The Pere and Paul and Billy locked for the last time on the handwith an involuntary moan. For a mo-ment, as the son pressed his check to his changes which a few days had made in the politician's face. It was paler than father's, his features were twisted by an internal anguish more intense than physi-cal pain. They screwed down the coffin-lid, and the bearers entering, a procession was formed. Florian offered his arm to usual, and the eyes seemed sunken and weary. The evidences were that Florian had not passed as quiet a time at the island as the priest believed, but in the Rath. To the singing of the psalms they moved down the slope in front of the hurry and gentle excitement of an ani-mated conversation the paleness and house and up the opposite hill. Here was the grave. All around were the islands, with no human habitation in view. Be-low were the placid waters. The voice of said Pere Rougevin, by the way of preface "I suppose you are willing to have me the priest blessing the tomb arose : "Lord, in the bosom of whose mercy rest the souls of the faithful dead, bless this grave have no objections.' and give it into Thy angels' charge. Loosen the bonds of sin which press the soul of him whose body is here buried, faminar both to Kuth and Florian. Ten years ago that very day they had buried Linda! The crowd broke up respectfully and yet with relief, and were not down to the shore when the laugh followed the joke and the healthy concerns of life ban-ushed the mists of death. Thank God, the world on this gloomy day was not all gloom! The white hats and have costs gloom! The white hats and blue coats boarded the JUANITA with hilarity, a fleet of skiffs and sail-boats fluttered out into the bay, and very soon the island was left

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"I do not know," replied the priest. "I never saw the letters. Your father fondly preserved them as mementoes of a time brever gone. Mrs. Wallace removed them to her secret closet without his pernission."

them to her secret closet without his per-mission." "I thought my father of no religion," said Florian. "I had never seen about him in all the time that I knew him a single evidence of his faith. Was he a_-" "No," said the Pere, with a touch of generous feeling, "he was a fervent Cath-olic, such a Catholic as misfortune makes; but it was a part of his plan to let little be known about himself. In an obscure village miles eastward from here he went to Mass and confession." "Yet his whole speech had a certain coloring," Ruth said earnestly--"a spirit-uality which only a Catholic could feel and show. We thought it was philoso-phy-backwoods philosopher, too," said the Pere.

the Pere. "His education had been thorough

He was a finished scholar." "Then the Izaak Walton was a blind," blurted out the half-indignant Squire, "and his talk about governments meant

"It was his deep, and sincere, and simple piety that thrilled me most," Rath said, with glowing eyes. "However else he deceived us, he could not hide that, and I loved him for it. He was like a wonderful self-poise. "That way mad-ness lies," was the thought which shaped itself in his mind. He sat there all the

child." "Of that there is no doubt. Suffering "Of that there is no doubt. Suffering of the severest sort had chastened him beyond belief. For one so tossed about and so brought up as he, his simplicity was as sweet as unexpected," the priest

said feelingly. To this compliment Florian gave no apparent heed. "Before Linda died," he said, "I sup-

uminous enough to show that his idle hours were few. Yet Ruth was appre-hensive. About what she could hardly pose, from what I recall of that time, that he told her his secret." "On the very day of her death he told her. He found it hard to make her see heneive. About what she could hardly say; so with the Squire she called on Pere Rougevin to hear the latest news of Florian. "He will be here within the hour," said the priest. "I received a note from him to that effect. He is com-ing to learn what I know of his father." "I am so glad that—well," and she stopped abruptly, "after all, I do not know that he is well." "There is nothing to distirb him parthe wisdom of keeping it a secret still, from you at least; but with my aid he succeeded."

"Poor Linda! poor child !" Ruth glanced from the priest to the politician regretfully. There was a very There is nothing to disturb him pa little in the manner of either to warrant a suspicion of mutual dislike, but the priest's deliberate mention of his connec-tion with the task of keeping Linda silent ticularly," said the priest, with the faint-est touch of scorn, which the Squire took for praise. "He remained on the island partly to investigate the cabin where his was a simple declaration of war. Passing over the hermit's visit to New York, he father lived, and partly to enjoy quiet and retirement after an arduous cam-paign. Sentiment does not enter largely into Florian's make-up." "He's too much of a Yankee for that," and the admiring Source "There's came to the events immediately preced

ing the late tragedy. "The letter which I received from an unknown friend warning me of the Russaid the admiring Squire. "There's nothing in this world can put Flory down sian's designs against me was probably penned by my father?" The Pere shrugged his shoulders. He did not know of the letter, nor had the

unless death. I just dote on that boy." The sharp ring of the door-bell sounded at the moment. "This is he," said the Pere. "I invite

"Was he apprehensive, after the visit of the spy, that trouble was coming upon you both to remain and hear what I am to tell about this so-called Scott. It is a

him "Well, yes," said the priest, slowly; "yes, he was. But he had so much con-fidence in his disguise that he feared only curious history and contains nothing that

"It Florian does not object— " If Florian does not object— "Don't you fret," said the Squire, cut-ting off Ruth's polite remarks, tor he was eager te stay. "Don't you fret. Flory has no family secrets from me—us, I mean." for you. When he heard how you ar ranged the matter he was thoroughly satisfied and said, 'Now the danger is

"Did he have any occasion to lose this onfidence afterwards?" When Florian entered the Squire saved

TO BE CONTINUED.

CRAWFORD, THE NOVELIST, "A POOR THEOLOGIAN.

It is pitiful to see a novelist of Crawford's talent betray such a lack of knowledge of things Catholic, while at the same time professing an adhesion to Catholic doctrine. Father Searle in the February Catholic World Magazine with the keenness of an able the ologian, though hardly with the finesse of a skilful surgeon, lays bare the blunders begin my narration. I wish that Miss Ruth and her father should hear it, if you Crawford makes in his Taquisara.

He savs : Of course Florian had none, and the "Some time ago we had occasion to notice one or two of the egregious blunders of Mr. Marion Crawford in his otherwise fine novel, Corleone. At that time we had not read a story of his called Taquisara ; also a good story, though hardly equal to the one just named. But the blundering in it is so enormous and monumental ; the author wallows and tangles himself up in such a mass of ridiculous and preposterous mistakes as to the law of the Church, that in this respect it is probably unsurpassed by anything hitherto written by Mr. Crawford or any one else, and it is not likely that, even in his happiest vein, he himself can ever excel it. "The whole business, as it stands, is simply inexcusable. There is absolutely no excuse for any one, even had he not the easy access to reliable sources of information that Mr. Crawford necessarily has, when he attempts to write about professional matters without professional information. His conduct is exactly the same in the case as if he should undertake to write a novel involving nice points of State law without taking the least trouble to consult a lawyer as to what the law of the State concerned actually might be, or a sea-story without asking or in any way finding out the name of a single stick or rope on the vessels he had to describe, or the evolutions of which these vessels were capable. Every Catholic, o say the least, ought to know that the legislation of the Church, sespecially on he subject of marriage, is full of intricacies and accurate distinctions, which cannot be understood in all their details without long and painstaking study, such as lawyers and physicians give to their respective professions; and if, as may well be presumed, he has not time or taste for such study, he ought to present his case, whether it be one of fact or fiction, to some one who is by such study qualified to know what he is talking about."

FEBRUARY 25, 1899. HOW MANY WERE ADDED TO p

THE FOLD. A Convert's Story.

The means by which unbelievers are drawn to the Church are so innumer-able and sometimes so unexpected that able and concernics to unexpected that the history of conversions to the faith is never without interest, while always affording encouragement or edifica-tion to the reader. It often happens that obstacles in the path of the honest inquirer become stepping-stones; help is sometimes found where least sought; is sometimes found where least sought; the dawn breaks when the darkness seems deepest; and graces are vouch safed in many instances which the re-cipient little thrught of, and for which, perhaps, he had never prayed. It has often been remarked that a conversion to the Church generally results, sconer or later, in numercus other conver-sions; and it almost invariably hap pens that many to whom the faith is a birthright learn to appreciate it more thoroughly from association with those

who have only just received the all precious gift. Special interest attaches to the following narrative, less on account of the distinguished position of the persons

concerned than because it recounts the reclamation of two strayed souls, who had actually renounced their faith on account of those to whom it is now the dearest possession. One is reminded of that passage in the Acts of the Apostles where it is stated that " the number of the disciples was multiplied exceeding-" to read of so many persons enter ing the Church as the result of a single nversion.

The present narrative is the sub stance of a privately printed pamphlet in which the writer tells the history of her own conversion ; and is followed by a letter-which we are permitted to present with it-recounting the con version of other members of two families. Both of these documents will be read with no less interest than edifica. tion ; and we are sure that many per sons will share the gratitude we feel to those whose kindness has enabled us to publish so precious a recital.

*

I was born in New York, and brought up in the Presbyterian Church. A constant attendant at Sunday-school and an omnivorous reader, I early imbibed a most inveterate batred of the Catholic Church from books published by the American Tract Society, in which she is represented as the "Scarlet Woman," and the Pope as "an-ti Christ." When, hnally, through God's mercy, my way led me across the ocean and I came to Italy, I was as bitter an enemy to the Church of Rome

as ever I had been in the days of my childhood. I reached Florence the last day of May. That evening, in taking a walk with my sister, we chanced to hear singing in a queer little church called the Madonna delle Grazie, which used

the Madonna delle Orlaite, which disk to be on the bridge of that name. We went in, attracted by the lights and the voices; it was something to see bit of local color. It must have been the last service of the Month of Many which for the time. and it as the first time I ever hear those blessed words, Rosa Mystica Stella Matutina, Refugium Pecca torum, ora pro nobis!

I remember kneeling and prayin very earnestly for my absent mother little dreaming that our dear Lord wa on the altar before me, but fully be lieving that "where two or three an gathered together in His name, ther He is in the midst of them. I had come to Italy for six months and, after visiting Florence and Siene

Oblate sathers, the Grey Auns of aburdea, the Franciscan Nuns (Quebec, etc. Donationseither in money or clothing should be addressed to His Grace Archbishop Lange vin, D. D., St. Boniface, Man., or to Rev. C. Cahill, O. M. I., Rat Portage, Ont. C. Cahill, O. M. I., Indian Missionary.

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the wider channels in order to intercept the tug if she should be returning. At daylight they had reached Alexandria Bay, and in the distance later on, as the sun was rising, they saw the tug steaming further down the river. "They have not found any trace of him yet," said Ruth. "They are searching

yet," said Ruth. "They are searching still, or they would be returning." "Why do they take the islands below

instead of those above ?" he asked.

"I believe they have a guide on board who lived for some, time with your father," she replied, " and he thinks he must have fled in that direction. When I last saw him he was going down the river."

They sailed on, the wind still cold and feeble as before, and in two hours had reached the island. Florian would not go near the tug or make himself known to any one, but went ashore in his oil cloths and silently joined in the search, while Ruth sailed to the tug for informaion. No success yet and no clue! When

she returned Florian was waiting for her on the shore. "They will never make anything of this," he said. "It is too wild and they will have to cover much ground. Let us go back and search the islands above." To Ruth this seemed even a more hope-lose that but she did not feel it necessary less task, but she did not feel it necessary to tell him so. The wind was freshenin

she returned Florian was waiting for her

This is to certify the vas sick in bed the m the time for three yes th kidney disease. ok several boxes of pi different kinds—an eat many other kin tent medicines ; besi at I was under treatm

four different doctor ing the time and no to work. I began t e Dr. Chase's Kidney ills, and since t ave been work

early 70 years of age. r. Chase's Kidney-Liver ills have cured me. JAMES SIMPSON,

Newcombe Mills, On

If the Kidneys are not in or later in so many es end fatally. Dr. s Kidney-Liver Pills all Kidney troubles.

ld by all dealers, price 25 ins per box.

isherman to such a crime However, the villagers did not, in their deep grief for their candidate, forget neighborly duties, to the dead. On the second day after Scott's death a fair number of the fathers, in blue swallow-tails black chokers, and white felt hats, made the pleasant journey across the river and through the islands with a deep sense of the favor they were conferring on the dead man in taking so much trouble to beau man in taking so much relative pay him funeral honors. They were severely taken aback on finding, when the boat landed them on Solitary Island, that they formed a very respectable minority of the poople there assembled. Boats of all kinds lay along the shore. Their owners were scattered about the island in holiday clothes as fresh and stylish as

oliday clothes as fresh and stylish as hose which came from Clayburgh. The old white hats walked up to the cabin with muttered "I had no idees," and paid their respects to the man whom living they had rarely presumed to address. He lay in the little kitchen which for twenty years had been his living room. The

brown habit of the scapular was his shroud and was the source of much speculation and wonderment. For no one had been aware that Scott held any religious opinions. The serence, meditative face had a new expression which few had ever be-fore seen. The close-fitting cap was gone and the bushy whiskers trimmed neatly. Was this really the face of the common fisherman? Around a reverential fore-head, white as snow, clustered the yellow locks. The regular and sweet features were Florian's own, but less stern, more exalted, more refined in their expression. The people looked at this unexpected countenance in awe, feeling there was more in this manthan they had fathomed. Izaak Walton was in its place on the table. Candles burned there around a cracifix. An altar stood beside the bedroom door, and on it lay the black vest-ments for the Mass. Scott was after all a Catholic; and while the neighbors owned

father: Thus had she sat since with her own hands she had prepared him for his rest. Linda's father! On! wasted years which had been spent in ignorance of this rich treasure. Now she knew why her heart had gone out to him, and she wept again and again as every memory showed the father's love for his children and his chil-dren's friend. She could not understand it! How could any one have been so bind? How could love have felt no thrill from this magic presence, when hate dis-

to the Squire and his party. An awkward restraint was in the air. The Squire had no one to praise him for the glorious manner in which he had carried out the programme, and, warned by the preoccupation of the others, dared

not sound his own trumpet. "You'll stop around for a few days, Flory," he said. "You can have the run of the house, and I'll take it upon my shoulders to keep off the crowd, unless you go to Buck's." " I shall stay here for a time," said Flor-

ian. They all looked at him, and a glance from Rath kept the Squire silent, "My lawyer can attend to whatever business there is in New York. Let me thank you for your kindness during these few days. I am deeply grateful."

" I presume," said the priest rather hurriedly, "you prefer to remain here until you return to New York ?" Flori-an nodded. "There are some matters which you would probably like to be ac-orginted with before your domainme quainted with before your departure. When you find it convenient I am ready to tell you all that I know concerning your father. Mr. Rossiter can furnish

you with some facts, perhaps—" " I am the bearerof a message from the prince to his son," said Paul. " It is best to defer its delivery for a few days, howroom does, and while the neighbors owned Catholic; and while the neighbors owned to a sense of disappointment at this dis-covery, they also acknowledged a deeper respect for the charactor of the dead. Be-side the coffin sat Rath weeping, her veil adown, her hands claeped in prayer, her down, her hands claeped in prayer, her do

dren's friend. She could not understand it! How could not no have been so bind? How could love have felt no thrill from this magic presence, when hate dis-covered and destroyed it? A rough cos-tume, a tight-fitting cap, a silent manner had hidden him from his own and not

Of course righted. Squire was delighted. soul of him whose body is here burled, that for ever more with Thy saints he may rejoice in the possession of Thee, through Christ our Lord. Amen." The clods rattled on the coffin with a sound familiar both to Ruth and Florian. Ten to confide in me. If he was more precise in his account of his life to me than to any other, it was because I insisted on know ing the whole story, with every shade

hollowness disappeared to a great degree

As you intend to return to-night,

ing the whole story, with every shade that time had cast upon it. "You know the title which belongs to him and how he lost it. He was a Cath-olic and favored a poor relative, of no principle. He lost his position, and al-most his life, through this relative, who by intrigues quite possible in Russia, con-vinced the Czar that his relative, your father was consolving against him. A

father, was conspiring against him. A friend laid before the unfortunate Prince the state of affairs. He saw at once that nothing short of a miracle could save him. He was young and practically friendless, for a Catholic nobie of the blood royal was unique and stood alone. With his two

"The fate of his wife, the Princes, was particularly sad. She was a woman of mind and will. When the Prince spoke of exile she refused to leave her country of exile she refused to leave her country. On good and reasonable grounds, how-ever. Her family was powerfal. She at least was safe, and she was bent on doing her utmost to save her husband's estates and name. But for safety's sake she urged the Prince to depart with the chil-dren which he did without missivings. dren, which he did, without misgivings, yet without hope. His brave wife re-turned to the home of her father, made

many efforts to save the estates, and gained so many important favors from the emperor that the scheming relative saw his plotting in danger of coming to naught. In her father's house the Princess died suddenly, of poison. "There was no crime, it seems, at which

this relative would stop. The Prince and his children—his name was Floriau, like your own, sir—shortly felt the sting of his inscrupulousness. Tracked to Paris, to Madrid, to Genoa, to London, they had many narrow escapes from death at the hands of his agents. The wilds of Amer-ics offered him a refuge, to them he fled. Hope was dead in him. Henceforth his one effort was to hide himself and his children from the assassin. He could not

children from the assassin. He could not do it, as you have seen, but all that man could do he did, and, if he fell himself, probably saved you. The rest you know. It was abrupt, concise, unsympathetic, this recital of an unfortunate man's life, and it left as many points unsettled as had

been told. Florian, however, was pre-pared with a bristling array of questions. He burned to discover the spirit of his father's strange life, and could not be con-

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we came to Rome. We had a funished apartment in the house of a Italian lady of rank in reduced circum stances. Upon one occasion she was have a private audience with Leo XII and invited me to go with her. I kne very little Italian then, but I unde stood when his Holiness, with his ge ial smiles, said to the Marchesa : "An this young lady lives with you? S is good, is she not?" And I, not wis ing to be under false colors, and thin ing he meant to ask if I were a go atholic, hastily made confession faith there at the feet of the Ho Father, and said : "Your Holiness am a Protestant." He seemed amus at my candor, and, laying his hand my head, he answered : "But I w give you my blessing for you and

all your family." 'ime passed, and before my months in Italy were ended I had pro ised to remain there forever. A y before my marriage, my sister marr the brother of my husband. Our hi bands belonged to an old Catholic fa ily, one of whose ancestors has been Crusader, but they themselves. I reg to say, were very lukewarm Cathol in spite of a most devout mother ; were married in the Ameri Episcopal Church, in the Via Nazi ale, at Rome-after, of course, the c marriage at the Capitol, which is only tie that binds according to mod Italian law. My husband's family pressed the desire that we should pr ise to baptize our children in the C olic faith. But I flatly refused, say that it would be impossible for m bring up my children in a cree which I myself did not believe. when my dear boy was born, he baptized at home by an Episc clergyman.

When my boy was two years ol became very ill from teething, and physician ordered Lim to be take the mountains immediately. I wa liged to go alone with him, and we decided upon Siena ; in fact, the road tickets were bought for that p But a singular aversion to the came over me, and I passed a slee night revolving in my mind he could avoid going there without h considered capricciosa--which