liar hidden influence in our modern life, the terrible disease of cancer is on

the increase, while as yet no infallible remedy has been discovered to cure it

Moreover it is a disease of a very

loathsome nature and very few have the courage to nurse a cancer patient

A strange custom, too, prevails in can

cer hospitals of dismissing the patien

after six months. The result is that persons often in the last stages of the

sease are cared for, if cared for at all

in the bosom of the family, where sur

roundings are little conducive to eithe

I had eczema on the face for five months, during which time I was in care of physicians. I could not go out. It was going from bad to worse, when a friend recommended Cutricular semedies. After I washed my face with CUTICURA SOAP and

my face was as cleen as ever. THOS. J. SOTH, 312 Stagg St., Brooklyn, N. Y. CUTICURA RESOLVENCY, greatest of blood purifiers and humor expellers, purifies the blood and circulating finites of the Monte State, and thus removes the resolvent from the state of the Cutical State of the Cutical State of the State of the Cutical State of the State of the Cutical State of the Cutical State of the State of the Cutical State of the State

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I have now taken three boxes of Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills and since taking them I have not been away from my business anhour. Before taking for me to be away from business. As a result of taking Dr. Ward's Pills my heart is perfectly healthy and strong and a me no distress or trouble whatever. removed all nerve trouble, made my nerves strong and gave me healthy sleep. These pills also made my blood rich and strong and gave me a healthy appetite. Dr. Ward's Pills have given me perfect health, restoring my lost strength, in place of continual ill-health, weakness, heart trouble and nervousness. In justice I cannot speak too highly of this wonderful medicine. Signed, Miss N. Millward, Walton St. Port Hope, Ont.

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CHAPTER XIX .- CONTINUED.

"There!" snapped Peter, turning angrily on his wife, "there's your training. She's ashamed of her father."

"She must thank her father for the feeling," said madame, greatly relieved at the bursting of the storm and apprehensive only of losing Florian for a son-

"Just so," said Peter thoughtfully. "Just so," said Peter thoughtfully.

"You see and understand, Mr. Wallace, why I've so often threatened you about this marriage. You see, I know as well as you do that the coming governor of this State, and perhaps the next president, can have nothing to do with the daughter of the scribbler, the dead-beat, the brokendown gentleman. I'm sorry I didn't tell of it before, an'so prevent any unpleasantness. But my daughter is sensible, if her mother has misled her a little. She'll give you back your freedom, an' for her sake you'll pardon the mother who deceived you into an alliance not at all creditable to one of your blood and position, even if you made it willingly."

on, even if you made it willingly. tion, even if you made it willingly."
Proud of his speech and his diplomacy,
Peter strutted across the room. He had
effectually silenced madame. Frances
was stroggling with her agony, and there
was another silence until Florian, shamefaced and awkward, spoke:

"This is—a—very peculiar—a—accident. I regret extremely that I had not
known it sooner. If you will permit me
I shall retire to consider—"

"Of course," said Peter briskly, "but not till Frances has shown the proper spirit of the Desmonds. She's not ashamed of her father, sir, the direct deasnamed of her lather, sir, the direct de-scendant of a noble Irish house, and will release you willingly. Stan' up, girl, and throw him back his pledges — that is, Frank, he couldn't marry you, you know,

and your father such a villain."
"You are free, Mr. Wallace," said she "Bravo!" shouted Peter to supplement her weakness, for Frances was panting with the effort. "Spoken like a Desmond's

wn daughter."
"My dear child," said madame, "you

"My dear child," said haddane, you wrong Florian—"
"Not another word!" cried Peter; "you've wronged him enough already, and can't you see by his face he's crazy to be rid of us? Don't dare to play mother-in-law any more."
"You are entirely free, Mr. Wallace," said Frances, gaily, and more cambly.

said Frances again and more caimly "Under no circumstances could I now think of a marriage with you. Please de not add to the painfulness of this scene y speaking, but go at once."

His pride would not let him depart s

meanly, and coming over to her side, he tried vainly to take her hand. "Believe me," said he feebly, "no one more sin cerely regrets these circumstances than do. You will always have my highes esteem, and unless you bid me go I shall never leave your side,"

Madame would have strengthened this

offer with her own influence but for Peter ARCHDIOCESE OF ST. BONIFACE silent threat to demolish her if she said a

word.
"Oh! go, sir, go!" cried Frances hardly

2. Legacies by testament (payable to the Archibabop of vi. Boliface).

3. Clothing new or second hand, material for clothing for use in the Indian schools.

4. Promise to clothe a child, either by furnishing material or by paing st a month in case of a sirl. et.50 in case of a boy.

5. Devoting one's self to the education of Indian children by accepting the charge of lay schools on Indian Reserves—a small solarly attached.

5. Devoting one's self to the education of Indian children by accepting the charge of lay schools on Indian Reserves—a small solarly attached.

6. Enterting Vectored to work among the Oblate Fathers, the Grey Nons of Monireal, Oblate Fathers, the Grey Nans of Monireal, Oblate Fathers,

mingled his tears with hers.
"You are a fool, Frances," said madame

severely.
"Never mind, dear," whispered Peter; "Never initial, dear, whispered reserver, or you'll get over it some time. And you won't be ashamed of your father hereafter. He was born and bred a gentleman, and his besmond blood was as pure as milk, here the Passian stream was no better when the Russian stream was no better barbarian's. I've saved you, and

Frances, "and now he is hopelessly lost."

PRINCE FLORIAN. Count Viadimir was at this moment a disappointed man. Barbara had made a deeper impression on him than he had

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deemed possible, and he took her indifference keenly. His vanity had received a more serious wound than his affections. How was it possible that an elegant and titled aristocrat could fail in a quarter so open to the influence of such qualities as he possessed? Was the blade dulling through long service? He vainly tried to through long service? He vainly tried to account for Barbara's coolness to him, and was inclined to suspect Florian of undue interference: but his good sense convinced him that the betrothed of Frances could have very little to do with Barbara at present.

present.

"Unless," he thought, bitterly, "my instruction and example have made him a more consummate rascal than I im-

This supposition was somewhat wild, however, and he continued to visit Barbara and speculate drearily on the matter until chance revealed to him what reasoning and observation had failed to discover. He paid Florian his last installment of money two days before the election, and money two days before the election, and at the same time referred innocently but effectively to the oft-mentioned existence

of his father.

"The prince, my employer," said he,
"trusts that should your father turn up
you will see that he submits to the pres-

ent arrangement. "He need have no fear," Florian re plied agreeably. "I am sure of my ability to manage him better than the prince himself."
"I doubt it." said Viadimir, with

heart. by your roundabout American methods, Russian simplicity would surely make an end of him. I warn you of that now and finally.'

am glad the whole matter is complete," Florian replied indifferently. "It has been very troublesome and danger-ous," with a placid but meaning look at the Count, who was pleased to let the in-

sinuation pass.

"Well, our business relations, dear Prince, are ended, and your last hold upon your native country is cut off. I wish you all the honor and glory America can give you. Let me advise you once more to keep a bright lookout for your father."

went away smiling, as if he knew how those last words rankled in Florian's heart. Why did he so persistently refer to the subject? Had he some news of the lost prince, and was the spy the trail, seeking to put out of the way Morian shock like a leaf at the suggion, and, half-maddened at its possibili ought counsel and sympathy from Bar

"The Count has seen," said she, " that you are annoyed by this idea of your father rising specter-like to demand his own, and delights in punishing you. I do not think your father can be living. You have shown the most admirable dil gence in looking for him. It would not do to be too open or too sharp in the search, for you might meet an impostor who would give you much trouble and ex-

relieved. "I am too scrupulous."
"It is highly probable that the prince is dead, or so hidden, in fear of his rela-tives, that it is too great a task to find him. I do regret one thing in the late transactions with the Count—that in re-nouncing your rights to your father's estate you did not insert the clause, 'unt estate you did not insert the clause, 'until all heirs of the present family fail.' have an idea I would look well in a Rus sian court, and I am so fond of a title.''
"When you reign in the executive

mansion, MA CHERE, you will hold a more assured and brilliant position."

"But suppose you do not get elected?"

position will be mine."

"But your religion," said Barbara, "is a great stumbling-block."

"I have glossed it over pretty well," he

answered lightly, "and my plain utter-ances on many mooted questions have shut the mouths of my enemies tight. visible on the bay, and she recognized as

He is going to see you very soon and settle matters finally."

"He had an idea," she said indignantly, "that I might fall in love with him after the European fashion. I saw it from the first and resented it. Otherwise he would have made an impression on he would have made an impression on me, for he was a most charming man. "That past tense is a hard criticism on

"There, there, more of the Russian fool-

shness."
"I beg pardon," said a voice at the loor. "I do not think—"
Florian's haughty self-confidence never howed better than at this trying moment. He relased Barbara's hand, and rose politely and coolly to greet Count Vladimir.

"You will excuse me," said the Count

We were just speaking of you, and you fit into the conversation very well."

'I am honoreu," said the Count. "Do with Miss Lynch, your affianced?"
"Not my affianced, Count. That little omance is dead."

"I begin to comprehend," said Vladimir, struggling desperately with anger and tumiliation. "And am I to suppose that the lovely Mrs. Merrion is soon to console herself for her recent great sorrow by been ping..."

a friend to learn more of this extraordinry romance. Good-afternoon."

It was with blinded eyes and staggering gait that he found his way out of the
mansion. A horrible bit erness and wild

He was so vehement that the astonished

he would have raved and cursed where he was like any madman.

"My teachings have turned on myself," he muttered. "I taught him and he has pone lower than I by degrees. But wait.

And he talked so much of you that we

enemy. What was the poor consolation of a duel when he wished to tear his rival limb from limb—what benefit to him when death had placed his enemy beyond his reach? Oh, if he could but inflict upon him some maddening, life-long torture. When his rage had cooled somewhat he noticed a letter address somewhat he noticed a letter addressed to him lying on the table, and its well known writing made him seize it hurriedly. It contained but one line: "I have found him. What am I to no?" A sardonic smile spread over his worn face. He held a match to the letter and stood smiling while it burned to ashes.

"No answer," he muttered, "is a deathwarrant. This is the first drop in the bucket."

A little flame leaped up from the paper and scorched his finger. He started angrily from the reverie into which he had fallen, stamped it under foot, and fell to thinking again. He was not so satisfied with his action when it was done. What had Florian's father done to him that he should wish to murder him? A word from him at this critical moment would save a human life, and he hesitated to give it because he had been humiliated. Humiliated! The word brought

ated. Humiliated! The word brought the passion of anger on again with two-fold intensity. He pictured anew the scene he had just witnessed in Barbara's drawing-room, and, foaming at the mouth, stamping and blaspheming, he shouted, "Let him die! Let him die, and his accursed son with him!"

The first result of this desperate passion appeared in Clayburgh. The Squire was assorting the morning mail, and he came across a New York postmark.

"Now who can that be from?" he said. "I don't know that I eyer saw that hand-

"I don't know that I ever saw that hand-writing before." Ruth suggested that he should open it. He did, and read the name subscribed

with a shout.

"Carter, by all that's amiable! It's pretty short for a spouter like him to write: 'Dear Squire' (just so; we're deeply in love with each other), 'I have honor to announce my success oreaking off the match between Florian and Frances.' Ha! he's at that business

Ruth trembled with apprehension. "'It's a clean break," the Squire continued to read, "'and I'm proud of it but I'm sorry, too, to let the blackguard off too easily. The divine Barbara had a hand in the game. But for her I don't think it would have been a success. She wanted him pretty bad, and I hear they are going to make a match of it. She has tight hold of him, anyhow, and a worse pair never walked. So the thing is done at last, and I've kept my word almost to the letter. Of course he will not marry your daughter, but since he marries a Clayburgh girl it's the next best thing.

What do you think? The Squire said "um" two or three imes after reading this remarkable bit of news, and looked over it once or twice in

and way.

Ruth," said he at last, "this is worse than sunstroke. She was always so smart, I know, and so deep; but I had an idea Flory was deeper and smarter. We musn't let this get round the town; it would ruin the boy's chances in this county. Oh, that smiling, darned Barbara! She turned Catholic just to snare him, and she's got him, she's got him; Itell you she's got him body and soul, for that's her way."

Ruth slipped away sick at heart and ran out into the open air. She saw you

ran out into the open air. She saw very clearly the meaning of Florian's new all-ance and his reason for deserting Frances, and her heart was filled with a sort of loathing for the man who could play so poor and shabby a part. Against Bar bara her soul rose up in horror. She her thoughts upon the sweet, gentle, and pious woman who had been made the

its occupant Scott, the solitary. She waved her hand to him, and he came

ashore. "I have news for you Scott. Florian is to be married to Barbara Merrion."

The hermit looked unusually old and worn as he stood beside her in his averted. slouching manner, and there were deep lines of care or age on his brown face. He received her information with his

ordinary indifference.
"Poor fellow!" said he quietly, and waited silently for her to speak again.

"You are looking old," she ventured to say in sympathy.
"I AM old," he replied curtly, and started

when a swallow flew close to his face with

a sudden whirr of its wings.

"Have you lost all interest in Florian?" she said, nettled by his manner.

"He has lost so much interest in that

part of him which I best liked," he answered gently, "that I can see no use in thinking or talking about him. I suppose this woman is no honor to him. He threw up one that

would have been. "So, so—every step is down. God help him and us!" he added with a him and us!" he added, with a long, weary sigh that surprised and touched n a vain effort for composure.

"Certainly," said Florian. "Come in.
We were just speaking of you, and you fit not the conversation very well."

'I am honored," said the Count. "Do you converse as tenderly and often about the bearded mouth was tremulous from the bearded mouth was tremulous from the bearded mouth was tremulous from "I'm beat," said the Squire; "but I've got my breath, sain, I suppose it's so hidden feeling. She longed to comfort him, and knew not how to begin. It was a new and astonishing phase in his character to see in him such evidences of

the weaker man.
"I thought perhaps," she said hesitat-"I thought perhaps, she said hesitat-ingly," that you might do something for him. He always thought so much of you, was ever so willing to do as you advised. I would dare to say that in the beginning

rage against himself and Fiorian filled his heart, and but for the shame of publicity Scott who talked to her, but she dis-

you could benefit him any, yet it might do to try."

"We are all fools," said Scott, with self-bitterness. "I thought I did my best; you had better eyes. No, there is no use now; but if you think it would do any good I will see him when he comes exis."

"Thank you, Scott. He needs friends now, if he ever did and he has but you and me and Frances."

"And one other—never mind who. But he is driving his best friends from him."

He fell into a reverie, and they both stood silent, with the splash of the water mingling with their thoughts. The her-mit was excited and had permitted his emotion to be seen; but, as if regretful for his mistake, the old reserve began to settle over him again. He picked up his settle over him again. He picked up his paddle suddenly and entered the boat

without a word.

"I shall see you again?" she said, knowing he could not be detained.

knowing he could not be detained.

"I s'pose—I dunno," he answered absently, and pushed off from the shore.

She watched him until distance hid all but the motion of the paddle from view, and felt strangely depressed in spirit. Billy Wallace and the Pere came to tea that avening to discuss the election and that evening, to discuss the election and quarrel afterwards over their favorite game. The night was boisterous and stormy and had a wintry odor when the three old gentlemen, under Ruth's super-intendence, sat dawn in the cosy parlor to a game of dominoes. The wind was how-ling and there was a roar from the waves on the beach, while the distant lighthouses winkled weakly through the thick dark ness. But these evidences of an ugly night without made the scene within only the more delightful, and the party pre-

the more delightful, and the party prepared to pass a merry evening.

"It would be just like some old grandmother to take ill," said the Squire, "and call you away. There's one thing, though—no mortal man can cross the bay tonight, and you're safe from that direction. It puzzles me"—and he looked at Pere Rougevin's round, cheerful outline humorously. "to know what there is in you that ously, "to know what there is in you that sends people rushing after you, at all hours and under all circumstances, to doctor their sick souls. Can't a man die comfortably and quietly without you, and is it necessary that you must shout him nto heaven or pray him in, or-what do you do, any way?"
"Why, papa—" Ruth began deprecat-

ingly.
"Just so, girl. It's a fair question, and he's goin' to answer it; and you needn't look daggers at me for asking it."

"He reminds me—" said the priest

"No, I don't!" the Squire roared.
"No, I don't!" the Squire roared.
"Keep clear of your anecdotes. You don't spin any morey arms on me. Why, Ruth, he has me posted all over the county at the tail end of forty stories."

Pere Rougevin was silent for the moment, fairly weighed down by the force of Pendleton's lungs, and before he could speak there was a knock at the outside door.

"There it is," said Billy—"the sick

call."
The servant brought Pere Rougevin a card with a few pencil-marks upon it. He jumped up without much ceremony after reading it, and ran out into the hail. They heard a few hurried remarks from him and the stranger, and immediately he returned, bringing his visitor wit him. His face was quite pale, but no one save Ruth noticed it, for all eyes were turned on the new-comer. The latter

bore a curious resemblance to Scott, the hermit. He was dressed in the hermit's hermit. He was dressed in the hermit's manner, had much of his silent, stern reserve, and wore his light beard in the serve, and wore his light beard in the same fashion; but over his eyes the peaked cap threw such a shade as to leave his face a mystery. He stood quietly at the door and neither removed his hat nor took a chair.

"Pendleton," said the Pere in some ex-

citement, "I have a bit of bad news. Scott has disappeared. This man lives near him and says he has not been home ce Friday. That Russian has been i the neighborhood, and foul play is with many hints of greater surprises yet feared. Only Ruth saw the revelation that lay behind his words and manner, and she burst suddenly into a fit of uncontrollable

sobbing. A thousand insignificant incidents of the past ten years rushed before her mind.
"Oh!" she cried, "I see it all now. It

is terrible!" Her father stared.
"If any harm has come to Scott," said
he, "that's enough. We'll avenge him. But what's the use of being frightened? If a man stays from home three or four days there's no harm in it. So dry your

tears."

"O papa! don't you see? Scott is Fiorian's father."

"Yes," said Pere Rougevin with emotion, "he is the lost prince, and we fear this Russian has been hired to injure him, and may have done it."

him, and may have done it The silence which transfixed the Squire for a half minute was so deep that the ticking of the clock sounded like the strokes of a hammer. The roar of the storm beat up against the house. He sat there with his heavy face void of expres-sion, his eyes turned on the priest in a vacant stare, while he tried to realize all

that those astonishing words meant.
"Good God!" were his first husbed
words. Billy could say nothing, and
Ruth was still sobbing. Pere Rougevin

got my breath again. I suppose it's so and I don't doubt but that if we had our eyes open we might have known it be-fore. And now when he's most wanted he's gone, and that sneak is after him and means him harm. Well," he continued ponderously, rising, "we'll look for 'em both, and deal with 'em according to law.

by becoming—"
"Precisely," said Barbara, who had regained her usual coolness.
"I congratulate you both," said the Count, whiteraint to the lips, "and at a more convenient time I shall be happy as fortune I hadn't done my share in keepin' a man from evil. I knew him "And word should be gent immediate-like the material of the shall be happy as a fortune I hadn't done my share in keepin' a man from evil. I knew him "And word should be gent immediate-like the stranger," and a watch set on a fortune I hadn't done my share in keepin' a man from evil. I knew him "And word should be gent immediate-like the stranger, "and a watch set on "The islands ought to be searched," "The islands ought to be searched," "And word should be gent immediate-like the stranger, "and a watch set on "And word should be gent immediate-like the stranger," and a watch set on "And word should be gent immediate-like the stranger, "and a watch set on "And word should be gent immediate-like the stranger, "and a watch set on "And word should be gent immediate-like the stranger, "and a watch set on "The islands ought to be searched," and the stranger, "and a watch set on "The islands ought to be searched," and the stranger, "and a watch set on "The islands ought to be searched," and the stranger, "and a watch set on "The islands ought to be searched," and the stranger, "and a watch set on "The islands ought to be searched," and the stranger, "and a watch set on "The islands ought to be searched," and the stranger, "and a watch set on "The islands ought to be searched," and the stranger, "and a watch set on "The islands ought to be searched," and the stranger, "and a watch set on "The islands ought to be searched," and the stranger is the stranger is

And word should be sent immediately to Florian," said Rath.

"I don't know about that," Pendleton remarked. "To-morrow will be a busy day for him, and he can't do any more than we can do."

search for a boat able to stand the fury of search for a loat able to stand the larry of a southwest wind. Ruth in the mean-time had sent to Florian the following telegram: "Come at once, if you would save your father's life." By the time she reached the pier again Pendleton had engaged a tug for the search, and the vessel was cetting up steam. A crowd vessel was getting up steam. A crowd stood about, curious to know the reasons stood about, curious to know the reasons of a water-journey on so tempestuous a night; but the Squire sailed away with his party in lofty silence, giving only a hint to his hungry neighbors that it was concerned with the coming election. Once on the water he called a council in the small cabin.

FEBRUARY 18, 1899.

once on the water he caned a council in the small cabin.

"We're going this thing rather blind," said he, "and I would like to hear your opinions and get a little more reason and certainty into it. I suppose we can search all the small islands to-night by ourselves with lanterns; but if we don't find bin we must get help to morrow, if we him we must get help to-morrow, if we mean to do the business thoroughly

"There are certain places," said the ranger, "which Scott frequented, and it stranger, ' might be worth the trouble to examine them. I know them all. But it is more likely that he avoided them when pursued by the Russian. You must know that Scott expected his identity to be some day discovered and had provided hiding-blees among the islands. The principal places among the islands. The principal of these was under his own house; but its secret the Russian discovered a few days ago, and he abandoned it. If he fancies that the others are known he will not go

near them.' "Ah!" said the Squire, " now you have given us a fair start, young man. We must begin with his own house and island first, then take the others in suc-

He went out to the pilot-house and the Pere followed him, leaving Ruth and the stranger alone in the cabin. The boat rocked and plunged uncomfortably in the heavy sea and the great waves dashed against the windows. Nothing was visble outside save the twinkling lights on

the shore.

"You will pardon me, Mr. Rossiter," she said, giving the stranger her hand after a moment's awkward silence, "that I did not recognize you until you spoke

this evening. I am very glad to meet you and to see that you are well." "Thank you." said Paulnervously, and was silent. Not a word was uttered conerning his long and mysterious absence for the greatness of the calamity seemed to threaten them overshadowed yind through tree-tops signified that they had entered the torthous channel leading they were sailing opposite the hermit's cabin. All went ashore save Ruth, who felt that she would be a hindrance in the search, and so remained leaning against the deck-rails, watching the movements of their lanterns as they walked over the small island. They returned to the boat unsuccessful and steamed to another spot, which was searched with the same result; and so through the whole stormy night they continued their vain pursuit of the lost prince, returning to Clayburgh by sunrise for breakfast and additional help. Ruth did not accompany them. Over-come with weariness, she did not feel equal to the fatigue of a twelve hours' journey—which was strictly true, but her real reason for remaining was the telegram which Florian sent her that morn-

ing announcing his arrival in Clayburgh for that evening.

It was a dull, stolid day. The winds had died away, and the sun was buried in thick clouds before it had been two hours shiuing, and a bitter suspicion of snow was in the cold, heavy air. At ten it be-gan to rain, and the thick mists shut out the river and brought a deeper chill to the atmosphere. Time hung the heavier on her hands. She could not read, and thought was distressing. A few old gossips came in to hear the news of the day and discover the cause of so much myster satisfied and yet unsatisfied. In the stores and saloons and kitchens that day the Squire's movements were thoroughly canvassed. A mystery so important as to require a tug and fifteen men to carry it out was a delightful morsel in dull November, and the peaceful citizans enjoyed it; but when the telegraph messenger passed the word that a special train was due in Clayburgh at 4 o'clock that aftergroup pearly three hours ahead of the noon, nearly three hours ahead of the regular train, the excitement spread to the highest grades of town society, and even the ministers trotted down to the depot under the same umbrella to exam-ine into this second wonder of the day. But Florian knew his native village well. Half a mile from the depot Ruth met him with the carriage, and the train moved into the station without a soul save the employees on board. So with every dis-

appointment the mystery grew.

A more wretched man than Florian
Ruth had never seen. His proud bearing was gone, his proud self-possession had metted from him like snow, and his pale, drawn face and listless manner showed what he was suffering. He took her hand gratefully as he entered the carriage. She tried to speak, but her own sob were too powerful.

"You need not tell me," he said.
"We are too late. I know that, and I might have saved him; I might have known long ago."

TO BE CONTINUED.

If you have eatarrh, don't dally with local remedies, but purify and enrich your blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Use the safe, pleasant, and effectual worm killer, Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator; nothing equals it. Procure a bottle and take Have you tried Holloway's Corn Cure? It has no equal for removing these trouble-some excresences, as many have testified who have tried it.

the waters, so that if foul play has done away with him his body may be found."

"And word should be sent immediately relieves and frees the throat and lungs from the plant of the found of the first that promotes the first

he muttered. "I taught him and he has pone lower than I by degrees. But wait. Have patience, Vladimir."

He rushed into his own rooms and gave way to the passion which consumed him. Never had he been so bitterly humiliated, and never had he so poor an opportunity of revenging himself on his

cure or relief. Rose Hawthorne Lath rop, with a noble devotion character istic of her spirit of faith and dee piety, has consecrated her life to the relie of this class of sick poor. She hope to build a commodious cancer home where she and the devoted women as sociated with her will provide no simply the necessities but some of the of sympathy. In a cheery spirit st writes of her work in the Februar issue of the Catholic World Magazin

in the following strain:
"I was informed about a French

charity which takes care in a number of hospitals, both in France and Eng land, of incurable cancer cases. I w told that in America these incurab cases, when destitute, are terribly ne lected; and, if attended to at all, a dismissed from hospitals after s months, whether death steps in as relief or years of suffering must ensu I felt that, as I had time to give charity, this was the charity I won take up, in the hope of assisting to peat here the success of the charity France. Doctors told me there w great need of the work, as a lar number of cases existed among poor and were increasing constant Most of my friends begged me not enter into such a loathsome occupation I persisted; took a few rooms in poorest district; immediately for myself appealed to by persons afflic with the disease; soon had s eral patients living with me in little rooms, and was joined by a women as interested as myself in At the end of two years a half I find myself more strenuou encouraged by the sympathy of oth than at the beginning of my wo Once in awhile I fortify my finan by appeals in the daily press money, clothing, and medicines for poor sick I care for, and immedia there is a moderate response f charitable persons, sufficient to l

me at my post.' Mrs. Lathrop's new home is loc at 668 Water street, New York, in of the poorest sections of the city.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE SIONARIES. Sacred Heart Review. There is in Paris a community

young ecclesiastics who attract versal attention, when taking walk which is the only outdoor creation to be had by such in a l city. They attract attention, no cause of any pecularity in their d which is that of all ecclesiastic Catholic countries, but because dash along the streets, as if it we case of life and death to reach They are the students, a in some cases-the priests of the inary of the Society for Foreign Their rapid pace is one of preparations for their tuture apos for they are going where strength of physique and power durance will stand them in as stead, in a way, as the flame for

salvation of souls that burns their breasts and supplies the m power to their physical exertions This Society for Foreign Missi altogether unique. Unlike so of religious, it can scarcely lay to any one person as its found father. It is the result of the different persons in different for the spread of the Catholic It dates from the middle of the teenth century, when the efforts pious missionaries who had lab he far East combined with the of some young Parisian priests to lish on a firm basis the results a obtained in the Orient. A vicars apostolic were chesen a pointed, and then, thanks to t cuniary assistance of some devo men, and of Louis XIV. of Fra college was founded to train men desirous of consecrating selves to labor in this new vine the Lord. Those who offer the for this field of labor do not form ious community in any sense term. They are secular priests religious obligations of any kin indeed, the premise to lead the ecclesiastics and to live, labor

and the Supreme Found, for version of the people of the C whom they may be sent. These brave, young hearts Seminary of the Foreign Missi with the burning zeal of apostles, and pass their days t paring themselves for the har store for them. From the day ter the seminary they never bye forever to family, country, and go to verify the promise to consume themselv

under the authority of the bish

and the Supreme Pondiff, for

conversion of the heathen. The ceremony of his ad that the natural man can ho is one of the most touching nessed. It takes place before the departure. It takes place the sionaries enter the chapel on the steps of the altar. kneel their confreres, andt their friends and relaties

strengthens the stomach. The checks are in