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CHAPTER XXI. CHANGES.

We must crave our reader's permission to pass somewhat rapidly over several months, which followed the events recorded in our last chapter. Uriel Pendragon's return home and the complete re-establishment of the family honor were now accomplished facts; nor did there remain on the towers of Merylin the least shadow of the old cloud.

Nothing, in fact, could have been more thorough and satisfactory than the public recognition of his innocence. An offer was made from the military authorities to restore him his commission, and no opportunity was lost by the leading personages in his own county of inviting him to assume among them the position formerly occupied by the head of his family.

But while Uriel showed himself sensible of every kindness, and grateful for every mark of consideration for his father's sake, he gently but firmly declined to accept any proposal which could bring him before the eyes of the world. On this point Aurelia was a little disposed to take him to task.

"What is it, dear Uriel? You must not give me a half confidence, you must tell me all." He smiled his sweet sad smile, and took her hand. "At St. Florian," he said, "I used to pray that I might one day give my life to save that of another; and I think it will be so."

And as he spoke he pointed through the open window where they sat, to the terrace, where, playing and singing in childish glee, might be seen the little Uriel. "Of angel face, indeed," said Aurelia; "but your name also is Uriel, and if Julian's cartoon is worth anything—"

"Ay," interrupted Uriel, "but the last line is not fulfilled in me, though it is in him. His mother, Aurelia, was a simple peasant girl, my poor Jaquelin. Perhaps you wonder at my having made such a marriage; but was I not become a peasant myself—and baser, lower than a peasant; in the world's eyes, a felon? She was so good and pious, and as innocent as a daisy. They tell me that the child inherits my features, but I love to think that it is from his mother he has his gray temper and his loving little heart. Believe me, there is the true heir of Merylin, the peasant-born, the real Uriel, who will restore the fortunes of our house."

Aurelia accused him of superstition in attaching any weight to the old prophecy, though it was only with a heart that she tried to rally him. "As you will," he said, "but if Alice Spier-the Span had never croaked her doggerel rhymes, it would make but little odds to me. I don't say it will be to day or to-morrow, but I have that in me which before very long will set me free."

"No, Aurelia," he replied; "but there are things with which a dead man has nothing to do. And I am as good as dead, you see. Even if I had a long life before me, I doubt if I could ever revive to the ways and fashions of the world; but, dear Aurelia, do not deceive yourself, I have not a long life before me, but a very little span. I feel it shortening day by day, and what there is of it I would not willingly spend upon an empty show."

"Why, what is there to be sad about?" he continued. "If you knew what life has been to me these twelve years past, you would rejoice with me that I am likely to get my discharge. You will say that is all over now, and that a bright future is before me. But you don't know, you could not, I suppose, be expected to realize, how what I have gone through has cut me off from everything. I could not take root again, Aurelia; it is past and over. I have prayed daily for these many years past, that one thing at least I might do with this poor shattered life of mine, and I think the desire of my heart has been granted."

"What is it, dear Uriel? You must not give me a half confidence, you must tell me all." He smiled his sweet sad smile, and took her hand. "At St. Florian," he said, "I used to pray that I might one day give my life to save that of another; and I think it will be so. I have taken my last cruise, I fear, for I doubt if I have strength now to pull an oar. But that blow they told you of has done its work here, and he laid his hand on his breast, "and I know, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that my days are numbered. Well, it is all right; we saved the drowning crew that night, and so you see, my heart's desire will be granted."

Aurelia's tears were flowing fast. "But, Uriel," she said, "think of what depends upon you; think of my father and all his hopes; surely it is not wrong to pray that your life may be spared, that you may comfort him, and build up our unfortunate family."

"I do hope I may live to close his eyes," said Uriel, "but as for rebuilding our family, it is not I who shall do that. Don't think me superstitious, Aurelia, but you remember the old prophecy. It is not the 'fallen heir' who is to restore the fortunes of his house, but another:—

BUDS, Society buds, young women just entering the doors of society or womanhood, require the wisest care.

To be beautiful and charming they must have perfect health, with all it implies—a clear skin, rosy cheeks, bright eyes and good spirits. At this period the young woman is especially sensitive, and many nervous troubles, which continue through life, have their origin at this time. If there be pain, headache, backache, and nervous disturbances, or the general health not good, the judicious use of medicine should be employed.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best restorative tonic and nerve at this time. The best bodily condition results from its use. It's a remedy specially indicated for those delicate weaknesses and derangements that afflict woman-kind at one period or another. You'll find that the woman who has faithfully used the "Prescription" is the picture of health, she looks well and she feels well.

In catarrhal inflammation, in chronic displacements common to women, where there are symptoms of backache, dizziness or fainting, every woman, who has a disordered stomach, moodiness, fatigue, etc., the trouble is surely dispelled and the sufferer brought back to health and good spirits.

"WOMAN'S ILLS." MRS. W. R. BATES, of Detroit, Trumbull Co., Ohio, writes: "A few years ago I took Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which has been a great benefit to me. I am in excellent health now. I hope that every woman, who is troubled with 'women's ills,' will try the 'Prescription' and be benefited as I have been."

And as to Aurelia there could not but be a difference now in their respective positions. During the years of her father's melancholy retirement Geoffrey had stood to her in the place of brother, and had faithfully discharged a brother's part. That, of course, was over now, and with Uriel at her side nothing more was wanted. Her life seemed to centre itself in him and in the child, who had called out a new sympathy in her heart, and awakened all its tenderness. Perhaps, too, since the conversation recorded in our last chapter, a certain, almost imperceptible change had come over their mutual relations. Geoffrey was always received with respect, affection and cordiality; but it did not prevent his feeling the inevitable fact that a new

order of things had taken the place of the old, and that the past was past forever.

All lives have some hard, tough bits in them; periods when the sky is not so much tempestuous as dull, grey and leaden; when courage is needed, not to subdue kingdoms, or to stop the mouths of lions, but to bear the weight of each day as it comes, and plod on through the weary hours as best we may. It is these cheerless moments in life which put souls on their trial, and test the strength that is in them—a strength required, not for the heat of the battle, but for the long day's march.

Geoffrey did not make many reflections on the matter, for his was a character that rarely formulated principles, but was ever acting on them. The time was a trying one to spirits and to temper, but he laid a strong, firm hold on the guiding clue of duty, and it helped him through. On he went, giving himself to his work, resolved to be indifferent to the aching of his empty heart, and pushing away from him the spectres of regret, self-pity, moroseness, and bitterness, which clamored about his daily path with such importunate persistence.

Then came a new source of trouble and anxiety. Uriel's health was beginning visibly to fail, and after various consultations and much urgent solicitation on Aurelia's part, it was at last decided that they should go to London for the best advice, and probably set out thence to try the chance of a warmer climate. Geoffrey assisted at the deliberations, and agreed in the wisdom of the plan. He helped in every arrangement, and took on himself the management of affairs during their absence. He did his best to cheer Aurelia's hopes; in short, he was, what he had always been, the strong, helpful friend. But when he had seen them fairly off, and beheld the carriage that bore them away disappear through the old gateway, then at last there came upon him the full sense of his great loneliness, and for the first time, perhaps, he began to realize how much of his heart he had suffered to escape his own mastery.

So the sad autumn days set in and found Geoffrey devoting himself to the old routine of work and business, but it must be fairly owned, with the relish gone which once made his labors a pleasure. Not for that, however, did he relax in their fulfillment, or show himself a whit less painstaking. And by this time he had earned a character in the country as a man of hard work, great sagacity, and spotless integrity, so that he was appealed to in many affairs, and had little leisure for moody reflections.

Autumn was fast becoming winter, and the short days brought the Holmes-Abbotts back to Swinburne with the usual complement of visitors in their train. There, as elsewhere, some changes were apparent in the family circle. Mabel had made a marriage that satisfied her mother's expectations, and it is to be presumed, her own, as her husband was a tolerably rich baronet; so that Geoffrey had nothing now to fear from her powers to ridicule, even if Julian's marriage with his sister, and his own greatly improved position in the judgment of the world, had not availed to convert ridicule into respect. So, when Christmas came, it was quite natural that Geoffrey should once more receive a note from Lady Annabel pressing him to visit them, and naming, as an additional motive for his acceptance, the presence at Swinburne of "your old friend, Mr. Paxton." And, somehow, Geoffrey was glad to accept. The fusties and the French dishes, the company of strangers, and the talk about big people were not more to his taste, heretofore, but his own diffidence and awkwardness were less, and the prospect of seeing Paxton again was a real pleasure. So to Swinburne he went.

Everybody received him heartily and kindly. Some of the guests were of the neighborhood, and cognizant of his real claims on their respect and consideration. Others knew him only as brother-in-law to Mr. Julian Weyvern. A few had met him in Lady Annabel's salon during his memorable London fortnight, and had a confused remembrance of Mr. Houghton's being pointed out to them that evening as a "remarkable man." As to Paxton, he greeted him not as an acquaintance, but a friend. It was decidedly a much more agreeable state of things than that which he had encountered at the same dinner-table a brief two years before. He was thinking so, as he found himself getting through the evening with a certain amount of social facility, when the commonplace remark from some lady guest, that "she hoped Lady Annabel had good accounts from her daughter," gave an unexpected turn to the conversation. There were excellent accounts from Mabel; Lady Annabel had had a letter from her only that morning. So full of spirits; she and Sir Henry were at Naples, and enjoying it so much. "Somehow, everybody seems to be at Naples this winter," she continued; "the Windermere party are there, and Julian, and your friends, Mr. Houghton, the Pendragons—so sorry to hear about Sir Uriel's health—but he has had so many trials."

Paxton caught the name, and it at once attracted his attention. "Ah, Sir Uriel Pendragon!" he said, "I ought to know that name again; I hoped that his trials had all come to an end, and that the Fortune of the dragon race, Mr. Lindesay was once good enough to tell us about, was now fairly reinstated."

"Oh, in one way, of course it is," replied Lady Annabel; "but he is dreadfully delicate, and they have gone to Naples for his health. Mabel

tells me that Miss Pendragon is making quite a sensation there—nothing like it known for years—it seems certain, I believe, that her marriage with the duke will take place on their return to England."

"What duke?" asked Geoffrey of Eugenia, who sat next him, in a tone in which something of his old growl was audible. "The Duke of Windermere," she replied. "Mabel has spoken of it in several of her letters. You saw him, I think, at our house one evening. He is a convert, you know, and everyone has been speculating who would be the fortunate lady, for it seems he was resolved only to choose a Catholic."

"A great match for the Pendragons," said Lady Annabel; "but I am really glad; for if poor Sir Uriel dies, as they say he will, Aurelia, poor girl, would be left alone."

"Well," said Mr. Lindesay, "and I don't see but it's quite suitable. If you come to pedigree, the Pendragons have the advantage. Windermere is not a very old creation, I fancy."

"Oh, yes," said Eugenia, "but you know pedigree counts for very little now in this liberalized world of ours. Still, no doubt, it's quite suitable, and Aurelia will look the duchess to perfection."

"And act it, too," said Mr. Lindesay; "shouldn't you say so, Mr. Houghton? It always struck me in her poor father's time that she showed great power of management."

Geoffrey had been holding a wine-glass in his hand, apparently occupied in turning its beautiful cut stem, with a view of observing the prismatic colors. But at this appeal he did not distinguish himself by the quota he contributed to the conversation. He only said, "Quite so."

Paxton's eye was scanning him curiously. We have said that with the great poet study of character was something more than an amusement. It came near to an occupation; and the wonderful pictures struck off in those felicitous phrases which filled his writings were after all but reflections of images, less conceived by his fancy than caught from nature by his keen eye, and laid up for future use. Observation of others was become such a habit with him that he carried it on almost unconsciously; and he had brought the art to such perfection that he read the human countenance as other men would read a book. And in Geoffrey Houghton's countenance, and in his whole bearing, he had detected a great change. Freer, more self-possessed, not one whit less honest and original, yet decidedly softer and more refined. The results were patent to all beholders, but Paxton's curiosity was piqued to know the cause. His campaign in the great Pendragon case, and his London fortnight, might have done something, but it certainly could not have done all. "No," said the shrewd observer to himself, "it is only suffering that can have wrought that change; Geoffrey Houghton has suffered, and, what is more, he is suffering still."

When once he had reached that conclusion his interest was roused to pursue the game. The inquiry would have had its attractions for him even if the subject of it had been a total stranger; how doubly so when it affected the happiness of his Cornish diamond, as he was wont to call the squire of Laventor. The rest of the evening, therefore, he devoted to watching the unconscious Geoffrey, in an unobtrusive fashion of his own, and in each line of his countenance, in each tone of his voice, in the subjects on which he seemed willing to speak, as in those which he showed himself resolute in avoiding, Paxton alike gathered materials which he was not slow in skillfully piecing together.

"Are you anything of a sportsman, Mr. Paxton?" said Holmes-Abbott, addressing his guest; "some of our friends here are preparing for great execution to-morrow among the pheasants."

"Thanks," said Paxton, "but I leave executions to Marwood and his assistants; and I should run a good chance of being delivered to their tender mercies if I were to take a gun in my hand, for I should certainly shoot something besides the pheasants."

"Sorry for that," said his good-natured host; "I was in hopes you would enjoy a good day's sport. I believe there are not better preserved woods in all the country."

"Then for fear of being peppered in them by mistake," replied Paxton, "I shall avoid them carefully, in the long walk to which I have set my heart on challenging Mr. Houghton, unless indeed he prefers the battue."

glances, and young Holmes-Abbott shrugged his shoulders, as much as to say, "You know he is an original."

"Is it a question of conscience?" said Mr. Lindesay, who was rather fond of displaying what he called "a respect for opinions." "The huntsman's pursuit of wild game has, I fancy, never been forbidden. It finds honorable mention even in the pages of Scripture."

"Ay, the huntsman," said Geoffrey; "just so: wild animals and so forth. I shall shoot bears, I daresay, when I get to Manitoba. But, then, there is a difference. If I don't shoot them they may chance to eat me, or what is nearly as bad, to eat my sheep."

"Are you going to Manitoba?" asked Eugenia, with surprise, "that is quite an unexpected piece of news."

"Some day possibly I may," replied Geoffrey; "people talk of the benefit of foreign travel, and the backwoods would be more to my taste than the Bay of Naples."

"So he is thinking of Manitoba, is he?" thought Paxton. I shall hear more on that subject before I have done with him to-morrow."

TO BE CONTINUED. CARDINAL ON "TRUTH." An Indispensable Element in the Composition of a Christian.

Baltimore, May 4.—Cardinal Gibbons preached yesterday at High Mass at the cathedral. His subject was "Truth." He said in part: "There are certain natural virtues which we are called upon to practice every day, both as Christians and as citizens, in our relations with our fellow-beings. Among these virtues I shall single out one because it is a leading and fundamental virtue and has a dominant influence over all the others. I refer to the virtue of truth."

"The highest compliment that can be bestowed on a man is to say he is a man of his word, and the greatest reproach that can be cast on an individual is to say that he has no regard for the virtue of veracity. Truth is the golden coin with God's image stamped upon it that circulates among men of all nations and tribes and peoples and tongues. Its standard of value never changes."

"Truth has such a face and such a mien as to be loved needs only to be seen. Like all valuable commodities, truth is often counterfeited. It is a crime to counterfeit money; it is a greater crime to adulterate virtue. The more precious the genuine coin, the more criminal and dangerous is the spurious imitation, and as truth is more valuable than specie, its base resemblance is more iniquitous and detestable."

"As truth is the medium of social and commercial intercourse, so high is the value that civilized society sets upon it that for its own protection it metes out the severest punishment to any one who violates truth in business transactions. If it is a sin to prevaricate in business transactions, how much more grievous is the offense to lie in religious matters? Ananias and Sapphira were suddenly struck dead at the Apostle's feet because they had made a false return of the value of their farm. The transgression did not consist in giving the Apostle only a part of the price of the land they sold, but they sinned by telling a deliberate lie about it."

"The virtue of veracity is so indispensable an element in the composition of a Christian gentleman that neither splendid talents, nor engaging manners, nor benevolence of disposition, nor self-denial, nor all of these qualities combined, nor the practice of religious exercise, can atone for its absence. They all become vitiated; they lose their savor if the salt of truth and sincerity is wanting."

Unity or Disunity? A new paper has been started in Boston called the Church, edited by a syndicate of seven clergymen and conducted on the "Broad" principle. They advocate affiliation with other denominations, at least to the extent of a mutual exchange of pulpits. The syndicate embraces some of the ablest, the most active and enterprising Episcopal clergymen of Massachusetts, and their efforts, in connection with others of the same stripe of Churchmanship, are enough to put to flight all the sanguine hopes and confident prophecies of the High Church, Ritualistic, "Anglo-Catholic" section of the Church. They can never coalesce. They will always be contending against each other, each charging the other with heretical teaching. How any man with the least pretension to the logical faculty, or even to common sense, can be content to remain in such a Church with the honest conviction that it is the true Church, or even a "branch" of the true Church, surpasses my comprehension. It was the conviction of the absurdity of this claim which led me nearly forty-five years ago, after ten years' service in the Episcopal ministry of St. Paul's church, in your own city, into the Catholic Church. That was the happiest day of my life, and I shall never cease to thank Almighty God for the great grace and unspeakable mercy that led me to escape the confusion, uncertainty and conflict of opinion which for years were the burden of my life, and take refuge in the old, original apostolic Church, which has an infallible tribunal and final court of appeal for determining the truth and settling all disputes about faith and morals.—Henry Livingston Richard in the Cleveland Catholic Columbian.

THE NECE

The following delivered in James Bennet than twenty attending the Dame, South Arthur Malp We predict a liant future, any criterion THE NECE

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