AUGUST 5, 1893.

LINKED LIVES.

By Lady Gertrude Douglas.

CHAPTER V.-CONTINUED.

"He must think I am a child still! Oh! how I wish this stupid color would go! Here comes Aunt Helen—what will she think?" soliloquises Mabel, who is conscious that neck and face, even down to the very tips of her fingers, are glowing with a crimson flush. "How ridiculous! — just because he kissed me! As if it were not what I might have expected! I know I look so stupidly childish—of course he

only looks upon me as a baby. During dinner Mabel is very silent the conversation is almost entirely carried on between Miss Mackenzie and Hugh. He is telling her about his mission in Tasmania. Mabel listens; she does not care to speak, but not one word is lost. That dinner-hour goes into the storehouse of her memory it is associated for ever afterwards with the scent of the lemon plant which stands before her on the table, several of whose leaves she has unconsciously plucked.

She sits opposite the window, and while Hugh is talking of the glories of Sydney Harbor, which he has been lately visiting — telling of the hills, "wooded to the water's edge, and afire with golden blossoms,"—Mabel's eyes are fixed on the pinehills at the back of the ravine exactly facing her, watching the dark shadows creeping slowly upwards till the rose-light of the setting sun has died away from the topmost tree, leaving soft twilight to fold her grey mantle around the

'You are silent, dearie," remarks Miss Mackenzie when, dinner being over, she and Mabel leave the diningroom together.

"No, Auntie, but I like to listen to It is quite warm to-night-I put your chair out on the ver-

For a wee bittie, dearie; it is really sultry indoors - and if Guy comes he will be wanting to smoke."
"Well, then, Auntie, I will establish you first, then I will go and meet Guy and Jessie. I daresay you won't mind having Hugh to yourself. He

looks very ill, Auntie — don't you think so?" adds Mabel, gravely. Miss Mackenzie heaves a deep sigh.
"Ah dearie, he is just a complete wreck," says the old lady, sadly shaking her head. "I never saw any

man more altered. I don't think should have known him. "Is it all sorrow, Auntie, that has done it? If so, what a dreadful thing

sorrow must be ! "Yes, yes, dearie," answers Miss Mackenzie, musingly, "it's a dread-

ful thing for the young. "I wish I could give him some of my happiness," thinks Mabel; but she

give utterance to her thought. "He will get stronger-you must not be anxious, Auntie; the first arrival was sure to be trying. "Poor fellow!" sighs Miss Mackenzie to herself, for Mabel, hearing Hugh's

approaching footstep, has vanished He comes out almost immediately afterwards, sitting down beside Miss Mackenzie in a deep garden chair which Mabel has taken care to place ready for him.
"All alone, Aunt Helen?" he says

casting a quick glance round. "Yes; Mabel has gone to meet the Elvanlee people. Now, Hugh, what do you think of my child?—you know I call her mine, for I think no one has so good a right to her."

"She has a beautiful face," he "Is that all?" her tone is slightly

disappointed.

"All! Aunt Helen, what more can I say?" he answers, laughing.
"I fancied perhaps you might hav

seen a likeness, Hugh."
"I do, I do! She reminds m

wonderfully of poor Blanche; and yet it can only be in expression of manner, for they are absolutely different in every other way."
"Yes; but there is something in

her eyes, and as for her voice, I can-not tell you how much it reminds me I almost dread for you to hear her sing.'

"I think she is rather shy of you, Hugh, otherwise, dear child, she is anything but quiet; she has such a sunny disposition, and does enjoy life so thoroughly.'

"Listen! that must be Guy's voice or I am .much mistaken," says Hugh,

"Yes, they are coming up the hill will you go and meet them, Hugh?"

'Too late, for here they are. " Hallo! old fellow, delighted to se you," exclaims a young man who has outstripped the rest of the party, and now on the veranda, wringing Hugh's hand in his strong grasp. fine young man in every sense of the word is Sir Guy Forrester, tall, broadchested, with an open handsome coun tenance, merry blue eyes, fair curly

hair, and pleasant voice and manner Guy," says Hugh in hi quiet undemonstrative way; but Guy, who knows him, does not think hi greeting cold.

Where is Jessie?" asks Miss Mac-

kenzie. "I left her to take her time up th hill; ladies are so dreadfully slow over that ascent to your woodland retreat Aunt Helen! Have a cigar, old fellow -what, no? hang me if I would be a (pausing in the midst of his speech to light a cigar), if I were to be heartily. debarred by it from the luxury of What are you laughing at, say to that, my little lady?" Aunt Helen?"

"At the notion of your being a par-son, to be sure, Guy!"
"I'd make a jolly one, wouldn't I?
I'm blessed if I wouldn't give all of you a stunning sermon!" remarks Guy, comfortably settling himself in a gar den-chair and singing out in his deep, mellow voice.

'Always gay and free, boys!
Happy as can be, boys;
That's the style for me, boys,
That's the style for me.'"

"That would be my text, you know more cheerful, anyhow, than the old

governor's last Sunday." "Hold your tongue, you irreverent boy!" says Miss Mackenzie, trying to look grave. "I wish Mabel heard

you."
You. "O Lord, wouldn't there be shindy? Speak of the devil, and he is sure to appear," replies Guy, compos-edly puffing out clouds of smoke. "Here she comes with my wife; now I'll have to mind my P's and Q's.

"Guy, you here?" says pretty, graceful Lady Forrester, coming for-ward, flushed and out of breath; "I thought you went after my stick. "Not I; don't bother your head about it; it's all safe down at the bottom of the torrent by this time. There is Hugh, Jessie; and Hugh

that's my wife."
"What an introduction! How do you do, Hugh?" says Lady Forrester, holding out her hand. "I am so glad to see you here at last."

Hugh responds to the welcome, and

then ail-except Miss Mackenzie, who retires, fearing the damp-sit out on the veranda talking, Guy in his gay est mood, Jessie full of fun, somewhat inclined to be sarcastic, and evidently quite at home in her occupation of teasing Mabel, who has recovered from her shyness, if that it was which made her so silent during dinner. She is to night particularly happy, at least so it always seems to Hugh, when, in after years, he reverts to that first evening. Unconsciously, perhaps, he watches her a great deal, while the words of an old ballad are running in his mind. The words

songs, strange that they should haunt him so to-night : "Her footstep had the lightness, Her voice the joyous tone; The tokens of a youthful heart Where sorrow is unknown."

were to be found in one of Blanche's

He has not heard them for many long years—he had forgotten them— until that little white-robed figure with he rose wreath brought them back to his memory; and then, a strang coincidence strikes him. The first time he saw Blanche she, too, wore roses in her hair, but they were white they had no thorns-fit emblems of her happy life, which had passed away unclouded by sorrow. Mabel's rose are the wild flowers from the eglantine, from which the thorns have not been taken. Will they, too, emblematic of her future?

Absorbed in these reflections, Hugh scarcely notices the conversation that is going on beside him; he has fallen into a deep reverie, from which he is at length aroused by Jessie, who

appeals to him for an opinion.

Now, Hugh, you shall decide.

Mabel and I have a slight difference of opinion on one or two little matters. She has great faith in what a priest of

Church says."

Church says. "

says Hugh, with "Well," says Hugh, with a slightly surprised smile, "what is

"The Bishop is next week to give Confirmation, and some very enthusiastic individuals among us wish to receive His Lordship under a canopy of lowers, with—"
"Jessie!" exclaims Mabel

petuously, "you are giving a false idea altogether.

Not at all, Mabel. I have a note in my pocket from our excellent parson himself, asking me, rather coolly, I call it, to empty my con-servatory into the church for the feasi of St. Dunstan on the 19th. He says t. Dunstan is the patron of the parish

Did you know that, Hugh?' "He was the old Romish patron. suppose; but I do not know have anything to do with him, answers Hugh. "Is it Mr. Vaughan answers Hugh. who wants the flowers for the church? "Yes; and he is going to dress the altar in grand style. There are to be

Arum lilies and myrtle wreathed all about the reredo "Altar-reredos!" repeats Hugh, completely mystified-"in Elvanlee parish church! What do you mean?

Mabel's face fiushes crimson, and Jessie continues, with a wicked glance at her. "You do not know, then, Hugh, how we have improved for the better since your days. Why, we have a stone altar, reredos just fresh from

Antwerp or Louvain-which was it, A quick stamp of the foot, otherwise the little white figure vouchsafes no

"Then we have a lot of massive silver candlesticks, and a great cross over the altar. We have flowers—plenty of them, according to the season of the year, only I am so slow about learning the right sort at right times; then we have embroidered capes, and clokes, and robes, with long ecclesiastical names "Stop," interrupts Hugh gravely

"you do not mean to tell me that this mummery has crept into Elvanlee What have you all been about? Does the Bishop know?"

"The Bishop, poor man!—oh, he is very un-Catholic. He claims to be a good old Protestant. We are Catho-

"By Jove! that's going it hard, Jessie," put in Guy, for a moment withdrawing his cigar and laughing heartily. "Eh, Mabel, what do you

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House.

And the little lady answers wrathfully, "You are all unworthy of Mr.

Vaughan. It will serve you right to "But, Hugh," recommences the indefatigable Jessie, "you haven't heard one half yet. Just listen: we have

such gorgeous processions—boys carry-ing banners, children throwing flowers, high and early celebrations. Then we have Vigils; and a lot of very inconvenient fast days, and tho among us who are good enough to observe them never know how much or how little we are to eat. Is there anything more, Mabel?" Mabel looks more pained than angry

as she answers—
"I think you have said enough,

"This is either a shocking state of things, or you are making fun, Lady Forrester," interrupts Hugh anx-

"Pray don't call me Lady Forrester. But I assure you it is, every word of it, true—isn't it, Guy?'

But I cannot understand how the Bishop has allowed it to go on," rejoins

Hugh, sorely perplexed.
"The Bishop, I told you," repeats
Jessie, "is a Protestant; he is the State-imposed Bishop, not the canoni-

cally elected Bishop."
"Surely Hugh does not think it right to mock at all that is holy," says Mabel, bending eagerly forward, and looking at him full in the face, her lips quivering, and her eyes full of tears "It is never right to hurt anyone's religious feelings," he answers, kindly but if it be as Jessie says, why, Mabel, Elvanlee must have into a regular Romish chapel, and, of

course, I could not approve of that. "Bravo, Hugh! bravo, parson!" chimes in Guy, delightedly. "You have come back in the nick of time; we have all been sailing full sail on to Rome these years past ; it's been a toss up who'll get there first."

'Not you, you old sinner," remarks his wife, quietly, "nor I either, it's between the Vicar, Veva, and Mabel -in our set.

"I bet you ten to one Vaughan gets in first.

"Hold your tongue, Guy," Jessie quickly; then she adds, "I wish Mabel would tell me how she accounts for the different ideas of Truth held by two priests ordained by the

same Bishop."
"They only differ in exterior worship, Jessie; in all important points of faith they will agree.

Jessie is no longer joking, she is quite serious now. "Well, but, Mabel, I do not think it is quite so; only last Sunday even

ng you were trying to persuade me hat the doctrine of the Real Presenc was a part of our faith ; do you believe "Of course I do, Jessie, with my

whole heart."
"Is that doctrine held by the Church of England?" asks Jessie, appealing

to Hugh. He shakes his head decidedly, and ooks earnestly at Mabel. 'Mabel, you surely know what your

Catechism tells you! Why, if you hold such a belief as that of the Real Presence, you fall back into all the idolatry of Transubstantiation. "There, Mabel!" exclaims Jessie,

triumphantly, "I told you so. Now will you say that Mr. Vaughan and Hugh do not differ on important points Guy," looking at her watch, and starting up from her chair, "suppose we go home, it's getting quite late. Don't be vexed, dear old Mabel, I only want to keep you from following Mr

Vaughan to Rome. "Shut up, Jessie, you are teazing the child," say Guy, half in joke, half in earnest. "You shall just do exactly as you like, my little lady. I don't see any objection to your being a Romanist or a Mahommedan, if it pleases you—it's all one, you know."
"Oh! Guy,"answers Mabel in a distressed tone; and as they descend the hill together she returns to the subject -"Oh! Guy, you did not mean that about its being all the same thing whether one was a Mahommedan or a

Christian?" "Well, but suppose I did mean it? "But surely you do not—you cannot at least, you ought not to think so,

Guy."
"That's rubbish, Mabel; I both do and can, and I see no particular logical reason for an ought in the matter.

"But, Guy--"
"Well, little lady." "One ought to keep the faith one is

brought up in."
"That's what my friend, the Ma ommedan, thinks; but I never said to the contrary; I only said, let every one do as he thinks best, and if he does his duty, it's all one what name he is

called b "I think that is a very dangerous principle, Guy; according to it, a man's religion would exouse every crime under the sun; and provided he thought it right, you could not blame him for committing murder.

"But the law would, poor devil he'd have to swing for it then." "Guy, I am not joking; do be sen ions for five minutes, if you can.

'Pon my soul! never was more ser ious in my life-only you twist my words into crooked meanings. "But, Guy, don't you think a thing must either be right, or not be right;

that a thing must be wrong, or not be

wrong? "There's something in that, Mabel : but you see the question is, is there any one to pronounce whether the thing is right or is wrong? As far as I ever heard, there never has been such a clever chap since the world began; and if there ever was one, I don't expect he'd get many to side with him.'

"We have the inspired Scriptures, Guy, and then our Church tells us what we have to do.

"By Jove! she does, does she You'll see what a 'shine' the Bishop will kick up next week when he comes there will be a jolly row, won't there with the parson! It will be fun!" re sponds Guy, chuckling with delight.
Mabel is too vexed to reply, and he continues more seriously, "As for the inspired Scriptures' you talk about, who told you they were inspired ?-and then if they are, didn't the Reformers take French leave to explain them ac cording to their own judgment? haven't all the parsons, that ever were created from that hour onward, been following suit? One reads your inspired Scriptures one way, another in another; and I must say there's one text I wish they'd read a little oftener, and that is 'Charity shall cover the

multitude of sins "Oh! Guy, to hear you talk, on would fancy you were no Christian; you might have been a heathen all your life, and you were so good when

you were a boy."
Talking thus, the brother and sister have reached the bottom of the hill considerably outstepping Jessie, who is following more slowly with Hugh.
Guy stands still by the little gate

and flings away the end of the cigar at which he has been puffing during his conversation with Mabel. Then he his conversation with Mabel. folds his arms, and regards gravely, while he says with earnest feeling, very different from his former

flippant style,
"No, Mabel, I am no heathen; your God is my God also, and my hope future happiness is in Him, and in our Lord Jesus Christ. But I can't stand the humbug that there is now-a-days about religion. If you were a Roman Catholic, and believed in an infallible Church, or Pope, there would be some sense and logic in your making a fuss about Church authority, and about things being positively right or not right; but as you are not a Roman Catholic, you have no earthly right to lay down laws. (I don't say they have, but at any rate they it, and therefore are logical in their denunciation of everyone who does not agree with them.) I am no parson, but I can tell you this much: we are all in God's hands-we must trust in Him, live up to our consciences and be hon est; that's the best we can do for our

selves. Are you angry with me, little sister?" "No, dear Guy, not angry, only sorry, so sorry you see things as you do!" says Mabel, lifting up on tiptoe

to get at her brother's face. He bends down and kisses her two or three times, then asks abruptly-"If I were to die suddenly would you think it necessary to be anxious about me? Do you think I'd go to the bad place because I don't swear by the

parson, eh?' "No, Guy, I do not think that. If you trust in God and our Saviour-"
"Hush! don't say any more, here they come. But make your mind easy Mabel, I do trust and my soul is in the hands of my Creator!" says Guy, breaking off suddenly and bursting

nto his favorite-" Always gay and free, boys." TO BE CONTINUED.

Seeing Life.

A famous German writer has aptly said, "You must treat a work of ar like a great man. Stand before it. and wait patiently till it deigns to

The Christian Union remarks that sons who will sit or stand for a long time in front of some famous painting New beauties and fine bits of work will constantly be revealed to them for it must be remembered that it has taken the artist a long time to execute a really great work of art. He has put, as we say, his heart or soul into the work, and we cannot expect to appreciate, much less to understand, it we simply give it a hasty glance.

If there are hidden meanings in life we do not see them by haste in any manner - whether in hurried travel or in eager pursuit of wealth. are more beauties - there is more "soul"-in the relations cultivated by a good Christian life and in the duties it involves than can be revealed in the greatest work of art. The painter, after some years of labor, exhibits his masterpiece on canvass. But the active and useful life of twenty or forty years has its masterpiece in the character formed and developed ; and one may see in its acts and its thoughts, ts self denials and its heroisms some thing more admirable than any art

Let us not hurry through the corridors of time without appreciating what is good and true and beautiful in character, and let us develop those human sympathies and that Christian faith that give life its nobility. - Cath

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AN IRISH POOR SCHOLAR.

An Interesting Sketch From the Pen of

Mr. William O'Brien, M. P., contri butes to the London Speaker an enter-taining sketch of an old learned peasant, whose acquaintance he has made in western Mayo. I doubt, says Mr. O'Brien, if you would find anywhere outside of Ireland a ragged man of learning who is a sovereign in his own right like ancient Tom Duffy of Louchaun-uyalls. Tom's right to lodging, food and honor is acknowl Tom's right to edged by the peasantry of his realm to e a right divine; and the realm, says Mr. O'Brien, lies among a nest of mountains dimly visible from the Leenaun coachyard. It was on a recent Sunday that Mr. O'Brien went in search of him. He had been at Mass, and presided over the reading of an American letter; after which he had gone away west. He was traced to a farmhouse where he had dined, and was finally discovered under shelter of a Druidical boulder, a dark bundle o rags framing a corpse-like face. All the peasants-even strong farmersaddressed him obsequiously as "Master" Duffy. It has taken ninety years at the least, writes Mr. O'Brien, to bend his old shoulders.
"What does that matter?" he asked

indignantly, as soon as he began to rouse his faculties and shake his stick.
"I was just on my way to smoke a pipe with an older man than myself, away back-nil ego contulerim jucundo sanus amico." The classic warmed him like old wine. His head was thrown back, his eyes afire, his voice rolled vigorously from the chest, his oak stick partook the enthusiasm, while he burst into whole pages of Horace and Virgil and Ovid. not in the least a matter of display. It was simply audible soliloquy. It was the delight of learning for learning's sake, such as one dares not to hope to find in a lackadaiscal modern university.

Presody transfigured him like one of Dr. Faustus' potions. While I was humbly wondering at his Latin quantities, he was off into Greek versethink it was one of Thersites' acrid attacks upon the Kings; and although I could not follow the words, I felt my self for the moment listening to living Phrygian-Mr. T. W. Russell.

But this mood was a short one. Latin, Greek and Gaelic classics are the luxuries of Master Duffy's voluptu ous moments. The business of his life (and this in a mountain-bred Irish peasant is the strangest portion of hi history) is physical science and mathe matics. It is easy vaguely to imagine how in some dead and gone hedge school in the mountains, or from the lips of some ancient priest from Lou-vain or St. Omer, the bright mountain boy might have imbibed his Latin hex I have failed altogether to ameters. trace his acquisitions in mechanical science ; yet science in Master Duffy's ase is, barring religion, the most pas sionate object of worship of his life. In the days when he was about to be ejected from his father's farm he tra velled to the country town of Castlebar on law business. He there, for the on law business. He there, for the first time in his life, saw a railway engine. The portent so bewitched him that he took a lodging beside the station, and there for three days hov ered lovingly about the steam giant, while the engine driver explained to him its every valve, and crank and He lost the farm, but came home rich in dreams of mechanical discov-

gravestones, as a pensioner of some tender-hearted priest who marvelled at his learning or found use for him as a clerk of the chapel. His only means of expenditure was books-the most recondite the better. he bought and those he inherited from some unknown mountain pedant of old, he shut himself up wherever a neighbor offered him shelter; and there, sternly forbidding even the priest to enter, he carried on mysterious experiments with coils of wire and steam kettles, with results which neither the neighbors nor I are in a position to estimate. One authentic tale of the results of his ingenious speculations is extant. He fashioned a boat of an enormous block of peat mould, and invited his mother to sail with him therein upon the waters of Lochaun-nyalls. The neighbors were astounded by the originality of the invention. The boat would do the invention. everything except swim. When halfway across the lake it fell in two, and the inventor and his mother were rescued by a cooled but still admiring public. The weak point about all Mas ter Duffy's enterprises, as in those of

this-at the critical moment they will not swim. But now came upon the scene the tragic muse, inseparable from life in Ireland even in those forgotten fast-The tenant of the barn in which the poor scholar, with all his books and treasures, had for the moment found refuge, took a farm from which a neighboring cottier had been evicted. One night of woe the barn was burned to the ground. The universal tradition is that the incendaries, knowing that the grabber's three cows were in the barn, had no inkling of the fact that Master Duffy's priceless books and money were there as well. In the morning the cows were gone, and so were the books and a £50 note for which Master Duffy had a few days previously exchanged all the savings of his life. "I wouldn't grudge the loss of the bank-note, if it was in a good cause," observed Master Duffy, "but where will I go again for my latin Euclid and the

most other children of genius, is just

Delphins I'd like to know? I was a gone man from that night—caput dom-ina xenale, sub hasta the sport of every ignorant stroneshuch on the mountain." The stroneshuchs were not many, however. The moun-tain men, old and young, who stood around while the old fellow spouted verse and science, and shook his stick at Black Care, could not have been more respectful if they had been invited to a Primrose League demonstration with refreshments to follow. A few charred books were saved along with some blackened silver coins out of the ruins; and with these he still continued to hold midnight consultations, until his sight failed him three months ago. The charming thing about the welcome that is accorded to him at every chimney corner in the Glens is that he is no longer able to make any return in kind-for the only gravestone he is likely to be concerned with in th future is his own, and the boys and girls in troops have learned to read and write their own American letters as well as Master Duffy. Nor has he ever condescended to teach. I am acquainted with another roving master in the same diftrict, who comes to a remote mountain village when farm work is slack, collects the children of twelve or fourteen surrounding families into a barn to learn the three R's lives for a week apiece with the household of his different pupils; after which the children disperse to the potato patches, and the schoolmaster departs for pastures new. But Master Duffy rather looks down upon this humble trade in sacred knowledge, and has his doubts of the erudition of the rival master. Whereat the school-master's soul once flared up-"I am a professional gentleman, and not a gravestone scribe," quoth master the second, proudly. you are not acquainted with the Latin tongue, Master G.," was the lofty retort, "or you'd know from Juvenal that the man the gods hate they make

a schoolmaster. It seems never to have struck either Master Duffy or his entertainers that he need have any other claim on their hospitalities than the glory his mere love of knowledge sheds upon his native glens. He brings the luck of an ancient Mascotte. He is a last descendant of the endowed scholars of Eirinn And, truth to tell, the old man's enter tainment would be a cheap price for a verbatim report of his obs rvations by winter firesides. I am too ignorant to measure, and too respectful to laugh at, the wonderous mechanical discov les which still steadily shine before Master Duffy's eye of faith-his valley of diamonds, his Elysian fields, his holy grail. There was an ancient prophecy that the discoverer of the ecret of perpetual motion should be orn on the south flank of Cruach Phaudrig. Lochaun-nyalls is undoubt edly south of Cruach-Phaudrig, and the master was no less indisputably born at Lochaun. Whatever may be the strict scientific upshot of his dis covery of a force greater than air, team or water, he entertains a pathetic belief-for all his years and disappoint ments-that he has only to get a fair nearing in Dublin to convince the world of the value of his secret. When the withered old master wants to live to see the Irish Parliament that he is told is soon to assemble in Dublin, I verily believe it is largely with some hope that one of it first sittings may be devoted to hearing him on the floor of the house in defence of the eternal truth of his theories of the new motive force and the trisection of the obtuse In various odd ways he had angle. Alas! even if the House of piled a little money-as a writer of rds were to throw down their arms. American letters, as a chisseler upon I doubt whether poor old Tom Duffy's all but extinguished eyes will be there to see "the appointed day" named in the bill for the better government of Ireland. Be that as it may, there is refreshment for the human heart in turning from the hideous caricatures of the Irish race painted by controver sialists of the Mr. T. W. Russell school o the realities of life in a country which can produce an enthusiasm for learning such as Master Duffy's in its remotest glens, and a population who, through unadulterated respect for genius, provided Master Duffy's old days with a sort of national pension

out of their poverty.

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No other Sarsaparilla combines economy and strength like Hood's It is the only one of which can truly be said: "160 Doses \$1." Ask for Minard's and take no other

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE TRUTH. It is generally observe believe it is quite time, the

anti-Popery men are those once been almost persua Catholics-who came up to t line between Protestantis Church, but have not had or the grace to step over themselves Catholics. It they have made any new that they have found flaws of their position ; it is sim opposing influences by wh surrounded are too formida to relish and overcome. dally; they coquette with In their association wit they do not hesitate t strongest language in co of Protestantism and in fa olic doctrine and practic give the impression that of the Church is with t question of time. But ala never comes. By degree becomes cooled. Their cover their proclivity and set themselves to work to the Catholic influences the ing upon them. If the clergymen, probably an to get them married, ass cesful, that that will prove antidote to the strong tendencies - as indeed proves to be. Sometim disinheritance and ostraci society prove a sufficient to pause and take the bac That is a most critical lives of thousands. We to know of multitudes,

and lay, who have been t cumstances favorable to knowledge, both theoretical, of the Catholic Chu lost confidence in Pro every shade, and become acquainted with the Cath and with the beauty of and practical system of and are almost persuade lics. For the time being see clearly that the only native is the Catholic fidelity. But instead of and consistently taking braving popular opin the frown what conscience, and loyalty to the truth pause: they hesitate; quite ready; they prourged to be consistent a cided stand they will glous excuse. Perhaps gest some professedly li about some point of doct been answered and ex dred times, the very obj the teaching as an unwil Now it is a principle

mind which cannot be contemplated that whe act out its conviction loses the power of dist tween truth and error. do his will he shall doctrine," saith our Sa must be a good will, h pose and a steadfast d follow convictions of th ever they may lead. will is wanting and o dilly-dally with the tru more convenient seaso necessarily becomes ob position to entertain ob and over-clouds the mi ually it may lose the guishing between tru Thus the Holy Spirit of grace departs from th mind becomes hardene blindness. Then the soul learns to gradual once loved — to despi what it once believed beautiful and which it of receiving and ma And the bitterness of enhanced by the fact lieved what it now re truth of which it st though unacknowledg This is a very dang

in. Indeed we can of any mental conditi ous and deplorable. thousands of people dition, at least in so though not, it is hope final abandonment coquetting with the by grace, but held ba Oh, the subtlety, the mysterious power of t the world, the flesh Others have begun t ligion; while others energetic Anti-Po laboring night and stings of conscience b and unscrupulous a Holy Mother Church indisputable claim

Now what is the lamentable state of festly the only reme in a loyal obedien And loyalty to the t a conviction of the truth; second, a fi to follow the truth and, third, dependen God to fortify our w overcome all oppos willing to undergo

if necessary, to die i The indifference of mankind to the most deplorable. edge that there is truth, and they talk about the obligation