THE END OF THE STORY.

THE END OF THE STORY.

(Catholic Firestee.)

The wind sighed gently through the cypress and magnolia trees, sending little showers of starry orange blossoms like snowfakes to the ground.

The moon was rising setembly in the sorns like snowfakes to the ground.

The moon was rising setembly in the soft lappits of the lazy Meditorranean against the shors sounded musically. It was an evening for love, grace, and beauty—an evening when every heart pulse is stirred by the exquisite joy of living for the young, whu to get those whose youth was but a memory of the past it must hold sad thoughts —perhaps bitter ones, Ferthaps it is to them the mirage of lovely evenings in gag, when they lived in the happy future and had no bitter-sweet past to haunt them.

To the two standing on the monnit path there was no past, no future-only a glorious, joyful present.

The girl's face was like a lovely blossom. The large Spanish eyes, under their drooping lids, were like undulatory grace of a Spanish senerita. Ho was of the usual type of a haudsome young Englishman—suny brown halt, blue eyes, and tall, broad-shouldered ligure. Presently he unclasped kee arms and looked down carnestly into her dark eyes.

"Latelan" he sald, gravely, "we are very happy, are we not?"

She gased at him half startled.

"Yes, Hush, of course we are."

"Would you be content to go like this?"

"Hell, I would not."

this ?"

"I—I think so."

"Well, I would not."

"You are very hard to please, it seems," she retorted with a little of-ended air. "You told me once that if I loved you that was all the world

If I loved you summer to you..."

"And so it is, my darling," he interrupted, "but...."

"But, what?"

"Well, when do you mean to be my

"Woll, when do you mean to be my wife?"
She turned her head away to where, through the trees, the m-nonbeams lighted up the serene, mid face of the statue of the Virgin Mother.

"Don't ask me to-night, Hugh," she said, with a sigh. "Live me time."

"Time!" he repeated. "Surely I have not hurrled you. Lucia. What is there to wait for? You have no parents and your grandmother is, you tell me, very stern and unloving. Lucia, listen. My regiment goes back to England the day after to-morrow. Will you come with me as my wife or am I to go alone? Choose new."

There was a silence. Lucia twisted and untwisted her silm dingers nervously.

y.
"Choose," he repeated. "If you love me, why do you hesitate?" At length she met his passionate

"My religion—" she murmured, faintly.

His face cleared.
"'Oh, is that all ?" he replied, cheerculf, "That need not stand in the
way. I won't interfere with it at all,
darsing. Indeed, I think it is a pretty
eligion for a girl—as fanciful and picturedque as you are. It's all the same
to me whether you pray with beads
or without them, or whether you
priests wear cope and alb and—all that
over to thing—"
"But, Hugh," she interrupted,
smethering a smile at his vagueness,
"yes don't understand. To me it is
more than a pretty fancy. It is very
serious indeed."
"I don't care if it is," he protested.

serious indeed."
"I don't care if it is," he protested.
"It is as good as any other religion,
I suppose—for a girl; though I cer-tainly should not care for my sons,
if I had any, to believe in it.
She turned very pale and looked

is indeed a pity you did not think of it before? "Why did I not think of it before? I did—but I pushed the thought away. I was so kappy and tried to forget my duty! To knew! I must face the truth some day, but I was a coward—and I loved you but I'm.

day, but I was a coward—and I loved you, Hugh."
"That is enough, darling," he said.
"No, no—it is not enough! Hugh, listen! If you do not mind my religion, why should you mind any son of yours owning it?"
He did not answer, and for some moments stared thoughtfully at the trees. Why should he tell her the reason ow? He would take her to England and in a Protestant country she would forgot her religion. "All is fair in love and war."

forgot her religion. "All is fair in love and war."
"Lucis." he said at length, "it shall be as you wish. I submit to you as regards religion."
Lucia sighed and looked towards the white statue.

Lucia sighed and looked towards use whife statue.

A gust of wind shook the starry blossoms over the head, and they full in a rain of snowy petals over the lovely carved features.
It seemed to Lucia as if they were tears. But she tried to forget her fancies in her lover's arms, and listoned to his hopes and plans with beating heart. They wandered on through the trees fur from the still, white figure

woman who sits beside the fire, resting her pate face on her hands.

A tiny tame lickers up presently and lights up a pair of large, dark over which tears have robbed of their brilliancy, but added a sweetness of their own The nair, waving clavsteally at each side of the finely shaped head, is as black as night. The figure is slim and graceful in its gray dress—the figure of a woman who might be thirly-leight, but looks thirty. Presently footsteps sound on the crisp, hard anow, and othell, childist vices take up the cheery Christmas carols, telling of peace, goodwill, and Joy.

Opening the window, the woman in gray threw some coppers to the waifs, and stood for some moments gazing up into the clear, starry sky.

The memory of another night is upon her now—a night twenty-two years ago—a night glowing with the beauty of a Southern clime, when she stood, a girl of seventeen, her lover by her side.

Closing the window she resumed her

a girl of seventeen, her lover by ner side.
Closing the window she resumed her sent by the fre.
"What a long time he is coming," she said, half aloud. "Surety he with the in time for midnight Mass. Ah! that sounds like his step. Why, liughle!"
A few hurried steps, then the door was dashed open and a tall, athlette young fellow threw himself down beside her.

was dashed open and a tall, athletic young fellow threw bimself down besido her.

Bhe started as he raised his face to kies her. It was so like, so very like another face—another who had been dead nearly twenty-two-years.

"Hughle," she sald, playing with his chestnut curts, "I thought you had forgotten me and meant to spend christmas with your college friends instead of with your dull little mother."

"What nonsense, mother! As if you were not worth all the friends in the world!" he exclaimed.
The words were sincere enough, but she noticed that he spoke with an effort—that the bright blue eyes did not meet hers.

Then she led him on to tell her of his studies, of his friends, of his plans, but through all she felt rather than saw that his heart was not in his words.

"Hughle," she said, at length, as

but through all she felt rather than saw that his heart was not in his words.

"Hughle," she said, at length, as there was a miserable silence. "you had and they savely stold the everything in your schooldays of the quarrels you had and the games you won. Don't keep anything from me now. Can I help you, dear?"

The young fellow buried his head in her lap.
"Oh, mother," he almost sobbed, "I am so wretched, so miserable! What have I done that I should be so wretched?"
She bent over him tenderly.
"Hughle, my darling," she said, "whatever the trouble is, trust in God. Whatever he has ordained is just."

"But this is not just!" he interrupted, passionately. "It is not just that money and position should be placed before honesty and hard work."

"What d you mean, my boy?"
"That I navy just been having a quarrel with Mr. D'artford."
"What about?"

quarrel with Mr. D'Artford."

"What about?"

"Oh, because I had the impudence to say that I loved his daughter"—bitter-life. "It was a crime not to be forgiven. He called me a presumptuous fool and a fortune-hunter. Mother, you even cannot help me this time. Only money and position can do that, and you cannot give me that, diar."

The hands playing with the boy's curls trembled visibly, and the pale face grew paier than evon.

"The time has come," she murmured to herselt. "Oh, God, kelp me to be, strong, that he may be strong, too!"

face grew paler than evor.

"The time has come," she murmured to herself. "Oh, God, kelp me to be, strong, tota the may be strong, too!"

"Hughle," she anid, "I had hoped that no thought of love was in your mind. You are so young, Hughle—not twenty-one yet."

"You were only sixteen when you were married, mother."

"Yes." she said, slowly, "only sixteen. Perhaps if I had been older I might have been stronger—braver."

There was a short silence. Then she went on, not heeding his look of swent on, not heeding his look of swent on, not heeding his look of you alone shall decide its end, and I shall only pray that you may finish. It strikt. Listen to me carefully. The Mass bell will not ring for another hour."

If ugh took up both his mother's hands in his and looked up gravely.

"I am listening, mother," he said.
"Twenty-two years ago there lived in Gibraitar a younk Spanish girl called Lucia Zamora. Her parents being dead, she lived with her grandmether, a woman who troubled herself very little about the orphan beyond sending her to a convent school and having her to great the bolldays with her. One day, during the summer holidays, she must a summer his have the summer holidays with her convent school and having her to a convent school and having her to great it is not the said of the summer holidays with her. One day, the single standmother. One night the English officer to the said of the features.

d to Lucia as if they were take tried to forget her fanr lover's arms, and listoned, best and plans with beating her wandered on through the front the attill, white figure is last fears vanished.

In is a cheerful one, but now right fames have melted incombers a sadness seems to it.

"For three morths they were very happy, He got leave of absence, and the factor of the factor of

they travelled about, at ever France, One day he got a telegram at which he looked very upset, He told his wife that it was from his father, who was dying, and who had sent for him.

"Hidding her a hurried good-bye, he started off. An bour later he was brought back to her-dying. The horse which was taking him to the atallon had taken fright and thrown him out.

"He opened his eyes as his wife bent over him.

"Lucia," he sald, faintly, 'forgive—I deceived you.'

"Then he died. She at once telegraphed to the address on the telegram. She was then in Paris.

"The next day a gentleman was shown into the room at the hotel she was staying at.

stand to the address on the lelegram. She was then in Parls.

"The next day a gentleman was shown into the room at the hotel she was staying at.

"He introduced himself as the family lawyer, and told her that her lusband's father had died the day before. He then asked to see the certificate of marriage, as it appeared that her husband had kept his father in Ignorance of his merriage—for reasons best known to himself.

"After the funeral was over the widow was prevaited upon to return to England and live at her husband's home, as she was expecting a child to be born to her, who would be the heir to the family estates.

"She was very kindly treated by her husband's home, as wery kindly treated by her husband's not her, who would be the heir to the family estates.

"She was very kindly treated by her husband's numt, who had been house-keeper there for many years. One day, when the young widow was sitting in her bedroom, she heard her name mentioned by someone in the next room, which was her dressing-room. She recognized the voice of her maid and that of one of the parlourmaids.

"Yes, Jane," one of them was saying, 'I must say as the missis is very good, though she do follow all that Popery."

"Well,' replied the other, 'I shouldn't care if she were a Mohammedan as long as she acted fair by me. Besides, I dare say as 'ow sile will turr Protestant some day."

'I sare say—but do you know what Barton told me this morning?—in a mysterious whisper.

"Why, that when the missis knows."

"I' suppose the missis knows."

"Then the two servants went down stairs, and the silent listener stood as it stunned by the news.

"A few minutes after the aunt came in to see if the young widow were com-

stairs, and the silent listener stood as if stunned by the news.

A few minutes after the aunt came in to see if the young widow were com-

A few minutes after the aunt came in to see if the young widow were comfortable, and the latter asked her point blank if the story she had just heard were true.

"The old lady appeared very surprised, and said that certainty it was. Thereupon Lucia made up her mind as to what she would do. The child should not be born at Rexford Chase. Heartbroken at her dead husband's deceit, she packed up a few necessaries and took the next train to a yillage a good namy miles away, where an old nurse of hers lived. She knew they would never find her there. There the child was born—a boy. After some time is she heard that her grandmother had died and lett her just enough to live upon. She returned with the child to Spain, and for some time lived quietly at Madrid. Then, as the boy grew older, she felt that he must be educated in England. He must have an education fitting his station—a cound Catholic education. When he came of age she would tell him all end he should choose between his faith and worldy estate. With the aid and influence of a priest she knew, the boy was sent to Stonyhurst College, and she took rooms near there that he might spend his holidays with her.

"Night and day she prayed that he might grow strong for the coming battle. She will never influence his his held. My part of the story is finished. Hugh—my own Rugh!"

There was a long silence. Then the hero of the story looked up.

"I am not Hugh Zamora, then." he said, in a dased volce.

"No. Zamora was my maiden name. Your name is Sir Hugh Rexford, of Rexford Chase, and possessor of an income of sir thousand a year."

Hugh leaped to his feet.

"Six thousand a year to your faith, Hugh," was the grave reply.

and I are dreaming! Stx thousand a year!"

"Six thousand a year or your faith, Hugh," was the grave repty.

The happy light died out of his eyes.

"My God!" he said, "I had forgotten. Oh, why dic you tell me, routher? Do you know what that money means to me?"—almost flerecly.

"It means the fulfilment of my greatest hopes and desires. It means that Margaret would be my wife. I can't—I won't give her up!"

Suddenly the silence round was broken by the sound of a bell—It was the midnight Mass bell.

Mrs. Zamora—or, to give her her

broken by the sound of a bell-it was the midnight Maas bell.

Mrs. Zamora—or, to give her her proper title, Lady, Roxford—took up a long cloak from the chair beside her. "Come with me, Hugh," she said. "Pray and think over what you will do."

Toy and think over white you will do."
Together they walked across the hard, crisp reads to the little Cathelle chapel near by.
All inside spoke of the Christ child. Some rays from the Divine Babe seemed to be shining on the faces of those assembled. The "Choria" rose higher and higher along the nave in one long succession of exuitant strains.

Lady Resford watched the conflicting emotions passing across her son's face, and she prayed on.
Presently a boy's aweot treble began the "Agnus Dei." Sir Hugh clasped his

The said of the place with the said of the first of the said of the said and the said of the

bands in an agony of prayer—a prayer for mixey on his weakness. In the strength of his temptation. At longth the Mass was over and the choir sang the excety-excels old as the faith which had given them birth. The walk home was silent. Then, as they regained the sitting-room they had left, Hugh knelt at his mother's feet.

"Where are the papers which prove my right out the property?" he said, quietty.

my right to the property?" he said, quietty,

"I will get them, Hugh."

"It will get them, Hugh."

"It took them to the light as she returned with them.

"They are all there," she said, softly;
"the certificate of your birth and all.
They belong to you now."

For some moments their new owner stood undecided, the papers which were the proof of his hithright held tightly in his hand. Then he quietly walked to the free, and, throwing them in the midst of the glowling coals, watched them slowly burn.

A neighbouring clock betokened the birth of another day and roused him from his reverle

"Mother," he said, huskily, "I have finished your story. Have I given it the right ending?"

COVENTRY PATMORE AS A CATH-OLIC POET.

The reaction against the Reformation which is now manifesting "seif so keenly, not only in the religious world, but in the world of art and letters, has had for its oliginators Newman, Pugin, and one who perchance has been less recognised than the others—Coventry Patmore.

Patmore, like the others, was a convert to Catholicism, and undoubtedly it was the spirit of aestheticism, which finds its real home in the Catholic Church, that first drow him to her bosom, and sinsily taught him religion and obedience. Aubrey de Vare, writing to Father Hecker when he sent him a copy of the Unknown Eros, says that "many parts of the book seem to me both to ascend higher and descend deeper than almost anything we have had for a long time."

Patmore's second marriage was with a Catholic woman of large fortune and high virtue, and it was stated that it was she who made him a Catholic. Father O'Keeffe, of the Paulist Fathers, in hit thoughtful review of the influence of Patmore, in the Catholic World Magazine for August, refutes this statement, and says:—

"Patmore in quite another fashion has uncarthed from the tomb our ancient glories and taught us that the blood of saints flows in our veins: that that spiritual power is not to be distegarded which created the poetry, architecture, painting, and sculpture of mediaeval Europe. We have no details of Patmore's sonversion to Catholicism, but it is easy to see how the sestheticure, painting, and sculpture of mediaeval Europe. We have no details of Patmore's sonversion to Catholicism, but it is easy to see how the sestheticure, painting, and sculpture of mediaeval Europe. We have no details of Patmore's sonversion to Catholicism, but it is easy to see how the sestheticure, painting, and sculpture of mediaeval Europe. We have no details of Patmore's sonversion to Catholicism, but it is easy to see how the sestheticure, painting, and sculpture of mediaeval Europe. We have no details of Patmore's sonversion to Catholicism, but it is easy to see how the sestheticure, painting, and sculp

THE ANGLICAN CHURCH CRISIS

The Weekly Register observes that the joint meeting of the Anglican Convecations to consider the question of Foccisiantical Courts has had—as might have been anticipated—no practical result. Though the proceedings were private it has leaked out that the discussion on the resolutions submitted to the reseting was very warm and revealed serious differences in principle. If timately it was unanimously agreed to shalve the question for the present and leave it to be brought before the Convocations next year. The difficulty is, of course, the Final Court of Arpeal a real power to revise the decisions of the Ecclesiastical Courts, and in this they are supported by all Broad and Low Churchmen, and some of the "Moderate High" School. But the Lower House of Convocation, in which High Churchmen predominate, would only give the Court of Appeal power to remit the case to the Provincial Court, and would make the decision of the Bishops final on a point of ritual or doctrine. In other words the Lower House proposes to do away with the Royal Burpremacy.

MUR. CLOUTIER'S CONSECRATION.

MUR. CLOUTIER'S CONSECRATION.

Three Rivers, Que., July St.—After a short rest at the palace yesterday, following the consecration ceremonics, Mgr. Cloutier, accompanied by his distinguished visitors, proceeded to the City hall and paricok of a superb banquet prepared by the ladies of the city. His Lordship made a courteous afterdinner speech, and then visited the Sixiers of Providence, A Te Deum was

Two Facts worthy of attention

CEYLON TEA

Is sold in Sealed Lead Packets only. THIS IS ONE FACT. Here's another
Full net weight guaranteed.

Lead packets only. 250., 300, 400, 500., 800.

John Burroughs has some trouble in motecting his chickens from the weasels that lurk in the woods around his slab-sided cablin near West Park, on the Hudson. In the August Century, in "Glimpses of Wild Life About My Cablin," he thus describes an encounter with an especially perfunctions robber of his roost:—

I was standing in my porch with my dog, talking with my neighbour and his wife, with their dog, were standing in the road a few yards in front of me. A chicken suddenly screamed in the bushes up behind the rocks just beyond my friends. Then it came rushing down over the rocks just beyond my friends. Then it came rushing down over the rocks just beyond my friends. Then it came rushing down over the rocks just beyond. It is legs were so short that one saw only the awift, gliding motion of its body. Across the road into the garden, within a yard of my friends, went the pursued and the pursuer, and into the garden rushed I and my dog. The weckel selated the chicken by the wing, and was being dragged along by the latter in its effort to escape, when I arrived upon the scene. With a savage giee I had not felt for many a day I planted my foot upon the weasel. The soft muck underneath yielded, and I held him without hurting him. He let go his boild upon the chicken and selsed the sole of my shose in his teeth. Then I reached down and gripped him with my thumb and forefiner just back of the ears, and lifted him up, and looked his impotent rage in the face. What gleaming eyes, what a marray of threatening teeth, what reaching of viclous claws, what a wriggling and contuised body! But I had him firmly. He could only scratch my hand and dart fire from his electric, bead-like yes. In the meantime my dog was bounding up, begging to be allowed to have his way with the wease. But I knew what he did not; I knew that in anything like a fair encounter the weasel would get the first hold, would draw the first blood, and hence probably effect his escape. So I carried him, but the product in the six parts and confuse him, but t

HOW TADPOLES GROW.

HOW TADPOLES GROW.

"Aunt Foilie" (In the person of Miss Maggie Browne) commences a fascinating series of articles in the August number of Cassell's Little Foiks on the management of yets. Tatypokes are first dealt with: "Does atpoles are first dealt with: "Does atpole water. "It thought frogs lived in dirty water." "The water in a pond gets changed by the rain, doesn't it, Aunt Foilie?" said Beste. "Very often there is a stream running into the pond," said Bob. "And there is only a little water in the bowl," said Beste. "It has to be changed to give the tadpoles fresh air," said Aunt Polile, "and for that reason it must be changed every few days." "But don't the tadpoles fresh air," said Aunt Polile, "and bester is being changed." anskel Bertie. "Wu used to ladle out our tadpoles with the soun-lade into a small basin," said Aunt Foile, "so that the tadpoles Bee. "I should love to do that." "Of course it must be done carefully, said Aunt Polile, "so that the tadpoles have always a little water to swim lim." "One day," whispered Graumi. "Uncle Will chopped off a indpoles tail when he was changing the water." "Did it mind ?" asked Bessie. "I expect it thought it was a help," said See, "because it has to get rid of its tail." "I don'tythink it quite thought it was a help," said See, "because it has to get rid of its tail." "I don'tythink it quite thought it was a help," said see, "because it has to get rid of its tail." "I don'tythink it quite thought it was a help," said see, "because it has to get rid of its tail." "I don'tythink it quite thought it was a help," said see, "because it has to get rid of its tail." "I don'tythink it quite thought it was a help," said see, "because it has to get rid of its tail." "Well they grow and grow, and what lappens myl," said Aunt Pollie, "and you can see them gradually

Lead packets only. 250., 300., 400., 500., 800. By I Grocers.

sung at the cathedral at five o'clock Address were presented to His Lordship by the Catholic societies of the city.

AN AUDACIOUS WEASEL.

John Burroughs has some trouble in notecting his chickens from the weasels that turk in the woods around his slab-sided cabin near Weat Park, on the Hudson. In the August Century, in "Gilmpses of Wild Life About My Cabin," he thus describes an encounter with an especially pertinacious robber of his roost:—

I was standing in my porch with my dog, talking with my neighbour and his wife, who, with their dog, were standing in the road a few yards in front of me. A chicken suddenly the transmet in the bushes to held the large transmet in the hushes to he hind the standing in the bushes to held the large transmet in the hushes to he had the large transmet in the hushes to he hind the large transmet in the hushes to he had the large transmet in the hushes to he had the large transmet in the hushes to he had the large transmet in the hushes to he had the large transmet in the hushes to he had the large transmet in the hushes to he had the large transmet in the hushes to he had the large transmet in the hushes to he had the large transmet in the hushes the hushes the large transmet in the hushes the hushes the large transmet in the hushes the large transmet in the large transmet in the hushes the large transmet in the hushes the large transmet in the large transmet in the hushes the large transmet in th

The Corenation Oath

The following resolution has been put on record by St. Mary's branch of the Toronto Catholic Truth Society:

Moved by Rev. Wm. McCann, seconded by W. E. Blake—It is hereby resolved that this society place on record its entite approval of the resolution passed by the St. Joseph's branch of the "Catholic Truth Society" of Octawa, on the 18th day of February last past, in regard to the Coronation Oath, and its accompanying objectionable declaration against several fundamental Catholic dectrines. And, furthermore, final this society is of the opinion that the movement thus begun by all the Catholic societies throughout the British Empire, and an agitation carried on in a legal manner until such Coronation Oath and Declaration are amended so as to do away with the objectionable features referred to in the said resolution of the Ottawa society, believing as we do that the fair-mindedness of the Empire, and in accordance with British justice and fair just that the Coronation Oath and Declaration aforesald should be a compiliated at an early date. This society pledges itself to do all in its power by legges itself to do all in its power by legges itself to do all in its power by legges itself to do all in its power by legges itself to do all in its power by legges itself to do all in its power by legges itself to do all in its power by legges itself to do all in its power by legges itself to do all in its power by legges itself to do all in its power by legges itself to the interesting secretary do forward a construction of the conditions accompilable that most desired object.

means to accomplism man most object.

And it is further resolved that the recording secretary do forward a copy of these resolutions to the secretary of St. Joseph's branch of the "Catholic Truth Society" of Ottawa, and to the "Catholic Register" and "Catholic Record" for publication.

Record" for publication.

There are cases of consumption to tar advanced that Biokle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup will not cure, but none so bad that it will not give relief. For cought, colds and all affections of the threat, langs and cheek, it is a specific which has never been known to fail. If promotes a free and cavy expectoration, thereby removing the phisgon, and gives the diseased parts a chance to heal.

HUGH JOHN AND THE SCHOOL QUESTION.

QUESTION.

Winnipeg, Man, July 28.—Hon. Hugh
John Macdouald, Opposition leader,
opened the Manitoba election campaign
at Minnedosa leat night. In the course
of his speech, Mr. Macdonald stated
that he took straight issue with the
reformers. He held himself free to
attack the policy of the Greenway
Government. That was the reason he
was present and also because an election was now in sight. On this occasion the Government would be forced
a moreal to the people on their policy. was present and also occasion the Government would be forced to appeal to the people on their policy. The question of disallowance is now settled and a dead issue. Mr. Greenway and Sir Wilfrid Laurier have it in their power to dispose of the school question as a political issue. They have settled it. The settlement arrived at was not one which he would have made, because he considered it senseless and not satisfying to any one. However, he was willing to account made a settlement and allow that matter to remain as it is, though it their opponents choose to drag the question forward again he would be willing to meet them. Otherwise he was prepared to allow this question to be a dead issue. The boast had been made by at least three members of the Greenway Government that they had been returned by Conservative votes. The boast would not be made again.

Point of Resemblance.—"Don't you think boby is like mamma. George?" Reaked Mrs. Honeyton. "Very. He talks all the time and never says anything."

thing."

The Best Pills.—Bir. Wm. Vandervoort. Sydney Cossing, Ont, writes: "We
have been using Farmelee's Pills, and
find them by far the best pills we erer
need." For Delicate and Debitabeted
Constitutions these pills and title a charm.
Taken in small does, the effect is both
a touic and a stimulant, mildly exciting
the secretions of the body, giving tone
and vizor.