not advise any one to come here who were not content to spend their time, labors and endeavors for the benefit of those who shall come after, quitely contenting themselves with such hardships and difficulties as shall fall upon them. What self-fenunciation and heroic purpose was this! They drowned witches to be sure, but that was no part of their puritanism. It is to the puritan women we owe so much for that spirit in our people which gives them the fortitude to endure hardship and stake life and fortune for their convictions.

The American women of to day have the

life and fortune for their convictions.

The American women of to-day have the spirit of their puritan mothers, but their constitutions are not rugged or able to endure half the hardships of these New England ancestors. Very often they are rundown with weaknesses and irregularities peculiar to their sex, and the constant drain upon their vitality makes them chronic invalids. Many women hesitate to go to their family physician, because they dread the local examinations so generally insisted upon by practitioners.

Such women should write Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute.

Such women should write Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., giving a full description of their symptoms, history, etc., so that he can give them the best possible medical advice. If Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription seems to suit the case the Doctor will say so. If not, then he will give medical advice which will put such women on the rapid road to recovery and health.



Metal Ceilings are now being ecognized as the most desirable overing for Private Houses, Club Rooms, Public Buildings, etc. They are very handsome in appearance, will not crack and fall off, and compare favorably in price with any good

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The weary vigils of the night, anxious hours that drag like days. How often they come, and how unwelcome they are. A system robbed by sleeplessness of matural rest cannot be vigorous and strong. The nerves are at fault and must be built up. Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills are the remedy that cured

MISS EMMA TEMPLE.

HERE IS WHAT SHE SAYS:

At last, after eight months of physical weakness and nervous prostration, caused by over exertion and want of rest,—during which time I suffered greatly on account of the shattered condition of my nerves, and for which I was unable to find any relief. I have found a medicine (Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills) that in three months made my nerves strong, removed all nervous troubles, built up my physical system and made me strong and well. They removed despondency, and in consequence of taking your valuable Pills I look forward to the future dor nervousness and bodily weakness for my present good health and strength.

Yours truly,

Yours truly,
Signed, EMMA TEMPLE, Hastings, Ont. Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills are sold at yo cents per box, 5 boxes for \$2.00, at druggists, or mailed on receipt of price by The Dr. Ward Co, 7t Victoria St. Toronto. Book of information free.

CANCER! Tumors and all Blood Dis orders conquered; sei-ment at home. No knife or plaster. Full particulars by mail or at office; much valu-able matter in 100 page book, all free. Write Dept. "C. R." The Abbot Myron Mason Medical Co., 577 Sherbourne Street, Toronto.

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French Bordeaux Clarets Which will be sold at the lowest price.

JAMES WILSON, London, Ont

THE GUARDIAN'S MYSTERY

Rejected for Conscience's Sake.

BY CHRISTINE FABER.

Kellar was a daily visitor at Mallaby's office, coming early and staying late, or if when his call was short, repeating it after as brief an interval of absence.

If he had definite business it was no

apparent, but that his visits were not particularly cheering to Mr. Ma'laby, was very apparent. Even the clerks of adjacent offices noticed the frequent dejected ppearance of Mallaby since the advent of this fine-looking, flashily-dressed gentleman. But, no one on the stree knew more of him than that he was an old, and long absent friend, and not a few wondered that odd Mr. Mallaby should ever make such a companion of one so inlike himself.

But, that Kellar had definite business in those leisurely and seemingly aimless visits, Mallaby felt more and more each day; felt it with a terror akin to the old terror produced by Kellar's letters which he had burned, Kellar himself, in his random conversation dropped hints, and made allusions that caused Mallaby's soul to quake. But he did it in his careless way, and with a guffaw at the con-clusion of hint and allusion, as if he had been telling some very funny story.

Frequent as were his visits to the s never invited to visit Mr. Mallaby at Mrs. Denner's.

Mallaby steadily, and even sternly, ig

nored every hint on the part of his friend to win from him such an invitation: nor, did Kellar ask one directly, until he had been a month visiting the office. Then, one morning at the conclusion of one of his mysterious allusions, instead of his wonted burst of laughter, he said sud-

denly:
"By the way, Mallaby, you have not yet asked me to spend an evening with you. It is well enough to see you here in the office, but dang it man I want to pay you a more social visit, and I want to see that ward of yours, whose letter to her "dear guardian" I saw when she was a Ask me up there for to-morrow

evening. There was no opportunity for Mallaby to answer, for at that moment the office-boy brought him a card, bearing the

'Sydney Wilbur.' "He's waiting outside, and he wants to see you right away," said the boy. "Tell him to come in," said Mallaby

in a half-dazed manner, not having re-covered from the shock given by Kellar's unexpected and emphatic request. And then standing up, the card flut-tered from his agitated grasp to the floor. Kellar listed it and retained it long enough to read the page.

enough to read the name.

"Ah!" he said to himself, as he placed it upon the desk, but he had no time to give audible expression to his thoughts, for Wilbur was ushered in."

Mallaby remembered the young mar distinctly, and having somewhat recovered his self-possession, he advanced t

I have just returned from abroad, said Wilbur, shaking cordially the hand extended to him, "and I have come im-mediately to you in order to rettle some important business. May I see you alone?" glancing at the other occupant o

the office. "Ye-es; certainly," said Mallaby, but the hesitation with which he pronounced the words belied their significance, and he glanced at Kellar, but it was in an appealing way that Wilbur could not help

"Oh, I shall leave you, gentlemen, to your confidential business," said Kellar feigning an agreeableness that he did no quite feel, and moving to the door; "but Mallaby and I are old friends," he continued addressing himself to Wilbur. "Mallaby will tell you so—very old friends;" and then he went out quietly closing the door behind him, and whistling as he continued his war. ling as he continued his way.

"Sit down, Mr. Wilbur," said Mallaby, attempting to cover by a show of cordial-ity his own very apparent embarrass-ment; he knew whatever might be Wilbur's business with him he could not hope to withhold it from Kellar. And, though Wilbur did wonder a little, and was secretly not favorably impressed by the company in which he found Mallaby, no trace of his feelings was suffered to appear. He seated himself with a quiet lignity, and began to state his busines in a simple, straight-forward manner. Surmising that Miss Hammond had not told her guardian of his proposal to her when she was his guest, and that her re-jection was the cause of his going abroad, he began with that part of the story, and he continued without a pause until all of the events in his own life during the time he had spent in Europe had been

told.
"I have been thus explicit," he added, "that you may be assured my conver-sion to the Catholic Faith is the result of conviction, and not due to my regard for Miss Hommond. But now, that the obstacle has been removed, which prevented her acceptance of my suit, I have come back to renew it. Before doing so, come back to renew it. Before doing so, however, I desired to acquaint you, to

Raised . . . From a Bed of Sickness . . .

SIMCOE. Jan. 18th, 1897. Messrs, Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Messrs, Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Gentlemen —For over five months I was confined to my bed, not being able to move The best medical skill was called in, all treating me for catarrh of the stomach, but to navail, I could not eat the most simple food with out being in dreadful misery, and found no relie avail. I could not eat the most support out being in dreadful misery, and found no relie until same was vomited up. After spending large sum in medical advice, I was advised try a box of Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. I pur chased a box from J. Austin and Company chase and to my surprise found great relief chased a box from J. Austin and Company, Simcoe, and to my surprise found great relief. Not being able to eat I tried a box of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills; the pains left me the third day. My appetite has been fully restored. I consider myself perfectly cured, and feel as well as when a young woman, although I am 65 years old at present. I was almost a shadow, now I am as fleshy as before my sickness. Have used only three boxes of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and two boxes of Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. I can do my house work as usual. I am positive that my marvellous cure (which I think it is) is due purely to Dr. Chase's remedies, which I have used. I can honestly recommend the same to any persons suffering from symptoms similar to mine. Wishing you every success,

Yours truly, MRS. ANN CHURCHILL, Sr.

receive your approval, and to ask you to break to her the news of my return, and its object, Whatever information you may desire of me, or of my circumstances in order to know thoroughly the person who asks for the hand of your ward, I think can be easily and fully obtained."

He ceased, throwing himself slightly back into his chair, but continuing to look into Mallaby's face. During the whole recital Mallaby had not once withdrawn his eves from the young man's

drawn his eyes from the young man's countenance; his look had been so fixed that it seemed to be held there by a powthat it seemed to be heat there by a pow-er outside of his own will, and save for the great beads of perspiration which toward the close of the account broke upon his forehead, it was not easy to tell the effect upon him. But when after a few seconds of strange and impressive silence he attempted to give Wilbur some reply, the effect was then only too apparreply, the effect was then only too apparent, for his voice was husky and tremulous, and the hand that he slowly raised to his head shook violently. Feeling that it was necessary to make some excuse for this emotion, he said:

"All this has come so suddenly upon me, Mr. Wilbur, that you must pardon me if I do not seem to be myself. Miss Hammond has never intimated to me a word of that which you say happened reply, the effect was then only too appar

word of that which you say happened while she was a guest in your house, and having had the charge of her from baby-

naving had the charge of her iron baby-hood, it can hardly surprise you to hear that I have acquired something of a fath-er's affection for her.

"At the same time, however," regain-ing his composure, "I not only yield ap-proval to your proposal, but, for the sake of my ward, I am delighted with it. Re-garding the information which you say. garding the information which you say may require of your circumstances, your father was too well known as one of the substantial business men of the city, for me to doubt the character and easy circumstances of his son. And since you have become a Catholic, and my ward is of age, there can be no reason for the slightest objection on my part. Having peen courteous enough to ask my sanc-ion and approval, be assured Mr. Wilbur-that you have them both. When shall ell Miss Hammond to expect you?"

He had quite recovered his self-possession, and he stood up smiling, and with something of the expression in his brown eyes which had won Fiorence. "Would this evening be too soon asked with an eagerness that made Mal

aby smile the more.
"No; I shall tell her immediately that

get home."
"Thank you," and in the glow of his gratitude, the young man wrung both of Mr. Mallaby's hands, then Mallaby having written Mrs. Denner's address on one of his own business cards, and handed it to Wilbur, the latter with a brief, but very warmly spoken adieu, took his de-parture. On the street he encountered Kellar, who had evidently been waiting for the termination of the interview.

"Finished your business with my friend, Mallaby?" he said, speaking as nfidently as though an introduction to Vilbur had given him the right to thus ccost him.

The young man was somewhat an acyed at the stranger's unwarrantable familiarity, and instead of replying, he dished upon him a surprised and indig-nant look and passed on. But while he did so, he was conscious of a very strange ensation : as if an inner voice had told nim that man was again to cross his path, and in a far more unpleasant manner. He smiled a little at the oddity of such a feeling, mentally classed it with the ridiculous fancies some old women are supposed to have, and by dwelling on he anticipations of his meeting with Miss Hammond, he succeeded at length in anishing it.

Kellar had returned to Mallaby: re turned with a self-confident smile, the significance of which Mallaby knew too well how to interpret. He was standing as Wilbur had left him, save that one hand was pressed tightly to his forehead, and the fingers of the other were working convulsively by his side.

Kellar threw himself into a chair, eleated his feet to the desk, and having otherwise made himself very comfortable said with an affected yawn:

"Well, old man! what has the talk

"My ward," answered Mallaby, slowly removing his hand from his head, and looking steadily at his questioner. "Mr. Wilbur desires to marry her. He wanted to do so at the time, when, as I told you, she was a guest at his house, but the dif-ference in their religion prevented. While abroad he became a Catholic, and

now there is no obstacle to their union. In the first moment of his unguarded surprise at such information Kellar jerked his feet from the desk, and sat erect then suddenly remembering himself and desiring to cover his momentary betraval by an assumption of very great indifference, he resumed his first position, and said nothing more than:

" I am glad to sanction his suit." con "I am glad to sanction his suit, continued Mallaby, and speaking very rapidly, as if the courage to which he had nerved himself might fail him if he lingered in his delivery, "it will place Miss Hammond in better circumstances than she is at researt; and it will relive me

she is at preeent; and it will relieve me of considerable anxiety."

His emphasis on the last words, made Kellar smile broad enough to show almost the whole of his two rows of even, well-kept teeth, raise his eyebrows, and ejaculate once more that careless sound

I am to tell her when I go home that he has returned," still pursued Mallaby with the air of one who is anxious to communicate all the circumstances once, and finally, " and he will call upon her some time this evening.

"Rather fortunate that I did not assign this evening for the time of my visit, eh said Kellar, with the same apparently careless air, and he took a huge jackknife from his pocket, and began to open one of

its numerous blades. "I named to-morrow evening : do you remember, Mallaby?" beginning to tri his already well-trimmed nails, "to-mo row evening," he continued, speaking as slowly as Mallaby had spoken rapidly, "when I should like to see Miss Ham-mond. She must be handsome to have won the heart of such an elegant fellow as this Sydney Wilbur appears to be, and she must be admirable in morals and manners having been the ward of so con-scientions a man as my friend Matthias Mallaby.

He looked up for an instant from the nail he was cutting and laughed as he meaning to his words. Then he continued:

"Will you apprise Miss Hammond of

"Will you apprise Miss Hammond or my visit to-morrow evening?"

Mallaby's hands hanging by his side clinched for an instant, and a fierce 'expression came into his face; he even advanced a step as if in obedience to the ferocious impulse well-nigh overmastering him; but Kellar looked up and laughed again.

"It won't do, Mallaby," he said, "the past remains and can neither be for-

"It won't do, Mallaby," he said," the past remains, jand can neither be forgotten, nor erased; we both as well as Jared, remember it too well. But you are safe, and everything is safe that you have been promised, so long as you yourself fulfill the conditions. It is a harmless whim of mine to see Miss Hammond: one that need cause you no anxiety. I shall not seek to win her from that handsome Wilbur. So rest assured old man. some Wilbur. So, rest assured old man, and give me a cordial invitation for tomorrow evening. Should Wilbur be there also it will be so much the better."

He had jumped up while he spoke, put his knife back into his pocket, and slapped Mallaby vigorously upon the shoulder.

"You may come to-morrow evening," returned Mallaby, but with none of the cordiality in his manner required by Kellar, and a moment after, he three himself into a chair and groaned heavily Kellar whistling went out again to th

treet.
Miss Hammond was surprised that evening when on leaving the dinner-table her guardian requested her to come into the parlor as he had something to tell her. There were so few private conversa tions between them, that the request even startled her, and she looked quickle into his face to learn if its expression boded anything unpleasant. But he turned her look with a smile which so

at reassured her.
A friend of yours called at the office to-day to see me," he said quietly, when they were seated in a corner of the parlor. "A friend of mine?" her eyebrows were arched, and her lips apart in astonwere arched, and her tips apart in aston-ishment at his information. She had no friends outside of her little circle of music scholars and none of them would be like-ly to call at Mr. Mallaby's office. "Yes; a very warm friend of yours; Sydney Wilbur."

He had given this additional informa-tion thus abrurally to test more assuredly

tion thus abruptly to test more assuredly its effect upon his ward; and possibly to learn by means of that effect how deer was her regard for this returned switer.

Sydney Wilbur!" The very tone which she uttered the name, betrayed he mantled her neck and cheeks, and as ended to her brow told unmistakably he delight at the news. But in a momen she had recovered herself, her color di appearing as suddenly as it had come, and her whole glow of delight fading in the thought of what happiness his return could bring to her since the obstacle which had parted them still existed, had probably some business interest with her guardian, and perhaps through necessary politeness had asked for her These were the thoughts which flitted through her mind in the brief interval

guardian spoke again."
"Mr. Wilbur told me all that occurred during your visit to his house."

Miss Hammond, with a little of the inconsistency of her sex, began to be slightindignant. What right had Mr. Wil bur to tell that story to her guardian had he done it in the wantoness of gos sip? and her anger at what seemed to b such uncourtly conduct tempered the de-light she would otherwise have felt at his

plied:
"Has he," made her 'guardian doubt a little his previous conviction of the depths of her regard for Wilbur. He resumed "He has returned from abroad to renew his suit, the obstacle which existed two years ago being removed. He became Catholic while he was away, and he cam to me to day for my approval. It is hardly necessary to say that I cordially gave

" All the evidence which her guardian wanted of her regard for Wilbur ap peared then. Her whole face was aglow with a pleasure that could hardly be con-tained; in her delight she could not even remain seated, and rising she caught both of his hands.

"You are so good to bring me such news," she said; "vou have made me

very happ."

The glad tears filling her eyes prevented her from seeing how his face had changed color and how persistently he avoided looking at her, and when she reeased his hands he moved away from her, saying quietly, but with his face par-

tially averted:

"Mr. Wilbur is coming here this evening. I shall leave you now, in order that you may prepare to meet him." He was gone before she could recall him, but she was too happy to think of anything just then save her own approach-

ing pleasure.

Mallaby went to his room thinking as he heavily ascended the stair that he understood now the cause of Miss Ham-mond's dejection when she returned from that visit to Hubert street.

XXVII.

Never had Agnes Hammond been so happy, and her happiness was so great, so sudden, so strange and so utterly unex-pected, that she feared to find it but a dream; in her uncertainty she actually rubbed her eyes and pinched herself in order to be convinced that she was quite awake; then she fied to her room and imawake; then see ned to her room and im-mediately sank on her knees before an image of the Blessed Virgin. To that dear patroness she felt her happiness was due, and too full to give voice to the grati-tude which filled her heart, she could only lift her clasped hands and look all of the avonisite feelings of her soul.

exquisite feelings of her soul. How thankful she was now, for having made that sacrifice nearly two years ago, and how her heart went out in love and gratitude to Florence, but, for whom, the

gratitude to Florence, but, for whom, the sacrifice would not have been.

As she rose from her knees she heard the tinkle of the door-bell, and without waiting to take even a hasty glance in the mirror, she bounded down the stair, becoming instantly impatient when she found the bell had not been answered. It seemed to her that there never had been such a tardy response to the sum-mons, and unable to contain herself, she stood just within the parlor, with the door

only partially closed.

In another moment the girl answered the bell, and Miss Hammond heard the loudly-spoken "yes sir," to the inaudible question of the person she had admitted. Agnes could wait no longer; she flung back the parlor-door, and rushed forth

"Oh Sydney!"
But instead of Sydney there confront

her a tall, fine-looking, flashily-dressed man whom she had never seen. "Oh," she said in terrified dismay, and

"Oh," she said in terrined dismay, and retreating hastily.

But the stranger laughed.

"Thought I was somebody else, eh? I feel obliged to the mistake, since it has given me the pleasure of an earlier introduction than I should otherwise have had. You're Miss Hammond, I presume. I am Nathan Kellar, your guardian's old friend. He told you I suppose, that he friend. He told you, I suppose, that he invited me to spend to-morrow evening with you both, but unexpected business makes it necessary for me to see him to-night. Just show me to Mr. Mallaby's room," turning to the amazed girl, wh had admitted him, "I would rather se him there than anywhere else; and you Miss Hammond, I shall probably have the pleasure of meeting again, a little

The servant felt constrained to obey him, and Agnes turned into the parlor with a feeling somehow as if her happiness were not quite so unalloyed as it had seemed to be a few minutes before.

Her guardian had never so much as named Mr. Kellar to her, much less to tell her that he had invited the gentleman to spend the evening with them: and to in-

her that he had invited the gentleman to spend the evening with them; and to in-vite anybody to Mrs. Denner's was a most unprecedented thing for Mr. Malla-by to do. Never in her recollection had he issued such an invitation. Then Kellar's air of familiarity in speaking of Mallaby, the confident way in which he invited himself to Mallaby's room, and invited himself to Mallaby's room, and his own flashy appearance, all produced an indescribable, but unpleasant, effect upon the girl, though less powerful than it would have been had her reflections not been tempered by her happy thoughts of been tempered by her happy thoughts of

Her disappointment had curbed some-Her disappointment had curbed some-what her impatience, and the next time the bell rang, she did not even leave the seat she had taken in the parlor. But her heart beat as if it would burst, and her whole face was suffused with color. How thankful she was that she was the only occupant of the room, and how she wished that Wilbur would come before any of the other boarders took their places for the evening.

Her wish was granted. He came while she was still alone, and this time there was no mistaking the well-remembered voice which asked quite audibly for Miss Hammond. But she restrained hersel from doing more than rising from her chair, even when she heard the girl ask him to enter the parlor. In another mo ment he was before her, starting and coloring with pleasure at meeting her so promptly, and then stopping short in his advance of her, as if overcome by a sudde

fear of his reception.

Agnes instantly dispelled his fear. She

Agnes instantly dispende his leaf. She rushed to him, crying:

"Sydney, Sydney!" and then she placed her hands in his that were widely extended, and she looked up into his face with intense affection and delight. He yearned to clasp her to him while he told her of his fruitless attempt to forget her out the remembrance of her exquisit nodesty deterred him, and he only con inued to hold her hands very tight, and to return her look with one as fond and lelighted as her own. How handsome he had grown, and ho

ovely she had become, was the thought n the mind of each; and then, each had in the mind of each; and then, each had so many questions to ask and so much to tell, that it was a sort of difficulty to know where, or how to begin. But, Agnes, womanlike, speedily arranged the matter by bringing him to the most remote corner of the parlor, and seating both him and herself in such a manner that calk their keeks ground be visible to that only their backs would be visible to any other occupant of the room. Then, indifferent as to who might enter, and also to the curious observation of herself which would be sure to follow, she set the tide of their conversation flowing. Of course he had to detail minutely every ircumstance of his life abroad, and to

lwell at length upon his recent visit to "Darling Florence!" Agnes exclaimed; I owe everything to her—the very resolution by which I gave in answer to his look of surprise, "I owe it entirely to her;" and then she briefly told him of the influence which Florence had exerted during their visit to Hubert

"A precious pair you were," he said in pretended savageness, and having had the satisfaction of delaying my happiness then it becomes your bounden duty, now to repair the wrong by consenting to

white winds of the state of the state of the shook her head:
"I must write to Florence first, and ask her if it would not be possible for her to leave her mother long enough to come here and to be present at our marriage; or perhaps her mother could accompany

"I doubt it; her mother is too delicate to return for any length of time to our

"But you do not doubt that Florence

can be spared, do you?"
"I do most strongly doubt it, and I object also to our marriage being delayed for any such reason. Supposing Florence should write that she could not leave her mother for a month, or two."
"Then we shall cheerfully wait that month or two, "laughed Agnes.
"We shall do nothing of the kind,"

said Sydney with a lover's impatience, "for directly after our marriage I shall take you to Italy to visit Florence and her mother; will that not do?"
"No; it will not do: I must have Florence if it be possible at my wedding. Do, Sydney gratify me in this. I shall write

this very night to her and possibly in a month she will be with us."
"Or possibly in six months," half growled Wilbur rebelling with all his soul at the delay and yet unable to resist the fair pleader. Perchance that which made him more opposed to the plea, wa a secret, but strong presentiment that any delay would be but the precursor of an-

Agnes feeling that she might consider this consent won, and anxious to leave the subject lest he should again demur, said: "Did you not intend to go to the West? Florence said so in one of her letters some

"That was some time ago," he answered lightly, "when I did not expect to take upon myself any family ties; now that things are changed, I snall remain

you told her you had become a Catho-

JULY 30, 1896

"I have not told her yet. I was too full of you, and I did not want to mar my full of you, and I did not want to mar my pleasant thoughts by one of her tirades until I had seen you."

Ten o'clock striking softly from the

mantle time-piece caused Sydney to take his watch out with much surprise at the lateness of the hour. It did not seem to him that a half hour had elapsed since

him that a hair hour had elapsed since his arrival at S o'clork, nor did the time seem any longer to Miss Hammond. "I wonder why Mr. Mallaby has not come down," she said, and then remem-bering his flashy visitor, and feeling that the latter was still closeted with him, she began to look a little anxious. Some of the boarders had entered the parlor, and had glanged with no little survives and had glanced with no little surprise absorbed occupants of the remote corner, and fancying that they understood the situation had smiled a little to themselves. One of them even, with true feminine curiosity, made an excuse to see such a confidential tete-a-tete, and that being the first account which the good woman had received of it she went to the parlor to be-hold it with her own eyes. Sure enough; it was exactly as described; Miss Hammond in close, absorbed, and evidently delighted conversation with such an ele gant-looking young gentleman; he might have stepped out of one of the tailor's fash-ion books. What did it mean?

Mrs. Denner was as puzzled as her curi-ous informant to explain, and she in turn found an excuse to go to Mr. Mallaby's room, in order to sound him. But, be-fore she reached his door she heard his voice raised in angry expostulation. Amazement rooted her to the spot for a moment. Never before had she heard Mallaby's voice pitched in such a key or with such anger in its tones. "I tell you, no, a thousand times no."

Those were the words he used; she could have sworn to them on her death-bed; and then listening further, she heard another voice but one that was too guarded in its tones to enable her to dis

guarded in its tones to enable her to distinguish a word.

Mysteries were thickening; never before had Mallaby a visitor, and that this one should have been admitted to his very room angured something painfully strange. The good woman must see him and she knocked at the door quite boldly

"What's wanted?" said Mallaby with-out leaving his seat.

"It's me, Mr. Mallaby; I want to see you;" and Mrs. Denner spoke in a most aggreed tone. Mallaby went to the door, opened it sufficiently to pass into the hall, and closed it tightly behind him. Mrs. Denner had not obtained even glimpse of the stranger. She was indig-nant as well as aggrieved; it was so obvi-ous that Mr. Mallaby did not intend to let her see his visitor. 'I always thought, Mr. Mallaby, as you

onsidered me your friend."

Mallaby looked at her with the air of one emented. Still under the influence of th not emotions roused by the interview just interrupted, he was in no humor to sympathize with, or even understand this un-reasonable whim of his landlady.

"I always thought so, Mr. Mallaby," she

epeated, lifting the corner of her apron to ner eves, "until this night's doings has proved how a poor, simple, trusting woman may be mistaken in a boarder as she's had or the last ten years, awaiting on him and a-tendin' on him with her own two hands, and a calling of him ever that blessed man."

By that time she had positively worked

herself into a state of tears, and she was sniffling quite audibly behind her apron. "In the name of God, woman, what have

"In the name of God, woman, what have I done to you?" burst from Mallaby, dimly comprehending at length that he was in some way to blame for her emotion.

"Oh, Mr. Mallaby! you're like the rest of the men, deep and subtle when you're dealing with a poor, simple woman; and I didn't deserve it, Mr. Mallaby. I as waited on you, and tended on you these ten long years with my own two these ten long years with my own two

"Upon my soul, woman; I don't know what you're talking about," burst from Mallaby again, growing desperate with the thought of what he had just left, and what he had again to meet be-fore that interview would be terminated, you up, when it became my duty to do and this additional unreasonableness on "Yes," she impulsively continued the part of his landlady. the part of his landlady.
"It's your unkindness, Mr. Mallaby—

taking her apron from her eyes and twirling it between her fingers: "your unkindness in keeping things from me, as is making me feel bad, and I tendin'on you, and waitin' on you these ten long years with my own two hands." "Good God, woman! will you ever come to the point?'

TO BE CONTINUED.

He likes order in everyday actions. He wishes us to do what we do under the rule of healthy reason, not from impulse.

The words of the mouth of a wise man are grace; but the words of a fool shall throw him headlong. The beginning of his words is folly, and the end of his talk is a michievous error. A fool multiplieth words. A man cannot tell what hath been before him; and what shall be after him, who

can tell him? (Ecclesiastes x, 14) Take an interest in your non Catholic friend's religious condition, take an interest in the Catholic apostolate generally. At least pray for conversions in general and in particular. Do something. "I planted, Apollo watered, God gave the increase. ready to help. Work anywhere and anyhow you may. Lend a hand when-ever you can to save the lost sheep. -The Missionary.

Doctor's Testify There's strong testimony by eminent physicians of wonderful cures made by Dr. Chase's Family Remedies—particularly Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Chase's Family toleacless pattendiary of Chase's Cointment.

Still Another Triumph—Mr. Thomas S. Bullen, Sunderland, writes: "For foorteen years I was afflicted with Piles; and frequently I was unable to walk or sit, but four years ago I was cured by using DR. THOMAS ECLECTRIC OIL. I have also been subject to Quinsy for over forty years, but Eclectric Oil cured it, and it was a permanent cure in both cases, as neither the Piles nor Quinsy have troubled me since."

Help your children to grow strong and robust by counteracting anything that causes ill-health. One great cause of disease in children is worms. Remove them with Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It never fails.

NERVES must be fed on pure, rich blood.

in New York, the locality of our residence subject to your desire."

"You are very good, but what will your sister say—and oh," as if suddenly remembering, "what did she say when strong a subject to your sister say—and oh," as if suddenly remembering, "what did she say when strong.

JULY 30, 1886. POPULAR PROTESTANT CONTRO- proced

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The title, "Romanism and the Republic," we are informed, is borrowed of ha from M. Bouland. As this gentleman easily since returned to the Catholic Church, the title is under obligations religion o Mr. Lansing for having adopted it. with t to Mr. Lansing for having adopted it. It would otherwise look a little forlorn in the world. He has made very effective use of it. It expresses, not only for him, but for almost all his American associates, exactly the ground which they profess to occupy. Here and there, it is true, some one one occupe american associates, but one one occupied ment. makes no concealment, but openly de- dogm plares that he wishes to see Roman first i Catholicism forbidden and suppressd by ju as a religion. This position, however, is taken by few. It would shock both the age and the nation too much. The end may be laudable, these worthy people reflect, but it must be it too ehind a patriotic display of the many American flag. Accordingly they almost all declare that they have no juris quarrel, at least no public quarrel, Engl with Catholicism as a religion, but there only as a menace to civil order. Mr. Death Lansing, in particular, who in this as | part in everything else is a typical representative of the confederacy, ostenta-tiously and vehemently and repeatedly proclaims that with Roman Catholicism | if by as a religion he has no controversy He is assailing it, he dewhatever. clares, only as a civil danger. How olicis far he makes good his profession we nor shall see. This is his profession, however, and that of this whole numerous estab body of men. Whether the women ing would subscribe to it unanimously, I was do not know, as the zeal of the gentler sex is more easily inflamed than restrained. It was a woman, and a very amiable one, that set up tha Spanish Inquisition, and if we ever have its 180 Protestant counterpart established ener among us for roasting the Papists, its most inexorable judges and familiars tury will easily be supplied out of the same

Taking the men, however, this, for the most part, is their platform. Like 1800 Hood's maidservent and her Catholic dox admirer, they declare: "My objections to you is strictly irreligious," as the to which, indeed, I am very much dis- four posed to agree with them. Only here Ital is the question. If it is lawful to persecute a religion on account of its asserted civil dangerousness, why do they make such an outcry against the star anti-heretical legislation of the Middle It requires no contortions of argument and distortions of fact to Ind make out that most of the medieval heresies were civilly dangerous. The Albigenses, as it is futile to deny, and as such high authorities as Paul Sabatier and Bishop Creighton affirm, undermined the whole foundation of Christian, indeed of general human society. They denied that the world has been created by the good God; they taught their disciples to abhor all the relations of life, from marriage to government; they did not suffer their clergy to have anything to do with society, and barely tolerated this in their laity; to those that were tempted like other men they commended suicide as an eminent Christian virtue. Most other medieval sects, on the contrary, taught that a justified man can not sin, and that the unrestrained indulgence of all his appetites in no way affects his acceptance with God. Even the Waldenses, as we learn from their distinguished historian, Doctor Emil Comba, only gradually worked themselves clear of the Albigensian contagion, and even then, as is shown by Baptist scholar, Doctor Newman, they continued to entertain very elastic opinions as to the liberty of divorce.

combined with Christian society and civil order. If then it deserves to be legislated against only because it pro poses to substitute one form of Chris tian order for another (which it can only do by converting us,) how can Mr. Lansing and his confederates complain of the medieval Catholics for taking vigorous measures against sects whose prevalence would have petrified society into insane austerity, or dissolved it into universal licentious ness? It was not the priesthood, but the priesthood and laity in common, t passed the enactments against heresy. The great emperor Frederick Barbarossa warred relentlessly against the Pope, yet he concurred with the Pope in warring relentlessly against the Cathari. His famous grandson, Frederick II., a man of absolutely sec ular temper, and commonly (though) think unjustly) reputed an unbeliever went hand in hand with his stern enemy, Gregory IX., in guarding European order by inexorable legisla tion against subterranean forces which menaced a universal explosion. In deed. Llorente makes the Emperor to have anticipated the Pope, Bishop Hefele shows that this is a chronological mistake. To contend, therefore, for disabling legislation or proscriptive policy against modern Catholicism and yet to bewail and condemn legislation which alone has left us a Christendom to contend in, is in deed eminently worthy of malignan zealotry, but in no way worthy of people who claim to be in the possession of their right reason.

whatever may be charged upon

Roman Catholicism, it is essentially

They will tell us, however, that all the repressive legislation which they se is a mere nothing compared with the cruelties of the Middle Ages True. And it is equally true that al the repressive legislation which Protestants that are not quite out of their heads imagine as likely to result from a recovery of Catholic ascendancy in any country is a mere nothing pared with the severities of the Middle Ages. The mildness of modern penal