

passes restless nights, that he wakens in the morning unrefreshed and without ambition or mental or bodily vigor, when he is troubled with headaches, nerv-ousness or biliousness, it is time for him to take serious thought for his health. These symptoms are by no means trivial, and are indicative of disorders that may lead to consumption, nervous prostration, malarial troubles or some serious blood disease. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Dis-covery is the best of all medicines for men and women who suffer in this way. It re-stores the lost appetite; it gives sweet, re-the liver active and purifies and enriches the blood. It is the greats of all nerve tonics. It is the greats of all nerve tonics. It is the great blood -maker and fash-builder. It cures of per cent of all cases of consumption, weak lungs, bron-chitis, spitting of blood, obstinate coughs and kindred ailments. It is also an unfail-ing cure for nervous exhaustion and pros-tration. At all medicines stores.

Mrs. Rebecca F. Gardner, of Grafton, York Co., Va., writes: "When I was married I weighed tog pounds. I was taken sick and re-duced in health and broke out with a disease which my doctor said was eczema. I fell away to so pounds. I began using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and now I weigh 140 pounds and am well."

Constipation often causes sickness. Dr. Constipation often causes sickness. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. One little "Pellet" is a gentle laxative, and two a mild cathartic. They never gripe. They are tiny, sugar-coated, anti-bilious granules, in little vials. Druggists have nothing else "just as good." They regu-late the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

GLENCOE.

TOR THE LOVE OF GOD, HELP THIS extremely poor Highland mission, e-tab-lished near the spot where the Macionalds were barbarously massacred in 1602 by the troops of William of Orange. The congregation (twenty families only) is too small and too poor to maintain its pastor. The Bishop of the diocese (Argyli and the Islee) writes :

The Bishop of the diocese (Argvi and the Bisel) writes: My dear Fr. Begue-I have seen your adver-tisement and hope it will be the means of securing help for Glencoe. George J. Smith, Address: Rev. F. Begue, St. Mun's R. C. Church, Glencoe, Scolland.

INDIAN MISSIONS. ARCHDIOCESE OF ST. BONIFACE,

MAN.

MAN. T HAS BECOME A NECESSITY TO appeal to the generosity of Catholies throughout Casada for the maintenance and development of our Indian Mission. The re-mources formerly at our command have in great part failed us, and the necessity of a vigorous policy imposes itself at the present moment, owing to the good dispositions of most of the pagen Indians and to the live competition we have to meet on the part of the sects. Per-sons heeding this call may communicate with the Archishop of 5t. Boliface. or with the undersigned who has been specially charged with the promotion of this work. Our Missions may be assisted in the following manner:

1. Yearly subscriptions, ranging from \$5 to \$100. Legacies by testament (payable to the hbishop of ~t. Boniface).

Archbishop of ~t. Boniface). 3. Globing, new or second hand, material for clothing, for use in the Indian schools. 4. Promise to clothe a child, either by fur-nishing material, or by paying si a month in case of a girl, \$1.50 in case of a boy 5. Devoing one's self to the education of Indian children by accepting the charge of attached. 5. Devoing one's a Deliview of a salary of tached.

day schools on Indian Reserves—Ashkai saari 6. Entering a Religious Order of men or women specially devoide to work among the Indians : e g. (for North Western Canada) the Ob ate Fathers, the Grey Nuns of Monireal, the Franciscan Nuns (Qué sec., etc. Donationseither in money or clothing should be addressed to His Grace Archibishop Lange yin, D. D., st. Boniface, Man., or to Rev. C. Cabill, O. M. I., Rat Portage, Ont. C. Cahild, O. M. I., Indian Missionary.

SOLITARY ISLAND. A STORY OF THE ST. LAWRENCE. By John Talbot Smith, author of "Brother Azarias," "A Woman of Culture," His Honor the Mayor," "Saranac," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

A PROPOSAL Florian had almost made up his mind to marry, after the failure to connect him with the Russian nobility, and was saved from precipitate action only by the fact that Frances and her mother were in the that Frances and her mother were in the mountains for the summer. The great house was lonely at that moment. Ha-missed Frances exceedingly, for in the private reception room she usually sat at twilight hour, and her music was the first thing he begad an excession the bard thing he heard on entering the house, her form in its light drapery gleaming through the darkness the first he saw, and he found it pleasant and restful to sit lis-tening to the sweet melodies.

Unconsciously, almost, Frances had grown into his life since Ruth was lost to him. It would be very sweet always to grown into his life since future ways to him. It would be very sweet always to have her waiting in the twilight for him in his own house; and she was so very good and beautiful, not very brilliant like Barbara, not so full of character as the strong-souled Ruth, but perfect in her strong-soulied with, out penect in her way, and made to reign over a household. He was not at all certain of winning her, but if the attempt were to be made he was determined to do his best, as he always did. It occurred to his beet, as he always did. It occurred to him to consult Mrs. Merrion. Women know one an-other thoroughly, and she was sharpother thoroughly, and she was sharp-minded, generous, and ever-willing in giving advice, and would be happy to help one of her warmest admirers. She was residing for the summer in a villa on the Jersey coast, whither the Count and himself often journeyed to dine, as it was but an hour's ride from New York. It had surprised the gentlemen that she should choose so quiet a spot instead of following the fashionable crowd. "Well L am in a mood" said Mrs sharp-

"Well, I am in a mood," said Mrs. Merrion, "a serious mood, and I am going there to read, to think, to listen to

ters. If moved at all they are carned too far, and they mount a mere ceremonial observance and call it standing on prin-ciple. Such women are dangerous." " Very true. But Frances Lynch will not be drogerous unless you come within he sea roaring, and to enjoy the moon-"She must have some exquisite plot

hatching," was the Count's comment; but Florian, who thought he understood the uglier its weapon. Then, you know woman has a tongue, but that is noth

but Florian, who thought he understood her better, saw no reason to doubt the plain meaning of her words. There was time to catch the noon boat and return late the same evening, and he hurried away at once to the seaside town, only to find Mrs. Merrion unexpectedly absent. She had promised never to be away from home when the boats arrived. Neither did the servant know whither she had gone, and he wasleft to walk the verandas impatiently and to stray through the

gone, and he was left to walk the verandas impatiently and to stray through the rooms, one of which perhaps it was in-tended he should not have seen. It was a mere closet, holding a desk, a chair, and a prie-dieu, some pictures, books, and statues. But the character of its farni-ture almost took the breath away from the honorable gentleman. On the desk lay a few manuscripts, and an open book beside them snggested conving. The book was thew manuscripts, and an open book beards them suggested copying. The book was the Imitation of Christ. At the back of the desk hung a crucifix; the pictures were of pious character, and one was a copy of a mirculous picture; the books were either controversial or works of pure Catholic devotion. As he recollected Catholic devotion. As he recollected that these things were not intended for his eyes, he withdrew hastily to the outer

What new freak was Mrs. Merrion meditating? Was this the quiet and se-clusion she had spoken of? Where had she gotten these ideas? He had never spoken to her on religious matters, and h was unaware of any Catholic acquaint-ances who would lead her to such thoughts and doings. Evidently this freak would spoil Mrs. Merrion without doing her any good, and he thought, with a jealous pang, how much this incident resembled Ruth's conversion. He had

see any weighty reasons for such a step." "No?" The tone was slightly ironical. "First of all, this charming woman ap-preciates you. Secondly, she has become a Catholic. Do you desire the thirdly, " Have you any news from the city ?" " Have you any news non-she said. m going to be married." She turned upon him a pair of wide, startled eyes, and, unseen by him, a faint pallor crept about her trembling lipe. "Well," said he, delighted, "other people are married; why should not I be?" etc. ?-for it exists, although you cann see it. able to conceal his agitation. "You have a Parisian fancy, Count. You will not be understood or appreciated in this country She did not speak at once, but turned to the window and looked over the plungunderstood of appreciated in this county "These are the days of primeval inno-cence," sneered the count, "and the re-public has usurped the virtue of the world. Well, wear your mask, Florian, but when you choose to throw it off let me know. I can lose no time where I have already lost so much." During the next few days Florian

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

"Thank you, no," said Florian, hardly

to the window and nonced over the plang ing sea. "It is hard to know which sex can do the stranger things," she said; "they seem to vie with each other." "In foolishness, you mean. However, I have not dreamed of a monastery yet. I am waiting to hear your question about the lady, but you seem to have forgotten your natural curiosity. Totell the truth, I hardly know who she is myself. "No? Have you fallen in love with an ideal?"

ideal?" "I have not fallen in love at all. I am

"I have not fallen in love at all. I am to marry as a political necessity. I shall marry a woman I care for of course, and who cares for me—" "It is not essential in a political mar-riage," she said, with sly sarcasm, then took a look at his stolid, darkening face from under her gynay hat.

took a look at his stond, darkening lace from under her gypsy hat. "I know that, but I came to ask for your advice. I am in donbts as to the wisdom of asking a certain lady to be my wife—I shall demand so much of her in wife—I shall demand so much of her in return for my own condescension. I would not wish to embitter her life by making demands which she could not supply. You can tell me whether she is capable of sustaining the burden of be-coming Mrs. Wallace. You know Miss Lunch?"

Ponsonby's daughter? Oh!-"De Fonsonby's daughter? On!-quite well; and she is of your own relig-ious belief, too, which is an advantage." "Perhaps it draws me towards her out of many indifferent fair ones, and she is new house tight?

of many indifferent fair ones, and such is very beautiful." "And very good, I know—pious as an angel, without losing a woman's vivacity or interest in worldly matters." "Her piety I consider a drawback. Women are not like men in these mat-ters. If moved at all they are carried too ers.

not be dangerous unless you come within reach of her claws. Nature always provides its weak children with ugly mean of defense, and the weaker the animal.

"Oh! yes, it's a great deal. But I came to you for advice. Do you think she is the woman? Make my doubts cer-tainties, like the good fairy you are and

always have been." "If I do I shall ask a service at your "If i do I shall ask a service well, my "II do I shall ask a service at your hands," she answered softly. "Well, my advice is, follow your heart first-" "I did follow it once," he interrupted, "and you know how itended. I shall not try it action." her face.

try it again." Florian was in despair. These manriorian was in despair. These main-ners were not Mrs. Merrion's, and while they became her, as everything did, they did not please him so well as the ordinary sanciness and defiance. If the oratory was the cause of it he would like to abolish it. She waited for some time after her last words before speaking. "I have something to show you," she said reluct-antly. He knew it was the oratory and she led the way there. He was now at liberty to express his surprise, while she

"I see it all," he said: "this is the meaning of your desertion of the fashion-able world, of your loss of old-time cheerfulness and your increase of melancholy Who would have believed it?"

'You seem to pay great attention to my moods. "If you are to pay attention to women

you must watch their moods, for their moods are themselves. I don't like to be noods are themselves. I don't like to be-lieve that this summer's mood is you. Perhaps it will pass before winter." "Oh! I hope not, I hope not," she said earnestly. "Would you not wish me to become a Cathelie?"

was unable to make any religious im

"What a good choice he has made !" Ruth exclaimed in delight. "I hardly expected it from Florian. It will save him-surely it will save him." "Save him from what ?" said Barbara sharply, and crossly too. "From himself and the temptations which expressed him in his position

FEBRUARY 4, 18%.

was

which surround him in his position. Florian needs a check of some kind. I think him rather apt to fly beyond

fervors of the convert died away into a healthier and more sustained emotion, and with this new feeling came the first intimations that God had not called her to the spiritual life of a convent. She was in love with her convent, there was no at-traction in the world for her; marriage she never thought of, her literary tasles could be more easily gratified where she was; yet into her spirit, day by day, far-ther and farther intruded itself the con-viction that she was not appointed to this life. It cost her many tears before she opened her mind on the subject to her confessor. He listened to her story with interest, and was a long time in coming to his decision. When he did give one it was imperative and final. She must go home and find her vocation there. Very sadly, and yet with some relief, she laid limits." "You would make a Paritan of him. I think he was fortunate in missing you." "It was fortunate for both," Ruth ans. " It was fortunate for both." Ruth ans-swered, and dismissed the subject with a sigh. Barbara sat watching her secretly. She had improved very much during her absence, and the pale, spiritual light which shone about her face rendered its natural beauty more remarkable. The old aggressive firmness seemed gone from her manner, the old determination had found a different way of expressing itself; and, sweet and gent's as Rath had ever been, these qualities were now in-tensified.

home and find her vocation there. Very sadly, and yet with some relief, she laid During the next few days Florian itered long in France' arrays sadiy, and yet with some rener, sub latt the case before the superior. "I am not surprised," said that lady, to Ruth's great astonishment, "not so much as you were. Have you ever heard anything about your friend, Mr. Rossi-tar?"

loitered long in Frances' company, eager yet dreading to pluck the flower which grew so near his hand. He had not pro-

on this occasion." "I must take the risk. I am not going to a bed of roses, and I am leaving one. But what can I do? Some restless spirit has taken possession and will not be exorcised until I am gone hence." the station, and, unrecognized by her friends, walked in the direction of the

exorcised until 1 am gone hence." "Why not go off as a novice with per-mission, remain in the world until your mind is settled, and then return if it Squire's now lonely mansion. Yes, Ruth was back to the old scenes, a much sad-

was back to the old scenes, a mich sad-der and much happier woman than when she left them; and if the tears filled her eyes at sight of the familiar objects, and a great pain pierced her heart, it was not more than the protest which nature makes against change. Coming home at a late hour that night, Pendleton felt his heart give a thompose he sey lights in the "It is kind of you to suggest that," said

"It is kind of you to suggest that, "said Rath slowly, "and I will think of it." "I may as well tell you," began the superior suavely, "I had a visit from Mr. Rossiter during the spring to inquire

a late hour that night, Pendleton felt his heart give a thump as he szw lights in the nuused parlor windows and heard the tinkling of the long closed piano. "It's Ruth," said he, stopping to catch his breath and rid himself of a fit of trembling. "It's Ruth come back again for good," and he held out his arms to her.

"Oh!" cried Ruth with parter up and amazed eyes. "He sent you his regards. I was very glad to meet him, after all you had told me concerning him. He seemed to be ill, or going into an illness." Ruth grew pale and nervous. "I think Mr. Rossiter must have a high respect for you. He loitered a long time about the grounds after his visit here and indulged in some drawing and writing. One of the Sisters found a specimen of his One of the Sisters found a specimen of his work and brought it to me. served it for this occasion. I would have told you of this long since had I thought it would have been for your good. It is

for your good to know it now." She handed a package to speechless She handed a package to speechess Rath and dismissed her. The novice took it to her room and opened it in fever-ish haste. What connection could she have with Paul Rossiter's writings and sketches? It was the bit of bristol-board on which he had scribbled the day of his visit to the convent. Ruth read and studied it with flushed face and moistened studied it with husbed tace and moistened eye, and into her heart slipped the first spark of love to light anew the flame which gratitude had once lighted there. As much as her vocation had been a have asked her to marry me. She accepted me and but for the difference of relig on we would have been married thes tainty it now became. She left th ious life absolutely and forever, "And now that she is a Catholic?" though with many tears, and presented hersel one sunny afternoon before Barbara Mer "Now that she is a Catholic," he said dly, "we are farther apart than ever.

don your old clothes. It isn't a religion for any one when she's in it." "She is very much changed," said Ruth, in a tone that seemed to approve of the Squire's sentiments. "You would "H'm!" grunted Pendleton. "I'd know her if she put on the Pope's own rig. She's Barbery all the same. I'll wager any sum that she's up to some of her devilish tricks. She hasn't got her eye on Florian now, has she? It would be easy enough to give old Merrion the slip, and she'd coax an angel into sin, I sweat." The old love is dead; but we are very good friends," he added, without a trace of bitterness. "Ruth is so much my friend bitterness. rion in Brooklyn. "Why, what in the name of everything uncommon and wonderful," cried Bar bara, "brings you here, Rath Pendleton? yet that she wishes I would get a good swear." "Florian is engaged to Frances

woman for my wife. I am trying to do so. Tell me, Miss Frances, am I deserv-"I am too tired to say anything now," said Ruth; "but when I have rested you can give me your opinion on that." And she nanded her the bit of bristol-board. "If you are not," she replied, trembling, Barbara examined it critically, and a "That is your natural kindliness of

convent," Ruth replied. Barbara due ac-believe the assertion. "We had arranged a match for you and "We had arranged a match for you and Ruth replied. Barbara did not

and a few sobs shook him fiercely. He had nevergiven up his hope that Florian and Ruth would yet be reconciled.

"I've come back for good," she whis-pered, as he threw his arms about her.

"I shall never leave you again, father." And they both believed it; for it had been a pet theory of the Squire's that if Rath

been a perturned it would be never to leave him, and in her hopelessness at that mo-ment she felt a premonition that her stay in Clayburgh was to be permanent. "And where did you come from?" said

the Squire. "From New York ; and I have some "From New York ; and I have some

astonishing news for you. Barbara Mer-rion has become a Catholic, and Florian

"Hold on !" said the Squire, with a

gasp, and maybe an oath. "Barbara be-come a Catholic! Rath, you'll have to don your old clothes. It isn't a religion

Lynch." "O Jer-rusalem !" said the Squire, with "Then it's all

a mighty roar of pain. "Then it's all over, Ruth-it's all over." And in an in-

stant the tears were failing in a shower

"It was all over years ago," Rath re-plied, gently. "I did not think you ex-pected it still, father." And I had no right to," said the Squire, striding impatiently down the room. "You never held out a hope, though Florian thinks just as much of you to-day as he did ten years ago. Let it pass. I'm always making a fool of my-self. Don't know when I cried before. And so Barbery is a papist, hey ? I won der how long she'll remain one? And Florian's done it at last! Well, he's got a mighty nice girl, but it won't please Peter Carter much," "What about Mr. Carter ?" she asked. "Oh ! you knew him—the greatest fool that ever lived; and I dunno," added the Squire dubiously," but that I was agreat-er fool, for I actually thought that man a genius. He had an idea that Flory was no match for that Lynch girl, and anxious to help me in matching you and Flory. He did, but he helped me the wrong way. I'm inclined to invite him up here this summer, and let him make an ass of himself through the town." "It would not be becoming," said she; 'he is too-too-"Too much of a talker," supplemented her father. "Yes, he gives one away every five minutes when a secret is ensad every nive minutes when a secret is en-trusted to him. Oh! no; I'll not invite him to this house. Well, Rath, you're back, and I am consoled for all my wait-ing. I'll have to stand a pile of chaff, ing. I'll have to stand a pile of chan-though, from the boys when they see you going up to the Catholic church. How young they the women though ?"

FEBRUARY 4, 184

LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HE.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR FEBR 1899.

Priests in Parishes.

Recommended to our Prayers b Holiness, Leo XIII.

American Messenger of the Sacred H We pray for our priests contin We join with them in the august of the Mass, and we kneel with before the Blessed Sacrament ex invoking blessings upon them th whose ministry we have the in able blessings of Christ's Euch Presence. Our eyes and our follow them as they go abou ways of mercy, and our lips utto blessings on their work. Non forget them when death deprive their presence; we inscribe names where the faithful ma them as they enter the house of and without ceasing we sing quiems on the anniversaries o

departure. It is right that we should pray those who are "ordained for the things that appertain to since, as our mediators with Go all must offer gifts and sacrif our sins. It is, therefore, most and natural that we should pra mittingly for priests whose occu bring them directly and constant contact with ourselves, whose l energies are devoted to our and who by a wise constitution Church dwell in our midst in st and familiar relations with form with us the household of t shepherds keeping their flock

great fold of the Chief Pastor, say for their several sheep says of all : " I know mine a know me. A parish is wholly a Catho It is so constituted as t tion Bishops and priests to carry design of Christ in appointing be His Vicar, with the Apos disciples and their successors His place in extending the b the Redemption to souls. Its to make certain priests and the

ants responsible for the salva definite body of people, to w are to give the most careful attention. The priests of a p in every case selected and by the Bishop ; the parishion ally are those who dwell with tain district, also determin Bishop, though sometimes t dwell beyond the limits of a p become parishioners by fulfi tain conditions which the Bis must name. In any case t priests must live among th confided to their care, and their whole life to the welf parish. As much as possibly to remain with their several as to know them thorough them growing from infancy age, study their character their needs, recognize the capabilities, and be ready keep them from error, to pre from falling, to confirm then and inspire them with z priest in a parish is verily

father to the souls under his

gladly do the faithful give title, and all the love and ve calls for. Since, therefore, we are special objects of their pat tude, since we are ever in ers, we should not ask why vited to pray especially a for those for whom we times. Much as we may pr we cannot realize how from fervent our prayers for the without recalling, from tin how well they deserve and they need our prayers, a own obligations of gratitud should move us to make for them above all other m The priests who build u tain our parishes deserve prayers at all times, becau rifice themselves for our devote their lives to labor vation. In the spirit duty of the priesthood, wh up sacrifices for sins, th making their own sacri house and brethren, sister mother, wife and childre all things, in the name of be entirely conformed to E High Priest, they leave h dred, and go to dwell in of their fellow priests ; c the exercise of divine wo the administration of hol withdraw as much as merely from the evil inf but even from it world, innocent associations, earthly should distract t things that appertain to things that are their ow them from the things t Christ's, and lest secular or pleasures might hind working for our good. the world but not of apart, not to live solely but the better to help never aloof from us, bec constituted mediators be man. The sacrifice a priest fore receiving Holy Or estimated by simply en things he must leave o must be measured by with which it is made, it is to be lifelong, an of charity which promp it for others as well as f earnestness also must for it is made in all sin every possible precauti in the life of privation sworn submission to

" If she beckoned Florian to her now." thought Barbara, with some bitterness, "an army of ME's and Franceses would not keep him from her." Inquiries for the poet resulted only in the discovery that not one of his friends knew anything of his present abode ; then Barbara began to grow irritable, and Ruth fled homeward without visiting Florian.

with the intention of removing it forever from his aching gaze when he had won from his new love her promise to share life's joys and trials with him. "I wished to show you this picture," he

said, as Frances came timidly to him. "I am going to put it away forever." She smiled inquiringly, and trembled in

"Oh !" cried Rath with parted lips

Pendieton?" "I just met her for a moment. She seemed to be a very sweet girl, and I was glad to hear she became a Catholic." "Yes," assented Florian; "I suppose it was for her good." "Will you excuse me?" said she, with a blush which betrayed her fears. "I shall detain you so short a time," he interrupted boldly. "I wish you to know the truth of this affair—it was such a garbled story which you heard. Do you

know the truth of this affair—it was such a garbled story which you heard. Do you not think her face a very strong as well as handsome one? Would you blame a man for loving its owner very, very deeply?" "She was soggod!" Frances answered "She was sogood !" Frances answered nervously. "I thought more of that than "She was good, poor Kuth! We grew up together from childhood, and I knew her goodness of heart so well, and had loved her even as a boy. It was no sur-prise that when we had grown up I should

matter of doubt before, so much of a cer-

And an angry light shot into her eyes.

happy smile touched her face when she caught its full import. "What a happy destiny which three "What a happy destiny which three

"hat is your hattin kindings of heart speaking. But how many women would care for a man whose heart was once given to another?" "You have it back again," she said this in your way," said she, "before you were bound to the nun's life irrevocably !" "I had resolved long before to leave the with unconscious irony. "But not sound and whole. The first love broke it, and the second love may find it hard to accept second-hand furni-

posed to her as he had said he would, he could not bring himself to do it. What if circumstances should change the state of affairs? WHAT IF SOME OSE SHOLLD DIE? He shuddered at the direction his thoughts were taking, and determined to end the uncertainty by an immediate proposal. Frances was passing his room one afternoon, and, hearing her light step, be called to her cheerfully to enter. He had fought his last battle with self a few minutes previous, standing before the pookcase, and he had turned it to the wall with the intention of removing it forever posed to her as he had said he would, he could not bring himself to do it. What if "No, I have not. I shall meet him some time probably, if he is living. I can never forget him." never forget him." "And are you absolutely determined to go into the world? Remember it is quite possible that after you are outside your possible that after you are outside your spirit may change as powerfully as it has " And so Ruth Pendleton is back! the cry in Clayburgh two days after a tired and disappointed woman left the train at

"You know its story," he went on; "every one knows its ince Mr. Carter first heard it from Squire Pendleton." "I have heard it," replied Frances, scarcely trusting herself to speak. "Mr. Carter was very earnest about it, and persisted in telling it more than once." "Precisely. You did not know Ruth Pendleton?"

Cobbett's "Reformation."

Just issued, a new edition of the Protestant Reformation, by Wm. Cobbett. Revised, with Notes and Preface by Very Rev. Francis Aldan Gasquet, D. D., O. S. P. The book is printed in large, clear type. As it is published at a med price of 25 cents per copy in the United States, 30 cents will have to be charged in Canada. It will be sent to any address on receipt of that sum, in stamps. Thos. Coffey. CATHOLIC RECORD Office, London. Ontario.

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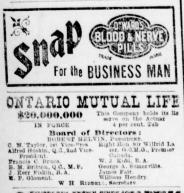
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was unable to make any religious im-pression upon her, when a strange poet comes along, speaks a few words, and forthwith she is all tears. Who could the stranger be in this instance? While he was discussing the point Mrs. Mer-rion returned, her cheeks very red after a lively walk, and with many meak and "It is natural, I suppose, to wish it. But it does not suit every soul to get the faith. I hope it will not do you any more faith. I hope it will like to be of service to you and to advise you. The first thing I advise is, don't enter a convent. It's the worst possible place for a convert." "I will not if you say so," she answered mildly, and, the bell ringing for tea, they changed the conversation. It was pleas-ant to Florian how much at ease he fait with Marking and he thought with lively walk, and with many meek apol-ogies for her delay. He looked at her curiously and remarked the change which had almost imperceptibly come upon her. Formerly she would have thrown the blame of her own delay or with Mrs. Merrion, and he thought with some regret of the change his matriage and her conversion would cause in their relations. Barbara persisted in her re-

thrown the blane of her own deals of his shoulders, and maintained her posi-tion with saucy defiance of truth, reason, and politeness. Now she was a meek, quiet culprit, waiting a well-deserved sentence. It was really painful, and he told her so immediately. igious mood far into the winter, and charmed her special circle with the new and picturesque lights religious melan-choly shed upon her character. Florian

"I suppose it's the sea air," she said, with a touch of the old archness; " it makes everything damp and clinging. choly shed upon her character. Florant was constantly at her side, and was as constantly putting off that interview with Frances, which Peter Carter dreaded and the society world was daily expecting. Strange thoughts were surging through him, passionate, impossible schemes that ended as they began—in nothing. Viadi-You can hardly stand up when the wind is full of sait." "But the wind is blowing off the land

"But the wind is blowing of the land now," said he. "It pains not to see you so changed. I hope you are not ill." "What nonsense!" she cried; "You have been coming and coming all the summer, and never noticed it before. Why should you notice it now? I am happy enough, and one should be differ-ent at the seaside from what one is in the site. Wait nutil Lesune wy nosition in mir opened his eyes for him. The Count was charmed with Barbara's religious whim, and often railied Florian as its inspirer. "Nature and Fate have both favored you," said Vladimir one day with an en vious look upon his friend. "Mrs. Mer Wait until I resume my position in

society—if I ever do—" " Oh! 'if I ever do!" " repeated Florian,

in mock amazement. "Well, well! Ruth Pendleton went into a convent and you were not sur-prised. Why should not I do the same ?" prised. "Oh! by all means. You are just suit ed for it.

BABY ITCHED 6 YEARS CURED BY CUTICURA.

My six-weeks old son had a breaking out on My six-weeks old son had a breaking out on the top of his head. It spread all over his head and arms. Around his body, and legsfrom knees to ankles, was a solid scab. My family doctor treated him for eighteen months. I tried four more, and then a medical college. No good yet. Spent not less than a thousand dollars hi money and time. Old Mr. Barney Clap insisted on my trying CUTICHA remedies. By the time my wife had used the CUTICHA (ointment) up, he began to improve and got so he could sleep short map, and gave me and wite some rest. He is well now, after six long years of itching, crying, and worrying. CUTICHE LL, Lexington, Okl. Currents, Besnytzyn purifies the blood and circu-

CUTTEURA RESOLVENT purifies the blood and circu-ting floid of 14 mon Gauss, and thus removes the verse, while warm baths with CUTTEURA SOLVENT and are is monitoring with CUTTEURA SOLVENT and are and action of the solvent of the solvent and are of and actions, and the solvent of the solvent of the solvent and the solvent of the solvent for the solvent of the solvent purification of the solvent purification of the solvent o

time. Sold throughout the world. POTTER D. AND C. CORP., Sold throughout the world. POTTER D. AND C. CORP., Sole Propa. Boston. "How to Cure All Humors," free. FACE HUMORS and Falling Hair Prevented by

quietly.

ture

"Your comparison is too literal," she replied. He turned the picture once more to the wall. "It shall never look this way again,

of a good one?

who can be?

"She was good, poor Ruth! We

"It shall never look this way again," he said, "until my wife turns it with her own hands. I am in love once more, and the woman I love is you." The hot blood surged to her face and back again to her heart. He took her hand in his with tender respect. "I have hopes," he continued, "that my love is returned. May I hope ?" She burst into tears and hid her face in her hands. He is the storm wear itself her hands. He let the storm wear itself out before he spoke again, and a very sweet face she turned to him when he be-

gan to assure her of his love. "I know it," she said faintly. "Do not tell me. I return it all." "I need not tell you," he said, "what a

responsible position you are taking. You have now on your hands an ambitious, hard-working man. How will sogentle a being manage me?

so willing to be managed and that is the secret of every woman'

control over a man." "Ah!' said he, with a smile and a sigh, "but not always." "You can manage yourself during the 'not always," she replied.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MRS. WINIFRED'S CONFESSION.

rion adores you, esteems you. You are indeed a lucky fellow to stand so high in Far away from the clatter of the town Far away from the clatter of the town, in a deep enclosure of trees stood the con-vent where Ruth was passing the quiet days of her novitiate. The doubt and dis-tress had long been ended, and faith had found a resting-place in her soul. The mournful past lay behind her, a picture with faded outline, and all those incidents her favor, and at the same time to be adored by De Ponsonby's fair daughter. I wish you would choose between them quickly, and give me an opportunity in "Your special line of action," said Flor-

an, flushing in spite of himself, "is not apt to be encouraged in those quarters. You are not in Paris." and personages which had made up the circumstances of her life seemed no more than the remembrances of a troubled

You are not in Paris. "I know that, but women are women the world over. While you stand in my light I acknowledge I can do nothing; but give me a clear field, remove your Jupiterthan the remembrances of a troubled sleep. Everything about the convent life was so real. Where passions lay dead or asleep there were no heartbreakings. Every voice was soft and low, every sound was music; the cheerful stillness which hung over the place consecrated anew the sacred dwelling. It was a spot where a soul came to know itself quickly. So far a way now seemed the world that she took ship to one side or the other and see if Mercury is not as good a thiefas ever. Why do you dally so much? If you are in doubt take my advice and choose Baraway now seemed the world that she took with ease the resolution to retire from its

With ease the resolution of th

and no face looked out more strongly than his from the misty past. As months passed, Rath found her gratitude to the poet taking a deeper hold on her heart. Self began to fall away by degrees under the friction of daily prayer and mortifica-tion. Her enthusiasms began to diminish months and intensity. The first hot

Paul long ago," Barbara said, laughing, "and I assure you we were bitterly dis-appointed when our plans failed. The prot is not here now, and no one can tell et is not here now, and no one can tel

'Florian must know," said Ruth con-

fidently. "Ohl dear no. They had a quarrel of some kind after you left, and have never since been intimate. Early in the spring Mr. Rossiter left his quarters and has not

been heard of. "Not been heard of ?" Ruth murmured since tremulously.

tremulously. "Were you aware that about the poet's departure there was a mystery, that he was ill and poor and wretched when he went away, that Madame Lynch diswent away, that Madame Lynch dis-missed him because of a false story of Peter Carter's, that he left the house se-"Suicide," said Ruth calmly, though her face was pale. "You may say it, but I do not, could not, believe it of him."

Nor I," Barbara added with emphase "but the poor fellow left in a same plight and where he went no man

"He was at my convent in the spring, and went northward, but how far or in what direction was not known.

"A little money will discover him. Now go to bed for a few hours, and when you come down I shall acquaint you with the news of two hemispheres—some of it

Rath obeyed. When she sought Mrs. Merrion later in the day the vivacious sprite was carrying in both hands her manual of prayer as she walked tireless by through the long hall. You are piously engaged," said Ruth,

miling at the usual sight.

"I must be, having an ex-nun here," "I must be, having an ex-nun here," replied Barbara, smartly; " and then I am making preparations for my baptism." "For your baptism ?" repressing an in-clination to laugh. "Are you going over to the Baptists No, to the Catholics," and her eyes

fell. Ruth stood for a moment transfixed

and actually suspicious. "I congratulate you," she said at length, but there was little warmth in her good wishes. "When did this happiness come to you?"

" So long ago that I scarcely remember. It was not sudden. It grew within me. But let us talk of something more to your taste. Converts are suspicious of one an-other. You have heard, perhaps, that lorian is soon to be married.'

Fiorian is soon to be married." "I have heard none of these things, but I suppose it would take place some time. Who is the happy lady ?" "You remember that Frances Lynch

who-

will you stand the women though ?" "I am not afraid," said Ruth cheerfully, " for I am a son Wallace's defection." " for I am a sort of balance for Sara

"That's a good argument," said the Squire in delight. "I'm glad you men-Squire in delight. "I'm glad you men-tioned it, for I'll give it to 'em first thing. I hope you're contented, Ruth, with your

"So contented!" said Ruth, with a happy smile. "And oh! if I could per-

"It's all right f you are happy, but don't "It's all right f you are happy, but don't try to rope me into any of these religions. They're good enough for the women, but they're beyond me. I thought more of Catholics, though, before Barbery joined them."

them. With a sigh Ruth relinquished the appeal which she had intended to make to

aim. "I must warn you," continued the Squire, "that if you try to convert me I'll et too Squire, "that if you try to conv take to drink, upon my honor. take to drink, upon my non-argument. So stupid to understand an argument. Go to just let up on ideas of that kind. Go to bed now, and sleep off convent notions. TO BE CONTINUED.

Those Tired Kidneys.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills help tired kidneys to do what they must do if you are to be a healthy man or woman.

bara. The divorce court is not pleasant, but it will do if you work quickly and "The divorce court!" cried Florian. "That sounds queerly from you, who are a Catholic, by tradition at least." "I am speaking to a politician," the

Count answered, "in whose path no diffi-culties are allowed to stand where his ambitions are concerned. All your good genii urge lyou to choose Barbara. You have thought of divorce yourself many a

Florian did not attempt to deny the assertion, only saying: "You are taking assertion, only saying: "You are taking too much for granted, Count. I cannot in number and intensity. The first hot