# THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

DECEMBER 5, 1891.

### Murillo's Trance.

"Here, Pedro, while I quench these candle hold Wy lastern: for I promise you we burn No wax-lights at our chapel shrines till morn, As in the great Cathedral, kept ablaze Like any crowidel plaza in Seville, From sin to sun. I wonder if they think That the dead knights – Fernando and the

re-t-Whose bronze and marble couches line the walls,

Wans, Like to stared children, canno. dark:" And mattering thus, the churlish sacristan Went, sauffing out the lights that only served To worsen the wan glorn.

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And (mindful still Of his Dolores' greed of candle-ends) He snake, at whiles above the low dropped heads. Grumblings of sunshine being in Seville Cheaper than wax-lights, and 'twere best to Draw

When all the saints were broad awake, and thus Liker to hear

So, shuffling on, he neared The altar, with its single lamp alight. Above, touched with its glow, the chapel'

Above, touched with its grow, the chapers pride. Its one Ribera, hunz-a fearful sad. Soul-harrowing picture of the stark dead Christ, Stretched on the cross beneath a ghastly glare Of lurid rift, that made more terrible The God forsaken loneliness. In front, A charm of sha low clove the checkered floor, And has-ening towards it, the old verger called Wonderingly back :

"Why, Pedro, only see ! The boy kneels still. What ails him, think you? Here He came long hours before the vesper chime : And all the while, as to and fro I've wrought. Cleansing the altar steps and dusting shrines And such like tasks, I have not missed him once

once From that same spot. What marvel if he were Some lunatic escaped from Caridad ? Observe, he takes no heed of what I say ; Tis time he waked."

As moveless as the statues, Niched round, a youth before the picture knell His hands tight clenched, and his moist fore head strewn With tossings of dank hair. Upon his arm The rude old man sprang such a sudden grass As caused a start, while in his ear he cried Sharply, "Get hence! What do you here so late ?"

Slow on the questioner a face was turned That caused the heavy hand to drop ; a face Strangely pathetic, with wide-gazing eyes And wistful brows, and lips that wanly made Essay to speak before the wo ds would come And an imploring lifting of the hands That seemed a prayer.

"I wait, I wait," he said, "Till Joseph bring the linen, pure and white Till Mary fetca the spices; till they come-Peter and John and all the holy women-And take Him down. But, oh. they tarry long See how the darkness grows! So long ... so long !"

## PEGGY.

#### A Tale of the Revolution.

Upon the afternoon of August 1776, a young man came from 26. farm house near the Jamaica a on Long Island, leading a turnpike little child, and so merry were they that their laughter reached the ears of a militiaman who was passing, and he turned that he might see who could be so joyous on the eve of a great battle. The young man put the child in a swing which was attached to the branch of a great chestnut tree, and then he swung her gently, and yet with so much force that her little feet touched the boughs of the tree as she ascended, while her head, upon the return, was garlanded for an instant by the leaves of the tree. The young man's arm was bared and revealed a sinewy and well-turned muscle, and so great was his strength that he seemed hardly to touch the child as he swung her.

'Now up she goes, now down she nes," thus he sang to a refrain, to which the laughter of the girl seemed a sweet and joyous accompaniment.

"Wait, Anthony," said the child at last, "so that I may ask you a question

He seized the rope that he might control the motion, and when he had stopped the swing he stood before her while she, standing upon the board that served for a seat, was then so tall that her eyes looked straight into his and he saw mischief in them.

Now, Anthony, if I was only big like my aunt Peggy you could not swing me, could you?" of love, and one is like winter and the other is like summer.' "Well, Anthony, you know that I have never seen any man except my father that I love like you, for you see no man will swing me all the time, and do so many things to make me

happy, as you are always doing." "If I make you happy I am glad for two reasons, and one is because I am very fond of you, little Katie, and the other is because you see, you are Peggy Armstrong's nicce."

"Anthony, my aunt Peggy has beautiful eyes; don't you think so?" "Aye, Katie." Those were the only words he spoke, but she perceived that he was pleased to say so of them. "And her cheeks are so pretty that I like to look at her very often," the

child continued. "Tis no wonder, Katie." She saw

that he was pleased, so she ventured to say more. "But when she laughs, then she is

the beautifullest person I ever saw. "Laughing or not, she is always that," he said.

"Anthony, I wish you would marry Aunt Peggy, and then you would be

my uncle." The glance he gave the child was a strange one, for his face became stern, and she wondered why he looked like one who has both anger and sorrow, and she looked with the glance of a trusting child, with surprise upon him. He saw her emotion, and he mastered humself quickly, and said a "Little Katie, you should not say

these things. Peggy Armstrong has suitors, and many of them, and they have farms, or ships or shops, or other riches ; but as for me, I have only this little farm, with my old father to care for, and I have no manners like men who are possessed of riches. Were it not for my sick father, Katie, I would not be here with you to-day, but I would be yonder in the fight with Washington, which he is going to make against the British." He pointed his finger to the West, where even the child knew that a few miles away the armies of Lord Howe and those of Washington were preparing for the great struggle of Long Island. Even as she looked, the expression of the countenance changed and she said : "What is the noise I hear."

Anthony stood silent for a moment he stretched forward a little like one who listens, and at last he said :

"Tis the sound of cannon, Katie the battle has begun, I think." It was not the sound of cannon, how ever, but that of the firing of skirmish ers who had, by accident, met a small party of the British scouts near the Flathead Road. The firing ceased, for the British turned and fied, and a few moments later there came along the pike a little company of Continental troops. At sight of Anthony and the child the officer in command of this company halted it, and beckoning to Anthony to come to him, the young man speedily obeyed. The officer fixed upon him a glance of steady inquiry for at least a full minute's time, as though he suspected a youth who at this time of danger was not in the field. At last he asked Anthony who he was, and the young man told him his name and said that yonder was the farm of his father, who lay ill with the asthma, and who had no one but his son to care The officer's eyes strayed to the child, and Anthony, perceiving it, explained that the little girl lived in the great mansion whose chimneys were just seen through the trees perhaps half a mile away ; that she was the daughter of Captain Armstrong, who had a company in the Continental

troops, but was far away in New Eng-land on special duty for Washington. Anthony

with him unless some one will take my place. "That is well said, my lad," the officer replied, and he turned to his little troop and asked them if they had heard those words, and it was with a cheer that they responded, and the officer again turned to Anthony and said: "I beg your pardon, sir, but there are so many who have treachery in their hearts in these parts that we suspect all young men who do

not wear our uniform. Even as he spoke, his eyes, which had been fixed on Anthony's, were distracted, for he saw standing by the wall a young woman who had come from the rear of the troops, and was standing there hitherto unperceived. No wonder was it that the officer halted in his speech, for it seemed to him that the face he then beheld was the most beautiful that he had ever seen, and when he perceived that the eyes of the woman were filled with animation and the excitement which a delightful surprise will cause ; and her cheeks were flushed and her mouth was parted slightly as though she was about to speak, and as she stood there the

branches of a sumac bush, whose leaves had turned with premature brilliancy, almost touched her face so that it seemed garlanded with them. Anthony, wondering why the officer's gaze had been distracted,

turned himself, and when he saw this face, then his manner, too, became that of one filled with admiration. He bended his head slightly with the manner of courtesy, and he said :

"Mistress Peggy, is it you? I did not know that you were near." "Ah, 'tis I, Anthony, and I have

heard those things which you have said to this officer, and a fine speech it was, for it delighted and thrilled me Then she turned to the officer and said: 'When this man speaks, sir, h speaks the truth, but not till this noment did I dream that he possessed great courage and a martial spirit and I will say to him in your presence that I have done him discredit, cause I thought him too simple minded and too indifferent to take a musket with his companions, but now I know that he, if he went into battle, would be as brave as the bravest man in

your command, and he would die, if need be, feeling even joy that he could in such a way aid on our cause. As she spoke Anthony bended his head like one who receives a benedic

tion, and the color mounted to his cheek, and the girl, as she looked up on him, realized the strength and th manliness and the true modesty and worth which in all days she had neve before perceived. She turned to a handsome man who came to her side, like one who had strolled behind her on the way thither, and she said to him:

"See, Mr. Livingstone, this is my friend, Anthony Wilson, and he is braver now even than a man who takes a musket, because his sense of duty eeps him here at home, while his in clination is to be with the army.

As she spoke thus, Anthony looked up, and when he saw the man who was by her side, then his manner changed. and he turned away and went to the officer, for it seemed to him that he could not bear the sight of this man Livingstone, who seemed to be by Mistress Peggy's side by right. The officer entered into conversation with Anthony, and asked if a troop were on their way to the Jamaica Pass, and Anthony replying that they were, offered to guide the company thither. For some moments they stood talking thus, and then Livingstone, calling to r away in New Eng-the officer, asked him to step inside uty for Washington. the little girl lived the officer, Livingstone left Peggy free

the emotion which the meeting with are her betrothed; but I tell you you the emotion which the meeting with are her betrothed; but I ten you you Mistress Peggy had aroused. But later are a traitor, and that you misled the in the day, while chatting with his father, he told him of the coming of gone to guard the pass." the company of militia and that they had asked the way to the Jamaica Pass, as though they meant to go thither and guard its approaches, but that some-thing had changed the mind of the officer, for he counter-marched and re-turned in the direction of Brooklyn. Hearing this, the aged man, weak

though he was, raised himself in his bed and said : "The Jamaica Pass is guarded, surely? Putnam cannot have left that approach unprotected. If 'tis not, Lord Howe can march a division of his army through it unsus pected and take Washington upon the flank . stance ? Was there any other circum-Why did the officer seem to change his mind ?'

"He chatted with Livingstone for a few moments, and after that he gave the order to the company to return. When the old man heard this it seemed as though the strength youth had returned to him. He arose from the bed, and Anthony marveled greatly that he should be doing these things. But the old man's strength was soon departed and he said feebly to Anthony: "The family of this Livingstone is for the King; it is Tory to the heart. Did you not know that, Did you not watch him as my son? he spoke to this officer? He has misled him. He has prevailed upon him to go away

When Anthony heard this he was in sore perplexity. It was his impulse at once to mount his horse, ride to the headquarters of Washington and Putnam and tell them of this which had been done. But his father fell into a faint, and seemed to be even quite near to death, so that Anthony dare not leave him, and he bestowed upon him the tenderest ministrations during that night. In the early morning hours Anthony's father passed away, and the young man was alone with his sorrow

Livingstone, having escorted Mistress Peggy to her home, hasted away like one who has a matter of import-He rode across the ance on hand. country at great speed until he reached a tavern on the Jamaica road, which runs from the town to the Flatlands and Flatbush, beyond which town was the British army. At midnight Liv-ingstone, looking down this highway, perceived a company of men, whose shadowy forms were barely relieved by the moon which was just rising. He stepped into the road to meet them, and a soldier halting him, he asked to be conducted to the commander. Five minutes later Livingstone stood in the presence of the commander of the right wing of Lord Howe's army. "You are then Mr. Livingstone of

whom I have been informed ?" said the commander. "I am he."

"And you are prepared to conduct us to Jamaica Pass ?" "That is what I have come for, as

you were informed I should come. Have you the proof with you?" Here Livingstone took from his

wallet a bit of paper, torn irregularly, and gave it to the commander, who drawing from his own wallet a similar bit, found that the rugged indentations

"There is no longer any doubt," said the commander. "We put our-selves under your guidance, Mr. Liv-ingstone. Are there any pickets of the rebels or companies of them in that vicinity?'

"And I tell you that you are a lying cur," said Livingstone ; "and if you make such accusations you will answer to me for it."

said Anthony. "I will go at once that I may tell Washington or Putnam pas

Here Livingstone bestowed upon Anthony a smile of contempt and scorn,

rebel Washington.

changed, for, looking up, he beheld Mistress Peggy standing upon the door-step, and her eyes seemed like coals of fire and her cheeks were red with passion, and so great was her ex citement that for a moment she could scarcely speak.

"You, you !" she said, pointing her finger in scorn at Livingstone. "I have heard your words, and I have heard what he said to you. Tis true; you have tried to betray us, and your speech and your manner have been lies, for you did represent to me that your heart was with the Americans. You have wooed and almost won me, but now I tell you, you will not win me unless you undo this thing which you have done. Go yourself at once to Washington ; tell him of the danger, and if I do not see, by the time the sun is noon-high, a company on its way to the pass, then I shall drive you from my mind.

More than that, she now came down the steps, and as each of these men looked upon her, her beauty seemed more imperious and magnificent than they had ever before observed it. "More than that, if you do not do this I will

myself denounce you as a traitor." For a moment Livingstone spoke not at all, and then he said: "If you denounce me, my life will not be worth a farthing rush-light.

She looked at him for an instant with unutterable contempt, and then she said: "Anthony may I take your horse ?"

The horse was already saddled and bridled. In an instant Anthony re-moved the man's saddle and put a blanket upon his back. He had seen Mistress Peggy often ride upon a saddeless horse. He helped her mount the animal and in a moment she was away, and he knew, and Livingstone knew, that she had set her face toward the place where Washington was. Then Livingstone without a word hastened away.

A moment later the booming of the cannon far away was heard. Anthony knew that the battle had begun. Just at that moment a little band of half a dozen volunteers came down the highway drawing a cannon, and, seeing Anthony, urged him to command them, telling him that the army was in danger, and urging him to come with them and guard the Jamaica Pass, and so it happened that an hour later Anthony Wilson, with his little com-pany, was facing the right wing of Lord Howe's army, as it fank. Seven to take Putnam in the flank. Seven for thousand ! But for twenty minutes this little band held its post upon the hill and sent shot into the advancing army. Putnam heard the cannonading upon his left, and "Not one. The pass is as deserted as it was before your army came. A troop was sent this afternoon, but I met the commander and persuaded him that he was on the road which was this the revelation was made to him that he was to be attacked from that direction. Anthony's cannon was un-able to stay the march of the British, but it had given the warning to PutMakes the

from Hood's Sarsaparilla, conclusively proves the claim that this medicine "makes the weak

Weak Strong wer to me for it. 'I will answer this way alone," I Anthony. "I will go at once The marked benefit which people in run down or weakened state of health deriva

that his troop has been misled and beg him to send others to sentinel that

and then, turning on his heel, he said: "Try it, if you will. The battle is

already beginning, and before night the gallows will be made for this great As he spoke, of a sudden his manner

the claim that this medicine "makes the weak strong." It does not act like a stimulant, imparting fictitious strength from which there must follow a reaction of greater weakness than before, but in the most natural way Hood's Sarsaparilla overcomes that tired feel-ing, creates an appetite, purifies the blood, and, in short, rives great bodily, nervo and, in short, gives great bodily, nerve, mental and digestive strength. **Fagged Out** \* Last spring I was completely fagged out. My strength left me and I felt sick and mis-erable all the time, so that I could hardly attend to my business. I took one bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it cured me. There is nothing like it." R. C. BEGOLE, Editor

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hat would be for you to say, m little Katie."

"Would you come and say to me 'Katie, do you want a swing ?' just as you did a little while ago, if 1 was as big as Aunt Peggy ?"

The young man smiled and the child laughed merrily, for nothing did she like better to see than the smile of Anthony Wilson. For even when she first saw him it was his smile that won her confidence.

"Now, what was it that put such a thought into your little head ?" said

"Because I see you looking so often at Aunt Peggy, as though you would like to ask her if she would come and swing, but you couldn't swing her so that her feet would touch the leaves like mine, could you? because, you see, you say I do not weigh more than a feather.

He did not answer the child, and she wondered that he had become so serious in his manner all of a sudden, and then a bright thought came to her, and

she said, I'll ask Aunt Peggy for you." "My little Katie," he said, speaking quickly, "do not do that; 'tis one thing to swing a child, but to swing a young woman, that is another thing.

"But Aunt Peggy smiles on you." "Aye, Katie." He tried to smile "Aye, Katie." himself, but there seemed to come a pang of sorrow upon his face, instead, the child, wondering thereat. asked why he frowned.

"'Tis only the smile of courtesy that Peggy Armstrong gives me, said.

"Are there two kinds of smiling, Anthony ?" the child asked. "Aye, Katie, as you will know when

you get older. There's the smile of courtesy, and then there is the smile

### **Prevention Is Better**

3

Than cure, and those who are subject to rheumatism can prevent attacks by keeping the blood pure and free from the acid which causes the disease. For this purpose Hood's Sarsaparilla is used by thousands with great success. It is the best blood purifier.

with her grandfather and aunt.

When the officer heard this he said : "Is the child the neice of Peggy Armstrong ?

Yes; Peggy is her aunt," said Anthony.

Anthony. "Well, little one," said the officer, turning to the child, who had ap-proached, "If you grow up as brave and fine a woman as your aunt, you will make havoc in the hearts of the lads hereabouts some day.

Then the officer turned to Anthony and said :

"Whether your father be sick or not, this is no time for loitering. It seems a poor excuse, and I suspect that you are of Tory inclination.

When he said this Anthony stepped back a little, and there was fierce indignation written on his countenance, and he said :

"No man can insult me worse than

to say that I am of Tory inclination. Why, sir, no one of all your troops could march into battle to-day or tomorrow with greater joy than I, and I do see these musterings of troops, these hurryings of soldiers hither and thither, the rush of the artillery and the cantering of the troopers with an enthusiasm which makes me feel as though I could not contain myself, even for my poor father, and if you were to say to me now, 'Do a perilous thing ; go within the lines of the enemy ; be stationed at a post of danger ; do that which would cost your life, but which will help Washington and his army win a victory,' I would do it more gladly than any soldier that you have, but I cannot good afternoon.

eave my father there to die alone. he recovers, I shall be with you, and in your front ranks in the time of battle. If he dies, I shall be with you as well, and if he remains as he is, I must stay

Than cure, and those who are subject to The mean and those who are subject to The mean and the from the acid which causes the disease. For this purpose Hood Sarsaparilla is used by thousands with great success. It is the best blood purifier. Constipation is caused by loss of the peristalic action of the bowles, Hood's Pills restore this action and invigorate the liver.

for a moment and she called to An thony, asking him to come to her, and when he approached she held out her hand to him, saying : "Anthony, am I

forgiven ?' Forgiven?" he asked, and his ac cents were those of great surprise what have I to forgive you for ?

"That I misjudged you, Anthony." "Twas your right, Mistress Peggy to judge or misjudge me, for wha avails it to me, whether you regard me with a sense of indifference?"

She looked curiously at him as he spoke these words, wondering what their meaning was. She never yet had perceived that this man was consumed

with the passion of a mighty affection for her, though she had known him from her childhood. Yet as she looked upon him, knowing his worth, there

seemed to come to her by intuition ; sense of his regard. Her manner was changed on the instant, so that instead of condescension and the vague polite ness which she had before and even then accorded to him, she became con strained, and Anthony feared that he had given her offence. Had he been wiser in such affairs he would have perceived his mistake, for she called little Katie to her and threw her arm about the child and stroked her head. It was a demonstration of affection Had Mistress Peggy been filled with scorn or with impatience, she would have revealed it in her manner to the child, but Anthony was unskilled in such ways, and he turned to go away, bidding her, with gentle courtesy

As he did so the officer turned to his troops, commanding them to right about face, and then bidding Anthony good day, and bestowing a salute o courtesy upon Peggy, he marched his

troops away. A moment later Peggy and Mr. Livingstone departed, taking Katie with them, and Anthony re turned to his farmhouse.

For awhile Anthony was absorbed by

Are you suffering from cold in the head? Do not neglect it — delays are dangerous, death is easily courted. Nasal Balm is an unfailing cure in all cases of catarrh and cold in head.

taking him away from the pass, and he nam, which perhaps prevented the is now ten miles away, beyond all absolute demoralization and capture doubt.

"Then if that is so, we win the vic tory to-morrow," said the commander. "We shall surprise Washington's army upon its left flank, for I am persuaded that Putnam believes that our entire army will attack him in front. After an exchange of courtesies. Livingstone went to the head of the

column. A lieutenant and an officer of the commander's staff were detailed to accompany him. The column marched in silence ; though it was an army of some 5,000 men, yet it moved with the quiet of a bandit and with a celerity which seemed amazing. At 2 o'clock in the morning it had passed through the defile and was located unsuspected upon the left of Putnam's army, ready to spring upon his flank

at the proper moment. At 8 o'clock that morning, Anthony Wilson, hearing voices at his door, opened it and beheld, to his amaze ment, Mistress Peggy Armstrong and Mr. Livingstone. He said to them; "Do not enter; I cannot bid you, for my father is dead.

When Peggy heard this, tears came to her eyes, and she said to Anthony "I have thought during the night of those things which you said to the officer and I have come this morning so that I might say to you that if you will remove your father to my house, we will give him all care and then you may join the army, for there is to be a great battle in a day or two.

Anthony took her hand, but he wa so filled with emotion he could not speak ; his gesture was sufficient ; she knew that he was grateful. She stepped by him into the house, and thus Anthony was left alone with Liv. In an instant Anthony's ingstone. manner was changed.

"I could not upbraid you before her," said he, "and I cannot expose you to her now, for they tell me you

Do you feel tired and worn out? Is life a burden to you? Are your cheeks pale and sallow? If so, try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and you will feel like a new person. They never fail. Good for young and old.

of his army. When the British troops passed by the place where Anthony had with heroism made the assault they seized the cannon and captured five of Anthony's men. As for Anthony him-self, they did not see him, for he lay there with a musket wound through his arm. Late that afternoon an orderly

entered the headquarters where General Washington was receiving, with great anxiety, the news of the progress of the battle.

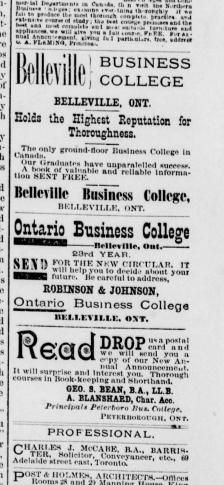
"Why am I interrupted ?" said Washington, speaking with some impatience, and then the orderly knew that the commander-in-chief was filled with grave apprehensions, and real ized that the aides-de-camp who had come bearing messages from the distant field of battle had brought him word which gave him great concern

"Tis a young woman, sir, who says she has ridden from afar and must see you, for she has news of vital conse-quence." So Washington gave the order to admit this young woman, and a moment later Peggy Armstrong stood before him. Even in the midst of his anxiety, the commander-in-chief was impressed by the beauty and the manner of this woman, and he bowed with great dignity and yet with gentle courtesy, that he might greet her as he felt she deserved.

"I have but a moment, mistress, said he, "and, therefore, I know you will be brief. What is your mission ?" The girl went to him and placed her hand with modest touch upon his arm, and then, looked up into his face, she "Oh, sir, I have riddden from said : the Jamaica pick, full seven miles away, and I would have seen you long ago had I not trouble getting by your sentinels. Yesterday a troop was sent to guard the Jamaica Pass, and as they came near to it they were per-suaded that their road lay in another

direction, and so they went away, leaving the pass unprotected. I fear,

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