"I heard it from Lady Annabel." he said, "and dressed up, needless to say, with plenty of gossip. He is at the Chateau de St. Brieuc, and has been there three weeks."

"And he never wrote to you himself?" said Aurelia, "how strange! don't you think so?"

don't you think so r "I don't know," said Geoffrey ; "he wasn't bound. He is after some of his own hobbies, I fancy ; life boats or paintings, matters of that sort."

"And the gossip," said Aurelia; "it connected his name with that of Imogen de St. Brieuc, I presume ?" "Who cares for gossip ?" was Geof frey's not very straightforward reply "Not I, certainly," said Aurelia ; "but one cares for-well-for con-

sistency, for fidelity." "I am as certain of Julian's fidelity as of my own," said Geoffrey, earn-estly. "Appearances are against him ; but what is the worth of friendship if not to trust ?"

"Amen to that, with all my heart," replied Aurelia ; "and a friend's trust is not to be blown away by every idle rumor. But, if it were as they say, I confess - for his sake - I should be sorry.

She spoke with dignity, but without a particle of wounded feeling. Geoffrey felt puzzled, perhaps the least in the world disappointed, at the way she took it. It was a comfort, certainly, that she would not be broken hearted at Julian's defection, if, indeed, the report were true ; but, at the same time, it was mortifying to think that, perhaps after all, Aurelia was too stately and too self contained to have heart to break. But no, that anv would be misdoubting Aurelia - a worse crime in his eyes than even mistrust of his friend. For, in truth, there was in Geoffrey's soul that character of true chivalry "which needs not the guilded spur or knightly oath" to make its owner cling to fidelity as to some sacred obligation. No, he did not understand what seemed the state of the case between these two beings, to him the worthiest in the world ; only until forced to own himself deceived he must continue to believe that Julian was true, and Aurelia worthy of his devotion.

He took his leave, promising to let her know when he should hear from Julian, to whom he secretly resolved to write, and, stating what was currently reported, obtain his own explanation. With this resolve he turned his steps in the direction of home, intending to write and despatch his letter without delay.

But home he was not destined to return that day, which, unknown to him, held within it the unraveling of many a thread connected with the fortunes of Merylin.

TO BE CONTINUED.

CHURCH UNITY.

If ever the Anglican Church is reunited to the Church Catholic, it will hold the name of Lord Halifax in perpetual remembrance. No prelate could show greater zeal for Christian unity than this titled layman, and no apostle could labor more patiently and wholeheartedly. It must be said too that he understands the issue better than most non- Catholics. His article in a late issue of the Pall Mall Magazine closes with these hopeful words

"Who will be the leader in the return to unity. Must there be some one manifest leader? Can there be any permanent union without some one strong centre? We do not know what the providence of God may have in store for His Church — what things, new or old, He may bring forth from the treasures of His wisdom. But, if at I may express my own personal convicim tion, I should say that the course of history points to the Chair of St. Peter as the centre of unity. The Church of Rome possesses in a high degree the qualifications for successful leaderas ship. She combines a rigid hold on every principle once laid down with a wonderful facility in applying principles to cases. . I do not speak of the higher qualities of faith and patience, for I am considering my subnd ect rather in its human aspect. For le some centuries the Church of Rome has been repeatedly negotiating the reunion of various members of the Eastern Church. The results have been disappointing, but disappointments have their lessons. Surely it is not for nothing in the designs of Providence that the Roman Church has gained these stores of experience, ready for use when the time for action comes. When the determination of Christian men to seek peace and ensure it has reached its due development, they will find ready to ild their hands all the resources of the d Apostolic See, whose venerable occupant is even now calling them to a wider love, rousing them to a great ay energy, inspiring them with new hopes and the power of unfailing prayer." We believe that the American view ng of the English aristocracy is none too high. But if there are many titles worn by men of the stamp of Lord Halifax, the American view sadly needs revision. Noble is who nobly does. Lord Halifax is a true nobleman .-Ave Maria.

MAY 2, 1896.

came.

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earth.

THE SPRING IN THE DESERT. | and sweetest things in human life are How Sorrow's Gentle Hand Made Fair a Selfish Heart.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

Old Abel Dunklee was delighted, and truth, little Abel grew older only to become what the doctor had foretoldso was old Abel's wife, when little Abel For this coming they had a cripple. A weakness of the spine many years. God had proswas developed, a malady that dwarfed pered them elsewise ; this one supreme blessing had been withheld. Yet Abel the child's physical growth, giving to his wee face a pinched, starved look, warping his emaciated body, and enhad never despaired. "I shall some time have a son," said he. "I shall call him Abel. He shall be rich; he feebling his puny limbs, while at the same time it quickened the intellectual faculties to the degree of precocity. And so two and three and four years shall succeed to my business, my house. factory, my lands, my fortune-all went by, little Abel clinging to life shall be his." Abel Dunklee this to be a certainty, and with shall with that pathetic heroism, and Old Growly loving that little cripple with this prospect in mind he slaved and ninched and bargained. So when at all the violence of his selfish nature. Not once did it occur to the father last the little one did come it was as that his child might die, that death's seal was already set upon heir to considerable property.

the mishapen little body ; on the con-trary, Old Growly's thoughts were con-The joy in the house of Dunklee was not shared by the community at large. stantly of little Abel's famous future Abel Dunklee was by no means a popu of the great fortune he was to fall heir lar man. Folk had the well defined to, of the prosperous business career he opinion that he was selfish, miserly and was to pursue, of the influence he was If he had not been actually had to wield in the world - of dollars, dol he had never been what the world calls lars, dollars, millions of them which a good man. His methods had been of little Abel was sometime to possess the grinding, sordid order. He had these were old Growley's dreams, and always been scrupulously honest in the he loved to dream them. payment of his debts and in keeping his

word ; but his sense of duty seemed to Meanwhile the world did well by the stop there ; Abel's idea of goodness was old man ; despising him, undoubtedly, to owe no man any money. He never for his avarice and selfishness, but gave a penny to charities, and he constantly pouring wealth, and more never spent any time sympathizing wealth, and ever more wealth, into his with the misfortunes or distresses of offers. As for the old man, he cared other people. He was narrow, close not for what the world thought or said, selfish and hard, so his neighbors and so long as it paid tribute to him ; he the community at large said, and I wrought on as of old, industriously shall not deny that the verdict was shrewdly, hardly, but with this new purpose : to make his little boy happy When a little one comes into this and great with riches. Toys and picture books were vani-

not to be had by riches alone.

As the doctor had in one way inti-

mated would be the case, the child did

Old Growly did not seem to see the

not wax fat and vigorous. Although he always spoke as if he were still liv-

their

many, ah ! many , a lowly sufferer blessed that broken old man for succor

in little Abel's name. And the old

man was indeed much broken ; not

that he has parted with his shrewdness

and acumen, for, as of old, his every

venture prospered ; but in this particu-lar his mind seemed weakened ; that,

as I have said, he fancied his child

ing and incoherent mumblings, of

greatest pleasure appeared now

to be watching over little ones at

indifferent to the presence of those

their company and delighted to view

And so, presently, the children, from

far and wide as old Grampa Growly,

Himself-lay like a priceless pearl.

People forgot that the old man had

ever been other than he was now, and

of course the children never knew

Grampa Growly grew tenderer and

tenderer, and his goodness became a household word, and he was beloved of

little ones, and shared their pleasures,

and sympathized with them in their

griefs, but always repeating that same

old story, beginning with "Once ther'

The curious part of it was this : That

while he implied by his confidences to the children that his own little boy was

dead, he never made that admission to

this custom the old man had great con

that all he gave to and did for charity

man came upon a time and said :

And to the very last he loved the

otherwise.

vere

wuz a littl' boy."

all.

But as for himself, Old

innocent and mirthful play.

lived, that he was given to low mutter-

world of ours, it is the impulse of the people here to bid it welcome, and to ties in which Old Growly never inmake its lot pleasant. When little dulged ; to have extended a farthing Abel was born no such enthusiasm obfor chattels of that character would tained outside the austere Dunklee have seemed to Old Growly like sinful extravagance. The few playthings household. Popular sentiment found vent in an expression of the hope that which little Abel had were such as his the son and heir would grow up to scatter the dollars which old man mother surreptitiously bought ; the old man believed that a child should be Dunklee had accumulated by years of imbued with a proper regard for the relentless avarice and unflagging toil. value of money from the very start, so But Dr. Hardy-he who had officiated his presents were always cash in hand, in an all important capacity upon that and he bought a large tin box for momentous occasion in the Dunklee little Abel, and taught the child how household-Dr. Hardy shook his head to put the copper and silver pieces into wisely, and perhaps sadly, as if he were saying to himself : "No, the child will never do either what the old folk or it, and he labored diligently to impress upon the child of how great benefit that money would be to him by and by. what the other folk would have him do; Just picture to yourself, if you can, he is not long for here." Had you questioned him closely. that fond, foolish, old man seeking to

teach that lesson to that wan-eyed. Dr. Hardy would have told you that pinched-face little cripple ! But little little Abel was as frail a babe as ever Abel took it all very seriously, and was did battle for life. Dr. Hardy would so apt a pupil that Old Growly made surely never have dared say that to great joy and was wont to rub his bony old Dunklee; for in his rapture in the coming of that little boy old Dunklee would have smote the offender who hands gleefully and say to himself "He has great genius-this boy of mine-great genius for finance ! presumed even to intimate that the

But on a day, coming from his facbabe was not the most vigorous as well ory, Old Growly was stricken with as the most beautiful creature upon earth. The old man was simply assotted upon the child, in a selfish horror to find that during his absence from home a great change had come upon his child. The doctor said it was way, undoubtedly, but even this selfish love of that puny little child simply the progress of the disease ; that it was a marvel that little Abel had showed that the old man was capable already held out so long ; that from of somewhat better than his past life had been. To hear him talk you the moment of his birth the seal had been set upon him in that cruel malady which had drawn his face and warped might have fancied that Mrs. Dunklee had no part or parcel of interest in his body and limbs. Then, all at once, their offspring. It was always "my little boy." — Yes, old Abel Dunklee's Old Growly's eyes seemed to be opened to the truth, and like a lightning flash money had a rival in the old man's it came to him that perhaps his pleas heart at last, and that rival was a helpant dreams which he had dreamed of less, shrunken, sickly little babe. his child's future could never be real-Among his business associates Abel ized. It was a bitter awakening, yet Dunklee was familiarly known as Old

amid it all the old man was full of hope, Growly, for the reason that his voice was harsh and discordant, and sounded determination and battle. for all the world like the hoarse growling of an illnatured bear. Abel wa not a particularly irritable person, eyed and listless, in his mother's arms but his slavish devotion to money-gett ing, his indifference to the amenities out with hardly so much as a flutter, of life, his entire neglect of the tender and the hope of the house of Dunklee practices of humanity, his rough, unkempt personality, and his deep, hoarse voice,-these things combined those last moments of the little crip-ple's suffering the father struggled to to make that sobriquet of "Old call back the old look into the fading Growly" an exceedingly appropriate one. And, seemingly, Abel never thought of resenting the slur implied eyes and the old smile into the dear, white face. He brought treasures from his vaults and held it up before therein and thereby; he was too shrewd not to see that, however disthose fading eyes, and promised it all, all, all-everything he possessed, gold, respectful and evil-intentioned the houses, lands - all he had he would phrase might be, it served him to good give to that little child if that little purpose ; for it conduced to that very child would only live. But the fading general awe, not to say terror, which kept people from bothering him with their charitable and sentimental eyes saw other things and the ears that were deaf to the old man's lamentations heard voices that soothed the anguish of that last solemn hour. And But Old Growly abroad and Old so little Abel knew the Mystery. Growly at home were two very differ-Then the old man crept away from ent people. Only the voice was the that vestige of his love, and stood alone The homely, furrowed, wizened in the night, and lifted up his face, same. face lighted up, and the keen, restless and beat his bosom and moaned at the eyes lost their expression of shrewdstars, asking over and over again why ness, and the thin, bony hands that he had been so bereaved. And while he agonized in this wise and cried elsewhere clutched, and clutched and pinched, and pinched for possession, there came to him a voice-a voice so unlimbered themselves in the presence small that none else could hear, a of little Abel, and reached out their voice seemingly from God; for from infinite space beyond those stars it long fingers yearningly and caress-ingly toward the little child. Then sped its instantaneous way to the old the boarse voice would growl a salutaman's soul and lodged there. "Abel, I have touched thy heart. tion that was full of tenderness, for it came straight from the old man's heart; And so, having come into the dark only, had you known how much he ness of night, old Dunklee went back loved the child, you might have thought into the light of day and found life otherwise, for the old man's voice was beautiful; for the touch was in the always hoarse and discordant, and that was why they called him Old Growly. heart. But what proved his love for that puny After that, Old Growly's way of dealing with the world changed. He babe was the fact that every after-He noon, when he came home from the had always been an honest man, honfactory, Old Growly brought his little est as the world goes. But now he boy a dime ; and once, when the little was somewhat better than honest : he was kind, considerate, merciful. fellow had a fever on him from teething, Old Growly brought him a dollar. Next day the tooth came through and People saw and felt the change, and the fever left him, but you could not they knew why it was so. But the make the old man believe but what it pathetic part of it all was that Old was the dollar that did it all. That Growly would never admit-no, not was natural, perhaps; for his life had even to himself-that he was the least been spent in grabbing for money, and changed from his old grinding, hard he had not the soul to see that the best | self.

able tenderness of old : "Once ther' his own ; they were his little boy's-at And with those last sweet words

upon his lips, and with the touch in his thing to lay it to little Abel, of whom heart, the old man went down into the ing. His workmen, his neighbors, his townsmen-all alike felt the gracious-Valley ness of the wondrous change, and ROME'S VIEW OF MANNING.

The English Cardinal Was Hated by

Bureaucrats - Pleaded for Ireland with Leo. XIII.

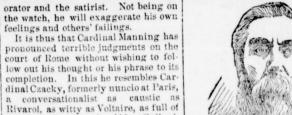
upon here as a wicked deed, writes Innominato, the Rome correspondent of the New York Sun. It is the act under the pretext of being exact and full. I have no intention of analyzing their play. In fact, so changed was he from Old Growly of former years are acquainted with this masterpiece that, whereas he had then been wholly of indiscretion in which all the private papers and sharp sayings of a man little ones upon earth, he now sought are exposed to the public. What interests me is the Roman side

of this literary adventure. The sen-sation which the biographer's revelations have made may be guessed. Cardinal Manning was not loved, he regarding him at first with distrust, came to confide in and love him, and was feared. The Roman bureaucracy in due time the old man was known was afraid of his power, his straight forwardness, his modern democratic and he was pleased thereat. It was ideas. When he came among us the his wont to go every fair day, of an court trembled. He shared the lot of afternoon, into a park hard by his Cardinal Lavigerie, with whom he dwelling, and mingle with the crowd of little folk there, and when they were had traits in common. Whenever the unfolder of Africa appeared at the weary of their sports they used to Propaganda, all, from the cardinal gather about him-some even clamberperfect to the lowest clerk, disappeared. ing upon his knees-and hear him tell everyone trying to keep out of his his story, for he had only one story to way. He accepted neither combinatell, and that was the story that lay next his heart—the story ever and fortions nor temporizing. The moderat ing wisdom of the office exasperated ever beginning with, "Once ther' was a littl' boy." A very tender little him. Bubbling over with ideas, his head full of plans, he demanded either that a new policy should be story it was, too, told very much more sweetly than I could ever tell it ; for it undertaken or some tradition broken was of Old Grampa Growly's own little with. His wrath when he was reboy, and it came from that heart in sisted was terrible. One day he me which the touch - the touch of God an ecclesiastic who opposed him at the doors of his apartments in the Hotel de So you must know that the last years Russei, where, surrounded by all his episcopal household, he poured on him of the old man's life made full atonement for those that had gone before.

violent and impassioned objurgation 'You have betrayed me," he cried out in a voice like that of a patriarch of the desert. "I turn you out!" At another time, having reason to complain of a monsignor who had got away from him an altar shown at the Vati can exhibition of 1888, which he had intended for the cathedral of Carthage, he opened the door of the Pope's study. and, pointing to the prelate, who was or duty, shouted : " There, Holy Father, is a thief !

Cardinal Manning had the same lack of reverence and capacity for com Great men never love rou promise. tine officials, just as courts do not love great men. The world of officials,

ultra-scrupulous, orderly, attached to tradition, dry and hair - splitting others. On the contrary, it was his tradition, wont, as I have said, to speak of little attached to formulas and to statistics Abel as if that child still lived, and, this world without new horizons, fond humoring him in this conceit, it was of its ease and its routine as are all the custom of the older ones to speak always of that child as if he lived and bureaucracies, felt for the illustriou Englishman a deep aversion in which known and beloved of all. In mingled hatred, contempt and admir-It was worth while to listen to ation. tent and solace. For it was his wish these writers of minutes describing the democrat of London, the champion from him, but from Abel, his son, and the democrat of London, the champion of Episcopal liberty, the great protect this was his express stipulation at all or of the Irish, the friend of the poor the initiator of a new political theory such times. I know whereof I speak. for I was one of those to whom the old To them he was a demagogue, a con temner of tradition, a disturber, a "Mv socialist, a revolutionist. The sever little boy-Abel, you know-will give vords, the cruel stories of Cardinal me no peace till I do what he requires. Manning, printed and spoiled by Mr He has this sum of money which he Purcell, will not change the views of has saved in his bank, count it yourselves, it is \$50,000, and he bids me our bureaucrats.



brilliant ideas as the Abbe Galiani. One of his intimate friends once said to The unclad biography of Cardinal me: "The Polish Cardinal cannot Manning, by a Mr. Purcell, is looked keep down a bright saying ; he will get himself disliked.

In spite of the rivalries which arise in the path of men of action, Rome of a traitor, of a madman or of a lover preserves the recollection of the car-of scandal to drag his hero out into dinal's services. Like Leo XIII., he dinal's services. Like Leo XIII., he child of his, and that his the public place in his dressing gown had "something of the future in his A democrat, he exercised a strong influence on the Pope. The great masterthoughts of the encyclical "Rerum Novarum" are borrowed from the English Archbishop and from Cardinal Gibbons. I shall always re-member the intellectual delight of Leo XIII. when he showed a trusty friend Cardinal Manning's letter telling him of the impression it had made, and of the comments of the newspapers, and said : " Manning under The next day stands and helps me." he sent the report to the Catholic journals for them to extract articles from it. It is this intimate working together of Leo XIII. and of the cardi nal that has given the Papacy its social character. The greatness o the Pope will be the greatness of the cardinal. More free, committing only himself, living in a land open to all currents of thought, Manning has gone beyond Rome, which, we must never forget, is a moderating force. But in the social matter, Rome has followed close upon the democratic prophet, and this coincident action will have farreaching consequences in the history of ideas and facts. If Cardinal Man ning had been a Roman, he would have been the Consalvi of Leo XIII. They would have quarrelled often, and would have always become reconciled in the presence of a great idea and a noble reform.

QUIET MOMENTS.

The secret of success is to know how to deny yourself. If you once learn to get the whip hand of yourself, that is the best educator. Prove to me that you can control yourself, and I'll say you're an educated man ; and withou this all other education is next to nothing. The revelations of the saints teach us that hell's most fiery abysses are set aside for bad Catholics, have known Jesus and despised His

Passion. In all probability there are men there whom we have seen, to whom we have spoken, with whom we have lived, and whom we have loved.

The difficulties in our daily path were not intended to stop us, to make as give up, to faint, or turn back. They were meant solely for us to overcome, and the power to do it waits only When we overcom upon our will. hem we acquire their strength. If we allow them to overcome us they take away ours. Therefore, our mission, our destiny, is to overcome them. Seen in this light, the obstacle which seemed formidable to me yesterday possess no terror to day. "You are nothing but a thing for me to over come," cried my will, and its shout of triumph is but the forerunner of it victory through divine help.

We often hear it said that the battle of eternal life is a hard one. We are But if the Sixtus V. of England was told that it is a very difficult matter But little Abel drooped and drooped, and he lost all interest in other things, and he was content to lie, drooping-boy Abel, you know-that I will give eved and listless. in his mother's arms part to work out our salvation. But when we take into consideration the countless mercies of God ; the innumerable graces that are constantly be stowed on us, I say it is not a difficult thing to be lost. God desires our salvation. That a Catholic may succeed in damning himself requires a greater effort than in working out his eternal salvation. Seek if you will your own destruction, but at every step you take God's graces will meet you, and you must ignore them to carry out the plan of your destruction.

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THE CATHOLIC RECORD

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\$50,000 more. You shall have it when him, used him, as they loved, admired all day. At last the little flame went out with hardly so much as a flutter, in eighteen months' time he handed us Whenever Leo XIII. studies a ques the rest of the money, and when we was dissipated forever. But even in told him that the place was to be called the Abel Dunklee hospital he was sorely distressed, and shook his head, and said : "No, no-not my name! Call it the Little Abel Hospital, for little Abel-my boy, you know-has done it all.

The old man lived many yearslived to hear tender voices bless him, and to see pale faces brighten at the sound of his footfall. Yes, for many years the quaint, shuffling figure moved about our streets, and his hoarse, but kindly voice-oh, very kindly now !- was heard repeating to the children that pathetic old story o

'Once ther' wuz a littl' boy." And where the dear old feet trod grass grew greenest, and the sunbeams nestled. But at last there came a summons for the old man-a summon from away off yonder-and the old man heard it and went thither.

The doctor - himself hoary and stooping now-told me that toward the last Old Grampa Growly sunk into a sort of sleep, or stupor, from which they could not rouse him. For many hours he lay like one dead, but his thin, creased face was very peaceful. and there was no pain. Children tiptoed in with flowers, and some cried bitterly, while others-those who were younger-whispered to one another Hush, let us make no noise ; Old Grampa Growly is sleeping."

At last the old man roused up. H had lain like one dead for many hours, on Mr. but now at last he seemed to wake of a before the public the private observasudden, and, seeing children about him, perhaps he fancied himself in that irritation, he will not explain anything. Before the fire-place, with their backs so often he had told his one pathetic to the mantel, great men like to let story to those little ones. Leastwise he themselves out. It is the digestion of made a feeble motion as if he would the mind. When the man is witty and have the gather nearer, and, seem sarcastic he will forget himself, he will ing to know his wish, the children let slip biting words, he will talk of ged from his old grinding, hard came closer to him. Those who were men's egotism and of their wit in this nearest heard him say with the ineff. artistic cut phrases that mark the

tion, before coming to a definite con-clusion he consulted the "grand old man " of Westminster. If he did not hearken to his sober, rough frankness he was sorry for it. But, at times, the interests of the Holy See did not fit in with the personal ideas of the Cardinal. and then Rome acted according to its own lights, for moral powers are always regulated by the laws of history and by reasons higher than pass

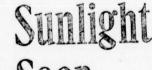
ing contingencies. Therefore in the matter of Ireland Leo XIII. did not follow in everything the information and entreaties from the "moral king "of the Irish. With what ardor he defended that holy and noble cause ! How he lashed the utili-

tarian bureaucracy ! With what breadth of views did he mark out for the Pope the main lines of the new ecclesiastical policy ! In his memor ble report of 1883, a historical docu ment of the first order, he said to Leo X111. : " Give up the policy of concor dats and nuncios ; ally yourself with the people ; let the Bishops alone be your representatives and the informers of the Holy See." That was the cen-tral idea of his life, the dominating impulse in his mind. Thanks to this loyal openness of mind and heart which Leo XIII. sought, for the Pope, like all truly great men, was eager to know the truth, Leo XIII. shaded, altered, modified the line of Rome's policy toward Ireland, and likewise

changed the tone of his entire Pontifical government. It is treachery Purcell's part to throw tions of the Cardinal. He will cause

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