SHEDSKIN **20 TIMES**

My little boy brokeout with an itching rash I tried three doctors and medical college but be kept getting worse. There was not one square inch of skin on his whole body unaffected. He was one mass of sores, and the stench was frightfal. In removing the bandages they would take the skin with them, and the poor child's screams were heart-breaking. After the second application of CUTICURA (ointment) I saw signs of improvement, and the sores to dry up. His skin peeled off twenty times, but now he is entirely cured. ROB'T WATTAM, 4728 Cook st., Chicago, Ill.

SPEEDY CUBE TREATMENT FOR EVERY BABY HUMOR, WITH LOSS OF MARE. Warm baths with CUTICERA SOAP, followed by gentle anomings with CUTICURA, pures of emollient skin curse. Sold throughout the world. POTTER DEUG AND CHEM. CORP., Props., Boston. How to Cure Baby Humors, Iree.

GLENCOE.

GLEAUUE. FOR THE LOVE OF GOD. HELP THIS extremely poor Highland mission, estab-lished near the spot where the Macdonalds were barbarously massacred in 1692 by the troops of William of Orange. The congregation (twenty families only) is too small and too poor to maintain its pastor. The Bishop cf the diocese (Argvil and the lale) 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, Giencoe, Scotland.

INDIAN MISSIONS.

ARCHDIOCESE OF ST. BONIFACE

MAN. MAN. T HAS EECOME A NECESSITY TO appeal to the generosity of Catholics throughout Canada for the maintenance and development of our Indian Mission. The re-sources formerly at our command have in great part failed us, and the necessity of a vigorous policy imposes theif at the present moment, owing to the good dispositions of most of the pagan 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 Archishishop of 5t. Boniface. or with the undersigned who has been specially charged with the promotion of this work. Our Missions may be assisted in the following manne:

Yearly subscriptions, ranging from \$5 to

Contry superpluons, ranging from \$5 to 20.
 Legacies by testament (payable to the Archbishop of >L Boniface).
 Clothing, new or second hand, material for clothing, for use in the Indian schools.
 Promise to clothe a child, either by far-nishing material, or by paying \$1 a month in case of a strl, \$1.50 in case of a boy.
 Devoting one's seif to the education of Indian children by accepting the charge of attached.
 Beinering a Baliginge finder of monthing and the second second second second second targets.

Entering a Religious Order of men of

6. Entering a Religious Order of mer. Or women specially devoide to work among the Indians; e.g. (for North-Western Canada) the Oblate Eathers, the Grey Nuns of Montreal, the Franciscan Nuns (Que see), etc. Donationseither in money or clothing should be addressed to His Grace Archbishop Lange-vin, D. D., st. Boniface, Man. or to Rev. C. Cahill, O. M. I., Rat Portage, Ont. C. Cahill, O. M. I., Indian Missionary.



THE CATHOLIC RECORD

portraits of Paul.

have something more." "I am afraid," said Paul gravely

"strengthens your case considerably." "I don't know," the Count answered

dubiously. "It may one way and it may not another. He is sincere, and yet ap-prehends trouble from discovering him-

elf. It does not matter-FOR THE PRES

He went out reciting his favorite max-

Russian.

im and haste

vo faces that haunted him, the

of Ruth, and the cruel visage of the spy.

Peter's anxieties and mutterings drew madame's attention to the matter took a kindly interest in the lonel

up oftener with Peter and was very witty

im with the force of a tornado. Madame

Sh

lonely poet

roaring encouragement at his friend, until the band broke loose and sat upon all rivalry with a completeness that made the Count feel as if he were eating that awe-

"Down South they call this a barbe-cue," the Squire shouted at him across the table, where he struggled with a roast standing; " this is, of course, a lettle By John Talbot Smith, author of "Brother Azarias," "A Woman of Culture," His Honor the Mayor," "Saranac," etc. They went down the street to the dock

SOLITARY ISLAND.

A STORY OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

CHAPTER XV.-CONTINUED.

below the depot, and in a few minutes Florian had hired a boat and hoisted the

Florian had hired a boat and noisted the sail to a favorable breeze. A few loung-ers stood on the shore and watched curi-ously the ordinary human motions of so queer creatures as a politician and a count. They soon left the river and entered the curved channel which passed into the Bay of Tears. And like a trans-formation approach a partow passage. in

into the bay of leafs. And master in the formation scene the narrow passage, in which the waters mingled their murmurs with the sighing of the trees, widened on the instant into a glorious bay where the waters slept in the sunlight and a silver-

ophy." "Nonsense!" the Count said, " on the

but not a devotee." "Then he has taken to his life from a

love of it, and not because a companion was struck dead by lightning at his side or because he had already exhausted the

"I would like to hear himself answe

"What do you call this ?" said the

Count, holding up a delicate handkerchief between his thumb and finger. "Was

it not one such that damned poor Des

demona?" "As I live," replied Florian, examining

which had been worked with colored silk

at one corner, and the color had faded

so much of the child."

Walton reverently.

world

standing; "this is, of course, a letter milder." "Oh! considerably milder," said an ancient, "considerable, Squire." "Ya'as," drawled another. "I suppose it's only a shadow of a real barbecne. The Southerners air apt to dew things with a rush, bein' a lette fiery." "That's where you'd see fun," the Squire continued. "But still this is a pretty good specimen of a high old time. the reason of the visit." And it so happened that Paul received Florian's card the same evening and was introduced to the Count. After some de-sultory conversation Vladimir broached the subject of his visit and showed the rootrails of Paul. pretty good specimen of a high old time. Of course with—

A burst from the band crushed the words back into his mouth. The Squire continued to roar, and the Count nodded continued to roar, and the Count nodded politely while pretending not to see his neighbor carry off his green peas. The gentleman had said: "Seein' as you don't take to them 'ear. I'll try 'em.'' After a time Vladimir passed into a dreamy state in which he seemed to be the center of a revolving machine. He rather liked it on the whole, and as the motion grew slower and slower he began to realize that the table was cleared, the Y ankees satisfied, and Florian was speak-

white mist lingered in the air. Even the indifferent Count was touched. "Your hermit has a royal dwelling," said he. " when such a vestibule leads to "We shall see," Florian replied. A short run up the Canadian side of the river brought them to the landing-place.

Yankees satisfied, and Florian was speak-ing in the midst of a great and pleasant river brought them to the landing place. "This is the royal residence," said he to the Count as they anchored. To the dis-appointment of both, the hermit was not at home, but everything was in its old place, even the copy of Izaak Walton; and Florian saw with delight the "beence of the was of the had heen gone but a day." Some comic singing followed silence. Some comic singing followed, there was a general handshaking, of which he had a share, and finally he was conducted to the quiet of the Wallace Florian saw with delight the "bsence of change, as if he had been gone but a day! "This is the nearest approach to etern-ity that man can make. There has been no change here in twenty years, and I sup-pose the furniture of his brain and his heart are in the same placid condition. Such a man endures death with philos-onby."

"How did you like it ?" said Florian,

How did you like it " said Florian, when they had changed their clothing and sat looking at the sun shedding his latest glories on the river. " I feel as if I had been through a cam-"I feel as if I had been through a cam-paign. If my greatest enemy had done this his revenge could not have been more complete. We have been here but twenty-four hours. I feel as if it had been

contrary, he is always unprepared for so violent a change. With me, a worldling, death is one of those incidents which "We go to-morrow," said Florian with sigh. "I would like it to lest former?" "We go to morrow, said Tohan with a sigh. "I would like it to last forever." "Since it can't," answered the Count solemnly, "amen." makes life charming. There is a risk in holding life's jewel. Now, this hermit, as I suppose, is wildly virtuous, an ascetic—" solemnly, No. no. He is sedate, stoical, serious

CHAPTER XVI.

ROSSITER'S LUCK. A coolness arose between Florian and the poet after Ruth's departure. Without any clear reason for it, the two men avoided each other, and drifted utterly apart by degrees. Ruth's face began to those insinuations. It would take all your cynicism and wit to match him. Above all men he despises an indifferent-

hannt the poet once more; some words from gossipers on her conversion had waked from a transient sleep a fancy he had thought dead and buried. He did had thought dead and burled. If did not care to indulge the fancy, partly from pride, mostly because the world was not treating him well at that moment. Work was scarce, and money scarcer. Fatigue and worry had told upon him, and just there coursed scarching which put a finand worry had told upon him, and just then occurred something which put a fin-ishing touch to his misery. Returning from a tiresome interview with a manag-er he stopped for a moment to look at a shop window, and became conscious of some one staring at him rudely from within. He looked up. The same dis-agreeable face which had haunted Wash-ington and Clayburgh so unpleasantly There were no marks by which its owner might be known, but the keen eyes of the Count detected the letter "W" at one corner, and the color had faded. "An initial belonging to yon," said he, pointing it out. Florian looked at it thoughtfully for a few moments. "It is just possible," he said, press-ing the handkerchief to his lips," that this is a relic of Linda-poor Linda! If so it would be a pity to deprive him of what must be dear to him. He thought so much of the child." ington and Clayburgh so unpleasantly had fastened its intent, evil gaze on him had fastened its intent, evil gaze on him. Although he went on his way cheerfully afterwards, he did not know what a pow-er this face had of reproducing itself in the memory, until it had remorselessly haunted him twenty-four hours. It came up at every turn of thought, luminous and frightful. "I wonder what it means?" he said to Peter one evening. Peter had been He put it between the leaves of Izaak

'Now for the reception," he said, as Peter one evening. Peter had been speaking with an energy born of liquor and he had brought down his fist several they set sail for the town. A crowd had gathered on one of the wharves, and a band was playing under the shadow of innumerable flage and times on the table after asserting that something was diabolical. "What does it mean?" cried he. "It means that banners, while cheering, shouts, and yells were faintly borne over the water. A carriage was in waiting and they took the It mean ?" cried ne. "It means that you're no man, or ye wouldn't sit there and see him walk off with Frances before yer two eyes, you omadhaun !" " Who ?" said the poet in wide-eyed last place in a procession of which the band had the first, and did it justice. ' said the poet in wide-eyed

Nicholas. wonder. "That gizzard, of course," snarled

Peter. "On that track again, hey? Pshaw, Peter! I don't care for Frances, nor she

than running the risk of having a crime laid to his charge ?" "Yes," said Vladimir ; " but he has an

no immediate harm done, but between ye, ye are killin' the b'y." "Oh !" said madame, "one of your freaks, I suppose." " A woman of your years an' experi-ence," said Peter, looking at her with un-easy glances, "ought to be better able to get at the botton o' things than ye are, instead o' leaving such work to be done "Yes," said Vladimir; " but he has an idea you could not be bought. You Americans have such a greed for titles." "For our own," said Florian, " not for yours. I would sell my princeship for a reasonable sun, and buy a governorship here, which would be more to me than anything in a European kingdom. Will you call on the poet? And if so, what will be your plan of action?" "I shall call on him and frankly state the reason of the visit." instead o' leaving such work to be done by your boarders. There's no use break ing your neck running over the city to find out the cause o' Paul's illness, when it's here in the house, as large as a young lady can be."

It's here in the house, as large as a young lady can be." Madame sat provokingly quiet await-ing the point of his eloquence. "Can't you see that he's in love with your daughter?" said Peter angrily. "No," said madame composedly; "is

portraits of Paul. " It is a very good picture of me," said the poet coolly, but it can be no more than an accidental resemblance." " Would you have any objections," the Count politely asked, " to give me means of satisfying my employer by document-ary evidence that you are not the man he seaks?" he? "Nothing less than marrying her will cure him; an' it's a shame to have her waiting for the good pleasure of the man without a heart, with a real live poet wast-ing away in a garret because of her. He'd write beautiful verses for her all her life, while from the Congressman divil a thing else she'll hear but dry speeches an' the like."

"I have been through the mill," said Florian, " and I can do the Count the jus-tice of saying that his conduct has been that of a gentleman. For him your word is sufficient, but the Prince Louis must here constitute more ". "Did Mr. Rossiter tell you he was in

"Did Mr. Kossiter tell you he was in love with Frances, and commission you to plead his cause for him?" "Ay, that he did, ma'am; for no one ever stood his friend as well as Peter. When he was feeling bad over his own weakness who else would he choose? 'Never mind,' says I, T'll let out the cause of it;' an' he thanked me with two tears in his eves. If there's a heart in ve at " that the Prince as well as the Count must be content with my simple word. There is nothing in my history that justiin his eyes. If there's a heart in ye at all ye'll see that he's rescued from the grave by giving him Frances. She's crazy fies the slightest hope that I can be the man. The past I prefer to leave undis turbed. I am sorry that I cannot oblige

grave by giving him Frances. She scharg after him, the poor girl." "Have you spoken of this to others?" said Madame icily. "No; I think not. I might have

turbed. I am sorry that I cannot oblige you." There was some agitation in his man-ner, but his determination was evident and the Count could only express his re-grets. Florian did not dare to hint in Vladimir's presence that a score of de-tectives would probably be soon at work to lay bare the story of his life, and the conversation drifted into other channels until the poet took his leave. While his footsteps echoed in the hall there was a short silence. "If you ever do," said Madame, "it will be your ruin. My interest in Mr. Rossiter ceases from this instant, and he must depart at once from this house. Such an insult to my daughter—such a poor, ungentlemanly return for a'l my kindness. It is shameful." short silence. "Rossiter's conduct," said Florian. Peter walked out stupid from humilia-

The effects of his interference were direful. Madame and her daughter ceased to visit the attic, and Paul received the intimation that as soon as convenien

the attic would be let to a more desirable lodger. There was, of course, an instant demand for explanation. Paul, looking body. wofully pale and wretched, came down from his room and begged to know if this was of a piece with his other misfortunes. Madame explained in a distant way,

in of human philosophy with a smiling face and gay air. At home, the gentle-man whose peculiar features had already caused so much disturbance in many places was waiting for him, and began to which set Paul laughing as he pictured to himself the manner in which Peter must have executed his self-imposed task. He speak in a low sullen, dull way before greeting him. The conversation was in declared earnestly that he had never spoken of such a thing even in jest, and had no deeper regard for Frances than he Have you found out something new " have you found on a "one-time in gives about this young man?" "Nothing," said Vladimir; "he is what he is and no more." "He is the son of Prince Paul," said the other, angrily; "no one can deceive me. His name is Paul, is it not?" had for herself. It pained him to see had for hersen. It paned him to see that while Madame accepted his declara-tion, she did not withdraw her note nor drop the unusual coldness of her manner, while his request to apologize to Frances

was politely ignored. Hereturned to his room, weighed down

me. His name is Paul, is it not?" "Yes, but he is not the man I think. You were so certain about Wallace; why with sadness, but outwardly cheerful. One must carry his cross with a good "Give me his native place. We are heart. His possessions were few and his wardrobe limited. He packed up a few delaying too much. Give me his native place, and I will do it all in a day. Give me whatever you have found out about

Mardrobe limited. He packed up a few articles that evening, locked the door, and gave the key to the servant, with instruc-tions to have the furniture sold and the money given to Madame. He had tried vainly to see Peter. On a chilly, but clear night in early spring, he went out into the streets of New York almost a beggar, as he had once entered the city, having no place to lay his head, entirely bereft of friends save among the poor, sad and downcast, but still full of the hope which had always been his chief capital. He had enough money to assist him in carrying out his designs. He needed change of scene and rest, and he had de-cided that a few months spent in the The Count silently and contemptuously lit a cigar and sat down comfortably under a most malignant glare from the " My dear Nicholas," he said blandly, "you are too quick and too impertinent. I found out nothing concerning this princeling, save that he had nothing to tell. You will have to begin from the be ginning "-Nicholas made a gesture of despair-" but you are sharp, you are un-wearied, you are devoted, and you will find it all soon enough." "What do you think of him?" said cided that a few months spent in the country districts, travelling, as only the impecunious know how to travel, out in the open air, among the mountains and

" I think nothing, it lies between these "Then this Paul is the man," he inter-rupted. "I knew the father — I knew them all, father and son. There is a not altogether cast down, and hed not altogether cast down, and had no other. I live alone among these islands not altogether cast down, and had he of other. I he alone allong these islands, suicidal tendencies, nor even a very an when I've done prayin' for myself I many pleasant incidents ahead of him which, with the bracing air of night, gave his blood a new energy of flow. He took a northward train, and near memory are lower to pray in 'to' and 'to' them all, father and son. There is a quick way to settle this matter." And he made a murderous gesture with his arm. "Too fast," the Count replied, shaking his head; "that trick is too new in this country to be played safely, although if any one could do it cunningly you are that one. No, Nicholas, you must be more careful of your master's character. he took a hornward train, and near morning was landed at a pretty village half-way up the Hudson. It was not a pleasant hour for entering a town, the air being chilly and the sunstill in bed along with the villagers. Officials were sleepy, impolite, and the silent, echoing streets, he aboutly spires and eminences, had a and question, and thus attempted to de-stroy it, starting down the steps to his canoe; but the poet caught him and held He relies on you chiefly. There must be no blood cast on his honorable name." him, looking into his face with a fixed "There are ways of killing without shedding blood," said Nicholas — " with-out steel or rope—if 1 might try." earnest look, not without a suspicion of I must go with you," he said, "for I the ghostly spires and eminences, had a know you now. Florian often spoke of you. In old times those sick of the world came to men like you for help and conso-lation. I am sick of it. You must take heavy influence on a heavy heart. The bells of a distant convent were ringing, and, smiting softly on his ear, brought a flush to his pale cheeks. He turned his The Count pretended not to hear him and went off into an inner room, while with an evil smile the man departed to execute his mission. It might have been steps towards the sound. His thoughts went back to that happier time when Ruth's face had first stirred in him aspirme with you. You will bear half my a result of this conversation that matters began to get worse with Rossiter. He troubles." "You're a little crazy," said Scott. "I have nothing to do with your kind." And he laughed at the man's feeble grip. "Nothing?" repeated Paul, following him to the cance. "You have nothing to a midle with the second s seemed to have discovered all at once : ations and fancies. It had been many months since she stood in the world. She was hiding in the convent whose bells brought the blood to his cheek and knack of offending his few patrons, and in spite of Peter's efforts and his own, it became more and more difficult to earn the pittance that supported him. His him to the cance. "You have nothing to do with such as 1? Why it was just such a sorrow as mine, perhaps, which drove you to this solitude. Let me be your disthe pittance that supported him. quickened his unconscious step. What she was doing there he had never heard; why he was visiting the place he had not strength and spirit were leaving hin together. Hack-work was a treadmill t his soul, and when at last employers b ciple. We are alike in many ways. The hermit looked at him again sharpasked himself, but a vague longing to see as to sprinkle their stingy crusts with ashes as they handed them out, he stayed at home, and dreamed for hours of the her again and to learn something definite

JANUARY 28, 899.

grounds, sketching the buildings and looking with moist eyes towards that part where the novices spent their leisure hours. Insensibly his thoughts strayed away into dreamland, and he began to away into dreamiand, and he began to draw on a bit of bristol-board the out-lines of Ruth's face as he had seen it last, very troubled, yet shining with the light of a new-born grace. He looked at his finished work, grief-stricken, yet patient. Was he never to whisper into her ears the secret of his heart? Never! For hearter more noble than he had claimed inished wors, st. Was he never to whisper into her cars the secret of his heart? Never! For Another more noble than he had claimed her, and he could but write around the chill outline his name and hers inter-chill outline his name and hers inter-twined, with the words, "I love you," twined, with the words, "I love you,"

twined, with the words, "I love you," twisted about in every fashion. The sun rose hot and red in the noonday sky, and hunger drove him to the village. He left the bit of bristol-board in the convent grounds, nor did he miss it until the next grounds, nor did he miss it until the hext morning when he was many a mile from the place. He would have returned for it on the instant but that he remembered the rain-storm of the preceding night. The sketch lying six hours in the rain would now be a mass of unsightly pulp He had no fixed plans for his journey He had no fixed plans for his journey. He went wherever fancy and circumstance led him, and wandered for months by the Hudson, on the shores of Lake George and Lake Champlain, along the St. Law. rence, and among the Thousand Islands —places ittle frequented in those days. His arrival at Clayburgh was pure acci-dent, but once there he awoke to sudden interest in Ruth's home. He had not dent, but once there he awoke to sudden interest in Ruth's home. He had not interest in Kuth's home. He had hot improved much in his open-air tramp-ings. Whether his heavy heart retarded recovery, neutralizing the effect of change of scene, fresh air, and exercise, or his carelessness led him into fresh disorders, the day at least which found him looking or Clarbrach from the ton of the island on Clayburgh from the top of the island described in the opening chapter was a day of special physical misery to him. And this was the village where she had lived and grown to a sweet womanhood ! How pretty its spires looked in the morn-ing sun, and how fresh the wind which blew from it to him ! He sat under the shade of the stunted tree with his eye fixed gloomily on the water, and won-dered when his present self was to end. He was depressed enough to wish that it would find its conclusion here. ived and grown to a sweet womanhood ! would find its conclusion here. She was lost to him forever, and he would rest

"Sick," said a voice beside him. Scott was standing there. "No," he answered, " not sick in

The sigh which followed the words told the poet's story very plainly, and Scott studied his pale face with attentive inter-

est. He somewhat resembled Florian. Usually the hermit leftstrangers to themselves as speedily as possible. Now he said : "When sorrows begin to knock a man

down it's part of his nature that he should knock down in turn. If he doesn't he must expect a kickin' as well. I dunno but he deserves it. Paul looked up in surprise, and for the

first time surveyed his companion. He saw nothing, however, to astonish him, but the words of the hermit rang in his

ears pleasantly. "Easy to talk," said he, " but cleverly said. It is like meeting a friend to hear such words; and I have no friends." "None?" said the other distrustfully.

'A man must have done some pretty mean things to get like that.

mean things to get fike that. "Perhaps the meanest thing I did was to run away from misfortune instead of facing it and letting it do its worst. The friends I had God took from me for a friends I had God took from me for a good purpose which I have been slow to acknowledge. Never mind. I will go back to New York soon. I thought I was d ying; that my tide of fortune, not taken at the full, was ebbing. It was a mis-take. I shall return, no doubt." " A man sometimes runs too far," was d ryly said, " to make gittin' back safe or necessary. Find a good battleground

to make gittin' back safe of Find a good battleground necessary. Find a good battleground here, and wait for your enemies." Paul looked at him a long time in silent

hought, and then at the him. "What do you do for a living?" "Fish, hunt, plough for myself an' no mained on this account an unpra non communing Methodist until

JANUALY 24, 18913

A TALE FROM THE MISSIONS. Interesting Experiences of Father [Price Among the Non-Catholics of North Carolina,

Under the heading "Reports from the Field," the Missionary, the official organ of the Catholic Missionary Union, prints interesting accounts of the experiences of the zealous priests engaged in the great work of converting non Catholics. In the Epiphany number of the publication first place is given to a communication from the gifted Father Price, who is laboring in North Carolina. The priest's narrative makes delightful and instructive

reading. He writes : "In the village of Newton Grove, Sampson county, in the east centre of North Carolina, I recently gave a mis-sion to non-Catholics. This place is old battling ground for me, for it was for several years one of the numerous stations of which I was pastor. The mission began November 20th and continued two weeks, and I am now engaged in gathering whatever of the immediate fruit I can. I preached on lectured and instructed every day during those two weeks, Saturdays ex At 11 o'clock the service cepted opened, usually after 1 o'clock they At times the audiences wer large enough to pack the church. U to the present ten souls have been re ceived into the Church, twenty fiv others are under instruction. Mor are likely to follow,

"Of those who have been baptize one is a prominent politician-th county chairman of the Republica county chairman of the hepdonical party. He has been well pursuaded the truth of the Church for man years. His final submission was we during the mission. Of those who a under instruction one is a substanti farmer, one of the most honored an respected in the whole county. The were two circumstances which most helped my work ; one was a marriag the other a burial.

"A Catholic marriage is a ra A Canonic marriage is a ra-scene in this country, but here we h a double wedding of two profession men, both doctors, and a nuptial Ma with two priests present! The wh country for twenty miles arou swarmed to the church. I made use the occasion for all it was worth, an had in corsequence five candidates baptism after the services.

A WEDDING FEAST OF CONVERTS "At the wedding dinner that da sat down to the table with some fift or twenty guests, nearly all of wh were Catholics and every Catholi convert ! After the wedding and brides and grooms had been discu satis superque, each one began to the story of his or her convers And with what grateful hearts recognized the mercy of God to th Most of them had come to the Churc the ordinary way. First, their judices were abated by seeing s thing of the Church ; then they be to study, then were convinced, instructed and received. Three been afflicted with no prejudices.

One of these saw and fell in with the Church at first sight, en and has faithfully suffered from fr and relations ever since.

The second had seen somethi the church service when a child thought it a good opera. Years she became a Methodist, but stud her Bible carefully she became vinced of the reality of our Lord' sence in the Eucharist, though a time she knew nothing of the Ca teaching. Minister after minist consulted for explanation, with a isfactory result. For five years

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the ride was short. They were trans-terred to a hotel balcony, which gave them the opportunity of seeing their ad-mirers in an agony of exhaustion, sitting on the curbstones of the street, on barrels and boxes and staircases, and leaning out of windows in heart-breaking attitudes, while the sun beat down on them, and the band blared about and through them, dividing with the Count the attention of the multitude. Everyone was red, and everyone had a handkerchief with which he mopped and reddened the more his he mopped and reddened the more his perspiring face. Only one cool, shaded spot stood in view, on the opposite side of the street, where under a protecting can-opy sat the well-dressed leading ladies of the town, headed by the Reverend Mrs. Buck, and leveling opera-glasses at the titled victim of one part of this ovation. When the brase bundhed wound up its When the brass band had wound up its listurbance with one prolonged crash of powerful melody the Squire stepped for-ward amid cheers. With his back to went. Florian and his face to the crowd he welsomed to his native town this admirable pecimen of the political youth of the ime, congratulated him on the eminence he had won in the service of his country prophesied his future glories and the glories he would reflect on Clayburgh, and pledged to him the eternal, the undying, the immortal, solid, uninterrupted fidelity and esteem of the citizens of the town. Amid a second round of cheering Florian took his place and endeavored to out-adjective the Squire in one of his most tell-ing spread-eagle speeches. There was some mixed speaking afterwards on the

part of noteworthy elders anxious to put their opinions on record, to whom the crowd paid no attention, but, with many wishes that the dinner might not inter fere with their talking powers, and with considerable laughing scattered home wards, while the tired and heated Coun was led into the dining-room and placed at his seat amid a hubbub too horrible for

lescription. These hot, red-faced perspiring Yankees were still full of spirits and appetite. It was dreadful to see what hungry looks they cast at the dishes, as if the noise and confusion of the procession and the speech-making were incentives to appe-tite. Knives, tongnes and dishes chat-tered in unison; waiters ran hither and thither, in and out, tripped and sprawled, as if their reputations depended on the absurdities they were performing; the elders unset gravy bowls and vinegar cruets with social equanimity; everything was put on the table at once; every body shouted his thoughts to his neighbor; steam rose from every dish like a cloud, and around each man's plate was grouped an army of smaller dishes, to which his neighbor helped himself with genial free-dom! In the center sat the Honorable

Florian, the cause of all the trouble, calm. cool and elegant, full of good spirits, his pleasant voice rising above the din and

We couldn't live on the same or me. loor without quarrelling.

"Before marriage, perhaps," said Peter, but after-" A knock at the door but after "but after—" A knock at the door interrupted him, and he opened it to ad-mit the servant bearing a card for Mr.

"Read it," said Paul.

Peter took up the card and read : " 'Mr. Wallace's compliments to Mr. Rossiter. Would he favor Mr. Wallace Rossiter. by coming to his room to meet the Count Vladmir Behrenski, a noted litterateur, anxious to make your acquaintace? What new trick is this ?"

"I'm going down," said Paul, and h

The resemblance between Paul and Florian has been spoken of, and it was a notable circumstance with their acquaintances. At the first sight the more deli-cate physique and lighter complexion of the poet did not make the likeness striking or impressive, but on acquaintance it increased forcibly, and the invariable question was, are they brothers or relat-ives? When Florian saw for the first time the features of his supposed father, the Prince, in portraits, he was struck by the remarkable likeness to Paul Rossiter. Of this fact he said nothing to the Count nntil that gentleman had been satisfied as to his identity with the son of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace. When they had returned o New York, and he was one day at the Count's residence, he asked to see the portrait of the Russian prince once more. "There is a young gentleman at Ma-There is a young gentleman at Ma-ame Lynch's " he said, " who looks dame nore like this picture than I do. He has the prince's eyes and hair, which I have

and quarrelsome to raise his spirits From these kindly visits Peter evolved a " But you have the soul of the prince in our face," said the Count shrewdly, which he has not." bright syllogism whose conclusion struck our

Then you know of his existence?'

and her daughter were about to take ad-vantage of Paul's weakness and arrange "Then you know of his existence: said Florian. "I heard of it yesterday," the Count replied, indifferently, "and I was about to ask for an introduction. I have a pre-sentiment that the son of the exiled prince will be found in either of you." "What I have you not gotten over your the long-deterred marriage of the young "What! have you not gotten over your infatuation in my regard? Were you not satisfied with the Wallace credentials?"

" Highly satisfied. But I spoke only of entiment. soul into cheerfulness, and then Peter's "When I first saw this portrait," said Florian, "I said to myself, this is the post—for he is a poet, you know. But I

thought it best to settle my own claims first, as I had a secret hope that I might be the princely child you sought." "Ah," said the Count, " you are eager out withhave only yourselves to blame for it." "Do you mean Mr. Rossiter?" said

for assassination. "Pshaw !" said Florian, " wouldn't the Prince of Cracow prefer buying me off madame terribly frightened. of one who had unconsciously filled a large space in his life urged him on. He ly. "Are you in earnest?" he said coldly. "If so, come. Put in practice the first rule of this place—silence." Wordless the poet entered the canoe, knew that she thought of him with gratin he

tude. He had been the first to ope eyes to her real position, and she fel whatever of happiness her new life had given her was owing in fair measure to him. After Mass he called upon the Suand the prow was turned toward Eel Bay. TO BE CONTINUED.

Much good as the Printed Word un-

What She Believes.

was happy to be of service to him, and called on him to assure him of her sym-pathy and to promise her influence in getting him a position; and Frances came

"Some years ago," he said, "a lady friend of mine came here to reside. She was a Miss Pendleton, a Protestant, who had leanings towards the faith. I have heard so little of her since that time that I am anxious to know what has becom

of her." "Miss Pendleton," said the mother superior, smiling, "is now Sister St. Clare, a novice in our order. She has been a Catholic almost since her arrival, been a Catholic almost since her arrvar, but until a year ago did not consider that she had a vocation for the religious life." "She is well, I trust and happy ?" " Very well indeed, and apparently contact and charged."

the long-deterred marriage of the young people. Paul's noble sacrifices in behalf of the poor, his patient endurance of mis-fortune, his piety and beauty, had at length become irresistible in the girl's heart. Now was the time to strike a tell-ing blow in favor of his pet project. He waited a few days until madame had made hearelf computations in Paul's intercontent and cheerful."

He was longing to ask permission to to see her, but knew that it was against made herself conspicuous in Paul's inter-est, until Frances had ministered his sad

the rules. "Will you oblige me"—handing her his card—" by giving Sister St. Clare my kind regards and best wishes, and asking her prayers for one who has great need of them. HOD'S PILLS cure all liver ills. Mailed for 25c. by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. "IT IS A GREAT PUBLIC BENEFIT."— These significant words ware used in relation to DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL, by a gould-man who had thoroughly tested its merits in the consecution from enred by it of liplomacy began to move about like the bull in the china shop. He hurried one day into madame's presence, and burst them. I am glad to know that she found rest. Some day when she is professed I "He's dying, that b'y is dying an' ye

them. I am glad to know that she found to DR. THOMAS ELECTRIC OIL, by a gentle-rest. Some day when she is professed I may be able to call on her." He went away sadder but pleased at the good fortune which had come to a noble soul, All day long he haunted the pulmonic and corrective. " Don't get excited, ma'am. There's

ing Catholic teaching on the E ist, she exclaimed : 'That Church for me !' She sought he band's consent to become a Ca and the moment it was give many miles in a buggy to see a and be baptized. She has not for many years a Catholic.

"The third read a sermon b dinal McCloskey, in the New Herald, on the true Church, a mediately sought some books of i mediately sought some books off tion and was baptized. How v ful is God in His ways! It was markable gathering, not unlik might have occurred in the fin of Christianity. "But if a marriage will set

for the preaching of the gospe country, what will be said of a AN ATTEMPT TO CONVERT A "After one of my lecture

asked to visit a non Catholic with paralysis and nigh unt It was a journey of sixteen I found the man in tion of doubtful consciousness him conditional baptism and unction.

"After administering th ments I said to the sick man law who was a Catholic, 'Joel you become a Catholic? Now typical Tar Tarheel farmer, out, a scant gray beard and a face. As I spoke Joel's eye his face brightened and he ex Lor' bless you, Father, its t thing you ever hearn tell on, just obleeged to laugh eve think on it. Bless you, I Catholic by trying to conver olic priest, and it happene here very house whar twenty ago I had come to try and poor old father in law (who almost a dying now) agin th You see I war raised in the Baptist Church, and my poor father, who was a primiti preacher, taught me to hat worse nor pizen. I was teaching and was baptiz when I growed up, and in th a deacon, and was sure pro thought I knowed Scriptur

doubtedly does, nothing can equal the power of the living teaching of a good, sensible, respected Catholic among his Equal to them and no more fellows. in ordinary natural qualities, he appears quickly their superior in the supreme matter of God and His salvation

-The Missionary. What She Believes. "I believe Hood's Sarsaparilla is a good medicine, because I have seen its good effects in the case of my mother. She has taken it when she was weak and her health was poor and she says she knows of nothing better to build her up and make her teel strong." BESSIE M. KNOWLES, Upper Wood Harbor, N.S.