TUNE 24, 1905.

what am 1, pool whand !" say ? Let go my hand !" "I will not, till you say you fling me

She fell back, with a burst of wild grief, as she spoke these words, into the

desire of the Coroner, hurried her, in a

Dorgan continued to gaze after her with an expression of mingled admira-

concealed from him by the closing of

the press after her.

state of insensibility, through the crowd, and into the next apartment.

of a female friend, who, at the

the

murderer ?

E 24, 1905.

you are not yet be a father, and to you, while I composed like a

are attended with the attended with those which pro-of those we love. hearts, united like his mistress, are so perfect and standing exists be and an admonition, ady a deference as a n will. The effect, nonstances of her venerable friends as brought to pass of few words which o her : and Parati o her; and Pennie

b give evidence in bile Dorgan, once side, resumed his he circumstances of y the same words as til she came to that

ction at which she ng herself between ssassin. had an opportunity

roner, "cf observ-ely. Will you have ok round the room, u can recognise him

I could know his id ; " it was black.

essed ?" inquired his sailor's dress-like

carelessly. nk it was I then ?" the girl, pausing, as his question,

that it was his own nged you by an un. said the Coroner to t blame the circums-for they are more warrant us in looking Are you quite cer-ghlen, that this was n you withheld from

organ did not murder certain at my exist-ake a thousand lives t Dorgan would not f the gray hairs upon y, if it were to make universe." ing girl !" exclaimed d far more by her than by the safety him-" when all are

, I have, at least, o you of all the world my heart.'

ence is still very he Coroner. " Pray, , was there no mark ppearances about this you might recognise hould meet him ?" had nearly deserted young woman. "When him, I grasped some "When

hanging to his cost, way with me in the his," she added, hand-oner a piece of silver n at ached to it. is a most providential reumstance," said the

ll do more to further e, perhaps, than many wretch, who, after

s greeted with the gs of a reprieve, is innews was communicated and that he must still to the fatal tree, may lorgan felt when on s hand to the breast of nd that his Trafalgar g-and that in fact the hich the Coroner held an it. He paused for utter ignorance and hat his best mode of be on the occasion. be on the occasion. be rapid glance, all the sncess of asserting his edal, but he felt that a attempt at conceal-wen though it might be to secure his life ects of an erroneous mathematic analysis. east, have the conseding his name with er in his native land, eferred his chance of

tore from the murderer's the minds of his common auditors. " If words could outweigh facts," the Coroner at length said, " it would, which you tore incur-in the his own." "An" if he couldn't swear to it, I "An" if he couldn't swear to it, I could," exclaimed the inn keeper, "for isaw it wit my own eyes danglen at his breast as he was going to bed." "It is all a dream, a wild, improb-"It is all a dream, a wild, improb-ble, impossible story," exclaimed the ble, impossible story," exclaimed the girl with passion : "Deny it, Dorgan, and tell them they belie you." "The circumstances which they have told you, my dear Pennie," said Dor-told you, my dear pennie, " said Dor-told you, when their meaning the tid." I believe, become our duty to liberate you at once, but these yet remain un-changed by any thing you have ad-

van sed. "What can you do but reason on them?" said Dorgan. "If you cannot understand the arguments of honor, listen to those of prudence. Do you think it probable that the murderer of

M'Loughlen would come as I have done to brave investigation so openly? Do gan, while she their meaning the tid to gither from their meaning the tid-ings of life or death, "are all true. I did make those inquiries—I did speak Do you think he would have avowed that medal, which he might have disowned at least until he could have placed his I did make those inquiries—I did speak in foolish anger against our murdered friend—and that medal is indeed mine; but yet, Pennie—Pennie !" he reiter-ated as he felt the bewildered girl re-"I fe beyond the power of the laws ?" " I know not," said the Coroner, "by what illusions he might be cheated, or

coiling with an expression of vague and how far he might be tempted to trust how far he might be tempted to trust his own ingenuity. It might be that the Almighty often, for justice' sake, bereaves the minds of guilty men of that common sagacity with which he has gifted most of His creatures for coiling with an expression of vague and uncertain horror from his grasp, "I am innocent of this." "I t cannot be," said Pennie ; "both cannot be. Say—oh, Dorgan, say once sgain that this it not your medal. My brain will burst if you do not say it." their preservation, and betrayed them into measures of fool hardy confidence, "I love your happiness well, my poor "I love your nappiness well, my poor girl," said Dorgan, looking on her with much greater pity than he felt for his own fate, " and I love my own life and character also; but I love truth better, in which a child might better them. Such instances are of frequent occur rence, and if yours be one of them, all which you have been urging tends only to show that you have dreadfully mis character also; but I love truth better, and the truth I have told you all. Will you forsake me now, and leave me here all alone ?" he added mournfully, as she struggled to free herself from him. appropriated qualities which, properly directed, would have served your country and your fellow creatures."

"They were never spared in the ser-vice of either," said Dorgan, " and little did I think that this should be my "Don't hold my hands, Dorgan ! Drag-plack me from him," she con-Drag-plack me from him," she con-tinued, beckoning rapidly to the clergyman, and speaking in low, thick, and terrified accents. "Great Heaven! what am I, poor creature, to think or are Let so my hand!" reward.'

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE WONDER-WORKER.

MOTHER'S FAITH AND THE SAINT'S RESPONSE.

off! Look in my face, Pennie, and then call me your father's murderer if you can. I will not be told hereafter that The good St. Anthony, whose feast we celebrate on June 13, is the subject you cursed my memory and reviled my name. I will hear you do so now be-fore your stir! Am I your father's of many folk-tales in Italy; the one we are about to relate is told by a Franciscan of a Neapolitan monastery, and "Oh. Dorgan !" the girl exclaimed quoted by Rev. John Price in his in a tone of cruel and piercing anguish, in what a question you ask? You ! you his murderer ! Was the hand that

"Conference." In a peaceful little cottage by the sea ide there lived a young fisherman and his mother. One night while they pressed mine so tenderly to day the same that sent the cold steel into his and its motion. One might prayers, they were startled by a desperate out-cry as that of a man in terrible agony. The young man rushed out to the door, and to his horror, found a man who had same that sent the cold steel into his brain? Were those arms that sup-ported me so often like a mother's, the same that flung me last night against the hard floor? It is impossible! I was praying, night and morning, for been waylaid by robbers; and was now in a dying condition. The robbers fled, for, besides fearing the presence was praying, night and morning, for many years, for your safe return, and would the Almighty, the kind and merciful Father of all, send you home at last only to wet our floor with my old father's blood? His ways are awful and inserutable, but it is not often that in inserutable, but it is not often that fied, for, besides fearing the presence of a witness, they had to escape the hands of the policemen who were on their trail. The fisherman stooped down to assist the dying man, but in a few minutes all was over. The police-He tries His children so deeply. And still, Dorgan, there is the medal that men, now entering upon the scene, and seeing the young man stooping overthe lifeless body, captured him as murderer wore, and you say 'tis the murderer wore, and you say dis yours, and you can no more than say you are innocent. And sure it is enough from you. Don't blame me, Dorgan, if I wrong you ! I love you but I would be yiler than the dust the murderer, congratulating them-selves that they had succeeded in trac-ing one of the band of robbers for whom they had long been searching. All protests on the part of the son and mother were in vain, and he was taken under your feet, if I did not wish to see justice done to my dead father. What am I to think or do? My soul within

am I to think of do? My south when me, that loves you, says that you are innocent, and my senses tell me that you are guilty; and the end will be, I think, that between both tales my heart will be broken at last." to prison. The circumstantial evidences were too strong against the young fisherman. The trial was soon ended. He was The trial was soon ended. He was condemned to death.

condemned to death. The police had heard the cry, the body was still warm, no one was near but him. The testimony of the mother but nim. The testimony of the modeler was of no value in this case, and thus the declarations of the young man's innocence were considered only as those of a stubborn criminal. The poor mother had endeavored to come to the trial, but she was so inexperi-enced and helpless in such matters that she arrived in court when all was tion, pity, and agony blended in his look, until her form was completely over, and the death sentence was passed, the criminal to be executed early next day. The mother broke out If you have any explanation to offer early next day. The mother broke out in sobs and tears, and asked the judge if there were no way to save her son. The Judge, in order to get rid of her, said in an off-hand way. "The king could change matters." The mother's mind was quickly settled. She would go to the king at once, fall down at his ieet, and plead for the life of her son. She did not know of any formalities, and was disappointed when told that she had to bring her petitions in the respecting those circumstances which seem to implicate you so strongly, young man," said the Coroner, "we are willing to hear you now.". Dorgan started at the summons, as if

Dorgan started at the summons, as if all the indignant energy which he was capable of assuming, had been silently gathering within his breast during the last hour, and were now for the first time suddenly enkindled at a moment. "Have 1 any thing to say?" he ex-claimed; "i f your souls were not blinded, would not the case itself make self even to a denial of such a charge-I ask you, gentlemen !" he continued, the doors ware closed and no petitioner is able Father," and chief of the estab the document it was too late of course; the doors were closed and no petitioner could enter. The poor woman was heart-broken. Not knowing what to do, she passed by the Church of St. Lawrence. She entered, and before the statue of St. Anthony prayed as only a mother's heart under such cir ask you, gentiemen i he continued, standing erect and flinging his arms wide as he looked round upon the com-pany with that glowing eloquence of eye, and cheek, and action, which the great instructress Nature can in an inthe statue of St. Anthony prayed as only a mother's heart under such cir cumstances could pray; but her time even here was short, for the sacristan soon came, and, rattling his keys, gave her a sign that it was time for him to shut the doors. In her agony the poor mother, who was still holding the docu-ment in her hand, threw it over the stant infuse on an occasion of great excitement and emergency into the con-stitutions of those to whom the science itself has ever remained a mystery; "I ask you is it likely that on the first hight of the angle in my network had ask you is it likely that on the first night of my arrival in my native land, after a long and profitable absence, with every thing that was wanted to secure me happiness and honor for the mother, who was still holding the docu-ment in her hand, threw it over the iron railing, called out aloud and des-pairingly, "St. Anthony, you must save my child." remainder of my life, and with the love of such a creature as that to reward me Singularly consoled and quieted, she left the church and went home. It was about 10 o'clock. The king for all my sufferings and slights, and with the knowledge too that her father repented of his hard conduct towards me, and longed to call me his friend was alone in his study, looking through some important documents he had to again—I ask you, is it likely that I would so causelessly dip my hands in the blood of that old man, to blast all sign. He had given his servants strict orders to admit no one, as he did not wish to be disturbed. Suddenly there my own hopes and prospects for ever? Is it possible? I am a British sailorwas a rap at the door, and a moment after a Franziscan Brother entered. is that the character of ruffian or a Is that the character of runal of a traitor? That medal which you hold was given to me as a reward for dis-charging my duty well and faithfully— is it likely I would stain it with the blood of a secret murder? I trod the His appearance was so majestic, yet amiable, that the king was charmed for a moment. The Franciscan approached the king and without any embagrage. a moment. The Franciscan approached the king, and, without any embarrass-ment, modestly spoke—"I beg pardon of your majesty for coming at so late an hour, but my business is very urgent, and will not allow any delay, as a man's life is at stake." "Speak, brother, what can I do for decks of the Victory for seven years, a deck that was never pressed by the foot when he lay bleeding on the bod of a coward. I laid my hands on the white hairs of my commander Nelson, when he lay bleeding on the bed of glory—is it likely I should hack and hew the hoary head of a defenceless fellow creature? I stood by his side at Tratalgar and never shound in the day. as a man's life is at stake. "
"Speak, brother, what can I do for you," said the king encouragingly. "Your majesty signed a death warrant to-day for a young fisherman who was found at the corpse of a murdered man. All evidences seemed to tell against him, and yet he is entirely innocent." "I am sorry," said the king, "I can do nothing in such matters. The courts are there for that, and when the Court passes a sentence I cannot change it, nor can I presume that the sentence is not just." Trafalgar and never shrunk in the day-light from an enemy's broadside—is it likely that I would stab an old man in the dark ?" The indignant fire and conscious energy of manner with which Dorgan spoke his defence, produced for some moments a pause of respectful silence, if not of admiration; and he was suffered for some time to be the set of the model of the set of t for some time to retain undisputed possession of the superiority to which he had thus swiftly lifted himself above which a the source of the superiority is and the monk with a posi-

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

something like this: tiveness that impressed the king. "I "Mademoiselle asks the indications of the thermometer this August even-

tiveness that impressed the king. "I beg your majesty to write a few words of pardon below this petition." The king spontaneously reached for his pen, but, reflecting again, he stopped and asked the monk, "Where do you come from?" "From the monastery of St. Law-rence, your majesty," answered the monk. guests with warming pans.

"But even if I do grant your peti-tion," said the king, "it will be too late, for he will be executed before you reach him," "There is no time to be lost, it is

"There is no time to be lost, it is who annually pass through theory that true," said the monk, "but I will see that the document is delivered in time: here," and the monk pointed with his here," and the monk pointed with his finger to the blank space where the king was to sign. The king did sign, thanks the monk left the room. The whole affair had made a wonder-The whole affair had made a wonder-the in the state of the state of the state of the state over the pass who are out looking for the whole affair had made a wonder-the interestion of the state of the state of the state over the pass who are out looking for the state of the state of the state of the state of the state the state of the state of the state of the state of the state over the pass who are out looking for the state of the state of the state of the state of the state over the pass who are out looking for the state of th

to continue his work, but reflecting again, said to himself: How could this man come in here at this hour? He asked the chamberlain and all the ser-He vants, but nobody had seen anyone enter or depart. They searched, but no trace of the monk could be found. The king resolved to go to the monastery early next morning and find the

solution to this mystery. The scaffold on which the young man was to be executed had already been was to be executed had already been erected, and the poor young man in his cell was expecting his executioners to enter, when the doors of the prison opened, and instead an officer of the

king appeared with the pardon. The young fisherman was at liberty to re-turn home to his mother. At dawn of day the State's attorney

At dawn of day the State's attorney was terrified to see a document of pardon signed by the king the day pre-viously lying on the table. He sup-posed that one of his servants had lain it there and forgotten to tell him about it. He was in a terrible pre-dicament. Snatching the document he was the prison to say the

dicament. Snatching the document he rushed to the prison to save the young man's life. We already know that he was not too late. In the course of the forenoon the king appeared at the monastery of St. Lawrence. He had all the Brothers assembled in the refectory, and asked the reverent prior who of them had been to see him in the palace the night before. The astonished prior replied that he knew of no one to leave the house at so late an hour. have you been nere? "Eneven years, leave the house at so late an hour. The king scrutinized the monks, and not seeing his man, told the prior what have you been nere?" "Eneven years, and I remain in perfect health. My predecessors in the office could not endure this high altitude-three of

The prior suggested to call the mother, who might inform them whom she had given the petition. Meanwhile the king was shown

around the monastery to pass the time and was also taken to the church. The king passed from one altar to arother,

A NIGHT AT THE HOSPICE.

RANCEE E. WILLARD'S VISIT TO THE "HOSPITABLE FATHER" OF ST. BER-NARD.

On we climbed, while Mr. Smith im-On we climbed, while Mr. Smith im-pelled our flagging footsteps by an ex-plosive recitation of Longfellow's "Ex-celsior," the scene of which is here. Around a sharp, rocky bend, up an ascent as steep as house roof, past an overhanging precipice, I went, leaving the gentlemen behind me in the en-thusiasm of the approach, and then the gray, solemn, frieadly walls of the great Hospice, which had seemed to me as dim and distant as the moon's caverns, rose before me, outlined upon

ine as dim and distant as the moch's caverns, rose before me, outlined upon the placid evening sky. I stopped and listened eagerly as I approached its open door--no sound but the gurgle of a distant brock; no light the function open of the property of the state in the state of living object but two great St. Bernard dogs seated upon the broad dark steps

lishment Our party, in committee of the whole (and no "minority report") voted him the most delightful man we ever saw. All that is French in manner, united to all that is English in sturdiness of character, all that is winning in Italian tones, united to a German's ideal-ity, a Yankee's keeness of perception, Scotchman's heartiness, and an Irishman's wit-these qualities seemed blend d in our "nonesuch" of a host, blend d in our "nonesuch" of a host, and fused into harmony by the fire of a brother's love toward man and a saint's fidelity to God. Young, fair, blue eyed, he stood among our chat-tering group like one who, from a region of perpetual calm, dispenses radiant smiles and overflowing bounty. So quick was his discernment, and so sagacious was his decision, that almost without a question he assigned us, in without a question he assigned us, in detachments correctly arranged, to fit detachments correctly arranged, to fit-ting domiciles, made each one feel that he or she had been especially expected and prepared for, and within five min-utes had so won his way into the inner-most recess of everybody's heart that Mr. Jones expressed in his own idiom-atic way the sense of fity guests when he declared, "To such a man as that even the Little Corporal might well have doffed his old chapeau." Who shall do justice to the dinner at that have dofied his old chapeau." Who shall do justice to the dinner at that L-shaped table, where the Father sat at the head and said grace, beaming upon his great cosmopolitan family with that young face, so honest, gentle and brave?

to another Church a position it neve held, which it does not hold, and which it never will hold?

"This lawful presumption, however, is not conclusive in the present case. Like most presumptions it fails in presing? I learn the mercury stands al ready at 45 degrees Fabre heit, and the boundary line of Italy is bat five Like most presumptions to the fact ence of a contrary fact. And the fact here is that Bishop Doane, in endeavorminutes distant. Here, Brother Jean, please provide the beds of all our ing to tell the readers of the guests with warning pans. "Yes, lady, our Hospice was founded 900 years ago, by Count Bernard of Savoy, who devoted forty years of his life to entertaining and protecting, as we still try to do, the many travelers because the many these monn-American Review what the Catholic Church teaches and practices concern ing remarriage after divorce, has de-monstrated his absolute incompetence to treat the subject of his article, has made public his ignorance in Catholic law and theology, and has been guilty who annually pass through these moun-tains between Switzerland and Italy. About 20,000 were cared for each year of misrepresentation which is so gross and so reiterated that it takes on the

"Of this reprehensible offence the Bishop must plead guilty, and guilty with aggravating circumstrnces. His achievement surpasses what our wildest over the pass who are out looking for work, and there are also many beggars. These we limit to three days' enterachievement surpasses what our whose fancy could have contemplated as pos-sible. A careful reading of his argu-ment discloses that he has contummated more error in a briefer space than any writer who has ever contributed an writer who has ever contributed an work, and there are also many beggars. These we limit to three days' enter-tainment. We would gladly keep them longer, but cannot. Our dogs are a cross between Newfoundland and Pyrewriter who has ever contributed an article on any subject to a respectable periodical. His paper covers barely ten pages of the North American Review, and from these we must sub-tract over two pages of an introduction, which deals not at all with remarriage and divorce in the Catholic Church. "In winter, travelers are obliged to vait at a place of refuge we have pro-vided at some distance from these buildings, which is on the very top of the pass until we send out a man and dog, with refreshments fastened to the neck of the dog, who never once loses and divorce in the Catholic Church, but with the doings of the last General Episcopal Convention; we must also exclude from the Bishop's work a full page quoted from Father Thein's his way, though the distance is long. The snow is often thirty feet deep, and the only guide the man has is the banner-like tail of the dog waving Dictionary, which does not support th Bishop's contention, but contradicts it; so that the pertinent matter covers through the storm. "The monks always go out in the less than seven pages of print. It would be regrettable enough if the Bishop had fallen into one or two at such times. They are not obliged to go-we make it perfectly volun-tary." serious errors, or even seven, one for Here Kate broke in with an import-

every page; but he is by no means so comparatively innocent; each page tells ant question: "How d' you occupy your time in summer?" "Oh madeits story of misrepresention, gross and reiterated, and in some passages sen-tence closely follows sentence, each moiselle, we study and teach—we had fifty students last season." What do you teach?" "All that a priest ought staggering under its heavy burden of indefensible and inexcusable error." to know,-theology, philosophy, the

A LUCKY GIRL.

SAVED FROM DEADLY DECLINE BY DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS.

age?" here chimed in the practical Jones. "Monsieur, I am 31." ("But "When I think of my former condition of health," says Miss Winnifred Perry, of West River, Sheet Harbor, N. S., "I consider myself a lucky girl that I am well and strong to day, and I owe my present good health entirely to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I suffered almost all that one can endure from weakness and nervousness. I was as pale as a sheet, and wasted away. The least noise would startle me, and I was troubled with fainting spells, when drop to the floor. At other times my heart would palpitate violently and cause a smothering sensation. Night and day my nerves were in a terrible condition, and I seemed to be contin-ually growing worse. No medicine that I took helped me in the least until I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after I had taken a half dozen boxes. I felt so much better that I stopped taking them and went on a visit to Boston. I had made a mistake, however, in stopping the pills too soon, and I began to go back to my former condition. I then called on a well known Boston doctor, and after explain chapel door came the words of the re-brown boston doctor, and after explana-ing my case, told him how Dr. Williams Orlistian song, "We praise Thee, O God, we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord.—"From Glimpses of Fifty Years. Could take nothing better, and I got another supply and soon began to regain health. I took about eighteen boxes in all, and they fully and completely re-stored my health, and I have had no

sickness since." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can do just notorious attack on the Catholic Church: "In view of the solemn and explicit manner in which the Catholic Church reprobates divorce, we can imagine very readily how great was the sur-prise of non-Catholics, as well as Catholics, when Bishop Doane, of Albany, recently advanced the claim that the 'Roman' Church sanctions di vorce ' in the freest possible manner., and that her matrimonial discipline is 'equivalent to the non-Roman or Pro-testant recognition of divorce from the bond. Surprise is, in fact, a poor word to describe the feeling caused by is printed on the wrapper around every

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that shrewd Yankee, whose very figure was a walking interrogation point, and was a walking interrogation point, and that graceful, urbane monk, in his long cassock, as, leaning in his easy chair and looking forward and a little up ward, he answered with slow melodious

king passed from one altar to arother, until he finally came to the shrine of St. Anthony. Instantly recognizing his man, he pointed to the statue and said, "That is the one who came to see me." So imple was his nature in consequence of this incident, the city of Naples selected St. Anthony as one of its patron saints. A state of the status of the st

BISHOP DOANE.

dawn we were awakened by men's voices in a solemn chant, led by the Hospitable Father—and never did re-

THE STRANGE REASONING OF

he does not look a day older than 23," whispered practical Sophie, and we all nodded our energetic ac quiescence in her figures). "How long have you been here?" "Eleven years, them left in a period of four years." "Why are you here?" persisted Jones. The scene was worthy of a painter—

politics.

ligion seem more sacred and attractive than while we listened as through the chapel door came the words of the Te

World Dr. John T. Creagh, of the Catholic University, gives a lengthy and detailed answer to Bishop Doane's notorious attack on the Catholic In the June number of the Catholic

laws of the Church.

poraneous, events, except politics which we do not read." "What is you

tary.

ble," said he to the voice, "of all the in-nay do myself by the at to make-but I trust ties may be taken into that medal can have M'Loughlen's possesthe remotest idea-but badge of distinction ed who did their duty Trafalgar."

r, of astonishment and occasioned by this ad-ided -- "I hope you are affords too frightful a the circumstances algainst you.

against you. eplied Dorgan, "I am many a brave fellow was medal is mine, howin honor, and will not

coward." y for you," said the eper !" he beckoned to held that office in the ridewell — " Hand-cuff

exclaimed Pennie, death, rushing between he bridewell keeper -Why would you er? n, our best friend ? n, our best friend? Iter that opinion, Miss continued his worship, nat this young man was at to utter the most against your father-rd to inquire respecting people living in his was heard to leave his to which he returned and that now, to crown ll, he avows this medal,

and brave? Then came the long evening around the huge and glowing hearth fire. How soon we felt "acquainted": how fast we talked in French or German, minding little how the moods and tenses went askew so that we got and gave

ideas. The Father turned from side to side,

bond. Surprise is, in fact, a poor word to describe the feeling caused by such a claim, especially in the minds of those who are in any measure ac-quainted with the doctrine and prac-tice of the Church in regard to mar-riane. ville, Ont.

riage. In the absence of contradiction, Bishop Doane's statement of the posi-tion of the Church on the Divorce Question will have weight with some persons. He is a prelate grown old in the service of his Church; he is Chan-cellor of the University of the State of cellor of the University of the Sate of New York; he has received bonorary degrees from varions institutions of learning on account of his presumed ac-quirements; he is a minister of God quirements; he is a minister of God who may be rightly expected to treat the tenets and discipline of even the 'Roman' Church with justice as well as with charity, and who may be beliered to be free from that unholy spirit which leads bigots to speak beyond their knowledge, and to substitute malevolence for science when they have to discuss another religion. What more lawful presumption than that this yenerable seemingly learned, probably

venerable seemingly learned, probably unbigoted prelate of a respectable

Church will not discuss publicly a re-

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the few genuine means of recovery rickets and bone consumption.

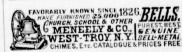
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