

Mothers

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Cough

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URIEL; Or, the Chapel of the Holy Angels.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE AUSTRALIAN DUKE; OR, THE NEW UTOPIA," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX. THE RESTORATION.

The weeks sped by, and at length, towards the end of September, the welcome letter arrived announcing that Uriel was now sufficiently recovered to travel.

An interest deeper than curiosity, though, doubtless, not unmingled with it, stirred the neighborhood when they learned the day that the young heir was expected.

Mary and Gertrude took part in the general excitement. A convenient spot in their own demesne was found to command a glimpse of the public road.

What was it they beheld? Three black figures, one of whom bowed as he passed to the wayside groups.

This was the report which they brought back to their mother; and then there was nothing for it but to wait in patience till Geoffrey should come back from the castle.

He came at last. "Well, it is over," he said; "wonderful how the old man bore it all. One would have said for the last year or so he had been but half alive."

"Did you see their meeting?" said Mary. "O, Geoffrey, I don't think I could have borne it."

"No," said Geoffrey; "Aurelia took her brother straight to Sir Michael's room, and they were alone together for a good bit."

"Don't you like him, Geoffrey?" asked Gertrude. "I hoped he would be nice."

"Oh, I like him well enough; it's not that; but I don't know if he is exactly what you women call nice."

"Unpolished, perhaps," said Mrs. Houghton; "you know, my dear, he has had a rough life of it."

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But it was one kneeling group that attracted all eyes and moved all hearts. The father, with his son and daughter by his side.

CHAPTER XX. SOME MISTAKES AND EXPLANATIONS. It was all over; the thanksgiving ceremony and the subsequent visits and congratulations.

It was all over; the thanksgiving ceremony and the subsequent visits and congratulations. Merylin was alive again.

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"No, not that either," said Geoffrey; "he is like a man who does not belong to this world, who does not care for it, and has nothing more to do with it."

"A curious description," said Gertrude; "but we must judge for ourselves by-and-by. And the child?"

"Ah, little Uriel, as they call him; a real picture, he is, with his glittering hair and his French toggery."

"And Imogen," said Gertrude, "have you heard, can you make out, if there was anything in that report?"

"No, nothing," said Geoffrey, with a strange expression for a moment passing over his features.

"He stays at the castle, as a matter of course," said Gertrude. "I suppose the next thing we hear will be that the cartoons are finished."

"Ah, I forgot," said Geoffrey; "the cartoons are finished, and the chapel will be opened on the 29th."

"What are you looking at?" she asked, with some surprise; "what in the world has made you take to geography?"

"Manitoba," answered Geoffrey, shortly; "it's the place where every-one goes. I'm thinking of looking it up myself some day."

"I don't know," replied Geoffrey; "here's Gertrude to be married in the spring, I suppose; and you'll be getting spliced some day, Mary; if ever I were to be left alone at Laventor, I don't think, somehow, I could stand it."

"I don't think I shall ever get spliced, as you call it," said Mary; "and if you go to Manitoba, I shall go too, that is certain; so I had better prepare for it, and shall begin by feeding the chickens."

"All right," said Geoffrey, without turning round to see who it was, and supposing it was Mary returning from the chickens; it was Mrs. Arkansaw, that's the place; awful crows, they say; only you must look sharp after the bears; they'd make short work with your pet lambs, I fancy."

"A light laugh made him look up. 'Why, God bless my soul, is it you, Julian?' he exclaimed; 'I thought it was Mary.'"

"Not exactly," replied Julian. "But can you spare me a minute or two?—you look deep in something."

"No, nothing pressing," said Geoffrey; "and you've not been here since all these great events. Well, on my word, Julian, between us, I think we have done it."

"With all my heart," said Geoffrey, earnestly; "I fancy, Julian, I can guess what it is, and I can only say, may God make you both happy!"

"Thank you," said Julian; "I was only waiting for that. I could not venture to try my fate without being sure you gave it your sanction."

"My sanction!" said Geoffrey, with a touch of bitterness in his tone; "you know well enough, Julian, that I have no sanction to give in such a matter."

"Well, not formally, perhaps; still I couldn't be happy to speak to her till I had said a word to you. I know what she is to you, and I feel like a villain for asking to take her from you. But come now, Geoffrey, don't look black on it. After all, I mayn't have a beggar of a chance, though Aurelia assures me it's all right. You know she has stood my friend all along."

"Well, if Aurelia consents, I suppose that is sufficient," said Geoffrey, coldly. "I thought I understood that you had not yet spoken to her?"

"Not to Mary," said Julian; "of course not, I could not till I had spoken to you. But to Aurelia, why, bless you, she has known all about it from the beginning."

Geoffrey looked at his friend as one fairly puzzled. "Look here," he said, "you know what a blockhead I am in taking a thing in. What is it you came to tell me?"

"My dear Geoffrey, surely I have told you, said Julian; 'surely you understand that I want you to give me the hand of your sister Mary?'"

"And now, I suppose," said Gertrude, one morning, "we shall return to ordinary life again? One has lived such a story-book existence of late, that the first thought on getting up in the morning is 'what next?'"

"Oh, the next thing," said Rodolph, who happened to be one of the party, "the next thing, of course, will be a batch of weddings. Whatever course the story takes, at St. George's Hand-over square, it is bound to end. I know of no exception to that."

"Uriel does not look much like Hand-over square, to my mind," said Mary. "With all the talk about 'the Fortunes of Merylin,' I somehow can't get over the impression that their misfortunes are not yet quite come to an end."

"You will see," said Rodolph. "Uriel had a hard knock or two, I believe; but he'll get over it. The Fair Imogen will then give her hand to her deliverer (for I hear Julian threatens to shoot any one who couples his name with hers); and then the devoted friend will turn into the devoted brother. I see it all, written with golden capital in the Books of Fate."

Geoffrey had no taste for this style of discussion; Rodolph's rattle wearied and secretly disgusted him; he rose, yawning a little, then leaving the room, retired to his own study, where presently after Mary joined him, and coming behind his chair found him, as it seemed, intently studying a map of North America.

"What are you looking at?" she asked, with some surprise; "what in the world has made you take to geography?"

"Manitoba," answered Geoffrey, shortly; "it's the place where every-one goes. I'm thinking of looking it up myself some day."

"You!" said Mary, who thought him only joking; "then, you know, you will have to take me with you."

"Ay," said Geoffrey, "that would be jolly. We'd clear the forest, build ourselves a log hut, and begin life over again like the patriachs."

"But what has put Manitoba into your head?" said Mary; "the strange old Geff, that you are! Could you really ever tear yourself from dear old Laventor and the mill?"

"I don't know," replied Geoffrey; "here's Gertrude to be married in the spring, I suppose; and you'll be getting spliced some day, Mary; if ever I were to be left alone at Laventor, I don't think, somehow, I could stand it."

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"My stars!" ejaculated Geoffrey, at last, "why, I thought, Julian—I know you think me an ass—but I felt sure all this time that you had been thinking of Aurelia."

The light merry laugh broke once more from Julian's lips. "Aurelia!" he exclaimed. "Was that what you were thinking of? Oh, set your heart at rest on that score for ever. We are tremendous friends; and she has been in my confidence since last Christmas; but for anything else, a British princess is far above out of my ken. I don't aim at metal of such superlative quality, not I."

"The homely round, the common task, Will furnish all I need or ask."

"And provided Mary will put up with my erratic ways, I shall be the happiest man alive."

Geoffrey could only wring his friend's hand till it ached, and tell him that he would find Mary "somewhere with the chickens"—a hint which Julian at once prepared to make use of by departing in the direction of those interesting feathered bipeds.

"I have been a precious simpleton, it seems," thought Geoffrey to himself. He did not know whether to be glad or sorry. Sorry to lose Mary, and glad if he must lose her, to give her to Julian. Glad, just for a passing moment, glad to think of Aurelia as really free; yet sorry, too, for he could better have borne to have seen her Julian's than to hear of her marriage with a stranger. But it would be so in the natural course of things. Merylin was now restored to its natural position in the county; the world would be fast flowing into it and around it; great families would be seeking its alliance; and the old days—sad, lonely, yet full of sweetness in remembrance, when he was the only friend of the father and the daughter—those "dear old days" were gone forever.

It was more than he could bear to think of, and, seizing his hat, he was just setting off for his usual resource, the mill—when a note was brought in Aurelia's handwriting, begging him to call at the castle, as her father wanted to see him on business.

He would gladly just then have escaped presenting himself at Merylin, for he was conscious of a certain interior agitation, which threw him somewhat off his balance. However, he could not disregard the summons; so to the castle he went; and being ushered into Sir Michael's presence, found the old man engaged with his son in looking over deeds and papers connected with the estate.

"We wanted your help, Geoffrey," said the old baronet. "You must understand, Uriel, that for the last twelve years Mr. Houghton has stood to me in the place of a son. Never must you or yours forget what you owe him."

"I am not likely to forget what I owe him," said Uriel, grasping Geoffrey's hand in his, with warm affection. "My sister has told me all, Mr. Houghton; she has told me all you have been to her and to my father."

They sat down together, and went through various papers and accounts. It was Geoffrey's element, and he felt the hour of business had braced him, and made him himself again. But when the business was ended, and leaving the study he was making his way towards the hall-door, he encountered on his way the very person whom, at that moment, he would most willingly have avoided.

It was Aurelia, looking joyous and radiant, with little Uriel clinging to her side. At their first meeting she had won his heart, and the two were now rarely separated. "Oh, Mr. Houghton, how glad I am!" she exclaimed. "I was so longing to see you, and to say how happy I am about dear Mary."

Just then Uriel heard his father's voice, and with a cry of pleasure ran off to find him.

"Is he not charming?" said Aurelia. "To see his little cherub face and hear his laugh is like sunshine in the old house; it does not seem like the old place; too bright, far too bright, for Merylin. But now, Mr. Houghton, if it is not indiscreet, do tell me if it is all right with Mary."

She led the way as she spoke, into the sitting-room she had just quitted, and whether he would or no, Geoffrey had to follow.

"I suppose it is all right," he said; "Julian is now at Laventor, and left me to go to Mary;—how it has ended I cannot say. I was amazed!"

"But you had no right to be amazed, surely," said Aurelia; "you knew about it, I thought, when all that foolish gossip was going on about Imogen. Don't you remember assuring me that, though appearances were against him, you were certain Julian would prove faithful?"

"I believe I have been very thick-headed in the whole matter," said Geoffrey. "You see, I fancied—that is, I thought—that Julian had something quite different in his mind."

She looked at him in surprise; then, by a sudden sort of flash, seemed to comprehend his meaning. "O Geoffrey, how could you!" she exclaimed, then paused; and a very awkward pause they both felt it.

"I tell you I have been a simpleton," said Geoffrey; "I generally am, I believe. But this time my blunder has had some good results. It was really thinking that, which first set me to work on Uriel's business. From what I heard I thought the clearing up of his name would be removing the only bar to your happiness; and—you may believe it or no, as you will,

Aurelia—but for your happiness I am any day ready to give my life. There now, don't be vexed; I did not mean to speak like that; I shall never do it again. I wouldn't pain or annoy you for the whole world; but that was just how it was; and you see how it never came into my head to guess about Mary."

He hardly knew how he got back to Laventor that afternoon. He had never meant to say what he had said; and how Aurelia might understand it he could not tell. She would probably only have thought him blundering and stupid, and, in short, like himself. Still, odd to say, his heart felt lighter for having given itself that relief; and when late in the autumn evening Mary found him sitting alone, he received her with a bright gaiety unusual in his manner.

"Well, Mary, old girl," he said, gently drawing her to him, "I have you got anything to tell me, since I saw you last?"

"Yes, one thing," said Mary. "And what is that?"

"That I have been thinking it over, and you must not go to Manitoba; for you see, Geoffrey, I could not now go with you."

"Ah," replied Geoffrey, "I perceive, it strikes me that conclusion was come to in the chicken-yard this morning. But who knows? Perhaps Julian will go with us!—we will talk it over with him this evening."

TO BE CONTINUED.

"When the Green Gits Back in the Trees." BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

In the spring when the green gits back in the trees, And the sun comes out and stays, And your boots pull on with a good tight squeeze.

When the whole tail feathers o' winter time Is all pulled out and gone, And the sap it thaws and begins to climb, And the sweat it starts out on A feller's forehead, a-gittin' down At the old spring on his knees— I kind o' like, jes' a lafter'n' round' When the green gits back in the trees— Jes' a-poter'n' round' as I do—please— When the green, you know, gits back in the trees.

THE REASON Why a Missionary Became a Total Abstinence.

In the American Catholic Quarterly Review is an article written by Richard R. Elliott, of Detroit, entitled "Frederick Baraga Among the Ottawas." Mr. Elliott tells how the late Bishop Baraga became a total abstinence.

In the progress of his missionary labors Bishop Baraga found his work greatly impeded by the prevalent evil of debauchery. He had to overcome the propensity of the Indian for whiskey and lead him to a life of sobriety before attempting to wean him from paganism to Christianity.

To what extent drunkenness prevailed among the unconverted Ottawas, is evidenced by the terrible experience of Bishop Baraga in the Grand River Valley, where he had extended his labors after evangelizing the Ottawas of Arbre Croche and vicinity.

It is stated in the papers referred to, that the whiskey dealers and others opposed to the missionary's influence over the Ottawas, instigated a drunken crowd of the people of his nation one night to attack his cabin. He had been hastily warned of their coming and strongly barred the doors and windows. Fortunately they were too drunk to effect an entrance. Had they succeeded he would have been murdered. For hours this drunken mob besieged his cabin. Their yells were frightful. He expected every moment to see the bark roof ablaze and contemplated his death by fire. Word, however, was sent to the acting United States Marshal, of the riot, and he came and dispersed the rioters. All during this infernal uproar Bishop Baraga remained on his knees in prayer. Convinced of the evil brought upon this people by the abuse of liquor, he came to the conclusion to offer himself as an example. There, in that cabin, but unawed by his assailants, he solemnly vowed to abstain from intoxicating drinks during the whole course of his life.

He kept that pledge faithfully to the end of his life. But many a time, when overcome with exhaustion, when his stomach was nauseated by unpalatable food, when shivering in his wet clothing or partly frozen during Lake Superior winters he sadly needed a glass of wine or of brandy to revive both body and mind; he may have been tempted, but the night scene in his cabin on the Grand River would recur to his mind and he offered the privation to his Redeemer whenever experienced.

Had La Grippe.—Mr. A. Nickerson, Farmer, Dutton, writes: "Last winter I had La Grippe and it left me with a severe pain in the small of my back and hip that used to catch me whenever I tried to climb a fence. This lasted for about two months, when I bought a bottle of Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL, and used it both internally and externally, morning and evening, for three days, at the expiration of which time I was completely cured."