THE CATHOLIC RECORD

A WOMAN OF FORTUNE BY CHRISTIAN REID, oor of "Armine," "Philip's Re ion," "The Child of Mary," "Hea of Steel,"" The Land of the Sun, ctc., etc., etc.

CHAPTER IV: A COLLISION AT SEA.

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cine has enjoyed public confidence and patronage to a greater extent than accord-It is almost unnecessary to say that ed any other proprietary medicine. This Miss Lorimer's slight impulse of is simply because it possesses greater haughtiness had given a wrong imis simply because it possesses greater merit and produces greater cures than any other. It is not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that telk the story. All advertisements of Hood's pression, and that she was not anxious to prolong the voyage in order to escape her cares, of which Mr. Marwhat Hood's Sarshparmin does hood's Barsaparilla, like Hood's Sarsaparilla it-self, are honest. We have never deceived the public, and this with its superlative medicinal merit, is why the people have sbiding confidence in it, and buy riott was right in supposing that she had few if any. But her idle wish was destined to be gratified in a manner as unexpected as it was unwelcome to most of those on board. Hood's

The prophesied rough weather arrived before morning. By mid-night the gale was upon them, and the rolling and pitching of the ship rendered sleep difficult to all but the accustomed sailors. Few passengers appeared at breakfast the next morning, and of these only two or three ladies. Among them, however, was Miss Lorimer, who had resolutely Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla. struggled through the difficulties of a toilet, and made her appearance, to be greeted with applause by Mr. Marriott,

who was applying himself to his breakfast with very slight diminution of his usual appetite. "Delighted to see you !" he said.

'I hardly thought that even your bluck would be equal to an appearance this morning.

"It is rather hard to keep one's et." said Cecil, laughing. "But I feet." said Cecil, laughing. could not endure to remain in the state oom. Poor Grace ! She is prostrate in her berth again."

"She has plenty of companions in misery to-day," answered Mr. Mar-riott. "You see how empty the saloon

Cecil glanced around, encountered a pair of dark eyes, and after an in-stant's hesitation bowed to her ac quaintance of the previous evening. "Yonder is the man who prophesied

A SSUMPTION COLLEGE, SANDWICE Ont.-The studies embrace the Classica and Commercial courses. Terns, including all ordinary expenses, Si50 per annum. Fo fail particulars apply to Exv. D. Cossing J. S. B. " and this horrid weather," she said ; he looks as if he were enjoying it." "He's a good sailor, I fancy," ob served Mr. Marriott. "He has been

pretty much all over the world. We THE PINES URSULINE ACADEMY were talking in the smoking room last night, and he was telling me a good The Educational Course comprises every pranch suitable for young ladies. deal about Borneo. Superior advantages afforded for the culti-tion of MUSIC, PAINTING, DRAW-IG, and the CERAMIC ARTS.

"What has taken him to such places Love of adventure or amusement? "He did not say, but I infer that

his object was to make money. He spoke of the possibilities of fortune in those countries, but said that a man must give the best years of his life to make it

"And he apparently has not given the best years of his "-with another glance at the face opposite. "It seems lege in the Dominion, BETAUSE:
(a) The College buildings and grounds are owned by the Principal; consequently it is the most substantial and permanent College in Canade.
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(c) The equivalent and facilities are much superior to that of other colleges. For elecular and further information ad-dress: BeLLEVILLE BUSIKESS ColLEGE, 941-12 Belleville, Ont. a very pitiful thing to do - to give one's best years just to accumulate money," she added after a moment. "H'm !" said Mr. Marriott. "It is

very easy to despise money if one is so lucky as to have it ; but if one has not got it, then one has no choice but to give one's life to making it.'

"Don't think I am so foolish as to despise money," said Cecil. "What I mean is that it seems a pitiful thing to make that the supreme end, if one has been fitted for other work ; and this man looks as if he had intellectual capacities "Intellectual capacities withou

means behind them are generally a snare and a delusion," replied Mr. Marriott. " Perhaps so," said Cecil, who per

eived the fultility of argument

dark hair.

pathetically

prisoners.'

he foresees.

as it lasts.

our lives.

'But tell me, what are the prospects for to-pay? Is there no hope of gett ing on deck ?" "None for you, I'm afraid. It may

"I am sorry," he said, smiling at her tone; " but the prophet, you know, is not accountable for the evil

'Foresee something better, then.

pleasant, but those who are not sea

ck may endure it with philosophy.

"I am thinking of those who are

"Yes, but since one has not the

bear incurable evils in the course of

and he caught her glance quickly.

Cecil looked at him a little curiously,

"That does not mean that I am

hard-hearted, but only that I am phil-

osophical for others as well as for my-

Tell me when this will be over.

be endured, and I never could see the use of wasting one's strength in complaint.' She was silent for a minute. Indeed the noise of the wind and sea made

conversation difficult. But presently there was a slight lull, and since h was still standing, holding the opposite side of the door to her own, she an swered his last speech : " I wonder if there are many things

that cannot be cured? I have not much sympathy with resignation. I always feel as if there must be a means to cure anything, if one had but energy enough to apply it."

He smiled again as he looked at her. Her sentiments were so entirely in keeping with her appearance-with the high courage, the self confidence, and the ignorance of the stern side of life which everything about her indi-cated. He hardly knew how to answer them, having himself a very intimate knowledge of obstacles which energy could bend, misfortunes no which no exercise of will could over come

"I think," he said at length, "that you forget how many things there are in the world for which there is no Not to speak of death, there cure. are many minor evils which one can only endure-the loss of a limb, the loss of fortune, or a storm at sea, for example.

"Sometimes resolution can save even the loss of a limb," she said. 66] know a man who was wounded during the war, and the surgeons wanted to

amputate his leg. He refused abso-lutely to allow them to do so, and kept a pistol under his pillow, with which he threatened to shoot the first man who attempted it. They declared that he would die, but he got well, and has his leg to day.

The young man laughed. "I see that you are provided with examples to prove your theory.' But you must acknowledge that that was an exceptional case. If every one followed your friend's example, we should have many deaths from mortification. He took the risk, I presume ; but, under ordinary circumstances, it is not a risk which a man has a right to take. "I only gave that as an example of what can be done sometimes by a determined person to avert misfortune, she said. "It seems to me that people she said. are too prone to sit down under calamity and accept things as inevitable. A little resolution-

Just then her companion, who was looking seaward, laid his hand on her arm, drew her back quickly, and

closed the door. "There is a wave coming," said, "which would drench you.

It broke over the deck as he spoke, with a mighty sound, and dashed against the closed door. The great ship quivered like a living thing under the strong buffet of the sea : and Cecil, with a sense as if everything solid were slipping from under found herself clinging to the her, hand thet had drawn her back. It was only for a moment, however. She recovered herself and her self-command as the ship recovered from its plunge, and relinquished the living support for the side of the door again. "The worst of a storm at sea is that it makes one very helpless," she said when she could speak. "But it was when she could speak. kind of you to be so quick. Now can

"It would hardly be safe," he answered. "The gale is evidently increasing, and we may expect these waves at recurring intervals. take you below.

"Oh, I cannot give you that trouble. Mr. Marriott said he would come for me presently." She looked at

saloon to his feet, pale and breathless. Then came a fearful, grinding, crush ing noise, as if every screw and plank were being torn apart ; and through it all the trampling rush of many feet on the deck above was heard even over the noise of the storm.

"We have had a collision !" "We are going to the bottom !" were exclamations uttered on all sides, mingled with cries of terror and dismay. None of these, however, came from Cecil's She, too, had risen to her feet, lips. but she stood pale and silent, clutching the table to steady herself, with a vision before her eyes of the wild, stormy sea outside. Were they, indeed, going down into those terrible waters? She saw them so vividly that she hardly saw anything else, until a voice spoke to her, and she looked up into a pair of dark eyes that had already grown familiar.

"Keep quiet," said their possessor, in a calm tone. "I am going to find out what is the matter, and I will return as soon as possible to let you know.'

There was something in his face which filled her with a sense of confi dence in his courage and coolness. She extended her hand suddenly with a gesture of appeal.

"If you find that it is serious," she said-" if we are likely to go downwill you come and help me to the deck could not bear to stay here, and Mr Marriott will have his sister to care for." "I promise," he answered, in a ton-

which said more than the words. · Do not fear. Trust in God - and pray The next instant he was gone in the eneral movement toward the deck. while Cecil sat down again and waited, apparently unmoved by all the babel panic-stricken voices around her. knew that he would return, and she had been calmed by his voice as by the touch of a strong hand. His words were still ringing in her ears. Trust in God - and pray," he had said, like one who utters involuntarily the deepest thought of his soul; and she found herself repeating the words, "Trust in God." Here-now-face to face with death, did she trust in Him? She hardly knew. Her belief in Him had been so conventional, her trust in Him so vague, that she felt like one who in direst need tries to convert a shadow into a reality, and her soul was too candid for her to deceive hersel into fancying that she could do so. Pray? Well, she had offered a lip homage all her life-set forms of words with or less sense of reverance attached ; but none of them came to her now, or seemed worthy of remembrance

in this crisis of peril, when life was perhaps measured by moments. She put her hands over her eyes, while her inarticulate thoughts tried to frame themselves into an appeal to the God who to her, as to the Athenians of old, was truly "unknown." Presently she was roused by a voice,

and, looking up, she saw one of the ship's officers endeavoring to make himself heard. He was trying to quiet the tumult and reassure the terrorstricken passengers. "Owing to the darkness," he said, "we have had a collision with an iceberg, and the ship is somewhat injured, but not danger-We have just made an examously. ination which assures us of this. At present we are in no danger.

Then he escaped from the storm of questions ready to be poured upon him, and the relieved yet still apprehensive passengers had no recourse but to talk to one another, and to assail with their think, perhaps, you had better let me inquiries the chief steward, who now made his appearance.

But Cecil sat perfectly quiet, as if obeying a command. Now that it was in a manner over, she felt that the the ladies' cabin just opposite the shock had not been less to her than to recess in which they stood. "I think the ship. Although her courage and "One her self-control had not failed, she had tasted, as it were, the bitterness of death in those wild, dark waters rag ing without ; for the first time in her life she had realized the awfulness of what lay beyond the portals of mortality, and she felt herself shaken in every fibre. She remained, therefore, quite still and very pale, with her eyes cast down, so that she did not observe

Despite herself, Cecil shuddered. would have been terrible," she said, "to go down into that black abyss of raging water. I never before realized how awful death might be. have always fancied that I should be brave-that I should not fear it.

"Courage does not mean insensibil-ity to danger," he answered. "If the worst had come, I am sure you would Bu have been brave in meeting it. the soul that did not quail before the -the unexpected and terrible face face - of death would hardly be a soul at all.

Something in his tone and manner impressed her deeply. She looked up into two dark, grave eyes that seemed accustomed to regard dangers.

"I suppose," she said, abruptly, that when you told me to trust in God, you felt that trust yourself?" "Doe "Surely yes," he answered.

that seem to you strange? Do you not think that,

Wee being come, the soul is dumb that crieth not on God ?'"

"If it has not cried on Him at other times, would there be much avail in crying then?" she asked. "And it seems not only a presumptuous but almost a contemptible thing to fly to God in the hour of danger, after having forgotten and ignored Him when

we felt no need of help." He smiled at her tone. "We are all more or loss guilty of such forgetful-ness," he answered. "But our best ness," he answered. hope is that God will not think us presumptuous for calling on Him in our Where else can we turn ?" need.

Cecil did not answer for a moment then she said, gravely : "I should not think much of a friend who forgot me in his prosperity, and came to me only in his need. I might be glad to relieve the need, but I should respect him very little. So God, I am sure, can respect very little those who cry to Him only when danger comes.

"He will certainly not reward them said as He will more generous souls, Tyrconnel. "But our weakness is our best excuse."

"I am afraid it is not an excuse that I like to plead," she said. "But I must thank you for making me think of these things, as well as for your kindness. Will you add to the last

now by taking me to poor Grace ?' TO BE CONTINUED.

MAKING AN ORANGMAN.

The severe initiation that is given to idiots who desire to become Orangemen, was described in the Middlesex Superior Court at Cambridge, Mass-achusetts, on November 30 when Frank A. Preble sued the officers of a Waltham lodge for assault. On the stand, the complainant testified under oath that in an ante-room to the hall of the Orangemen he was compelled to disrobe until he had on nothing but his undergarments and his shoes. Then he approached the entrance to the hall. At the door he was forced to kneel and say the Lord's Prayer, during the recital of which his shoes were taken off. He was blindfolded and marched around the hall in a circle. His drawers had been rolled up to his knees, leaving his legs and feet bare, and during the walk around the hall he continually felt the strings of what he thought was a whip on his bare legs. He testified that a bag of stones weighing forty pounds was then put or his shoulders and that he was pulled to the floor, while some one sat on him and jabbed him "with pins or an ice He was not quite sure which pick. it was, but he thought that it was pins. Preble then was made to go up a step ladder. From this he fell into a sheet and he was tossed into the air several times. He crawled out of the sheet and stood in front of the 'altar." and Graham read some thing to him, but he did not know what it was, as he was rather dazed by the lively initiation. Then two men your hands and see if you can find a everely burned and injured. Any demented person, still willing to be commands of unknown superiors, vowbigoted .- Catholic Review.

brought up against his breast. He dear sister, though I forsaw not she struggled to get away, but the two men held him while he was branded. While he was about to undergo this torture, some one said: "Hold up a poor orphan, and knowest thou our serpent." Preble said that he was come an Orangeman, now knows the barbarous tomfoolery to which he will be subjected. He must add to it a couple of oaths swearing away his liberty, promising to obey the unknown ing loyalty to Protestantism and pledging his friendship to other Orangemen and brethern. It is a noble order for the insane and the

ST. BENEDICT'S WARNING.

JANUARY 2. 18.7.

G. I., DE CIDONCHA. PART I-THE INSULT.

Previous to the union of Aragon and Castile, under the "Catholic King," there dwelt in the former province a family whose many generations of an-cestors had made their name highly honored, by deeds of valor in time of war, and enterprising improvement of their lands in time of peace.

On the eve of his coming of age, Hugo, the elder son of this illustrious house, paced one of the terraces, wrapt in profound meditation. The young Aragonese was not dreaming of his proud pedigree, nor of the glory it reflected upon himself, nor even of the honors the morrow would bring to He was picturing to himself a him. face blushing in fairest maidenliness whose owner was to crown his gladdest natal day with her love.

The clank of spurs resounding on the flagged walk aroused him from his reverie. He looked up to greet the new comer, but his welcoming words were frozen on his lips, as he beheld his younger brother, his countenance in a convulsion of anger.

"What is the matter, my Giraldo ?" he inquired anxiously.

The youth shook off the hand laid affectionately on his shoulder, and replied hotly, --

"What is the matter ! And thou askest ! Thou !'

Hugo's dark faced flushed with in dignation, but he restrained himself. for he had ever been indulgent to the moods and vagaries of his young brother, and he perceived that the boy's ungovernable spirit was chafing beneath some fancied injury. Before he could urge Giraldo's confidence, it found vent in a torrent of recriminations. "Yes, because thou art the elder, because thou art the heir, because thou art the favorite, and I but an insignificant ensign, a nobody, with nothing to call my own in all this knavish world-nothing but her-thou " But I must needs wrest her from me, so that absolutely nothing, nothing, nothing be left me !

> The last words were almost a shriek in their vehemence, but the outburst was checked by a torrent of angry tears, that effectually impeded further utterance of the bitter emotions swelling the boy's heart.

A horrible suspicion entered Hugo's head, but he spoke calmly,-

" As if there were anybody to mean but Adelaide !" retorted the youth in a new blaze of fury. A brief pause of unfeigned astonish-

ment on Hugo's part, was followed by a ringing laugh, and at the same time an expression of relief that did not escape Giraldo's notice, and did more to convince him of his error than argu ments could have done.

"Adelaide! Adelaide!" repeated Hugo mirthfully. "Didst thou then think me a butterfly to be ensnared by that froward coquette ?" "Hold ! or thou shalt eat thy

words, with a taste of my blade !" Realizing that it was indeed no

laughing matter to the fiery young en-

sign. Hugo looked sober. "Thou dost not really mean to seek Adelaide in marriage? Art thou mad, Giraldo? My dear brother, that my motives are wholly disinterested in begging thee to think seriously before staking thy happiness on this suit, thou canst leadily believe, when I tell thee that Margarita hath long been the cherished object of my affections, and 1 wait but the morrow-the day on which our parents can refuse me naught-to ask their blessing on our betrothal."

" Is it then so?" stammered Giral " Is it Margarita whom thou do. lovest? I am truly glad for thee, Hugo, for she is a sweet, modest child, and I have ever looked on her as a would indeed be so one day. But," hesitatingly, "what will our parents" say? Albeit educated and a lady, parents have long anticipated a brilliant match for thee. " Our parents are just," was Hugo's grave reply, "and they know Margar-ita's worth ; and then," he added in a lighter strain and with an air of assurance, "I have said on the morrow they can refuse me naught.'

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anbscribers, and will also give them credit for a year's subscription on THE CATHOLIC RECORD, on receipt of Three Dollars. We will in all cases prepay carriage.

be possible for you to get to recess in which they stood. So much as this was accomplished

I will go in there," she added. "One has a view of the decks and the sea after breakfast, and Cecil was standfrom the windows. That will be better than being shut up below. ing at the top of the companion with "If you will take my arm, thenher head out of the door, surveying

rather disconsolately the scene of wet you cannot walk without support. It being incontestable even to herdecks, gray, wild sea, and driving rain, when Tyrconnel came up the self that she could not, she accepted his support to the cabin - usually a broad zinc covered steps, and pausing, steadied himself with one hand, place sacred to convalescent sea sick ness, but to-day without any occupants while with the other he took off the whatever-where he established her little c p that fitted closely over hi on one of the sofas, with a recomen

dation to be careful lest a lurch of the "I am afraid you find this a very ship should throw her off. "And now," he said, "if you disagreeable out-look," he said, sym-

would like me to tell Mr. Marriott where you are, I am on my way to the "It is horrid," she answered, look ing at him reproachfully. "Your bad weather has come, and we are all smoking room. "You will find him there, no

doubt," said Cecil. "Just mention, please, that you left me here; for I should not like to remain for an indefinite length of time, and I suppose I could not get down that companion-

way alone." "I hope that you will not make the attempt," said her new acquaintanc. Then he bowed and left her ; and as "I hope it may not last more than twenty-four hours, but it is impossible to tell positively." He paused an in-stant, then added : "It is very un-

she saw him let himself out of the door that he had closed a few minutes be fore, and pass rapidly along the deck past her mist blurred window, she felt ea sick more than of myself," said Cecil. " Poor souls! they are so misthat the difference between a man and a woman, on shipboard at least, was erable, and will be miserable as long very unfair.

Mr. Marriott soon made his appearance, and took her below, where she resigned herself to confinement and least power to relieve them, they must bear their misery, as we all have to dullness. The gale did not diminish as the day went on, and night closed upon them heavy, dark and murky.

After dinner the few passengers. able to be out of their state-rooms were scattered over the saloon, engaged in such occupations as the rolling of the ship rendered practicable. Cecil was on deck." sitting at one of the tables trying to "I had already decided what I should

self," he said. "I was wondering," she observed, and fighting the qualms that read, rather dryly, "if you were as phil-osophical for yourself as for others." assailed her now and then, when there

the man who again approached her, until he spoke. "I am glad to tell you, Miss Lori-mer," he said, "that, as far as can be ascertained, we are not in danger. You have heard, no doubt, that we

have had a collision with an iceberg. The ship is much injured, but, thanks to her water tight compartments, is not dangerously disabled."

She looked up at him with calmness, but he saw in her eyes how deeply she had been moved.

"I am grateful," she said after a mo ment. "It has been a parrow escape, has it not?" " Very narrow. Had not our speed

been slackened, from the captain's knowledge of danger, the ship would havedriven against the berg with much greater force, and would have been so seriously damaged that she must have gone down."

"But since she is disabled in a de gree, is there no probability, with this sea, of our going down yet?

" The officers think not. Of course, if the gale increased, our situation would be rendered more perilous by the accident. But it is subsiding.

They were silent for a moment, then Cecil said : "You were kind to return so soon to tell me this. I hope you understand why I made that appeal. It seemed so terrible to die here. felt that I would rather face any fate

do for you if the ship were going down he said." "One values one's own came a sudden shock - a crash that life at such times only for the use one "I don't think I fail in it," he said, vibrated through every timber of the can make of it for others. And I con-quietly. "What can't be cured *must* ship, and brought every man in the fess I feared the worst."

A Warning.

That was a fine lesson on the evils of secret societies which was given the other day before the Pemnsvlvania Senate investigating committee in this city when a witness refused to give evidence because of his being under a Masonic obligation. And the worst of it was that he considered this "a solemn obligation as binding as any thing we hold sacred, " and that if he at all answered the question he should lie! A pretty fix to be in by reason of his being a Freemason! Who, then, will say that Freemasonry is not an enemy of the public weal?-Catholic Standard and Times.

Dr. Shields, an eminent physician of Tennessee, says: "I regard Ayer's Sarsaparilla as the best blood medicine on earth, and 1 know of many wonder-ful cures effected by its use." Physicians all over the land have made similar statements.

But Giraldo's brow was still clouded, and he said, with a renewal of distrust. -

"But - but - Adelaida favoreth thee. She hath only mocking words and jests for me, while to thee she is all honey and winsomeness.'

"Wiles and coquetry, thou shouldst rather say," contemptuously replied Hugo. "It doth, indeed, grieve me, my brother, to see thee so blind to the truth. I like not to name her in the same breath with Margarita, but it behooveth thee to know that if Margarita be poor, then is Adelaida still poorer, for she lacketh not only fortune, but also the graces of true womanly dig-nity. She and her vain mother live upon their friends, making a ceaseless round of visits, forsooth, in a pertinacious endeavor to entangle some unwary eldest son into an alliance with the girl. Trust her not, dear Giraldo. Thou art good to look upon to eyes that love thee, and, doubt not, all I have is thine to use as freely as I do make use of it myself ; but to the world thou art merely a second son, well-nigh portionless, and Adelaida doth but use thee as a stepping stone to ingratiate herself with our parents, verily aspiring to wed with me. 1 speak plainly, but it is better so. She loves me not, but I am one of many on

whom she placeth hope. I tell thee,