business was ended, and he did so, longing to be once more with Barbara, and to know if he the once more with Barbara, and to know if he had any reason to hope. He was warmly wellcomed by the two desolate, sorrowing ladies. It seemed difficult to believe that this silent house, over which care and trouble hung in such dark clouds, was the brilliant castle of Bayneham, where lately gayety and beauty had reigned anneane.

Bertie Carlyon and Barbara Earle were Bertie Carlyon and Barbara Earle were standing at the same window from which they had once watched Lord Bayneham and his fair young wife set forth on their bridal tour, when Barbara said musingly, "Who could have foreseen this ending to so fair a love story?"

"Does it frighten you," asked Bertie. "Ah, Barbara, if you could only try to love me—no such fate would ever overtake us."

"Why?" asked Barbara.
"Because I should have all faith in you."

"Why?" asked Barbara.
"Because I should have all faith in you,"
replied Bertie. "Mind, I am not blaming
Claude—the circumstances were strange ones.
If—but, ah! Barbara, the words are presump-If—but, ah! Barbara, the words are presumptuous—if you were my wife, and I saw that you were keeping any secret from me, I should respect your silence, because I believed in you." It seems easy for you to say so now," replied Barbara, with a smile; "it is impossible to tell what course one would take under similar

to tell what course one would sake under similar circumstances."

"Barbara," said Bertie Carlyon, his haudsome face all eagerness and love, "it is long since I first dared to whisper to you of my love. You did not reject me; you said brave and walls words to me that have incited me to take noble words to me that have incited me to take a true man's part in the world. Under your banner, Barbara, I have thought well; dared I ask for my reward?"

"I am not given to flattery, she said quietly, but you I must praise, Bertie; you have done well, and I am proud of you. Ask what reward you will, and if it is in my power to grant it, it shall soon be yours."

Bertie Carlyon's face paled as he listened to these words, so full of hope and promise. Something like a mist of tears swam before his eyes, and his voice trembled as he moke. Leving one

and his voice trembled as he spoke. Laying one hand on the white, jewelled fingers of Barbara

hand on the white, jewelled ingers of Barbara Earle, he said:

"Be my wife, Barbara. Earth holds no higher reward than your love" He read her consent in the drooping, blushing face and eloquent eyes. "I am not worthy of such happiness, he said quietly. "Yeu are the noblest woman in the world, Barbara; teach me to be methy of you."

woman in the world, Barbara; teach he to be worthy of you."
"Do not set me on so high a pedestal, Bertie." said Barbara, "or I may fall from it. I have something more to say; you know I speak very plainly. I do love you; but I could not bear to think much of our hapties, while so dark a cloud happy over Barne. piness while so dark a cloud hangs over Bayne-ham. Help us to drive that away, and then we-

nam. Help us so drive that away, and then we will speak of this again."
"It shall be as you will, Barbara," he whispered, kissing the white, firm hand that rested so lovingly in his own. "I know no will save

So they agreed that the love which was to last through lite should not be mentioned while care and sorrow lay heavily upon their dearest friends. How could they speak of love and matriage when bith had ended so fatally at

Three years passed away and brought but little change to Bayneham. The countess watched and waited in silence; she had renounced all active efforts for the discovery of her son's wife. At stated intervals advertise ments were inserted in the papers, but Lady Bayneham had ceased to hope. She never breathe 1 her suspicions even to Barbara Earle, but in her own mind she believed that Hilda was dead, no other fact could account for her long-coatinued silence. Her son said nothing of returning to England. He seemed to have forgotten the claims upon him at home. She spent long hours in pacing up and down the picture gallery at Bayneham Castle. Her son, the brave, haudsome boy, whose future she had mapped out with such pride and hope, was the last earl; his portrait hung there. Whose would take the vacant place next to his? There was no one to inherit the title—it would die out—the grand old race must come to an end. from the face of the earth. Claude would never remarry while there was the least doubt as to his wife's was the least doubt as to his wife's fate. Even if intelligence came of her death Lady Bayneham did not believe he would ever care for another woman, he had loved his

The grand old race must end, and that conviction brought deep and lasting sorrow to the proud lady; she had hoped before she died to clasp the young heir of Bayneham in her arms, lake. to see, and love, and bless the young boy who

was to succeed her son. Her pride was sorely humbled. Her son was an unhappy exile, wandering in toreign lands, childless and solitary. She wished—and wished in vain—that she had been kinder to her son's wife; that she had taught the poor motherless. wife; that she had taught the poor motheriess child to love and trust her. How different everything would then have been! Hilds would have flown to her in her trouble; it was would have flown to her in her trouble; it was pride, her unlate! Her cool, haughty pride her unlate! Her cool, her co would have hown to her in her trouble; it was too late! Her cool, baughty pride, her un-kindness, had done its work. When sorrow came to the fair young child whom her son had wedded, the last person she would have ap-pealed to was her husband's mother, who ought

to have been a mother to her.

The dark hair, of which the counters had The dark nair, or which the counters had been so proud, grew white with sorrow, not age; the fair, proud face had deep lines, each talling of grief and long night-watches; and Lady Bayneham saw no help. She had written several times, imploring her son to return; but he replied that the very sight of Bayneham would kill him that he would represent Bayneham would kill bim, that he would never return there until something was known of his wife's fate. Her entreaties were all in vain; and the countess said to herself that the grand

old race was doomed.

It preyed deeply upon her; no rest came to her. Her days and nights were one long dream of anxiety. Sorrow and suspense aged her. One evening Barbara Earle, going suddenly into her aunt's room, found her weeping bit-

barly.

Barbara started at the eight; she never remembered to have seen tears in those proud eyes before.
"Barbara," said Lady Bayneham, in a low.

voice, "my heart is breaking; what shall we do to persuade Claude to return?" "I see no way," replied Miss Earle; "but the last thing, the trouble I can bear least, is

to see you give way, aunt; that must not be."
"I cannot help it," said Lady Bayneham despairingly; "it will kill me, Barbara. I have tought against sorrow, but it has mastered me at last. Unless my son returns soon he will not

see me again."
"Let me write and tell him so, aunt," urged

Miss Earle.

Miss Earle.

M'No," said the countess; "he cannot endure the name or thought of home. If he returned for my sake, and evil came of it, I could never forgive myself. There is nothing for it but

Barbara Earle had many auxieties; it was three years since her cousin left his home, and Bertie had asked her to be his wife three years; and then she told her loves she was willing to be his wife, but they must wait until the cloud had passed from Bayneham. But it deepened instead of passes ing; still Bertie never cemplained. He re-repected her wish, and never urged his own; and Barbara knew, by instinct, all that he felt. The last time he came to Bayneham he looked tired and worn. His labors accumulated, and there was no one to cheer or sympathize with him. He longed for the time when that meble, soul-lit face should shine in his own home; and soul-lit face should shine in his own home; and
Barbara read the longing in his eyes. She had
learned to love him dearly and well, though
not as, in early youth, she had loved her cousin,
for she was a woman now; and it was a
woman's love she gave to Bertie Carlyon. He
was dearer to her than her cousin had ever
heen. She did not like that resigned, sorrow
ful expression on, his face. Her first duty she
falt was to him was interly improssible. felt was to him, yet it was utterly impossible

that she should leave ber aunt. Barbara Earle sat in her room, thinking deeply. Thought became action; she went to her writing table, and wrote a letter to Lord Bynches. It was a sweet, womanly letter, and in it she told him of Bertle Carlyan's love

-of her engagement to him, and of her inability

—of her engagement to him, and of her mability to fulfil it until he returned home and once more took his place in the world.

"There was a time," wrote Barkara—"I pray you to pardon me if I remind you of it—when, for your happiness, I sacrificed all the hope of happiness I had in life; I ask but little in return, and that little is the sacrifice of some morbid feeling. I ask you to return home; your mother wants her son, your tenants and servants mother wants her son, your tenants and servants want their master, your country wants one of her ablest and truest sons; and, Claude, Bertie wants me.

"That will be irresistable," said Barbara Earle to hereelf, with a smile. "He will never tolerate the thought that he is keeping us apart, and my

Barbara judged rightly — Lord Bayneham could not withstand that appeal. He remembered this time when Barbara had generously given him his freedom, trampling under foot her own lave and regret. Now how he level her own love and regret. Now one who loved her, had won her, and he, in his turn must sacrifice himself as she had done. The appeal was suchimself as she had done. The appeal was successful—Lady Bayneham was beside herself with delight when she received a letter from her son saying that he intended soon to return and resume the duties he had so long neglected. Barbara said nothing of her letter, and the countess congratulated herself that her wishes had guided her son.

There was but little said when he arrived, for hath mother and course were startled at his and

both mother and cousin were startled at his appearance. He no longer looked ill, but there was an air of settled melancholy on his face that told of his sorrow more expressively than any words could have done. He wore deep mourning—a fact which startled Lady Bayneham Before separating on the evening of his arrival

There was no affectation of c:quetry in the expression of Barbara Earle's beautiful, soul-lit ex believe her to be dead; but do not speak of her—I cannot bear it yet."

Lady Bayneham quitted the room, leaving

Lady Bayneham quitted the room, leaving her son alone with his cousin.

"Barbara," said Lord Bayneham, "why did you not tell me this before? I have returned in obedience to your wish. Why have you kept this secret from me?"

"We could not thick of love or happiness while you are in sorrow," she replied. "I saw my aunt wasting away. Bertie said nothing, but his look touched my heart. Everything

but his look touched my heart. Eyerything was going wrong—so I wrote for you."
"I am glad of it," replied her cousin; "and now that the first shock of seeing the old place is over. I am glad to be at home."

is over, I am glad to be at home."

"As we are alone," said Barbara, "I have something that I wish to say to you. Claude, you must rouse yourself—you have sunk in a sea of sorrow; this must not be. Trouble makes heroes of some men, and cowards of others. You know best where a Baynebam should stand. Re-member, even should Hilda be dead your life

does not end in her grave."
"My happiness and love lie there," said Lord

Bayneham.
"That may be," continued Miss Earle, "but we must not live for ourselves. There are many men who have never known happiness at all. Your fate is hard enough, but it is not the hardest in the world. Learn to bear it, and you will learn to live."
"I will try," said Lord Bayneham; and he

kept his word.

They saw plainly enough how great the effort was. He gave himself up to the strict performance of his duty—he omitted nothing. His mother sighed, when on passing the room door,

she saw the lamp, burning long after midnight she sigbed again when, in the early hours of the morning, she heard him pacing wearily up and down his chamber. Defore he had been at Bayneham long, the countess, believing the effort too great for him, proposed that they should leave home for a time and go to London. He consented, for all places were alike to the unhappy young husband, whose love and thoughts were with his lost wife.

In London he once more redoubled his efforts, but all were in vain; he went to Brynmar, but nothing had been seen or heard there of Lady Hilda. He had also several interviews with the detective and with Dr. Greyson, but it was all in vain. His wife seemed to have vanished

The change to London was a pleasant one; every part of the castle at Bayneham was full of associations and memories; here in London it was different. Lord Bayneham could enter a room without remembering the last time he saw his wife there. It was pleasant to see

"Cheer up, Claude!" he would say; "all mysteries are cleared in the end. Take my word for it, the time will come when you will discover Hilda, and understand all about her light. Be patient and brave."

Neither Bertie or Barbara would comply with

rejoice while he was in sorrow.

One morning—it was the end of May, a morning when even to live and to breathe is a luxury—Lord Bayneham went out early. He strolled on toward Kensington Gardens, and attracted by the beauty and fragrance of the spring blossoms, he entered the gardens and walked leisurely up and down the paths. There was no fashionable crowd, it was too early for that; but there were many pretty, happy children with their attendants and nurses. Light footsteps tripped to and fro; musical voices filled the clear spring air; silvery laughter rippled on the breeze. It was pleasant to

watch the little ones at their play.

Lord Bayneham sat down upon one of the garden benches: there was a sad, wistful smile upon his face as he gazed upon the children. upon his face as he gazed upon the children. There was a sharp pain in his heart. No child climbed his knee and called him father; no little hands clasped his, no tender little lips touched his face. He would never hear the music of children's voices in his lonely home. Sad, solitary and desolats he sat in the spring sunshine, wondering why Providence had dealt so hardly by him. The springing blossoms, the blue sky, the clear sweet air, the rich perfume, the music of the birds, the glory that reigned around him, smote him with pain. that reigned around him, smote him with pain. Life and love, beauty and happiness seemed to tall to every one's lot; he alone had no hope. Why, it was just such a morning as this when he had met his lost, loved wife in Brynmar

woods.

Just then Lord Bayneham's attention was drawn to a most beautiful boy. He was seemingly three or four years old, with the charming face that the old masters used to give to angels -aweet, red smiling lips, eyes of the darkest, deepest hue. The little head was covered with carls—beautiful galden tendrils—gleaming in the sunshine. He was a noble, princely boy, and the earl watched him with great admiration. He was with a gentleman, but Lord Bayneham could not see the gentleman's face; it was hidden from him by the thick foliage of

he trees.

The little boy's amusement consisted in gathering blades of grass running with them to his guardian. He evidently considered this a great feat, and included in cries of delight. A bright yellow flower grew in green grass close to where Lord Bayneham was sitting. The child saw it and ran eagerly to gather it, and the smile that broke over his charming face was so presistible that Lord Bayneham stooped

and raised him in his arms. You must not run away with me," said the I in his petty little way: "I am mamma's child in his petty little way.

own boy."
"I will not," said the earl gravely; "sit here on my knee and I will show you my

watch."
The child was delighted with the glittering watch and chair.
"Will you give me these for my own?" he

asked.
"We will see about it," said Lord Bayneham "tell me what your name is."
"Lionel," replied the little one.
"Lionel—and what also!" asked the earl.
(To be Continued.)

Use purpermilk to take out milden stains.

SPHINX ECHOES.

Address correspondence for this department to E. R. Chadbourne, Lewiston, Me., U.S.]

190.-AN UNSEEN CORNER. There comes unseen a merry sprite Where in the vales I love to wander, Whose quiet scens are my delight,
Whose beauties much I love to ponder.

If there my thoughts aloud I tell,

This sprite, whom no one has in keeping, Bounds over field and brook and dell. And makes reply while I am speaking. I call to her some friendly word,
But this she only mimics, mocking;
I laugh outright, 't s so abourd,
Want though 'tis to good manners shocking.

When silent I return alone, The sunset shadows o'er me falling, And reach, at last, my hillside home,

She answers promptly to my calling. There is a proverb widely known That says the child is like its father, And I will here in candor own

That I am of this sprite the author. 191,-INITIAL CHANGES.

1. An open inlet, or a bay; A necessary part of day; 3. A person now comes into view; 5. A person now comes tato view;
4. Ability, or power too;
5. Justice, truth, uprightness, rare;
6. And darkness hovering in the air;
7. Now, firmly held together, find;
8. A number, next, if your nuclined,
9. A nearestlest a pion; a show. 9. A speciacle: a view: a show: 10. And last a contest, you may know. ANCIENT MARINER.

192.—ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

[This pretty problem may not be so difficult as it seems. Try it.]

How far would a man, holding one end of a rope forty feet long, walk in winding it around a building ten feet square, provided the other end is fastened in the centre of one side of the building and the rope straightened at a right building and the rope straightened at a right angle from that side when he starts? Of course the rope must be kept stretched taut.

MOULTON.

> 193,—ANAGRAMS. T.

If you'll guess this in good time, You shall have "a timely dime."

But if you deter it Till after your nap, I shall have to remind you "It is no acorn trap.

MARIE.

197.—A CHARADE. O'er a lake's surface smooth and fair, I saw a two high in the air, And in the lake, not far from me,
The one of it I seemed to see. While onc-eyed men are very plenty, The two-eyed are scarce one in twenty. If two twos I should unite, A one two we should have in sight.
NELSONIAN.

195.—A SQUARE. 1. Mistakes in printing. 2. Cut with sickle. 3. Scoffed. 4. A mineral closely allied to the garnet. 5. One that brings forth young. 6. Poisonous serpeat.

ODELL CYCLONE. 196.—A NUMERICAL. The 1 to 10 does plainly tell Against disease, a charm or spell.

Boys and girls 1, 4, 5, 3, And with their health it does agree.

They often 2, 5, 7, 8 To do aught else-strange to relate.

If for slight cause, they 6, 9, 10, Tis said they're babies and not men.

197.-A STRANGE TRANSFORMATION. To a country place, not far away, A townsman pert had strolled one day; ot and eager e He roamed about; but soon did spy A wading bird of a long-legged race, To which he quickly then gave chase. Aroused were all who saw the fun, For like a deer that man could run, And soon he would have caught the bird, But stranger thing was never heard, For when he close upon him drew, No man or bird was there in view And though we searched o'er all the ground,

Only an instrument could be found,
Which music gave of sweetest sound.
M. C. WOODFORD. ANSWERS.

182. - Gloves. 183.—Consternation. 184.—1. MINT. 2. MILL. 3. WILL. -Clear-stuff. 186.—Patent, paten, pate, pat, pa, p-a. 187.— C

HA
CHASSIS
ASLANI
SALTS
INTAKE
SISKINS

188.—Corn-meal mush. 189.—Peasant.

MR. BARCLAY'S BONANZA. THE GENIAL PENSION AGENT NOT QUITE READS

TO INVEST HIS \$75,000 PRIZE. TO INVEST HIS \$75,000 PRIZE.

In view of the fact that numerous incredulous inquiries and communications have been received in Pitaburg concerning the truth of the good fortune of Mr. W. H. Barolay, the well-knewn Pension Agent for the district of Western Pensaylvania, in being the recipient of one-half of the capital prize at the April drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery, which was drawn by ticket No. 12,615, a Dispatch reporter visited the gentle-

man, as his office on Third avenue, yesterday afternoon. Mr. Barclay looked presperously happy, and was perfectly willing to reassert the truth of the statement. He said: "I pur-

chased one-half of ticket No. 12,615 at Washington, D.C., on the morning of the day the drawing took place, April 10. I was notified on the following Wednesday that that number had drawn the capital prize. I never entertained the least doubt of getting the meney, and consequently was not surprized when, en the 24th of this month, I re-ceived notice that \$75,025 had been deposited to my credit in the First National Bank of this city. The full amount was there, without an iots of discount."

Mr. Barolay takes his good fortune very medestly. He says the receipt of the windfall was not attended by a particular sensa-tion of elation; nevertheless his demeaner is net that of one who has met with a financial less. The genial gentleman will continue to leek after the wants of the old seldiers as heretefere. He is in daily receipt of advice and prepentilens from these who are blessed with little of this world's goods, and all anxieus to get more, as to the best way of disposing of his newly gotten wealth; but he is taking his leisure in the matter of leeking out for a safe investment. This is not the first place of good fertune that has fallen to mrss place or good restance while and a shore so common care to keep out of.

Mr. Barolsy, he having drawn \$1,000 in the lame that he could scarcely walk; the trouble in the trouble in the lame that he could scarcely walk; the trouble in the trouble in the lame that he could scarcely walk; the trouble in the trouble

THREE MONTHS' CROW.

A Tory Government turned out of office in Manitoba.

The Liberal majority in Prince Edward county increased from 71 to 170. A Tory majority of 105 in Missiequoi turn-

ed into a Liberal majority of 216. A Liberal majority of 21 in L'Assomption incres sed to a Liberal majority of 112.

The disallowance policy abandoned. Railway monopoly surrendered. Partial reciprocity in natural products conceded.

The fisheries surrendered in the teeth of the Government's own contention. The Liberal policy on railway subsidies scopted.

Discrimination against Great Britain under the statutory offer attempted and revoked. The Franchise Act further suspended. Imperial Federation abandoned

Manhood suffrage conceeded to Prince Edward Island. Two seats gained by Mr. Mercier. The old Tory county of Kent retained by the

Liberals. The Liberal majority in the historical Tory county of Russell increased from 156 to 250. −Globe.

CAPT. BARCLAY WON A PRIZE IN A LOTTERY.

Capt. William H. Barclay, the pension agent at Pittsburgh, has drawn a \$75,000 prize from The Louisiana State Lottery. He said: "Some time ago I purchased two half tickets at \$5. Yesterday I was notified that ticket No. 12,615 had drew the capital prize of \$150,000, and as that is the number of one of my half tickets, I am entitled to half that amount and \$25 heatigs in anywhy as all ticket aroling with \$25 besides, inamuch as all tickets ending with the number 15 are good for \$50 each. I under stand that the other half of the capital prize was won by five Philadelphia mechanics.—
Indianapolis (Ind.) Journal, April 22.

THE TERRIBLE GROWTH OF DI-VORCES.

The increasing laxity of the marriage tie, the want of formality in entering on the married state, the strange confusion caused by the laws of different States, under which a man can legally have wives in different States, and the legally have wives in different States, and the utter impossibility hereafter of deciding questions or legitimute succession to property are swakening widespread alarm among thinking men. When the "Reformers" rejected matrimony as a sacrament they opened the door to all abuses. Marriage became simply a contract. No minister was required by the Puritans to bless the union; according to them God imparted no graces to the Christian union of man and wife. All the sanctity with which Catholicity had environed the couch, the cradle and the home was scorned. But men became logical; if marriage was simply a contract, they could not see why the contracting parties could not if marriage was simply a contract, they could not see why the contracting parties could not arrange the contract to suit themselves. Divorce was permitted, and we have had its terrible fruits. No amendment of the Constitution, no uniformity of laws can check the laxity of morals which leads to divorces, or can prevent their steady increase. The Catholic body will soon be the only gound moral community in the country, and even we cannot hedge the marriage state with any precautions that will be excessive in view of the danger.—Catholic Etandard.

PLAIN TALK UPON A PLAIN TOPIC The plain topic is good health, and the plain talk is to tell how to get it and keep it. Paine's Celary Compound gives perfect health to those who suffer from weak nerves, discrdered stomach, impure blood, or diseased kidneys.

WIT AND HUMOR.

The best special tea-Repartee. A straight diet-Plumb pie. Spring novelties-Fine days, A host in himself-The landlord.

Perspiration never rains-it simply pores. Much adieu about nothing-A woman's farewell.

Dont ask a blacksmith to give up his pet vice.

A sad reflection-A crying girl's face in a mirror. A speaking silence—Conversation between

leaf mutes. Why is a lover like a kernel of corn? Because he turns white when he pops,

There are no rounds of drinks in the ladder

A pen may he driven, but a pencil does the best when it is load.

DYSPEPTICS CAN EAT

Lactated Food. Nothing so fully meets their needs as this predigested preparation. It is especially valuable for convalencents and those troubled with wasting diseases. Also in cases of chronic diarrhoa, tremens, and gastritis.

There is one kind of vice which never sticks to young people enough to hurt them, and that is advice

A TREMENDOUS SENSATION would have been created one hundred years ago by the sight of one of our modern express trains whizzing along at the rate of sixty miles an hour. Just think how our grandfathers would have started at such a spectacle! It takes a good deal to astonish people now-a-days, but some of the marvelous cures of consumption, wrought by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, have created widespread amazement. Consumption is at last acknowledged curable. The "Golden Medical Discovery" is the only known remedy for it. If taken at the right time—which, bear in mind, is not when the lungs are nearly gone—it will go right to the seat of the disease and accomplish its work as nothing else in the world can.

Carlyle says: "A man who sings at his work is a good man." Maybe so. But a mosquito, when he sings a serenade to you at night, is after your blood.

"HAD BEEN WORRIED EIGHTEEN YEARS."

It should have read "married," but the proof-reader observed that it amounted to about the same thing, and so did not draw his blue pencil through the error. Unfortunately there was considerable truth in his observation. Thousands of husbands are constantly worried almost to despair by the ill health that afflicts their wives, and often robs life of comfort and happiness. There is but one safe and sure way to change all this for the better. The ladies should use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescript on.

Wife-"Women are often oriticised for wearing loud colours. What would you call a loud colour?" Cockney Husband-"Yeller, I suppose."

Severe colds are easily cured by the use of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, a medicine of extraordinary penetrating and healing preperties. It is acknowledged by those who have used it as being the best medicine sold for eoughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs, and and all affections of the throath and chest. Its

[FOR THE POST.] THE MONTH OF MARY.

The altar of Mary is beaming With rays of rosy light;
With hopeful hearts and faces gleaming,
We send forth our prayers to night; And while our steps are leaving,

That circle pure and bright,
We lift our voice half grieving,
Dear Mary, pray for us to-night. The world in which we movest,

Is busy, cold and wide; The world of her we lovest Is by our Saviour's side; She waits for our warm greeting, Then smiles in her delight; When with hopeful voice entreating, Dear Mary, pray for us to-night. This world is cold, inhuman,

Will spurn us in our fall; But the love of our sweet mother, Ontlasts and shames them all Thy children will cling around thee,
In full confidence, our fate is bright;
In that home, where no shaft will wound us,
Dear Mary, pray for us to-night.

Dear Mary, pour love into our hearts, Our senses touch with light; Make strong our human frailty, With thy supernal might; Chaste and gentle make us, Help our weak endeavor;

Till with thee and Jesus, We rejoice forever. BELLE McG. Portland, St. John, N.B.

AN EXTRAORDINARY OFFER

TO ALL WANTING EMPLOYMENT. We want live, energetic agents in every county the United States and Canada to sell a patent article of great merit, in its ments. An article having a large sale, paying over 100 per cent. profit, having no competition, and on which the agent is protected in the exclusive sale by deed given for each and every county he may secure from us. With all these advantages to our agents, and the fact that it is an article that can be sold to every house owner, it might not be necessary to make " AN EXTRAGRDINARY OFFER " to secure good agents at once, but we have concluded to make it to show, not only our confidence in the metrits of our invention, but in its salability by any agent that will handle it with

"Madam," said the landlord of a suburban house, as he called the other morning, "I have come to tell you that—that—"
"That you are going to lift the rent \$5 per

NO RISE IN RENT.

month," she interrupted.
"Well, y.e.s. Rents have sharply advanced,

you know."
"Well, we won't pay it."
"No, I suppose not, and you will move the 1st of May."
"Yes, sir, and meanwhile you can put a sign on the house. I shall be only too happy to show

Indeed, but you are very kind." "Oh, no; I ain't. Our cat died this morning, and I'll chuck her body into a barrel, down ceilar, and tell everybody that we are going to

move on account of sewer gas."
"Eh, what?"

"And, it one cat isn't enough, I'll get au-other, and also add an old codfish."
"Madam, do you like the house?"
"Fairly well."

"And is the present rent satisfactory?" Perfectly so. "Then, stay for another year. I prefer to keep a good tenant, even if I don't get quite so much rent. Good day, madam, and if you want any repairs made, please let me know,"-Detroit

FITS: All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's great Nerve orer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. tise and \$2.00 trial bottle free to Fift cases. Send Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle free to Fift cases.
to Dr. Klinc, 931 Arch St., Phila. Pa.

Our respected contemporary, the Catholic Columbian, finds a very good illustration of an old and strong argument in favor of the celibacy of the clergy in the case of the Rev. Dr. Pax ton, a Protestant minister of New York city who lately sent word to his flock that owing to scarlet fever in his family he must close his house to callers, and be excused from his minis terial duties till the danger was over. (!!!) The Columbian quotes, by contrast, the case of Father Bigelow, of Steubenville, Ohio, who some years ago lost his life by answering a sick call from a man suffering from small-nox, whose summons was refused by every Protestant min-ister whom he had first sent for. "The Cathelic priest," adds our contemporary, "baying no entangling alliance, and being under the sacred obligations of his ordination, never hesi tates, but bravely and heroically goes on his sick_calls without question and without fear."

Women with pale, colorless faces, who fee weak and discouraged, will receive both mental and bodily vigor by using Carter's Iron Pills, which are made for the blood, nerves and com-

plexion.

According to the most recent statistics the Brothers of the Christian Schools now number 1,220 communities, scattered throughout all lands; 11,712 brothers; 1,670 schools, divided into 6,663 classes, with 307,387 pupils; besides many colleges and boarding schools. Such is the fruit of the zeal and devotion of the Blessed Founder, who began his work in 1678, at Rheims his native city, held the first General Chaptero the Institute on the Feast of Pentecost, 1717, and passed to his eternal recompense on April 7th, 1717, at the age of 68 years. On June 2, 1875, a monument to the apostle of popular in struction was erected by universal subscription in the square of St. Steverus, at Rouen, in which diocese he breathed his last. This Feast, with Mass and office with *Orationes* proper, Com-muns of Confessors not Pontiffs, is appointed for May 4. The Very Honored Brother Joseph is the thirteenth Superior General, having been elected October 18, 1884.

Dyspepsia and Indigestion.—C. W. Snow & Co., Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "Please send us ten gross of Pills. We are seliing more of Parmelee's Pills than any other Pill we keep. They have a great reputation for the cure of Dyapepsia and Liver Complaint." Mr. Chas. A. Smith, Lindsey, writes: "Parmelee's Pills are an excellent medicine. My sister has been troubled with severe headaches, but these pills have cured her.

NEW MEANINGS FOR OLD WORDS.-Waterclear fluid, once used as a drink. Dentist—One who finds work for his own teeth by taking out those of other people. Poinceman—A man employed by the corporation to sleep in the open air. Bargain—A ludicrous transaction, in which either party thinks he cheated the other. Doctor—A man who kills you to-day to save you from dying to-morrow. Author—A dealer in words, who often gets paid in his own coin. Friend—A person who will not assist you to he before your love will averse him. wased it as being the best medicine sold fer coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs, and all affections of the throath and chest. Its agreeableness to the taste makes it a favourite with ladies and children.

Some men's mouths seem to be like the dykes of Helland—made to keep out water.

P. M. Markell, West Jeddore, N. S., writes:

I wish to inform you of the wonderful qualities of Dr. Thomas' Eclesie Oil. I had a horse go lame that be could scarcely walk; the trouble in the ground shoes cause cores.

A SWINDLING BARON.

HE MARRIES A RICH AMERICAN HEIRESS, DESELTS HER, SWINDLES INSURANCE COMPANIES, AND THEN SUICIDES.

NEW YORK, May 29.—A morning paper says another instance of an unhappy sequel to a marriage between an American giri and a titled foreigner has just been brought to light in the trial and conviction in Vienna of Julianne Metz for defrauding English insurance companies. Among the fashionable weddings that took place in Brooklyn in 1878 was that of Miss Helen Thurber to the Baron Scheurer, of the German Empire. At the time of the wedding it was said the Baron was of a wealthy family and that he first met Miss Thurber in Paris. Immediately after the ceremony the couple went abroad, but in six weeks the young bride was deserted and returned to her parents. The Baron remained in Europe. He was a swindler of the first water. Julienne Metz is the daughter of Galician Carpenter. She was thus thrown among strangers at an early age. In 1877, when nine-teen years old, she was under the guardianship of a woman named Marie Dachenler, who occupied a position as head chambermaid in the Hotel Concordia at Bucharest. In this hotel Julienne made the acquaintance of Victor Von Scheurer and eloped with him. Von Scheurer took Julienne to Vienna and placed her for a year in a young ladies' seminary, where sha assumed the name of Pauline Johnesco. While year in a young ladies' seminary, where she assumed the name of Pauline Johnesco. While sumed the name of Pauline Johnesco. While she studied in this seminary Baron Scheurer so-journed in Paris. There he became acquainted with Helen Thurber, the heiress. In 1878 Scheurer took Julienne from the seminary and brought her to Paris. He lived with her only a short time, for his pecuniary means were rapidly diminishing. From Paris no came to America, and on October 5, 1878, in Brooklyn, he married Miss Thurber. Julienne, who was in constant correspondence with him, had in the meantime secured a place as governess in Paris. After a few months Baron and Mrs. Scheurer, net Helen Thurber, returned to Paris, and Julienne was taken into their home, the baron introducing her to his their home, the baron introducing her to his wife as his niece and ward. In Paris the maritial relations of Baron Scheurer and the former Miss Thurber lasted only six weeks. The Baron had squandered much of her money and she could not or would not supply him with any more and he consequently. him with any more and he consequently sent her back to this country. Subsequently Scheurer and Julianne Metz entered into a conspiracy to swindle insurance companies, and succeeded in getting \$59,400 for themselves and \$10,000 for other parties, it having been represented that Scheurer was dead. In April, 1885, Scheurer became a naturalized subject in Canada under the name of Clarence Percy Roper, and some time afterwards he married the Metz woman in England. The Baron and Julienne lived as Mr. and Mrs. Roper in various places in Europe. more recently in Vienna. The places in Europe, more recently in vicinia. Lie defrauded companies quietly renewed their investigation, and the pair were discovered. Scheurer escaped to Italy, where he blow his brains out, and Miss Metz was sentenced to four years' imprisonment.

HIGH PRAISE.

Mrs. John Neelands, writing from the Methodist Parsonage, Adelaide, Ont., says: "I have used Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam for years in our family. For heavy Colds, Soro Throats and dist using Coughs no other medicine so scon relieves."

He who proposes to have a decided influence upon a fellow-creature's destiny should remember our complicated relations, for he cannot lay his strong grasp upon one life without becoming entangled in the interests of others.

HIS FRIENDS CAN TESTIFY. Mr. G. H. Vought, of Peterboro, Ont., says that his friends can testify to his being cured of Indigestion, Constitution and Torpid Liver by using two and a half bottles of B. B. "It seems to act like magic, and I heartly recommend it," are the closing words

"Will the coming man use both arms?" asks a scientist. He will if he carves a boarding-house duck.

LIKE A THIEF IN THE NIGHT. Croup is a disease which strikes quickly and severely. To be prepared for this dangerous disease a bottle of Hagyard's Yellow Oil should be kept in the house; it is a prompt and sure remedy.

A pen may be driven, but a pencil does the

best when it is lead. A Successful Combination.-The successful combination of the six oils composing Dr.

Thomas' Ectectric Oil is a genuine triumph of chemistry. Whether applied externally for the relief of pain or to allay inflammation, or taken internally to remedy a cough, it is speedify and

entirely effective. Do you feel as though your friends had all deserted you, business calamities overwhelmed you, your body refusing to perform its duties, and even the sun had taken refuge behind a cloud? Then use Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and hope will return and despondency disappear. Mr. R. H. Baker. Ingoldsby, writes: "I am completely cured of Dyspepsia that caused me great suffering for three years. Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery is the medicine that effected the cure after trying many other medicines."

There is not much colour in gin, yet it can carcely be said to have a sober tint.

Mr. J. H. Bates, advertising agency, New York, on May 1st removed from their old offices, 41 Park Row, into the new and com-modious offices in the Potter building, 38 Park Row, corner of Beekham street. Mr. Bates first engaged in business as an advertising agent in 1863 in parenership with Mr. S. M. Petten-gill. In 1873 he retired from this partnership and established the firm of Bates & Locke, Mr. Locke being the Petroleum V. Nasby, whose trenchant writings are almost as well known in Canada as in the United States. In 1878 Mr. Locke retired, and since that time Mr. Bates has been alone. In 1886 he bought and merged with his business that of S. M. Petrogill & Co. During the twenty-five years of his two part-nerships and since, Mr. Bates has paid the newspapers of the United States and Canada over \$15,000,000 in cash for advertisements sent them, which is but one faint indication of the immense value of the advertising columns of the newspaper to business men and the great volume of business done.

An earthquake doesn't dispose men to sleep, but it makes the carth yawn.

If your children are troubled with worms, give them Mother Grave's Worm Exterminator; safe, sure, and effectual. Try it, and mark the improvement in your child.

Bullets can sing and whistle, but they are not pleasant musicians.

Holloway's Pills.-In order that the slightest Holloway's Pills.—In order that the slightest indisposition may not rapidly run its disastrous course from had to worse, the afflicted of everyage and class should give it immediate accention. A few doses of these thoroughly purifying and strengthening Pills will always be beneficial when the least disorder reigns, or when neverth fears oppress. Two or three Pills at beat the have the happiest effect in promoting particle digestion, whereby the muscles are mattered more vigorous, the spirits more bugster and the entire frame more library. Including medicine increases the quantity of authiniant derivable from a given quantity of food, and so the quality of the blood is improved, the tone of every fibre throughout the body is heightened.

of every fibre throughout the body is heightened, and the disposition to fall into disease is reduced The state of the s