

A man who neglects his health is sailing his craft of life in dangerous seas. He cannot too soon awaken to the fact that he is imperiling his most precious endowment. All the wealth in the world, all the power in the world, all the pleasure in the world, all the love and poetry and music and nobility and beauty are but dust in the mouth of the man who has lost his health. Keeping healthy means looking after the disorders that ninety-nine men in a hundred neglect. You cannot get the average, every-day man to believe that indigestion or biliousness, or costiveness or headache or loss of sleep or appetite, or shakiness in the morning and duliness through the day amount to much anyway. He will "pooh, pooh" at you, until some morning he wakes up and finds himself sick abed. Then he will send for a doctor and find out to his surprise that all these disorders have been but the danger signals of a big malady that has robbed him of his health, possibly forever. It may be consumption or nervous prostration or malaria or rheumatism or some blood or skin disease. It matters not, they all have their inception in the same neglected disorders. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes the appetite keen, the digestion perfect, the liver active, the blood pure, the nerves steady Golden Medical Discovery makes the appetite keen, the digestion perfect, the liver active, the blood pure, the nerves steady and gives sound and refreshing sleep. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder. It cures 95 per cent of all cases of consumption. In fact bronchial, throat and lung affections generally yield to it. Medicine stores sell it.

One or two at bedtime cure constipation—Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They regulate and invigorate the stomach, liver and bowels. By all medicine dealers.

Early Accidents Cause Lifelong Suffering. A Case that is Causing Talk.

When a lad about eight years of age I When a lad about eight years of age I fell into a cellar a distance of ten feet, striking on my head, and causing concussion of the brain. I was taken to a London, Eng., Hospital, the first seven days not recovering consciousness. I am now 35 years old and from the time of my accident until I began taking Dr. Ward's Fills five months ago I had been subject to fainting spells, never being more than two weeks without an attack of fainting. As I grew older these spells became more frequent, lasted longer, and left me with less vitality. I was weak, had no strength or stamina, always very low-spirited and or stamina, always very low-spirited and down-hearted; imagined that every thing and every person was going against me, and life only had a dark side for me. My and life only had a dark side for me. My appetite was poor most of the time, but I am now happy to say that, since taking Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills, I have only had one fainting spell, shortly after I began taking them, so I have no hesitation in saying that Dr. Ward's Pills cured me. Before taking these pills I always looked for a fainting spell not more than two weeks apart; now, I would be greatly surprised at a recurrence of these spells. Life is now bright—the constant, morbid, down-hearted feeling is gone, being replaced by a content-—the constant, morbid, down-hearted feeling is gone, being replaced by a content-ed, hopeful feeling. I feel like working. My appetite is good, and in every respect Ibave experienced the health and strength restoring properties of Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills. They certainly have proved a great blessing to me. Yours truly, (Signed), Thomas Stanton, Brighton, Ont.

ton, Ont.
Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills are sold at 50c. per box, 5 boxes for \$2.00 at druggists, or mailed on receipt of price by The Doctor Ward Co., Limited,



Metallic Monuments 1-2 Cheaper than Marble 2-3 Cheaper than Granite Beautiful Designs Expert Worknanship Satisfaction Guaranteed Send for catalog. Agts. wante in all Catholic communities Metallic Monument Co. of Toront

Cobbett's "Reformation."

Just Issued, a new edition of the Protestani Reformation, by Wm. Cobbett. Revised, with Notes and Preface by Very Rev. Francis Aidan Gasquet, D. D., O. S. P. The book is printed in large, clear type. As it is published at a net price of §5 cents per copy in the United States. 30 cents will have to be charged in Canada. It will be sent to any address on receipt of that sum, in stamps. CATHOLIC REGGED Office, London. Ontario.

PLAIN FACTS FOR FAIR MINDS.

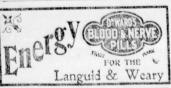
THIS HAS A LARGER SAIE THAN
I any book of the kind now in the market.
It is not a controversial work, but simply a
statement of Catholic Dectrine. The author
is Rev. George M. Searle. The price is exceedingly low, only 16c. Free by mail to any
address. The book contains 3ed pages. Ad
dress Thos. Coffey, Catholic Record office,
London. Ont.

PLUMBING WORK IN OPERATION Can be Seen at our Warerooms DUNDAS STREET. SMITH BROTHERS

Sanitary Plumbers and Heating Engineers, LONDON, - ONTARIO.

Sole Agents for Peerless Water Heaters,
Telephone 538.

MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA. PAID-UP CAPITAL, \$6,000,000. REST, \$3,000,000.
A general banking business transacted. Loans made to farmers on easy terms. Cor, Richmond St. and Queen's Ave. (Directly opp. Custom House.



ONTARIO MUTUAL LIFE

\$20,000,000 This Company holds serve on the Actu Board of Directors: ROBERT MELVIN, PURSADEAY,

D. M. Taylor, 1st Vice-Pres.
Edited Hookin, Q.C., Sad VicePresident.
President.
P

SOLITARY ISLAND.

A STORY OF THE ST. LAWRENCE. John Taibot Smith, author of "Brother Azarias," "A Woman of Culture," His Honor the Mayor," "Saranac," etc.

CHAPTER XIV. MYSTERY.

The clouds had been gathering over the city of Washington during a warm December afternoon, and after sunset the rain began to fall, lightly at first in a troublesome drizzle, and later in a heavy downpour. The municipal almanac had announced a full moon, and although the threatening of the heavens was plain enough for six hours before darkness, the officials preferred to stand by the almanac and leave pedestrians and thieves to stumble and grow profane in the Egyptian darkness. A private dwelling on one street had the lamp lighted before its own doors, and under this lamp at the same moment two dripping gentlemen stopped The clouds had been gathering over the moment two dripping gentlemen stopped for the purpose of lighting cigars. The Hon. Florian Wallace shivered slightly at the first impression of the stranger's face, it was so white, so dull, so cruel; the flickering light of the lamp, and the red

flickering light of the lamp, and the red glow of the match gave it a very sinister expression besides. The stranger looked at him slyly but strangely for a long time, as if studying a long forgotten scene and trying to place it in his memory.

In fact, Florian grew nervous while they stood in that central snot of light, and the inquisitive glances of the stranger pained him. With a hasty remark about the weather, he plunged into the darkness. He had walked the streets on such nights many a time, had met with people more disgusting than the stranger, had faced dangerous characters even, and had never feared as he had to-night. It might have been the strain of the day's might have been the strain of the labor. He was ready to laugh at him-self when he had reached his hotel. In its warmth and brightness he felt ashamed of his feelings. It was awk ward that in the loneliness of his room he face should return to his mind like the nemory of a portrait, shaping its thi ips, sharp eyes, yellow beard, and cold-ness against a darkness of wind and rain. The rush of business next day prevented him from dwelling on it often, and unti he came to speak on some bill in the house he did not once recall it. He was in the middle of a speech, when he stopped, stammered through a sentence, hesitated, and then, with an effort, resumed his speech and finished. The cause of the interruption was a glimpse

he had gotten of the stranger in the gal-lery surveying him with an opera glass. However, he ceased to be troublesome within a day or two, and when Mrs. Merion arrived in town and sent him notice of her first ball the stranger had almost faded from his memory. brilliant affair. Uniforms of embassies were sprinkled plentifully through the throng, and Mrs. Merrion gazed upon

throng, and Mrs. Merrion gazed upon them in ecstatic delight.

"If there is anything I do like," said she, with a giggle to Florian, "it is the army, navy, and embassy uniforms. They give such an air to a room! By the way," she added, "I wish you to make the acquaintance of one of the nicest young men here to-night."

They proceeded to the music-room and

They proceeded to the music-room and eard a tenor voice rolling off some foreign syllables.

"That is he," said Barbara; "he is

Russian, a count, and holds first rank at the embassy. He is handsome, witty, good-humored, talented, and his voice speaks for itself."
When they entered the room the Rus

sian count was leaving the piano.
"Count Vladimir Behrenski—the Hon

"Count visaline Bellevish or able Florian Wallace."

The gentleman bowed low, offered his hand, and warmly pressed Florian's.
"Now you are already friends," said Barbara, leaving them, "and you shall be Barbara, leaving them, rivals in my good graces." "They are so many," said the Count

"They are so many," said the count.
"Mr. Wallace, I have been desiring to
know you this long time, since it came to
me that I saw in you a wonderful resemblance to a noble Russian family—a famly of royal connections, in truth. The

ily of royal connections, in truth. The likeness is very clear and very exact."

"You surprise me," said Florian. "It would interest the family, I'm sure, to know an American citizen honored them by personal resemblance."

"Your resemblance is so very close and exact to the Prince Louis of Cracow," the Count said meditatively. "If there were Russians here acquainted with him they would take you for him, but that his hair is light."

"I may be an offshoot, Count. My mother came from Ireland, and no doubt Russians emigrated thither some time. We are descended from princes, I know."

"Yes, the Irish are a princely race, more so than other Europeans—the island being small, I think, and the word yere born in this country, sir?"

"Oh, yes, and nursed and educated into

ankee notions. "They are very elastic, these Yankee notions," said the Count. "Would you call the pretty hostess, Mrs. Merrion, a Yankee notion?

"The term is hardly used that way,"
Florian answered. "But you seem to
think Mrs. Merrion of an elastic disposi-

"She is a fine woman, delightful; but it is hard to understand her. We know two classes of women in Europe—the v ry good, and the very bad. It is easy to tell at once the class. Not so with your American ladies. Your code of

TEN YEARS AGONY FROM EGZEMA CURED BY CUTICURA

or ten years I suffered untold agonies from sema, my lower limbs being so swollen and ken out that I could hardly go about. My ther, a physician of thirty years' practice, lother physicians of splendid ability, tried rain to effect a cure and signally falled. I ame absolutely disheartened, and had lost hope, when a friend induced me to give ricura. Remedies a trial. I used two es of Cuttoura Soap and two boxes of ricura (ointiment), and it resulted in an olute and permanent cere.

DAVID M. SAPP, Plymouth, Ill. Serroy Cure Theatment for all Skin and Blood Humors, with Loss of Hair.—Warm boths with Cut-cura Soap, gentle anoning with Cutcura, and mild doses of Cuticura Resolvent. Sold throughout the world. Potter Drug and Chem. Corf., Soic Props., Heston. "How to Cuty Exzems," from.

nanners is elastic. It is a Yankee no-

"Purely," said Florian, uneasy at the drift of the Count's remarks. "It would drift of the Count's remarks. "It would hardly suit the Russian climate." The Count shook his head and laughed

at the idea.

"Yet it is very amusing at first. There is a fine uncertainty about it, and it sharpens the faculties wonderfully. They tell me you are one of the rising men, Mr. Wallace?"

Wallace?"
"Gradually rising," laughed Florian.
"I have the White House in view."
"Four years of power—just a mouthful.
Bah! And you strive for years like
giants to get the place. I had rather be
a count over a little village than such a man. If you were offered a princeship to-morrow and the presidency at the same moment, which to you would be the near-

"That which is perpetual," said Florian gravely, "of course. But we never have perpetual power in this country."
"I know. I referred to other countries.

Suppose you were heir to some distant noble family of Ireland?"

"An earldom would satisfy me," said Florian.

He stopped, his face whitened, and his jaw fell. At the window near which they stood appeared the cold outlines of the stood appeared the cold outlines of the haunting face, its cruelty outlining itself so sharply and suddenly on the pane as to overwhelm him with terror. He recovered himself speedily, but did not finish the sentence.

the sentence.
"What's the matter?" said the Count, with much sympathy.
"Oh! a weakness of mine," said Flor-

ian. "You will excuse me for a time, until I have recovered myself."

The Count bowed, and Florian went

silently out into the garden and strode along the walk, hot from anger. It was plain the face was haunting him, and for a purpose. He could not explain it, but he was determined to put an end to it, a determination which came to nothing for he never saw the face of the stranger again. Clayburgh did, however, and had explicitly explains time care it. a quietly exciting time over it. One late train from New York made the railway station a pleasant place each evening for the public personages of the village. Squire Pendleton and Mr. Wallace, whom Squire Fendleton and Mr. Wallace, whom his neighbors knew and respected as Billy, were prominent at these receptions. Visitors found the welcoming stare of the villagers rather trying, and often slipped away under cover of the darkness from the rear platform of the last car. On a certain night in April the only passenger on the train played this disgusting trick on the reception committee, which wen home in a profane mood, leaving Billy Wallace to watch for him a half hour, and o report progress the next evening.

to report progress the next evening.

Billy began to parade the platform in deep meditation. The lamp with its strong reflection was shining at the door and he passed and repassed the line of ight, stopping at times to blink at the curious scientific phenomenon of a thing you could not look at steadily. Out on the water a few patches of twilight were still burning like expiring lamps, and a few forms walked and talked in the gathering darkness, while trainmen and gathering darkness, while trainmen and officials rolled in the freight and hurled bad language at the bad boys. It was after a few turns up and down the platform that Billy became aware of a gentl man's presence a few feet distant, whose outline impressed him with a sense of strangeness. His face could not be seen, and he was idly leaning against the build-

and he was my learning against the offiding. With customary boldness Billy walked up to him, bade him good evening, make remarks on the weather, asked if he was a stranger in town, how long he was going to stay, and could he be of any ase to him, to some of which the strange did not reply, and at the rest merel; grunted—grunted so impolitely that only personal considerations prevented Billy from knocking him down. He resumed his walking, noticed that the gentleman was observing him closely, turned abruptly, and went home. He was half-way up the street when it occurred to him that this might be the traveler who had that this might be the traveler who had eluded them by stepping off at the rear end of the train; as he had walked up the hill in the heat of indignation, so he rushed back again in the heat of curiosity, and came upon the stranger standing unconcernedly under a lamp-post, looking around him. He turned his gaze on Billy. around him. He turned his gaz 30 h billy. It may have been the unexpectedness of meeting him that puzzled the old gentleman's faculties, for he stopped in confusion, gasped out "The divi!" faintly, and fled with the idea that the stranger

was in pursuit.

Mrs. Winifred, sitting calmly in th Mrs. Winifed, Stung calmy in the back parlor sewing, and weaving in a tear with an occasional stitch as she thought of the gay voices that made the night pleasant years ago, heard the door open and shut violently, and saw Billy, as in a vision, appear and throw himself in a chair exhausted, with the sweat on his here winkleness from terbrow and his face wrinkleness from ter-ror. Nothing alarming in his appearance ever provoked alarm in Mrs. Winifred, and she continued her sewing without

and she continued her sewing without comment or question.

Behind her, but some distance to her left, was a window looking out into the garden, and opposite to the window hung a mirror so placed that, without seeing herself in it, Mrs. Winifred could see the window, whose curtain was only half down. In one casual glance at the mirror are new retilined against the darkness here.

I had to do," said he, "required secrecy for two reasons: that it might be more deftly done, and might awaken no un-reasonable hopes in the bosoms of Ameri-can citizens whose birthright of freedom and the transfer for an earlied m."

or that quarter staring, simply staring.

Pere Rougevin, reading his weekly Freeman after dinner, was moved to look out of the window by a passing shadow, and saw the stranger's face the very first moment, thinking it very disagreeable. The stranger was looking at the church—a plain, homely affair not worth inspection—but it pleased him so much that he came in to ask by signs for permission to enter. The Pere spoke to him in French, German and English, but he shook his head, muttering very raw syllables.

"You are a Russian," said the priest; and the man made a dubious gesture which was translated as an affirmative by the light that spread into his stolid, unpleasant face. The priest went out with him, and he looked over the church solemnly, examining some parts curiously, Cracow, father of that Prince Louis to whom you bear so remarkable a resemblance, to search for two or more of his relatives who came to this country just thirty years ago. It is whispered that the good prince, whose character is not of the best, was under the necessity of doing some dirty work years ago that he might get into his present lordly position. He trumped up a charge against a young and noble relative; said relative fled with two children to this country; the prince entered upon his relative's possessions, and him, and he looked over the church solemnly, examining some parts curiously, and with a bow withdrew when he was satisfied, with many signs of gratitude. "I think we had better look to our val-uables while he is in town," said the priest to his servant; "he would not hesi-tate to murder us, I fear, for it is seldom children to this country; the pines of the story ended. Now, in his old age, Prince Louis fears for his wealth and standing. He begins to look for a Nemesis. To escape it he commissions me to find the exiled prince or his children and eather with them for a respectable sum one sees so ugly a countenance."

Coming down the road one fair mornand the exhed prince or his children, and settle with them for a respectable sum to remain here and leave him in the enjoyment of his estates. He gave me some portraits to help the search. You so closely resembled one of them that I took ing in time to meet the train, Squire Pendleton's ponderous glances rested sorrowfully on the marble shaft which sorrowfully on the marble shaft which bore Linda's name, and then brightened a little at sight of a stranger examining the monument and the grave. Who could this be? The Squire had heard of the new-comer and the mystery that surrounded him, and this he felt to be the man. He came down the road as the Squire passed, and gave that gentleman an opportunity to put on his most aweigstiff the stranger of the stranger closely resembled one of them that I took
you for a possible heir and began to inquire into your antecedents. I shall now
show you the portraits. First, do you
hold me absolved from any crime against

Squire passed, and gave that gentieman an opportunity to put on his most aweinspiring, Mackenzie's rebellion look, and to roll forth a sonorous good-morning, to which no answer was given, nor did the great personage seem to inspire the stranger with any respect.

"I said good-morning, sir," he repeated with restrained force; and the stranger, beginning to comprehend the drift of his remarks, bowed and smiled but said nothing.

ship."
"Money, money, money! It is the one cry that makes itself distinctly heard amid the jargon I have endured since I

"Foreigner, I suppose," thought the

the priest.
"We have a curiosity here," the Squire

he strikes you as he strikes most people. He's a Russian, didn't you say, Pere

"I supposed so," said the Pere, "from

"Wait and have a look at him," said

nanges he expected to see in Scott's face,

CHAPTER XV.

A BARBECUE.

"He's pretty far out of his way, then,"
the hermit said, pulling down his cap in

say why, for I'm anxious to see if

my remarks?

came to this country."

"The portraits, the portraits," said Florian impatiently. Vladimir brought them out from an inner room and placed Squire, with contempt. "Lucky for you that you recognized my greeting, or it would have been all the worse for us two. them for his inspection. The faces wer done in oil and well executed. The first I saw you surveying that pretty monu-ment on the hill," continued he. "Nice stone, beats Italian marble all to smash delicate face, of too fine a natur wears well for the climate. After next election we don't import any more stone election we don't import any more stone
—oh! no. Cut and carved by home
talent. In a century or so we shall discount your sculptors fifty per cent. We've
got the money and the brains, but we
need time—time."

This was what the Squire called tall
talk, and was bestowed only on foreigners
who looked like specters at republicanism. and the second a lovely woman of data complexion, whose sweet face was indicat-ive of great strength of character. "I should fancy this woman would not take very well to flight," he said after a pause. "She would hold her castle to the

who looked like sneerers at republicanism.
But the stranger grunted something like pshaw" in answer to the tall-talk.
"Sir," said the Squire most villainously do I understand you to say 'pshaw' to

my remarks?"

The gentleman bowed and smiled in so doubtful a way that Pendleton knew not how to take it, but concluded that his intentions were not insulting. At this interesting crisis the whistle of the approaching train brought Pendleton to his senses and he fled for the depot with all speed and he hed for the depot with all speed, more eager to be at his post than to quarrel with a mere foreigner. Interest in the supposed Russian became so deep as to reach the hermit of Solitary Island. Squire Pendleton caught Scott on the dock and the exhibit presemblance, and it extended in a lighter degree to the portrait of the princess. The Count watched him closely as he examined the pictures, to see what impression they made on him; but Florian felt only disappointment.

"Has your Russian friend reported to you yet?" he asked. "For I suppose I have some right to know." one day, on the point of returning to his solitude. The usual group of loiterers was close by, among them the stranger and

ave some right to know."
"He has," the Count answered frankly;
but he had nothing more to say than said to Scott, "a real Russian that has done more in one week to upset this town than any other man could do in a year. that you did not resemble your father of mother, and had not been baptized in

we shall go together to Clayburga we shall go together to Clayburga interview my parents and friends. It is a queer time of day to bring up questions a queer time of day to bring up questions. We shall have to proof my paternity. We shall have to ceed cautiously for two reasons. mother is nervous and my among the

The stranger appeared at this moment and stood, in profile to the group, uncon-scious that the hermit's sharp eyes were upon him. Pendleton watched for the but he was disappointed.
"Hard-lookin sinner," Scott said, as he swung the canoe around and paddled off.

All the letters which reached Florian rom his native town during the summer from his harve two meanly brought him to despair by their terrific descriptions of the mysterious stranger. One day there arrived a note,

stranger. One day there arrived a note, posted in a place unknown, warning him to be on his guard against the man, for he meant him evil. It was plain that this individual was making himself familiar with Florian's affairs. A man does not meddle without an object. Florian felt himself in possible danger. His first impulse was to put the matter in a detective's hands, but after reflection he decided to take another course. Recalling that he had once seen Count Vladimir and the stranger in conversation, it low. But his face is against him, although I do not pay attention to it now. He disturbed you, it seems. He im-

pressed you as—"
"An assassin," said Florian, with an outburst of long restrained disgust and horror.

"Ah!" was all the Count said, and Florian could not tell why the simple exclamation set him wondering as he went

away that he had once seen Count Vladimir and the stranger in conversation, it occurred to him that he had opened him-self to the Count with unnecessary frank-ness, and had told him enough about his The train which one summer evening rushed into Clayburgh depot had Florian and the Count in one of its coaches. When the old familiar landmarks which ness, and had told him enough about his past life to make the work of a spy trivial and successful. Vladimir and he had be-come very good friends. window, whose curtain was only half down. In one casual glance at the mirror she saw outlined against the darkess be thind the window a white, peculiar face. She dropped her eyes immediately on her work, in fear that her senses were mistleading her; and when she was certain of the place, the hour, the work in her hands, and the very stitches, she looked again. There was the face still, ugly, pale, and crule—the very face that had so disturbed Florian during the winter in Washington. She could see nothing else. A feeling of horror began to creep over her, a nervous dread that the terrible sight would direct its glances to her; but she was of face its glances to her; but she was so fascinated, and terrified, and doubtful of herself, that she did not venture to move, only sat there staring and fearing and waiting like a criminal until it disalbusted the first piece of information which was hurled at Billy when he made his appearame next merning to institute inquiries as to the stranger with the mysterious contenance. He could speak but very favorably. He made himself acquainted, by sight at least, with all the villagers, and was more talked about than if he were the president. One day he would spend his time wandering about the docks, watching the boats or the stormy waves; another he would be seen in this he had known and loved as a boy began to appear, and when for the first time in eight years he saw the strip of bay over

can citizens whose birthright of freedom they would not exchange for an earldom."

"That," said Florien, "is tolerated on the Fourth of July only."

"Well, be it known, my friend, that I am commissioned by the Prince Louis of Cracow, father of that Prince Louis to whom you hear so remarkable a recommend. father," said Florian. "But do to scare my mother by abruptly an important matter. The idea of trying to prove her son the property of another woman! Your object would cer-tainly be frustrated by such haste. You would get no information at all.

hold me absolved from any crime against your fame and honor?"
"By all means," said Florian. "You have proceeded admirably, but you are on a wrong scent, my friend, though I must say I regret it."
"And why, if I may ask?"
"I would like to barter for the mess of

pottage with Prince Louis; money is more to me now than a princeship or a king-

The first was a young man with reddish hair and evidently to cope with the gross wicked-ness of the material villian, his relative and the second a lovely woman of dark

"So she did, and died," the Count re sponded. "There are more ways than one of bringing an enemy to terms."

Two children of lovely appearance took up the third case, and Florian laughed at the idea of these being taken for himself and dead Lind. There was no second to the control of the control o

the idea of these being taken for himself and dead Linda. There was no resem-blance, except that the eyes of the boy were of a brown color and the dark eyes of the girl sparkled with some of Linda's mischievousness. But between himself and the exiled prince there certainly was

True, and I could not say where I really was baptized. But if you wish it we shall go together to Clayburgh and tempered, and inquiries townspeople, if too open, n

townspeople, if too open, might act unpleasantly on my good name."

"Oh! I assure you the whole matter will be conducted most honorably and delicately. Allow me to thank you for your kind offer. I accept at once, and having done with you I shall proceed to persecute some other individual. But I have your pardon, Florian, for my want of candor? I was so fearful of—"

"Not a word. I only wish you had succeeded in proving me a prince. It would have been a great help in my political life. Let me advise you. Get rid of your troublesome friend, and do not use him as a—an agent. His face is against

im as a-an agent. His face is against

him."
"He is a helpful fellow and a good fel-

he gave the message for his mother that Floris 1 had come home. The Count was a trifle curious as he heard the hurried, a trifle curious as he heard the harried, timorous step in the hall, and he watched Mrs. Winifred closely as she appeared, dressed in plain black, with her white pointed cap lying across her smooth hair. She was in an exceedingly nervous state and hardly noticed Vladimir's title, calling him Mr. Countbrenski a moment after the introduction. Preparing two rooms for the gentlemen, and seeing them retire to brush off the dust of the journey, gave her an opportunity to settle down retire to brush off the dust of the jave her an opportunity to settle down into her usual placidity, which she did in Linda's room, where she sat crying and murmuring to the darkness, "O Linda! he has come back again." The Count he has come back again." The Count was so delighted at not finding in Florian the faintest resemblance to his mother that he grew eager to begin work at once. "I have still less resemblance to my father," said Florian. "But it would not

JANUARY 21, 1819.

As Vladimir had asked the favor of being made acquainted with all the cir-cumstances of Florian's birth as soon as possible, the examination was held the next morning after breakfast. Mr. and Mrs. Buck were present, and, with Mr. Billy Wallace, were informed of the resons of the visit. Billy was highly amused, and Sara felt the inspiring charm of active. of acting a part in a real romance. The ber of the family that fate was against nim. Father and mother shown a little agitation, and so given a hope that their astonishment was but assumed. Billy, however, chuckled and Mrs. Winifred was as placid as usual.

"Seemingly," said she, with great composure, "we lived behind Russell's Camp for a number of years."

"We might have been there yet but for your tinkering." Billy snapped, with a sudden and vivid recollection of damages contained in leaving the came.

sudden and vivid recollection of damages sustained in leaving the camp.

"Thank Heaven we are out of it, the horrid place!" said Sara. "I would never have met Mr. Buck there nor any-body; and where would you be now, my blessed little Florian?" harked the "The Protestant brat!" barked the grandfather, patting the child's head with

ecret tenderness.
"It was there Florian came to us, and Sara, and Linda, and one younger child who died before we left the place. Seem-

ingly, none of the children were baptized in a church."

"How could they be?" Billy jerked "There wasn't a church in fifty out.

"How terrible!" said Sara for the Count's benefit, "to be deprived of the

consolations of religion—"
One withering look from Billy fended
this speech, and, in fear of an outbreak,
Mrs. Winifred burst in with, "Pere Rivet baptized our children and took the re-cords with him to Montreal, I suppose. I couldn't say where. But seemingly, it troubled me. For if Florian had wished to be a priest we had no certificate of

baptism."
"Not much trouble to you now,"
"Not much trouble to you now," sneered Billy; "he's a Congressman, the divil!—the very opposite of a priest. And your grandson, with a certificate handy is to be a minister. Think of that, Count—

think of that, sir."

"We moved here," said Mrs. Winifred patiently, "When Florian was about five years oid, and here we have lived since,"

"Are you satisfied?" said Florian, and the Count nodded in some hesitation.

"I must explain the said. "I must apologize to you," he said, addressing the family, "for the trouble I

have given you—"
"Oh!I assure you," Sara broke in, "it has been a very great pleasure. Just like

a novel, indeed. "I must thank you for the kind manner in which you have humored me. I am satisfied," laughing gayly, " that your

son is your own. I shall never again trouble you in this way."
"But in other ways," said Sara, "we shall be so happy to serve you. Some troubles are real pleasures."
"Not such troubles as you, you divil!" said Billy.
"But such troubles as this," she ans-

"But such troubles as this," she answered good-naturedly, holding young Florian close to the wrinkled face; and the grandfather was forced to smile and chuckle in spite of himself. The morning conference was broken up by the stentorian voice of the Squire at the front gate welcoming Florian to the arms of his native town. At his back were a half-dozen of the fathers of the village, anxious and happy to greet the lion of the fold, the standard-bearer of Juda, their David in the ranks of the Philisstandard-bearer of Juda, their David in the ranks of the Philis-tines. Vladimir shuddered at the grasp which each of the ancients in turn gave to Florian and kept two books in his hands during the ceremony of in-

troduction. "Glad to see you, Count," said the Squire. "You are a rare bird in this part of the country, but I met a dozen of you in New York when I was there. Boys, this is a real, live Russian count, imported from Moscow, and Florian's friend. He's to be included in the reception we're to give Flory at noon. You'll make a speech, of course."

The very decided refusal of the Count was drowned in the clamor which all present rejed in behelf of the speech.

"The ladies of the whole town will be present," said Sara, "and it would be too bad to deny them the pleasure of hearing

a count talk. "Is not this a republican country?" said Vladimir. "Oh! but you are a rarity," Florian re-

"On! but you are a rarrly, Figure Pelied," and must be heard as well as seen. You are on exhibition like myself."

"It is the one thing of this country—self-exhibition," the Count muttered in a disgusted undertone, but aloud he said blandly, "If the ladies wish it I am their slave." slave.

"How delightful!" thought Sara. "He talks just like an earl."

Mrs. Winifred had been sitting quietly observant of the proceedings, and now tumbled into her son's lap in a dead faint; whereupon the elders gathered about her in a close-pressed gang, and the Count, having been caught between them with his protecting books in his hands, got such a democratic squeezing as

he had never before experienced. "This never happened before in her whole life," said Billy, with tremulous lips, as she began to show signs of returning life. Florian whispered to the Count, who followed him into the garden.
"It's a good time to get away," he said.

"That deputation would keep us till noon, when I wish you to see the islands and a hermit friend of mine."

TO BE CONTINUED.

TRUE PROFIT.

The Speculating Spider of Commerce Denounced in a Masterful Sermon. The first two of the series of Adversermons on "The Church and the Age," by Rev. Robert Kane, S. J.,

Limerick, Ireland, have been receive with such favorable comment that th Telegraph to day publishes the thit based on a text from St. Paul: "Grac be to you and peace. We give thank to god always for you; being minds of the work of your faith, and labe and charity, and one of the enduring the hope of Our Lord Jesus Chrisknowing, brethren, beloved of Goyour election; for our Gospel hath never the your in word only but here. been to you in word only, but power also, and in the Holy Gho For in every place your faith which toward God is gone forth, so that need not to speak anything. For th aselves relate how you were co verted to God from idols, to serve living and true God." (Thess. c. 1.

"Commerce," said Father Ka

"has gathered the people of the we into one market place. Barter interwoven the different interests The tide of trade, the bing from shore to shore, with wav weather or ebbing value, has brou about the nearness of nations. The the gains of every climate and fruits of every soil, the work of tant hands and the inventions of minds, with profusion of e supply, wait at the door of each mand. Thus too, with the spee electricity and with the force of ste the faintest thrill of loss or gain brates through the whole sens of man's commercial Now, as its strength is mightier an its impulse is more pointed, so i working more effective and its re more drastic. Civilization succours, with its tremendous power tion, with its marvelous concentr of energy, with its exact knowled Nature, with its masterful applic of science, must do great work. its work be to make or to m build up or to destroy? Shall it like earthquake or avalanche, or it work like the water that is con by dykes, or like the steam t guided by mind? Shall our cition bring us curse or bear us ble "If the forces of our Ag loosened in reckless riot, to class

confusion of wasted energies, chaos of useless war, the resul be an equilibrium of ruin, moc the murderous motto of the brute survival of the fittest." If the ies of the nations are to swing fro according to the caprice agnostic, and therefore errati the result must be the catac commerce, a financial war unmi by moral principle, ending downfall of the just, and in the t of the most intellectual thief o strongest robber. But if the f theworld is to be the outcome of t gies of the Age, harmonized by truth, and directed by divine l result must be a success unpa "Hence, brethren, the something to teach. It has a thing to learn. From the Age

learn industry. From the not from the Age, honor. Age we may learn how to work the Church what to esteem. T of social life work with the pit cision of a machine and with less impartiality of gravitati atmospheric conditions kill th commercial energies cast As physical laws the weak, so economic laws ence on the worthless. Both in the main unto good. The ally punish indolence. As that waft the sturdy ship fling the drifting boat to the rain that makes the gr beats to earth the unripened the sun that fills the fields wi nurtures weeds along the pestilence in the town; so t stances of modern comm broaden out the thorought cities, and build up the pa kings, huddle into narrow teeming dens the pariahs of so the tendencies of trade hidden prosperity to one s its riches from the land they the times of fierce compe bring plenty to the home

trodden down and trample race for wealth. The huge of gold oscillates in the wor termittent and random s wealth to want, from luxur from reckless waste to ruth from the plethora of dives ury of Lazarus. How shall with its movement yet ave ward stroke? You can no swing, but you can balan if you obey the law it obey mental law of work, the la energy, action, the law profit, industry. See, t world moves faster than quiet days. You can no its reach. You must eithe with it by rapid and resci or you will be seized, cast aside by the mach

send starvation to the house

Assuredly, if you do not

with industry of the Age

world.
"Understand, then, th only a deadly sin, but whirl of the modern wo and more likely to meet and unforeseen disaster. also, the greater strin sacred duty which you you love. No poison painto the cup, no dagger into the heart, no crimi cruel revenge, has brou such sin, such death to h the love of parents who,