

Ferrier had a little congenial gossip now and then. Among these poor women were many no poorer than she had once been, and they were much nearer to her heart and sympathies than those whom Annette brought to her gorgeous drawing-rooms.

Miss Annette was sometimes troubled by a suspicion that her mother did not always maintain with her prodigies as dignified a distance as was desirable; but she was far from guessing the extent of her good lady's condescension.

She was not kept long in suspense. First there appeared through the thickly flowering horse-chestnut trees a pair of bright bays so trained and held in that their perpendicular motion equalled their forward progress; then a britzka that glittered like the chariot of the sun.

Jack brought his horses round in so neat a curve that the wheels missed the curbstone by only a hair's breadth; and John descended from the perch.

We are obliged to confess that Mrs. Ferrier descended from her carriage as a sailor would descend the ratlines, only with less agility. But what would you say? She was already of a mature age when greatness was thrust upon her, and had not been able to change with her circumstances.

"I'm much obliged to you, John," she said, finding herself safely landed. "Now, if you will bring that parcel in. I'd just as lief carry it myself, only—"

A glance toward the drawing-room window finished the sentence. Of course, Miss Annette would be shocked to see her mother waiting on herself; and, in all matters relating to social propriety, this poor mother stood greatly in awe of her daughter, and, indeed, led quite a wretched life with her.

As the lady walked through the gate and up the steps, with a half-dressed, half-defiant consciousness of being criticised, one might find a slight excuse for the smile that showed for an instant on the lips of her intended son-in-law; for it must be owned that in decoration Mrs. Ferrier was of a style almost as Corinthian as her gown front.

"O mamma!" cried Annette, running out into the hall, "what made you go out dressed like a parrot?" "Why, green and yellow go together," mamma cried stoutly. "I've heard you say that they make the prettiest flag in the world."

The young woman made a little gesture of despair a la Francaise. "Of course, colors can't help going together when they're put together," she said. "The question is whether they are in good taste. And cannot you see, mamma, that what is very fine for a banner isn't proper for a lady's dress? But no matter, since I cannot be helped. And now, I have something to tell you. I read in a book this morning that fleshy people could make themselves thinner by giving up vegetables and sweets, and living on rare beef and fruits, and using all the vinegar they could on things. That's worth your trying."

"But I don't like raw beef and vinegar," cried the mother in dismay. "It is not a question of liking," replied the young woman loftily. "It is a question of health, and comfort, and good looks. It certainly cannot be to you a matter of indifference that the whole neighborhood laugh behind their blinds to see you backdown out of the carriage."

"Let 'em laugh," said the mother sulkily. "They'd be willing to back out of carriages all their lives if they could have such as mine."

Annette drew herself up with great dignity: "Mamma, I do not consider anything trivial when it concerns the credit of the family. To keep that up, I would starve, I would work, I would perform any hardship."

"You might take claret with lemon in it, instead of vinegar," she added after a moment. "And, by the way, I have ordered dinner at half-past four, so as to be through in time for an early rehearsal. Mr. Schominger is engaged for the evening, and they are all to be here by half-past five. Do be careful, ma. Mrs. Gerald is coming up."

"I don't care for 'em!" Mrs. Ferrier burst forth. "I'm tired of having to mince and pucker for the sake of those Gerald. What are they to me? All they want of us is our money."

Annette hushed her mother, and tried to soothe her, leading the way into a side room; but, having begun, the honest creature must free her mind. "You've had your say, and now I want to have mine," she persisted, but consented to lower her voice to a more confidential pitch. "I'm going to have a talk with Lawrence to-day when dinner is over. I sha'n't put it off. If company comes before I get through, you must entertain them. My mind is made up."

"Oh! gracious, mamma!" cried Annette, turning pale. "There are some things that you know best, and some that I know best," the elder woman went on, with a steady firmness that became her. "I give up to you a good deal, and you must give up to me when the time comes. I shall talk to that young man to-day; and, if you know what is best for you, then say no more about it. You are not fit to take care of yourself where he is concerned, and I'm going to do it for you. No matter what I want to say to him. It is my place to look out for that. All you have to do is to be quiet, and not interfere."

Annette was silent; and if you had looked in her face then, you would have seen that it by no means indicated a weak character. She was looking at facts sharply and bravely, considering which of two pains she had better choose, and swiftly coming to a decision. Strong as was her will in that province where she ruled, it was but a reed compared with the determination her mother showed when her mind was made up. The daughter would sometimes yield rather than contend, and she was always ready with reasons and arguments to prove herself right. But the mother had none of that shrinking, on the contrary, took pleasure in having a little skirmish now and then to relieve the tedium of her peaceful existence; and, not being gifted in reasoning, was wont to assert her will in a rather hard and uncompromising manner. Moreover, having once said that she would or would not act in any certain manner, she never allowed herself to be moved from that resolve. This was so well known to her family and intimates that they took care not to provoke her to a premature decision on questions that affected their interests.

"Well, mamma," Annette said, looking very pale as she yielded, "you must do as you please. But don't forget that Lawrence has not been used to rough words. And now it is time for you to change your dress."

At these words, the sceptre changed hands again. Mrs. Ferrier sighed wearily, remembering the happy days when she could put on a gown in the morning, and not take it off till she went to bed at night.

John, the footman, sat in the hall as the two ladies came out of the library, and, instead of going directly up-stairs as her daughter returned to the drawing-room, Mrs. Ferrier made a little pretence of looking out through the porch, to learn the cause of some imaginary disturbance. When at length she went toward the stairs, she was fumbling in her pocket, and presently drew out a small parcel, which she tossed down over the balusters to John, standing under. The paper unfolded in falling, and disclosed a gorgeous purple and gold neck-tie, which the footman at once hid in his pocket.

"Do you like the colors, John?" she asked, leaning over the rail, and smiling down benignantly.

He nodded, with a quick, short answering smile, which shot like lightning across his ruddy face, disturbing for only an instant its dignified gravity.

"Ma, are you going up-stairs?" called Annette's sharp voice from the drawing-room.

"Yes, if you'll give me time," answered "ma," hastening on.

There was no reason why she should not buy, now and then, a little gift for her servants, and there was no need of proclaiming what she had done, and so making the others jealous. Or perhaps John had asked his mistress to exercise her taste in his behalf, himself paying for the finery. He was a very sensible, independent man, and did not need to be pecuniarily assisted.

At the heard of the stairs, the mistress of the house met Bettie, the chambermaid, who had been a witness to this little scene.

"How do you get along, Bettie?" the lady asked, trying to patronize.

The girl turned her back and re-founced away, muttering something about some folks who couldn't get along so well as some other folks, who could go throwing presents over the balustrade to other folks.

Poor Bettie! perhaps she envied John his necktie.

The rich woman went into her chamber, and shut the door. "I declare, I'm sick of the way I have to live," she whimpered, wiping her eyes.

"I don't dare to say my soul's my own. I'm afraid to speak, or hold my tongue, or move, or sit still, or put on clothes, or leave 'em off, or to look out of my eyes when they're open. She wiped the features in question again. "And now I'm likely to be starved, she resumed despairingly; "for, if Annette sets out to make me do anything, she never lets me rest till I die. I was happier when I had but one gown to my back, and could act as I pleased, than I've ever been with all the finery, and servants, and carriages that are bothering the life out of me now. It's all nonsense, this killing yourself to try to be like somebody else, when what you are is just as good as what anybody is."

Which was not at all a foolish conclusion, though it might have been more elegantly expressed.

TO BE CONTINUED.

MR. DOUGHERTY IN BALTIMORE.

Mr. Dougherty's lecture on "Orators and Oratory" was delivered in Baltimore not very long ago, and was largely attended by the clergy and other prominent citizens. The following magnificent address which he delivered at the American Catholic Congress in Baltimore, November 11, 1889, was greatly admired, and as it contained much that is appropriate to the coming Columbian celebration it is well worth reproducing:

"I am profoundly touched by this, the honor of my life. This Congress is an event in the history of the Republic, an era in American progress, an advance in humanity, a move of earth towards heaven. Called to your presence through my brain and swelling in my bosom. A single exultant thought I shall give utterance to, and then resume my seat."

"We Catholics—Roman Catholics, American Roman Catholics, proud, high-spirited and sensitive as any of our countrymen—have silently submitted to wrongs and injustices in manifold shapes and from time immemorial. Away back in colonial years, Catholics suffered the direst cruelties. Talk of the slaves of the South in antebellum times, why they were treated like high-bred guests when compared with Catholics in colonial days. It is the 'damned spot' that will not 'out.' The only religious martyrs who ever staid our fair land with life-blood were Roman Catholics. Spurned with suspicion, disfranchised, persecuted for opinion sake, hunted as criminals, and punished with death by infamous laws."

"We have from time to time been slandered, vilified and maligned in newspapers, pamphlets and books, in political convention, and even in the Congress of the United States. We have been proscribed at the ballot-box. The highest honors of the Republic are denied us by a prejudice that has all the force of a constitutional enactment. In integrity, intellect and accomplishments the equal of our fellows, yet the instances are rare when Catholics are tendered distinctions. The exercises of our holy religion as a right are refused the suffering, the sick and unfortunate in many institutions of charity, and to criminals in prisons and penitentiaries. Though the rank and file of the army and navy are largely of our creed, the chaplains are fewer than the fingers of one hand. It is said that Catholic Indians have Protestant teachers. Churches have been burnt, convents have been pillaged, political liberties destroyed. Aye, political parties in the past have sought to deprive us of our political rights, and we are branded as tools of a foreign potentate, and unworthy to enjoy the name of Americans."

"The time has come, not of our seeking, but in the course of events when we, the Roman Catholic laity of the United States, can vindicate ourselves, not by harsh words, heated retorts nor defiant threats, but calmly, yet firmly, charitably, yet proudly, conscious of the integrity of our motives and the impregnability of our position. We assert that we are pre-eminently Americans; that there would be no America, that the continent would be to-day unknown, had it not been for the Roman Catholics and the Roman Catholic Church. That that liberty which is the essence of all liberty, freedom to worship God, was first established in America by Roman Catholics, and Roman Catholics alone."

He had a true German fondness for old ways and settled customs, and to the end of his days spoke only his own vernacular.

"Why don't you talk English?" somebody once asked him toward the close of his life.

"I never had time to learn."

"Why, how long have you been here?"

"About forty years."

"Forty years! And isn't that time enough to learn English in?"

"What can one learn in forty years?" said the old man, with an unanswerable twinkle.

Father Hecker was born in New York City, in 1819, and with his three brothers worked as a baker. But he was an omnivorous reader; he knew the grounds of every social, political and religious movement in the world about him.

He met Orestes A. Brownson in Mrs. G. M. Young, 1 Sully Street, Grova Street, Liverpool, Eng., writes that the contents of one bottle of St. Jacobs Oil cured her of lumbago after she had given up all hopes of ever being better.

Minard's Liniment is the Best.

outstripped all. From 40,000 they have become 10,000,000. From a despised people they are a mighty power. In every avenue of industry and intellect they are the peers of their fellowmen. Their schools and colleges, libraries, asylums and hospitals are scattered near and far. In every village, steeple or tower tipped with the cross tell where the Catholic pray. In every town in splendid churches gather each morning thousands of worshippers. In every metropolis a cathedral lifts its massive walls high above surrounding piles, or with its stately dome crowns the city's brow.

"Our grand Old Church is the protector of learning. She it was who rescued the inestimable jewels of classic lore from the ruins of the Roman Empire, preciously preserved through the convulsions of a thousand years, and gave them to the printer's art to enrich the learning, elevate the style and adorn the literature of every language to the end of time. She is the pioneer of civilization. She was the founder of States, the framer of laws, the conservator of the order, the champion of the people against the encroachment of tyrants. She it was that struck the chains from the white serf of the Old World. She it is that beholds kneeling around her altars the black and the white, the rich and the poor, the savage of the forest, the royalty of the palace, the statesman of the cabinet and the philosopher of the school. She is the patron of art and the theme of the poet. It is the Catholic Church that guards the home, sanctifies marriage, elevates woman and places the Blessed Mother nearest our Saviour."

"It is the Catholic Church, while ever striving for the good of mortals here below, bends her sublime and heaven-appointed mission to the one supreme aspiration of fitting her children for the regions of eternal bliss."

"The shadow of an imposing event begins to move. The people of the United States, aye, of the hemisphere, are preparing to celebrate the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America. We especially rejoice in this resolve. That tremendous event, with reverence I may say the second creation, the finding of a new world, and the vast results that flowed to humanity, all can be traced directly to the Roman Catholic Church alone. Protestantism was unknown when America was discovered. Let the students, the scholars, poets, historians, search the archives of Spain, the libraries of Europe, and the deeper the research the more the glory with adorn the brow of Catholicity. It was a pious Catholic who conceived the mighty thought. It was when foot-sore and down-hearted, at the porch of a monastery, hope dawned on him. It was a monk who first encouraged him. It was a Cardinal who interceded with the sovereign of Spain. It was a Catholic King who fitted out the ships, and a Catholic Queen who offered her jewels as a pledge. It was the Catholic Columbus, with a Catholic crew, who sailed away out for months upon an unknown sea, where ship had never sailed before. It was to spread the Catholic faith that the sublime risk was run. It was the hymn to the Blessed Mother with which captain and crew closed the perils of the day and inspired with hope the morrow. It was the holy cross, the standard of Catholicity, that was borne from the ships to the shore, and planted on the new found world. It was the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass that was the first, and for over a hundred years the only, Christian worship on the continent which a Catholic named America."

"Why, the broad seal of the Catholic Church is stamped forever on the four corners of the continent. Therefore, let us, in mind, heart and soul, rejoice at the triumph of our country and glory in our creed. The one gives us constitutional freedom on earth, the other, if faithful to its teachings, ensures an eternity in heaven."

I. T. HECKER.

Founder of the Paulist Order—A Convert to Catholicity and the Father of the Press Apostolate.

It is a little singular considering the strong temperance position of the Paulist Order and their equally strong Americanism (a majority of them being converts) that their founder, Father Isaac T. Hecker, was a grandson of a Prussian and Lutheran brewer. Of his grandfather, who emigrated to America late in the last century, this incident is related:

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1834 and became to some extent a follower. The three Hecker brothers originally poor, became by their industry, of affluent circumstances. In his pursuit of truth Isaac T. Hecker tried the Brook Farm experiment with Thoreau and the Fruitland experiment with Alcott. Some of his impressions years afterwards are given by Father Elliot:

"March 5, 1888.—Bronson Alcott dead! I saw him coming from Rochester on the cars. I had been a Catholic missionary for I don't know how many years. We sat together. 'Father Hecker,' said he, 'why can't you make a Catholic of me?' 'Too much rust here,' said I, clapping him on the knee. He got very angry because I said that was the obstacle. I never saw him angry at any other time. He was too proud."

"But he was a great natural man. He was faithful to pure, natural conscience. His virtues came from that. He never had any virtue beyond what a good pagan has. He never aimed at anything more, nor claimed to. He maintained that to be all."

"I don't believe he ever prayed. Whom could he pray to? Was not Bronson Alcott the greatest of all?"

"Did he believe in God?"

"Not the God that we know. He believed in the 'Brother Alcott God. He was his own God.'"

"You say he was Emerson's master: what do you mean by that?"

"He taught Emerson. He began life as a peddler. The Yankee peddler was Emerson's master. Whatever principles Emerson had, Alcott gave him. And Emerson was a good pupil; he was faithful to his master to the end."

"When did I know him first? Hard to remember. He was the head of Fruitlands, as Ripley was of Brook Farm. They were entirely different men. Diogenes and his tub would have been Alcott's ideal if he had carried it out. Ripley's ideal would have been Epictetus. Ripley would have taken with him the good things of this life; Alcott would have rejected them all."

"He could have been nothing but a hermit like those of the fourth century—he was naturally and constitutionally so odd. Emerson, Alcott and Thoreau were three consecrated cranks; rather be crank than president. All the cranks look up to them."

The motives which led Isaac T. Hecker into the Catholic Church are best stated in his own words ("Questions of the Soul"; "Aspirations After Nature"; "The Church and the Age"), which are published by the Catholic Publication Society, New York. He became a Catholic the same year with Newman, but along a different path of inquiry. Newman entered Rome by the historical road; Hecker by the rational road.

How he joined the Redemptorist order, how in 1859 he founded the Paulists, and his great work as a churchman are best told in the admirable biography recently published by his brother priest, Father Elliot. The Paulist order is composed in the majority of converts from Protestantism who have entered the Catholic priesthood. They give missions throughout the United States, and strongly advocate temperance and the evangelizing power of the press.

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