

URIEL:

Or, the Chapel of the Holy Angela.

By Sister Mary Raphael (Miss Drane).

CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.

Geoffrey gladly assented to be generous a proposal, and having been speedily trans-

ferred from his hotel to the residence of his illustrious friend, the latter set about in good earnest to secure the legal acknowledgment of Uriel's innocence.

"Now, that is good as far as it goes," said Paxton, as they sat together, after the labors of the day were over; but one half of the business remains yet to be done.

"And what is that?" said Geoffrey; "it seems to me things are in a fair way of being settled, and that far quicker than I had hoped."

"Well, now," said Paxton, "if we let the matter rest here, what, think you, would come of it? You'd get your papers and your legal documents, reversal of sentence and what not, and so on, and there might chance to appear a paragraph in the corner of a paper certifying as much. But, the public would never hear of it, and out of twenty men who have known of the disgrace of the Pandragons, not nineteen would learn of the restoration of their good name. No, my dear sir, this is a matter which has to do with the world and its ways, and we must take it after a worldly fashion. We must advertise you a little."

"Advertise me?" said Geoffrey; "why, God bless my soul, what have I to do with the matter?—and how will you set about it?"

"You will see," replied Paxton. "In the first place, the singular narrative, put in a telling sort of way, in one or two of the most popular papers, including the discovery of the real criminal, and wonderful sagacity and presence of mind displayed throughout the difficult business by Geoffrey Houghton, Esq., of Laventor, a country gentleman of the good old English stamp. Then, a leader or two, with a good shake of pepper and spice; and, perhaps, an article in the forthcoming number of *The Free Press*, on 'Our Modern Causes Celebres' in which the fortunes of the Pandragons shall be handled pictorially, and the blood of King Arthur made the most of. Stop a bit, I haven't finished."

He continued, seeing an insurrectionary movement threatening in Geoffrey's countenance and gestures; "we must run you through a drawing-room or two. Let me see, there's Lady Annabel Abbott's reception to-morrow evening; you're a friend of the family, I know; we'll begin with her."

"Thank heaven," cried Geoffrey, "that is impossible; I didn't bring a fit out of that sort with me; and, I presume, you wouldn't have me attend her ladyship's reception precisely in the costume in which I walk over my fields at Laventor?"

"Didn't bring anything with you?" said Paxton; "why, so much the better." "I'll take you to Tighath, Pileser & Co., first-rate artists, or what in the vulgar would be called tailors; and one magic word from me will secure you their best cut, and a suit fit for an emperor's drawing-room, and draped at your door by half-past seven to-morrow evening."

Geoffrey gazed and attempted remonstrance, but was in the grasp of a more powerful will than his own.

Paxton kept his word, and so did Tighath, Pileser & Co.; and at a suitable hour the master of Laventor, arrayed as he, at least, had never been arrayed before, found himself ascending the brilliantly-lighted staircase of Holmes Abbott's London mansion, in which the magnificent state apartments were that evening thrown open to an illustrious assemblage.

Under some circumstances to have found himself in such a position would have proved to our hero nothing short of acute mental, one might almost say physical suffering. The pangs of *mauvais honte* would have seized him like a viper, and he would have shrilled himself away in a corner, and awaited in slow anguish the moment of deliverance. But guarded and led on by his distinguished friend the case was different.

Wherever Paxton appeared he secured a deferential notice; whatever Paxton said was listened to; those whom Paxton delighted to honor were at once credited by the indistinct world as being somehow or other "remarkable persons"; and so the unknown individual introduced that evening the Duke of Windermere and the Marchioness of Brighton, and a dozen lesser stars of fashion, by another star of indubitably the first magnitude, and no small curiosity. The whole thing suited Paxton's whim, and pleased his sense of humor. He had taken good care that the morning papers should that very day have contained a powerful *resumé* of the "Remarkable Case" in process of investigation, and a word from him, dropped here and there, was enough to send a whisper through the room that the grave, square-headed man standing at Paxton's side, was no other than the Mr. Houghton, therein spoken of so favorably.

Lady Annabel was charmed and delighted at the favorable reception given to "my old Cornish friend, Mr. Houghton," as she called him. "I am so grateful to you for bringing him," she said to Paxton; "there is something *pitoyable* about him; he is having quite a success."

"Yes," replied Paxton; "he is doing well I think. You must help the good cause, Lady Annabel; no one could do it better."

"What is the last cause you have taken up, Mr. Paxton?" said Lady Annabel; "is it the Pole, or the Albanian, or the Bulgarian? And how is it you want me to help?"

"Nothing of the sort, my dear madam," said Paxton; "it is simply this affair of Pandragon's. We must set him on his feet again. We've got the main business settled easily enough, and now we must work it into the public mind."

"Well, I think you are doing that," said Lady Annabel. "I hear everybody talking of it; and Mr. Houghton is an advertisement in himself."

"Yes," said Paxton; "I think he'll do it. I intend to be him presented before he leaves London, and then, if he makes his appearance in some half-dozen places, judiciously chosen, the intellect of the metropolis will gradually take in the bearings of the great Pandragon case."

"And you want me to aid and abet you in your designs?" said Lady Annabel; "there will fortunately be no difficulty in that. Any one who makes his first appearance under Mr. Paxton's introduction—"

"Ah!—ah!—I understand," said that gentleman; "that is the voice of the syren, which forces a man to lose his ears with wax. But you see what I want; just give him a first-rate fortnight."

So a first-rate fortnight Geoffrey had, and if he did not greatly enjoy it, his hospitable entertainer did. To a man who, all the year through, was thronged with a round of people of the same shape and color, and differing only in their size, this bit of original rock struck sharp and fresh from his Cornish quarry, was a delicious study.

Geoffrey's appreciation of all he saw and

heard, his simplicity and shrewdness, and above all, the clear ringing note of truth, which ran through all he said and did, were to his companion sources of genuine delight. When the fortnight was happily over, Geoffrey found himself provided with all he wanted, and rejoiced with exceeding great joy that his London season had come to an end, and the day of deliverance had dawned.

"Yes," said Paxton, "I believe I must let you go now; and I think I may say we've done your business pretty fairly. Perhaps I may find my way down to Swinburne again in the course of the winter, and if so prepare for an invasion. I should like to see the heir of the Pandragons, and inspect that wonderful cartoon of which you speak. And your sisters, too, and Julian, I should like hugely to see them all again. But what is it I hear about Julian? Is there any truth in the report of his approaching marriage with the young French countess?"

"None that I know of," said Geoffrey; "Lady Annabel quoted you as her authority."

"Pshaw, man," said Paxton, "he only dropped a sentimental word or two about looking forward to the fulfillment of his fondest hopes; but that you know, is a cap that might fit any head. I confess I thought his fancy had elsewhere alighted."

"I believe you are right," said Geoffrey; "but man puzzle one, and women, too, for the matter of that. I suppose, however, time will show."

Meanwhile, he had waited day by day, with no small impatience, for a reply from Julian. It came at last, having been delayed by its transmission through Laventor. But it contained, together with Julian's expressions of congratulation and delight, one drop of disappointment. As soon as he had received the letter which announced the tidings that the truth was known at last, and that Uriel's fair fame was entirely vindicated, he had rushed off to St. Florian, to communicate the glad intelligence, and insist on the young man's instant preparation to return with him to his family.

"Alas!" wrote Julian, "I found him stretched on a bed of sickness, nursed by a *soeur grise*, and suffering much. There had been a storm and many wrecks off the coast, and one fearful night the life-boat was ordered out to rescue the crew of a foundering vessel. They succeeded in doing so, but with great difficulty; and some of the brave fellows were sadly knocked about. Among the rest, Uriel, who, as usual, distinguished himself by his daring courage, received a blow on the head from a falling spar, which they fear has done him some injury. It would be a serious matter to some men; but he has the strength of a giant, and, in a week or so, would battle through it, and be on his feet again. Meantime, I stay here, till he is fit to move, and then we steer straight for Falmouth."

This was the news which Geoffrey brought to the little home circle on his return to Laventor. For a moment Aurelia debated whether she would not hasten to her brother's bedside, but at Geoffrey's earnest entreaty she abandoned the notion. The extreme feebleness of her father, whose shattered strength had been severely tried by the excitement of the last few weeks, seemed to render it impossible for her to leave him. There was nothing for it but to wait in patience, and leave the care of the sick man in Julian's hands; and, meanwhile, to prepare at Merylin to give a joyful reception to the long-lost heir, and install him with loving welcome in the home that had been left for years so sad and desolate.

In the meantime, Geoffrey had to stand a severe cross examination from the home authorities, as to all particulars of his "London Season." Mary wanted to know what he had eaten at the great dinners; Gertrude was curious to know if he had danced, and was answered by a decided negative. Mrs. Houghton wondered how the late hours he spent with him; one and all were lost in admiration at his having been presented at Court. Poor Geoffrey felt very much ashamed of all his distinctions, especially the last, and returned with renewed vigor to the old habit of putting his hands in his pockets, and talking in his own domestic language. "Oh! it's all fiddle-sticks," he said, in reply to some very urgent questions regarding his appearance at St. James. Don't see the meaning of it myself, I don't. There's just a half-moon, as you may call it, and your name's oiled out, and before you know where you are you are out again, and the thing is over, and the rig-out for that piece of folly would have put a new roof upon the mill; 'pon my life, I believe it would!"

"It's my belief," said Gertrude, "that when Geoffrey dies the mill will be found written on his heart. Rodolph once said that he believed Geoffrey's affections were equally divided between the mill and the Pandragons. To this sally Geoffrey only answered by a growl, but it was one expressive of supreme content, and seemed to say that he, the growler, was at home once more, and that for Rodolph and all the world beside he cared not a single farthing."

CHAPTER XIX. THE RESTORATION.

The weeks sped by, and at length, towards the end of September, the welcome letter arrived announcing that Uriel was now sufficiently recovered to travel, and that in a couple of days from the receipt of that dispatch he and his little son, under Julian's escort, might be expected at Falmouth. Geoffrey resolved on hastening thither to meet them on the landing, that the poor exile might receive one hearty greeting as he set foot again on his native shore. Moreover, it was Sir Michael's wish that Uriel, on his first return home, should be accompanied by the two devoted friends to whose exertions he owed his restoration to his family and his good name.

An interest deeper than curiosity, though, doubtless, not unmingled with it, stirred the neighborhood when they learned the day that the young heir was expected. At his own earnest desire, supported by the plea of his state of health, no public reception was provided; but this did not prevent a numerous assemblage of tenants and neighbors from welcoming him at the Trem's-to station with vociferous cheers; and as the carriage which bore him to the castle drove swiftly by, the road was lined with bystanders, who renewed the same acclamations.

Mary and Gertrude took part in the general excitement. A convenient spot in their own demesne was found to command a glimpse of the public road; where, safely establishing themselves, they had the satisfaction of witnessing the pass of the carriage. What was it they beheld? Three black figures, one of whom bowed as he passed to the way-side group; and appearing for a moment at the carriage, a little face, all smiles and golden hair, a vision of earth beauty and innocence, as it were the face of an angel!

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

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

there's no denying it, there's always a kind of go in the old blood, which nothing will extinguish."

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

"No," said Geoffrey; "Aurelia took her brother straight to Sir Michael's room, and they were alone together for a good bit. We waited in the drawing-room, Julian, and Father Segrave, and Marmaduke—yes, he's there—and one or two others; and presently Sir Michael came in, with Uriel on one side, and Aurelia on the other, holding the little boy by the hand. You would have thought the old man had had twenty years given back to him; he looked like a grand old prophet, with his flowing white hair, as he presented his son to his friends, and they all welcomed him; and Uriel himself—well, I don't know what to think of him."

"Don't you like him well, G-offrey?" asked Gertrude; "I hoped he would be nice."

"Oh, I like him well enough; it's not that; but I don't know if he is exactly what you women call nice. He's well," and Geoffrey's descriptive powers seemed to fail him.

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

"No, not that either," said Geoffrey; "he is like a man who does not belong to this world, who does not care for it, and has nothing more to do with it; dead and buried and come to life again; that sort of thing, you see."

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

"Ah, little Uriel, as they call him; a real picture, no, with his glittering hair and his French togetery. Imagine, it seems, has taken upon her to get up his wardrobes, and had tricked him out like a fairy."

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

"No, nothing," said Geoffrey, with a strange expression for a moment passing over his features. "I asked Julian point blank, and he looked gravely at me, and only said: 'I don't change with the wind, Geoffrey; I thought you would have known me better.'"

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

"Ah, I forgot," said Geoffrey; "the cartoons are finished, and the chapel will be opened on the 29th. It is one of the Julian's secrets; he is a strange fellow. When he found he should be detained at St. Florian, he gave orders to Gines to get them finished by some first-rate artist, provided only it was one who would execute his designs. So it is done, and no one knew it; and the chapel will be opened on the 29th, that is next Wednesday, you know, as a solemn thanksgiving for Uriel's return."

It was decided by the family convocation that they would wait till Wednesday's solemnity was over before presenting themselves at the castle to offer their congratulations to every one of the family, with the exception of that one who had been so sadly separated, and wonderfully reunited, needed to be left alone for a while, and that on the first days of restored happiness none even of their best friends could intrude. Nor in the interval did they see anything of Julian, whose entire time from daybreak to sunset was spent in the chapel preparing for the opening ceremony.

His plans for the restoration had been skilfully and faithfully executed by Gules, but he felt pardonable pleasure in the thought that their conception had been his own. Equally his own were the arrangements for the coming festival; it had all been planned and thought of as he sat by Uriel's sick-bed at St. Florian, and the result of his cogitations had been communicated to Father Segrave, with directions how they might be carried out with the least possible amount of preparatory bustle.

On St. Michael's day, then, the little chapel was filled with an expectant crowd, and the eyes of some among them, fixed in old times to the mouldy walls and crumbling stone work it had displayed in its ruinous condition, wondered to behold it all not changed or replaced by carvings and adornments of a new design, but touched and restored, as it were, by some magic finger, which had only perfected and brought back the beauty which by time had decayed. Angels looked down from the carved bosses, and the flash of their gleaming wings might be caught on the walls of the sanctuary; while on the spot where the old defaced paintings had crumbled away appeared the Seven Spittles, executed by a master's hand from the cartoons which had filled so important a place in the family story. They were there; and there, conspicuous amongst them, was St. Uriel, with his golden hair and flashing sword, "the Light and Strength of God." None who had seen the heir of Merylin could fail to recognize his likeness; only a few knew how that likeness had been obtained, and that, in very truth, it was that painting which had furnished the first clue to the discovery that he was still alive.

(To be Continued.)

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WHAT HE DONE FOR HIS WIFE.

He had her Portrait Painted and Monument Erected to her Memory.

A famous missionary priest now dead, once related the following anecdote:—"During the course of my ministrations," said he, "I once visited the city of B—, and was invited to dine on Sunday at the house of a wealthy Catholic, whose wife had recently died. From what I had previously learned, the family were not distinguished for piety, though they might be called practical Catholics. After dinner the host introduced me into his library, where hung a beautiful, full-length oil painting of a woman, magnificently dressed, in the prime of life, with a countenance of great sweetness and beauty."

"That," he said, with tears in his eyes, "is a portrait of my wife, painted by M—, the most famous artist in the country, as you may know, and particularly distinguished for his skill in oil-painting. It is as nearly perfect as a painting can possibly be. When I retire here after the day, I feel as though she were actually before me, and I assure you it affords me the greatest consolation."

"It is truly a fine picture," I replied, "your wife must have been a very lovely woman. Then, presuming on my age and the privilege of a priest, I continued, 'Excuse me, but no doubt you paid a great deal of money for this portrait?'" He flushed slightly as he answered, "Your question is a little strange, Father, but I do not object to telling you that it cost me \$5,000." "A large sum," I replied, and after a short pause resumed, "Yesterday afternoon, my dear sir, between my two sermons I was taken for a drive by one of the Fathers. We drove through the cemetery, and he showed me the most beautiful, and I don't doubt the most costly monument I have ever seen, saying that it had just been erected by you to the memory of your deceased wife. Once more, excuse me, but that also involved, I feel confident, even a larger expenditure of money?"

"Yes, Father," he replied, with a puzzled expression, as if wondering whither my remarks tended, "that monument, when completed, will have cost me \$10,000. But twice that sum would have been nothing if necessary to the erection of a suitable memorial to my dear wife, whom I loved with all my heart, and for whom I can now do nothing but testify in this poor way my undying sorrow and regret."

"For the third and last time, excuse me," I replied, "but tell me, how long has your wife been dead?"

"Six months, Father," he answered, sadly, "but it has seemed like six years to me."

"And during that time how many Masses have you said for her soul, how many Communion have you offered, how many Ave Marys you given, how many prayers have you said to hasten her release from Purgatory?"

"He hastily replied: 'Ah, now I see the drift of your questions. Frankly, I will say that I have not thought it necessary. My wife was an angel. Her life was blameless. I am not one of those who place people in Purgatorial fires unless they have led irregular lives. My wife thought likewise. To be sure, I believe we must all undergo a period of probation, but with spirits such as hers it can only be a mere passage; as it were, a hurrying through. Nothing could convince me otherwise.'

"But, my dear sir, you are a Christian, a Catholic, and the Scriptures not only teach that nothing defiled can enter heaven, but that the just man falls seven times a day. You cannot believe, therefore, that dear as she may have been to you pure as her life may have been, your deceased wife was utterly without stain of sin."

"He remained silent a moment, then he said: 'Father, you may be right, though I can not agree with you. I promise to have some Masses said at once, and, moreover, I will give a sum to one or more charitable objects for the repose of her soul. Your intentions are good, and you are only following your line of duty as a priest; therefore, I can not blame you, but to me, as I said before, there is no necessity. I feel certain she is long since in heaven. Some further conversation ensued, after which I came away, more than ever impressed with the fact that of all worldly people a worldly Catholic is the least doleful.'

"Five years later I again sojourned for some days in the same city."

"By the way," I inquired of my friend, the Rector, as we sat at supper one evening, "what of Mr. D.?" "He died three months ago," was the reply. "And his large fortune? Did he leave any portion of it in charity?"

"Not any. It all went to his wife and children and a couple of nieces, his only surviving relatives."

"White and children?" I exclaimed, "I had thought him a widower."

"Not for long," answered the Rector. "He married a giddy, young Protestant girl about a year after his wife's death. There are two children."

"Was he faithful to his religious duties to the end?"

"Well, yes, in a measure. He attended mass on Sundays and went to the Sacraments at Easter. That was about all."

"I said no more, but reflected much on the evanescence of human love, wondering at the same time if there might not be at that moment two desolate shades roaming through Purgatorial darkness, clinging to each other and calling vainly for the prayers that might shorten their probation, prayers they had seldom given to others in like need. Christians, friends, here before me, say with me, 'Mary E. Mannix in the Poor Souls' Advocate.'

The Black Robe's Influence.

[Washington Cor. of the N. Y. Sun.] Two examples have just been furnished of the practical influence exerted over the red men of the West by the Roman Catholic missionaries wherever they have established schools or churches upon Government reservations.

Under the legislation of last winter President Harrison appointed three Commissioners to visit the Chippewas of Minnesota and procure their consent to gather upon two reservations, one at White Earth and the other at Red Lake, selling to the Government the abandoned reservations and such portions also of the two retained as should not be required for allotments in severalty. Among the Commissioners selected was the Right Rev. Martin Marty, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Dakota. That the choice of Bishop Marty was judicious is apparent, since Minnesota is one of the regions in which the Catholic Church has taken pains to extend its missions among the red men; and, as a fact, these Chippewa negotiations, which have been dragging along for several years, have at last been successful, and there is now practically no doubt that the surplus land at Red Lake will be secured by the Government.

Again, in the recent Sioux negotiations the canvas at Standing Rock was evidently to determine the success or failure of the errand of the Commissioners. When they arrived there they found the outlook most unpromising.

The famous chief, Sitting Bull, John Grass, and Gall had arrayed their followers almost as a unit against the scheme of purchase. The visit of last year's Commission to this agency had secured, after a month's labor, only twenty-two favorable votes. Threats were made to kill any Indian who should sign. The first cheering indications came from the converted Indians of the Roman Catholic Mission at Standing Rock. The priest took ground in favor of the plan of the Commissioners, and his Sioux converts affixed their signatures to the agreement in spite of threats and ridicule. Afterward came the break of John Grass, and that of Gall, and then success was assured.

There is a Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions which takes general charge of religious and educational work among the red men. This year's annual meeting, presided over by Bishop Marty, showed that the bureau had contracts with the Government amounting to \$344,545 during the current year alone for the education of Indian children.

The Government, besides maintaining its own schools on the reservations and elsewhere, pays large sums for the right to place children in the religious schools established by the various Protestant denominations and by the Catholic Church. This it can do at a cost per head less than that of its own day schools and boarding schools, because the religious institutions have their contributions to rely upon, and can afford to take Government pupils at a low rate. The Catholic schools alone number fifty-four, and no fewer than thirty-eight of them are boarding schools, having an attendance of 2,787 pupils. These pupils receive board and clothing, as well as tuition, and the Government gives from \$100 to \$150 a year for each pupil, according to the location of the school and other circumstances. The day schools add 650 pupils, making 3,437 in all. The contracts for the coming year contemplate the education of many more children, and the receipt of \$431,930 from the Government.

The selection of Bishop Marty for the Government's successful work among the Chippewas and the conduct of the Catholic School at Standing Rock are well worthy of notice.

The disagreeable sick headache, and foul stomach, so frequently complained of, can be speedily relieved by a single dose of McGALE'S Bitternut Pills.

Advice to Little Men. Much proxy advice is bestowed on boys and young men that never gets beyond the drums of their ears. One of the most useful ideas you can introduce in a young head is that its owner is bound to make his mark in the world if he chooses to try. Teach him that it depends solely upon himself whether he soars above the dead level of mediocrity or not, whether he crawls or flies. Give him, as far as possible, confidence in his own inherent capabilities. Argue that he has the same faculties by which others have risen to distinction, and that he has only to cultivate them and apply in their exercise that mighty propulsive agent, a determined will, in order to rise. Bid him shoot his arrows, not at the horizon, but the zenith. A boy who sets out in life with the Presidency in his eye, although he may fall short of the mark, will be pretty sure to reach a higher position than if his ambition had been limited to the office of town constable or a tide-waiter's berth in the Custom House.

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"Boy, let the eagle's flight ever be thine," "ward and upward and true to this line."

—N. Y. Leader.

CRIME MUST BE STOPPED.

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The reopening of Classes in this special institution for boys, of the age of five to twelve years, will take place on Tuesday, the 3rd of September next. 1-18 REV. L. GEOFFRION, C.S.C., Sup.

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