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CHAPTER XII.

In his luxurious rooms Florian was sitting, arrayed in his dressing-gown, his hands clasped idly on his lap, his gazz wandering and frightened; while before him stood the red, vexed, irritated Squire who had brought in the news of Ruth's intended departure.

"What's to be done, Flory—what's to be done?" REJECTED.

Florian knew there was but one thing to be done, and the utter hopelessness of success made him despondent. This was not as he would have had the scenery and properties when he came to declare his love. Pendleton had told him nothing more than that Ruth, disturbed by her old religious doubts, was going away to a convent. There was nothing to account for the train of thought and feeling which for the train of thought and feeling which had led up to so surprising an event; if the Squire knew anything he declined to talk about it.

"I had thought," said Florian helpless-

ly, "of renewing an old proposal."
"Had you, my boy—had you?" cried
Pendleton. "Then it's the only thing
that will stop this flight—the only living,

almighty thing."
"But it's useless to try it under such circumstances," Florian continued. "She is upset in mind; she has not shown any

is upset in mind; she has not shown any particular care for me since—"
"What, Flory!" said the Squire, "what are you talking of, lad? Not shown any particular care for you! Why, man, it has been nothing but Florian here and Florian there to her friends, to her acquaintances, and to strangers since she came to New York. 'Do you know Florian Wallace?' was her first question, until Mrs. Merrion had to tell her it looked as if you were engaged still.'

Florian's shrewder sense told him that the Squire's likings had taken the place of his rowers of chearparties but it was and Florian there to her friends, to her

the Squire's likings had taken the place of his powers of observation, but it was very sweet to know that some people thought Ruth willing to renew the old relationship. And she was going away? It might be the last chance of testing her feelings, and if the result were unfavorable no harm would be done. They would be sure to understand each other better.

A great slice of the romance of Elorian's

A great slice of the romance of Florian's character had been devoured by the capa-cious jaws of his political ambition. Sensibility and delicacy were less fine, evidently, or he would have seen how very much injury this surrender of old principle would do him, and how hurtful it was to his own sense of honor and re-ligion. He looked at the position, not as a lover torn with doubts as to the result torn with doubts as to the result of his action, but as a man of the world taking his chances, shrugging his shou ders at failure, mildly muttering bravo at ders at halter, mindy muttering bravo at success. It was not a thing to be mourned over long though. "If you wouldn't insist on—on the old condition," the Squire began. "Nonsense!" said Florian. "I have got over that. I'll take her no matter how

she comes."
"O Lord!" cried the delighted father, "then it is settled. She'll not go to the convent. Now, my lad, just brush up and get over to Barbery's for lunch, for she's packing up and may be off at any mo-

Florian felt as he dressed that his posi-Fiorian felt as he dressed that his posi-tion was similar to that of one arraying himself for decapitation. But he proceed-ed calmly and heroically to his doom, and at two o'clock that afternoon was lunching with Barbara and Ruth in the pretty dining-room in Brooklyn. Ruth was pale and worn, but determined. Florian knew that look of old and what it meant, better than her father. He re-ceived notice of her departure with an air of well-bred surprise. "There is one con-solation in it," Barbara said—"It's the end of the season. But then there was so much for Ruth to see which does not be-long to fashionable life, and so many

people will be disappointed."
"The disappointment of the many
troubles Ruth very little," said he, with
pointed reference to her indifferent ex-

pression.
"I never thought of them," Ruth answered wearily, "and I'm sure they never once thought of me: nor do I care."
"Years, Ald," said. Forjan, and

"You never did," said Florian, and both ladies felt an iciness in the tone that gave a double meaning to the words. When the lunch was ended Barbara left

"This sudden flight," said Florian,
"looks remarkable, but I know you never
do anything hastily. Is it a homeward

"No," said Ruth frankly, "it goes heavenward—at least. I hope so."
"You are always flying in that direction," he said with quiet sarcasm.
"Not always, but I am to make a good of the time." And her line were

effort this time." And her lips were compressed for an instant. "I am dis-gusted with my own doubts and I am going to rid myself of them forever. I am n a search for certainty."
"I offered it to you once," he said in-

flerently.
"And I am sure I did well in refusing

Why did she put such a stress on that last word? It made his heart bound like a frightened deer, but he was silent until she added: "And don't you think so too?"

"Why should 1? If it was for your benefit I say you; but

benefit, I say yes; but if it has condemned SORE CURED BY CUTICURA

SOLVENT and CUTICUEA SOAP. The nails hardened up, peeled off, and my hands are now cured.

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me to a course of suffering that ambition | yet pleased by the tender tone of her voice. lone could smother—"
Her amused laugh interrupted him.
"Then you smothered it with ambi-

"With the aid of hopelessness," he answered bitterly. "Did I not know you swered bitterly. "D well and myself too?"

well and myself too?"

"I must say you did, and I am sorry to
think I did not know you better. Through
all this winter I was afraid you would
propose again."

"The winter is not over yet, Ruth."

"The winter is not over yet, Ruth."

"But I am gone from the world. Florian, I shall never come to New York again. I like home best, and if I come into the world once more it will be to live and die ouiside of this turmoil and uproar. You cannot applaud that decision?"

"No, for I had hoped to induce you to remain in it as long as I would." His face, in spite of his self-control, grew for one moment ashen pale, and the tone which accompanied these words brought Ruth to her feet flushing with pain.

"O Florian," she cried, "you surely don't mean to—"

don't mean to—"
"Why not?" he answered severely,
"You may have castaide my love easily
enough, but I find it harder to forget.
Ruth, I have not ceased to love you since t Clayburgh, nor have I ceased to You are looking for certainty and You will find them here." And he hope.

rest You will find them here." And he held out his arms invitingly.

"If you were not so very sincere," she said, and stopped. There was a restrained and awkward silence for a long time, until both came slowly to their cooler selves. cooler selves.
"You have honored me, Florian," she

said gently; "but it is an honor I cannot accept. I am still a Protestant—"
"Pray let that pass." he said hastily.
"I do not insist on your becoming a Catholic. My love has risen above such distinctions."

The hand which she placed on his shoulder fell from it suddenly and, looking up, he saw an expression of surprise and grief on her face and quickly inter-

preted it.
"I had always thought that a principle with you," she said slowly.
"Principles suffer from the wear of time," he answered, "as well as ourselves,

time," he answered, "as well as outserves, though we are immortal."

"O Fiorian!" She spoke the words in deepest sorrow. "I hope there are very few things to which you cling as poorly. That is one of my principles yet. You accused me a moment ago of forgetting, but that I have not forgotten."

"It is because I love you," he replied sadly; "and I fear I could forget much more because of you."

"I amnot worthy of §it, Florian."

"O Ruth!" Her two hands were on her lan and he seized them passionately.

her lap and he seized them passionately.
"Is there no hope? Can we never resurrect that sweet past that lies buried ith Linda by the river?"
"Never,"—she said the words with an

effort-" no more than we can resurred He dropped her hands with a long look

He dropped her hands with a long look of grief and pain; he realized fully that he was losing her forever, and her last words put his sentence in its best form so that he could not misunderstand it.

"But you must know why I am going," she said after a pause; "for you are my less this advanced at the orth." be said after a pause; "for you are my best friend, and, although you have hurt me by this scene, I cannot but feel that you have honored me beyond deserving. Do you know that, while I could not join the Catholic Church or leave my own, I always had a doubt as to the truth of Mathodian but it took long to convince Methodism, but it took long to convince me that my position of doubt was sinful.
I have found out at last that to remain willingly in that state is sin, and by the grace of God I am going to rid myself of it for

ever."

"If you had had that feeling in the old days," said Florian, "what a happy story ours would have been."

"Why did you not give me the feeling?" she said sharply. "Why did you leave it for Mr. Rossiter to do?"

"It was an oversight." he said in surprise. "But I was not aware that Paul talked religion to you. He is stricter even than I am in such matters."

even than I am in such matters."
"I told him of my former nea

"I told him of my former nearness to the Church, and he lectured me one night for not making proper use of the graces I had then received, and filled me with dread of my present position. It has rankled in my heart since. It has led to my present determination. Ah! he has the poet's soul."

"It was a mornlight night?"

"It was a moonlight night?" ques-tioned Florian.

"I think so. Yes, I remember now it was. His eyes shone so when he bade me good-night, and he stood looking up-"I thought it," he said quietly, and

she did not notice the sarcasm, for he memory was dwelling on the splendor o the poet's eyes. "And so you are going away to hunt up the blessed certainty of the faith! Is it not a queer place to settle one's doubt in a hot-bed of Catholicity? For instance, if I went to the Whigs to earn the strength of some doubles I had concerning Democracy."

"I am certain of this," said she: "that Methodism is not Christianity, and

I am going to investigate Catholicity where it shines brightest, and take that as the standard."

as the standard.
"Well, that is wise. When you return to Clayburgh I shall be sure to meet you, for I am going up there some day. hap longer if politics offer me induce

ments."

"You say that because you think I would say it," she replied. "You will never go to Clayburgh to see anybody, Florian; you will never see it again, unless on business or when brought there to dis. If you can prophers of me why not have the property of the why not have the property of the way not have the property of the die. If you can prophesy of me, why not I of you? Good-bye. Why did you not bring your poet with you?" "He knows nothing of your departure.

You would have gone without a word to him, to whom you should be very grate

ful."
"I shall be," she said very tenderly,

always."
And so they parted. Barbara met him
the hall on his way out, and was surorised and pleased to see no evidence of strong emotion about him. She had coked for a romantic love storm.

"Now that we are losing Ruth," said

she, "I trust we shall not also lose the pleasure of seeing you frequently." "That would be a distinction I never could have deserved," said Ruth. "Fioran can never forget your kind hospital-

"True," said Florian; "if I could would be sadly wanting in gratitude."

"Is it so amicably settled?" whispered Barbara to him at the door; and when he nodded, she said, "I am so very glad. We shall not lose you entirely." And Florian departed, puzzled, disappointed,

CHAPTER XIII.

THE INQUISITORS. With the flight of Ruth the second act With the flight of Ruth the second act in the comedy ended, and the curtain was rung down on Madame Lynch's boarding-house. Very much like a deserted play-house it looked in the days that followed. Florian was deep in the preparation for a congressional campaign with his name at the head of the ticket, so that he was rarely seen in the hand-some rooms where hung the yachting some rooms where nong the ya hope which love only could hold out to her, was touched at times with the green melancholy, but smiled oftener and was happy at a word or a look from her ideal happy at a word or a look from her ideal of manhood. Paul worked away in the attic at plays, essays, and poems, and was troubled because of a sudden coldness which had sprung up between him and Florian. Peter and the Squire alone seemed to retain that boisterous spirit of frolic which had enlivened the winter, but for want of encouragement displayed very little of it. Every spirit was dulled, and life seemed to have met with so un-pleasant a lull that a storm was necessary to rouse the people who floated in it like motes in a sunbeam.

The summer passed and lengthened

into fall. Florian's run for Congress se the house in a ferment. It was a great thing to have one of the boarders graduating from the front parlor to Congress and when the election had passed and he was returned by a handsome majority the reception tendered him by Madame Lynch was superb. All the world was there, and in some way it began to be understood that Frances was the lucky woman who would draw the lion of the on the evening of this reception that two
gentlemen called upon Florian while he
was engaged among the guests. It was
after eleven, and, unless the matter was
after eleven, and unless the matter was

after eleven, and, tinies the matter was urgent, the great man could not be seen till after midnight.

"We can go to the hotel," said one gentleman to the other, "and rest until that time. You will please tell Mr. Wallace that a gentleman on important business will call more him after the received. ness will call upon him after the recep-tion. As he is compelled to leave the city early in the morning, he must see

im during the course of the night. They went away without further trouble, and the servant naturally forgot to mention their visit or message. Coming to his room a little after one, jaded and depressed, deep as was the draught of popularity which he had quaffed, Floran threw himself on a chair and gav himself up to aimless thought. A pier-glass stood directly in front of him, and he had a full and fair view of the new ongressman—the petted idol of society he present form of the serious yet light hearted boy who fished, swam, and l neared boy who issned, swain, and lover not many years back on the St. Law-rence. It was a delightful but not a sat-isfactory feeling which his new honors gave him. There was no fullness about the heart, no complete lull of that bitter craving of ambition which had vexed him so long. He could hardly realize that this elegant gentleman with brown. him so long. He could hardly realize that this elegant gentleman with brown parted beard, and pale serious face was really he who had loved Ruth Pendleton.

The mirror which reflected his seemed to center all its light on him. The background was very dark, and yet while he was looking a shadowy face seemed to grow out of the darkness and come nearer to him. He watched and studied it as a curious phantom of the brain, until a cough reached his ears and brain, until a cough reached his ears and notified him that a person had really entered the room. The first look at the stranger led Florian to believe that he was dreaming, for the man who stood gravely there, as if waiting to be welcomed, was the living image of Scott, the hermit of the Thousand Islands, when last he had seen him at Linda's grave: cap worn in helmet-fashion, blue shirt and high boots, and the red beard with the sharp blue eyes shining above. He made no movement and uttered no word, but

no movement and uttered no word, but stood looking at Florian until a chill crept down the Congressman's shoulders. "Scott, is this you?" he said, holding out his hand. "You look like an appari-

"And so I am," said Scott, taking the proffered hand for a moment—"a ghost of the past. Could I be more out of place

than in this grand house?"

"You don't look so," said Florian, who

"You don't look so," said Florian, who felt that the hermit's simplicity would not be amiss in the homes of kings, and he held tightly to his hand and shook and pressed it as if he never would let go. "This is the hand Linda held," he said in excuse for his rudeness. "You have overthrown me quite. I am glad, but I can't feel as if anything our held hyperpad you came as sudden. new had happened, you came so sudden

The hermit went around examining the room in his simple way, stopped at the picture of Linda for a moment, for a longer time at the picture of Ruth.

"This should not be here," he said, "if

know what's what in this city. "said Florian: "but it's hard to

do right always."
"Not for you," said the hermit, and supericious Florian felt a harshness in the tone. "Not for one who in the main acts squarely is it hard. Do you think so?"
"Some things are so much harder than others," was the reply, very slowly and smilingly given. "But this is a cold greeting, Scott. I feel the honor you have

done me. It is something unusual for you to do, and I am troubled to show you how it impresses me." how it impresses me."

"No anxiety on my account," said
Scott, coming to take a seat in front of
him, with his eyes still studying the
beauty of the room. "I must be off before daylight. And so you're a Congress-

man?"
"High up isn'tit?" said Florian, blushing like a school boy. "I am pretty close to great things, too close to make much fuss if I should get them. And you remember what you said to me about political life—that it would be my damnation, perhaps. Ah! how many a greater man must live to eat his own prophecy."
"I have not eaten mine yet," said Scott, "and perhaps I hold a leetle mite stronger to that opinion. Being a Con-

stronger to that opinion. Being a Congressman at thirty-one isn't so great a show. It's ordinary in these days, and it's not an evidence of piety either; do you think so?"
"Well, no," and he laughed. "But then
I have not lost the faith. I am the same

old Fiorian, fond of speculating, of fishing, of old friends, and of Scott the hermit, in particular. I am a boy yet, and I resemble St. Paul inasmuch as I have kept the faith. My course is yet to be finished." stung
"No doubt you will be able to say that

too, some time," said Scott, and Florian thought his seriousness was intended to

thought his seriousness was intended to mask his sarcasm. "No doubt, Scott. And you hint that shall be able to say no more. Pshaw! I went to confession and Communion last—last spring, and I never miss Mass. I have no taint of liberalism. I object to papalin fallibility, and that is not yet defined."

"And do you object to mixed marriages?"
A burning flush spread over Florian's

face.
"Well, I am firm as to the theory if not as to the practice. But I was not aware that many knew of this, indeed." "Squire Pen'l'ton knew it." "Which means that the whole world

is in the secret."
"It was a big fall from Clayburgh no ions," Scott said, with his sharp eyes piercing his very soul.
"I was only a boy then and had no ex-

perience."

"If you were mine I would be prouder of the boy's actions than of the man's. It was a fair and square move to keep clear of Protestant wives for the sake of the little ones. I don't think you improved

on it."
"Perhaps not; but the world, I find, thinks little of these things. I shall always regret my Clayburgh obstinacy on that point." He looked up sadly to the picture, happing over the headest. picture hanging over the bookcase, and his firm lips trembled. He had lost it forever, and no one to blame but himself. "I shall always regret it, Scott—

"I shall always regret it, Scott—always."
"I've no doubt," the hermit said shortly; "an' you'll lose more time than that before you wind up."
"See, friend," said Florian, turning with playful sharpness upon him, "I have an idea you came here simply to haul me over the coals. If so, proceed to the coals. I'm more honored than before, for a man must think much of another to travel so far for his sake alone."

far for his sake alone."

The hermit drew a bit of newspaper from his pocket, and, after smoothing out its wrinkles and creases, handed it to him. "Pere Rougevin gave me that," he said;
"it is an extract from one of your stump
speeches. I think he doubted it, but I'd
like to hear your opinion on the thing.

It's something new. Elucation belongs properly to the state, and any at-tempt to rival its systems cannot fail to be hurtful to all. After some experience in the matter I am convinced that our public school system is as fair an attempt at governmental education as can be at-tained at present. All other systems should be frowned upon. Religion must attend to its churches and its catechism, public school system is as fair an attempt and let general education alone."

"It is mine," said Florian frigidly and

briefly.

Without a word the hermit dropped it without a word the hermit cropped in into the wastebasket, and, arising, he began aimlessly to read the titles of the works in the library. Decidedly Florian was not feeling as pleasant over this visit as he expected, and the hermit's allusion

as he expected, and the hermit's anission to mixed marriages and the producing of the extract cut him deeply. What was the next crime? he wondered.

"Them titles and names," said Scott, "don't sound well. Voltaire, Strauss, Heine, Goethe, Hobbes, Hume. If I'm not wrong, them's the people have done as much harm to the world as men could do."

Florian laughed at his pronunciation of the names for Goethe was called Goathe, and Voltaire Voltary.

"I bought them out of curiosity," Florian explained. "People talked of them and their authors until I felt ashamed of

knowing nothing more about them than what I had read. They did not impress what I had read. They did not impress me much, I can tell you."
"No, I s'pose not. They usually don't, such books." He was turning over periodical literature, and, recognizing among them some of the worst sheets of the day, pointed to them as one would to a rotten carcass. saving. "Use heard the

Pere give his opinion of them things."

"And it was not a favorable one, I feel

want to keep it pure. You were brought up to pure air, pure thinking, pure doing. But this," with a comprehensive gesture around, "don't look anything like

our bringing up."

Florian was gnawing his lip with vexation by this time, for the hermit ignored his arguments, his attacks and defense and apology entirely, and spoke as if in a

soliloquy.

"Bringing up was a little roughly done in Clayburgh," said he carelessly, "and a little narrow-minded. If I had remained there I would have gone on ignorant of the world and its great though erring minds. It does not injure a man to know of his great brethren, even if they be fallen."

fallen. "Has it done you any good?" asked "Has it done you any good?" asked the hermit, fixing once more upon him the gentle eyes. "You say you read 'em because you wanted to talk about 'em with people who had them on their lips always. Well, you've done your talkin' and your end is reached. Whar's the good?"

good?"
"I have learnt something from their errors and from their story, like the sailor who passes the scene of a comrade's ship wreck. You will never find me advocat wreck. You will never find me advocating Rousseau's civil-government ideas or believing in—but I beg you pardon; I had forgotten that you were unacquainted with these things. Dry enough, aren't they, even when compared with dry politics! But here, my dear friend, this is not what you came for from Clayburgh. You have some news for me, have you not? How's the fishing in Esl Bay? And how do people comport themselves in the staid old town?"

"I don't know much about 'em, but I believe they're well. Your sister's eldest child died, you know"—he did not, but thought it best to say nothing—" and your father, as you heard, had a narrow escape with rheumatism of the heart." He had not heard that either, and was

ashamed to think that letters from home had been lying unopened and forgotten for weeks on his table. "They was kind of expectin' you'd show up there soon. They don't know your vocation is so well settled, and they

thought your likin's was stronger.' "Business with a young man," said Florian, " is usually too pressing to admit of much recreation. "I s'pose." The tone of these two words was delightful, and, although they stung him, Florian was compelled to

"When you return, Scott, you can tell them how well I am looking and how neatly my new office fits me. Next year I shall try to deliver an oration at their Fourth of July turn out. And to this you can add your own opinions of me."

"I would not like to," said Scott, shaking his head; "it wouldn't please your friends to know you are as you are. You've changed, boy, for the worse. The man that reads such books and thinks as you think—he's on the wrong road. I you think—he's on the wrong road. hope for Linda's sake you won't reach end. That little grave ought to be a re-proach to you. I have a paper that you writ before you left, and I brought it down, thinkin' perhaps you might care to

read it.".
" Nonsense!" said Florian roughly; 'let the buried past stay in its grave."
The hermit sighed secretly, and before either could speak again a knock came to the door, and Pere Rougevin entered and shook hands with Florian warmly.

shook hands with Florian warmly.

"Glad to see you in your new honors, Flory," with the gentle, upward wave of the hand that the young man knew so well; "hope they will wear and stand a public washing. Scott here is quite sober-looking. You've been recalling old reminiscences. What a fine library! Standard works, too! Um, um! Voltaire—oh! Goethe—ah! Rousseau—there's the politician! Your reading is comprehensive, Flory, shining, like the sun, on the good and bad indifferently! There's the mind of your true modern statesman."

and bad indifferently! There's the mind of your true modern statesman."

"See the difference between the two men," said Florian smiling, yet quite aware of the Pere's biting sarcasm. "Here this vicious hermit has been reviling me for reading these things."

"Well, Scott has old fashioned views," said the Pere. "Hardly understands the vigor of the faith in our rising Catholic generation—how easily these assaults of Satan are beaten back by their vigorous arms, and how quickly these snows of infidelity melt from them, like water off a duck's back as the old lady said. But no one can persuade him. He is morbid one can persuade him. He is morbid and melancholy. He would have us all

hermits."
Scott rose and prepared to go.
"I am sorry for you," he said, with a look at Florian, more direct and earnest than he recally gave to any one. "Good-

bye."
"Good-by," said Florian, but they did
not shake hands. The Pere was standing with his eyes on Ruth's picture.
"That should not be there," he said, as

he offered his hand for the parting salute; "but the old love seems to die hard." "Shall I see you in Washington this winter?" said Florian, ignoring these remarks. "You are always talking of a You are always talking of a marks. visit there: surely you will make it

"It is likely, thank you, unless "he looked at him shyly—"you begin to make speeches on education." He was gone the next instant, and the

Congressman, weary and irritated, re-turned to his meditations in disgust. These two men were slowly fading out of his life, and it was hard to endure in silence their rustic sarcasms. Even if their charges were true, what use in making them? He would not go back to the rus-

The mention of Linda's grave had stirred him and it brought back her dying words and the sweet love she had for him. "I wonder" he thought environsly him. I wonder." he thought, curiously as he fell asleep—he would once have spurned the thought with indignation— "if I could ever forget that last scene and those last words. O Linda! I pray with

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE JESUIT'S BARK.

Perhaps the most ridiculous illustraion of the odium theologicum is to be found in the opposition of Protestants to the introduction of Peruvian bark as a medicine because it was first known to Europeans as Jesuit's bark. The great tonic was so-called because its "And it was not a lavorable one, I leel
sure. Well, a politician must see and
read things in order to keep abreast of
the times. They leave no impression on
me, save regret for the folly and the crime
which produced them."

"The whole place," said Scott, "has a
literary atmosphere. I should think you'd
reart to keep it roughly and the crime
al De Lugo received some of it and
distributed it as a cure for fever,
which caused it to be known at Rome
as Cardinal's powder. as Cardinal's powder.

But the name of its discoverers prevailed in Europe. Cardinal's powders in the eyes of Protestants of that day were bad enough, but they were so afraid of the Jesuit's bite that they could not tolerate his bark. They im agined that even when reduced to powders the bark of the Jesuits covered some deep design against their neterdoxy. On account of superstitious prejudice the medicine was but slowly introduced and even then by a trick of an English apothe-cary, John Talbor. He administered the bark in disguise as a secret remedy to his patients, so that those who would refuse it as Jesuit's bark swallowed it willingly as a quack nostrum. Some a Jesuit trick; but it might call this succeeded, and the apothecary cured so many that he was knighted by Charles II. in 1687. As an acknowledgment of the royal favor he cured the King the next year of the tertian fever by his secret remedy. He then vent over to France and cured the Dauphin and sold the secret to Louis XIV. for a large sum of money down, a pension and a title. The secret was Jesuit's bark." Its manifest virtues overcame opposition, even the odium heologicum; just as the virtues of the Jesuits overcame prejudice in those who come to know them personally and intimately. - N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

What We Eat

What We Eat

Is intended to nourish and sustain us, but it must be digested and assimilated before it can do this. In other words, the nourishment contained in food must be separated by the digestive organs from the waste materials and must be carried by the blood to all parts of the body. We believe the reason for the great benefit which so many people derive from Hood's Sarsaparilla lies in the fact that this medicine gives good digestion and makes pure, rich blood. It restores the functions of those organs which convert food into nourishment that gives strength to nerves and muscles. It also cures dyspepsia, serofula, salt rheum, boils, sores, pimples and eruptions, catarrh, rheumatism and all diseases that have their origin in impure blood. oure blood.

A lady writes: "I was enabled to remove the corns, root and branch, by the use of Holloway's Corn Cure." Others who have tried it have the same experience.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Its Legal Title the Collegiate Ch of St. Peter.

Westminster Abbey, or to give legal title, the Collegiate Church Peter at Westminster, is declared certain author to be "the most l and levable thing in Christen This is an exaggerated estiment Neither in historical associations in architectural splendor can it con with its namesake on the Vaticar But it has a charm all its own. an epitome of English history Edward the Confessor to Gladston you want to see something brigh new and pretty the Abbey wi please you. But if you like near the storied past, if you w memories that cling to its grawalls, a visit to Westminster an epoch in your life. Westminster Abbey was found

the canonized King of Englan ward the Confessor. He spent to one-tenth of the wealth of his It was fifteen years in building was the first cruciform church in land. It occupied almost the area of the present fabric. cation took place toward the end year 1065. "At midwinter, the Saxon chronicler, "King I came to Westminster and h Minster there consecrated whi himself had built, to the honor and St. Peter and all God's s On Christmas night the King's illness set in and he died on the January, 1066 On the followi he was buried before the hig He lies in the abbey still in h behind the choir, a Catholic sa Protestant church like St. Se Nuremberg. Near him sleep re tatives of lines that have sa his throne, Normans, Plants Tudors, Stewarts and Hanov And among them-for a time lay the body of the regicide

Cromwell.

form in the reign of Henry III vestiges of the Confessor's chu Henry III. prided hir his strain of Saxon blood. He his abode at Westminster an mined to make the abbey a roy chre like St. Denis in France work of rebuilding was done at the cost of the Crown, and actions which the expense nece called into existence the Euglis of Commons. The shrine of fessor was the centre of the nev This shrine was made by "1 Roman citizen," whose name be read upon it. A mound was heaped up where the h ought to stand, to serve as the tion for the shrine. The a therefore thrust forward church and was separated founder's chapel by a scree foundation of the tomb is of marble, ornamented with gla and with spiral columns. Oc of this rests the Saint's coff was surmounted by an ornate This canopy disappeared in the

lous Reformation days.

The Abbey was rebuilt in its

King Edward's body had on Oct. 13, 1163, by Thomas and other persons, when the was canonized. The remain complete preservation. The taken away as a relic and mantle was removed and m three copes. The body was its present resting place on 1269. King Henry with h and his sons bore it thither it has remained ever since, exception of a short interv e reign of Edward VI. St. shrine was the only one spare land at the time of the Refe Henry VIII, respected the bu of his father and mother an that while ne lived Mass was as in the olden time. But death things were chang body of the Confessor was ta the shrine and buried ap Abbey itself narrowly escape tion at the hands of the Prote wanted material to build palace in the Strand. The Westminster rose in a body vented the workmen from

the demolition of their belov In Queen Mary's reign th tine monks were brough Westminster. The Abbot Howman of Feckenham, be as Abbot Feckenham. On 1557, the body of the Confes turned with solemn serv ancient shrine, and there i ueen Mary's obsequies we Catholic funeral solemnity, celebrated in the Abbeytion being the requiem lizabeth for the Emperor With Queen Mary's death ster once more passed awa keeping of the monks of St

1560, but not before he ha his protest in the House against the Royal Suprema Prayer Book. For twentyhe remained in more or lecustody. He died at Wish and was buried there. Westminster Abbey is Croce at Fiorence, a vast

Abbot Feckenham was

Some of the monuments others are strangely out of VII. and his wife, Elizabe which stands in the centre he built behind the Confe It is of bronze and was r choleric Italian sculptor Michael Angelo's nose. which attracts most ped of the hapless Mary Scott. She lies on one si VII's Chapel, her savage beth on the other. You