

greater. In the army and navy although fully one half of the rank and file are adherents of the Roman Catholic Church, there is only a and file are adherents of the Roman Catholic chaplains. Without a single exception the salaried chaplainships in both the houses in Washington and in the legislatures of the different States are in the hands of Protestants. Into many of the civil and corrective institutions a Roman Catholic priest is not even permitted to enter, and the Roman Catholic inmates are not seldom compelled to take part in the Protestant services. The public schools, the high schools, and the state universities are officially non-religious, yet in reality they are preponderatingly under Protestant influence. The divorce laws are all modeled after the law principles of Protestantism. In no other country is the number of divorces so great, there being in the United States between 1867 and 1886, no fewer than 328,716, while in the same period in Catholic Ireland there were only seven. Last, and not least, the Roman Catholic Church in America, suffers through the phenomenal influence of the secret orders. The president of the United States is himself a Free Mason, as are also the majority of the the governors, judges, and representatives. In the laying of corner stones and similar public functions these orders are prominent participants, but never the Roman Catholic Church. America is the paradise of the lodge, but for this reason a hard field for the Roman Catholic propaganda."—The Literary Digest.

GALILEO.

The 'Athenaeum' reviewing the latest life of Galileo, notes that Kepler's laws with regard to the motions of the planets seem to have been ignored by the Italian astronomer; and that what seemed to Galileo the strongest proof of the Copernican theory, namely, the phenomena of tides, has in reality no such significance at all. This shows how weak were the foundations of his heliocentric theory, and how little reason the churchmen of that time had for accepting an hypothesis which required them to revise their interpretations of Scripture. Galileo's theory was a clever guess, that's all, and the interpretation of the Bible is too weighty a matter to be revised at the bid of a very clever guesser. The 'Athenaeum' says that 'no body now believes that there was any intention to torture Galileo, yet the torture of "mind" of that six months before the decision must have been intense.' The same might be said of any man who is obliged to wait some time for the decision of a court in a matter of great importance, yet no one would think of calling him a martyr in such a case. "The judgment," says the reviewer, "was not signed by the Pope and by only seven of the ten Cardinals taking part in it, whilst there is reason to hope that even one of the seven did not agree with it." "With regard to the famous expression attributed to Galileo after his enforced abjuration of the earth's motion, "E pur si muove." Mr. Fahie rightly quotes the earliest known source of it in the Abbe Iraitll's 'Querelles Litteraires,' which appeared at Paris in 1761." This means that the famous expression was never heard of, till one hundred and twenty-nine years after the time at which it is said to have been used. The 'Athenaeum' believes that Mr. J. Fahie is justified in claiming a fuller and more comprehensive history of the life and work of Galileo that has hitherto been attempted or even possible," and thinks that his book "is likely to remain, at any rate in this country 'the' life of Galileo.—The Casket.

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FATHER DE LISLE.

By Miss Taylor

(A Tale of fact in fiction's garb).

(Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER IX—Continued.

The Earl was very anxious that Constnace should wed the duke, and he found no opposition from his daughter, who was well accustomed to bend to his will. She was glad of the prospect of a change, and far from insensible of the advantage the alliance presented; to be one of the first duchesses in the land, with riches and luxuries at command, to be courted on all sides, why these were the very things that must now be the objects of Constance's life; human love had crumbled away, and religion she does not think of, for in her own she has no faith, and that which she knows to be true she dare not profess. No wonder she wears a bright aspect as she walks to her nuptials.

The attendants of all the ladies staying at Apswell Court had assembled in conclave to admire the bride's dress, and they were quite unable to divine for what cause the serving-maiden of the Lady Constance wept so bitterly.

Was she then to lose her service by her mistress's marriage? No, indeed, she was raised to the dignity of first serving-maiden to a duchess, thereby her glory would be so much increased that many a knight's daughter might envy her; and her mistress was no sad damsel, forced to marry the man she hated, as was recorded in many a ballad and tale. She was as bright as the morning; what did Rose weep for? They gained no answer, nevertheless Rose's tears fell fast, as she bore her lady's train to the bridal.

Near the entrance to the chapel Constance met her father.

"All shines on us this day, my Constance," said he gaily; "Regnier is returned in time to be present at your wedding."

Constance's face glowed with delight as she received her brother's greeting, and together they passed into the chapel.

Viscount Regnier, the only son of the Earl, was some eight or nine years older than his sister. He had been absent from home for more than a twelvemonth, holding a post of honor in a foreign embassy. Young as he was he had already distinguished himself, and was a favorite of the queen's. There was a good deal of likeness between brother and sister. Regnier possessed the same chiselled features, the full dark eye, without the melting softness of Constance's; the short dark beard and moustache lent sternness to his face, and his look seemed to pierce you through, while determination was written on the brow and compressed lips. There was something that attracted and yet repelled you, at once, in the viscount's face; but it is now all smiles, as he hastens to greet the various guests to whom his father presents him. His eye, accustomed to take in much in a glance, wonders who is that regal-looking damsel, to whom his father scarcely names him, and who returns his courtesy with so stately gesture. Her robe of purple brocade silk becomes her well, and the dazzling white of her throat and arms need no jewels to set them off; not an ornament is to be seen, not even an edging on the border of her lace coif, under which is braided her luxuriant black hair. How she stands alone amidst her father's guests, and how she seems to disdain their indifference. He marks all through the day at what a distance she could keep the oldest and most privileged of the visitors. Regnier had seen many beautiful women, but never one to his fancy equalled the queenly Isabel, and the haughtiness with which she wore her charms added to them in his eyes.

"My Lord," said Viscount Regnier to the earl, as they found themselves alone on the terrace, the guests, weary of pleasure, being dispersed for awhile, "you have

oftimes wished me to marry, and I would not comply. I have made my choice now, however, and I trust me you will mislike it not."

"Who is she?" exclaimed his father, eagerly. "Yes, Ralph, it rejoices me, indeed, that you should marry; is it then possible—Juliet Dacre?"

"Juliet Dacre!" answered Regnier, scornfully; "none of your lapdogs for me. No, it is yonder Mistress de Lisle, your fair ward. By my troth and her face is bewitching."

The earl looked at his son as if fearing he was distraught. He was silent from astonishment.

"You congratulate me not, my Lord."

"Ralph, I thought you wiser, but be assured, this is a game you cannot play at; Isabel is a steadfast Catholic, and would not wed the King of England to forswear her faith. Ah, smile as you like, I know what is on your tongue—a woman will sacrifice much for her love, and you may win Isabel's; but I know the de Lisle spirit better than you, I have 'proved' it by—"

Lord Beauville stopped short; his eagerness had hurried him into an admission he would not have made; for, now that the affair was so well over, he had not intended to make his son a confidant in the history of his ill-fated attempt to unite the houses of De Lisle and Beauville. At the close of the tale his fury burst forth.

"And he dared—this beardless boy, to win my sister's love, and then cast it from him as a worthless thing. He, a beggar and a recusant, dared to offer such an insult to the house of Beauville, at the beck of these accursed priests, craven that he is. 'Tis well for him—'tis well he is beyond seas; let him but cross my path and see what vengeance I will take."

"And yet you would wed the sister of this youth!" said the earl.

"Yes," said the son, turning round upon him, "I will wed her. Before I heard this tale I would have done it for her beauty and stately bearing, now I will do it for revenge. The De Lisles 'shall' stoop to the Beauvilles."

"Did I," said the Earl calmly, "entertain the slightest idea of your success with Isabel, I would be displeased with your words; but I know well, that sooner would you turn the current from its course than bend that steadfast will. If I failed with Walter, a boy of wild impulse, and not over much piety, shall you succeed with a woman cold as very stone, whose whole soul is wrapped in her prayers and musing, whose one ambition is to see papistry restored in this land?"

"I am not saying," answered his son, "that 'tis an easy enterprise, for thereby I should dishonor my own skill; but it is seldom "very" seldom, I fail, when I set in earnest about anything; and come woe, come woe, though man and angel should forbid me, I resolve to win and to wear Isabel de Lisle."

Lord Beauville shook his head, but further speech was interrupted by the gathering of company in the grounds, and by tacit consent the subject was hereafter dropped between them.

CHAPTER X.

"One single flash of glad surprise Just glanced from Isabel's dark eyes;

But vanish'd in the blush of shame That, as its penance, instant came. Oh, thought unworthy of my race." —Lord of the Isles.

The train of the Duke and Duchess had departed and the numerous array of guests had dispersed, and Apswell Court grew comparatively quiet—comparatively only, for the silence and gloom that once hung over it seemed to have vanished. The Earl was frequently absent, but Viscount Regnier pleaded that his long detention on foreign service gave him a right to be ex-

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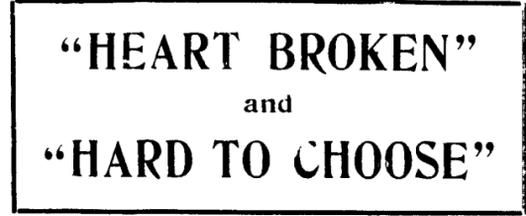
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One of the pictures is called

"Heart Broken"

We will not let the reader into the secret of what has happened, but one of the merry little companions of the woeful little maid who has broken her heart is laughing already, and the other hardly knows what has happened. Cut flowers nod reassuringly at them, and a bright bit of verdure covered wall stands in the background. There is something piquantly Watteauesque about one of the petite figures, suggesting just a touch of French influence on the artist.

The other picture presents another of the tremendous perplexities of childhood. It is called

"Hard to Choose"

As in the other picture, we will not give away the point made by the artists before the recipients analyze it for themselves. Again there are three happy girls in the picture, caught in a moment of pause in the midst of limitless hours of play. One of the little maids still holds in her arms the toy horse with which she has been playing. Flowers and butterflies color the background of this, and an arbour and a quaint old table replace the wall.

The two pictures together will people any room with six happy little girls, so glad to be alive, so care-free, so content through the sunny hours amidst their flowers and butterflies, that they must brighten the house like the throwing open of shutters on a sunny morning.

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