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CHAPTER IX.

RUTH. While the years were passing with noisy flight for Florian, one woman was enjoying in Clayburgh a peace of heart none the less assured and real that it had been won after much suffering. When Florian went Ruth had found his absence a very keen pain, almost impossible to a very keen pain, almost impossible to bear, but then the battle had been fought and won long before their actual separation, when it had first become plain to her that she could not accept the Catholic faith. She had been very calm in announcing her determination, because the scene had already been enacted in imnouncing her determination, because the scene had already been enacted in imagination many times, but after his departure she fought a new battle with herself, winning quietly and passing into a life of gentle calm that nothing else seemed able to disturb. As Florian had supposed her strict conscientionsness had

seemed able to disture. As Florian had supposed, her strict conscientiousness had swept from her heart every vestige of the love she once had for him. His appearance to-morrow in Clayburgh, with or without a wife, would have been a pleasure to her, not an occasion of regret and expectation, as it would have been for him. He had fallen into that ridiculous him. He had fallen into that ridiculous position which a rejected lover finds it so hard to assume, that of the trusted friend of the woman he would have made his wife. Often she visited the grave on the hill, and wept bitter tears over this one sorrow of her life. It seemed so hard to believe Linda was dead. The whole seene was instinct with her presence. Hers had been the earliest laugh to greet the spring, and hers the first tears that the spring, and hers the first tears that bewailed the death of the flowers and the coming of the long winter. But who would have disturbed the sweet sleep of the girl? and who would have called thee

back, Linda, Hone to the fit they had the power?

The report which reached Florian that Ruth had devoted herself to literary work was true, and of late she began to reap so much success and profit from her venture. much success and profit from her venture that a new idea, presented to her by an outsider for consideration, took her fancy very much. A relative and her husband had visiten Clayburgh the previous summer, and urged on Ruth the propriety of coming to New York during the winter, or at any time that suited her convenience and meking the accompliance of the ence, and making the acquaintance of the

back, Linda, from the smile of God, even

"We have them all at our receptions," said Mrs. Merrion; "and we are so gratied to hear them speak of you in terms of high praise. You will receive an ova-tion, and think of the pleasure and profit it would be to you to hold sweet converse

with them." said Ruth,
"Well, Barbara," said Ruth, thought her relative's adjectives a little silly, "your offer is tempting, and I shall consider it during the winter. But I onsider it during the winter. But I onsider it during the winter. But I ould not think of leaving Clayburgh at resent. Next year, perhaps, I may go own to hold Sweer converse with your

And Mrs. Merrion perceived from the And Mrs. Merrion perceived from the unnecessary emphasis that Ruth was laughing at her. However, Ruth thought deeply on the matter and finally proposed it to her father, who was delighted with the idea of being in Florian's neighborhood for a time, and suggested shutting up the house at once and setting off on their journey. She went first to hear the hermit's opinion on it, and took Mrs. Winifred Wallace with her. It was a bitter cold day, and the open sleigh in which they were seated afforded a fine view of the vast stretches of ice that lay away from them for miles, and of the islands between, sullen and gloomy like islands between, sullen and gloomy like life-prisoners in Siberia. When they life-prisoners in Siberia. When they reached the island they left the stage at the house of a friend and procured another conveyance to take them eastward to the narrow channel opening into Eel Bay. They crossed the ice on foot to a dark They crossed the ice out foot to a dark wood, where a few maples with dead leaves clinging to the bare branches made a great stir like the chucking of many skeletons. Through this they went by a path evidently frequented of late, and so beaten down as to make the wood passable, and finally came out on a bluff which showed the hermit's house a short distance off, with a light in the window. It was a cloudy and gloomy day, and Scott was at home, with a bright fire burning in the chimney-place and his solitary candle lit, while Izaak Walton lay open at a well-thumbed page that ay open at a well-thumbed page that brought back a fresher memory of the orightness and sweetness of the summer.

brightness and sweetness of the summer. He was surprised at the appearance of the two women, but politely invited them to sit down and remove their wraps, while he put a fresh log on the fire and showed a bachelor's feverish desire to set things in order. Ruth was in the habit of calling on him as often as she thought her presence would not be too intrusive, but she had never disturbed his retreat during the winter, and perhaps he thought this visit a mere freak of inquisitiveness. Mrs. Winifred was uneasy, and made most wretched attempts to seem common. most wretched attempts to seem common-place and ordinary, looking about her with the air of meek terror that used to provoke the anger of Linda and Florian because of its ludicrous side. Ruth and

the hermit paid her no attention. the hermit paid her no attention.

"It was a mere notion, you know," the girl was explaining to Scott, as she sat in the blaze with her hands clasped over her knee, "for I could have waited until you came to town and explained it to you then; but an idea seized me like an

cured her, and no traces are left. Feb. 7,'98. Mrs. G. A. CONRAD, Lisbon, N. H.

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apoplexy, and I must come down without delay. I have not seen you in a long time, and I was and am thinking of going to New York." She was looking at him very closely as she said this, sure the hermit would accuse her in thought of going after Florian, and would look at her once with his keen blue eyes. He was as interested as if she had stated her destination to be Timbuctoo.

estination to be Timbuctoo.
"It's a fine place, New York," he said
nietly; "but why need all the blood ush to the heart?

rush to the heart?"

"It must all pass throught it," said she, taking up the figure with a smile, "or else be cast aside! You see, I would not go to stay, but only to make a few friends among the great thinkers and writers and poets. It would be something to know hem, would it not? "O yes! it does one good to meet

"O yes! it does one good to meet a great person. I think; but, then, they needn't be all bookish folks. There are great people in the garrets and cellars of a big city an' in the work-shops."

"You were never in a great city," said she, and repented of the words immediately. "Pray do not answer that," she broke in. "It was not meant to pry into your affairs. It was an accident. But what do you think? Is it wise for me to go? I have won a little fame by writing, and I would so like to know great minds. and I would so like to know great mind Then there are great doctors of theology and eminent Catholics there. Who and eminent Catholics there. Who knows but that I might get some light

from them."
He shook his head and smiled a little. "I understand," said she. "I know to what you refer. Well, I have prayed and prayed, and yet light will not come. I have tried to be content with Methodism and I can't, nor can I find rest in any other faith."

"It is a time of doubt with you." gaid

other faith."

"It is a time of doubt with you," said
the hermit, "and that means change. I
dunno as great minds will help ye much;
mostly it's the little minds do God's work,

an' bring peace and rest."

"Well, I'll visit the garrets and cellars,

and hunt up little minds, and see the great people too."
"Them fine writers an' thinkers," said Scott seriously, "have a mighty high opinion o' themselves, an' look at religion pretty often in queer ways. They kind o' handle it as a jeweler handles a watch. They've got the secret o' thing, an' don't handle it as a jeweler handles a watch. hink much of it. They give ye a doub about it sometimes, unless ye get the 'umble ones that thinks more o' their neighbor than they do o' themselves. I've met some of 'em fishin,' an' they were too green for anything. They didn't like to be told so gither." o be told so, either.

"Then would you say go, Scott?" she persisted.
"Would I say go? Well, if great minds is the only trouble, an' religion, why, yes,

his answer, and sat staring into the fire wondering. Was there anything else the great minds? There was the rush and the great minds? There was the tash and whirl of polite society, but it never could entangle her, and then—Florian. She looked at Scott. He was reading Walton, and Mrs. Winifred was watching him shyly as a curiosity. Why should he have put in the if? Did he think the old trouble would begin again? She was no afraid of herself; but the what security was there for Florian? She had often is completely as she is fond disposition, feared he had no Would not her presence excite it moviolently and more hopelessly, and we that what the hermit meant? The siler re bonelessly, and was that what the hermit meant? The silence grew so profound that Mrs. Winifred felt called upon to say something.

"From what I've heard of big cities," said she, "seemingly nothing troubles the girls there but their dress and 'beaux." "Yes," said Scott, looking at her with

an expression of severe reproach in his eyes, which puzzled Ruth, "beaux?" "Do you think my presence, Scott, would

"I do," said the hermit, as if he had been expecting the question. "I think he never got over losin' you, an' it would kind o' stir him up to see you again." "Is that a good reason for me to remain away from New York or any other

"Not if ye care nothin' for him." And "Not if ye care nothin' for him." And seeing she did not perceive what injury her presence could be to Florian, he went on a little hurriedly, as if it annoyed him to speak of these things:—"I know he's kind o' hoped agin' hope that ye'd come to him some time, as he'd like to, an' make up. It's been a help to him a long time, an' kent him out o' harm nerhans.

time, an' kept him out o' harm perhaps, or leastwise from gettin' away from the right. Politicians," he added, seeing that her look suggested a doubt as to Florian's her look suggested a doubt as to Florian's getting off the path an inch, "get right an' wrong so mixed up with their own likin' that they don't allus do right even when they mean to. When he finds out ye're not in love with him any more, there won't be any holdin' to him. God only knows when he'll stop."

"I don't think you are quite correct in that," said Mrs. Winifred, with a boldness that frightened herself. "Florian, seeming your party one of the strict kind."

that," said Mrs. Winifred, with a boldness
that frightened herself. "Florian, seem
ingly, was always one of the strict kind."
"Mebbe," said the hermit, resuming
his book, while Ruth looked her absolut
doubt of Scott's inferences elequently.
"I hain't no pretensions to bein'
prophet," he said after a silence, "bu
"Il survive maif Flory don't propose to

'il surprise me if Flory don't propose to e again' down thar, an' offer to take ye ist as he stand, atheist or Protestant, an' et mad enough to do wild things when

'How do you know I'll refuse?" said

"How do you know I i retue!" said Ruth saucily.

"That's so," and Scott smiled. "You can't know a woman two minutes at a time, an' I'm no wiser than other men." "Well, I'll follow your advice"—the hermit had not given any, and looked a her—"and go. I'll avoid Florian, and see the great and the little minds of that "The street give and pick my some grace that

see the great and the inthe interest of the great city, and pick up some grace that's lying for me there like money in a bank."

The hermit studied her attentively with his great blue eyes.

"Did it ever strike you," said he coldly, "that you might be playin' with grace, just as a man does with a stubborn fish amusin' hisself?"

"No." she interrupted loudly, and with such indignation that Mrs. Winifred uttered a faint cry. "Do not accuse me of that, Scott, never, never accuse me of

that."
He resumed his air of meek indiffer-

ence at once.
"Yet, how do I know," she said humbly "what sins I may or may not be guilty of? But in this matter I have been so much in earnest, so very much in earnest, and except in my methods I can find no blame."

blame."
She had no more to say, and Scott read an affinity.

his book in a way that politely invited

their departure.
"Will you excuse me for one moment?"
said she: "I am going to take a view of
the river from the boulder before I go."
the river from the boulder before I go." she went out and stood on the spot where Florian had knelt and prayed of mornings during his retreat, and dreamed and chatted of evenings. The scene was like the buried beauty of that happy time, risen from its grave in white, g through the evergreens gave a voice to the forlorn ghost. Would it never look otherher again? Could she ever gaze wise to her again? Could she ever gaze upon the summer-scene that in time would banish this pale specter of the dead, with the same calm and joy and as when beside her stood

dead, with the same calm and systems as when beside her stood Florian and Linda.

"If I cannot," said she, with sadness, "then change of heart will not be for the better."

When she came back, after ten minute when she came back, after ten minutes of looking and thinking and sighing, Mrs. Winifred was putting on her wraps, a trifle pale and tired, and very confused and frightened from her tete-a-tete with the hermit, and Scott was standing with his back to the fire, his hands behind him, and his chin in the air as if an inspirahis back to the fire, his hands benind his, and his chin in the air, as if an inspiration had seized him. But Ruth put no emphasis on such things, and bade him good-bye with a promise of seeing him again when she had come to a firm and conscientious determination. He went with them across the river and through the wood, with its chattering and shiver ing maples, and over the channel to where horse and cutter still stood, and, as vas his custom, stood facing them under the shadow of the wintry sky until they were out of sight.

were out of sight.

"Can you conceive anything more lonely?" said Ruth; "that solitary man standing in such a solitude and going back through that gloomy wood to his home. How does he stand it?"

"I think him a saint," said Mrs. Winifred so emphatically that Ruth looked at her in surprise.

CHAPTER X.

A REUNION.

When the Merrions had opened house for the fashionable season, Ruth and the for the lashfold season, the first thing I shall do," said Mrs.

"The first thing I shall do," said Mrs.

Merrion—"and oh! how fortunate you came along as you did, Ruth, for I was making my head ache with plans for something new and striking for my first event, and couldn't find anything to suit per thing. I shall do is to have a long thing. event, and couldn't and anything to suit—the first thing I shall do is to have a music party and make it the earliest and best of the season. How can it be otherwise with such a star as you, so unique

and so new? Ruth looked at Mrs. Merrion to see is the lady was in earnest in using such language, and found that she was. In earlier days, when Barbara Merrion was girl at Clayburgh, she had been noted for her beauty, brilliancy, and boldness. It was the possession of these qualities which yon for her a husband, a wealthy nonentit won for her a nusoand, a weating nonenfity in the shape of Mr. Merrion, whose dull faculties had been quickened under the spell of the girl's dashing presence. Al-though a relative Ruth had no affection for her. There seemed such a want of for her. There seemed such a want of thoughtfulness, and even of good prin-ciple, in her disposition that no amount of respectability and correct conduct could make up for it in her eyes. And yet Mrs. Merrion was a model of behavior, and very popular. How any one could pretend to be the star, an assemblage with tend to be the star, an assemblage with her petite figure and shining face present, Ruth could not understand. Barbara's features were small, but of fine and ex-quisite type. The delicate nose and dark quisite type. The delicate nose and dark eyes showed a high spirit, and reckless though trained disposition. Beside her Ruth felt like a slow, heavy being, a robin beside a humming-bird. While preparabeside a humming-bird. While prepara-tions were being made for her debut the squire set out to look for Florian and to bring him over to afternoon tea, if possi-ble. Mrs. Merrion was not acquainted with him, the Squire discovered, to his with nim, the Squire discovered, to his own intense disgust and astonishment. She had known him in a distant way as a good-looking boy in Clayburgh, whom she had never patronized or spoken to the state of heavy as a sport of heavy as a sport of the state of heavy as a sport of the state of heavy as a sport of heavy as a sport of heavy as a sport of the state of heavy as a sport of the state of heavy as a sport of heavy as a sport of heavy as a sport of the state of heavy as a sport of heavy as a s

sie had never patronized or spoken to simply because he was a boy of her own age and not "eligible."

"Pshaw!" said the Squire, "you don't mean to tell me that you've lived ten years in Brooklyn and are not acquainted with the handsomest and smartest fellow in New York City? Now, I didn't think it of you, I didn't.

"Why, Mr. Pendleton, qu'en voulezvous?" She had a silly habit, but a very pretty one in her mouth, of using French phrases to any extent.

onsciousness of his blunder that he got Are you ashamed of it?" said he. "No; but then it's unnecessary to speak of such things to every one," said Ruth

disdainfully.

"Jest as you say," snapped the Squire.
"But I'll bring him over, Barbery, and
you can see jest what a fool Ruth can
make of herself once every five years."
"Not oftener?" said Ruth maliciously.

Now if Barbara could see—"
"What a fool I can make of myself once a day, you want to say? Well, say t, and be hanged," said the Squire. "But

it, and be hanged, 'said the Squire.' But I know a good man when I see him, and I'd hang on to him if I was a woman. So I'll bring him, Barbery, shall I?"
"By all means,' said Barbara sweetly; "and perhaps we may arrange matters so that Ruth may not be so hard-hearted another time."

that Ruth may not be so hard-hearted another time."

The Squire coming round in late September found Florian at home.

"How do, boy?" said he poking through the half-open door his red, jovial face. Florian jumped as if shot, and paled, while the Squire roared and squeezed his hands again and again, and turned him round to look at him, and was full of delight and surprise at the changes he saw. light and surprise at the changes he saw. The noise the old man made attracted

another red, jovial face to the door.

"Friends, by?" said Peter, recognizing an affinity. "May I come in?"

of yours, Flory?"
"Yes," said Florian, vexed, but glad of
the intrusion, too. "This is Peter Carter,
journalist, a good man in his way."
"Not at all," said Peter, wringing the
Squire's hand fiercely, while Pendleton

"You've heard of old Pendleton, you're a journalist—got mixed up with the two governments in Mackenzie's re-

pennon."
"Didn't I report the whole thing?" said
Peter with enthusiasm—"the pursuit, the
capture. Why, man, your life hung on a

"Yes cried the delighted Squire, hug-ging his thick throat with both hands; "but here was the thread, boy—here was the thread."

"but here was the thread, boy—here was the thread."

"Bedad, Florian this is quite an Irishman ye have for a friend, if I might judge from his sentiments—hey, b'y?"

"Irishman!" said the Squire. "More Irish than he is with his cool, political blood that'll stand anything and smile. I've known that boy, Carter, since he was born, almost, and he was just as cool then as he is now. Not enough blood in him to like anything weaker than liquid fire, and that only heated him. I tried to marry him to a daughter of mine once, marry him to a daughter of mine once, but she wouldn't stand it—no, sir, wouldn't stand it."

wouldn't stand it."
"'Twas a great pity, now," said Peter
seriously, for it struck him as being a
handy way of getting rid of Florian's pretensions to Frances. "Ye missed it, b'y, tensions to Frances.
didn't ye now."
"Rather," said Florian with an inward

groan.

"But never mind, Carter," said the Squire, with a knowing wink of the highest confidence—"never you mind; I can arrange matters when I take 'em in hand, it is ground to the left." an' I'm going to take 'em."

"As Mr. Pendleton has just arrived,"

"As Mr. Pendleton has just arrived," said Florian in despair, "and I have some matters to discuss with him, would you mind leaving us alone for awhile?" "But I want to see you again," said the Squire. "Haven't met your equal, Carter, since I came to New York. You shall have an introduction to ay daughter, and

have an introduction to my daughter, and an invitation to Mrs. Merrion's music party? We'll get in some quiet room and play whist and drink punch till morning.

"Your heart's in the right place, me b'y," said Peter," "and your throat too, an' both guide your head. Same way an' both guide your head. Same way with Peter, I accept; I'll go if a thousand stood in the way and I'll help ye mend matters, an' give ye the benefit o' my experience in the town; an' if ye want a hand in the little matter—"
"Good-morning," said Florian abruptly, almost pushing Peter outside the door, where he stood for some time indignant, and thought of going back to fling defiance

and thought of going back to fling defiance in Florian's face; but as that might peri his chances of improving the Squire's acquaintance, he retrained and withdrew. "A first-class character." said the Squire, "a real surprise. Where did you pick him up? A sort of Irish exile

"Yes; but a rather spongy sort," said

"Yes; but a rather spongy sort," said Florian, who was not at all as patient with Peter as the poet was.
"Spongy—that is, receptive. Ah! I understand. I'm glad to hear it. But now you're to come over to lunch, Mrs. Merrion said, and you must be introduced to get a hid to the musicale you know. get a bid to the musicale, you know. to get a bid to the musicale, you know.
Ruth's just dying to see you, and so is
Barbery, because she's surprised to know
there's a famous man in New York that
does nt bow down to her and attend ner parties. Skittish creature—you recall ner when she married Merrion, before she got into long dresses—but almighty nice if she wants to be. And now, Flory, I just ache to see you use your points well. Ruth's tired of things in general, and, it you try rightly you are going to win this time, if you want to. Why I swear I never thought of asking you that, but then of course you do.'

of course you do.

"It's not well to think of it," said Florian, who did not wish to give the garrulous Squire even a hint of his own feelings.

"No, I s'pose not," said the Squire albianely and grief-stricken; "but then well to think of it," said Flor

famous."
"It isn't that," said Florian—"oh! no, not that. I think very much of Ruth, but then I would not trouble her over again with a suit that would not be to her liking."
"If that's all we'll arrange it to her lik-

in New York City? Now, I didn't think it of you, I didn't."

"Why, Mr. Pendleton, qu'en voulez-yous?" She had a silly habit, but a very pretty one in her mouth, of using French phrases to any extent.

"Kan vully-voo!" repeated the Squire.

"What nonsense! Don't be flying yernasty French at me. I say it's queer—don't you, Ruth?—not to know Florian, the best, the smartest—"

"How can I know them all?" said Barbara plaintively. "There are so many clever, desirable people come and go, and these cities are so large. But if you will bring him to lunch at three or dinner at six I shall be happy to know him."

"Of course you will," said the Squire, with a loud sneer. "But I won't bring him; you won't know him, since you didn't look him up before. Why, he and Ruth were going to be married once."

"Why, father!" said Ruth with an emphasis that startled the Squire into such a consciousness of his blunder that he got But for all his cheerfulness the Squire

fect man; saw, too, what simple Ruth did not, that he was agitated at this did not, that he was agitated at this meeting, and judged, from the Squire's beaming delight and Ruth's ordinary manner, that the old romance was long ago ended, much against the wishes of these two men. When he was going he received his invitation to the musicale.

"And there is a poet-dramatist in the same house with you," said Barbara, "that you must invite also. We leave out no celebrities."

"And there's Mr. Carter in the same place," said the Squire—"a noted journal-

place, 'said the Squire—" a noted journalist. I must have an invitation for him.'
"By all means,' said Barbara.
"Madame Lynch has a faculty of getting around her the most unique people. wish I had it."

Florian went away sad and disappointed, and with a feeling that, in spite of fame, influence, and wealth, Ruth was farther from him than ever.

farther from him than ever.

Paul Rossiter went to the music party much against his will, for he was hard at work on a play, and there were matters of another kind demanding his attention which he would not lay aside for an audience with kings. Florian had brought him to see Mrs. Merrion, and the little lady had pressed him so hard, and had made such extravagant promises with regard to the new beauty whom she was to introduce to society, that he consented at last. When Ruth was introduced to him

"Certainly," said the Squire. "Friend he saw for the first time the face of his dreams in its living image, although its owner had laid aside the simple yachting dress for the voluminous evening costume dress for the voluminous evening costume of the period; and being unprepared, he had started, blushed, stammered, and not come to himself rightly until he was sitting somewhere and the voice of the lady was talking about Florian.

"And you are a friend of Florian? I am so very glad to know it, for I have never really heard who his friends were. Do you not think him a very nice gentle-

Do you not think him a very nice gentle-man? And they tell me he has considerable political influence for so young a

"Oh! he's the best fellow in the world," "Oh! he's the best fellow in the world," said Paul, wondering all the time if he were really talking with the original of the picture, "and his influence is simply boundless in the city. He has been in the legislature, he will go to Congress, then the governorship, and the presidency. There is nothing beyond that."

"So he finally comes to nothing," Ruth said smiling. "What an ending for so much greatness and influence! And is

said smiling. "What an endir much greatness and influence! t really worth while struggling for all ese things, when they come to so little at last?"
"Little and great are all alike," said

Paul. "The nothingness we come to, I suppose, makes the worthless earthly honor all the more valuable."
"Florian's exact words," said Ruth.

"Ah! now I can see you are very good friends, for you have his ideas, and he has yours, no doubt."
"I have his, no doubt," said Paul, "but

if he has mine they must be very useless, being mostly fancies about dreams. How easily you recognize his sayings, Miss Pendleton! You must have known him very well."
"We lived in the same town and went

"We lived in the same town and were
to the same school for years; and then
we were friends. Oh! I know Florian as
if he were my brother. His sister "—her
voice faltered—"was a dear friend of
mine; and if you know him you must

"And I do, and I shall like him all the more if his friendship will place me higher in your favor."

He trembled at his boldness, but she

received it as a matter of course.

"I — will indeed. Florian's friends
must all be worth knowing, for they were ever the choicest."

ever the choicest."

They talked on very pleasantly for a half hour, and then others came to disturb the delightful tete-a-tete and make him and her miserable; for Ruth had formed a sudden and strong liking for this warm-hearted and warm-featured child of genius, which fell little short of the admiration he felt for her beauty. Florian had vainly tried, when once freed from the conversational charms of Florian had vainly tried, when once freed from the conversational charms of Barbara, to secure for himself a confidential talk with Ruth. Fate, in the person of the guests of Mrs. Merrion, was against him. When one or the other did not engage him they surrounded Ruth like a city's walls, for the fair girl was become a general favorite that evening and was general favorite that evening much sought after. She was a little tired much sought aner.

of continuous adulation, and kept wishing that Paul would make his appearance again, and wondering why Florian did

again, and wondering why Florian did not join those sitting about her. Find-ing an opportunity to slip unobserved in-to a recess of some kind, she threw her-self on a sofa, relieved to be free for a moment from the glare and heat and noise. When her eyes became accusperceived that Florian was sitting oppos-"Is it you, Florian?" said she, "Oh!

how I have tried to see you and speak to you this evening."
"It is impossible on a first night," said he quietly. "There are so many present, and your face is new to most of them. It's not much like a musicale in Clay-

burgh."
"I think ours were much more pleasant."
"Well, I should hardly feel obliged to enjoy them as I used," he said, with the worn air of a man who had exhausted the pleasure contained in such entertain-

there that I have quite forgotten them "I can believe you," she said, with the gentlest reproach in her voice. "You seem to have forgotten everything con-nected with the poor little town and its glorious river."

TO BE CONTINUED.

PHYSICIAN, SAVE THYSELF.

It is said that one of Spurgeon's illustrative stories was that of a man who used to say to his wife: "Mary, go o church and pray for us both. the man dreamed one night that when he and his wife got to the gate of heaven, Peter said, "Mary, go in for ooth." He awoke, and made up his mind it was time for him to become a Christian on his own account .- The

Watchman. Faith is the divine crowning of our intelligence; a diadem of heavenly light, with which the all loving hand of God girds our brow invisibly; a marvellous supplement to our mental insufficiencies. — Mgr. Charles

Chronic Eczema Cured.

Chronic Eczema Cured.

One of the most chronic cases of Eczema ever cured is the case of Miss Gracie Ella Alton, of Hartland, N. B. On a sworn statement Mr. Alton says: I hereby certify that my daughter Gracie Ella was cured of Eczema of long standing by using four boxes of Dr. Chase's Ointment. William Thistle, druggist, of Hartland, also certifies that he sold four boxes of Dr. Chase's Ointment which cured Gracie Ella.

There is danger in neglecting a cold. Many who have died of consumption dated their troubles from exposure, followed by a cold which settled on their lungs, and in a short time they were beyond the skill of the best physician. Had they used Bickle's anti-Consumptive Syrup, before it was too late, their lives would have been spared. This medicine has no equal for curing coughs, colds and all affections of the throat and lungs.

They never fail.—Mr. S. M. Boughner,

colds and all affections of the throat and tunirs.

They never fail.—Mr S. M. Boughner, Langton, writes: "For about two years I was troubled with inward piles, but by using Parmelee's Pills, I was completely cured, and although four years have elapsed since then they have not returned. Parmelee's Pills are anti-bilious and a specific for the cure of Liver and Kidney Complaints, Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Headache, Piles, etc., and will regulate the secretions and remove all bilious matter.

Unequalled.—Mr. Thos. Brunt, Tyendinaga, Ont, writes De Thomas Ecuper.

LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEAD

GENERAL INTENTION FOR JANUA 1899

Respect for Authority.

Recommended to our Prayers by Holiness, Leo XIII. American Messenger of the Sacred He Respect for authority is not on the virtues of our age or country, n

as we may style ourselves a lawing people and submit, outward least, to the Constitution and state framed and enforced by our civil l lators and rulers. Oatward sub sion to authority is not respect for Children surely do not respec authority of parents whose counse command they heed not, even in important matters as the choice ol or college, of a business c or profession, of the associations take up with, and, in general, i determination of their future w due deference to the wishes of pa Shall we say that parents them respect their authority when th

linquish it to consult merely the

and dislikes or whims, of their guided and obstinate children? Citizens may comply outward the laws, since a hundred selfis tives compel their compliance, l their hearts, how many of them as well as contemn their rule nounce them in public and in p charge them with low and ver tives, detract from their author destroying their reputations an der in every possible way the f ercise of their power? Even w posed men permit themselves to ceive prejudices against at when it is constituted in forms ful to them. Hence it is con hear men, who glory in their ship in a republic, speak ign against the constitution of ki and empires of the old world, ceiving that they are thus ap and encouraging the anarchic ment that has of late made st

ardly and deadly attacks on legitimate rulers of Europe. It is not enough to rejoin to the rulers themselves do not their authority, that for most it is only a means of indulgin interest and pleasure, that the to the meanest ways of obtain securing it, and that they oft cise it without due regard to mon welfare, or for the bene few who have placed them in As kingdoms and commonw established now-a-days, then redress for every abuse of p this redress is surely not to be by those who themselves are

in respect for authority.

Perhaps the most serious can find with the civil authority. day, is that it fails to inspi with respect for domestic and authority. Often ignoring seding parental rights by in in the education of children, at least indirectly, the 16 vives against the authorit husbands by its lax divorce dering, when it is not perse Church in the free discharg vine mission among men, th in most parts of the world, cause of contempt for the v ity through which alone it

maintain the respect due it It is to the legislation as of the rulers of certain State that we must ascribe the di the clergy and for religi generally, which is become ent among their citizens, heartily extended to the For nearly a cen all of the middle and sou pean nations have tolerate do not actually encourage of their citizens a profou for their pastors and hig rulers, and for more than a century Italy and Fra culcated this contempt op laws, newspapers, books with results that threat more disastrous to these than to the Church with

ln strange contrast wi disregard of civil ruler authority, is the attituers of the Church in be legitimately constituted In imitation of their M us to give to Cæsar the t Cæsar's, the Apostles and

ors have insisted on re authority.
"Be ye subject," w "therefore, to every h for God's sake; whether as excelling, or to gov him for the punishmen and for the praise of the Servants, be subject to with all fear, not only gentle, but also to the St. Paul: "Let every to higher powers; fo power but from God; are are crdained of God that resisteth the power order of God. And t purchase to themselve For he the one in pow ister to thee for good. fore be subject of nec

all men their dues. tribute is due; custo tom; fear to whom In the sense of the theologians all urge

ance of what they cal a matter of conscience ward reverence and le as the necessary elen spect, as well as out

whom honor.

for wrath, but also

sake. . .

Rend