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URIEL; Or, the Chapel of the Holy Angels.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE AUSTRALIAN DUKE; OR, THE NEW UTOPIA," ETC.

CHAPTER XI. ST. URIEL.

Julian was brought home to Laventor in a state of such extreme exhaustion that Geoffrey felt serious alarm as to his condition. He feared at first that his friend must have sustained some fatal injury; but though this happily proved not to be the case, the next day found him so little advanced towards recovery that, greatly to his own disgust, a messenger was dispatched to Chelston to summon a doctor.

"There are no bones broken," he said, "no internal injury that I can discover; fatigue, no doubt, and exhaustion; but you tell me Mr. Wyvern is used to this sort of exertion? otherwise I should be disposed to say his nervous system has sustained a shock, and that all that he wants is absolute quiet."

"Very mysterious," said Geoffrey, in reply to the questions with which his mother and sister overwhelmed him, "of course, Julian is as sensitive as a what d'ye call it: and I have seen him shake and tremble before now, when anything, as you may say, touched him on the nerve. But not in danger, and still less in any sort of danger, which he is used to, and I believe delight in. I have heard him say more than once that the thrill of ecstasy which some men feel in a cavalry charge he has felt when battling with a tempter."

"Yes," said Mary, "but what comes after those thrills? Ecstasies are rather prostrating sort of things, I fancy."

"And it really seemed as though Julian had such an ecstasy; for though after a day or two he was able to reappear in the family circle, he was still silent and abstracted. The first use he made of his restored strength, such as it was, was to insist on making the journey to Penmore that he might see and reward the brave crew of the 'Speranza.'"

"Would he not wait a day or two?" Geoffrey urged, with every show of prudence: "or could he not communicate by letter?"

"No, not an hour," was Julian's abrupt reply: "besides, I have other business." Geoffrey could only shrug his shoulders, and explain his friend's peculiarity by reminding himself that he was a genius, and that the orbits of such rare luminaries are not to be calculated.

The same day brought them the pleasure of a call from Rodolph Beresford, who, as a matter of course, had heard "all about everything," and was already well informed as to every circumstance in the late events, including many which had not yet reached the less curious ears of the Laventor household.

"So the Wyvern romance has ended in a wreck and a rescue?" he began. "What wonderful people you are who live under the shadow of the Meryllon towers. I never come this way without expecting to meet a giant or a fiery dragon."

said Geoffrey, rather gruffly. "I have seen Miss Pendragon this morning, and she intends supplying Tremadoc with a proper boat at her own expense."

"Bravo, Aurelia!" said Rodolph, in a tone of patronizing eulogium: "the little lady is open handed with her money—perhaps just a trifle lavish. Fifty guineas to the life-boat men, you know, was coming it rather strong. And now a new life-boat! The ancestral acres won't bear many such pulls. But I'm told there was a romance going on; and heroines of course don't stick at a trifle, when the hero is in danger of being swallowed up alive."

"What romance are you speaking of?" said Gertrude. "It was an awful night, and I believe Mr. Wyvern really did distinguish himself. But was there anything more?"

"Only," said Rodolph, "if what I hear is true, that the hero of chivalry flew to the rescue of one fair lady, while another was making wild offers to the fishermen of Tremadoc to induce them to save him from destruction. It would make a first-rate tale in three volumes, and end, I suppose, as all tales do, in a marriage."

Geoffrey's state of helpless rage continued. He happened to know that in the dreadful moments he had passed by Aurelia's side, she had promised to make this offering of the new life-boat out of her own private means, if Julian's life were preserved. Aurelia herself had given him this confidence, and he gathered from it that her own interest in his friend Wyvern was of a warmer character than that of ordinary acquaintance.

"Well, but suppose," continued Rodolph, "just suppose that the gallant knight should lose his heart to the wrong lady? If Julian the Brave should happen to be won by the superior charms of the Fair Imogen!"

"Of whom are you talking?" asked Gertrude. "Of the Fair Imogen, of course," said Rodolph, "Don't you know, have you not heard, that the lady he rescued turns out to be Madlle. Imogen De St. Brieuc, or some such intensely Breton name, that she and her mother, the Countess De St. Brieuc, are guests at the castle, and I believe have discovered that they are thirty-second cousins to the Pendragons?"

The Fair Imogen is reported to be fabulously rich, and amazingly beautiful, only instead of being 'Fair' she is dark, and has jet black eyes and raven locks. I thought you would certainly have seen her."

No; they had not seen her. The simple fact was that both they and Aurelia had been too much taken up since the shipwreck with the task of nursing their respective invalids to do more than send messages of inquiry to one another. That the unknown lady and her daughter were still guests at the castle had indeed reached the ears of the Laventor party, but they had heard nothing as to their name or nationality.

A thought flashed through Geoffrey's brain, which the next moment he rejected as preposterous, and then again returned with redoubled earnestness. Could there really be a grain of foundation in Rodolph's surmises? Was it possible that Julian's highly wrought and over-sensitive imagination had fairly carried him away into the land of romance, and that his unaccountable abstraction since the evening of the wreck was somehow connected with his romantic delirance of Imogen De St. Brieuc from a watery grave? He prudently, however, gave no answer to this fancy, even to Mary; and the latter, on the departure of Rodolph, bethought her that it was high time for her to make her own inquiries how matters were faring with all at Meryllon. So to Meryllon she took her way, where she received a hearty welcome from Aurelia, on whose countenance she discerned an unusual animation. It had been a new interest to the motherless and lonely girl to find herself the hostess of two guests, who had been thrown on her hospitality under such romantic circumstances; and Mary soon discovered that Madame De St. Brieuc and her daughter were the chief objects of consideration at that moment to the whole household at Meryllon.

When she herself was introduced into the apartment which Imogen still occupied as only partially convalescent, she was forced to own that Rodolph's praise of her beauty was not exaggerated, nor was it very surprising that Aurelia should appear considerably taken up with the interesting stranger. Mary apologized for her own and her mother's delay in coming to inquire after them, by explaining that they also had had their anxieties regarding the hero of the adventure, "Ce Monsieur Jules," to whom the Countess was most anxious to make her acknowledgments; whilst Imogen could not say enough of his self-devotion in saving her mother, and remaining to protect her on the wreck.

"But how did it really happen?" asked Mary: "Monsieur Jules, as you call him, has told us nothing whatever about it, and I can get little out of my brother except that there was a tremendous flash of lightning, and that then everything came right."

Imogen covered her eyes with her hand at the mention of the lightning. She could scarcely say what had happened: except, indeed, that there had been a fearful flash; that it had seemed to light up a face and a gigantic form, and that "un grand homme

in this world was to see these two beings, so dear to him, each in their own way, and so far above him in every respect, happily united.

It was late before Julian returned from Penmore, and looked weary and disappointed. "Julian, old fellow, what's wrong?" said Geoffrey, and they sat together after the ladies had retired.

Julian looked at him for a moment steadily, and then he said: "Tell me the truth, Geoffrey, do you think me a fool?"

"What a question, Julian! you know I think you just about the cleverest fellow going."

"And not mad or bewitched?" continued Julian, "because I have my own doubts on the subject."

Geoffrey looked serious. "I say, Julian," he began "This is what comes of knocking about the country when old Barker wanted you to keep quiet. You know you had an awfully near go of it the other evening, and it has told on you."

"You know nothing about it," said Julian: "but if I were sure you would not chaff me, I would tell you what has shaken me to my centre."

"No," said Geoffrey, "I leave chaff to Rodolph; it's not my way. Tell me what is on your mind, Julian—it will be better, believe me."

"Well, then, listen," said Julian. "I think that what I am going to tell you is the plain simple truth. The other evening when our boat reached the wreck the first time, we had got about seven of the people safe down, and among them was an oldish lady. I had observed her on the deck of the vessel, together with another younger than herself, who I presumed was her daughter. The daughter obliged the men to take her mother first, and before she could follow there was a cry that the rope was parting. You know how it is at such times, one acts pretty much on the spur of the moment: I felt, happen what might, the poor mother should not see her child drown before her eyes, and before I well knew what I was doing, I caught hold of a rope and swung myself on to the deck beside her. I meant to have lifted her down to the others, but it was too late, and in another moment the boat had been carried far out among the breakers. Well now, Geoffrey, I tell you honestly I thought at that moment it was all over with me. I was sure that they would take back those they had saved, and that old ramshackle concern would never stand another trial. And so it proved. You know what happened next: how the 'Speranza' dove in sight, and came to our rescue. But you do not know all. It was a hard struggle for her among those terrible breakers, and again and again we thought she would never accomplish it; at last we saw her close below us, and looked, as it were, into the faces of the men, not an ear's length from us; then came that tremendous sea, and a flash of vivid lightning that seemed to set the ocean in a blaze. And suddenly there seemed to rise out of the waves, and in the very midst of that burning light, a gigantic form, and a face—oh, such a face!—aye, you may smile, Geoffrey, I knew you would, but it was no human face I gazed on. It was all light—living light and splendor; and there streamed out the long golden hair, as of an angel—not the gummy wankish things that idiots paint, but a strong, mighty angel. It was only for a moment I saw that face, and then the great towering figure stood beside us. He raised the girl in his arms as if she had been a feather, and I presume lowered her into the boat; but then came a great crash; the last timbers had parted, and I found myself struggling amid the rocks and breakers. Another moment, and I believe I should have been swept away, when that great, strong arm was around me, and bore me up. They drew me into the boat, and I know no more of what happened till we touched the shore and you were lifting me, and helping me to stand."

"Well?" said Geoffrey, "and what is it you are thinking?"

"I think," said Julian, "that it was the angel Uriel."

Geoffrey looked at him. "My dear fellow," he said, "the thing is clear enough. You have had that angel in your mind for the last two months, to my certain knowledge. How many times have you been painting him, or trying to paint him, and how many times have I heard you making your meditation aloud over your brushes and canvas, 'Light and Strength—The Light of God and the Strength of God,' and so forth. Then comes all the whirl and danger of the shipwreck, and in the blaze of an awful lightning flash you see a huge Cornish fisherman who looks like a giant, as perhaps he was—we're a bigish set of fellows in these parts—and he hoists you out of the water; then you lose consciousness, not unnatural under the circumstances, and when you come to life again you think you have seen an angel."

"Famously reasoned, my dear Geoffrey," said Julian. "I did not know you could put two and two together so well. But it's no use talking. That face was not the face, and that hair was not the hair of a Cornish fisherman. I tell you, it was living, shining gold."

"H'm," said Geoffrey, somewhat maliciously, "and very probably you've been thinking a good bit about golden hair of late. And you see it has all got jumbled together like things in a dream, and this is what comes of it."

Julian smiled. "Well, I've spoken it out now, and I'm all the better for it," he said. "Don't repeat it, there's

THE FLINT WORKERS—A FORGOTTEN PEOPLE.

Very Rev. Wm. R. Harris, Dean of St. Catharines, in the Buffalo Express, March 28. Jean de Brebeuf was the descendant of a noble French family, and abandoned the honors and pleasures of the world for the hardships and perils of missionary life.

He arrived at Quebec in 1625, passed the autumn and winter with a roving band of Montagnais Indians, enduring for five months the hardships of their wandering life, and all the penalties of filth, vermin and smoke, abominations inseparable from a savage camp.

In July, 1626, he embarked with a band of swarthy companions, who were returning from Quebec to Georgian Bay, after bartering to advantage canoe loads of furs and peltries. Brebeuf was a man of splendid physique, of broad frame and commanding mien, and endowed with a giant's strength and a tireless endurance.

He was a man of extraordinary piety, kindly sympathies and an asceticism of character that to the "natural man," mentioned by St. Paul, is a foolishness beyond his understanding. He wrote a treatise on the Huron language, which was published in Champlain's edition of 1632, and republished in the "Transactions of the American Antiquarian Society," as a most precious contribution to learning.

His companion, Joseph Marie Chamonot, or, as he is styled in the archives of his order, Joseph Marie Calmonotius, was his very antithesis. He was born on March 9, 1611, and in the fall of 1639 reached the Huron country. He was timid even to fear, his nature was impressionable, and while in his studies he scored some success in literature, he failed as a theologian.

"Profectus in litteris et theol. parvus" is written after his name in the archives of his order. He was credulous almost to superstition, and shrank from the approach of a dangerous reptile; yet under the mysterious influence of Divine Grace, and by an indomitable and unsuspected force of will he conquered human infirmity, and became one of the most conspicuous figures and admirable characters of the early Church of Canada.

He had a prodigious memory and thoroughly mastered every dialectical and idiomatic alteration of the Huron language and its linguistic affinities. He drew up a grammar and dictionary which continued for years to be an authority, not only for the Huron language, but for all the kindred Iroquois tongues. His grammar was published twenty-five years ago in the "Collection of the Quebec Literary and Historical Society," and is one of the most important of the linguistic treasures which American ethnology owes to the early missionaries.

On November 2, 1640, the two priests left the Huron village of St. Joseph to bear the message of the gospel anew to the great nation of the Attiwandaron. The task they had set themselves was one fraught with serious difficulties, for the path lay through a country reposing in the desolation of solitude, and its end might be a grave. Wind-whirl and uprooted trees lay everywhere around them, and when night with its eternal silence shrouded the forest they sought a few hours of rest under the shadow of some friendly pine.

After an absence of three days the travelers on the 7th of November entered the Neutral village Kandouche. To this bourg they gave the name of All Saints, placed the whole country under the protection of the angels, and referred to it afterwards as the Mission of the Holy Angels. To their surprise they learned that an evil reputation had already preceded them, and no hospitable welcome awaited them. The Hurons, fearing their influence would divert the trade and custom of the Neutrals from themselves to the French, resolved that at all hazards this great misfortune must be averted. Messengers bearing gifts of hatchets and wampum belts went from village to village proclaiming that they were commissioned by their cousins and kinsmen of Huronia to inform the Neutrals that if they allowed the pale-faced sorcerers to dwell among them, famine and plague would desolate their villages, their women would be struck with sterility and the nation itself fade from off the face of the earth.

Brebeuf, who was known by his Indian name of "Echon," was looked upon with horror, as a dangerous sorcerer, whose incantations were dreadful in their effects. A thousand nameless fears took possession of them, they avoided the men of God as they would poisonous reptiles, and retired from their approach as from that of a ravenous beast. Their very footsteps were shunned, the paths upon which they walked were infected, and streams from which they drank were poisoned. No one dared to touch a single object

belonging to them which they offered were in fact the spectators of the presence of this chiefs summoned into the fate of times the Father and three times was lowered by some sionaries visited the Niagara River, and when the Neutral possession of the population of 13,000 souls before 25,000 years before extraordinary numbers were occasioned but principally had ravaged the winding paths interlaced and again, the Father town, suffering and bearing a black-robed instruments of fixes, crosses, horns and straw complete outfit held in horror pairing of acco the tribe, or of erate prejudices to bid them go path to the H second week in began their hou crossed the Niagara, and, reaching Niagara, their return journey bound at a town St. William, Here Chamonot of the Neutral added to the H idiomatic word gauge.

On the 19th of St. Joseph, missions, Brebeuf after an absence reached the village Wye. Among visited only called by the E tended to the greeting. Ch of Father Lak report of their which is to be of the Jesuits, I and interesting furnishes all th on this mystic Neutrals were the Huron-Iroquo criminal code, ious conception dances and fea on war, their t cultivation of th love for gamb trapping and h lar to those of ons, with whic familiar. The ticular attentio the dead which lodges, till the became insupp moved them to after the flesh carnion birds, piously collected them in the great commun or tribal bur writes Father serving the bor continually ree at least they carried to an i idea that mad some superhmn acting on the i interference wi of a fool wou wrath of his p Pretended mad every village, abandoned the "On one occas "three men, w we were, and of foolish anti another occasi in, and sentin began to exam having taken a erty they retire selves as fools. went stark nak burnt carcabo head to foot, s tional civilized alogy of the E in "Burke's P warrior improv his descent in naked body.

It is hardly to state why th by the French ing to inquire, able to hold a able wars that waged betwee quois? There aboriginal his cyping middl not sooner o sides with on nations lying if these nation ending strife. tion of this pr found in the flint along th Without flint the Iroquois of Hurons, nor th quois; and as the chert beds afford to make