THE CATHOLIC RECORD

SOLITARY ISLAND. It is altogether admirable when a man, by dint of heer will, wrings a for-A STORY OF THE ST. LAWRENCE. niggardl By John Talbot Smith, author of "Brother Azarias," "A Woman of Culture," His Honor the Mayor," "Saranac," etc.

lace, the fou the life-stre

It is them in every organ and us-eposits them in every organ and us-f the body. Bone, since, muscle, and tissue, the brain cells and the nerver are all fed upon bad, poisonous food us ill-health is bound to result. The

He is weakened physically, menually, and morally. He suffers from sick headache distress in stomach after meals, giddines and drowsiness, loss of appetite and sleep bad taste in the mouth, shakiness in the morning, and dulness throughout the day and lassitude and an indisposition to work Sooner or later these conditions develo commution, nervous prostration, malaria

and lassitude and an indisposition to work. Sooner or later these conditions develop consumption, nervous prostration, malaria, rheumatism, or some blood or skin disease. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the best of all known medicines for ambi-tious, hard working men and women. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder. It makes the appetite keen and hearty, and the digestion and assimilation perfect, the liver active, the blood pure and rich, the nerves steady, the body vigorous and the brain alert. Where there is also constipa-tion Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets should be used. Both of these great medicines are for sale by all medicine dealers.

AN EXPRESSION OF FAITH.

done me an incalculable amount of good. I think they are the best, surest and guickest acting cure for nervousness, enhealthy action of the heart, insomnia or

invaction of the near timpoverished loss of appetite, general debility and

dth. For nine years, before I com d taking Dr. Ward's Blood and

Pills, my heart was weak and in a

nerve Pills, my heart was weak and in a unhealthy state. Its action was so much impaired that I could not walk across the street without suffering great distress, my heart fluttering and beating so rapidly that I could scarcely breathe, causing faintness, loss of strength, and leaving my nerves all unstrung. My sleep was very much disturbed, I had no vitality in

and there was little strength or vitality in my blood; I was always excessively

Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills have

INCALCULABLE

GOOD.

ons, it can

CHAPTER VII. "There's only one thing lacking," said Peter-"it's rather dry." And be twirled h's thumbs and laughed at his own audacity. Florian began at once to under-stand his visitor, and without further cere-mony placed wine and brandy convenient to Peter's elbow.

Shall I help you to some wine?" he

"Wine!" said Peter, with a cough. "Wine!" said Peter, with a couga. "Ab, bother, man! what d'ye think I'm made of? Well, yes, I think I will, if ye say so," he added, seeing that Florian had poured it out quietly. "I dunno, though. Had I better, Paul? Paul, the

though. Had I better, Paul? Paul, the pensive and poetical, with his long face and yellow hair! I don't think I will. I won't. It's late, an' it isn't good to be drinkin' before goin' to bed!" Florian, amused, assisted Paul to some wine, and drank without saying more to Peter, who sat with his thumbs crossed and a gloomy expression on his spongy face.

and a globily contrast of the set I heard so often of our peculiar re semblance that I was curious to see you and no doubt you had similar feelings." "Yes, indeed," said Paul; " and I ofter thought it strange we should have been months in the same house without meet

"There's a wide distance between the "There's a wide distance between the garret and the best parlor," Peter broke in; "ao' seeing ye haven't the politeness to ask the old fellow, I'll take on my own account a mouthful. I hold a middle place," he added, as he held up his glass to the light and eyed it tenderly. "I'm the ground, as it were, on which ye two meet and exchange views of each other. meet and exchange views of each other. Well, here's to your future joys an' sor-rows; may the wan strangle the other

The last sound was the expression Peter's satisfaction as the expression of swelling in his throat, bulged his round eyes outward; he shook his legs once or twice and then burst into a roar of laugh-ter. His rough good-humor and oddities went very far to put the young men on ar instant and happy level of confidence. It was impossible to sit so near a fire and not get warm, and in a very short time all stiffness was gone and they were talking with the freedom and assurance of old friends. Meanwhile Peter fell asleen. ing with the freedom and assurance of old friends. Meanwhile Peter fell asleep. "Since our friend is gone the way of slumber," said Florian, "would you mind taking a walk before bedtime?"

"With all my heart," Paul answered. "Let Peter stay just where he is till we return. He's an odd old fellow, isn't he? And yet so kindly and jolly that you will forget annoying oddities and faults for the ke of his company.

They had an animated talk from the boarding-house to the Battery, and came quite unexpectedly on the open space out on the bay—so suddenly that an abrupt pause in the flow of talk passed unob-gauged in the start of the start of the start of the space of the start of the st

nervous. I have now taken three boxes of Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills and since taking them I have not been away from my business an hour. Before taking served, and in an instant the minds of both were far away from each other and the scene. Whatever Paul's thoughts might have been, Florian at least found himself looking with inward eye over the Whatever Paul's thoughts ills it was a frequent occurrence for me to be away from business. As a result of taking Dr. Ward's Pills my heart is perfectly healthy and strong and gives me no distress or trouble whatever. They St. Lawrence on such a night as this with feelings of sorrow for the "might-have-been." The waters of the bay were tumbling about in rude, irregular fashion, like boys at play, and across them floated ved all nerve trouble, made my nerves removed all nerve trouble, made my nerves strong and gave me healthy sleep. These pills also made my blood rich and strong and gave me a healthy appetite. Dr. Ward's Pills have given me perfect health, restoring my lost strength, in place of continual ill-health, weakness, heart trouble and nervousness. In justice I cannot speak too highly of this wonderful medicine. Signed, Miss N. Millward, Walton St. Port Hope, Ont. spectral vessels and dark shadows. At this hour the same moon was shining on a waste of ice and snow in Clayburgh. The lights twinkled among the snow covered houses, and far away the islands stood dark and ghostly. Scott was there in his loneliness, reading in his cabin, or pearing nickerel by the light of a fire; and ath, the dear girl! well, it was a little polish, perhaps, to rankle the old wound

cannot speak too inginy of this whether medicine. Signed, Miss N. Millward, Walton St., Port Hope, Ont. Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills are sold at 50c. per box, 5 boxes for \$2.00 at druggists, or mailed on receipt of price by THE DOCTOR WARD CO. Limited, 71 Victoria Street, Toronto. Book of in-formation free. formation free.

Cobbett's "Reformation."

his fancies. He was young, however, and faces of this kind were apt to haunt

ing here and plunging into politics, that it would be useful to be acquainted with all literature as well as the Catholic purely, and that our enemies had a side to the argument which might be worth know-ing. So I bought everything that came in my way, and read it merely for the sake of knowing personally the strong and weak points of an opponent. I can tell you it is a great help, and particularly in politics and society." you it is a great new, and provide a society." "But wouldn't you be afraid a little to handle such poisons? Our faith, after all, is as much an object of temptation as our as much an use the well guarded. Noth-

purity, and must be well guarded. Noth-ing so easy to lose, nothing so hard to re-cover, as faith."

cover, as faith." "If this is the best argument the ene-mies of our faith have," waving his hand toward the bookcase, "I shall never lose it. Of course I would not recommend the reading of such books to every one, but in political life it is almost a necessity to know these things if you expect to rise." "And you expect, of course," laughed Paul.

"Some day," said Florian, "I shall be -well, never mind what, but you shall write my epic, and like Achilles, I shall go down to posterity embalmed in verses immortal Nevertheless, the poet would have been

more pleased with a library less danger-ous, for Florian's sake. As it was none of his business, he continued to enjoy the fine quarters of the lawyer during his absence at court and office, and was able to forget the garret a few hours every day. A boarder in a garret was a strange sight a house so exclusive as Madame

at a house so exclusive as Madame Lynch's. All the stranger that the poet was rarely able to pay his small dues in full or on time. He managed cleverly to keep in madame's good graces, and to to keep out of her way. But he could not escape an explanation once the madame sent up her card with a request for an in terview. She was a large woman physi-cally, and, as far as fashionable disposi-tion would allow, large - hearted. She liked the vellow-haired poet, and was no at all anxions that he should pay his weekly dues. But Paul, though airy in his disposition, was retiring in his pres-ent circumstances and could not be forced

into a tete-a-tete with a female while his clothes looked poorly; therefore she pre-tended a feeling of nervousness that he would run away without making pay-ment for the attic, and was favored in con-sequence with many ceremonious visits and many insights into Paul's character and circumstances which he never dreamed of giving her. He regarded her as a stout, hard-fisted old lady with a soft spot in her heart, which periodically he spot in her heart, which periodically he was bound to find; and congratulated him-self on finding it regularly and succeeding thereby in keeping a respectable shelter over his unlucky head. Then Frances

over his unlucky head. Then Frances, her daughter, had a very sweet face and a bright disposition, and was not unwill-ing, with all his poverty, to talk literature occasionally and let him play on her plano when strangers were uot present. The boarding-house was extremely select. Paul wondered that he ever had the an-larity to apply for the carret at a place dacity to apply for the garret at a place where presumably a garret would not exist; but in the first setting out on a lit

exist; but in the first setting out on a ne-erary life he had thought the time would be short unlit his means would more than match the best parlor in the house. " O Mr. Rossiter!" was madame's first remark one day, when he entered in re-sponse to the usual invitation, "here I have waited another three days over the time and yeat L have to ask for another time, and yet I have to ask for anothe

"And I am always willing to give it," said Paul reverently, " for I have nothing "Well we well, well !" and she tapped her

pencil on the desk, and put on her glasses to examine the account for wentieth time. 'I have taught all the gentlemen so to remember the right day that it see

remember the right day that it ceems hard to fail with you. Four weeks, Mr. Rossiter, and twenty dollars due." "I'm sure I did my best," said he. "But these people don't appreciate gen-ius. If you were the publisher, now, ma-dame, I would have no hesitation. You understand me. I think and you would

for the sake of reminiscence. They returned home still talking, and arted at Florian's door. understand me, I think, and you would "I am not here one-third of my time," said he to Paul as be bade him good-night. "My library is make others understand me. But in of hope. Quickly and justly the youth these hard matter-of-fact days poets will starve somewhat easier than in Queen Anne's time. I think of giving it up and he bade him good-night. "My library is exceptionally good, and if you will take advantage of it the premises are yours

her mind, and the old love die harder in her heart? Perhaps she was entertain-ing them with the same hopes that shared his loneliness, and the quiet study and prayer of those years of separation might have led her so near to the fold that to marry her would bring her safely in. On the other hand, he remembered, with a sigh, Rath's rigid conscientiousness, which would make it a duty to dismiss every thought of him from her mind until time would allow her to look upon him merely as a friend. She had no claim on him, and that was enough. The dead heart of Linda would not beat more coldy than But then," added she, " what will you lo without your poet ?" "Has he ever been of any earthly use to us ?" said madame with unusual sever-ity. "Have we ever seen anything from

ity. "Have we ever seen anything from his muse to justify his reputation?" "I have," said Frances—"just the sweetest things." But Paul was sudden-ly downcast even under this criticism; ly downcast even under this criticism; for madame looked portentous, and "just the sweetest" was not the kind of poetry he looked upon as worthy of his genius. " Well, I am not disposed to be too hard," said madame; " but if you ask favors, Mr. Rossiter, you must expect to grant them in turn." " Certainly," said he, " that is not to be doubted. and that was enough. The dead heart of Linda would not beat more coldly that hers when they met again if this last sup-position was correct, and yet he prayed Linda's prayer the more fervently as all

these doubts crowded on him, "that we may meet again." At all events, Florian was beginning to doubted.

doubted." " I shall permit you to retain the room, then, but I shall ask a favor of you soon— a reasonable one, mind, which I expect to have granted immediately." Mr. Rossiter was missed thenceforward from the table and is addition to addition to addition.

Mr. Rossiter was missed thenceforward from the table, and, in addition to cold, want of light, and stinted means, he had now to undergo the daily martyrdom of a cheap lunch in cheap quarters, and among the cheapest sort of a crowd. Florian's rooms and library made his nodeling light however, and he revealed hardships light, however, and he reveled in the luxury and elegance that was really so only by contrast with the bare

Among the pictures which hung on the Among the pictures which hung on the walls was one that brought a sudden surge of feeling to the poet's heart; a sketch of Clayburgh bay and the distant islands under the sun of a spring morn-ing. A boat was putting off from the ing. A boat was putting off from the shore. A young man stood at the bow arranging some ropes, while in the stern were two girls in yachting costume, whose sweet faces seemed to be looking ε illing-ly into one's own. The dark haired, dark-eyed witch in white was waving a handkerchief coquettishly at an unseen observer; her companion, hands clasped over one knee, was looking dreamily in the same direction. With this face the poet was captivated, and recognized it in a more animated description of a face, more animated description of a face which, hanging over the bookcase, had already won his heart and begun to already won his heart and begun trouble his dreams. He mused over often and wove fancies concerning the

voice; the beauty of her month, teeth, and smile; the gentleness and womanliness of her disposition, and her winning and can-did ways. He had to admit that beside her Ruth seemed quite plain. And, moreover, Frances was a Catholic and very devout, to all appearances. What her faults were he did not know, as he never looked for them. It seemed a little odd, even to his present changed condi-tions of thought, that before the old hopes died he should thus be looking for an ob-A few months of companionship placed him and the politician on a footing of intimacy, and started those confidences be-tween the friends which make such an intimacy so delightful. Soon Florian looked on Paul as a young man of poetic talent, perhaps genius, with delicate sen-timents and fondness for the ideal—a man who would make a good friend, but not a very useful one, since he was of that sort which expects every one to be useful to them, and who indeed reflect a glory on died he should thus be looking for an them, and who indeed reflect a glory on their helpers. That idea of utility was ject on which to found now ones, but it was an old trick with his calculating getting to be a very powerful one with him. As to the past life of Paul he never nature, which political habits had intensi

if any one noticed the few special at-If any one noticed the few special atthought but once, and his conclusion was that the youth had come up as a flower, tentions he paid to Frances after these meditations, no comment was excited. Yet Peter Carter was filled with rage and ence, doomed to make no impression on the world except to add to its momentary suspicion over them, and as soon as he might rushed in to madame with unbebeauty. He had no past, in fact, that yould have left any bitter traces on his "I told ye," said Peter, as he sat down

Paul thought Florian a genius of a high familiarly in madame's easy chair, "that ye never would know how to bring up a raul thought Fionan agents of a high order and looked up to him; a man with a powerful array of statistics in his head; who could get up at a moment's notice, and cool, self-possessed, clear-headed, talk sound sense for an hour; whose aim was already the presidency, if he never said as much, and who was beginning in the eight way to reach it; who was clearly a nild, and that ye never deserved to have one, with your curls an' pomade, an' poke-bonnets, an' furb'lows, an' trim-mings, an' nonsense. I told ye, and now you are goin' to reap the reward o' your size " "What is the matter now?" said right way to reach it; who was clearly a "What is the matter now." satu madame calmly. "Matternow!" grunted Peter. "Mod-esty was a quality of most women I knew, but your daughter hasn't any—a mere bundle of fashions; an' I won't stand it any longer. Am I going to see herdamned and not say a word?" "What difference will it make to you?"

right way to reach it, who was collected as gentleman of the very highest order, in-as much as adherence to principle and religion was added to outward cour-esy of a superior kind. It pleased the poet to discover that Florian had a past of which he did not like to ensak and of which there were many had a past of which he did not like to speak, and of which there were many traces in his character. When he looked at the yachting picture Paul saw two ex-pressions in his face that were eloquent of a misery somewhat softened by time. When his gaze rested on the portrait or the bookcase he saw the same look of pain succeeded by one of resignation, and even of hope. Quickly and justly the youth formed his conclusions. There was a re-

now. I tell ye I won't stand it."" "Evidently you have a grievance of some kind "sell" robably she was a relative whom some nisfortune had snatched from him for-over. But as to the other, who had no re-"I've seen through ye, ma'am ;" and Peter leered at the elegant lady. "I've seen through your daughter too; an' " I've ever. emblance to him, she was perhaps his know you are just dying to get the lawyer affianced, and circumstances which he hoped to overcome kept them apart. Paul laughed a little at his own inferences and the pain which the last one in particular ave him. He was right in judging that Florian's topes still centered on the girl whose occure hung over the book-case. Politics and the women he had met were as yet unable to disturb the gentle sway of her, who for truth's sake had put aside her

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It was Paul I was thinking of, for I knew he was in love with Frances; and he's such a beautiful creature, an' it isn't fair that the lawyer should have everything, as ye must admit yerself when ye come as ye must admit yerself when ye come to think of it." "Did Paul tell you as much ?" said ma-

dame indifferently, plunging into so "Of course he did !" said Peter vehe-

mently. "Well-I won't say he did, after all ; but his actions said it, and then he's a poet an' couldn't help falling in love with such a little beauty. No, I don't think he did say anything. I need n't mind going to Mrs. Brown's ?" "Not yet," said madame slowly, "but I shall keep this debt out of your monthly as all

allowance." "Don't'" said Peter, with gloomy earn-nestness; but the ledy was inexorable, and he went off convinced that whatever

he turned his hand to, whether for good or evil to himself or others, was sure to end in a mass of chaotic bitter ruin. TO BE CONTINUED.

AT THE CRIB OF ASSISI.

LARIE DONEGAN WALSH IN THE CATHO-LIC WORLD MAGAZINE

The last rays of a gloriously setting December sun are pouring down in crimson waves of splendor on the hillside of Assisi, and striking direct through the high windows of the "Sagro Convento," the home and last earthly resting-place of the great St. Francis of Assisi. In the dim Lower Church, where the tomb of St. Francis lies deep in darkness, the twilight shadows of a short winter's day have already settled; but in the Upper Cnurch daylight still shines clear and already rosy, throwing into bold relief the exuisitely frescoed walls and the marvellous wood-carving of the choir.

This lofty church of Assisi, now in possession of the Italian government and disused and dismantled, has a desolate and forsaken aspect, and is no onger used by the Franciscans as a place of worship. The choir is deserted by its brown-robed occupants, and the sweet sound of the chanting of the Divine Office no more resounds through the long aisles and soars to the vaulted Gothic roof ; while in the empty Tabernacle over the dis mantled altar the peaceful and serene presence of the Prisoner of Love no onger lingers with His tender beneilction.

But a certain melancholy grandeur ingers in the ancient shrine ; and the grand old frescoes on the walls are full of the simple faith and piety of those ages when religious scenes were a strong and living reality to the artist's heart, and not a mere picturesque accessory of the craftman's skill, as it so often is in our days.

All around the walls, in a series of frescoes, the whole history of the life of St. Francis is painted in detail, more curious than beautiful in their unfinished drawing, lack of perspective, and crude coloring ; yet instinct with deep

religious feeling, and full of interest on account of their associations. A pair of strangers were wandering through the church, lost in admiration of its solemn beauty ; pausing every now and then to linger before some fresco that aroused their special interest. They are two ladies, evidently American strangers ; one elderly, the other young and strikingly handsome -the pale, aristocratic beauty of her face, with its small, delicate features, being distinctively of an American

said madame sneeringly. "Sporting with that lawyer below, the Sporting with that lawyer below, the witch. He making faces at her an'she softening him with music. He that has no more heart than a stone. It's a giz-zard he has! An' he won't be a Catholic within ten years, he's such a poor one now. It's law a store that her a store a store one now. It's law a store that her a store a store one of the store of the sto type. Any one, in fact, who had been in New York society two or three seasons age would have recognized that sweet face as a familiar one, in spite of its expression of settled sadness and the deep mourning she wore, which instead

"Evidently you have a grievance of some kind," said madame: " pray, what is it? And, if you can, speak plainly." and into the family. But I swear if she tries it I'll blow on you! And I'll go to him myself an' tell him the whole thing." "Wait a minute," said madame sternly. "Wait a minute !" snapped Peter, but madame he recognized the tone which madame used, and kept growling in a prudent minor key. "Wait! I'll be hanged If I

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whelmed by love and devotion, sank down on his knees at the foot of the manger, and, weeping and praying with joy and costasy, spent the whole night in contemplation beside the rude representation which was the work of his own patient hands. What a picture it must have been,

on that Christmas Eve at Assisi long centuries ago ! The manger, poor in its bare simplicity and Franciscan poverty, yet rich in the gloriously simple faith of the saint and ecstatic ; the group of brown-robed attendant monks, full of sympathy and reverence for their dearly loved master ; and the gaping, curious crowd of the townsfolk of Assisi, who had come to gaze, more in curiosity perhaps than in devotion, at this new pious fancy of old Pietro

Bernadone's visionary son. Softened and subdued in spite of themselves into reverence by the child like faith of St. Francis, they too re mained to pray by the Crib ; and won dering, they looked with awe unspeak able at the slender figure of the sain kneeling so motionless, so absorbed with a look of unearthly rapture an ecstasy shining on his pure, etherea features.

The burning zeal of St. Franci pouring out the overflowing love of his seraphic heart at the Crib of Bathleher had gained the favor for which he ha mbly begged ; and in his wal the "Poverello" (poor man) of Assi drew many an erring and world wear heart to his Master's feet that Christma

Crude and simple, perhaps, as S Francis' Crib had been, the fresco Giotto representing the incident none the less so; but Avis Leigh an her aunt lingered near it, loving to n call its story-for the pilgrim to Ass learns to live again in the life of S Francis and to treasure every paints or written record of his life. High on a scaffolding an artist was paintin making a copy of the fresco, reprodu-ing the quaint outlines line by line a

He seemed absorbed in his work, a never even glanced at the passi strangers below him, for tourists a the rule and not the exception Assisi. Then the ladies passed on admire one and another of the fresco slowly making the round of church ; but still the artist painted till the rosy sunset light faded ; and last, with a start, as if realizing the first time that the painted figu on the wall before him were fading to gloom, he put aside the brushes prepared to make his descent.

At the sound of the opening door which the two travellers were going out the painter turned his he and that instant's glance was enou for the girl. Avis Leigh clutched astonished aunt's arm tightly, drawing her rapidly after her, hur out and down the staircase, no pausing for breath till they had gai the door of their hotel once m which was only a short distance f the church.

"My dear Avis, what has come o You must be ill or bewitche S nov ejaculated the bewildered old lady soon as she recovered her bre You nearly killed me dragging down those stairs so fast ; but oh dear, you are as white as death, look as if you had seen a ghost. Oace inside the safe shelter of t

own rooms the girl tried, but not gether successfully, to laugh away aunt's fears, explaining that she felt suddenly faint and weary (w was indeed the case) "Indeed, dear auntie, you mus

trouble about me," she said at le tenderly : "I was very stupid fanciful to frighten you so, but I

be all right to morrow. It is only

I have been doing too much sigh ing, and have become tired and o

sorts.

feel that to marry was becoming for him a political necessity. Social prominence, he thought, required an immediate and advantageous marriage. He cared very little for wealth, and his bride need have In the for weath, and his bride feed nave for her dower no more than the graces which make a woman popular—beauty, fine carriage, a mind above the average, and respectable birth. Ruth had all these, and what a joy to him if his ambi-tion could follow whither his heart led! Bet if not what was he to do? There

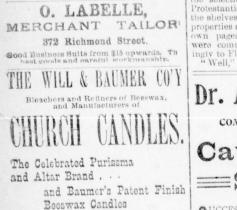
But if not, what was he to do? were other women in the world with some of the necessary qualifications, and Frances Lynch was one of them. Her

of the necessary quantesimilar Frances Lynch was one of them. Her mother had been a noted belle in her time, and enjoyed the friendship of re-markable men and women. A De Pon-tsonby keeping a boarding-honse was a little irregular, but such a boarding-honse ! e Only the lights of society and intellect gained admittance within its portals; and madame, although guilty of a blunder in marrying an Irishman with some brains, good birth, and moderate fortune, never lost her power in the world of society on a that account. Frances inherited her mother's wit and beauty. Now that she appeared to him in the light of a possible wife, he began to perceive that she had made a deep impression on him. She was slight and willowy in form, with a show man's full height, and a quiet grace of manner. He remembered how trans-parent her face was, and how delicate its parent her face was, and how delicate its outline; how the sunlight gleamed through her yellow hair; the sweetness of her voice; the beauty of her mouth, teeth, and

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advantage of it the premises are yours every day while I am absent." Paul, thanking him warmly, accepted the kindness. On the second floor he met Peter with a lamp in his hand and a heardfal compare advantage

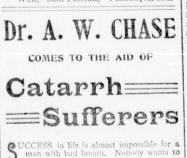
handful of coppers. "Ye asked me for five dollars, b'y," said Peter sleepily; taking it in coppers?" "would ve mind

> CHAPTER VIII. THE PORTRAIT ON THE WALL.

In Florian's room Paul now passed a great part of his leisure time, finding among the volumes scattered there his greatest pleasures. It surprised him to

greatest pieasures. It surprises that so see that very little distinction was made with regard to the orthodoxy of writers in the selection of books. Infidelity and Protestantism were well represented on e shelves, and volumes whose poisonous properties seemed almost to destroy their own pages with virulence and bigotry were common. He spoke of it wonder-

"Well," said Florian, "I found, on com-



SUCCESS in life is almost impossible for a man with bad breath. Nobody wants to associate with him. Nobody wants to associate with him. He is handicapped every-Offensive breath comes fro nes from Catarrh of the Stor

roing back to the country." "It would be best,' said madame "but then there is no hurry. If you could oblige me with what is owing—" Paul shook his head mournfully "How can you expect it," said h when a man gets but five dollars for t abor of weeks? If I chose to write po labor of weeks? ry of the band-box kind-ten mine work, you know—or write sonnets on the editor's generosity, then I might earn

editor's generosity, then I might earn a little. But I never will prostitute genius that way, not even to pay my debts." "Is it prostituting genius to pay your debts?" said madame. "Perhaps not," Paul answered. "I might shovel coal, and be dependent on no one save hospital charity, or wear my life out in a shop as clerk. But I only ask time, madame, only time, and as I paid in the past, so shall I pay you in the future. I need time." "Money is so scarce," began madame, who liked to hear him plead. "I have always heard the rich say that. Now, I think it plentiful, and it is. And how regularly you must get your money

now regularly you must get your mone rom your wealthy lawyers, and doctors and statesmen. O madame! do you stand in such need of a paltry twent dollars that you call money scarce ? what would you do with your attic if went? Poets are scarcer than dollars yo know. And when shall you have th know. And when shall you have the distinction of harboring a poet in your at-tic again? I know I am living too high for my means, and I must economize. If you could give me the attic for a certain sum, and let me board elsewhere, I think it would do very well." Madame looked grave and seemed on the woirt of rafusing, when Frances came

the point of refusing, when Frances cam in, but stopped, apologized, and was with

drawing. "Come and plead for me," said Pau "Come and pleat favorite with the girl and knew it. "I have asked a favor, and your mother is going to say, 'No.' " Just imagine, Frances," said madame calmly, "Mr. Rossiter wishes to retain his room and board elsewhere. Can we

wait one second. "There's a little debt of yours just sent me this morning," said madame, " and I was trying to decide whether it would be better to pay it or stop it out of your

marined her hist and converted her after wards; but, apart from its unfairness to her, he had laid down the principle that mixed mariages were hurtfal and he would not —what? Suppose now that there was an opportunity of renewing their former re-wards; "with the set of the set of the set of the set of the opportunity of renewing their former re-wards; "What do I care for your ele-

ing against the rocks of conscience, and looked up at those sweet faces in the yacht, while the tears came into his eyes yacht, while the tears came into his eyes and his heart gave a great throb of pain. One was dead and the other worse than dead to him unless—what? His relations with Ruth, he had to ad-mit, were not of the most homeful kind.

who for truth's sake had put aside her love for him, and, though in error as to her creed, was not one whit less devoted to principle than he, a Catholic, sharing in the possession of all truth. Sometimes the thought intruded on him that it would have been as well to have dropped that condition of their love, and to have married her first and converted her aftermonthly allowance. "On !" said Peter, slightly confused. " And then, Mrs. Brown was here this morning to tell me her front room is va-

dead to him unless—what? His relations with Ruth, he had to ad-mit, were not of the most hopeful kind. In two years he had not exchanged words or letters with her, and from the various Non need quieting, you foolish man. And if it is necessary to remove you from

Avis Leigh was universally acknowl-

edged as one of the most beautiful débutantes in an exclusive circle of society ; and now she is travelling with her aunt through Europe, and Christmas Eve has found them at Assisi, that far-off spot in the mountains of Umbria where poets and artists love to linger, drinking in the many beauties of a land most favored by nature and

by art. One fresco of all the others in the church attracted our travellers' attention, not only for the tender piety of the master-hand who wrought it, but for its appropriateness to the time and place-Christmas Eve at Assisi.

It depicts the first representation of the Crib of Bethlehem, which took place at Assisi in the twelfth century, and is so tender and touching an incident in the life of the great Franciscan founder.

In the simple language of the "Fio-(Little Flowers) his historian retti ' narrates of St. Francis of Assisi that, being consumed with such ardent love e Babe of Bethlehem at Christmas of th tide, his apostolic heart was inflamed

to make all hearts join with him in his worship of the Infant King. And as the saint humbly prayed that he might be able to compass his desire, an inspiration came to him ; and on Christmas Eve, taking two of his breth ren apart to aid him, St. Francis about preparing a copy of the Crib. First, with the work of his own hands, he made the semblance of a cave or grotto with its rough manger of straw;

associate with limit. The is handbacker over the sense base of the inspis operating of the langs, sometimes of the la

All through the long, tiresome d'hote and in the quiet of her at note and in the quiet of her afterwards Avis's thoughts strangely disturbed; and th she held a book before eyes, it was but a pre-of reading, for her mind was away in the dreamland to men availing all the incidents of th

away in the dreamind to men recalling all the incidents of th three years which this Christma in Assist had summoned up! I indeed a ghost that poor chil seen in the Upper Church a few urs ago-the ghost of a dead an ied love she never thought would again; for in the mysterious p of the fresco Avis Leigh had nized Herbert Carlton, the m whom her girlish love was once and to whom she had been en two years ago! It was a sad story and full of bitter-sweet lections to the girl, and Avi locked it up, as we lock up so m our deepest thoughts and fe deep in the inmost recesses of hearts, even from those neare dearest to us, and she had str

forget it utterly. But on Christmas Eve, the ve of their engagement, it alway to confront her, and on this one ially, in the face of that chanc ing, the memory refused to be away, (and bit by bit in her vigil Avis had to go over it all How happy she had been that

mas Eve when Herbert first told loved her; and her parents h sented to the engagement, on ulating that she should wait a fore she married, as she was so -too young to know her own aid. Then all the happy they s that followed ; Avis so rich in he and love and sweet faith in he which he amply repaid with manly affection. But just be time appointed for their m early in the next December, th blow came which was to ru happiness. For a long time Carlton became grave and

And if it is necessary to remove you from reports which acquaintances from Clay-burgh incidentally gave him he could see that she had settled down to the new life with her usual good sense and determin-ation to forget the past. It appeared, too that she had become ilterary in her tastes, and was a welcome contributor to many publications. As far as his hopes were concerned it seemed ridiculous, yet ab-sence might have done considerable for him. He knew she once held him dear, and kept her image in his heart through all the blandishments of society, through hard study of his profession, was it not hard study of his profession, was it not