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A WOMAN OF FORTUNE

By CHRISTIAN REID. Author of "Armine," "Philip's Restitution," "The Child of Mary," "Heart of Steel," "The Land of the Sun," etc., etc., etc.

CHAPTER V.

"THIS IS OUR WORLD—FOR A WEEK." And so Cecil had her wish; for it was known the next day that the ship was so much disabled that the captain was obliged to put into Halifax, and that the passengers would be sent from there either to Liverpool or back to New York, if they could not wait until the necessary repairs rendered the steamer able to complete her voyage.

When this announcement was made there was some chafing against the delay on the part of those who were anxious to cross in the shortest possible time; but the majority of the passengers were sufficiently grateful for their escape to bear the delay with philosophy. As for Miss Lorimer, she laughed when she was told of it.

"I feel like Jonah," she said—"as if I ought to be cast overboard. I don't suppose that my desire that the voyage should be prolonged had anything to do with the accident, but I have a sense of guilt, nevertheless."

"I hardly suppose that your desire had much to do with it," said Mr. Marriott; "but I would not advise you to accuse yourself in the hearing of some of the passengers. They might try the Jonah business, for they are not pleased at the prospect before us."

"They are very ungrateful, then," said Cecil. "They ought to think of where they might be at this moment."

"Men don't think of such things any longer than they can help," observed Miss Marriott, who did not like to think of them herself.

The great steamer, with her smashed bowsprit, was therefore put about for Halifax, and most of those on board resigned themselves with patience to the prolongation of their voyage. Happily for their comfort, the weather moderated, the sea grew smooth, and the run was quickly and safely made.

By the time they reached Halifax, Tyrconnel seemed quite one of the Marriott party; for they all adopted him cordially into their favor, and Mr. Marriott was delighted to be relieved of some of his duties as escort. If another man was willing to place chairs, to bring up shawls and rugs, and make himself generally useful, Mr. Marriott was only too happy to allow him to do so, while he took his own ease in the smoking-room.

He was not in the smoking-room, however, when they entered the Nova Scotia harbor, but was standing on deck, with his attention fastened on the town that lay before them, when Tyrconnel, whose eyes were elsewhere, suddenly turned to him.

"We are in luck," he said. "Yonder is the Allan steamer for England. I feared we should miss it. We must make our application for passage at once for she will be able to receive only a limited number of passengers."

"And it will be first come first served," said Mr. Marriott. "Thanks for the suggestion. I'll attend to the matter immediately. You are coming with us, of course?"

"Yes, I must get on as quickly as possible, if I should be forced to take a berth in the steerage."

But fortunately there was no such necessity. Owing to the promptness of their application, good though confined quarters were obtained for all the party; their effects were transferred from one vessel to the other, and when everything was satisfactorily settled there was still enough of the day left in which to see all that was worth seeing in Halifax. This speedily resolved itself into the view from the citadel; for the town, despite its magnificent situation, is of the most commonplace description. The rough streets and shabby houses were forgotten though, when the little group, having climbed the hill which the fortress crowns, stood on its greenward, and looked out over the vast expanse of the Atlantic. From this height and at this hour—for the sun was touching the horizon—the sea was an aspect of perfect calm and a tint of lucid, exquisite color, as it stretched away to the luminous sky, into which it softly melted.

"How charming!" exclaimed Cecil. "I am glad that our way lies over this great plain, and not away from it."

"I am glad that we are going to Europe," said Grace, who stood beside her; "but I confess I dislike this desolate ocean, that looks so peaceful now and can be so dreadful. What if we should meet more icebergs?"

"Are you afraid of them?" asked Cecil. "I think they have done their worst to us, and it has not been very bad."

"Our captain would not agree with you," said Mr. Marriott, looking down on the vessel they had quitted, which presented a sad sight, with her head-work carried away, her bow in splinters and her forecastle deck torn up.

As she uttered the last words she met Tyrconnel's eyes, and their expression was so unconsciously curious that she colored quickly. A minute or two later, when Mr. Marriott moved away, together with Grace, she turned to him.

"Do you think me very absurd to be talking of difficulty and peril?" she asked abruptly. "But, after all, the most prosperous and commonplace life—I grant that mine is both—must occasionally learn what they are, and I do not believe that I am mistaken in feeling that they nervy my resolution rather than weaken it."

"One need only look at you to be sure of that," he answered quietly. "You give me the impression—if you will pardon me for saying so—of a courage that is dauntless, and a resolution which it would be hard for any obstacles to bend. Yet—his voice changed a little—"there are obstacles in life before which one must bend, difficulties over which it is impossible to ride rough shod. I was wondering, when you spoke a moment ago, how your courage and resolution would serve you if you should be brought face to face with these."

He looked away from her as he uttered the last words, out over the ocean, toward the liquid sky line beyond which the Old World lay. Cecil was quick to receive impressions, and she felt that he was looking straight toward such obstacles and difficulties as those of which he spoke. A shadow came into his eyes, deepening their darkness, and his lips set themselves firmly together. "He has some great trouble," she said to herself, with a keen sense of interest. "I wish I could ask him what it is."

This being impossible, she answered his last speech after a slight hesitation. "There must, of course, be many difficulties in life which I have not only never known, but which I am probably unable to imagine; and there are complications which are harder and more trying than difficulties; but is there any possible situation in which courage and resolution would not help me?"

He looked quickly back at her again, and perhaps it was a reflection of her smile that seemed to banish the shadow from his eyes. It was not easy, indeed, for eyes to be shadowed while they regarded anything so fearless and so beautiful as Miss Lorimer appeared at this moment—standing in the sunset glow of sea and sky, with its light on her face, her head uplifted with the proud self-confidence which characterized her, and her deep gray eyes full of radiance.

"No," he said, replying to her question, "there is certainly no situation in which courage and resolution cannot help one. But you are right in thinking that there are complications worse than any dangers or obstacles—situations in which one is driven to hurting others or being untrue to one's self and one's highest conceptions of duty. Of course if one thought only of one's self, all would be very easy. There is a directness of aim, a singleness of purpose in selfishness that often settles such problems—brutally perhaps, but none the less effectually. But if one cannot put aside the thought of others—if one must admit their claim to consideration—one may find one's self in situations where courage is indeed possible, but not of much assistance."

Cecil did not answer for a moment. She stood looking at him, feeling as if his words had opened before her a vista of perplexity and complication altogether strange to her experience. She was trying to realize to herself the situation thus presented, when she perceived that Mr. Marriott and Grace were returning toward them, and she had only time to say, quickly:

"It seems to me that in such a case courage would be of great assistance. It would enable you to be true to your highest conception of duty, even at the cost of wounding others. And it must require a great deal of courage for that."

"A great deal indeed," he said, with a short sigh.

But he seemed to leave the weight of care which he had thus been led to speak on the high, wind-swept hill, where the flag of England floats and the guns of England frown over the Atlantic surges, and to be in the best of spirits as they walked down through the steep, uneven streets, and, shaking the (literal) dust of Halifax from them, went on board their new ship.

When Cecil came up on deck next morning they were well out at sea, and the coast of Nova Scotia was fading like a dream behind them. She seemed radiant with pleasure.

"How delightful it is to be at sea again!" she said when Tyrconnel met her. "There is such a glorious freshness about the ocean! I should not care if our voyage were going to last a month."

"Nor should I," he answered, with a very sincere accent. "So we, at least, will not regret the fact that this ship is by no means one of the greyhounds of the ocean. We shall be a week in reaching the other side."

"So much the better," she said. "We don't know what annoyances and disappointments may lie in wait there. We will enjoy the sea, and not think of the land we have left, or of that to which we are going."

The young man looked at her with a quick light in his eyes. "You are wise," he said. "This, then, is our world—for a week."

It was a week of pleasure to these two, at least. The weather was fine, except that once, when they neared ice—sailing indeed for twenty-four hours through the midst of great bergs—it grew intensely cold. But not even this breath of the frozen North

could depress Cecil. Her vitality seemed proof against any lowering of the temperature. She enjoyed everything else, laughed at Grace's trepidation, went with the captain on the bridge to see the sun go down behind the great mountains of floating snow, and was the wonder of all the ladies, the admiration of all the men on board.

Admiration was an atmosphere to which she was well accustomed, however, and to which, as has been already said, she did not object, unless it became too pronounced in character. Of that there was no danger at present. The man of whom she saw most was one in whom her confidence increased with her knowledge. And her interest in him—in his adventurous life (which yet had not marred his refinement), in his present troubles, and in his unfolding character—grew as the days went on. It was an interest fully shared by Grace Marriott. Indeed, with the latter it took the form of vivid curiosity. As they sat on deck together, she let the conversations in directions likely to afford as much information with regard to him as possible. But, although he was ready to talk, and did talk most enterprisingly of the different parts of the world in which he had been—and he seemed to have been almost everywhere—there was a striking lack of the personal element in his narratives and reminiscences. He had been in the Southern Hemisphere for several years, but was now recalled to Ireland by family affairs which demanded his presence at home. So much she learned, but no more. Reticence was either a strongly marked characteristic or a carefully cultivated habit with him; and the temptation to talk of himself, to which most people so readily yield, was apparently no temptation to him at all.

The monotony of days at sea is apt to make them pass rapidly if they are at all pleasant, and it seemed to Cecil that the evening came very soon when they were told that they would make Fastnet Light by daybreak. In the general expression of satisfaction, her silence was probably unobserved; and she did not express her sentiments until Tyrconnel found her after dinner standing near the wheel house, watching the long track of foam in the vessel's wake as it stretched away to the horizon. The sun had gone down, but the lengthening twilight still held the world in a soft shade of beauty, while the moon hung in mid-heaven, waiting for the hour of her empire. As Tyrconnel approached, she turned her head and smiled.

"I am enjoying all that I possibly can of our last evening at sea," she said. "To-morrow we shall be in sight of land, and it will no longer seem like the ocean."

"Yes, our voyage is nearly ended," said Tyrconnel. He, too, leaned against the rail, and looked westward along the ship's broad pathway. Perhaps he was thinking of the days and hours he had spent on that track—so soon, so utterly to be effaced, and which no human eye would ever find again in the wide waste of tossing water. He was silent so long that Cecil finally glanced at him. Then she saw that the shadow which had been for a time lifted had fallen again over his face, and that he looked like the man she had first met, not like her companion of the last eight days.

"Everything that ends is short," she quoted, softly; "and pleasant things shortest of all. It spite of the iceberg, our voyage has been very pleasant to me, and I am sorry that it is over."

"Do you remember," he said, "the evening on the other ship, when we were standing like this watching the sunset, and you said that you wondered why people were so anxious to reach the shore, where all their cares lay in wait for them—why they were not more glad of the brief respite of being at sea? After that I made a resolution to throw my cares aside, and enjoy the voyage as if it were not to end. Thanks to your suggestion—thanks to you in every sense—I have done so. But now the end has come, and, looking back, I have been trying to balance the good and ill. Was the pleasure worth the end? Will the memory of it be recompense for knowing that it is over? These are the questions I have been asking myself."

"One might ask such questions of every pleasure and every respite from care," said Cecil. "One must be sorry when a pleasant thing is over; but, notwithstanding the regret, it is good for us to have had the pleasure. It will be good for you to have laid your cares aside, even though you must take them up again."

"If the cares were all!" he said, speaking as if to himself. Then he went on quickly: "I do not know how to thank you for the kindness which has made this voyage all that it has been to me. I was just thinking that it is like that track of foam across the ocean—a pathway which I shall never find again, but which will remain always in my memory as luminous and as enchanted as it looks now."

Cecil's heart began to beat a little faster. After all, had her confidence been misplaced, and was the inevitable end of admiration and homage at hand? She glanced at him quickly, almost apprehensively, but the sadness of his face reassured her. He had looked away from her again, and was watching the track of foam as it was lost to sight in the far, golden distance.

"I hope that you will also remember your own kindness," she said. "If

acknowledgments are to be made, they should not be all on your side. We owe much to you. I shall never forget that night of the collision."

"Nor I. But I did nothing."

"You had the will to do much. I recognized that, and was grateful. If I am ever shipwrecked, I shall hope that you may be among the ship's company."

He smiled, as she meant that he should.

"If you are ever to be shipwrecked, I could ask nothing better than to be with you," he said. "But I fear that there is no such fortune in store for me. We talk often of the world being a small place, but it is large enough to admit of many different paths, which never cross. The people whom we wish to meet are those whom we do not meet. I have a presentiment that we shall never meet again after we part to-morrow."

Cecil did not answer for a moment. In fact, she was startled by her own sensations of regret, and by a burning inclination to say, "It will be your own fault if we do not meet again. A man can do what he pleases." But her favorite doctrine of the power of resolution to overcome all difficulties could plainly not be preached in this case. Besides, it suddenly occurred to her how little she knew of this man, of his circumstances or position, of the nature of the troubles that so evidently weighed upon him. To express a desire that they should meet again was, therefore, impossible. After a short pause she said, lightly:

"I have no faith in presentiments. I am sure that when I make my journey around the world, we shall meet somewhere—on shipboard very likely, where we can stand and watch another track of foam just like this. Meanwhile shall we go and look for Grace?"

The next afternoon it was a rather sad trio that stood on the deck of the ship as she lay in Queenstown harbor, and watched the small tug which carried their friend ashore. Even Mr. Marriott was depressed.

"I have made many pleasant traveling acquaintances," he observed, "but never one whom I liked so much. I hope that I shall come across him again some day."

"He was delightful," said Grace, regretfully. "How we shall miss him! The ship seems absolutely empty now that he is gone. But we shall certainly meet him again some day; don't you think so, Cecil?"

Cecil fluttered her handkerchief in answer to a farewell signal from the pier, which the tug had by this time reached, and then answered Grace by one clear, decisive word—

"No."

TO BE CONTINUED.

A Notable Conversion.

The "Foreign Mission Board" in Rome has received a terrible blow. These missionaries went to Rome to make Protestants out of Italian Catholics and to stir up bitter feelings against the Pope. It seems, however, that, instead of being able to make converts, they cannot hold their own. A correspondent writes of the conversion of a noted Lutheran lady recently in the Eternal City:

The shrine of Our Lady of Pompeii has been the scene of many celebrated pilgrimages and many notable events, but few can compare to the one witnessed a couple of days ago, when the Marchioness Dittmar Barbara di San Giorione, in a solemn and touching manner, abjured the Lutheran heresy and embraced the Catholic faith. There were then, as always, crowds of persons present, many no doubt being there out of mere curiosity; but, thank God! the vast majority were devout pilgrims. The initial ceremony took place at the door of the sacred edifice. Then baptism was administered sub-conditional, and immediately afterwards the neophyte received the sacrament of confirmation at the hands of the Bishop of Salerno. Dressed in white, and with a long veil which covered her entire person, she then assisted at Mass and received Holy Communion for the first time. At the same Mass her little son likewise approached for the first time the sacred table. A more edifying sight had rarely been witnessed by the congregation.—Catholic Review.

The Time is Short.

Oh, you who are letting miserable misunderstandings run on from year to year, meaning to clear them up some day; you who are keeping wretched quarrels alive because you cannot quite make up your mind that now is the day to sacrifice your pride and kill them; you who are passing men sullenly upon the street, not speaking to them out of some silly spite, and yet knowing that it would fill you with shame and remorse if you heard that one of those men were dead to-morrow morning; you who are letting your friend's heart ache for a word of appreciation or sympathy which you mean to give some day—if you only could know and see and feel, all of a sudden, "the time is short," how it would break the spell! How you would go instantly and do the thing which you might never have another chance to do!—Phillips Brooks.

"Old, yet ever new, and simple and beautiful ever," sings the poet; in words which might well apply to Ayer's Sarsaparilla—the most efficient and scientific blood-purifier ever offered to suffering humanity. Nothing but superior merit keeps it so long at the front.

DIVORCE AND FUTURE WAR.

A digression undoubtedly hinders the current of a narrative but it often furnishes very good reading, as for instance the five pages in which Mr. Crawford, leaving his Century story, "A Rose of Yesterday," drops into prophecy.

The Civil War in the United States turned upon slavery incidentally, not vitally. The cause of that great fight lay much deeper. In the same way the social war which is coming will turn incidentally upon religion, and be perhaps called a religious war hereafter; but it will not be declared for the sake of faith against unbelief, nor be fought at first by any church, or alliance of churches, against atheism. It will simply turn out that the men who fight on the one side will have either the convictions or the prejudices of Christianity, or both, and that their adversaries will have neither. But the struggle will be at its height when the original steady current of facts which led to inevitable strife has sunk into apparent insignificance under the raging storm of conflicting belief and unbelief. The disadvantage of the unbelievers will lie in the fact that belief is positive and assertive, whereas unbelief is negative and argumentative. It is indeed easier to deny than to prove almost anything. But that is not the question. In life and war it is generally easier to keep than to take, and besides, those who believe "care," as we say, whereas those who deny generally "care" very little.

It is probable, to say the least of it, that so long as the Socialists of the near future believe assertively that they have discovered the means of saving humanity from misery and poverty, and fight for a pure conviction, they will have the better of it; but that when they find themselves in the position of attacking half of mankind's religious faith, having no idea, but only a proposition, to offer in its place, they will be beaten.

That seems far from the question of divorce, but it is not. Before the battle the opposing forces are encamped and entrenched at a little distance from each other, and each tries to undermine the other's outworks. Socialism, collectively, has dug a mine under Social Order's strongest tower, which is called marriage, and the odium is beginning to shake from its foundations, even before the slow-match is lighted.

To one who has known the world well for a quarter of a century, it seems as though the would-be destroyers of the existing order had forgotten, among several other things, the existence of woman, remembering only that of the female. They practically propose to take every woman's privilege in exchange for certain more or less imaginary "rights." There is no apparent justice in the "conversion," as it would be called in business. If woman is to have all the rights of man, which, indeed, seems reducible to a political vote now and then, why should she keep all the privileges which man is not allowed? But tell her that when she is allowed to vote for the President of the United States once in four years, no man shall be expected to stand up in a public conveyance to give her a seat, nor to fetch and carry for her, nor to support her instead of being supported by her, nor to keep her for his wife any longer than he chooses, and the "conversion" looks less attractive.

The reasons why women have privileges instead of rights is that all men tacitly acknowledge the future of humanity to be dependent on woman from generation to generation. Man works or fights, and takes his rights in payment therefor, as well as for a means of working and fighting to greater advantage. And while he is fighting or working, his wife takes care of his children almost entirely. There is not one household in a hundred thousand, rich or poor, where there is really any question about that. It sounds insignificant, perhaps, and it looks as though anybody could take care of two or three small children. Those who have tried it know better, and they are women. Now and then rich mothers are too lazy to look after their children themselves. To do them such justice as one may, they are willing to spend any amount of money in order to get it well done for them, but the result is not encouraging to those who would have all children brought up "by the State."

Even if it were so, who would bring them up? Women, of course. Then why not their own mothers? Because mothers sometimes—often, for the sake of argument—do not exactly know how. Then educate the mothers, give them chances of knowing how, let them learn, if you know any better than they, which is doubtful, to say the least of it.

Moreover, does any man in his senses really believe that mothers, as a whole, would submit, and let their children be taken from them to a state rearing-house, to be brought up under a number on a ticket by professional baby-farmers, in exchange for the "right" to vote at a presidential election, and the "right" to put away their husbands and take others as often as they please, and the "right" to run for Congress? Yet the plan has been proposed gravely.

There seems to be a good deal to be said in favor of the existing state of things, after all, and particularly in favor of marriage, and therefore against divorce; and it is not surprising that woman, whose life is in reality far more deeply affected by both question than man's life is, should have also the more profound convictions about them.

HOW PETER...

Petronel's... it was so me... to be to... pretty little... bright sun... tried him... wondered why... were, and... ing started... had told t... He felt a... days pass... away from... longer dist... garden. To his... peared for... the voyage... was so far... longer see... no rather lo... still none ca... He looked... could not see... how far it... from there... beautiful cot... he looked at... every mile... drew him a... the King... thought of... making str... "But no, I... more glory... will admi... greater rew... make a sin...

"Bravo," from a boat... Petronel... ment. The... his own lit... with only... boat was... Petronel lo... had seen th... and not pur... had given... there flower... on it in gra... not pure w... There was a... The man... mask; but... cunning, a... tried to soft... "How d... asked Petro... going?"

"I have... returned the... garden, on... your boat... island. I... time. "I never... mistrusting... King's mess... "No, not... a half net... own right... from his v... false gold... my crown." Petronel... fial glitter... felt a voice... not to lister... who had ser... him come to... "Have y... of Fame?..." curiosity g... "And can... Is it worth... way and ru... "Have I... man." "W... the chief... island ever... as to its be... of that. I... haps your... allow of y... "Indeed... haughtily, ... offended p... toward. "I... danger, w... never fear... "Well,"... king. "I... I plainly... one of my... long on th... success, a... efforts to... meet again... "Farwe... to see wh... for the str... it, and ma... in the brig... "That... said the b... say I car... island."

Suddenl... lashed the... heaving th... ing them... ing circles... tossed up... he was at... must be g... he expect... neath the... foam. The... King's me... ploring th... and he cla... cried aloud... "Immedi... child in... crown of... wounded... light stre... face was i... He stood...