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SOLITARY ISLAND

A STORY OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

By John Talbot Smith, author of "Brothet Azarias," "A Woman of Culture." His Honor the Mayor," "Saranac," etc.

CHAPTER VI.

DEATH. Florian found a suspicious lull resting on the home atmosphere of Clayburgh. Linda was quiet and happy, to judge from her manner and look. But there was no her manner and look. But there was no mistaking the sudden agony that seized him as he kissed her on his return. The blood leaped to his head in a blinding way, the tears pressed like a torrent to his eyes, but only a few drops fell, and dry sobs struggled in his throat and heaven. Did she understand the cause of m. Did she understand the cause such emotion? A tender look on her pale face, a shadow in the sweat eyes that threatened at once to dim them forthat threatened at once to dim them for-ever, were what had taken away his self-command so violently; and, as if it were but natural that he should so act, she drew his head to her breast, and placing her cheek against his soft hair, smoothed it with her delicate hand until the storm of grief had graph itself. When he leghed ner cheek against his soft hair, smoothed it with her delicate hand until the storn of grief had spent itself. When he looked up again both understood one another perfectly—Linda knew at last that she was during!

was dying!
"How is Scott?" said she. "I have
done nothing but dream of him since you

"He sent you his very best esteem," said Florian, "and is to call on you soon, and all the flowers and herbs and grasses the islands afford are to be sent you. You have charmed him, Linda."

You have charmed him, Linda."
"I do not know why he has been so much in my thoughts lately, but his red beard and keen eyes have haunted me pleasantly for two weeks. Probably because you were there with him. And what did he say to you? You know you promised to tell."

promised to tell."

"He told me, very much like a fortune teller, that I was cut out for a quiet life and fitted to write beautiful things for the And when I told him my tastes ran in any direction but that, he

tastes ran in any direction but that, he said many people are damned for studying medicine or taking up politics, and he thought I would be too."

Linda's old nature, though softened by illness, rose up at this declaration and she laughed herself into a fit of coughing.

"Weil, well! what an idea," she said.

"But it is true in part. There are less temptations in such a life as this than in the life of a public man. Florian, I want to be so sure of meeting you again that whatever you choose be faithful to our religious and true to God, and never forreligion and true to God, and never for-get Linda. I don't care where I would be, I think I would feel so unbappy if n and I were not to meet again. He could say nothing, but clasped her

and gently.
"And what were your own thoughts?" she asked. "How did you follow your

idea of a retreat?"
"You remember the crowd we saw at the revival camp-meeting? I have been the condition of that crowd since I le's, all turmoil and excitement, and my solitude put on so loud a personality before I left that I was less at home than in a ball-room. I got enough of the wilder-ness. I prefer a prison.'

She shook her head deprecatingly.

"You made a blunder somewhere. You had no system. You were prejudiced from the beginning. Well, no mat-

Florian grew suddenly uneasy. had something to say, and could not command himself to say it. She saw his emotion and understood it.

"You must not think," she said,
"that I am afraid or very sorry to die,
and if you have anything to say you must b very frank with me."

" While we are together, Linda" -- how very dear that name had become to him that he hung on it as if it were sweetest m isic!—" whatever wish you have con-cerning me I would like to know and fol-lowit."

"I will tell you all soon enough," she said, and for the time she was too weary to speak more. He sat beside her hold-ing her dear hands and looking into the pallid face. The changes made by death f the dear girl even before the soul had fled, for this was no more the old times than a stranger. She fell asleep soon, and he saw how completely death had seized her. The hollow eyes and parted mouth, the wasted hands, the feeble but labored respiration, were all feeble but labored respiration, were an eloquent of death. She slept sweetly, indeed, so sweetly that he could not help saying the angels were round her; but her eyes were only closed in part and it awed him to see how she seemed to look on him with her senses locked in slumber. And this was death! And instilke ber. And this was death! And just like this one day he would be, pale and hope-less and helpless and forsaken, the most neglected and the most respected of his kind, his uselessness protected in the ght of man by the overstepping majesty

The day after his return Linda remained in bed, and to her mother's in-quiry replied that she would never rise again. Mrs. Winifred accepted the posiion in her quiet way, but her silent de

Mr. M. T. Wigle

Of Kingsville, Essex Co.

CURED OF ITCHING PILES OF 23 YEARS STANDING

M. T. Wigle, better known to every one in the cinity as "Uncle Mike," was troubled for over 23 cars with itching piles. At times he was so bad he ould have to quit work. The irritation became ould have to quit work. The irritation became intense with constant rubbing that they became cerated and would bleed. He had been treated many physicians, but found nothing that gave him lifef. Reading in the paper the cure of a friend who di suffered in a like manner, and been cured by r. Chase's Ointment, he procured a box. After the ird application he got such relief that he had the executive has been be had enjoyed in years. omfortable night's sleep he had enjoyed in years, one box made a complete cure, and he says he ne one box made a complete cure, and he says he would not be without it for \$50 a box if it could not be replaced. Mr. Wigle is a wealthy farmer, well known in the community in which he resides. It is over two years since he was afflicted, and he has never been troubled since.

> Physicians fail to make a cure when Dr. Chase's Ointment gave Immediate Relief. . .

spair brought the tears into the girl's eyes.

"There is no pain in dying," she whispered, "but in leaving you, mother."

From that moment she began to fade so gently that it seemed as if an angel, incapable of suffering, had come in her place to die. Florian did not leave her day or night. Ruth was often there, and Sara, her father, and the strong-voiced day or night. Ruth was often there, and Sara, her father, and the strong-voiced Squire, for she liked to see them all about her as in earlier, happier times, and to hear their jokes and bright sayings and pleasant gossip, and to imagine that and pleasant gossip, and to imagine that she was just going to fall asleep for a little while, and, waking again, would find them all just as she had left them. Every day came a bunch of forest treasures from the hermit, mosses and rare leaves and bright red berries. He did not come himself, but her bed was so placed that she had a full view of the bay and the islands, and often saw his cance or yacht flitting from one point to bay and the islands, and often saw his canoe or yacht flitting from one point to another. In the lonely nights Florian and Mrs. Winifred sat alone in the room, dimly lighted by the night lamp, and talked or read to her in her waking hours.

When it became painful for her to speak at length, she contented herself with watching him for hours, as if studying out some difficult problem.

" Florian

"You will be very much afraid to die."
"I trust not, Linda."

"But you will, I know, and I want to tell you that it is not as hard as we imagine. Only be good, do good, and it will be very easy."
"I shall try with my whole heart, Lin-

da." You will not marry Ruth? She is "How can I," he replied with some good, Florian. bitterness, "when my own good sense and hers, and Pere Rougevin, are opposed to it? If she be not a Catholic I must be

You will not forget, Linda, that you are to tell me your wishes before-

are to tell me your wisnes before—below—
—You said you would.

"I only want to be sure of meeting you all again," she said. "You are very good, Florian, now. Promise me you will never grow worse, only better; that you will never cease to think as you think now; that you will always remember linds." "Is that all, dear?" he answered, with

"Is that all, dear?" he amended in the control of confidence. If you do that,

Flory, if you do that much—" She ended with a smile, and after a little added: "Be careful of Sara; be kind to

her, and save her if you can."

Those were almost her last words to him. Early the next morning Per-Rongevin anointed her and gave her the Viaticum, the whole family and Ruth being present. Around the house that lay fell the heavy curtains of death, visible yet felt, shedding everywhere funeral sadness. In her white chambe she lay with half closed eyes drinking i the colors of the scenes she had so tend he closed. The end was very near—so near that at any moment the light might fade from her face and the gentle breathing cease. Out on the blue waters the western sun was shining in a long bar of light broken often by the passing clouds, vet shining out every moment just as oright as before and this shifting movement of the light occupied her attention.

Mrs. Winifred alone was with her. In
her meek way she supplied her needs her meek way she supplied her heeds and silently anticipated her simple wishes, and was so rapt in her dying child that she did not hear the knock at the door without or its repetition, or the steps which ascended the stairs, and en-tering the room in a quiet but abrupt way, suddenly presented to her the un-couth hermit. Mrs. Winifred was rather exasperating on such occasions. She was frightened and her face showed it; nevertheless she made no sign, and was meeker than usual when Scott rather immeeter than usual when sook Lin-periously waved her aside and took Lin-da's hand in his own. So it happened Fiorian found him half

an hour later in the same position when Mrs. Winifred came to hurry them all to the death-room—for death-room now it had become, since Linda lay like an infant in the arms of the king at last. At last and forever! There was no recall, no further hope. The girl's face bore a new stones to throw at him. expression, the seal which God first placed on Abei's young face, the protest of the body and the soul against sin's merited punishment, the reflected light from the torch of death! Florian took her left hand and gazed composedly on her face. There was something strange in her manner; a strange glory or triumph her face. There was something strange in her manner; a strange glory or, triumph rested on her lips; there was more color and fire in her cheeks and eyes; and now she turned from Scott to him and back again, looking like one hungry beyond words to tell, and looking yet again until death suddenly caught her weak breath and carried it to eternity and God. It was the first day of November, at 4 o'clock in the afternoons with the sun shining on in the afternoons with the sun shining on the river and great clouds rising in the east, that Linda died.

A mouth after Linda's burial it was snowing, and you could not see the houses on the next street. It promised to be a heavy snow storm, not unusual for that heavy snow-storm, not unusual for that district, and the dwellers by the river settled themselves comfortably for six months at their warm firesides. The Wallace home was gloomy and disordered. Florian in his own room was busy pack-ing clothes and books for an immediate de-parture to New York, and he was working with foreign basis and unnecessary care. with feverish haste and unnecessary care A knock at the door interrupted him and his mother entered at his bidding, calm as usual and the hair smoothly arranged over her placid cheeks. She was nervous, however, and distressed. Did he know what had become of Sara? It was rumored that she was married to Mr. Buck the proceeding evening. Mr. Wal-lace had heard it just then in town. Flor-ian could not but smile at Mrs. Winifred's calm acceptance of the ridiculous facts, and thought she must have perceived

their absurdity.
"She went to Ruth's, probably," said he. "And who would blame her for leaving so lonely a house? But as to the story, don't you trouble yourself with such

Mrs. Winifred, however, did not like to to doubt Florian's conclusion.
"Does father believe it?" said Florian.

"He is going to inquire of Mr. Buck himself, seemingly. If the minister de-nies it, he will come back; but if he does not, Mr. Wallace will smash and cut

look at the trunks and boxes scattered

ook at the trunks and bokes scattered through the room.

"Yes, I'm going, mother, at last," said he. "There is nothing here to hold me, is there? And as soon as I get settled I shall take Sara to keep house for me until she gets over her folly. I would prefer her following Linda than Mr. Buck. A recomment is more satisfactory over one nonument is more satisfactory over or than an Episcopal meeting house, even it

He kicked things around noisily and He kicked things around noisily and drowned the short, sharp burst of grief that followed his sarcasm. The door-knocker was going vigorously when silence was restored. Mrs. Winifred hastened to admit the callers. Her voice was strangely agitated as a moment later she called Florian to the parlor. He found her pale and trembling at the foot of the stairs and shaking as if with ague.

"It's true," she repeated. "O Linda!"

"What's true?" said Florian roughly, as he threw open the door violently and strode in frowning. Mr. Buck was there as painfully correct in costume as ever, and beside him Sara languishing in her mourning robes. One glance was enough,

mourning robes. One glance was enough but Florian pretended not to understand.
"I thought it would be but fair," said
Mr. Buck, "to let you know of the rela-

tions which now exist between your siste and myself. We were married last evening at the rectory in presence of the officials and the leading members of my church, who understand the peculiar circumstances which led to the ceremony at so sad and unfavorable a time."

"It would have been better to have

waited, said Florian, aping a calmness he did not feel; "but I am not surprised, nor will any one be, I presume, with whom you are acquainted. My sister is whom you are acquainted. My sister is of age. We have done our best to prevent of age. We have done our best to prevent what in itself is undesirable. Am I to understand that Mrs. Buck in adopting our name has also adopted your particu ar religious views?" "Not at all, not at all," said Mr. Buck

sociation, not at an, said Mr. Buck, vacantly. He was not prepared for so cool a reception. "Mrs. Buck expressly stipulated that she should be allowed to attend her own church on alternate Sundays, and store consultation, with friends days, and after consultation with friends it was allowed." I congratulate you, Sara," said Florian

sadly, for this smote cruelly on his heart.
"We have done our duty towards you. I hope you will be happy. I am going to-morrow for good, so good-bye."
"Good-bye," said Sara, shedding a few Her shallow soul was beginning tears.

see that her brother's generous nature and high motives had been sadly misunder-'Iwas intending to bring you with me,' Florian continued smiling, "and have you preside over my house; but that plan

must be laid aside. You will excuse me now, Mr. Buck; I am busy." The incident had a depressing effect on Florian beyond the power of words to tell He had mastered himself very thoroughly at a trying moment, but physical weak ness added itself to his mental desolation and left this new sorrow very hard to bear. His packing was ended before night, however, and, having despatched his boxes to the depot, he went on foot wound the bay to Squire Pendleton's. The Squire was in his study smoking, and listened to Florian's tale with much com-

miseration and delight.

"It's a great pity your father didn't meet them," said he. "It's a reflection on the family to have such a goose in it.

Here, Ruth, come in and hear the news."

Ruth came to the door at her father's shout.

"You couldn't guess," said the Squire. "Sara's gone an' done it at last; marrie the parson last night." Ruth was shocked so violently that she

grew quite pale, and stammered out:
"I knew they would marry, but Linda's
death, I thought, would make a difference. Poor Linda!"

ence. Poor Linda!"

"That hurt me most," said Florian,
with a wan smile; "but it was done very
respectably. The whole congregation was
called in and consulted. If they did not marry then, while we were taken up with sorrow, it might become impossible to marry at all. The circumstances as they saw them justified the action.

"I knew you could not endure life ere," she replied with much feeling, after so many sorrows.'

"after so many sorrows."

"The one thing I most regret is that I cannot bring you with me, Ruth. You must know," he went on hurriedly, "that a very little time should decide for you and me whether we part or unite forever. In a year, if you say it I will come had.

and me whether we part or unite forever. In a year, if you say it, I will come back for you, Ruth."

"I fear I can never say it," she answered quite calmly; "and I fear, too, we have been wrong in expecting confidently what it is God's alone to give. I have studied your faith, and I find I have a liking for it. It is beautiful indeed, but it does not seem to me to be the true one."

Fate had thrown its last missile. He "There is a year yet," he said at length;
"you can decide better at the end of that

"you can decide better at the end of that time, perhaps."
"Perhaps," she repeated. She was very calm, simply because she had gone over this scene many a time in the past few months. "But I think it would be better to end now."

He was so pale when she looked at him

He was so pale when she looked at him that her good sense faltered.

"Have we ever really loved each other?" said he brokenly. "Do you know, Ruth, that if you persist we shall never meet again."

"I know it," said she. "I will wait for a year, if you wish. We have been always under a restriction, you know, and I feel as if it made truth harder for me to learn, because you were to be the reward

learn, because you were to be the reward of my lesson."
"I release you," he said, rising. 'I re-lease you, Ruth, from any obligation to me. You are right—you always were.

good-bye-forever. shook hands, and with this

ness, Florian rose and staggered away in silence. What the hermit never before did he did then—stopped the youth and

held him. "You're not yourself, my lad," he said, ith a touch of tenderness in his voice. with a touch of tenderness in his voice.
"And I am told you're goin' away to

"Yes," said Florian, "to-morrow.
"Yes," said Florian, "to-morrow.
Thank God! I'm done with this place forever. There is nothing here for me but graves. You see, Scott, I have lost them all—Linda, Sara, and Ruth. And one pagets to me—isn't it strange?—is one nearest to me—isn't it strange?—is the little girl in her grave. Yes, I am going, and I wish it was morning and the whole place out of my thoughts for good. I don't care if I were dead."

I don't care if I were dead."

"There's a difference between dead and dying," said Scott grimly. "You'd soon change your mind if death caught you. You forgot to give me that "I'll write it this very night," Florian answered; my last will and testament of the old life, and then hurrah for the new.

God! how completely we can be

from the roots and transplanted in new soil."
"Both!" said Scott. "You kin no more git rid of the old life than of yourself. You'll think of all these things for years, an' you'll find them three women, an' the water, an' islands, an' boats, an' the water, an' islands, an' boats, and an the water, an islands, an boats, an things, twistin' in your thoughts and promptin' your will until yer dead—almost. You're a leetle apt to get sentimental."

Florian said nothing, a sudden daz came over his senses and he leaned heavily against the hermit, with his face upturned to the snow-clouded sky; and it apturned to the snow-clouded so happened that the hermit's beard brushed his chin and the weather beaten cheek lay for an instant against his own.

cheek lay for an instant against his own.

"Faintin', hey," said Scott. "You'll have a spell of sickness."

"Not at all. I was thinking of Linda's last words. They are a good motto as well as a prayer: "That we may meet again." Good-night, Scott, and goodbye. As usual, you are right. The old life shall not out for the new."

He went hurriedly down the road.

CHAPTER VII. A BOHEMIAN. The attic chamber of Madame De Pon sonby Lynch's fashionable boarding house had one window with a view of all windows of block in its panes and a strip of exceed-ingly plain sky above. On clear days the North River was in sight, but at other times nothing till night came and stars or moon threw a glamour over the scene. Moonlight falling on the staring backs of ement-houses is not a thrilling sigh but shimmering through the attic win-dow, faintly lighting up its meager furni-ture, mixing lights and shadows fancifully until the narrow space becomes a stately until the narrow space becomes a stately castle-hall—then the moonlight is a blessing. It had that effect in this particular attic, and, although the air was cold enough to show the breath floating on it. where the light fell it looked warm, and almost persuaded Paul Rossiter that he was warm and had not sense enough was warm and had not sense enough to know it. A spectral bed with a white coverlet stood in one corner, a chair and desk littered with papers in another, and a stove sat reproachfully in the middle place, colder than the moonlight and darkly pensive. It had an apologetic air that it should be there at all on a cold

night when a stove has most to say and do in this world, and be as silent and moody as Othello with his occupation gone. There was one picture on the wall wise bare. Some clothes hung on the rack stretched across the door. These and the moonlight were all Paul Rossiter's possessions, and he surveyed them cheerfully sions, and he surveyed them cheerfully while blowing his cold fingers and drum-ming his cold feet on the floor. He was ming his cold feet on the floor. He was writing, and writing was food and heat to him—that is, when his manuscripts were exchangeable for silver. Unfortunately they did not always have that property. A sudden and imperative knock at the

door startled him.
"Open the door, b'y," said a rough, deep middle-aged voice outside. "Ik re in, sure the key's in the door.

Peter, and I have something to tellye.

A long silence succeeded this outburst.

"No admission to Peter!" said the A long silence succeeded this outburst.

"No admission to Peter!" said the voice in a mock soliloquy. "Then, as sure's me name's Carter I'll expose ye. Dye think I don't know why you are keeping me out, hey? D'yethink Idon't know ye've no fire, or—"

There was a sudden hurrying of feet, and in an instant the voice or Peter Carana, "I'm Carter an' wa'll raise.—Thet's right."

and in an instant the voice, or Peter Car-ter, as he called himself, was violently pulled into the room. The lamp which he carried went out in the roughness of the encounter.

"Do you wish to blazon me through the house, said Paul hotly; "do you—"
"There was no other way of getting in,"
said Peter; "and then ye needn't be so
proud. Not a soul but knows the poor young man in the attic is as poor as the poetry he writes, an' freezes as often as he Not that they respect ye any the less, for if ye were rich as Crossus a poet's a hybrid thing in New York. Let

poet's a hybrid thing in New 10fk. Let me light the lamp."

Peter having performed this operation successfully, relit his pipe and sat down in the glare of the light, composed and happy. He was a short, stout, bowlegged man of fifty, with a bullet head and a moon-like face. His hair, short and gray, stood straight as quills, his under lip protruded, a scar half-way between tip and bridge of his pug nose gave that feature of his face an ugly promithat feature of his face an ugly promi-nence, but his eyes were large and blue and nence, but his eyes were large and blue and sharp looking, and would have been handsome but for the smoky eye-balls. Peter's general appearance was that of a red-faced, hearty farmer given to social courtesies and rolling in happiness. He was round-limbed and round-bodied, rolled in his walk like a sailor, was fond of a good story, and a good

of a good song, a good story, and a good glass of punch. He took his seat, smiling at the angry, yet half-amused face, which at the angry, yet half-amused face, which Paul had turned on him.

"Be George, Paul," he said, with a malevolent grin, "but ye're the very spit of a poet, with your long, yellow hair, and blue eyes an' melancholy face! An't ye, b'y? It's nice to look at ye, it is. An'sure it's not mad ye are? Ye mightn't have let me in if ye didn't want to! I don't ask to come inter your old freezing the same of the complaints with unerring cer. They shook hands, and with this simple ceremony his first love ended. Was he tempted to go back to his paradise and take her as she stood, difference of faith included? The thought did occur to him, as would the thought of flying. With a sad smile at its impossibility he faced the dying storm. His feet turned unconsciously to the grave in the churchyard, and falling upon it, he moaned:

"O Linda! all our good fortune went with you."

"Not all," said the hermit's voice near by.

"Not all," said the hermit's voice near by.

everything in his way."

"Let him," said Florian grimly. "If it be true, I'll second him. Then, paying the damages will teach him sense."

Mrs. Winifred sighed and cast a meek

"Not an," said the nermits voice near by.

He looked up and saw Scott. He was the divid do I care for you or your madness? D'ye s'pose I owe anything to you or to the likes o'ye? Not a snap of have been out long in the storm. Feeling ashamed of such a display of weaking ashamed of such asha

"But it's too bad, Peter," said the poet, that you should let the whole house know I had no wood—"

know I had no wood—"

"Ah, bother, man! What d'ye care
for the whole house, or the
whole block, or the whole city!
Sure they know it already. And it's
your own fault that ye haven't wood and candles! Plenty o' money, b'y, in this old sheepskin o' mine! Call on Peter any time you are in want o' fifty dollars an' it's yours. Plenty o' money all over the world, plenty to eat at Madame Lynch's.

"Never think of to-morrow; With a smile banish sorrow.

"I was thinking," said Paul gravely, "that I would borrow a little from you"— Peter looked suddenly indifferent—"and if you could let me have five dollars to buy some wood and necessaries I wouldn't

mind. "Wood and necessaries." mocked Peter gayly—"nice things for a young man like you, with strong muscles and warm blood, to be thinkin of. I tell ye are twice healthier in a room like this than if ye had a stove blazing up to heaven. And candles hurt the eyes! Ye shouldn't read after daylight, or ups the ayes at all. after daylight, or use the eyes at all. Doctor Brown says that the man who uses his eyes—'
"That isn't the point," Paul interrupt-

ed. "I asked you for five dollars."
"Doctor Brown says that the man..."
"No, no, stick to the point, Peter; will you lend me five dollars?"

"Lend ye five dollars?" said Peter, with a surly air. "Ye're mighty anxious to run in debt, ain't ye? An' I'd look with a suriy air. "Ye're mighty anxious to run in debt, ain't ye? An' I'd look well lendin' a man money that can't pay Madame Lynch his board. I have enough to do to support meself. Go and write for the newspapers something plain an' sensible on the Know-nothings or—or length there's a great subject for your length. an sensible of the thow how high of the —Ireland—there's a grand subject for ye —an' leave off reading an' writing stuff! There's a pattern for ye on the first floor —the young lawyer, only been in the city a year, is spoken of for Assemblyman already. He looks like ye, every one says so. May be you are related?"

Paul sat eying his companion with amused disdain.

"I heard the assertion made about the

lawyer's likeness to me, 'said he, "but I have never seen him. Now let us see how much of a resemblance there is beween us. I have vellow hair, blue eyes,

ight complexion; what has he?"
"Brown hair, brown eyes, and light complexion," said Peter hesitatingly.
"I wear a mustache, and my nose is

Grecian as well as my face."
"He wears a full, short beard, and his nose is straight, if that's what you call

"Where's the resemblance, then? "I don't know; I don't th any. When you come to particulars you have us all. I thought you might like to know him. Be George, Paul! he might know him. Be George, Paul! he get ye a lift on some paper, for he's get ye a int on some paper, for he a dris-ing man, makes speeches that take down the ward meeting. You'd like to know him, you would, He's a Catholic of the strict kind I think. Sure I know ye wouldn't like that, but a little of your wouldn't like that, out a little of your company, poetry, and my punch would soon cure him of pious leanings. Come down now, an' I'll introduce you." "Go ahead," said Paul, "I'm ready." Peter bounded off his chair and seized

"The lawyer has Saturday night to himself," said he. "But do you stay here till I see if he's in." He went down the stairs with a slow

step and a sober air, as if the task of visit-ing the strange lawyer was not a pleasant one; and Paul, watching him until the light had faded to the first floor, saw him stand hesitatingly there, then retreat and return a few times, and finally go slowly to his own room.

"O thou mass of contradiction!" he so liloquized, leaning over the stairway, and returned to his cold room to resume his writing, and blow his fingers and stamp his feet, and draw inspiration from th moonlight, which shone more brilliantly as the night strengthened. A twenty-cent piece lying on the table gave him a

He donned his overcoat and went out hastily. Down on the first floor he met Peter just coming out of the lawyer's room,

Paul; make yourself at home.

The two gentlemen thus roughly brought

together smiled and acknowledged the iniuction. Here we are," said Peter recklessly, "Here we are, same feels learness,"
"transported from a garret to a palace."

Paul stared—" and all on account of the resemblance between a poet and a politician! Paul, it's pretty complete, isn't it?

It must be a nice thing to be a politician. to afford such luxuries, and not poor devils like you and me, writin' bad poetry and editorials—hey, b'y? Don't ye feel proud

ofit?" said he, turning to Florian.
"Very," said Florian, " since you think so highly ofit."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Baby Eczema and Scald Head.

Infants and young children are peculiarly subject to this terrible disorder, and if not promptly arrested it will eventually become chronic. Dr. Chase made a special study of Eczema and disease of the skim, and we can contidently recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment to cure all forms of Eczema. The first application soothes the irritation and puts the little sufferer to rest. Baby Eczema and Scald Head.

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Holloway's Corn Cure will remove any of them. Call on your druggists and get a bottle at once.

bottle at once.

As Parmelee's Vegetable Pills contain Mandrake and Dandelion, they cure Liver and Kidney Complaints with unerring certainty. They also contain Roots and Herbs which have specific virtues truly wonderful in their action on the stomach and bowels. Mr. E. A. Cairneross, Shakespeare, writes: "I consider Parmelee's Pills an excellent remedy for Biliousness and Derangement of the Liver, having used them myself for some time."

THE CONVERSION OF O. A. BROWNSON.

Henry F. Brownson has lately pub lished a volume describing "The Exrly Life of Ocestes A. Brownson" (1803-44) Detroit: H. F. Brownson

It is full of interest as a study of the mental progress of this distinguished consort. We make the following ex tract as an indication of the style of th

Brownson had advanced so far in hi belief in the unity of the Christia Church in the first half of 1884 that h abandoned his Protestant pulpit an separated from his Unitarian friends At the same time he bore public test mony to the learning, ability, single ness of purpose, and great moral wort of many of his brethren in the mini try, with whom he had been for man years in some degree associated. B he could no longer reconcile the deni of the Incarnation, of the true divint

and the true humanity of Christ, wi faith in Christianity.

Brownson now found himself stru gling between contending impulse If salvation was not attainable out the true Church there was urge necessity for joining it; but in the salvation of his friends dying out the pale of that Church, which he v not prepared to do. He determined May, 1844, to propose this difficulty the Right Reverend B. J. Fenwick, Bishop of Boston, with whom he had ready a slight acquaintance. The count of this his second interview we the Bishop as related by himself

He received me in a frank and dial manner, said he read my Rev with attention, perceived that I making some progress towards Church, but he was surprised the objected to the Pope. "What can be your objections to

Pope?"
"I do not object to the Pope. S time ago I was foolish enough to that the problem of the age is Cath ism without Popery; but I no lo entertain that notion, I have n jection to the Courch, and the Ch

rithout the Pope would be to me

Church at all. . Why then, are you not a C "I could be, were it not for Protestants. I do not like to say are all wrong, and out of way o vation: and if I could discover ground on which I could be a Ca without saying so, I should ha

fficulty."
"So that is your difficulty.
"In the second of difficulty. why should that affect you. I Lord has established His Church given her authority to teach, should you refuse to obey Him to satisfy yourself that you may d Him with safety? God is just, a may leave your Protestant frie His hands : for He will not punis unless they deserve it. If they the order He has established, obs ly refuse to obey their lawful p and preach from their own he stead of His word, that is no reason for you to remain whe

are and neglect to make sure fo True. But I am not will believe that all who live and di the pale of the Roman Catholic must be finally lost. I wish to to find some justification, at les excuse, for the Protestant mov

and it is this which has kept me "The inquiry is no doubt teresting one, but you will find ably, somewhat difficult. He

thus far met with much success
"I cannot say I have, and I
most afraid that I shall not suc 'It is not best to be hast question is serious, and you well to inquire further and Perhaps you will find some ex

the Protestant Reformation.
you will not fail to let me kno After some more convers the same topic, and on gene jects, and his assuring me that give him pleasure to have me see him when I found it conv took my leave. A week later again, and he lent me some fortnight later still, I called o and requested him to pla charge of some one who we the trouble to instruct and pr for admission into the Chu immediately introduced m coadjutor, afterwards his who readily charged himself task, and performed it with and uniform kindness of wh not become me to speak. of the convert towards the Father who has poured on h regenerating waters, or story of his life, and in t pronounced over him word

lution and reconciliation, a

red to be displayed. What most impressed me terview with Bishop Fenw firm and uncompromising of his Catholicity. He used n unkind word in speaking ants; but with all my art my best-I could not extra the least conceivable consaw clearly what held me that I believed I was prop the Church if I could only assurance that individuals the pale of her communic necessarily be despaired of by word nor tone did he i he had any such assura He was a Catholic, heart a had learned the Church salvation, but he had lear What he had received, t but nothing else. the author of the condition

and he could not take the