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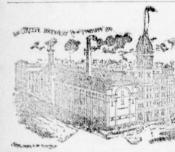
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BY CHRISTINE FABER.

CHAPTER VI.-CONTINUED. That, thus far, she had treated her

guests with even ordinary politness, was due to the strong will of her brother, and to her own care not to come into more frequent contact with them than was possible. Of course, she had to meet them at table, and her stiff, solemn demeanor there, while it made. Agnes at times, feel very ill at ease, was generally provocative of more than one mirthful sally from for more than one mirthin saily from Florence, who knowing that Uncle Syd-ney was on her side, had no fear or thought of any of Aunt Deb's peculiarit-ies or prejudices. It was the burning re-membrance of all these things that made Miss Wilbur so sharp with Anne as to cause the poor girl to wonder whatever had come over her mistress. It is true the latter was always what domestics call " a driver, but never had she raised her voice nor scolded so much as she had done since the young ladies had come. Since their advent, with little, or no pro-vocation, she had often scolded as she was doing now in the dining room, her voice raised to such a high, shrill pitch, that her brother who had left his study to seek her, had no need of inquiring her whereabouts. He was going to her in the interest of Florence's little plan, but he paused just outside his study-door, in sheer anger and disgust at his sister's ex-hibition of temper. When, finally he conquered his feelings sufficiently to meet her, be went no further in his approach than to stand on the threshold of the din-

ing-room and utter very severely:
"Deborah!"
Deborah wilted, while Anne, neve quite able to overcome her awe of Mr. Wilbur, retreated rapidly to the kitchen. Though Miss Wilbur had been giving such frequent and unrestrained way to her tongue, she had been doing so with the firm and comfortable assurance that her brother, being either out with his guests or secure in his study, did not hear her; she knew his abhorrence of a scold-ing woman, indeed of any loud-voiced female, and she dreaded at all times in-curring from him censure in that respect,

His aspect now positively frightened er, though she was making a desperate effort not to appear so, she did manage to squeeze out what, compared with her former higher tones, was a very softly

spoken:
"Well, what do you want?"
"That you would step this way please,
and inform me how often you employ

that unwomanly voice."

Miss Wilbur thought it well to cover

her fear by an assumed irritability, and a sort of defiant disobedience in the matter of not advancing more than a step.

"If you had the cares of housekeeping
Sydney, you might not be able to modu. ate your tones, either. It's all very wel for folks that have nothing to do but be ladies and gentlemen, and go out with,

and be attentive to guests."
"I always supposed you held the position of a lady. If not, to enable you to do so, it were better you hired some house-keeper to attend to these trying duties. Should they continue, I am afraid our guests will think bigotry and termagants are close companions." and be attentive to guests.'

are close companions."

She shot a little quick glance at him from her bead-like eyes, wondering for an instant if his last words were meant as an indication of his knowledge of what she had done with Miss Hammond's little case and its contents. But after that instant's fear she felt assured that such could not be the case. Did he know, her brother would not have hesi-

tated to take her to open task.
"I sought you," he resumed, without
waiting for her to reply, "in order to ask
you to invite your friend, Miss Liscome, here to-morrow evening. Mr. Mallaby Miss Hammond's guardian, by my ex Mr. Mallaby

press desire, is coming."

Having said which, he instantly turned and ascended to his study, leaving his sister mute and motionless from amaze ment, anger, and some dismay. Her amazement rose from the fact of being reuested to invite Miss Liscome-Sydney ver before having expressed the hint o a desire to meet the lady,—her anger tha any friend of Miss Hammond's should be invited, and her dismay lest her brother was indignant with her beyond forgive

The last feeling, however, made her omewhat anxious to please him and as oon as she had recovered from her vari-sus emotions, she dispatched Anne with little note of invitation to Miss Lisne, the note saying that Sydney especi wished her to come.

What the feelings of Prudence were of rayed in the very warm and gratefu nessage, also written, which she returned

by Anne, and in the way she soliloquized offer Anne's departure:
"That dear, sensible Sydney! of course the could not help drawing forcible contrasts between that great-eyed chit of a girl and myself. He knows she would be no wife for him, even if that mysterious will of which his sister speaks so much

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One Pill a Dose. Price, 25 Cents a Box. All dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto, Ont, were not in the way. What kind of a wife would she make him? bah!" And Miss Liscome glanced at herself in the glass to make sure that the crows' feet were not very apparent, and to wonder if she rouged her cheeks a little higher would it not tend to conceal them.

VII.

Punctually at 8 o'clock of the designated evening, Matthias Mallaby presented himself at the door of No.— Hubert Street. He was the same figure which caused so much mirth to Florence, even down to the item of the cotton um-brella, though there was not a suspicion of a cloud in the angust sky. But closer inspection revealed a difference in the matter of his shirt collar; usually wearing it low and turned down, on this occasion it was so high and stiff that it seemed

it was so high and still that it seemed like a sort of wedge to support his head, and it certainly prevented that member of his body from turning itself unless the whole body turned with it.

Even Anne, as she admitted him, stared a little, and she could not repress a sly laugh as she put his umbrella into the old fashioned hall-stand preparatory to whering him out of a little reception. to ushering him out of a little reception room back of the parlor, and taking his card to Miss Hammond. But before she had an opportunity for doing all this Florence came dancing into the parlor. "Mr. Mallaby, is it not? I thought it must be, and I begged Agnes to let me have the privilege of meeting you first. I have heard so much about you, Mr. Mallaby, that I feel as if I knew you quite

And she grasped both of his hands and drew him into the parlor, all the while looking up into his brown eyes that the brightly-lighted hall lamp revealed very distinctly.

Surprised and delighted by this most unexpected welcome, the owner of the brown eyes permitted them to turn upon the good-natured girl with all that won-derfully winning softness of which they ould be capable, and the longer Florence looked into them the more favorably im-pressed she became, and the more she forgot all her former disposition to laugh

at his odd appearance.

© His ward greeted him kindly but with an unmistakable dignity, and then Florence presented him to her uncle, who in turn ntroduced him to his sister and Miss

And Mr. Mallaby with his very oldfashioned manner, insisted upon taking the hand of each lady, and saying as he made to each in turn, a most ludicrous

ow:
"I am delighted ma'am to make your acquaintance—I hope I find you in the enjoyment of exceedingly good health, ma'am," and then his stiff shirt collar warning him to be careful how he turned his head, he held that member so exceedingly high, that, taken in connection with his odd costume, he looked exactly like one of the absurdly grotesque sign figures, with which some store-keepers

draw attention to their wares.

But Florence, remembering his eyes was enabled to control herself, while Sydney, in neither manner nor expression showed anything save the gracious and kindly host.

Miss Hammond was a little bit annoyed. It was the first time that she had ever seen her guardian in company like the present, for on her brief visits to Mrs. Denner, Mr. Mallaby's deportment did not seem to be so out of place, and she regretted having been persuaded to give him the invitation. Her regret was rendered keener as she saw his reception by the two maiden ladies; Miss Wilbur had drawn back, indignant that he should have seized her hand without having it proffered to him, and her little black eyes twinkled wrathfully over his whole person, while Miss Liscome in servile imitation, had drawn back also, arching her thin, bare shoulders, and partially hiding her rouged cheeks with her fan.

But Wilbur, with inimitable self-posession and grace, managed to take the awkwardness out of it all and to put Mr. Mallaby so much at his ease that in a few moments he found himself seated be-tween Agnes and Florence, and talking away to the latter as if he knew her a great deal better than he did Agnes, while Sydney, to keep matters very while Sydney, to keep matters very straight, devoted himself to Miss Liscome, utting that lady into an ecstasy of de fight, and fairly charming his sister.
Under its influence, Miss Wilbur relaxed,
and became actually gracious in the
clances she threw at Mr. Mallaby, a fact glances she threw at Mr. Mallaby, a fact that made her brother redouble his atten-tions to Miss Liscome. He even went so far as to request that lady to sing, which request she cordially granted, and as he led her to the piano, Florence asked Mr. Mallaby if he ever sung. "Not much, my dear, nowa-days, though I used to be quite a singer when I was a lad like your

Hardly any one else looking at Sydney Wilbur's well-matured manliness, would Wilbur's Weil matured manniness, would have termed him a lad, and Florence treasured the speech as something with which to tease her uncle the next day.

Miss Liscome had begun her song, the same very tender ditty which she had favored them on a former occasion, and she sang it is the same nasal, discordant Florence watched its effects or Mr. Mallaby, but he seemed to listen to it with rapt attention, sitting bold up-right, with his head, owing to his shirt

collar, very rigidly in the air.

When the song was finished, with his antiquated and exaggerated ideas of the attentions due to a lady, he felt it incumbent upon him to both thank and congratulate the fair singer, and jumping up,

ne exclaimed:
"I'm obliged to you, ma'am. Your song was really beautiful. It used to be one of my own songs long ago, and it's a very hard one to get the proper pitch of." The ludicrous surprise of his speech well-nigh overcame for an instant, even sydney Wilbur, but he managed to recover his self-possession by bending ver close to the music rack of the piano, as i o examine some spot on its rosewood surface, and consequently he was so close to Miss Liscome she could almost feel his breath upon her cheek. Attributing his action to a sort of tenderness upon his part, she would not disturb it by attempting to leave her seat, nor even, by turning round to acknowledge Mr. Mallaby's

complimentary speech.
Florence, by dint of smiling broadly,
managed to keep herself from laughing
outright, and then she obeyed a sudden mischievous impulse :
"Mr. Mallaby, won't you sing with Miss

Liscome? she will not refuse to favor us again with that same song — her clear soprane will harmonize so well, I know, with a male voice."

She was standing beside him, both of

her hands clasped coaxingly round his arm, and looking with all her merry soul up into his face. She had already so won her way to his heart that he could not find it in him to refuse, and he answered, giving a desperate twitch to his unyield-

ing collar If the lady isn't tired and wouldn't

"If the lady isn't tired and wouldn't mind jining our voices, (the jining was unmistakably broad) I'm agreeable to your wish, Miss."

Florence led him to the piano, Sydney promptly giving way to him, and Miss Liscome was too surprised and indignant to do more than jump up and look about her helplessly.

her helplessly.

"Oh, Miss Liscome; surely you will
not refuse. Uncle Sydney, do entreat
her," and Florence tried to pull the lady
down to the piano stool, while she cast imploring eyes at her uncle, to which he responded after a moment by saying : "I shall be obliged if Miss Liscome will favor us again.'

The slight emphasis on the I, had the effect of making the lady as willing to yield, as she had before seemed reluctant and she seated herself immediately, her pea-green dress falling in ample folds on each side of her, and her long, bony, ex-posed arms held at very stiff angles to the

Mr. Wilbur prudently seated himself near his sister, feeling that proximity to her sharp, serious face would naturally moderate his disposition to the fun that was in store for him, while Florence bewas in store for him, while Fiorence betook herself to a sofa in a remote corner,
and got her handkerchief in readiness to
cram into her mouth. Miss Hammond
sat dignified, but flushed, next to the
chair that her guardian had vacated.
The duet began; the fair soprano in
her effort to be heard above the deep guttural voice that seemed to absorb every

tural voice that seemed to absorb every other sound, absolutely shricking, regard other sound, absolutely shricking, regard-less of time or tune, while Mr. Mallaby, hearing nothing but his own voice, pur-sued his own key, and his own notes without the slightest regard to those of his companiment, and shricked, until the accompaniment, and shricked, until the prescription threatened to interfere with perspiration threatened to interfere with ner rouge, in order to bring Mr. Mallaby o some sense of his errors. Mr. Mallaby to some sense of his errors. Mr. Mallaby had struck exactly on the tune that suited him, and it made little difference that it contained not a note of the har-mony or rather discordance which his companion sang, and to see them both, he thumping and shricking, her should ders going up to her ears with her efforts, and he standing beside her, with his short unmentionables, long coat and grizzled head held very high in the air, was a sight that made even Miss Ham-mond hold her handkerchief before her face to hide her laughter. Sydney was face to hide her laughter. Sydney, biting his lips, and once or twice, when the shrieking efforts became very violent, he passed his hand over his face. His sister never moved a muscle. Florence, poor Florence, had audibly exploded, bu the music caused such a din that nobody heard her, and she curled herself into a corner of the sofa and laughed until her cheeks were wet with tears and her side

Even Anne heard the racket (it could be called little less) and she stole up the stairs from the kitchen, to the parlor-door through the keyhole of which she both through the keyhole of which she both looked and listened. When she returned to her domain the was as thoroughly convulsed with laughter at the sight sh

had beheld as was even Florence When at length the violent musical performance was concluded, Mr. Mallaby thanked Miss Liscome, and offered her his arm to lead her from the piane There was no help, but to take it, and the sight of the pair crossing the room to gether, the lady being quite as tall as her tall companion, was as mirth-provoking as when they had appeared at the instru-

Then the gentleman thought it his dut in return for the agreeableness of Miss Liscome to devote himself to her, at least for a part of the evening, and that lad was favored with attentions from which she could not free herself until Miss Hammond at Mr. Wilbur's request went to the piano. Her plaintive exquisite singing had the effect of not only silence ing Mr. Mallaby, but of changing totally the expression of his face. To Florence, who was more interested in watching him than even in listening to the voice of her friend, he seemed to grow extremely sad and wistful-looking as if the strains were painfully touching upon some hid-den sorrow of his own. The heart of den sorrow of his own. The heart of the sympathetic girl went out more to him, and she could not help wondering how Agnes Hammond could always be so cool and dignified to him. Was he her guardian, she felt she should love him, oddities and all.

But at this stage of her thoughts, Miss Hammond's song was finished, and Miss Hammond herself being led back to her eat, directly after which her uncle renested Florence to sing.

"Now, Uncle Sydney, how can you?"
being obliged to rouse herself in order to
answer, she had been so absorbed in her
thoughts of Mr. Mallaby. "You know
we Wilburs were never musical; were
we Aunt Deb?" at which appeal Aunt
Deb smiled grimly, but deigned no reply.
"And I declare," she resumed, when she found no response from her aunt. you insist upon my singing, Uncle, I shall retaliate by insisting on a display of your own voice." (She knew her uncle never by any possible chance could even

What rejoinder he might have made was prevented by Mr. Mallaby entreat-

"Do. Miss Florence, favor us." And being unable to resist the accompanying entreaty of his eyes, she went to

the piano, laughingly waving back Syd-ney's proffered escort.

"If you were somebody else, I might accept it, but an uncle is too ridiculously prosaic," shrugging her shoulders as if to mphasize her disgust.

Her voice lacked sweetness but it was true and not unpleasant, and as she had chosen a sort of rollicking song in which the very harmony was made to imitate a laugh, it pleased everybody, even includ-ing her grim, curt aunt. As for Mr. Mallaby he could not express sufficiently his

delight and his thanks. Refreshments were served, consisting of cake and fruit with wine for the gentlemen and some effervescent, but strictly temperate beverage for the ladies; and by that time Miss Liscome was actually holding a conversation with Mr. Mallaby, Her condescension owed itself to two facts: the first and more important being the absence of Deborah, that lady having to withdraw in order to supervise the pro-per serving of her guests, and the second

that her vanity had been fired by the continued attention of Mr. Mallaby and his

frequent little complimentary speeches, and whether it was that the wine warmed him to the toast, or that the lady herself did actually inspire it, he said as he raised his glass to his lips to finish its

raised his glass to his hips to himsh to contents:

"Here is, ma'am, to your eyes; they are like wells in which one may look back for miles, and discover nothing but love in their depths."

And Miss Liscome actually seemed to account the ridiculous compliment, being

accept the ridiculous compliment, being so seated that she did not see the faces of the rest of the company, nor did they dream how she was wondering if Mr. Mallaby were married, and why she should not improve her present chances with him—the impression she was en deavoring to make upon Sydney Wilbu was so uncertain; these thoughts were in accordance with her wonted prudence and they made her almost brave enough to defy Deborah in the matter of continu-ing her graciousness to Mr. Mallaby, when

that lady returned to the parlor.

At 10 o'clock, Mr. Mallaby rose to take his leave, that being the hour which in his old-fashioned punctiliousness, he deemed the proper time for departure, and to the remonstrances of Mr. Wilbur and to the remonstrances of Mr. Wilbur and Florence (Aunt Deb was prudently silent) answered that he was exceedingly obliged, "but justice, and right, and eti-quette" demanded that he must go quette" demanded that he must go home; and then he shook hands heartily with everyhody, and thanked everyone separately, even Miss Liscome, for the kindness shown to himself, and the kind-ness shown to himself, and the kind-

ness shown to his ward!

His ward's cheeks wore a very bright crimson from all this effusion of gratitude on her behalf, and having responded briefly to his adieu, she was willingly per nitting Mr. Wilbur to attend him to the door, when Florence intervened:
"Agnes and I shall see Mr. Mallaby

out, Uncle; we "—with an arch emphasis on the pronoun,—" may have something particular to say to him." articular to say to him."

It was her own thought that Agnes might have some private word for him, and might not have the courage to leave the parlor in order to say it, and to give

her the opportunity she whispered assoon as they had reached the hall: "I shall leave you with your guardian "I shall leave you will you guarding a moment; you may have something particular to say to him." But Agnes caught her as she was turning away, and said with some irritation in her tones:

'Don't be so foolish! what in the world should I have to say to him?"
All of which irritably-spoken speech
Mr. Mallaby heard, but if he understood
its import, he did not pretend to do so;
he only stood when all three had reached the hall door and Florence had opened it, holding a hand of each of the girls, and holding a hand of each of the girls, and looking down upon them with an inde-scrible expression of sadness and wistful-ness in his own face. Florence saw it and Agnes saw it, for the rays from the street lamp opposite falling upon all three, re-vealed it very plainly, and though Agnes in her present dignity and indifference did not dream of such a thing, the day was approaching when that expressio would recur to her like a blow from

powerful weapon.

"And how long are you going to make your visit, my dear?" he asked at length

Florence answered as if the question and been addressed to her: "She is going to stay until I go to Europe, which time is almost two months

yet."
"Oh-o-oh," responded Mr. Mallaby, and That evening, ludicrous as its incidents were, was to leave its memory upon the hearts of all three, and its remembrance was to twine itself with a sad fatality into a future made dark with mystery

VIII.

"Florence, I am going to confession. "Well, that is not so surprising considering you went every two weeks in the Convent; but come to think, having gone just before we left, a week ago to-day what have you been doing that you want

to unburden your conscience, now?"
"Doing? why I'm just succumbing to "Doing? why I m just succuming to every temptation you put in my way—
I'm growing lazy, and careless and lukewarm," and Miss Hammond threw herself back into the easy chair, as if the laziness against which she protested, was ex-

eedingly comfortable.

"Lazy, and careless, and lukewarm," repeated Florence very slowly, and with an expression of comical dismay
"Shades of the Saints deliver us! How dare you make such assertions when you have been in my company? And to contradict further your awful statements have you not said your rosary faithfully every day, and made interminably long prayers with no end of pious reading? am sure you devour pages of Father Fab er to the lamentable exclusion of all those

"Nevertheless I am guilty of all the hings with which I have charged myself, and I am going to confession this afternoon, to-day being Saturday; and as I do not know the way to the nearest church you will have to accompany me and help

me to find it."
"Which request means also, that I am to accompany you to confession, I suppose," said Florence, making a very wry face.

"As you choose about that — I never

attempt to force people piety," and Miss Hammond drew herself slightly up. "Never force people's piety," echoed Florence with pretended indignation.

"As if the example of your long prayers, and your constant dignity, were not a very absolute forcing of one's piety, but, very absolute forcing of one's piety, but, then, you dear girl "—imagining that she might have hurt Miss Hammond by such chaing—"it is such a delight to have you with me, that I should positively try to play croquet with my own head, if I thought it would please you, and so you may rest assured I shall accompany you anywhere; and as a proof of my words I shell got this minute to Unde Schlered. shall go this minute to Uncle Sydney and tell him we want this afternoon absolute-ly to ourselves," and suiting the action to the word, she did go immediately to her

"You don't know anything about it, superiority,

nor how Agnes and myself may want to

exchange opinions about things in gen-eral, and you in particular."

The last words were spoken at random, and without a thought of their significance even after they had left her lips, and her uncle had shot at her one of the quick questioning glances that sometimes sent his sister's heart into her mouth. He answered, however, as if her speech

had caused no more thought in his mind than it had done in her own.

" And not having space enough within doors to discuss matters, you must needs go abroad. Is it to St. John's Park you are going, or to unexplored precincts beyond; and do you intend to be back before dark and shall I call for you at some appointed place?"

You will please hold your tongue and not so much as dare to think where we are going!" and lest under cover of all that playfulness he might ask questions which would compel her to bject of their afternoon walk, she left his study instantly.

Her haste to leave him was not that she was afraid, or ashamed to tell him any of her Catholic practices, but that, knowing the dreadful idea most Protestants, and he in particular (strict one that she knew him to be) had of confession she thought it as well, not to let him know that the very first week of her rather self-invited stay at his house, both she and her fixed. friend were practising that mysterious and abhorred devotion.

That St. Peter's church in Barclay street, was the nearest, the girls speedily ascertained when they turned into Hud-son street, and inquired of the goodson street, and inquired of the good-natured-looking keeper of an apple stand on one of the corners, and to St. Peter's on but of the context, and to st. Feter's they wended their rapid way. Never having been out unescorted before, the feeling was a little novel, and had even a slight touch of fear in it, causing them to keep their veils down very closely, and to hold each other's hands very tightly.

St. Peter's was not then quite the renovated edifice it is now with its roomy basement and Parochial school. It was much plainer, though perhaps as large, and con-fessions were heard in the basement

Nor was the little crowd of penitents waiting about the two tribunals, such in appearance as might greet the eye at the present time. They were mostly women, (it being too early an hour for the men) whose plain, poor dress, rough hands, and coarse-featured face told that they came appearance as might greet the eve at the from the lower walks of life. They seemed surprised at the advent among them of such ladies as our two heroines (both of whom of course had thrown up their veils, and removed their gloves) making instant way for them, and even ndicating they might precede them. But both Agnes and Florence discountenanced any such injustice, and while they sweet-ly hanked the kind people they dropped very humbly and very edifyingly on their knees at the end of one of the somewha

Agnes was so seemingly devout, neve

ong lines of penitents.

once turning her eyes from the altar, and kneeling up so erect that her devotion, together with her beautiful face, attracted the admiring glances of everybody in her vicinity. Florence tried to follow her ex-ample, and for a while actually surprised herself by her fervor, until her sense of the humorous was aroused by the sight of an old man on one of the benches in front of her. He had a flaming red handker-chief tied round his neck, the end of it hanging down his back like a shawl, and a blue skull-cap on his head. From the constant clicking of something against the constant criesting of something against the bench in front of him, he was evidently saying his beads, and the constant bob-bing of his head seemed to suggest the idea that he was keeping time to every Hail Mary he uttered. In vain Florence tried not to look at him; do what she would, his ludicrous appearance was constantly attracting her, and when at length it seemed from the unusual depth to which his head descended in its bob-bing motion that he was dropping asleep, she could not turn her eyes from him. Indeed, there might seem to be an excuse for attention to him, and even anxious attention, for his swaying movement, became at last so much in a forward direc-tion that he threatened to go quite over the bench. He caught himself, however, time to prevent the catastrophe, and Florence drew a freer breath, and made an Act of Contrition for the mirth that rose within her at the thought of such an event. She even stole a glance at Agnes to see how she regarded the situadon, but apparently, Agnes did not even see the old man; her eyes were riveted upon the altar. Then she covertly looked apon the after. Then she covertly looked at the other penitents; they also seemed to be watching Miss Hammond, or devoutly absorbed in their prayers. Not the attention of a single soul beside herself appeared to be drawn to the ridiculous eature, and with another Act of Con trition, and a desperate determination not to look at him, she did manage for a little o fix her thoughts and her eyes upon the altar. But it was only for a little; involuntarily her eyes turned upon the comic figure before her. He was asleep again, and swaying so much forward that again, and swaying so much forward that he was in the same imminent danger as before. Florence could not take her eyes from him; indeed, in anticipation she seemed to be just holding her breath. Over, over, he was going — would he re-cover himself as he did before? In an in-stant her mental question was answered; the old man turned a complete syneracult the old man turned a complete somersault over the low bench, evidently striking on his head, the way that his feet were ele-vated; and as the latter were encased in immense rough calfskin shoes, the effect was all the more ludicrous. The shock awoke him, and probably, his slumber having banished all recollection of his locality, his present reversed position frightened him all the more. He screamed astily, causing several of the women to ash to him, and the two Confessors to open the doors of their confessionals and look out. TO BE CONTINUED.

Is a continual effort to employ cod liver oil in its pure state when the stomach protests were going to take a walk by themselves.

"Is Miss Hammond tired of my company?" he asked, arching his eye-brows. "Of course I know it could not possibly be you, my dutiful niece, who would want to dispense with my escort."

"Mistaken lad!" she retorted playfully.

Having already teased him about the youthful term applied to him by Mr. Mallaby, he quite understood her use of it now, and he laughed heartily as she continued:

"You don't know anything about it,"

"You don't know anything about it,"

THE MONTH OF MARY.

Cultus of the Saints is Not Idolatry Detroit Witness.

The Rev. E. J. Gleeson, S. J., giving three lectures this month an the first was delivered last Sunda evening, under the title of "Mary, Or Spiritual Mother."

Spiritual Mother."
"When Our Lord," said the reve
end Father, "was hanging upon the
cross and looking down beheld H
mother and the disciple whom He love He commended the one to the care the other; and St. John, understand ing His words, during the twent years of Mary's life, took care of he temporal welfare, and she directed him and the other apostles, as childre bequeathed to her protection. St. Joh was the representative of all the fait ful, and through him has Jesus Chri less given to us our spiritu Mother .

Blessed Virgin Mary is not only di tinctive of Catholics, but is a chi object of attack on the ground th it is superstitious and idolatrous ar that in paying to a creature the hondue to God alone, dishonor is paid the merits of Christ, and another med ator than Jesus Christ is substituted. "Devotion to the Blessed Virg Mary is a special application of 'Sai Anyone who finds a dif Worship.'

"The special regard paid to the

culty in honoring the saints, could nobe classed a citizen but an alien in t house of God. The Catholic Chur names many a saint whom it calls up all to honor; and this honor is the practice of the doctrine named in t Creed as the 'Communion of Saints. When our Lord taught on earth, did not hand His doctrine down to dividuals, but to a society which founded—the Church—consisting of Apostles and the faithful. Now, society implies union; .ll using same means to compass the same en

A society of men must have extern representative signs by which the are known. So in the Church, the is the same government, the sa head, the same doctrine, law a sacraments; but being a spirit body, there is an internal union al bond of charity by which we united to our Lord and to one anoth This is the foundation of the doctri of the Communion of Saints. "The Church is broad, and inclu-the patriarchs of the Old Law, fr Noah and Moses down to Jesus Chr.

and more, all the faithful on earth, Church militant, and those who, wo ing out their eternal reward in P gatory, are the Church suffering a those in Heaven, the Church trium All these are united to Ch and to one another in perfect chari and herein is seen the Communion Saints. Individual prayers or praare feeble, single efforts against enemy of souls seem weak, but uni what power they have! How of graces never prayed for b from individual merit. Think of sacrifices made, the prayers said, sighs and tears for the sinner mother and sister only, and see value of the prayers offered in G

Church. 'Saint Worship' is an applicat of the doctrine of the Communio Saints. And two points are to noticed : first, we honor the Saint God's friends; and, secondly, we them and they grant their intercess to obtain from God graces which

necessary to us. "Does the honor which we pa the Saints detract from the honor to God? In asking their interces are we doing anything derogator Christ's intercession as our Mediat Our enemies say 'Yes. Your wo your actions; prove it.' But wait; it are accused of honoring Saints, we guilty of the charge; but if the ho paid to them is the honor due to alone, then the charge is false. W conventional and change t meaning, sometimes even to the opposite. Our opponents must p our intention. What kind of home we mean? The word is common ordinary life. How can they p their accusation that our intention idolatrous? Not from our preachi from the Catechism placed in our

dren's hands. The Church rejects teachings, and the accusation is f "'But,' they say, 'you make distinctions.' Honor is relative in portion to the worth of the recip in civil, social or commercial, an in religious affairs. Honor to consists in the acknowledgment of Supreme Being, possessing perfect in Himself, Lord and Master of all. the Saints we recognize good qual examples of virtues, derived all God, secondary in their nature in honoring the Saints, honor is flecied on God Himself. Therefore are not guilty of any breach o First Commandment or or sup-in giving this nonor to Saints.

'But,' they further urge, ing the intercession of the Saints wrong Our Lord who is the only M There is a distinction. Christ, the Son of God, His in merits can alone atone. Every comes through those merits. we ask the Saints for their inte sion, we acknowledge that virtues are derived from the virtu Christ and are secondary to the Nothing is independent of Christ through the union of the Saints Is this derogatory or r

does it not enhance Christ's honor 'The Sacred Scriptures justif practice, as in the cases of Abra ot, Joshua, and others. Were idolaters? Again Angels have ceded as in the cases of Tobias a St. Peter and Judas Macca caused sacrifices and prayers