Just out of reach, is where every man him. Disease is more dangerous than any wild beast. To be just out of reach of disease, is safer than to engage it in a death struggle with doubtful results.

The secret of keep-ing just out of reach

of disease is in keeping the blood pure and rich. Pure blood offers no breeding ground for disease germs. Rich blood creates a vigorous vital force to resist disease. This ideal condition of the blood creates are the property of the blood creates a vigorous vital force to resist discase. This ideal condition of the blood
is best obtained by the use of Dr. Pierce's
Golden Medical Discovery. In thousands of cases where there has been obstinate cough, bronchitis, spitting of
blood, weakness or other ailments which
if neglected lead on to consumption,
"Golden Medical Discovery" has healed
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intoxicant contained in "Golden Medical Dis-

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## GLENCOONOGE.

By RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

CHAPTER XVI.

AMATRIE DETECTIVES.

It was broad daylight when I awoke next morning, and I jumped up at once, eager to see something more of "No. 7," and not sure but that he might again give me the slip, as on that former occasion when he had aroused my curiosity and expectation, only to disappoint both. On going downstairs I found him standing on the doorstep, looking out upon the radiant morning. The ruddy sun was just appearing large in purple mists; above was a pale, blue sky, flecked with rosy cloudlets. As the sun opened his eye and shot his rays abroad, the bare woods around did not kindle into the harmony of color with which a few months ago they were wont to respond to his first glance. But the tide, calm and full, reflected in its depths the colors of the sky and clouds on high; the islands on the brimming bay could hardly have looked greener if, instead of January, it had been early spring; and altogether the outlook from the doorstep of "The Harp" had still enchaptment left for those who could look upon it with seeing eyes. But that poor wanderer had no attention to spare

still enchantment fet for those who could look upon it with seeing eyes. But that poor wanderer had no attention to spare for anything but the thoughts and plans with which he was pre-occupied—had not even been able to sleep, it seemed. He had been up some hours, and was fuming because he did not find everything to was tell ready at that inhuman fuming because he did not find every-thing he wanted ready at that inhuman

"I am on the look-out for my jarvey," ne grumbled. "The car should have been ready by this. If only the fellow was here, I'd start off at once, and breakfast

somewhere on the road."

As he was speaking, Dan came hurrying up out of breath to say that breakfast
was ready, and led the way to the library
close at hand, the coffee-room being stil
too disordered to be used. "No. 7" sa'
too disordered to be used." down and began to eat rapidly. I asked

whether he was cff so soon.

"Yes, I have no time to lose. I am bound for Lisheen. They tell me it is eleven miles cff, and that it takes four

hours to get there."
"It does by the road, which is hilly and crooked. If you are in a hurry it would be better to take a boat; you can go then straight as the crow flies, across the lake in an hour and a half. If it were not for the inward bend of the bay out there, we could see Lisheen town from where we are.'

He was too busy eating to make any

answer, but presently he flung down his knife and fork.

Do you know," he said, "I feel more "Do you know," he said, "I lest more hopeful this morning and eager to be moving; and chiefly, I think, on account of my having knocked up against you so unexpectedly. It encourages a man to believe that the world is not so large but that the most unlikely meetings may take place in it. What an out-of the-way take place in it. What an out-of the way corner for you to have got into!"
"It is an old haunt of mine. I like it—

perhaps for the reason that it is so out of the way."
"But is there any contact with the

"But is there any contact with the outer world? Do you ever get such a thing as a letter or a newspaper?"

"I don't know about newspapers. I believe something of the kind comes by post, but I don't know, really—I never look at such a thing. Letters! oh yes, I find one for me lying on the hall table sometimes, when I come in to luncheon,"

"Indeed! Have you one of your letters about you? I should like to look at the "Indeed! Have you one of your letters about you? I should like to look at the

'Certainly, here is one." "Certainly, here is one."
"Thanks. Ha! It is stamped Lisheen, and—what's this? Glen—coon—ege?"
"Yes, Glencoonege; that's the name of this district. We are so far modernized as to have a post-office at Glenconoge— worse luck, say I. Between this and Lis-heen there is not another, and people iving on the way give their letters or their post-bags to the driver of the mail and he carries them to Lisheen. Rather

gentlemen living in these wilds?"
"Not many. Some half a dezen families, perhaps, have seats between this and Lishen. They live most in the pretty parts on the shores of the bay, the mounparis on the shores of the bay, the mountains behind being so bleak and uninvities a strong extract of Malt and Hops, recommended by leading medical men all over Canada, for the weak and convalescent.

If you are run down a few bottles will do you good.

If stata a ruin? I should have said it was a mariello tower."

pointed.

If you are run down few bottles will do you good.

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TORONTO.

"I should like in it for several years, but the place has long ago been deserted. There is a capital view from the top."

"I should like to go there; will you come with me after breakfast?"

"Certainly, if you are not going to start."

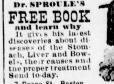
"Certainly, if you are not going to start all at once for Lisheen. I am at your

"The very mention of a ruin wakens up in me some early forgotten feelings. When I was a boy, there was nothing I liked better than a ruin. Many a happy itked better than a ruin. Many a happy hour I have passed among such, quite content to be alone, if only I had a book of my own choosing. I remember an old castle, in particular, near a place we used to go to every summer. There was a keep, fairly well preserved, and a dry moat, thick with grass. The whole space within the walls was wild, uneven, overgrown with brambles; full of broken columns and archways. In the outer walls were mysterious passages and remnants were mysterious passages and remnants of worn stairways; and eyelets through which you got glimpses of a sunny land-scape of fields and hedgerows. My book

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# Constipation

SEND FOR Dr. SPROULE'S





always happened to be an historical remance, and in such surroundings it was more like a vision than a book. The barons breathed and lived again, and so did the ladies at their tapeetry, and the rough soldiers that paced the ramparts, and the crowd that issued from the gates for the chase or the fight, and the frightened peasants that hurried in, seeking the sheller of strong walls, and bringing in provisions to stand the siege."

"I am afraid you will be di-appointed," said I, "with the poor little tower out yonder; but I am glad to find you more reconciled to your boyish reading than you wan were."

econciled to your boyish reading than

reconciled to your toy, you were."

"Why," he asked, with some astonishment, "what did I say?" "You had a had account to give of it. It had been at the roct of everything that was evil in your destiny—lifed you too much above the work-a-day world, caused you to run away from school—"

way from school—"
"Did I tell you all that? Well, I may have been right or wrong. I'm no philospher, and perhaps a man is not the best judge of the lesson to be drawn from his own experience. In a presence of a catastrophe one sometimes says this was the cause, and sometimes that; when perhaps it was neither. Yes, I remember now how dispirited I was that night."
"You had good reason," was my answer; and so surely would any man who, having spent the flowering time of his youth and gained fortune, returns home only to find those dead or lost whom he has dreamed of benefiting by his sacrifice and his success.

Jan Harrington rowed us out to the

island. The stranger, always impatient to push on, and accustomed to fret in his travels at the slow rate of his car over the mountain roads, was pleased at the rapid movement of the boat. His satisfaction caused him presently to regard with admiration and curiosity our boatman, whose noiselessly dipping cars and long easy strokes made the boat dart through the waters that parted, sparkling, at the easy strokes made the boat dart through the waters that parted, sparkling, at the prow. I never look myself at Jan's calm, good-natured, albe't homely face, beaming contentedly, without thinking how happy they are whose lot it is to live and labor in fresh air. His brawny arms, bare to the elbow, his brown face, and neck, and throat, and hairy chest, speak of they expend that comes of many a pard of the strength that comes of many a hard day's work in the sunshine and the open Jan could talk when he chose, but he generally left it to others to begin; and moreover, he liked to take stock of new acquaintance, which he was doing now though he rarely raised his blue-grey though he rarely raised his bide-grey eyes as he rowed, and only then apparently to ascertain his bearings, or glance after the flying curlew as it screeched along the surface of the water. The air was clear, the sun warm for the time of year, and the sky now cloudless.

"Have you lived here all your life?" asked the stranger, addressing the boatman abruntly.

man abruptly.

"I was born here, sir," said Jan, after a pause, " and I have lived here ever since was born.

I was born."

"What does a strong young man like you do wasting his life," returned the stranger, "among there barren hills? Did you never hear of young countries where you might be your own master; where there is good land to be had for the asking, and good living, and plenty of work and good wages for doing it?"

"I've heard tell of such places and many's the fine young lad I've seen bound for them parts, trudging from here

bound for them parts, trudging from here to Cork. The enough to make a man's heart sink, for when he sees the boys going along that road with all they've got in the wide world slung over their shoul-ders, he knows right well the chances are a hundred agin one he'll never see them

o more. "Of course he won't, and why should They do better in the place they go You should follow their example."

to. You should follow their example."
"Faith, then, I do pretty well where I am, what with looking after Mrs. Ennis's boats and rowing out gintlemen like yourself. And, besides, a man with a pourself. And, besides, a man with a life in the present a right to be trywife and children hasn't a right to be try You are very young to be married."

but suited to the character of the place, it always seems to me."

"Post-bags! Are there many country gentlemen living in these wilds?"

"Not many. Some half a derivative of the place of the place of the place of the place, it weren't for that—that is, if I were a young man again—I sometimes think I'd run the risk and try my fortune over the sea."

sea."
"And yet, Jan," I here struck in,
"your neighbors think you lucky, and
there are plenty who would change places

with you willingly."

"That's very true, sir," said Jan. "A man might go farther and fare worse to be sure, and there's many a one does, I'm told. But what harm is there in fancy-ing things sometimes? I like to imagine myself coming home a man like Jemmy Branaghan, who left years ago like those poor lads I was telling you of, with no more money in his pocket and no more larnin' in his head than they; and now larnin' in his head than they; and now back he comes from Queensland with a few odd hundreds saved, and buys up a tidy little farm for himself. He's the exception, I know, but I'd like to be an exception too in that way. You often heard tell of Dunn the beggarman, sir?"

"Dunn, the beggarman! I remember him very well," said I; "au old man that used to go about the country picking up what he could from passers by and getting his night's shelter at one cabin or another on his way."

performed without any dimensity, there having been no lock for many years. Before very long there will probably be no door, as it has worn out its rusty hinges by flapping to and fro in the wind during a long period.

The history of the fortress was too resent to have had for the stranger any of cent to have had for the stranger any of the kind of interest which, as he said, ordinarily attached in his mind to ruins. He passed without comment the traces of the daily life of the unemployed soldiers who had wasted here a few tedious years -the rooms now roofless in which they had lived, the broken ovens where they had cooked their food, the smoke of the ancient fires which still blackened the chimney walls. Mounting higher we startled here and there a seagull which had built its nest in some cranny of the rampart or of the cliff beneath it, and came at last to the top of the tower upon which guns had formerly been perched t judge from the circular fron rails half torn up, which still remained. It was from this summit that the view was to be had—of land well wooded near the

be nad—of land well wedged near the water's edge, and rising to great bare heights as it receded; of the inn towards the north lying at the foot of high hills rising steeply behind it, and of the mansions which at irregular intervals studded the eastern shore. The stranger swept the view from porth to south in a rapid the view from north to south in a rapid glance and had evidently not lost his

pearings. "Out yonder do you say is Lisheen?

he inquired.
"Yes, but you cannot see it from here, it is too much in a corner. That distant house on the southern coast is about a mile from the town.

"And who lives in it?"

"A caretaker only. It belongs to the Earl of Lisheen, but he does not set foot in it they say from one year's end to another. He is a very old man and never stirs from his seat at Killany

sthese places are so isolated. That opposite to us," I continued, "is G encoonage sine and amongst refined surroundings,

of this district; a thorough speamen of a good-natured, hot-headed Irish squire. He generally lives, here, but just at present he is away like the rest of them. They say, though, that now that he is married at last, he and his family may be expected at any time."

"Indeed."

Indeed. 'Yes-rather a curious thing; in fact, a most romautic affair. He has married his daughter's governess, a young lady highly accomplished according to all accounts and gifted with extraordinary powers of fascination; she first succeeded in winning the affections of the children, and then captivated their father."

and then captivated their father."

The stranger listened, regarding me with a peculiarly interested look, and it was not for nearly a minute after I had ceased, stopped partly by his strange scrutiny, that he withdrew his eyes from my face and fixed them on the Castle.

"Is he old, this Mr. O'Doherty?"

"Yes. Not far from fifty. I should say."

says he, 'I'm his brother.' Now wasn't that very surprising?'
"Well," asked the stranger, interested, "and then—?'
"Well, then, he'd have us tell him where he was to be found. But that none of us could do, for there was no telling where Dunn the beggarman might be at any time, and nothing about him was certain sure, but that he'd be back spain sconer or later. So as the younger in the beggarman might be because in the beggarman at 'The Harp,' to be given him next time he should come round. And when Dunn the beggarman opened the letter, out there dropped a five pound note, and an offer to bring him says certain the better, out the at dropped a like to come. He went sure enough, and he is there this minute relling in wealth, and there was an end to Dunn the begraman. Sure 'it is as where you land. You go up by that a sat, My first visit had probably taken by where yound part and the board bumped against the landing-place, "that makes a man want to try his luck. Now, gentlemen, if 'its the tower you'd be after seeing, this is a where you land. You go up by that path, and they'll give you the key at the cottage you'll pass."

This was Jan's good-natured way of doing a "turn" for the family atthee cottage you'll pass."

This was Jan's good-natured way of doing a "turn" for the family atthee cottage you'll pass."

This was Jan's good-natured way of doing a "turn" for the family atthee cottage, of which "the key" was the mainsten the cottage you'll pass."

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This was Jan's good-natured way of doing a "turn" for the family atthee cottage you'll pass."

Th where he was to be found. But that none of us could do, for there was no telling where Dunn the beggarman might be at any time, and nothing about him was certain sure, but that he'd be back sgain sooner or later. So as the younger brother couldn't wait, he le't a letter for the beggarman at 'The Harp,' to be given him next time he should come round. And when Dunn the beggarman opened the letter, out there dropped a five pound note, and an offer to bring him out to America into the bargain if he'd like to come. He went sure enough, and he's there this minute relling in wealth, and there was an end to Dunn the beggarman. Sure 'tis hearing things like that," moralized Jan as he shipped his oars and the boat bumped against the landing-place, "that makes a man want to try his luck. Now, gentlemen, if 'tis the tower you'd be after seeing, this is a where you land. You go up by that path, and they'll give you the key at the cottage, dwhich "the key" was the maintay. In the summer time one or others of the children regularly mounted guard at the cottage door, and as soon as he saw strangers coming up the hill, would run up higher still, bearing a conspicuous key to open the door with "for the quality," who on reaching the said door would find it wide open, with Johnny and his key teside it. At this time of year no visitors were expected, and no sentry was on gard; so we had to open the door for ourselves—a feat which we performed without any difficulty, there having heen no lock for many years. Benotry was on gard; so we had to open the door for ourselves—a feat which we performed without any difficulty, there having heen no lock for many years benoty was on gard; so we had to open the door for ourselves—a feat which we performed without any difficulty, there having heen no lock for many years. Benoty was on gard; so we had to open the door for ourselves—a feat which we performed without any difficulty, there having heen no lock for many years. Benoty was on gard; so we had to open the door for ourselves—a feat which w said Miss Waisingham, it was difficult for a girl who had hitherto had so much of her own way, to accommodate herself to her new position. I could see, notwith standing all my kindness, that she was not happy; and if by any chance I happened to say "Janet, my dear, is there no one on whom you could call and take tea with? because such and such a one is with? because such and such a one

with? because such and such a one is coming to spend the evening with me, and I don't know otherwise what you are to do, unless you have your tea in the kitchen,—she would cry for a week, as I could te'l by her red eyes. 'Tea in the kitchen, indeed!' continued Miss Walsingham. 'I should have no objection to tea in the kitchen, myself, if I couldn't get it anywhere else, and be glad of it, too. But no! somehow we couldn't hit it off. Janet grew silent and incommunitoo. But no! somehow we couldn't hit it off. Janet grew silent and incommunicative. I would find her at one time poring over the advertisement-sheet of the newspaper; at another, locked up in her room writing letters; and I would have to speak very sharply, and to knock five to speak very sharply, and to knock five or six times before she would open the door. I believe she need to have her letters sent to a post office; none ever came here for her. Oh, that pride! that dread-ful pride that would not let her friend be her mistress, or her mistress her friend! She gradually withdrew her confidence and her affection. She gave me notice that she was about to leave me, and asked for a written testimonial as to her

respectability and capacity. I could speak in the highest terms of both; and I did so. But even then she would not tell me what her plans were, nor have I ever been applied to respecting her. However, as I told you when you were in it they say from one year's end to another. He is a very old man and never stirs from his seat at Kilany Abbey, about forty miles off."

"And that house neater, of which we can only see the upper part, whose is that?"

"That is Claddah House; it belongs to a certain Major Roberts; nearer still you get a glimpee of lelay House in the property of Mr. Browne, a Cork butter merchant. These gentlemen rarely live there; but they are willing to let their places to an eligible tenant. I reated Claddah House myself for a few months some years ago. I toold you when you were here last, a little more than a year ago I received a letter from her. I could not then lay my hand on it, but have since found it, and here it is. I was glad to get it, for I felt hurt at the way in which I had been treated; and though she is too proud to own as fully as she ought, that she had behaved badly, the letter shows, I think, that absence had made the heart grow fonder to one who had been kind in her necessity."

"Total in short, was what I got from Miss Walsingham." continued my companion. "She succeeded in raising before my mind a vivid picture of my poor sister, brought up in comparative secin-

site to us," I continued, "is G'encoonoge Castle; and now I think you have the neighborhood almost by heart."

"Who lives at the Castle?"

"My friend The O'Doherty, the head of a very ancient family. He is the direct representative and retains the title of the chieftains who once ruled over the whole of this district; a thorough specimen of a good-natured, hot-headed Irish squire. He generally lives here, but just at press-help me, the only clue, is this year old elp me, the only clue, is this year old

He had taken from his breast-pocket some papers, and picking out one from among them, shook it above his head as he uttered the last words, and handed it

Did Miss Walsingham never answer

"Did Miss Walsingham never answer the letter? Was there no further correspondence?" I asked eagerly.

"Read," he answered, pointing wearing to the letter, "read it and you will see," and turning away he leaned upon the parapet of the tower and looked across the blue water to Glencoonoge Castle on the shore. "Can it be possible!" I heard him mutter, hardly above his breath, as I began to read the following:

that used to go about the country picking up what he could from passera-by and setting his night's shedler at one cabin or another on his way."

The very man, sir. Well, his brother was another exception. Twas only this summer good by, that myself and three was another exception. Twas only this summer good by, that myself and three was another exception. Twas only this summer good by, that myself and three was the summer good by, that myself and three was the summer good three was another exception. Twas only this summer good to be very cliff. Of good router by the boat-house, thinking may be some of the gentlement of raidies staying at "The Harp" might like to go out on the water after their dinner. But none came with us that night, though they did be walking up and down the road in two and parties, as long as there was an interest of years."

"Activity and the walking up and down the road in two and parties, as long as there was an interest of the walking up and down the road in two and parties, as long as there was an interest was better dressed, and so some of them not so well. And he comes to where were sitting, and down he sitts among us, and begins saking about this ones and that one -meetly poor rocycle living about no was considered so, generally."

"Miss Treillian? By no means. I we knew, and all the while, we do not so well as an one of the walking up and down the road in two and parties, and the walking up and down the road in two and begins saking about this one and that one -meetly poor rocycle living about in our minds thinking of all the poor was the considered so, generally."

"Miss Treillian? By no means. I we knew, and all the while, and down he were distingted the walking up and down the could be, at all, at all. At least the says, "Did you ever hear of any one in these parts called Dunn the begin and sould be an all s

As the writer had said, there was no address in the letter; but the envelope bore a particularly clear imprint of the Lisheen post-mark.

Lisheen post-mark.

"Have you seen this?" I asked my companion, who had turned his back upon Glencoonoge Castle and now had his eves fixed on my face.

"That!" he cried. "What else do

"That!" he cried. "What else do you think is taking me to Lisheen? That mark has been the beacon towards which train and boat and car have hurried me over the hundreds of miles that lay between me and this place. What do you think? It is not much perhaps, but does not that letter warrant the beief that within little more than twelve months my sister was not many miles away from this spot where we are standing?' He looked around as he spoke, and his eves rested once more on the Castle. Mine fo lowed his. I felt that the same thought was in both our minds, and the exclamation escaped me un-The governess

he said, "tell me about her

again I told him all I knew, and as I spoke grew more certain every minute that the governess and the writer of the letter were one and the same person. "Tresillian naturally was the assumed name referred to in the letter. Letters from the Castle to in the letter. Letters from the Castle are sent by post-bag to Lisheen, and would bear only the Lisheen post-mark. We agreed, too, that the "control" spoken of referred unmistakeably to the children under her charge whose hearts she had won; and that the allusion to "authority" had in it a mingled reverge and affection. ence and affection. "And well it may," said I, "for The

O'Doherty, though no longer young, and somewhat choleric, is just the warmhearted generous man to win the love of girl smarting from unkindness.

Who can tell me something more

about her? "No one probably as much as the housekeeper at the Castle. Only remember, her account may be biassed, for she is not pleased at the marriage. From the death of her former mistress till now, she has exercised a mild rule there in household matters. Like a sensible old lady she foresees that her reign is over; that a new wife, young, clever, and with ideas of her own, will rule the roast."

"Whatever her feelings may be, she is likely to be possessed of the information I want."

I want."
"And will give it you, no doubt, if you

"And will give it you, no doubt, if you tip her handsomely."
"Exactly. Let us go," and he led the way downwards to the boat where Jan, grown hungry, was impatiently awaiting

us, as it was past his dinner-time. We were descending the last slope when my companion, who had not broken silence once all the way down, stood still and said, "We must be careful not to set gossip at work. I may have struck oil here. If this girl is really my sister, it may not please her to have her family history known. It might make her position difficult with these people; weaken her authority, lessen their respect. I shall be wary, in questioning, to place her at no disadvantage. And that can only be done by silence regarding our history. And you, will you consider all that I have said, and that letter too, as

strictly confidential?"

I assured him he might consider his story as private with me as if he had never told it. And I may here remark once for all, that in saying this I made no idle promise, and that by not the most distant hint, not even by the mention of his name, did any but one ever receive enlightenment on the subject from my

TO BE CONTINUED.

### WHAT'S IN A NAME ?

#### THE STORY OF A CURIOUS CON-VERSION.

Former Secret Society Leader L d to Embrace the True faith by the Spectacle of an Ex-Priest Defaming His Spiritual Mother.

Editor Catholic Standard and Times :

I recently formed the acquaintance of an Englishman (a convert to the Roman Catholic Faith) whom I had previously observed as being a very prominent secret society leader and a professed Protestant. In his presence I expressed some wonder at the change in his religious practices, and he at once volunteered to state, for my in-formation, the cause. Here is the story he told : "I wish you to believe that I have

always from boyhood up esteemed my eternal affairs and state of paramount importance to everything earthly. was always determined to save my soul, either amid poverty, riches or disgrace. Therefore, I always tried to live as consistent and useful a life as Protestantism dictated. And it was pursuance of this determination that I was induced to go and hear (a converted priest we termed him) Rev. Father Chiniquy preach. And he is was who converted me to Roman Cath-olicism. Yes, strange as it may seem to you, this man who now preached with the avowed intention of heaping abuse on his former calling and belief this man was, after God, the means of my becoming a Roman Catholic. I began to reason thus : Who was

this man, and what is he now? He alleges (and I believe in truth) that he was one of the Roman Catholic priest hood. I recalled that the British and most other soldiers are required to take an cath binding them to a certain term of service, and that the man breaking said oath (termed a deserter was at a comparatively recent date ad judged deserving of death, and ever to day the offense is deemed so seriou as to merit severe punishment and dis grace. Now this man Chiniquy, afce mature deliberation and preparation took vows -not to an earthly sover igr but to God, of perpetual poverty chastity and charity, and I find the the same Protestantism which mete-out severe punishment and disgrace to the soldier who vowed (probably whi under the influence of the recruiting officer's liquor) to serve only for a tim an earthly sovereign, adjudges Chi iquy, who is now married and repute wealthy, to be a hero, a leading lig of Protestantism. And what of h perjured vows to God? Protestantis answers: 'Oh, that's nothing.'
'Heaven defend us! And when
looked around and asked: What of t

remaining many thousand Roma Catholic clergy? What power hol

those men steadfast in the choice

perpetual self denial in the midst of

people where perjury and desertion God means certain wealth and prefe

ment, with all that the folly-lad world holds most in esteem and rev

ence? I could find only one answe It must be the Holy Spirit, the same

which He spoke, saying, 'I go, bu send you the Comforter, who shall ab with you to the end, to teach you truth.' In fact, I could not find stronger proof of the power of the H Spirit present in the hearts of men No earthly tribunal to pur desertion; the world with all its p sures to gain; nothing to lose, feasting, rioting, banqueting we crying. 'Come,' 'desert,' 'welcot Ah me! And do they come? Do t in the face of such alluring tempta desert the cross and the Crucified? no. Wonderful! They still st fast, foregoing the comforts of he of hearth, of family circle. grand army of self denying men, cated with great labor and care, ching after mature deliberation a the less, laborious and dangerous occi tion! And for what? They ca call the coat they wear their ow any time. Yet look at Chiniquy. idol of Protestantism, boasting the

had caused me for fifty years to en ly overlook this one ever present important truth, the indispu proofs of which surrounded me every hand. I thought it high ti look further and observe whether proofs of D.vine origin and gui were visible. And I had not i long to look. I consulted a p under whose direction I was en a member of the true and only Ch which He came on earth to establ the end. And it is easy for me t ceive now that if this, His own lished true Church, has fallen error He who established and sa would keep it, even against the of hell, and preserve it unto the must have been false and conseq Christianity would be a lie and a Either that Church is true, s

drives his own carriage.
"Pitying my own blindness, v

several hundred base imit created and established by as acts of Parliament and otherw false, or Christianity is the humbug. "Oh yes, I discovered that I

surely worship the true God, had pronounced my God a min failure. While the true God wise to err, my God might hav on earth to establish a true, eve ing and infallible Church, but pronounced His work a ruined, is down job when I declaimed aga errors of Rome, dethroned H put myself in His place, ins several hundred styles of muc and widely different Churches position to His Divine pronoun There shall be one Shepherd fold.' My whole religion and a vigorous protest against the

bility of my God and His work Protestant. But now I beli rather than men. I have fo