

FOR CONSCIENCE SAKE.

By THOMAS SWIFT, Ottawa, Canada.

CHAPTER IV.

THERE are sorrows more bitter than death, and separation more cruel than the grave. To have loved and lost; to love still when every quiver of the heart is fraught with the consciousness that the love is unavailing; to walk by day and to lie at night wrestling with a power which threatens to kill the body or to unseat the reason, whilst to give up the struggle is to imperil the soul; such, now, was Nellie Irving's sad lot. But her brave, staunch spirit did not falter, though her body grew weak, and for many days she did little more than strive for life. Finally, however, her young and vigorous constitution asserted itself and won her back slowly and painfully from the portals of death. Then she saw the path of duty, along which in her great anguish she had blindly yet persistently groped, lying straight before her, and the Church was near by. And many a weary little pilgrimage did she make to seek at God's altar for aid to bear her heavy burden patiently. And as she prayed the peace of God stole into her heart and dulled the keenness of human pain; and all her beauty came back to her, softened and intensified by suffering and sorrow.

Walter Courtney, in obedience to her will, went out from the haven of happiness, bearing with him the remembrance of a sweetness and nobility of soul at which he could only marvel. Utterly shaken by the ruin he had thoughtlessly though not intentionally wrought, loving this woman, who at duty's call had driven him from her side, with a ten-fold love sanctified into reverence for something holy, he resolved that his miserable life should be as noble as he could make it, for her sake. He, therefore, bent all the energies of nature to the pursuit of his art, and as the years went by his name stood higher and higher on the scroll of fame. But in all things he obeyed Nellie's final instructions never to seek or write to her, unless she granted him permission. And this was the secret of his labors and success. It was the one way in which he could speak to her, and speaking to the eyes and minds of a whole people.

And Frank Neville—youthful and inexperienced in the ways and passions of the world, he felt that his life was a failure. For a time he forgot to pray and allowed himself to drift with the tide. He had sought to do what was right, but his efforts somehow seemed to be fruitless and productive only of misery—misery for himself and for one dearer to him than life itself.

The pathos and hopelessness of Nellie Irving's lot almost drove him mad. He blamed himself for having spoken, and, although Nellie assured him of her just appreciation of his motives and actions, he felt as though he had been instrumental in killing her happiness.

Then, after a year, yielding to his step-mother's well intentioned devices, he married a fair and noble hearted girl, Kate Kavanagh, and for a time his life passed along more even and placid ways. But not for long were the home bonds powerful enough to hold him. Instead of gathering the strands of his life in his hands and twining them into a cable strong enough to bind him to duty, he allowed them to hang loose and uneven, so that one by one, under the strain of temptation, they snapped, and he was drifting on the seething ocean of sin, before he realized that he had left the harbor of safety.

His youth's training, his manhood and the wholesome influence of the Catholic religion, preserved him, as they have preserved millions, from the grosser vices, but they were not sufficient without God's grace to keep him from sliding down the seductive path of intemperance. He was miserable, and he drank to drown his misery. He was remorseful, and he drank to kill the demon. He knew his sin, and he drank to hide it from himself. Slowly and insidiously this dreadful enemy of man was asserting its sway over him, and, as years went by, he grew more and more powerful less to resist.

The weary time went on, and Frank, becoming more deadened in soul and weakened in body, no longer saw the havoc he was working in the life of his faithful wife.

Kate bore her lot patiently and as became a true woman. She schemed, struggled, acted, prayed, and laughed when her heart was like lead, to win her husband from his evil ways; but in vain. Her patience at length gave way, and the sorely tried spirit could endure no longer. But why linger over the painful scene? The womanhood within her rose up in self defence. Hot, burning words were uttered, to which Frank at first listened in bewildered silence. But, as the torrent of reproach rushed round and through him, he bent his head in dull, stupid agony.

"You have made my life a misery," Kate owned vehemently, "and wrecked your own. God forgive me, but I wish I were a Protestant, an infidel—anything but a Catholic, and lived in a State where the law would free me from the bondage and degradation of being linked for life with—a drunkard."

She swept out of the room like an injured queen, leaving her husband stricken with shame and remorse. In her own chamber the poor wife flung herself on her knees, and with tears and sobbing besought God to forgive her vehement words she had spoken. But the barbed arrow poisoned as it was, hit the mark and killed the demon in the man.

In the grey of the morning Frank stole noiselessly from his home, and down the quiet street. Suddenly the deep tones of a great bell smote upon his ears, and he stopped. It was the Angelus, rung from the steeple of St. Mary's. He entered the church with the early worshippers. The sweet, far-away tones came to him, as the priest murmured the words of the Mass, and a word within him, long silent, responded

to the music. He bowed his head and his frame shook with emotion. How long he remained thus he never knew. A kindly hand touched his shoulder. He looked up and met the gaze of a young priest. For a moment he thought he must be dreaming; but he could not mistake the voice.

"Why, Frank, my dear fellow, is it you?" said the priest. "You have been here so long and were so still, I thought there was surely something the matter."

"Oh Hugh, dear old Hugh; I am so glad to meet you," exclaimed Frank, clasping and pressing the priest's warm hand to his lips. "And there is something the matter. Take me where we can talk freely. I am in trouble."

So Father Hugh Parker led the way up the aisle and through the vestry, and never spoke until he and his old college friend were seated in his own room. Then he turned and in his terse way asked,

"Now Frank?" and Frank told him his wretched story.

Then Frank rose and dropped on his knees, with the priest's sheltering arm about him, just as it had been many a time in their boyhood's days. There was a soft murmuring of voices, one humble and contrite, the other tender and consoling. Then the priest's right hand was raised over the bowed head, and Frank rose and walked over to the window to hide his emotion.

Father Hugh accompanied his friend home, and from that day peace and happiness entered the home and hearts of Frank Neville and his wife.

"Hugh," said Frank, one evening a month later. "Do you remember the story of the 'Three Patias'?" I have thought of it much lately. It is there is one other path that leads to—perdition."

"There are many by-ways leading from the highways, Frank, and the darkest is that which you allude to. I believe it is the most hopeless path upon which human foot ever trod. It was not known to the ancient people of eastern lands, but on this continent it is broad enough to be reckoned a highway. Let us beseech Almighty God to keep us both straight in the path of duty, whose end is peace," said Father Hugh solemnly.

"I had a strange experience recently," went on the priest. "I was summoned to the bedside of a dying woman—not a Catholic. She was the faithless and divorced wife of an artist." Frank started. "She had left the foul haven of the divorce court and drifted to her doom. The husband had thoughtlessly but innocently formed a union with a beautiful Catholic girl, upon discovering that she was a divorced woman, at the call of duty, gave him up and has never seen him since. The poor creature desired to be received into the Church, and to see the man she had called husband, that she might obtain his forgiveness. There was no difficulty in finding him, for he is well known to fame. He came at once, and lo! he had become a Catholic—won by the example and heroism of this Catholic maiden. He had sought in vain for the erring woman who lay dying before him, intending to do whatever duty should claim of him. She died repentant and at peace."

"The name of the man—of this artist?" asked Frank excitedly.

"Mr. Walter Courtney," answered Father Hugh.

"God is good," exclaimed Frank. "I know the girl," and then he told Father Hugh the pathetic story of Nellie Irving's unfortunate love.

"God's ways are inscrutable," said the priest.

CHAPTER V.

One day towards the end of September, Nellie Irving, now a beautiful woman, was standing under the pines on the cliff that overlooked Alling Bay, and contrary to her wont had all unconsciously allowed her thoughts to drift into a now forbidden channel. All the misery of the past for the moment was forgotten, and she was standing with his dear arm around her and her head leaning on his breast. The sweet low tones of love were in her ear and she was once more the happy wife—of a day.

"Nellie!" She started at the sound. She turned and saw Walter Courtney standing a few paces from her.

"Walter," she gasped, and the love-light in her eyes gave place to fear. "Oh, why are you here? You should not have come."

"I am here, Nellie, because both love and duty have brought me."

She looked at him inquiringly. "I am free—to come to you. She who stood before me in dead—dead, and the past repented of. I have come to claim you as my true wife."

For a few moments the trees and sky seemed to spin round, and Nellie reeled and would have fallen had not Walter caught her in his arms. She lay there like a child at rest. Her weary pilgrimage was at an end, the past obliterated, the present everything. Yet, woman-like, she strove against happiness itself.

"I was beginning to be at peace, looking forward to the land where there shall be neither marrying nor giving in marriage." Can you not live without me, Walter? You have grown famous. Art is your mistress, and you have the world to choose from. I did wrong once to unite myself to one who is not of my own faith and God punished me mercifully in this world, and—"

Walter bent quickly and sealed her quivering lips with a kiss.

"I am a Catholic, Nellie, and under God's grace, I owe my conversion to your noble and heroic example."

"You—are—a Catholic?" Nellie inquired, putting him from her in amazement.

"Oh, Walter, you have made me very happy. Out of sorrow cometh joy, and after the darkness cometh the light."

And a light, like the first faint flush in the morning sky, spread over her features, and deepened into the rich red-

gence of a new and tender beauty, which, springing from the sunshine of the soul within, banished fear and rested there for aye.

"Come, Walter," she said, taking his arm. She led him up the hill and they entered the little church to which she had so often repaired for strength and consolation. Before the altar together they knelt, one in one faith, but the prayer of their hearts is known only to themselves and God.

THE END.

THE EXCLUDED.

The next New York directory, according to report, will not be as voluminous as those hitherto issued, as the canvassers have been ordered to omit in the collection of names all persons of the laboring class—such as hod carriers, diggers and helpers of various sorts, street sweepers and persons in general who pursue onerous and manual occupations. The Chinamen, it is said, are to be omitted; likewise the poor Italians who lay the asphalt pavements, and persons who earn a living by what is known as unskilled labor.

The city directory was formerly the most democratic of volumes, and included everybody; the millionaire had no more conspicuous position allowed him, and was vouchsafed no more space than the hod carrier and street sweeper. Indeed, the back numbers of this useful work told history so innocently and frankly, and yet so unimpeachably, that it was an awkward volume.

In the older cities like New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore an examination of the directories of sixty or seventy years ago reveals some strange things. Names, that now belong exclusively to Fifth Avenue or Mount Vernon Place, were then attached to a different and much humbler quarter of the town, and the representatives of the family to-day—the lawyers, physicians, whole sale merchants—were then but very humble street sweepers, indeed, or, it may be, even laborers and followers of obscure manual occupations.

The general city directory for the last dozen years has been, in several large cities, too democratic; and hence there has been supplied a much smaller volume known as the Elite Directory, or, as we term it in Baltimore, the "Blue Book." In the Blue Book appear no names of shop keepers, street sweepers, diggers or the horny-handed children of toil. Only the swellest people are mentioned there—the exclusiveness maintained so strictly that it is a privilege worth contending for to get into the "Blue Book" and some are reported to have fought vigorously for a place.

The explanation of the problem of the New York Directory is that the city is too large for the book any longer to contain all the names; were every one in the metropolis to be embraced the volume would be too unwieldy, and this circumstance might interfere seriously with its sale. Discrimination must be exercised; and, since omission is necessary, naturally those persons will be left out whose names and addresses are least likely to be sought for. Not often, perhaps, will there be any one in search of a man whose occupation in life is the digging of trenches in the streets or the carrying of a hod.

This reasoning is, from a business point of view, doubtless just; but the action of the publisher marks once more, and in a striking way, the growth of class distinctions in this country. To be omitted from the directory is to lose one's individuality, and the person thus passed over henceforth with the nameless men and become a part of the simple aggregate. It is the dearest thought of the American mind, in our theory of the republic, that we comprise "a nation of sovereigns," and that each citizen among us, even the humblest, is as "good" socially, and, in a certain sense, as important as the President. Every man, therefore, likes to feel his individuality, and on all proper occasions to see his name in print; and nothing, consequently, is more painful to our minds than, at wedding parties and other public functions, to find one's self, after a score of names have been mentioned, set down among the "and others." Now to be omitted even from the enumeration of citizens—not to be thought even of sufficient account to have one's name and address placed in the public record—cannot fail to exercise an exasperating effect upon some of those excluded.

It is things such as these that make men socialists and that add to the growing discontent over the land. Mr. Robert Porter, the statistician, relates an incident that occurred within his experience during the taking of the 11th United

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States census. One of the enumerators found that in the Pennsylvania mines there were 880 men who were known to their employers only by their numbers. The enumerator telegraphed for instructions; were the men to be enrolled in this way? Mr. Porter's orders were to have interpreters employed and then secure names and full particulars. "The United States," he said, "does not number its citizens like so many cattle."

The immediate remedy for conditions which encourage the establishment of these distinctions so humiliating to intelligent and self-respecting workmen is not easily found; but there can hardly be a doubt that a time will come when men will not be classed according to occupation, but according to mind and character. Those will not be looked down upon who work with their hands, as did the carpenter's son, the Founder of the Christian religion.—Catholic Mirror, Baltimore.

TOTAL ABSTAINERS.

The Special Advantages They Derive in Many Ways.

Some Views Regarding the Effects in Life Insurance.

The last number of the British Medical Journal contains a paragraph on the subject of the longevity of teetotallers which strengthens the position taken by advocates of total abstinence and endorsed by a host of learned men of science the world over, that persons who abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors, as a class, live longer than those who indulge in their use. The article says:—

"The remarkable difference in favor of abstaining lives over those of non-abstainers, which has characterized the yearly returns of the United Kingdom Temperance Insurance Company for a quarter of a century, has been again exhibited. During last year, in the non-abstaining section the actual death claims were 856, or forty six fewer than the expectancy. In the temperance section

THE ACTUAL DEATH CLAIMS

were 249, or a hundred and eighteen fewer than the expectancy. In other words, if the death rate of the abstainers had been the same as of the non-abstainers, instead of 249 there would have been 320 deaths, or seventy-four more. While if the death rate of the non-abstainers had been the same as of the abstainers, there would have been eighty-four fewer deaths." Commenting on this the New York World adds:—"This is a very interesting statement for so high a medical authority to make. 'All that a man hath will he give for his life,' says Holy Writ, and it may be reasonably presumed that if mankind generally were positively assured of longer life on condition that they totally abstained from drinking alcoholic liquors, the ranks of the teetotallers would be swelled to formidable figures. Is it true? There is a peculiar life insurance company in Great Britain which has no counterpart in the United States. It is the United Kingdom Temperance Insurance Company and it makes a specialty of dividing its

POLICIES INTO TWO CLASSES

—policies issued to total abstainers from alcoholic drinks, and policies issued to non-abstainers. The non-abstainers are not intemperate persons; at least, they are not at the time their policies are taken out, but no insurance company will write a policy upon the life of a man who either admits or upon medical examination is found to be using intoxicants to excess at the time he makes his application. Every American life insurance company now puts a direct question to every applicant for a policy, something like this: Do you use alcoholic beverages? This inquiry has only been made to American applicants generally since 1875. Prior to that year a

LESS DIRECT FORM OF INQUIRY

was used, such as: Are you a person of sober and temperate habits? That kind of question was, of course, almost always answered 'Yes,' but many applicants regarded the word 'temperate' as implying teetotalism, and qualified their replies by adding some such words as 'Use Liquors Moderately.' Since 1875, therefore, the American insurance returns furnish some valuable evidence on the question raised by the 'British Medical Journal.'

Emory McClintock, the actuary of one of the two largest life insurance companies in the United States, has made a very careful examination of the records of all the policy-holders of his company, classifying them as abstainers and non-abstainers. The main results of his examination are summed up by him as follows:—"Upon those who, on entering, stated that they abstained from alcoholic beverages the maximum expected loss was \$5,455,669, and the actual loss was \$4,251,050. Upon those who stated otherwise the maximum expected loss was \$9,829,402, and the actual loss was \$9,469,407. The abstainers show, therefore, a death loss of seventy-eight per cent of the maximum, and the non-abstainers ninety-six per cent."

The Catholic Citizen estimates the children of Irish parentage, the world over, to be at the present time 13,000,000, distributed as follows: In Ireland, 4,500,000; in the United States, 5,000,000; in England, 1,000,000; in Scotland, 500,000; in Australia, 700,000; in Canada, 800,000; elsewhere, 500,000.

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NEW INVENTIONS.
Below will be found the list of Canadian patents secured this week through the agency of Marion & Marion, 185 St. James Street, Montreal. Write to them for their illustrated Inventor's Manual.
56493—J. E. Kennedy, City, rubber soled leather shoe.
56508—James B. Attillier & al. Little Glace Bay, N.S., improvement in envelopes which cannot be opened without detection.
56535—Menno Shoemaker, Brotherton, Ont., hand power bicycle.
56534—Abraham W. Steeves, Gagetown, N. B., machine for distributing paris green and land plaster on potato plants.
56555—E. A. Harris & E. J. Eyres, Victoria, B. C., vignetting apparatus, a very ingenious device.
56584—Thos. Kipling, Victoria, B. C., automatic rocking cradle.
56571—M. G. Forstall, Winnipeg, water closet.
56594—Louis Birceloux, Stanbridge Station, P. Q., reel or spindle.
The United States Government has this week granted letters patent to the following Canadian inventors.
566112—Onésime C. Beloin, Riverview, R. I., folding table.
566114—Charles Boyer, Indianapolis, Ind., attachment for moving machine.
566157—William R. Bisvert, Point Lévis, P. Q., ruler.
566170—William Fairbairn, Calabogie, P. Q., envelope opener.
566186—Douglas Hewitt, Toronto, lead pencil.
566265—Abraham A. Bourgeois, Long Meadow, Mass., mechanical stoker for furnace.
566311—Albert R. Maguire, Stratford, P. Q., step ladder.
566361—Gustave Bonquin, Merchantville, N. J., knife sharpener and burnisher.
566404—Charles E. Fyler & al, Dempster, P. Q., bristle washing machine.
566491—Robert A. Hartley, Brantford, P. Q., whip socket.
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