abors of holic Priests.

APRIL 25, 1903.

ork of the French Missions Entrangeres pers of Japan is de ttle pamphlet printed entitled "A Visit to Leper Asylum." The

situated in a beautiful thirty leagues from it two hours' distance n the nearest railway in a group of build ude construction, 75 nd shelter and suc lleviations that the

devoted mission hey are provided with ns as their condition en the blind are emaking straw sandals. ivanced stages of the nurses to the more at all the attendance supplied from within, thus as far as possiing, but there are inof expenditure which by the alms of bene-parts of the world. It to talk of amusements yet the lepers enter eartily as though they

their terrible afflic are chess and similar with interest, but lot nized, and even thead and acted by the church is the centre of ement, and few of its cious form of treato consist in injections gra oil whiIh gives checking the progress the symptoms of the es not cure it permaof the remedies are d the expense of proone of the grounds on inistration appears for his organization de-

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nim. He is the animall the work, and asks with a courage ch inspires the same O lepers in Japan.

terest to . B. A Members.

exchange says:-" A estec case involving the C.M.B.A., and interest to all meml insurance societies, cided in ehe Court of alo William Lahey \$2,000 in a Niagara the C.M.B.A., when ll with dropsy. His her's home, who car-sted by the local offpers of the C.M.B.A.
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aided him in his exeficiaries of his inexecuted a paper neficiary, giving his mother \$500 and the local branch of 500 to pay his doc-ve him a decent bu-

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the C.M.B.A., howe to issue him a new ne original was still sed to give it up. is death the wife go with her to But-died she had a law-davits in which he d not remember of COLLEGIANS.

A TALE

GARRYOWEN.

BY

Gerald Griffin.

it,' says he; 'sure while there's fools

CHAPTER XIV .- Continued.

"To be sure I do," said Lowry twhen it's pleasin' to the company to part. There's a time for all things, as they say in the Readin's

"Surely, surely," returned Danny with a yawn. "Dear knows, dent de Readin'-made-asy time is come now, 'tis a'most mornin'.'

"I always, mostly, smoke a drass before I go to bed of a night," said Lowry, turning towards the fire and clearing the bowl of his pipe, by knocking it gently against the bar of the gate; "I like to be smokin' an' talkin' when the company is agree able, an' I see no rason for bein' in a hurry to-night above all others. Come, Nelly," he added, while he copped up a little tobacco, and pressed it into the bowl with the tip of his finger, "come here, an" sit near me, I want to be talkin" to

Saying this, he took a half-burnt soc from the fire, crushed the bowl into the burning portion, and after offering it in vain to Danny, placed it in the corner of his mouth. He then remained for some moments with his eyes half closed, drawing in the fire with his breath and coaxing it with his finger, until the vapour flowed freely through the narrow tube and was emitted at intervals at the opposite corner of his mouth in a dense and spiry stream.

"An' what do you want to be say-ing?" said Nell, taking her seat be-tween Lowry and the Lord; I'll engage you have nothin' to say to me

"Come a little nearer," said Lowry, without changing his position.
"Well, there, why," returned Nelly, moving her chair a little closer;

"No, it won't. 'Tis a whisper' have for you. Misther Mann would thear me if I told it to you where you are.

"Oh, a whisper! Well now I'm close enough, any way," she said, placing her chair in contact with that of Lowry.

The latter took the pipe out from

his mouth, and advanced his face so close to that of the expectant house maid, that she feared he was about to snatch a kiss. Perhaps it was in mere curiosity to satisfy himself whether in fact he could possess so much audacity, that Nelly did not avoid that danger by moving her head aside; but, greatly to her surher prise, and, doubtless, likewise to he atisfaction, the honest man proved that he had no such insolent inten tion. When he had attained a convenient proximity, he merely parted his lips a little, and puffed a whole volume of smoke into her eyes. Nelly uttered a gentle scream, and covered her face with her hands, while Danny and Lowry exchanged a broad

"Well, Lowry," exclaimed the girl with much good humor, "you're the greatest rogue goin' and that's your name this night."

ts, while he contin ed the joyment of his pipe. In a little time he once more took it from his lips, puffed forth the last whiff, and said: "Misther Mann, they may say this and that o' the world, an' of poverty, an' riches, an' humility, an' gentility, an' everythin' else they like, but here's my word over: If I was a king upan a throne this min-ute, an' I wanted to have a smoke for myself by the fireside, why, if I was to do my best, what could I was to do my best, what could I smoke but one pen 'orth o' tobacco in the night, atther all; and can't I have that as it is, just as alsy! If I was to have a bed with down leathers upon it, what more could 1 do than sleep there? An' sure I can do that in the settle-bed above? If I was able to buy the whole market out an' out, what could I ate of it more than I did to night of that pork upon the table? Do won that pork upon the table? Do
see, now, Mr. Mann? Do you
Nelly? Unless he could smoke
pipes of a night, instead of on
sleep more, or ate more without
I don't say what's the advantating has over a beauty or the say what's the say w

Ah, sure, you know that's foolist. Lowry. Sure the king could and sell you at the fair if

finger on me without the jury, be The round the world is as free to me as to him, if the world be round in airnest, as they say it is

"Round, ayeh?" said Nelly. "Iss to be sure,"

Danny Mann looked at him for a oment. "Is it the world we're walkin' on?" he asked in some sur-

"Ah, don't be talkin'." returned Danny, turning his head away in perfect scorn of the hypothesis.

'Faix, I tell you no lie,' said Lowry; "'tis printed in all the books in Europe. They say that if it wasn't round, we'd soon be done for We couldn't keep a hoult upon it at all, only to go flyin' through the elements: the Lord save us!'

"Oh, vo, vo!" said Nelly; "well that bates Ireland."

"Sure there's more says that isn't the sun above do be movin' at all, only we goin' round it."

"That the sun doesn't stir?" "Not a peg."

"Well, now you may hould your ongue, after dat," said Danny, "after wantin' to take de eyesight from us. Sure the whole world sees the

sun goin', any way."
"I wouldn't believe that," Nelly, "if they were to put their eyes upon sticks."

"I wouldn't be so," returned Lowry; "what business would a poo-boy o' my kind have goin' again again let alone readin' 'em. But 'tis the men that are able to write books, foolishness of the women," he tinued, fixing upon Nelly as the least pugnacious opponent, "women are always for foolishness. They'd b'lieve or not b'lieve, just as they like themselves. Equal to Dan Daw ley's second wife; did you ever hear o' that business, Misther Manna'' that business, Misther Mann?' "Not as I know."

"Well, stir up the fire, Nelly, an" put down a couple o' sods, an' I'll tell it while I am finishin' my pipe, and then we'll all be off to bed. Dan Dawley was married a second time to a very nice girl, one Jug Mina-(he's the steward at Castle Chute, behind). Well, he was out of a day at work, an' his wife was set tin' alone by the fire, a few weeks afther they bein' married. Now ther was one o' the stones in the chim-ney (as it might be that stone there), an' it stood out loose from the morthar a dale beyond the rest Well, she sat lookin' at it for while, and the thought come in her head, 'If I had a child now,' she 'an' he was standin' a-near that stone, may be 'twould fall out and brain him on me.' An' with the thought o' that, she began roarin' and bawlin' equal to anythin' ever

you hear. "Oh, then, she was a foolish girl," said Nelly.

"Dear knows, that was her name,"

said Danny. "Well, her own mother heard her bawlin', an' she came in the greatshe did, the mother joined her, an such a pillilu as they raised between them, was never known. That was well an' good. Well, Dan was abroad in the potato-garden, an' he heard the work goin' on in his house, cryin' equal to a funeral. What's this about? says Dan; what's this about?' says Dan; 'there's somebody murthered surely.' So he made for the floore, an' in he walked, an' there he found the pair o' ladies. 'Ah! what alls you, mother? said he. 'Jug will tell you, agra,' says the mother. So he looked at Jug. 'Thinkin' I was,' says she, still crying, 'that if the child was born, an' if that stone there fell upon him, 'twould brain him on me.' Well, Dan stood for a while lookin' at her. 'If the sky fell,' says he we'd catch larks. An' is that all that happened to you?' I Isn't it enough? says she again. Well, he stopped a long while thinkin' in his mind, and then he reached out his hamd to her. 'Well,' says he, 'that's the foolishest thing I ever knew in my life, an' I'll tell you what it is;

of women in the place. I'll engage I needn't starve.' Well, he callec a gorsoon that was going the road. 'Whose farm house,' says he, 'is that I see over there?' 'It's belonin' to a widow woman, sir,' said the boy. 'What sort of a man was her husband?' says Dan. 'A small, dark man, an' wearing top-boots,' says the boy. Well became Dan, he made for the house, an' axed for the lone woman. She was standing on the lawn lookin' at her cows milkin' when Dan made towards her. 'Well, where do you come from?' says the widow widow woman. 'From Heaven ma'am,' says Dan, makin' a bow. 'From Heaven?' says she, lookin' a him with her eyes open. 'Yes, ma'am says he, 'for a little start. An' seen your husband there too, ma'am. 'My husband, inagh?' says she, lookin' at him very knowin'. 'Can you tell me what sort of a man he was? 'A small dark man,' says Dan, 'an' wearin' top-boots.' 'I give into you,' says she, 'that's the man. Come this way an' tell me what did he say to you, or did he give you any message to me?' Well, Dan put no bounds to his tongue just thry her. 'He bid me tell you,' says 'that he's very badly off for want of victuals; an' he'd like to have the young gray horse to be ridin' for himself, an' he'd do as much if you could send 'em to him.' 'Why then I'll do that,' says the widow for he was a good husband to me when he lived. What time will you be goin' back?' 'To-morrow or afther, says Dan, 'afther I see my people.' 'Well, step by says she, 'an' I'll give you some thing to take to him in the morn in'. Well, became her she brought him in, and treated him like a prince that night, with music an' dancing an' in the mornin' she had the gray horse at the doore with a bag of flour, an' a crock o' butter, an' a corned beef. Well, round o' mounted the horse, an' away with him home to his wife. 'Well, Jug,' says he, 'I'll take with you all my days, for, bad as you are, there's more that's twice worse, an' I believe if I went further 'tis worse and worse I'd be gettin' to the world's end.' So he up an' told 'em the whole business, and they had a merry supper that night, and for weeks

afther, on what Dan brought nome "He was a rogue for all," said Nelly, "to keep the poor woman's horse upon her."

"She deserved it," said Danny, 'an' worse. I never hear o' such a fool. Well, Lowry, will you go to

ed now at last?" The question was answered in the affirmative and Danny was at the same time pressed to take a share of the sweets of the table, which he resolutely refused. Soon after, the careful Nelly, having made Lowry turn his head another way, ascended by a ladder to a pallet, on a loft while Lowry and the parlour; with much good humor, "you're the greatest rogue goin' and that's your mane this night."

Lowry continued to muse for a few gan bawlin' worse than ever. An' if

"Misther Hardress:" the other of sir?"

bawlin, an she cathed in the greatest the little lord rolled into the settle-bed together, the one to dream of breakers, raw onions, whisky, and what you will say, to know ## it is wrong or right. You wouldn't wish there is should keep it from you, sir?" the little lord rolled into the settleshe did, the mother joined her, an' Foxy Dunat's mare and the black eyes of Syl Carney.

> CHAPTER XV.

> > HOW HARDRESS SPENT HIS TIME WHILE KYRLE *DALY WAS. ASLEEP.

a stumble, and perceived by a stumble, and perceived the key-light, which stream through the keyhole and under the door of his friend's apartment, that she still expected him

Their meeting, though silent, was impassioned and affectionate. Hardress, inquired, with the tender and sedulous attentions of a newly-married man, whether she felt any injurious effects from the storm-whether she had changed her dress, and taken ome refreshment-whether in fine, her situation was in any way inconvenient to her.

"In no way at all, Mr. Hardress, as to any of these things you men tion," she replied in a low voice, for was fearful of waking Mrs. she Frawley in the next room. "But as the mind! May Heaven never give you the affliction of spending two such hours as I have done since

entered this room!" "My life! why will you speak so? What other course remained for our adoption? You know your father's temper; he would as soon have died sanctioned a private marriage, such as ours must be for some time longer. It would be absolute ruin to me if my mother knew of my having contracted such an engagement without consulting her wishes; and my father, as I have before told you, will act exactly as she desires. And why, now, my love, will you indulge those uneasy humors? Are you not my bride, my wife, the chosen of my heart, and the future partner of my fortunes? Do you really think that I would forget my little angel's feelings so far as to omit anything in my power that might set her mind at rest? If you do I must tell you that I love you more than you im-

agine." "Oh, Mr. Hardress! oh, don't say that at all, sir," said the young woman, with frankness and ready warmth of manner. "Only I was just thinking, an' i sitting by the fire, what a heartbreak it would be to my father, if any body put into his head that the case was worse than it is" (here she hung her head), ('and no more would be wanting but just a little word on a scrap o' paper to let him know that he needn't be uneasy, and that he'd know all in

This suggestion seemed to jar gainst the young gentleman's inclin-"If you wish," with a little earnestness of voice. "I will return with you to Garryowen to-morrow, and have our marriage made public from the altar of John's Gate Chapel. I have no objection in seeking to avoid my greater ruin, greater than of preventing you from sharing it. But if you will insist upon running the hazard-hazard?mean, if you are determined on certainly destroying our prospects happiness, your will shall be dearer to me than fortune or friends either. If you have a father to feel for, you will not forget my love, that I have a mother whom I love as tenderly and whose fellings deserve some consideration at my hands.'

The gentle gilr seemed affected, but not hurt, at this speech. "Don't be angry with me," she said, laying her hand affectionately on his shoulder, "don't be angry with me, Mr. Hardress. I know I have a very bad nead, and can't see into everything at once; but one word from you (and it needn't be an angry one, either) is enough to open my eyes. Insist do you say, Mr. Hardress? sir, I was never made to insist upon anything. But when a thought, foolish as it is, once comes into my head, I long to speak of it, to know

of that." "I never will practise it long, any way; for such thoughts as those, if I were to hide them, would kill me beneighbors are saying about me this day, and of what my father must feel listening to them. Don't think, now, sir, that I am going to question what you tell me (for I trust tion what you tell me (for I trust in you next to Heaven), but if I am not so much to blame, why is it that my mind is not at ease? The storm, sir—oh, that storm! When the waves rose, and the boat rocked, and the wind howled about me, how my feelings changed on a sudden! I

daughter was washed ashore a corpse, with a blot upon her name and no one living that can clear it? But, I give thanks to Heaven!" the poor girl continued, clasping her hancs, and looking upward with tears in her eyes, judgment has been spared; not for my own merit, I am sure, but for its mer-

"And is not that a quieting remembrance, Eily?" said her

"Oh, that is not all," said Eily "that is not the worst. Every movement that I make seems to down the anger of Heaven, since 1 first thought of deceiving my father. Do you remember the morning of our marriage!" she added with a slight shudder. "I never can put frightful morning out of my mind. 'Tis always before my eyes. The little room inside the sacristy, and the candles burning on the small table, and the gray dawn just breaking through the window. marry as other people do, in their families, or in the open daylight. We married in secret, like criminals in prison, without preparation, without confession, or communion, or repentance. We chose a priest that was disgraced by his bishop, to give us the great sacrament for money. May Heaven forgive him! How soon and how suddenly he was called to judgment for that act!"

Hardress, who had himself beer by the circumstance last alluded to, remained silent for a moment, while his eyes were fixed upon the earth.

"Why did you go back to the chapel that time, Eity," he said at length, "after I parted from you at the door?"

"Everything looked bad and disheartening," saic the young woman; "I was just going to lift the latch of my father's door, when I found that I had forget the priest's certificate. I went back to the chapel as fast as I could walk. I passed through the sacristy and into the little room. The certificate was there upon the table, the candles were burning, and the clergyman was sitting upright in his chair - a dead man! Oh! I can no more tell you how I felt that moment, than if I was dumb. I thought the world was coming to an end, and that I had no more hold of life than of the wind that was going by me. I ran out into the chapel, and strove to pray, but my blood was boiling out of my fingers' end. While I was on my knees, I heard the people running to and fro in the sacristy, and I hurried out of the chapel for fear I'd be questioned.

"And did you go home at once?" "No; I took a walk first to quiet my mind a little, and when J did go home, I found my father was up and getting the breakfast ready before

ne. Ah, he deserved a better daughter than Eily!"

"Come, come." said her husband kindly, "you will be a good daughter to him yet."

"I hope so, sir," said Eily, in a mournful voice. "There's one thing, at all events; he loves me very well, and whenever I return, I'm sure of

being easily forgiven." "And can you find no encourage ment in that?" Hardress said, while he took her hand in his, and pressed it in a soothing manner.

"You say that you have confidence in me, and the few happy weeks that we have counted since our marriage, have furnished with no occasion for complaint on that subject. Continue yet a little longer to trust in your own Hardress, and the time will shortly come when you shall find that it was not bestowed in vain. Come, now let me Hopewell, forty miles from Birming-"Never, oh, never! Do not think dry those sweet eyes, while I tell you shortly what my plans shall be. You have heard me speak of Danny Mann's sister Naughten, who lives on the side of the Purple Mountain, in the Gap of Dunlough, (you don't me, my dear Mr. Hardress, for though you showed me that there is nothing very criminar in what I have done, yet when you leave me alone, the reasons go out of my head, and I only think of what the I have had two neat rooms fitted up I have had two neat rooms fitted up for you in her cottage, where you can have some books to read, a little garden to amuse you, and a Kerry pony to ride over the mountains, and see all that is to be seen about the lakes. In the meantime I will steal a visit now and then to my mother, who spends the autumn in the neighborhood. She loves me, I have as well as I love her, and in the neighborhood. She loves me, I know, as well as I love her, and that is very well. I will gradually let her into my secret, and obtain her forgiveness—I am certain she will not withhold it—and my father's will follow as a matter of course, for he has the greatest respect for her opinions." (If Hardress had not been Barney Cregan's son, he would have given this respect another name). "I shall then present you to my mother—ahe will commend your modesty and gentle-

then where is the tongue that shall venture to wag against the fame of Eily Cregan? If such a one there be, it shall never sting again, for I will cut the venom out of it with my small sword."

'Hush! hush! sir. Do not speak so loud," cried the young woman, in some alarm. "There's one asleep

(To be continued.)

SAVE THE BABY.

"I can truly say that had it not been for Baby's Own Tablets, I do not believe my baby would have been alive to-day." So writes Mrs. Albert Luddington, of St. Mary's River, N.S., and she adds:-"He now growing nicely; is good natured and is getting fat." It is gratifying to know that in all parts of Canada, Baby's Own Tablets are proving a real blessing to children and a boon to mothers. These Tablets are a speedy relief and prompt cure for constipation, sour stomach, wind colic, diarrhoea, worms, and simple fevers. They break up cold, prevent croup and allay the frritation accompanying the cutting of Baby's Own Tablets are good for children of all ages from birth upwards, and are guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug. Sold by medicine dealers or sent by mail, post paid, at 25 cents a box, by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A Week of Disasters.

We have countless times pointed out that Canada is one of the happiest, if not the very happiest lands on earth. We are free from the vast mount of misfortunes that fall to the lot of other countries. We have no wars, no internal dissensions, no plagues, no volcanoes, no floods, no earthquakes, no vast conflagrations, no extremes of wealth and extremes of poverty, no persecution for religious or other principles, and no dread or discontentment such as we read of daily in other lands. We have yet to learn the experience of lynch-law, and we are strangers to ocial evils, murders, suicides, and socialistic, as well as anarchist disturbances that make the inhabitants of other countries tremble for their personal safety. Wherever we glance over the records of the week we feel relief to think that we have been spared so many possible disasters.

Take, for example, the matter of

storms, cyclones, hurricanes, or

whatever you choose to call them. On the 8th instant the steamer Alleghany, which arrived in New York, from Kingston and the Spanish Main, reported an eruption of the old volcano Del Tierna Firma, in Colombia, near Galera Zambia. The village of Tiojo was destroyed and from sixty to one hundred persons killed. The flames could be seen at a distance of sixty miles at sea. The very same day news from several towns in White and Cleyburn counties in Arkansas told of a cyclone which swept through that section of the State on the Tuesday night before, leaving death and destruction in its wake. The towns of Little Red, Albion, Bradford, Heber, and Panghurn were swept away, and the list of the dead and missing could not then be computed. The very same day we are told that without a word of warning the hamlet of ham, Alabama, was swept away by a cyclone, which cut a path of deso-lation a mile wide and two miles long across a prosperous farming section of Blount County. Twelve people were killed, three or four families fatally and a score seriously injured. And thus does the record run on, both for the United States and Europe. Yet we are enjoying perfect freedom from all such visitations. While our peculiarly favorable condition is a matter of thankfulness to Providence, still we cannot but remark that jealousy, or some such evil sentiment, must animate those who seek to paint Canada as a land of ice, snow, and death as a land of ice, snow, and desolation. But, by degrees, the world is getting to know us; and the better it knows us the better it will like us and our country.

Go to Our Lacy, whose love is the sea; pray to her to help you to overcome your faults, to obtain for you grace never to commit a deliberate fault, never to offend God. She will not only make you very good, but very happy.

phacribe to the