

"Aye!" cried March, "he has only taken a mistress instead of a wife; and trust me, when once he has got her into his arms, it will not be all the greybeards in Scotland that can wrest her thence again. I marvel to see how men can be enoied, and call the deception virtue!"

Sorymgeour had not waited for this reply of the insolent earl; and Buchanan, answering him, "I care not," cried he: "whoever keeps my castle over my head, and my cellars full, is welcome to reign over John of Buchanan. So onward, my gallant Cospatriot, to make our bow to royalty in masquerade!"

When these scorners approached, they found Wallace standing uncovered in the midst of his nobles. With overflowing gratitude, they all thronged around him; and Wallace found a nation waiting on his nod—the hearts of half a million of people offered to his hand. No crown sat on his brow; but the halo of true glory beamed from his countenance, and the arrogant smiles with which the haughty March and the voluptuous Buchanan came forward to mock him with their homage.

As the near relations of Lady Mar, he received them with courtesy; but one glance of his eye penetrated to the hollows of both; and then remounting his steed, the stirrups of which were held by Edwin and Ker, he touched the head of the former with his hand: "Follow me, my friend; I now go to pay my duty to your mother." "For you, my lords," said he, "I shall hope to meet you at noon in the citadel, where we shall consult together on future movements. Nothing with us can be considered as won, till all is gained."

The chiefs with bows acquiesced in his mandate, and fell back towards their troops; but the foremost ranks of these brave fellows, having heard much of what had passed, were so inflamed with admiration of their Regent, that they rushed forward, and, collecting in crowds around his horse and in his path, some pressed to kiss his hand, and others his garments, while the rest ran on his way, shouting and calling down blessings upon him, till he stopped at the gate of Snowdon.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE O'KELLY'S REVENGE.

The O'Kelly and the O'Flaherty had been great friends; but they were now mortal enemies. Friendship had existed between their families for generations; as boys they were constantly together, and when both had grown to man's estate they were the terror of the English in Connaught. The O'Kelly disputed every inch of ground with the invaders, and if ever his warriors were being overtaken by numbers the O'Flaherty came to the rescue. The O'Kelly was equally ready to come to the assistance of his friend, and while they were thus united the English gnashed their teeth in despair, for they could not obtain possession of a foot of ground in the territory of either. But that was all over now. They were friends no longer, and the immediate result of their quarrel was that the O'Flaherty was besieged by the invaders in one of his castles on an island in Lough Corrib, and reports said that he was reduced to sore straits.

This is how the breach had occurred between them. For a longer period than usual the English had ceased to molest them, and peace and tranquillity reigned throughout their territories. The O'Kelly took advantage of this happy state of affairs to get up a baricade, for, like all the other Irish chieftains, no matter how fierce and warlike, his martial spirit delighted in music and poetry, and his chief bard, O'Duggan, always held the place of honor in his household. To the tournament were invited the flower of the Connaught bards, and every chief who had distinguished himself in any way in repelling the invaders. The O'Flaherty, of course, received an early and a cordial invitation.

The great day came, and in the largest and most splendid apartment of Aughrim Castle, one of the seats of the O'Kelly, there was a brilliant assemblage of "chiefs and ladies bright," and venerable bards with picturesque robes and flowing beards, to the latest battles in which the invader had been repelled. In glowing lines the prodigies of valor which had been done by the O'Kelly at Clontarf, where he had fought as a commander under the great King Brian, were told. It was a magnificent ode. O'Duggan had brought all his genius to his composition, and he had reason to be well pleased with the result.

Soon it was his turn to recite. His eyes flashed with excitement, for he was summoning all his powers to aid him in fulfilling the great task.

The O'Flaherty's bard—a fair-haired young man of whom nobody seemed to know anything—now stood up to recite his ode. He had just lately been taken by the O'Flaherty into his service, because he was a great musician and knew well the history of the family, which was a great advantage. The O'Flaherty said, as he didn't know it himself. When he began to recite his peculiar pronunciation caused people to look at him in astonishment, and what was the O'Duggan's consternation to hear the very ode which he had himself composed for his master, without a shade of difference except that the hero of every fight was named O'Flaherty instead of O'Kelly. In great agitation he whispered the facts to his chief. The O'Kelly protested to the O'Flaherty, but the latter would not

be convinced, and took the side of his bard. Careful not to violate the sacred laws of hospitality the O'Flaherty and his retinue were allowed by their host to return home in peace, but from that hour the chieftains were enemies. After the tournament, and when it appeared that there was no hope of their being reconciled, the strange bard of the O'Flaherty disappeared, even his patron did not know whither.

No sooner had it come to the ears of the English that the two Connaught chieftains who had hitherto so strongly opposed them, were now foes, than they ventured once more across the Shannon and invaded O'Flaherty's territory. This movement was wholly unexpected by O'Flaherty. So long had the united strength of himself and the O'Kelly kept their common enemy at bay, that he allowed himself to believe that he was quite safe from aggression. This foolish dream was rudely dispelled. The English were simply awaiting and creating opportunities to attack the native chiefs. Before the O'Flaherty had time to take adequate means for the defense of his territory he found himself besieged in one of his castles on an island in Lough Corrib, with a very small force, and a meager supply of provisions. At the moment his wife was in another of his castles on the mainland, but she could render her husband no assistance, as she had at her command only a small band of retainers barely sufficient for the defense of the castle.

She was in the literal meaning of the words a valiant woman, and the castle which she held for her lord was strongly situated, so the English were afraid to attack her without overwhelming numbers. They could not manage for the time being, so all their energies were devoted to the destruction of the island castle and the capture of her husband.

Again and again the O'Flaherty repulsed his enemies, but day after day the ranks of his small garrison grew thinner by wounds and death, and his small store of provisions was soon well-nigh exhausted. But the most Spartan valor could not enable him to hold out long. The number against him were overwhelming and unceasingly vigilant.

Oh, for the days of his friendship with the O'Kelly. How bitterly he now lamented that they were over. Not an hour would the Saxon have been before his castle walls, but he would have found the horizon that friendly flag with the lions rampant. Now, alas! he could only see the grim banner of death, and death he resolved it should be rather than surrender. He had a mine made underneath the castle. There he ordered some barrels of gunpowder to be placed, and deputed one of his trusty followers to ignite them on the entrance of the English after he himself had fallen with

"His back to the field
And his face to the foe."

Alas! for the quarrels of the Irish chiefs. It was their weakness in this respect, a weakness which England exhausted all the arts of diplomacy to create and foster that was the ruin of their native land. Had it not been for intestine strife, nothing could have triumphed over Irish valor, and Ireland would today be "first flower of the earth and first gem of the sea," a destiny which we trust shall yet be hers when all her children unite to uplift her.

II.

The O'Kelly was pacing thoughtfully round the ramparts of his castle of Aughrim. He had just finished examining his defenses, for now that the O'Flaherty had been attacked by the English he felt sure that his own turn would come soon, and it behooved him to see that everything was in good repair and in the best order to repel the invader. His brow was sad and gloomy. Distressing thoughts agitated his mind. Notwithstanding the enmity which existed between them, and which either was too proud to take the first step to terminate, he felt deeply sorry when he heard of the extremity to which his friend of old had been reduced. Above all, he felt sad to think of the foothold which the common enemy would obtain in the country by the success of their enterprise.

"How is it," he asked himself, "that at every crisis of our history, at the very moment when unity is most essential, we are divided against ourselves? How is it that some senseless quarrel, more worthy of children than of men responsible for the welfare of their people, has always weakened us at every juncture, and left us open to the malice of our enemies? These quarrels are more fatal to us than the weapons of the English. We know that our enemies rejoice to hear of them, and yet—"

Here his sad reflections were interrupted by the appearance of one of his clansmen whom he had sent out that morning to gather what information he could about the movements of the English, and what progress they had made with the siege.

"Well, Fergus," said the chieftain on recognizing him, "what news?" "The English are in good strength, my chief. They expect to get possession of O'Flaherty's castle to-morrow or the day after, for the report goes that the food has given out inside the walls, and that the few men who remain alive are reduced to skeletons. Nevertheless, their valor has struck terror into the hearts of their besiegers, for they are afraid to attempt to capture the place by assault, and trust the slower work of famine."

"The O'Flaherty was always a brave man. They took him completely by surprise, I suppose?"

"The villains, they do nothing that's honest. Often I feel sorry that you are not my friends still. It's far-off the English would have to keep if you were."

"How, now, Fergus; would you have me remain friends with a man who allowed his bard to practice such a fraud on us at the bardic tournament? Why, there wasn't a single famous deed ever done by an O'Kelly that wasn't put down to an O'Flaherty by that bard of his. You wouldn't have your chief stand that, would you, Fergus?"

"Well, I can't say but that I'm jealous of the honor of the clan; but as for that, I have a suspicion that he was one of the English themselves."

"But still the O'Flaherty backed up his fraud, and offered no explanation or apology."

"My chief, there are greater things at stake now than the fame of any clan or number of clans. Our existence as an independent nation is threatened. My advice to you now would be to make war on the English before they have time to make war on you, if not for the sake of the O'Flaherty, for the sake of Ireland."

The O'Kelly was not angry at the clansman giving him advice. He took it as a matter of course. The humblest of his clan was never treated by an Irish chieftain as a serf. He was simply a member of one big family of which the chief was looked upon as the father, and he was free to express his opinion on anything that concerned the welfare of his clan. The Irish clansmen were never servile like the vassals of the English feudal lords, and nothing so astonished the Anglo-Norman invaders as the familiarity of the terms which existed between them and their chiefs.

Scarcely had the clansman ceased speaking than the O'Kelly's son, a fine boy of fifteen, named Kevin, came to tell his father that there was a messenger from the English waiting to see him inside the castle.

When he and his visitor had exchanged salutations, the latter at once proceeded to disclose his errand. "I came," said he, "from the commander-in-chief of the English forces west of the Shannon. He has frequently heard of the splendid fighting qualities of your clan and of your own valor, and is most anxious to have you for a friend instead of an enemy. If you will become his ally and serve under him you can name your own reward. Will you, or titles you wish for will be yours."

So utterly was the O'Kelly amazed at the proposal made to him that he sat as if transfixed. Was he dreaming, or had the English really dared to ask him to turn traitor to his country? His speechless silence encouraged the messenger, who fondly imagined that he was reflecting on the advantages which the proposed alliance would bring him, and he proceeded: "The commander-in-chief will require from you no difficult or arduous task, though he knows well that the post of honor and of danger is what you like best. A friendly neutrality will meet his demands for the greater part, though it would be well at the commencement of the alliance to show your good-will by some trifling service."

Here the visitor paused, evidently expecting the Irish chieftain to speak.

"What would you have me do?" said the latter in a voice almost inarticulate with passion. The visitor went on, either not noticing his emotion or putting it down to a wrong cause. "Why, there's that castle held by the wife of the O'Flaherty—with the forces at your disposal you could easily reduce it in a few hours, mostly old and infirm to guard the walls. Her husband's castle will be ours the day after to-morrow at the latest. Then it would be a matter of little difficulty for us to take her, but if you will volunteer for the task it will win you great favor with the commander-in-chief."

"Do you, a Saxon," said the O'Kelly, while his eyes blazed with an indignation which he was utterly unable to control, "was it not insult enough that you tempted me to turn traitor to my country without asking me to make war on a woman. Go back and tell your master that the O'Kelly is neither a traitor nor a coward, and that the Irish never make war on women. They leave that to him and his breed. Begone, I say, and if you ever dare to pollute my castle again with your presence you will never leave it alive. Begone!"

The messenger retreated in hot haste the way he came, nor did he dare look back until the castle had faded in the dim distance. When he had gone the O'Kelly paced up and down the room with an impatient air, while his eyes emitted sparks of anger. What had he done, what unworthy act had he been guilty of that the English had thus dared to insult him, had supposed him capable of such treachery. He reviewed his whole career, but his conscience upbraided him with no act unworthy of a patriot or a man of honor.

"Aye," he sighed, "it is their own baseness and not our unworthiness that suggests to them their vile means of conquest. Bribery and treachery and poison are their most potent weapons. God grant that they be not successful."

III.

When his anger at the insult which had been put upon him by the English had somewhat cooled, the O'Kelly summoned his trusty clansman, Fergus to his presence.

"Fergus," said he when he had come, "saw you the English stranger who left the castle a short time ago, and what think you was his errand? He came from the commander of the English forces in Connaught to bribe me to sell my country. Was that not insult too great for flesh and blood to bear? Fergus, muster all the clansmen as soon as possible. To-night I go to the rescue of the O'Flaherty!"

"You do well, my chief," said the clansman; "this is no time for quarrels. All our energies should be directed against the enemies of our country. If I mistake not your messenger was no stranger to me, I met him on his way out, and he struck me as bearing a strong resemblance to the bard who committed the fraud on O'Duggan at the bardic tournament. Their eyes were exactly alike, though the hair and beard were of a different color—false no doubt."

"Hail!" said the O'Kelly. "I thought the Saxon was a liar. So this is how these English try to compass our undoing by fomenting discord among us, and not by honest fight in the open field. This time, however, they will be taught a lesson which will be a blow to this species of warfare. Have the men ready to march as soon as possible, but leave enough to defend the castle. There is no telling what treachery might be brewing against us by the English."

In less than an hour a force sufficient for the enterprise had assembled out-

side the castle gate, and the flag of the clan bearing the tower and the lions rampant and the words, "Turris, Fortis mihi Deus," embroidered on it in gold was floating over them in the silvery moonlight.

"No! not that flag," said the O'Kelly when he saw it. "We are going to help an enemy for the sake of our bleeding country. Let us march under the banner of Ireland!"

A flag of green with a harp of gold, and the words, "Erin-go-Bragh!" was then brought and hoisted aloft. A volley of cheers burst from the ranks. The O'Kelly placed himself at their head, and they marched to rescue an enemy for the sake of Ireland.

Well would it have been for our unfortunate country if the men of Ireland had always marched under that flag rather than under the banner of clan or of party.

Meantime the O'Flaherty had been reduced to dire straits. Famine rations scarcely sufficient to support life for another day had been dealt out to the men, and not another particle of food remained in the castle. But the gallant defenders had resolved to die rather than surrender. A haughty summons to the garrison to yield was answered with defiance, and the O'Flaherty had his flag nailed to the beam from which it "outed over the castle."

The besiegers, knowing the weakness of the defenders, now prepared for an assault, and O'Flaherty and his gallant few determined to die fighting. The English, fresh and well-fed, and vastly superior in numbers, were rapidly gaining ground, when the attention of both parties was arrested and the progress of operations stopped by a shout which rang out in the distance.

Gazing in the direction from which it came, the defenders uttered joyous cries to see a friendly flag on the horizon. The besiegers were in consternation, and now directed all their efforts towards saving themselves. With wild Irish cries, the O'Kellys came on, seized every available boat, and surrounded the castle. Exposed to fire on every side the English could offer no effective resistance, and were completely annihilated.

After the battle the O'Kelly and the O'Flaherty embraced like brothers, and all the latter could say for some moments because of his emotion was: "My noble enemy!" There and then they entered into a covenant of eternal friendship, and all the intrigues of the English were never able to break it. Leaving some of his own men with the O'Flaherty in case of a fresh surprise before he could muster his own forces, the O'Kelly now returned home. What was his astonishment on hearing his own castle held by the noise and shouts of war. In a fury he rushed on, to find the English storming his ancestral home which was gallantly defended by his young son, Kevin, with the small force which he had so wisely left him. The chieftain made short work of the besiegers, for he was angered almost to madness by their treachery.

It appeared that before the messenger whom they had sent to bribe the Irish chief had returned, word was brought that he had set out from Aughrim Castle with an armed band. Thinking that their intrigues had been successful, they imagined that he had gone to take the castle held by the O'Flaherty's wife, as had been proposed to him. They considered it, of course, a glorious opportunity of relieving him of his own possessions, for their treachery towards the Irish stopped at nothing; but every-thing, as we have seen, was quite different from what they had anticipated.

The reason that there is no mention of either of those battles in history is because there was not one of the English left alive to tell the tale, and the Irish were not given to boast of their victory. The O'Flaherty was ever afterward one of the fiercest opponents whom the English had in Connaught, and so terrible were the reprisals which he took, that the English settlers inscribed over the gates of Galway the following words: "From the ferocious O'Flaherty good Lord deliver us!"

For long years the two Irish clans offered successful resistance to the invaders, and there are O'Kellys still in Mayo, and there are O'Flahertys every-where in Connaught, and they will be there in plenty, when the prophecy of Patrick shall be fulfilled, that "the Saxon shall not have permanent dominion over the men of Erin."—Eleanor F. Kelly in Irish Emerald.

A HEROINE.

IRISHMAN'S EXPERIENCE IN THE CRIMEAN WAR.

The death took place some time ago at the Convent of Mercy, Gort County Galway, Ireland, of Mother Mary Aloysius, at the venerable age of 94 years. The deceased lady was not only one of the most venerable members of the splendid Order of Mercy, but she also had a career of a most varied and

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remarkable character, and displayed all through her long life an amount of energy and resource, courage and determination which stamped her character as being in many respects above ordinary. The most notable event of her long life, was her labor amongst the stricken troops in the hospitals during the Crimean War. In recent years Mother Aloysius devoted herself to work in Galway which, though it did not attract such widespread attention, bore such abundant and lasting fruits in her own lifetime that she will long be remembered by the young generation in South Galway, who are indebted to her for the wonderful progress that has been made, not only in the better organization of teaching work, but for the great development of industrial training that has been effected in latter years.

APPEAL OF THE WAR OFFICE.

The English War office, seeing how useful and acceptable to their countrymen were the French Sisters in the hospitals of Constantinople, virtually applied for sisters. Sister Mary Aloysius, in her little book, says that when application was made by the vicar-general of Dublin—the archbishop was absent—to the convent at Carlow for volunteers, she believes the whole community offered to go. "The appeal for the east," she writes, "no Sister of Mercy could resist, and highly privileged did they deem themselves who were chosen for the enterprise. The hospitals were represented as filled with the dead and dying. The trenches were filled with the stark and stiffening corpses of many a frozen warrior; no food save the vilest could the brave men procure, very often no medicine, no attendance. Reports of the condition of the wounded at Alma, September 26th, and at Inkerman, November 1st, 1854, horrified the humane and wrung tears from the tender-hearted. Neither linen or lint could be found to dress their gaping wounds; orderlies were their only nurses." The French did not suffer in this way. They summoned their Sisters on the first appearance of sickness, and the questions were constantly asked, "Are there no such nurses in England? Can the women do nothing for us in this fearful emergency?"

The nuns started from London on December 2, 1854, having been said farewell to by Dr. Manning, afterwards the great cardinal. From Marseilles they sailed in an old French ship called the *Egyptus*, "cramped with cavalry for the seat of war," and had some very stiff weather in the Mediterranean, and for a time were in great danger. At Athens two Sisters of Charity visited them on board. One was Irish—"a great and unexpected pleasure."

NOT WANTED AT SCUTARI.
At last they reached their destination, after a most memorable and exciting voyage, to find that they were "not wanted at Scutari." The war office, it appears, had made a mistake in sending the party—"no room for them!" The French Sisters of Charity, however, made them welcome. At length the incompetent war office authorities found room, and they began their noble work. Sister Mary Aloysius was sent to one of the cholera wards, and she gives a most heartrending description of what she saw there.

"The cholera was of the very worst type," she writes, "the attacked men lasted only four or five hours. And at last doctors and all attending 'seemed to be getting paralyzed, and the orderlies indifferent as to life or death. An orderly officer took the rounds of the wards every night, to see that all was right. He was expected by the orderlies, and the moment he raised the latch he cried out: 'All right, you can see them; fit any surface; two million in one. Send for me; I'll be right.'"

The little volume is full of interesting reminiscences. A Catholic soldier sent for his sister. She told him she had worse cases to look after—he did not happen to be very bad. "All I want to know, ma'am," he said, "is, are you one of our own Sisters of mercy from Ireland?" "Yes," I said, "your very own." "God be praised for that!" was his reply.

TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.
Sister Mary Aloysius was afterwards, with some others, sent to Balaklava, where all the nursing, day and night, was to be done by them. Here they had some terrible experiences. "In passing to the wards at night we used to meet the rats in droves. They would not even move out of our way. They were there before us, and were determined to keep possession. As for our own part, they evidently wanted to make it theirs, scrapping under the boards, jumping up on the shelf where our little utensils were kept, rattling everywhere. One night dear Sister M. Paula found one licking her forehead—she had a real horror of them. Sleep was out of question. Here one of the nuns died, and was buried in the hills, Miss Nightingale attending the funeral and joining in the prayers said by one of the three present. Another sister also died, and was greatly honored by the whole army, of all sections and grades. Finally, the survivors reached home after nearly two years of glorious devotion and self-sacrifice. Sister Mary

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Aloysius, in 1897, was presented by Queen Victoria with the decoration of the Red Cross and asked to go to Windsor to receive it. But, in a very beautiful letter, she excused herself in not being able, at her age, to make the journey.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A parent who evidently disapproved of corporal punishment wrote the teacher:

"Dear Miss: Don't hit our Johnnie. We never do it at home except in self-defense."

"The difference between a glass of water and a subscription bill," says the St. Louis philosopher, "is simply that the water will settle if it's allowed to stand."

"All you need, professor," said the doctor, cheerfully, is a tonic in the shape of fresh air. "What is the shape of fresh air?" asked the patient.

Husband.—"Our little boy is sick, doctor, so please come at once."

Physician.—"I can't get over much under an hour."

Husband.—"Oh, do, doctor! You see my wife has a book on 'What to Do Before the Doctor Comes,' and I'm so afraid she'll do it before you get there!"

Into a general store of a town in Arkansas there recently came a colored man complaining that a ham which he had purchased there was not good. "The ham is all right, Zeph," insisted the storekeeper.

"No, it ain't, boss," insisted the negro. "Dat ham's shore bad."

"How can that be," continued the storekeeper, "when it was cured only last week?"

The dark scratched his head reflectively and finally suggested:

"Den mebbe it's had a relapse."

"Football!" growled the angry father. "Ugh!"

"But surely," said his friend, "your son won high honors in football at his college?"

"He did!" grimly assented the father.

"First he was a quarter-back—"

"Yes."

"Then a half-back—"

"Yes."

"Then a full-back—"

"Yes."

"And now—what is he now?"

"Now," roared the father, "he is a hunchback!"

A short time ago in a certain town in the South of Ireland a lecture was being given on the evils of drink.

"Yes," said the lecturer, "alcohol has ruined our country and has slain its thousands, but when has bright, clear, cold water caused the death of anyone?"

And from the back of the audience a gruff voice answered:

"When he couldn't swim."

The lecturer gave it up as hopeless.

A Philadelphia woman, whose given name is Mary, as is also the name of her daughter, had recently engaged a domestic, when, to her embarrassment, she discovered that the servant's name, too, was Mary.

Whereupon there ensued a struggle to induce the applicant to relinquish her idea that she must be addressed by her Christian name. For some time she was rigidly uncompromising.

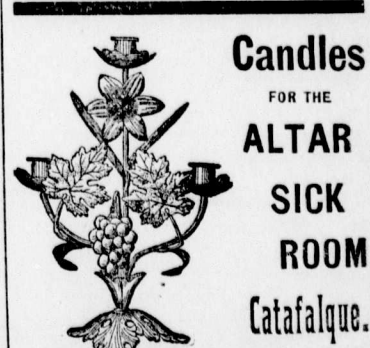
"Under the circumstances," said the lady of the house, "there is nothing to do but to follow the English custom, and call you by your last name. By the way, what is it?"

"A well, mum," answered the girl dubiously, "it's 'Darling.'"



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the fingers, restlessness, inability to control the nerves, which the invader had been repelled. In glowing lines the prodigies of valor which had been done by the O'Kelly at Clontarf, where he had fought as a commander under the great King Brian, were told. It was a magnificent ode. O'Duggan had brought all his genius to his composition, and he had reason to be well pleased with the result.

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