#### O'CARROLL'S QUEST

· J P. COLEMAN in the American Messenyer.

Conal O'Carrod came slowly back Trom Derrech, we so he had been in quest of food and medicine for his young wife, said unto death with fever. He was and dejected, for bls quest had been in rain. About the doors of the numble thatched Presbytery of Latner Denis Durkin. led been tor an a tho same squalid sights, honer non in rags and tatters, ravenus comen with weakly babes at breast, teaging for the help the kind priest could not give Father of his people, a grieved him to the quick to see their corrow and be unable to relieve it. Long ago he had sold the horse misspensable in those days of myrial ick calls and was now content to do his errands of mercy on an old gray mule "Father Durkin's jennet' was well known in shore days, with its sad-faced rider with snowy looks duttering beneath a soft felt hat, he coat long greened from use in sun and rain flapping loose in winds of hill and lough Wather Denis had thus come down from the one perch of dignity that was his in right of his splendid horsemanship, and the price of the horse had gone in food to his starving flock.

For his own hunger, Conal O'Carroll did not care. He was made of the manly stuff that bears distress for others' sake and shows it not But his heart was sore thinking of the girl whom a few short years before he had led in love to the feet of Father, Durkin He heard the moan of her dull despair as he walked along, his head bowed on his breast, his hands clenched behind

"It's happy be are in there," grouned, as he passed the village graveyard, "happy ye are that never saw the blight or knew the bitther famine." With hat in hand he paused for a moment by the gray wall of the graveyard to murmur a blessing on the souls of the dead. Then he zstrodé on.

"Mother of Ged ' if I only had the Mood, God might spare her. What do I care for mesel' at all ? It's only cof her I'm thinkin'."

He had reached a park of sycamores that arched the road with green. Over the neatly-pointed wall that shut in the trees he saw, past slopes of reliet lawn, the pillared North and tall chimneys of the Revinathaniel Smith's snug home Once the residence of a local gentleman, whose fortunes had decayed, the London Missionary Society had therein installed its agent. From its impooling dignity he might thus the betfor display the gold that was to try The people's faith in the perilous says of famine. Near the house, a pretentious building of stone with windows of mima gothic, hinting at moclesiastical protence, rose amid gravelled walks It had all the airs of comfort and well-led pride to mock mile beggarly Papist and tempt him 360 its door. And it was a successful

time would forsake their father's **HILL** Zib stood and gazed at the place, as look like that of a hunted beast tale lace

"Echool" had become a by-word in

Milaidan. It had already won its

cilientéle of starving children, who in

""I'll do it," he said at last, strikme palm against palm. "I'll do it, may God forgive me !"

He vaulted over the wall, and with Bong determined strides gained the pillared porch lie set his hand to the knocker, lifted it, and then in indecision lowered it gently. He was satraggling with himself and paused irmsolutely on the porch. Then he recept softly down its steps and made .ms if to go. Again Ma y's face and Mary's moan tore his essolution to rathreds, and once again he turned and septeng up the porch. This time he let fall the knocker with vigorous sound. The door opened, and before John stood Miss Amelia Smith, the person's spinster sister, who taught the young souper idea how to shoot. The was prim and my, with a liedwas like glance that vainly tried to gorgonize the desperate ill-clad man

"If ye place, ma'am," said Conal " is Mr. Smit at home?" "The Rev. Mr. Smith is at home,"

corrected him, with frigid em-

applicate on the Rev. "Parson Smith, I mane, ma'am," maid Conal, compromising his religdeux scruples which reserved "Rev." for Father Durkin and men of his

"He's in, but only to those with respect business," retorted Miss Am-

"If yo'll place tell him, ma am that it's Canal O'Carroll that wants In see him, I on't misdoubt but he'll

A sparkle of intelligence made polar light ln'Miss Amelia's eyes "Oh, yes, you'te the poor Pap-

man," she corrected herself instantly with strategic tact. Sho did not quant to antagonize this possible vic-Aim of her brother's olly tongue.

"You're the poor man, whose wife To sick in the village yonder, to whom he has spoken about sending your boys

to school here?" "I'm the man, ma'am." And his also eyes awam in tears as he thought sel the winsome tender-hearted women no unlike this other before bim, and of the price he was going to puy banket on arm.

for her bod's possible salvation Conal was led to a parlor opening off the hall He felt awkward and its carpeted comfort and upholstered

"Be scated, Mr O'Carroll" said Miss Amelia, "and Mr Smith will see you at once "

When Amelia had shut the door be hind her retreating figure Conal stood accesolately, fingering his cap and looking wistfully out upon the lawn If he were only there again, would be turn back? He went to the window It were but a step to the green grass beneath and he were sale He had not time to decide, for just then the door opened and Mr Smith's red beard and Mr Smith's unctuous smile appeared thereat.

so glad to see you, Mr O'Carroll," he began, Conal started at the voice and faced the parson

"So glad," went on the later, advancing with outstretched hand to Conal Conal shrank from its touch, but the courtesy of his race asserted

"Sit down, my poor fellow, sit down," went on Nathaniel Smith, laying a persuasive hand on his shoulder. "And your poor wife's sick, you say? Sad, very sad, but these are sad times for our people "

"Our people," thought Conal What possible communion could there be I twas herself that brought you here betweeen his stricken, faithful race and this sleek, well-fed stranger?

"She's that sick, sir, that she's apt to be off like a bird with the turn of yer hand." His voice choked, andlor a moment he sat speechless. hiding his face in his hands

"Poor fellow! Poor fellow!" went on the sympathetic parson "But cheer up, O'Carroll Nil desperandum, my man. While there's life there's

Conal took heart from his tones "Oh, sir, oh Mr Smith, won't you save her, sir, won't you save her? She's all I have in the world, the light of my eyes, the pulse o' my heart Save her, sir, an' God bless you Oh, I'll do anything for you, sir, anything at all in the wide, wide world. You can have the boys, sir, if you want them, but save me darlin'." In the fervor of his imploration

Conal had slipped from the sofa and was kneeling before the parson, beseeching him with uplifted hands and streaming eyes for mercy on the wife he loved. Mr Smith was touched at the poor fellow's grief and an answering dew stood in his eyes "I know ve can do it, sir Ye

have the money that can save her Don't turn me away, sir, and Hamisheen an' Brian can be yours ' 'All right, Conal, my man I ll go

to her first myself I'm a bit of a doctor, you know If I can't do anything, then I it send Dr Maguire to her from Moylurg

"Docthor Maguire is it?" laughed Conal in his joy "The great docthor that cures the gentbry an' assumfort, for aircady the "Soupers' sir, God bless you! Sure it Docthor landlords? Oh, then, God bless you Maguire only comes me darlin's sal-"But come now, O'Carroll, you're

hungry and must have a meal " "Bit bite or sup I haven't tashted these three days, sir, savin' the stump of an oul' cabbage stalk-"

"Poor fellow!" commented the parson, and shortly thereafter Conal was casing the pangs of hunger in Miss Amelia's warm kitchen, his zest of appetite aroused only by his hostess' repeated assurance that a good hamper of food should go with him o his famishing little ones

"Two more for the school," thought the Rev Nathaniel Smith, as he cycl Conal departing afar Then he sat him down at his desk and in unctuous phrase wrote to the London Missionary Society that the good work was progressing and that famine was a potent ally in converting the benighted heathen.

Rosalie Dillon, the daughter of a neighboring gentleman, was in popular repute "the angel iv the poor" Her mission in life was the relieving of human ills, from her earliest childhood, but more particularly and exclusively since verging on womanhood, she had been thrown from her horse and mained for life From her own mislortune she seemed in these later years to have dr 'n a more realizing sense of the hardships that beset the life of the average peasant about her and, in consequence, a closer and more devoted sympathy with their lot In a measure to offset the work of the soupers she was wont to gather into the great kitchen of her home, where the fire burned warm and bright, the children of the peasants and there to instruct them in catechism, not forgetting with her spiritual ministrations to mingle a kindly solicitude , for their physical wants physical wants

In the days of the people" woe when grim famine statked in their midst she was out by day, and often by night, attended by a faithful old man-servant, and going from cabin in cabin with her well-stocked basket of food for the hungry and delicacies for the sick. Not often her errands lay as far as Kilaidan, but it so happened that while Coust O'Carroll was closeted with the Rev. Nathaniel Smith, she had entered his cottage,

the straw pallet in a corner near the chimney where a few laggots made an menerinal warmth, lay Mary U.Carroll in the flush of feyer. Excr and anon, a low moan broke from her par hed lips. In another corner, huddied together in mistrable comrade ship, her two little boys were crying for bread. The third, a baby of some twelve months, was playing at their feet, in innocent mirth ignorant of why they wound their arms so lovingly about each other and sobbed so plaintivety, his own hunger having been relieved for the time by the milk that a pitying neighbor had just fed him from her slender store

"This is awful," thought Rosalic Dillon "It would welt a stone to tears " And setting her basket on a table she went to the pallet and kneit by the sick woman

She felt her brow and found thereon the flush of fever She took the thin hand in hers and stroked it in womanly sympathy

"Is that you, Conai?" whispered Mary "I thought you'd never come Hush Hamish, hush Brian, your father's here with bread

"Yes, they shall have bread," mur mured Miss Dillon, soc.hingly

The voice was not the voice of Conal and Mary opened her eyes and gazedon the sweet face above her was not altogether strange to her, for Rosalio Dillon was known throughout the land

"You musn't come so alanna," she whispered "It's the fever I have But God be praised for sendin' you Aren't you Miss Rosaite? Thanks to the Blessed Virgin,

Whisper, alnna, 'till I tell you''
"Yes, yes," murmured Rosalie,
bending nearer "But first let me give some food to the children " "Heaven bless you," sighed Mary "tis indeed the angel iv the poor se

are " "This pretty little fellow." Rosalie, when she had given of the contents of her basket to Hamish and Brian, "what's his name?" bringing the baby to where lay his mother

"I christened him Benjamin," answered with a faint smile "It's a notion I got from the Bible, because he's my favorite. 'Tis of him, Benjamin dheelish, I'm tellin' you I took' a quare notion when he was born and wanted him to be priested Yes, then, so I gave him up in the chapel wan day to the Blessed Virgin and axed her to see to his priestin'. This mornin, alther Conal-that's me husband-wint to Derreen, I offered my life to God if he'd spare meboy and bring him to the holy altar some day. And praise an' glory to His holy name, He's heard me prayer, bekase ye see, Miss Rosalie, the little gossoons 'ud be dead wid the hunger il He hadn't sint ye here in time "

"What beautiful faith," thought Rosalie Dillon "Tis such faith moves mountains "

A footstep rang on the threshold and a shadow lell across the floor. Rosalie turned and beheld Conal O'Carroll, hamper in hand

"A hundhred thousan' welcomes, he stammered, after he had recovered from his surprise. "Tis the poor place intirely for a lady,' he explained apologetically, his glance tak-ing in the squalor of the cottage. But what can we do in times like these? Sure it's heartbroken the counthry is, so it is '

"Heart-broken, indeed," sighed Rosalie. "Your wife is very ill and needs medical attention."

"Troth, then, thanks be to God, 'tis the very besht of it she'll have,' he answered exultantly, "Mary," went on, "Misther Smith's comin' to see you He's a docthor, an' if he can't do anything himsel' he's .goin' to send for the great Docthor Maguire, all the way to Moylurg '

He smilet, but his smile was mingled with apprehension, for he knew that Mary would divine the barter he had made with Parson Smith

"Conal O'Carroll," she murmured, 'what have ye done' Is it to sell the sowls o' my childher just for a docthor's medicine? May God forgive you this day!" and she began to sob

"Whist, alanna," be murmured soothingly, "whist! sure isn't it all for the besht? Would ye have me tave ye to die without a bit of care? 'Tas hard, God knows," he went on, turning in explanation to Miss Dillon, "but she's all I have in the world, an' I couldn't hear to see her

"Bettber die than live to see my childher disgrace their name an' turn backs on the Lord," moaned the sick woman "If ye've made yer bargain, Conal O'Carroll, at laste don't sind him Benjamin He's the Blessed Virgin's own But what am I'm sayin' at all Sure, it it's God's will an' I get well, I'll take care that no'er a one o' me brave little boys 'll go next or near Ministher Smith Oh, Conal, Conal, why did ye do it, why did yo do it, at all, why did se do it?"
And the strong grief shook her trail, weak body

"Whisht now, alanna dheelish" coaxed Conal, seeking to relieve her anguish at the spiritual danger that menaced the children of her love 'It's only Hamish and Brian Whin yo got betther sure it's yersel' can be mindin' thim all It's only the schoolin' they'll be getting from the ministher."

"Whin I get betther, is it?" m"Whin I get betther, is it?" she mound feebly, "Ah, thin, asthore, sure that may never be; but God in His mercy spare me for the childher's sake!"

She was silent for a minute, the silence broken only by the deep will-

It was a pitiable sight she saw On piration of her grick. Then she

"Conal," said Mary, "come here an promise me wan thing "

"What Is it, alahna"" he asked "Promise me that afther I'm dead you'll never let Benjamin go to the Souper school ' "I do," he whispered, alarmed at

"He belongs to the Lord an' maybe It's a priesht he il be come day I've axed it of the Lord and who I nows whatlle will do' Rosalie Dillon biessed the woman in

her heart and rowed to see that no

the intensity of her emotion

harm befelt her little Benjamin Sho was leaving the house, after giving instructions to Conal how to dispose of the contents of her ket, when Parson Smith entered He saw at a glance that Maiy O'Cartoll

was past human aid, but, true to his word, promised to send for Doctor Maguiro. The great doctor arrived next day, his horse sore bespreat with hard

solemn as he diagnosed the case, Conal standing by in contending emotions of hope and despair "I can't hold out any hope," he said gravely "But I il do my best As for you, my poor fellow, you must

riding from Mostling His face was

put your trust in God " The great doctor did his best, but human science was powerless sciore Heaven's decree, and a weak later Mary O'Carroll went to her long test

in Kilaidan gravevaid However much of philanthropy entered into the scehemes of the Rev Nathaniel Smith, he saw to it that Conai O'Carroli did not lack help or sympathy in the days of his bereamment, and in time, having purchased the estate that went with his residence, Conal, while all the time true to his faith, was appointed to the snug berth of steward Hamish and Brian grew strong and

big in the manner of the souper, but little Benjamin passed out of his father's life.

After Mary O'Carroll had been laid in the cloistral riose of St Aidan, Rosalie Dillon pleaded hard with Conal to be allowed to take the nelple's babe to her home Knowing the care he would find under the gentle woman's watchful love Conal consented and Gerald Dillon though shocked at this the latest manifestation of his daughter's eccentric benevolence, had perforce to humor his darling, as he had always done The little Benjamin saw his father but seldom thereafter, and coming to the age of reason naturally clung to those under whose care he had grown up. Gerald Dillon, in time having met with the reverses that beset so many gentlemen in those days of dearth when rents were scarce and prices high, was obliged to sell his estate to a more fortunate friend and faded with his family to the genteel obscurity of Dublin.

"What did I tell ye?" said the gossips of Kilaidan to one another as Conal O'Carroli's attendance at the 'Station," whither came Father Durkin from Derreen on Sundays, grew icss and less frequent

"It's to the Souper Church he'll be goin' soon 'Twas the had day for Kilaidan when Ministher Smith came."

And the gossips prophesied aright, of awful unseen things to attend the Souper Church, at first stealthily and in shame, but anon openly and defiantly, frowning contempt on the faith of his fathers.

"Mark my words for it," said the tailor to the blacksmith, "them lads iv his'll come to a bad end "

Nor could worse faith befall them, in village eyes, than that which they met, when later, grown big and rough after sundry escapades with the police in Derreen, they took the Queen's shilling from a wily recruiting sergeant and in all the glory of scarlet regimentals were drafted off to India, to die of fever in its jungles or be mangled by the knile of some swarthy Paynim

HI.

"Tis a long lane that hasn't a turn," said the tailor to the blacksmith. "Sooner or later the hand o' the Lord overtakes the evildoer What is it Father Durkin read lasht Sunday out o' the gospel?"

"Be not deceived, God is not mocked," answered the blacksmith "Signs by him, Conal O'Carrol knows it now to his cosht. God grant he won't die without the priesht at all events He's sick an' very sick."

"Docthor Maguire sez he can't live another day," said the tailor his word's as good as goold "

So the theme of Conal's fatal illness crept from door to door in Kilaidan "Do ye mind that, now?" said the

tailor's wife to the blacksmith's wife "Poor Maura O'Carroll's come all the way from Urlar to nurse him, turn-coat an' all as ho is." "Sure Maura was always good But what do ye say, Brigid, if we sit up with the poor crachure a while?

It'slonely she'll be there all be hersel' through the live-long night So in kindly conspiracy the two gossips went to Conal's home and forced their welcome companionship on Maura O'Carroll, their friend from

girlliood "Did Father Durkin come yet?" whispered one, gazing on the thin white face of Conal.

"No, then, he couldn't be found at all," answered Maura, "Three times this night the same man has galloped into Derreen, but it's always the same story, 'he ham't come back

"An' he's goin' fasht, God between us an' harm Come, asthore, let's say the bades an' light the blessed can-

Maury found the blesad candle and lit it reserently with trembing imgers. The face on the pillow was calto and white If Father Durkin could not come, there might vet be time to speed the parting soul on the beavenward Aves of the Rosary

"Pray for us sinnery now and a the hour of death!" rose the strong faith, the fervent supplication of the three Catholic women kneeling by

Conal O'Carroll "Glory be to the Father and the Son and to the Holy Uhost! The white face on the pillow sti.

red the excluds duttered with life,

the tips moved in deep suspitation, and the rigor of death relaxed "-to the Father, and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost! sighed the man who had been in the valley of the shadows

"Glory be to God, what is this?" whispered one woman to another, as they shuddered together in a terrified group "Is it the dead that's wakin'?" And crossing themselves in awo they shook as It in an ague.

Again the lips that had been as marble spoke, the speaker in the solemn emotion of the moment recurring naturally and eloquently to the Gaelic of his youth "I have seen things that no man may tell of, but God'sjustice relented The prayers of my wife at the throne of mercy all these years have provailed. The great sacrifice of the altar rising daily in impetration for mercy has won me pardon I must arise and do penance before all men for the sins I have committed I must be to men a warning and an example, and I must, above all, find and bring back to God the boys I sent downward, to Hell, if I have to walk the earth for them. This is to be my penance and only when it is accomplished, may I win mercy."

Trembling the women drew anear An appalling sense of the supernatural made the room holy The rugged face of the peasant was transfigured by an unearthly majesty. A strange light was upon it, the it it, perhaps, of the Vision he had gazed upon What he had seen in that dread ino ment Conal never told to his dying day, but the simple faith of Kilaidan believed that he bad been in the presence of God. So held they then, so they will tell you to-day in recounting the tale of O'Carroll's Ouest.

Soon that quest began. Never to sleep two nights on the same bed, but always to fare afoot, a warning and an example to me, until he had found his sons, was the vow he made on the grave of his wife Staff in hand his weird wanderings began From garrison to garrison he flitted, seeking tidings of his sons The story of his penance went before him Every door was open to him Bed and board were his gratuitously, given gladly as to one elect of God Children fled before the harmless old man in awe. Women crossed themselves when he passed, a wild figure in frieze ulster and unkempt locks flowing downwards to his shoulders, but always in his eyes the eagerness of his unsatisfied quest, always on his lips strange enigma of words hinting

He crossed the sea to England He signate pleading for souls haunted the harracks of the great cities, the camps and arsenals of London and Aldershot He travelled Scotland from coast to coast But always he returned to Ireland and found his wife's grave at Kilaidan Once he had been absent for years, and men said he had gone to India

Weary at length of his fruitless quest he was making his declate way for the docks in Liverpool, once more to resume his pilgrimage in Ireland, when a drunken riot of soldiers burst from a tavern before him Belts were swinging wildly, steel was flashing in the glare of gas, when at his feet. clutching a bayonet wound in his side a soldier recled smitten to death

With a cry that thrilled the curious crowd drawn to the scene of the light, the old man raised his hands heaven- pilgrimage was over. ward and fell on his knees beside the Wounded man

"Hamish, my Hamish, I've found you at last." He gathered the poor red-coat to his heart, covering his face with

kisses. "Will no one run for a priest, the love of God?" he called to crowd "Quick, for pity's sake, he's goin' fast!"

One broke from the crowd and presently a priest came running from a neighboring church There under the stars of Heaven Hamish was won back to the faith of his fathers

"Thanks be to God," said the old man, when he had seen the dead soldier borne away by a picket of his fellows "Thanks be to God. one of them is safe " Then westward to Ireland he set

his face Once more he passed through Kilaidan and visited the lonely grave in its little God's acre But while commiscrating folk noticed that he had grown older, more bent, more decrepit, his long and silvery hair shaggier and more unkempt, they noticed, too, that a new light had come into the wild eyes, a light as of one nearing the goal of his heart's desire.

Westward, however, he fared, for he had heard somehow in his wanderings that Brian's regiment had come back from India and was quartered at an inland town.

He reached the town, just as the judgen were about to open the Michacimas Assizes. Always about him on men's lips he heard the same story

comrade in his cups, and the folk were flocking to the Court House for his trial. Thither he drifted with the crowd, and when the prisoner was put in the dock, the old man fell fainting in his place. The prisoner was his son Ilrian

The evidence was short and conclusire, Jealousy in a love affair had led to deliberate murder, and the man was sentenced to death

Poor Conal O'Carroll was indeed ex plating his kins, finding his sons in the shadow of death and thence bring ing them back to God, who is the life-giver.

After teatful and importunate plead ing he was admitted to the fall on the eve of execution. Father and son met after years of separation. The young fellow was obdutate and refus ed at first to be reconciled to his God, but finally gave in grace prevailing in the heart that for all its errors was still Catholic to the core The old man went to the Cathedral and a priest sought his son in his cell. The reconciliation was complete

That night the old man begged to be allowed to remain in the Cathedral, before the altar to keep his last vigil of loving intercession for the son he had found.

With dawn the sexton found him prostrate at the ultar rails and led him forth To the jail he hastened and there waited with the curious crowd without the grim bastions of justice, tears streaming down his face, his eyes bent on the walls above

Suddenly there was a reverential hush among the crowd Every head was uncovered and howed in prayer as the solemn notes of a bell floated outward on the morning air Tho last dread moment was at hand, and the old man knelt on the pavement, beads in hand. The action caused no comment in that Catholic town, and others knelt with him "The Lord have mercy on him?"

rose at last, a deep murmur from a hundred lips, and looking up, the old man saw a black flag fluttering from the walls. Justice had been expiated and Brian O'Carroll had paid the penaity of his crime - paid it with the priest at his side and words of contrition on his lips. The father might not see his son in death, for in Ircland, under England's harsh laws, the bodies of those executed are buried in quick-lime with the prison precincts But he was happy as it was, for had he not found his boy and brought him backto grace?

There was yet a third, his mother's favorite, Benjamin, whom long ago that mother had dedicated to Mary in heaven Had the mother's hope been fulfilled and had Benjamin indeed gone unto the altars of God? If so, then no need or further quest, but to find his sons-all of them-was his penance So trusting in Heaven that was so strangely, so inscrutably leading him to the fulfillment of his quest, he once more set out for his wife's grave in Kilaidan

But years of cruel grief had broken the old man His step had lost its buoyancy and he felt that soon his pilgrimage must end Weak and feeble he reached Deireen and took shelter with a kind woman whose home was always open to receive him A famous missioner of the Passion-

ist Order, Rather Benjamin Dillon, had just begun a mission in the Chap-el His wonderful eloquence, his pasterity of his life, his sanctity and sweetness were the theme of tongues Wherever he had come, he had left a regenerate town behind

Next morning the old man took his staff and tottered feebly to the Chapel, but he was weak and worn. As he hobbled wearily to the holy water font and was about to genuflect, he fell prone to the floor, his staff rattling on the stones

The Passionist Father had just emerged from the sacristy to make his thanksgiving after Mass, when he saw the old man fall Running hastily from the Sanctuary, he raised the limp form in his arms, bore it to the sacristy and bade the sacristan hurry for the doctor But Coust O'Carroll's

"Long ago," he told the priest with his parting breath, "I gave serious scandal to the country. I left the old faith, broke my wife's heart, sent my sons downward to perdition The prayers of my Mary and the holy Sacrifice of the alta, offered for my soul by some priest on earth, won me mercy from God. Ho sent me back to find my boys. Two of them I have found, but now I can go no further The third, Benjamin, was given to the Blessed Virgin by his mother, but long ago he went out of my life A lady, the blessed angel of the poor-Rosale Dillon, took him away, to where God only knows."

"Rosalie Dillon!" the Passionist exclaimed. "Rosalie Dillon! She is dead, father, and I am Benjamini" "Glory to God in the highest!" murmured the old man with scarce audible breath. "I have found ye all, then, praise to His holy Namel And you are priested!"

O'Carroll's quest was done, his pilgrimage was over and next day Benjamin, his mother's favorite, laid him to rest with that mother in the consecrated ground of Kilaidan

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rowing even unto death, and after death transpierced by the iron, that yours may live after death. How pleasing are the meek of heart to the Heart of Jesusi Yes, He loves

hearts full of sweetness, who know how to bear affronts and injurios without resentment A SURE CURE FOR HEADACHE. -Billous headrake, to which women

are more subject that mea, becomes so acute in some subjects that they are utterly prostrated. The stomach refuses food, and there is a constant and distressing effort to free the stomach from bile which has become unduly secreted there. Parmalee's Vegetable Pills are a speedy alternative, and in neutralizing the effects of the intruding bile relieves the pressure on the nerves which cause the headache Try them

Ah, Lord, I find in Thy Heart, which Thou deignest to call my temple, so sweet an abundance of good things that there is nothing left for me to desire or to sook elsewhere. -St. Gertrude.