NUARY 23, 1979.

noble friend !" cried these wounds speak han a thousand tongues a which you maintained ate compelled you to without a scratch, he unconquered Edward unconquered Edward? ot for myself I feared : ers were in all my m, but against a storm ch no strength that I stand."

lish generals thus conheart yearned to be of Wallace : and he he charge of his noble Alexander Ramsay. Alexander Ramsay, a cessation in the con-two earls, he drew near ake his leave. "Fare-evet again!" said the sing his hand. "You tiend, rather than an

turned Edwin, "I folple of my general, who be the friend of all man-

ooked at him with surwho are you, who, in orm, utters sentiments ce the maturest years?" Edwin replied : "I am the adopted brother of lace.'

with Sir William Wal-st to scale Dumbarton ese words the check of used with a more ani-At that moment when s distinguished on the barton by the vowed illace, he found himself pravest and most amiable in his light he felt both ghtness; but this quesrenne conveyed to him ad fame himself; that he ely acknowledged to be aworthy of being called ir William Wallace; and his eyes, beaming with the fixed gaze of De red, "I am that happy had the honor to mount ek by the side of my rom his hand there re-te of knighthood."

rose, much agitated. boys of Scotland, need n the spirit of resistance nation, that our strength before its men ?" aid Montgomery, " it de-

f its sting, when we are elded to power that was y lord, if the courage of izes you, what will you the fate of this country, e crown of Sir er, when you know by brave hearts he is en tender woman loses her sex, when she be-I witnessed the hero-Wallace, when she deracter of her husband in in armed host, and preret of his retreat invio-the loveliest of women to knighthood !" cried hemence. "If you were t bloody deed, retire from to Cambuskenneth, anywe this town before the e arrives: blast not his econd sight of one who held his wife murdered." as now fixed on the come of the young Edwin. hery held out his hand. arm I swear, noble youth, on the spot when Heselsword against the breast e, I would have sheathed is! It was not then that chless woman. Offended of severity in the scrutiny Ellerslie a few hours be-

-you -you ought to be umbledon?" said Edwin; you are, as you were kind arion, I cannot but regret rge, and for which I beg

gge sent me to Ayr. led with me on the same

I retired in disgust to

JANUARY 23, 1909.

prince.'

appoint you second in command to Earl de Warenne in the new expedition against Scotland. To have refused to may assure them they are free." The gates of the keep were now un-closed; and the lieutenant conducted fight against Sir William Wallace would have been to have accused myself of his victors along a gloomy passage to a low door studded with knobs of iron. As he drew the bolt, he said to Lord treason; and while I respected the hus band of the murdered Lady Marion, yet condemned him as an insurgent; and with the same spirit you follow him to the field, I obeyed the order of my Mar, "These severities are the hard policy of Governor Cressingham." He pushed the door slowly open, and dis-covered a small miserable cell, whose wall of rugged stone had no other cover-

"Lord Montgomery," returned Edwin, "I am rejoiced to meet one who proves to me what my general, wronged as he has been, yet always inculcates—that all the Southrons are not base and cruel. ing than the incrustations which time and many a dripping winter had strewn over its vaulted sides. On the ground, on a pallet of straw, lay a female figure, in a profound sleep. The light which the lieutenant held streaming full upon When he knows who is indeed his prison er, what recollections will be at intimate Till you again meet, I will not intimate what recollections will it not awaken! the uncurtained slumberer, she started, and with a shriek discovered the features to him the melancholy satisfaction he is to enjoy; for with the remembrance it of the Countess of Mar. The earl rushed forward, and caught her in his will arouse, your presence must bring the antidote." The brave youth then, telling Ramsay in what part of the palace the rest of the lords were to be lodged, took his

rushed forward, and caught her in his arms. "Are we then to die?" cried she, in a voice of horror. "Has Wallace abandoned us? Are we to perish? Heartless, heartless man!" leave, and descended to the courtyard to Overcome by his emotions, the earl heave, and descended to the courty ard to take horse for Torwood. He was gallop-ing along, when he heard a squadron approaching; and presently Murray appeared at its head. "Edwin," cried he, "I was coming to you. We are sent to demand the instant surrender of the citadel. Hilton's division has sur-

could only strain her to his breast in could only strain her to his breast in speechless agitation. Edwin saw a picture of his mother's sufferings in the distraction of the countess, and he felt his powers of utterance locked up; but Lord Andrew jocosely answered, "My fair aunt, there are many hearts to die by your eyes before that day; and I come from SirlWilliam Wallace to set you free!" The name of Wallace, and the intimation that he had sent to set

rendered, and we are complete masters of the field." The baron came up, about half an hour the intimation that he had sent to set after Earl de Warenne had marched to-wards the town. Wallace immediately sent forward his heralds with the her free, drove every former thought of death or misery from her mind. Again the ambrosial gales of love seemed to breathe around her; she felt herself again in his presence; and, in a blissful colors of De Valence and Mont-gomery, also the warden-banner of De Warenne, and required him to lay down his arms. The sight of these standards was sufficient to trance, rather endured than partici-pated in the congratulations of her husband. sure Hilton there was no deceit in the embassy; the nature of his position pre-cluded retreat; and, not seeing any Edwin and Murray withdrew, to follow the lieutenant. Stopping at the end of the gallery, "Here," said he, " is Lady Ruthven's habitation: it is not better reason for ten thousand men disputing the day with a power to whom fifty thou than the countess's." As he spoke, he threw open the door, and discovered its sand had surrendered, he embraced the terms proposed. The instant Hilton put his banner into the victor's hand, Walinmate asleep; but when the glad voice of Edwin pierced her ear, when his fond lace knew the castle must now be his. lace knew the castle must now be his, since he had discomfited all who would have maintained it against him. Im-patient to apprise Lord Mar and his family of their safety, he despatched Morray with a considerable escort to demand its surrender. embraces clung to her bosom, her sur-prise and emotions were almost insup-portable. Hardly crediting her senses, that he whom she had believed was safe in the cloisters of St. Columba, could be

within the walls of Stirling ; that it was his mailed breast against her bosom, that it was his voice she heard exclaim-Murray gladly obeyed, and, accom-panied by Edwin, with the banners of Cressingham and De Warenne trailing ing, "Mother, we come to give you freedom!" all appeared to her like a dream of madness. She listened: she felt him: she found her cheek wet with in the dust, he arrived before the castle, and summoned the lieutenant to the walls; but that officer feared to appear. From his rapturous tears. "Am I in my right mind?" cried she. "Am I not mad? the battlements of the keep he had seen the conflict on the banks of the Forth Oh ! tell me, is this my son that I see, or has terror turned my brain ?" he had seen the thousands of De War enne pass before the conqueror. To punish their treachery in having suf-

"It is indeed your son, your Edwin, my very self," cried he. Murray ad-vanced, and, kneeling by her, took her hand. "He speaks truth, my dear madam. It is your son Edwin. He left his conv at to be a volunteer with Sin William Wallace. He has covered himself with honor on the walls of Dumbar

ton, and here also. A sharer in his leader's victories, he has come to set you free. TO BE CONTINUED.

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND.

By Clara Morris in Collier's Weekly.

averted; but the trembling lieutenant Canada still weeps for her big, be had no sooner spoken the first word, than Mar discerned it was a suppliant, loved, adopted son, as genial man, de-voted doctor, and gifted poet; he who not an executioner, that stood before him; and he was promising that elem-ency from Wallace which he knew dwelt in his heart, when Murray's trummet enumded loved her forests, lakes, and streams, who draped the asperities side of the "habitant's" life with the glistening tissue of his own imaginings and his un derstanding love, until, for the outside The lieatenant started, horror-struck, world, the "habitant" only begins to exist in William Henry Drummond's poetry. And since the very fact of my on his feet. "It is now too late! I have not made the first overture; and there ounds the death-bell of this garrison I saved your life, earl," said he, turning to Mar, "when the enraged Cr.ssingmeeting this remarkable man is an illus tration of his kindly spirit and hospit-able impulse, I shall place before you ham commanded me to pull the cord which would have launched you into eternity! I disobeyed him! For my the bright, fragrant memory of one after-noon with Dr. Drummond, in his habit as he loved.

sake, then, preserve this garrison, and accompany me to the ramparts." My husband and I were in Montreal, ordered there for the benefit of my health The chains were knocked off the limbs of Mar; and the lieutenant preand Dr. Drummond, hearing of my ill-ness, sought out "the good man," as he termed my life-partner, extended to him senting him with a sword, they approached the battlements. Murray did not discern that it was his uncle who proached the battlements. Murray did not discern that it was his uncle who mounted the will; but, calling to him in a voice which declared there was no appeal, pointed to the colors of Edward, arms, I heard my husband's step ap-appeal, pointed to the colors of the proaching, accompanied by a tread of

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

But see heem now lyin dere in bed, Look at the arm onderneat' h

We rader you're stayin' de small boy

was as perfectly artistic as it was mov-

"Have you a Lancet about you ?"

"Because, little woman, you

Now you've had my best and

"Is there no middle-no in between?"

I asked eagerly, setting his laughter a-rumble again. "No ' Cure of Calu-mette,' or ' Habitant's Summer,' or

Little Cabane ?' "Or," he added, 'The Dublin Fusiler

- 'Strathcona's Horse ?'" "No," I objected. The 'Fusilier' is

all right, but not 'Stratheona.

head-"

ing sob of-

yet,

he curb of art ?"

ou like it ?"

entious!

00

to the Ladies Mar and Ruthven, that I chair, and straight way the ewerdanced chair, and straight way the ewerdanced audibly in the basin. I smiled, and he broke out with: "Oh, I say now, I'm not so mighty heavy. That ewer is be-witched. There's a spell been put upon it. I have naught to do with its ratling." As he fell to ruffling over the leaves of his book, I dared impulsively: "Oh, doctor—I wonder if you would—" and I disjointedly went on: "It is so quiet— it would be such a delight—such a mem.

disjointedly went on : "It is so quiet-it would be such a delight—such a mem

"What do you like in it?" "What do you like in it?" "Like? Why I like even 'Strath-cona's Horse, but I love all the rest. Of course, 'Little Bateese' is far above and beyond praise, and is shrined in the craven ivory palace of perfection. There's one poem holds such natural heartbreak as is not to be endured unless—unless you read it—for me." "You can't mean?" he murmured, and right. One strikes at the lie, not at the earl truth. worst."

as I noticed his fingers instinctively turning to the front of the book, I re-plied: "But I do! You have living hearts in that book and dead ones, but you have surely caught only one in the

very act of breaking." The color of his cheek Legan to climb into his temple, his eyes were as eager as any boy's. "I wonder if you really do mean the 'Hill--'" as any boy's. " mean the 'Hill-

"'Of St. Sabastian,'" I completed. "That's just what I mean !" "By Jove, I'm glad, for that has my preference !" And straightway he be-

'I ought to feel more satisfy, an' happy dan I be.'

He was half-reading, half-reciting, and doing it well and with tenderness, but in the second verse, at the line— 'But somet'ing's comin' over me, I feel

it more an' more-

he slowed—stopped. "Confound it !" he said petulantly. "I began on too low a key"—then went back and began again. But long before the end was reached, with a blurred delivery, thick-ened voice, and tear-filled area be reached, with a blurred delivery, thick-ened voice, and tear-filled eyes, he stopped for good. "I'll never try to read that thing again !" he declared. Dr. Drummond's laughter rumbled long in the small room : " It is funny long in the small room: "It is tunny how a man resents any show of excessive emotion." He turned again to the "Hill of St. Sebastian," and holding out the book, said gravely: "You read it ?" I shook my head. "Perhaps, little woman I can lift you up without causing that torment, so you can see better?"

"It isn't that, doctor-it isn't my posi tion. It is your dialect, your patois, that calls the hal⁺. I am not familiar with it, and it would be simply sinful to stumble through such lovely lines."

He stared thoughtfully a long moment, then urged : "I wish you'd try. You ought to do it beautifully, for you have that rare good gift, larmes de la voix ?' Again I shook my head, but regretfully He looked over the lines, then suddenly asked: "Where would you get your best effect?"

"In the last half of the last verse," answered promptly. "The whole thing leads up to that sacrifice of self-'So le' de heart break-I don't care-

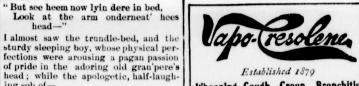
won't say nothing-me-"An audience should be a perfect

fountain of tears from there on. As I quoted he leaned over, and for an instant laid his kind, strong hand on the

back of mine; then, shaking his head, said heavily: "Ah, it needs a woman's voice—I'll drop it !" "No, doctor, for Heaven's sake, do

nothing of the kind! But if you won't think me presuming or impertinent" (he waved across the suggestion with an imperative hand,) "I would like to suggest you transpose the second and third verses, reading them in order of first-third-second. You'll find the strain upon y ur feelings will be considerably delayed."

He sat reading and re-reading the poem to himself shaking his head as in assent. Then when the silence began to distress me lest I had offended, he dropped the book, thrust out his long limbs before him, let his hands hang heavily over the chair's arms and his head droop toward his breast. And as I was surprisingly thinking how like was to a stiff-jointed, tired old man,



Whooping Cough, Croup, Bronchitis Cough, Grip, Asthma, Diphtheria

Cresolene is a boon to Asthmatics Does it not seem more effective to breathe in a remedy to cure disease of the breathing organs hau to take the remedy into the stomach? It cures because the air rendered strongly anti-septic is carried over the diseased surface with every breath, giving prolonged and constant treat-ment. It is invaluable to mothers with small children. groaned. He lifted inquiring brows, "If so, why did you not gently but firm-ly remove me, when I said you required

nidren. Those of a consumptive endency find immediate lief from coughs or in amed conditions of the bille Sold by druggists. Send postal for booklet.

LEEMING, MILES Co., Limited, Agents, Mont-real, Canada. 307

" I'll go out the side way.

"You'll meet him surely if you do. And he will have his watch right in his "Very well—but what's the row be-ween you and the 'Horse'— why don't hand, so you must just 'drei yur aine weird.

"Oh — because — "I ans wered, with the beautiful mental clarity of the woman who feels first and reasons later on. "It is too boastful : too cocksure—

just as if there was no fighter on earth, all the wealth of all the Indies.' just as if there was no fighter on earth, no reckless rider, who might induce Strathcona man to take a sip from that theatric 'Cup of Sorrow?' Tell me the most pathetic thing you ever saw." "Oh, I say now, you're theatrical your own self !" he criced amusedly. "I'm not! I am an actor — actress if you choose—but I am not theatric. The nearm is too normous artificial and pro-A sort of tremor passed over his face. He looked down into his hat a good moment or two, then he came to the bed-side, and he struck hands heartily. The world calls you a brave woman but there's a big fellow up here in Can-ada who, because he is a doctor, really

knows how brave you are."

He raised my hand, brushed it lightly with his lips, put it down gently, and stalked out of my room, and of my life. And all I have left of Dr. Drummond is book, a few written lines, and this precious memory of his genial personal-ity, his perfect reading, his gentle ban-

WIT AND HUMOR.

stood that he was talking of Ireland and I cried sharply: "What, in God's name were you doing in Ireland at that Mrs. Boardem .- How do you find the chicken soup, Mr. Boarder? Mr. Boarder.—I have no difficulty in

finding the soup madam ; but I am in-clined to think the chicken will prove an alibi.

"I consider this painting a beautiful piece of work," commented the art dealer, contemplating the portrait of the sleeping canine. "It's a dog after Landcore". Landseer

"Is that so ?" exclaimed Neurich, "Well the pup doesn't seem to be going after him very industriously."

Friend (no'icing the confused heaps of goods of every description scattered promiseuously about the shop.)—Hello ! What's happened? Been taking an in-ventory, had a fire or are you going to move out ? Draper—That shows how little you know about the dry-goods business. We

have merely been waiting on a lady who dropped in for a paper of pins.

In one of the great houses in West-end of London there was a dinner and reception. After a while the maid was called and the mistress said : Serve the dinner ; there is no one else to come, except a relative of little ortance

Five minutes afterwards the maid anounced, in a loud tone "The relative of little importance!"

The visitors in the historic museum razed curiously at a small feather pillow which nestled in a glass case. "I don't see anything unusual about

that pillov," remarked one of the visit-

that pillo v, remarked one of the visit-ors; 'turning to the guide. " "It's a very valuable pillow," replied the guide. "That is Washington's original headquarters."

impressed on all the unwed of marriage-"Please excuse Tommy; he has an the greater part of the human race to asked that they con and tiously consider the matter.

Educational.

3

St. Jerome's College, BERLIN CANADA

High School course-reparation or matriculation and professional studies. College or Arts course-preparations for degrees and seminaries. Natural Science course-thronughly equipped experimental laboratories. Critical English Literature receives special attention. First-class board and tuition only \$150,00 per annum. Send for catalogue giving full particulars.

the adder and the viper of lying unchar-itableness. Here is just one specimen called at random to show the kind of spirit that animates the Lutheran propaganda :

"The Roman Catholic Church has ruled over Porto Rico for over four hundred years, and is responsible for this lamentable state of affairs. Most of the people to some extent, profess religious sentiments: but the Church, on account of the wickedness of the Spanish priest-hood, has lost her hold on the people, and comparatively few attend church and in any way perform religious duties

What is the reason why the fifty million "adherents" of the sects in the United States do not go to church or show any interest in religion? Is it because of the high standard of moral Laughingly he put back his watch, picked up his hat, and then suddenly, apropos of nothing asked: "What was your earliest salary, Clara Morris?" "Fifty cents a night, but I felt it to be "Fifty cents a night, but I felt it to be good course of reading of the Gospel according to Luther-the spirit-stirring "Table Talk" of the wallowing apostle —and then the scales will drop from their eyes and they will be able to perceive the meaning or the language of cant.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

> FALSE QUOTATION AND MISTRANS-LATION.

In connection with the protests of Catholies against the insult to their religion in the accession Declaration of British Sovereigns, the London Times British Sovereigns, the London Times prints a letter from a correspondent signing "Observer," calling attention to words alleged to be "in the oath that every English Roman Catholic Bishop takes at his consecration," the alleged words being : "Heretics, schismatics, and rebels against our Lord aforesaid or his successors I will persecute and fight against to the best of my ability (pro against to the best of my ability (pro posse persequar et impugnabo) . . . So help me God and these Holy Gos-

pels." The Tablet, noticing the matter, remarks on the absurdity of the transla-tion which renders the Latin "perse-quar" by the words "I will persecute," and the Archbishop of Westminster writing in reply to the Times letter

says: "Your correspondent "Observer" is mistaken. The words (those above quoted) are not to be found in the oath taken by Catholic Bishops who are subect to the British Crown. Although they have a perfectly natural technical sense, they are, no doubt, liable to the mistranslation into which your correspondent has himself fallen; and, prob-ably on this account, they have, with the sanction of the Holy See, been omitted from our oath for the last ninety years. The matter was fully explained by Cardinal Wiseman in 1850."

And doubtless it will have to be explained again and again, for again and again there will be "Observers" who will persist in false quotation and mis-translation. — N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

PRAY AND GET MARRIED.

As a solution to the problem of the great unwed, Bishop Colton of Buffalo has recommended that all the unmarried women under his spiritual guidance pray for husbands.

The recommendation is contained in a circular letter addressed to the rectors of parishes in the diocese, and was read in all the churches at services Sunday. It is one of the results of the new mar-

riage laws of the Church as recently prescribed by Pope Pius X. The Bishop

And in exactly the same tone he re-orted: 'Where, in God's name, else rould I be, since I was born in Ireland?" torted : "Why, I thought you were a Canadian r a-"Don't say it!" he warned; for I on't have it !' "But the name-Drummond ?" I in-"ted. "It sounds Scotch enough ?" "Oh, Scotch! What nonsense! Why, there's not a Scotch Drummond alive "Tell me," he begged, "the most

nce more began to recite-

erly of the past, and gradually

bathetic thing you ever saw. Let's see f you can beat my heartbreak poem." He hitched his chair about so that, insiead of facing me, he sat beside and could only see my face by slightly turning his head.

prepare for a seige. You see, I was in the far West, and riding at sunset over a great level plain. On one side strange shaped mountains, like animals, crouched against the sky, while all the rest was purplish-gray level, stretching till it met the horizon. No moving leaf, no sound of water or of bird—it seemed the concentrated loneliness of an abandoned world. Yet a moment later it was deepened into anguish, for there alone, b

above it, was the second saddest thing ever saw, Dr. Drummond.'

hands. me the first."

"It's not a long story, doctor; don't

tween the empty sky and empty plain, bleated a tiny lost lamb The safe, far fold not even within sight; overlooked by shepherd and dog, it stood there desolate; and there were coyotes away yonder in the mountains that hunt the plain after nightfall. That helpless lamb, on the chill wide plain with the darkening sky

He rubbed his face hard between both ands. "I'm glad you would not tell the the first." Then he muttered broken, half-completed sentences to himself : "Good Shepherd — the hireling fleeth—

er, and real sympathy. He nodded and went on speaking ten-

"Thank you," I said very low. "Is that your own true mother you speak

em is too pompous, artificial, and pre "And because he is a poet ?" I jested

Dr. Drummond asked: "Do you snow 'A Child's Thoughts?" And lean-ing forward, one elbow on the bed, he Oh, memory, take my hand to-day-

took his hand and pressed Ruthven, your warmth is o need forgiveness. I am rt Hambledon; and had I should not now be in Scotan interview with the es on my accession in the ntgomery, he said it had I was disloyal in my nd to prove the false heart miators, continued he. I

AMILY MEDICINE

ss, cons ipation and Kidney Dr A. W. Ghase's Kidney y stand first.

ring would be avoided and disease prevented if every he writer of this letter sug-

d out from experience with es that there is nothing so. W. Chase's Kidney Liver ly and medicine for bilious-ipation. es as Bright's disease, dia-endicitis almost invariably lect to keep the liver, kid-s regular. sizes the wisdom of keeping ses Kidney Liver Pills con-d. time I suffered from liver

time I suffered from liver biliousness and could find o me until I used Dr. Chase's Pills. I have recommended any of my friends and they l satisfied with the results. nis letter for the benefit of re suffering as 1 did." Miss a, Manor, Sask. ose. 25 cents. a box. At all hanson, Bates & Co. Toronto.

anson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

W. Chase's y-Liver Pills

manded instant surrender of the citadel. such weight and emphasis as made the

"Let it be, then, with the pledge of Sir William Wallace's mercy," cried the stood the big, broad man, in a loose - fitvenerable earl.

punish their treachery in naving suf-fered Cressingham to steal out under the armistice, the terrified officer be-lieved that Wallace was now come to put the whole garrison to the sword.

the lieutenant hurried to Lord Mar, to offer him immediate liberty if he would

go forth to Wallace, and treat with him to spare the lives of the garrison.

Closed up in the solitary dungeon, the

earl knew nought of what had happened without; and, when the Southron entered, he expected it was to lead him to the death that had been twice

trumpet sounded.

At the sight of Murray's squadron

"With every pledge, Lord Mar," re-"With every pledge, Lord Mar, Fe-turned Murray, recognizing his uncle, "which you think safe to give. "Then the keys of the citadel are yours," cried the lieutenant. "I only

ask the lives of my garrison."

" Dr. Drummond, dear," and in pleased surprise I forgot everything but the de-This was granted, and immediate pre-parations made for the admission of the sire to welcome him, and with an excited little "Oh, what a pleasure !" attempted to lift myself on my elbow and offer my hand. And there I was caught and held Scots. Edwin heard the chains of the portcullis drawing up, and the bolts of by an agony of pain, rigid and motion the huge doors grating in their guards. less, unable to rise higher, unable to lie He thought of his mother's liberty, of down again, unable to breathe deeply, temporarily trapped by those convulsive his father's joy in pressing her again in his arms; and hastening to the tower

where Lord Ruthven held watch over the now sleeping De Valence, he told him all Dr. Drummond quickly grasped my that happened: "Go, my father," added he; "enter with Murray, and be the hand in his left, and slipping his big. capable right hand under my shoulder,

as a mother supports a babe, he lowered first to open the prison-doors of my dearest mothe

as a mother supports a babe, he lowered me to the pillow, saying, with some sharpness as he did so: "Don't do that! Let go! Groan—ery out—yell! It's an awful waste of pluck to fight pain silently like that!" He turned to pick up a magazine in the chair, and, as he did so, there fell from it a cheap paper-covered copy of "Johnny Corteau." "Ah!" he said, then turning it over rather distastefully. he added: "I'd Lord Ruthven embraced his son. 'My dear Edwin! this sacrifice to my feelings is worthy of you; but I have a duty to perform superior to even the tenderest private ones. I am planted here by my commander; and shall I quit my station for my gratification till he gives me leave! No, dear boy. Be you my representative to your mother; and, rather distastefully, he added : "I'd like you to have something a bit better while my example teaches you, above all earthly considerations, to obey our genthan this-if you will permit me to offer eral, your tender embraces will show her

"Oh, what a temptation ! But I supwhat I sacrifice to duty." Edwin no longer urged his father, but pose I have to confess that I have at home a better copy. This we bought left his apartment, and flew to the gate of the inner ballium. It was open, and Murray stood on the platform, receiving because the train-boy seemed to feel it was the necessary thing to do before entering Montreal."

the keys of the garrison. "Blessed sight!" cried the earl to his nephew. "When I put the banner of Mar into "Little imps! I've often heard of their capers in cramming me down trav-elers' throats. But may I scribble a little your unpractised hand, little could I ex-pect that, in the course of four months, I should see my brave Andrew receive the keys of proud Stirling from its com-mander !" Murray bowed to his uncle and the lieutenant. "Now," said he, "lead me

And fairly holding my breath in the joy of it, I was listening to Dr. Drummond's own flawless recitation of his ting, rough, gray business suit; and he did bulk large in that furniture crowded world known "Little Bateese." Satisfy-ing it was in every look and tone and room. A quick glance up, a quick glance down, and our eyes met in dancing laughter, just as I caught the words, gesture, and I recognized a strong mim etic gift, that showed particularly in the annoyance and fatigue of the old man, fading slowly with rest. His naive trust in God's accepting to-morrow the prayer due to-night : his old man's wonder at the boy's growing appetite, and his won derful powers of sleep. And when Dr Drummond, with elbow on knee, made act to remove the coverlet, and with glowing downwird glance, pointing finger, said-



as I am going to give away at least one-hundred-thousand pairs of the Haux famous Perfect Vision Dr. Spectacles to genuine, <u>bona-fide</u> spectacle-wearers in the next few weeks-on condition that they shall willingly show them and speak of their <u>high</u> merits to neighbors and friends <u>everywhere</u>. Write today for my <u>Free</u> Home Eye

leaveth the sheep-and the wolf catch-eth them. I'll never hear the good old parable read again without seeing you and your abandoned lamb." "Being a hunter, I thought you might

smile at my pitful tale ?" "By the way, doctor," I interrupted his vigorous disclaimer, "you are not treated as are most prophets in their own country ?"

"No," he answered, straightening up in his chair. "No, no man was ever so well treated in his own home city as I am. My sales are enormous : my books are in every house, and I am in receipt of unfailing praise and profit; and a new

or unaring praise and profit; and a new poem is an event." "That's pleasant hearing, doctor— you should be very hapρy." "If I'm not it's no fault of Montreal's," and he swiled."

and he smiled.' Now these few words of Dr. Drum Now these low words of Dr. Dram-mond's, may, in cold, hard print, suggest a touch of boastfalness, but not so in the hearing — far from it. In the deep voice, the eager eye, and smiling speech

there was gratitude, warm and hearty. If there was any boast it was not for the fair City of the Maple Tree, not for himelf.

And then a clock of accursed memory struck in the next room — struck and struck, until with a great "God forgive me, what have I been do-ing?" Dr. Drammond sprang to his feet. He pulled out his watch, gave a sort or suppressed Indian yell, and said: "Waat have you done? I'm over an hour and a half behind an engagement!"

I closed my eyes and murmared: "'The woman tempted me, and I did eat —the whole apple." "I wish I could see that good man of yours." Then he suldenly changed to: "No,I don't either. Ho'd be giving me upbet for 'for this remout San dan't 'what for 'for tiring you out. Say, don't tell him at what time I left — there's a good soul."

"No use to lead me into the devious paths of deception. He will know." "I'll dolge him !" "You can't." I answered. "He is not

'illustrated' throat," wrotethe mot a boy who was at home with an ulcer-ated throat.

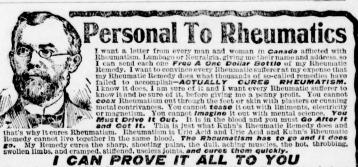
" LUTHERANISM."

Christ which they have so constantly on their lips? These self-righteous indi-viduals know not the practice of charity. you will find on every page the trail of manner."

The only exception made by the Bishop in his letter were those who contem plate entering holy orders. The letter in part is :

Will those pious Lutheran and Bap-tist and Methodist preachers never learn due respect for the gospel of the transition to the religious life should con-tion to the religious life should con-scientiously consider the advisability their lips? These self-righteous indi-viduals know not the practice of charity. Take up the Christmas number of one of their leading publications, The Lutheran, and you will see beautiful pictures representing Christ in various stages of childhood, the Holy Family and other exaltative things of the artist's creation. But look inside, and you will find on every mage the trail of manner."

1



If you will only let me do it. I will prove much in One Wook, if you will only write and ask my Company to send you a dollar bottle FREE according to the following offer. I don't care what form of Rheumatism you have or how long you have not used mine you don't know what a roat Rheumatic Remedy will do. Road our offor below and write to us immediately. If you will only A FULL-SIZED \$1.00 BOTTLE FREE! want you to try Kuhn's Rheumatic Remedy, to learn for yourself that Rheumatism can be we want no profit on the trial. A fair test is all we ask. If you that its curing your Rheum Youralgia, order more to complete your cure and thus give us a profit. If it does not help you sit. We do not send a small sample vial, containing only a thimbleful and of no practical a full-sized bottlo, selling regularly at drug-stores for One Dollar Each. This be you must some the postage to carry it to your door. You must somed us 25 conts u tage, mailing case and packing and this full-sized \$1.00 Bottle will be promptly sent you rything prepaid and Duty Froo. There will be nothing to pay on receipt or later. Don' it your Hoart-Valves are injured by Rheumatic Poison, but send today and geta Dollar bottle work of the a family and only to those who send 26 cor charses.

KUHN REMEDY CO., DEPT. M. C. HOYNE & NORTH AVES., CHICAGO