One beautiful O

women, mother a

APRIL 16, 1

## tion, Nervous, Sleepless Now Able to Do All the Housework

-What Cured Her. The excellent qualities of Hood's Sarsaparilla as a stomach tonic and appetizer enable it to relieve and cure dyspepsia even when cure seems hope-less. Read Mrs. Willett's letters: "C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

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tation of the heart, insomnia, etc., and all that time I have tried almost every known remedy and the best doctors in the state, but nothing did me any good. I was very

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"Dear Sirs:- I am still praising Hood's Sarsaparilla for the Letter great benefit both myself and husband derived from its use and I do not hesitate

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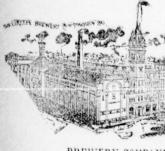
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Horrors of Dyspepsia | LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD

An Historical Romance.

BY M. M'D. BODKIN, Q. C.

CHAPTER XXI. BURGLARY AS EVER WAS COMMITTED." -Much Ado About Nothing;
These nice sharp quillets of the law.'
-Henry VI. Part i.

A plague upon it when thieves cannot be true to one another."—Henry IV. Part I. And in a word outfaced you from your prize
yea, and can show it you here in the
house."—Henry IV. Part I

But love was not permitted to monopo But love was not permitted to monopo-lize Maurice. Duty claimed her share of his attention, and was not to be denied. Law is the traditional enemy of love. The ejectment action for the recovery of Cloonlara had, after his father's mur-der, been revived in his name, as heir-at-law, and was being pushed vigorously for-ward.

In his innermost heart Maurice sur In his innermost heart Maurice sus-pected that his cousin's was the cowardly hand that fired the murderous pistol-shot at Essex Bridge. Even to himself he hated to confess that horrifying suspicion. Still, unconsciously, it had, no doubt, its influence in stimulating him to press for-ward the systim.

ward the eviction.

As for Mark, he made no secret of his delight at the "accident" that had be-tallen his uncle, as he now confessed him to be—"in a drunken brawl." He pro-fessed himself quite confident of the re-sult of the new action.
"The old war-whooper," he said,

"The old war-whooper," he said, 
"might have given me some trouble, but 
as for this fellow who claims to be his son, 
there are, no doubt, scores of half-bloods 
running wild through the backwoods of 
America with as good a claim as his. We 
could find a drawing-room full of Lady 
Blakes among the Indian wigwams, if it 
were worth while looking them up."

The rumor was industriously put 
abroad that the first wife of Sir Valentine 
was alive and well, and would be pro-

was alive and well, and would be pro-duced as a witness for the defendant at the trial.

The audacity of the trick took Dr. Den-ver's breath away when he first heard it. He had seen the woman lying dead; h and followed her coffin to the grave. To essurrect her seemed impossible. But a ittle thought showed him the rumored fraud was ingenious as it was audacious There had been one real revival of Lady Blake. Why not a second sham? In would be easy to show that she had not died when it was said she did. It would be hard to show that she had died after-wards. There were, no doubt, innumerwards. There were, no doubt, innumer able abandoned women who could be

hired to play the part.
"We must be all the more careful with our proofs," said Curran. "We must eave no point of attack or defence uncov

ered or unassailed."

They had met at consultation at the house of the great orator and lawyer. They were seated in his study, whose walls on three sides were lined from floor to ceiling with law reports, text-books bound in formal half calf. Two handome glass-fronted cases beside the fire-lace contained the culled treasures of place place contained the cuiled treasures of English literature, and space was found for a handsome old Shakespearean proof engraving over the chimneypiece. Cur-ran sat close to his writing table, in the centre of the room, lost in the depths of a great Russian-leather arm-chair. He held in his hands a huge brief, whose leaves he fluttered over with something very like impatience.

By a little straining of professional eti-

quette, and at the express desire of Curran himself, Dr. Denver and Christy Culkin, as two vitally-important witnesses had, as well as Maurice, been admitted

had, as well as Maurice, been admitted to consultation.

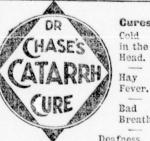
"We must patch up every hole in our suit, Mr. Lawless," Curran went on, "if we are to keep out wind and weather. There is a stitch or two here and there to be put in yet before we are ready for trial."

the preparation of the case.
"I assure you, sir," he said, swinging his heavy gold chain impressively while e spoke, as if to indicate that he als was a heavy, sterling, eighteen-carat gold solicitor, hall-marked in every limb. "1 softener, man-marked in every nine. I assure you, sir, all that human foresight or sagacity could do was done in this case. I have spared no pains or attention or expense. I understand it is a title case—well, I have briefed to you the parties till to the action for the parties of the case. ntire title to the estate for three genera-

Curran smiled a little sardonically, as the turned over the leaves of the large orief, heavy with scores of irrelevant leeds which had been copied into it. But Mr. Leonard M Nally, the junior unsel, as in duty bound, came to the

escue of the solicitor. A most admirable brief, Mr. Lawless. ne said; "most admir everything I wanted." most admirable. I found in i

It might have been by accident that his eye dropped on the back sheet, on which



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was endorsed a fee heavy in proportion to the heaviness of the brief.

"I never," he went on, "in my professional experience, knew of a case more admirably put before counsel. It would seem to me nothing is wanting. We have fortified our whole line of defence, and are prepared to deliver an irresistible attack on the enemy. If anything—"

"Lawless," Curran broke in abruptly on Mr. M'Nally's smooth phrases, smoothly delivered, "there is a reference in my brief to a confession which Dr. Denver took down from the lips of Lady Blake, and a certificate of her death, but I can find no copy of any of these docu-I can find no copy of any of these docu-

" I did not consider the documents relevant on a question of title," returned Mr. Lawless pompously. "You are aware, of course, sir, that it is not part of our case that our client was the son of this partially. Lake Plake. One case in his particular Lady Blake. Our case is that he is Sir Valentine's son by a second marriage. It was by an oversight, for which I have to apologise, that such irreevant documents were mentioned at all in your brief. My senior clerk is respons-

"A lucky oversight," said Curran tartly, "which probably has saved the case. Did it never occur to you, Mr. Lawless, that the death of the first Lady Blake that the death of the first Lady diake was necessary for the marriage of the second? Without a marriage there cannot be an heir-at-law. Our opponents are shrewder, if the rumor runs right, that they are about to resurrect the lady for they are about to resurrect the lady for

they are about to resurrect the lady for the purpose of their case."

Leaving the discomfited solicitor to ru-minate, with face of blank solemnity, over this new aspect of the situation, Curran turned with a smile to Dr. Denver.
"You have the documents safe, Doctor,

I hope ?"
"Certainly," said the Doctor, "quite "Certainly," said the Doctor, quite safe, and at your immediate service. I keep them in a despatch-box in a bureau in my dressing-room. I asked Sir Valen-tine to take them when he returned, but he begged me to retain them in my cus-

While the doctor was speaking the junior counsel, Mr. M'Nally, idly scribbled the precise locality of the important despatch-box in the fold of his

orief, in a way junior counsel have.

Then Curran turned quickly to the solcitor, who was still ruminating. "We can do no more without these documents, Mr. Lawless. You will kindly get them Mr. Lawless. You will kindly get them from Dr. Denver and have copies made and briefed to us. Stay, there is no time for copying; bring the originals, and I will look them over. We must have another consultation here to-morrow with those papers before us. What say you, gentlemen, will 12 o'clock suit you all?"

There was a murmur of assent, and they trooped together out of the great lawyer's study. Maurice, the party chiefly concerned, was glad even for the brief interval to exchange law for love.

The rest departed to their several occupations, "for every man hath business and desire such as it is." What was the special business of Mr. Leonard M'Nally, junior converted.

special business of Mr. Leonard M'Nally, junior counsel for the plaintiff, during that brief interval, may perhaps appear a little plainer in the sequel.

Two hours later a different consultation was in progress on backlef

was in progress on behalf of the defend-ant. Mark Blake and Lord Dulwich were seated over their wine and dessert in the splendid dining-room of his lord-ship's splendid mansion in Merrion They were silent and motion square. less, save the motion needed to move the heavy decanters of claret backwards and forwards, and to fill the rare old goblets of Waterford cut glass with the rare old wine. Mark looked angry and Lord Dul-wich sulky. There had plainly been stormy words between them.

Lord Dulwich was no longer the man irst introduced to the reader. figured by the terrific blow Maurice Blake lealt him as he fell wounded almost to death by that cowardly sword-thrust on Essex Bridge. The nose was broken, and now stood at an angle of forty-five degrees to his face, dragging the mouth a little trial."

Mr. Theophilus Lawless, the solicitor for the plaintiff, a stout, pompous little man, bridled indignantly at words that seemed to hint at something lacking in the preparation of the case.

"I assure you, sir," he said, swinging to his face, dragging the mouth a little askew with it. The rough knobs of the heavy stick, swung with such fearful force, had cut and bruised the flesh of his five hundred pounds in gold waiting you at the foot of the ladder when you come down."

"You are a clever fellow, Freeny, and make robbery support robbery," said Mark, humoring him. "Make haste, now, and get this job through. There is five hundred pounds in gold waiting you at the foot of the ladder when you come down."

His lordship had got a trick of president as a clever fellow, Freeny, and make robbery support robbery," said Mark, humoring him. "Make haste, now, and get this job through. There is five him the preparation of the case.

"I assure you, sir," he said, swinging him to his face, dragging the mouth a little askew with it. The rough knobs of the heavy stick, swung with such fearful force, had cut and bruised the flesh of his face, dragging the mouth a little askew with it. The rough knobs of the make robbery support robbery," said Mark, humoring him. "Make haste, now, and get this job through. There is five humoring him. "Make haste, now, and get this job through. There is five humoring him." I have robbery support robbery." Said make robbery support robbery.

His lordship had got a trick of passing his white hand across his face, which only served to obtrude the ugliness he loped to hide.

Neither had Mark Blake improved in

appearance. His cheeks were redder and coarser, and his eyes a little bloodshot. ncessant drinking was beginning to tell

even on his iron frame.

For a good ten minutes the two men sat silent and sulky in the dusk, for the candles were not lit. Lord Dulwich had

taken a dislike to lights lately.

His silence was the brief sultry lull in the thunder storm. Mark Blake broke out again with more

determination than anger in his voice.

"It must be so," he said, slowly and hardly. "I say 'must' my lord. We are in the same boat now, and shall sink or swim together. If I go down you go down too, of that be quite sure; you must help to pull me out, or I'll help to pull rou in. Those papers, as I happen to now, are all-important to the case. Caran himself has expressly said so. I know where to get them and how, and I

have the very man ready for the job.
I's to-night or never."
"But what do you want of me in this
business at all?" grumbled Lord Dul-"Cannot you and your friend"— ith a suspicion of a sneer in his this with a suspicion of a sneer in hi voice, "manage the thing between you?

"You are my partner in this game," said Mark sharply, "and I won't let you stand out until the last hand is dealt. There may be some fighting to be done, and that sword-point of yours will come in handy again. Only leave a couple of inches more of the blade out of the scabbard this time. You are to share the plunder, so you must share the risk. Is it any special affection for the man that you those keepsakes that stays your

He pointed a scornful finger to the livid

The pointed a scornin integer to the hyd bruises on the other's face.

Lord Dulwich grew pale with wrath. The livid scars showed like clots of blood on his white face.

"Curse him! curse him!' he cried fiercely; "I would give my soul to perdition for one straight thrust at his heart. I hate him worse than you do; but."

I hate him worse than you do; but—"
The other knew right well what that been frozen by fear. A sharp taunt was stayed on Mark's lips by the sudden open-

ing of the door.
Lady Dulwich, queenly in her stately beauty, stood framed in the doorway, holding a wax taper in her hand. She was dressed in black tabinet, sprigged with rose buds, which threw out in startling relief the dazzling whiteness of her neck and arms. A great ruby pendant burned like a spark of red fire on her white bosom; rubies and diamonds blazed in her hair.

might as well bolt the door with a boiled carrot."

Then he drew a bit of wire from his pocket, shaped and bent it a little, thrust it not the keyhole, and drew back the bolt with perfect ease.

"The stupid thing does not know the difference between a hit of crocked wire.

in her hair.

She was going out alone to the theatre, as was her habit, and had idly opened the dining-room door on her way, believing

dining-room door on her way, below the room empty.

Just for a moment or so she glanced at its two occupants, with a look too cold and distant even to be called contempt. For, after all, contempt is a feeling with something of passion in it, and in her haughty, handsome face there was none. She glanced at them listlessly, as at resulting the same of the resulting the same of the same of

She glanced at them listlessly, as at repulsive animals in a cage; then closed the door without word or gesture, and in a moment they heard the rattle of her carriage wheels down the street.

"Curse her! curse her!" muttered Lord Dulwich fiercely, changing the gender of his execration, but bating nothing of its vigor. "She makes no secret of her scorn and loathing for me, even while she lavished my wealth with both hands. I believe she has a hankering after that mongrel cousin of yours. She stormed so about his wound, and roundly rated me as a murderer, swearing that with her own hand she would give me up to justice own hand she would give me up to justice

"f he died. Curse her!"

"Come," he went on abruptly, carried away by the passion in him, "come, Mark, I am your man for to-night's job. If the heir-at-law comes within sword's length again, curse me as well as him if he 'scapes a second time." he 'scapes a second time.'

Half-an-hour later the two sallied out

together into the dark street, wrapped in loose cloaks, and armed to the teeth with sword and pistol.

They slipped like shadows, as swiftly and as silently, through the murky streets, where only an occasional oil lamp at long intervals served to make darkne visible. At the corner of Jervis street they paused, and Mark whistled a thin, shrill whistle through his clenched teeth shrill whistle through his cienched teeth that seemed to pierce the air like an arrow. Out from a dark archway close at hand came the figure of a man, looming gigantic through the thick gloom, so swift and stealthily that both Mark and his companion started guiltily when they found him standing close beside.

The new comper chuckled bearaght as The new comer chuckled hoarsely at

their surprise. "Be alsy, neighbor," he said to Lord Dulwich, whose hand was on his sword-

Lord Dulwich could just discern Lord Dulwich could just discern through the gloom that the stranger was a man of huge stature. He had a flam-ing red head, on which a slouched hat was cocked, and his one eye blazed like a live coal out of the darkness. He, too, was armed to the teeth. By no means a pleasant midnight companion or oppo-

nent.

His lordship shook off the huge hand laid familiarly on his shoulder, and was about to make a contemptuous reply when Mark Blake whispered a few words in his ear that silenced him. The three then walked together down Jervis street Right opposite Dr. Denver's house, Mark thought he noticed a line of dark-ness, stretching straight up through the dusk from the centre of the street to the

eaves of the houses. He walked to it cautiously, touched it

He walked to it cautiously, touched it with his hand, and found it firm.

"It is a ladder," said Freeny, shortly—needless to say, the newcomer was Freeny. "It is mighty inconvenient to meet the master of the house on the staircase when you are there without an invitation. So I thought I would like a staircase of my own, and I stole the ladder while I was waiting for you, to keep my hand in."

"You are a clayer follow Freene and

ladder before I take the first step up," said Freeny, gruffly. "Payment in ad-vance was the bargain. Honor amongst gentlemen.' Mark cursed him between his teeth

but answered pleasantly.

"Here's the gold ready. I did not think you wanted to hawk this load up the ladder and down again." He produced from under his cloak a stout canvas sack, untied the mouth of it, and rattled the pieces with his hand. Freeny drew the shade from the dark

entern he carried, and turned the strong stream of light down the throat of th

ag on the yellow metal within.

Then he shook it in his huge hands and listened approvingly to the clear metallic clink of the gold. "The yellow-hammers sing true," he said. "There is hammers sing true," he said. "There is no time to count, but by the weight it must be pretty nearly all right. I think I can take your word for the difference.
I will go up lighter and come down quicker for having it with me."

quicker for having it with me."
He dropped the bag as he spoke into one of the huge-leather-lined pockets that hung by his hips—" his honest receivers of stolen goods," as he jocularly called them — and went up the ladder, which quivered under his huge bulk, as swiftly and noiselessly as a cat. There was an irron halony guarding the window. and noiselessly as a cat. There was an iron balcony guarding the window. He caught it, and drew himself lightly over, and stood on the iron floor within, level with the window sill.

The sash-fastening yielded quickly and noiselessly to the skill of the robber, and he crept like a huge dog through the opening. Cautiously he took the shade from the bull's eve and made the restless

opening. Cautiously he took the shade from the bull's eye, and made the restless stream of light play in turn on every object in the room. Each seemed to jump out of the darkness as the ray ouched it, and jump back again when i

Three things remained in Freeny's mind when this curious march-past was over — an old-fashioned watch on the dressing table, a pair of silver-mounted pistols hanging by a couple of brass-headed nails on the wall, and an oldfashioned bureau in the corner. He put the watch in his pocket, the pistols in his belt, and then gave his attention to the

He looked at the lock under the searching light of his lantern, and uttered an exclamation of contempt, almost of dis-

"The stupid thing does not know the difference between a bit of crooked wire and the key it is accustomed to all its life," he grumbled, with a grin, as he sent the searching ray of yellow light into the recesses of the bureau, where it quickly found the despatch-box he was in quest of. He took it under his arm, shut the bureau, and locked it, crept out of the window, and closed and fastened it after him—" for fear of robbers," he muttered

as he stood on the iron balcony outside in the darkness. He climbed over the railing a little awkwardly, for he had the despatch-box in one hand, and the lantern in the other.

With dangling feet he felt about in the blackness below for the first rung of the ladder, and found it. It quivered under his weight. He was stooping cautiously to get his hands on the ladder, when he heard whispering far below, but could dis-

tinguish no words. Then Mark Blake's cautious voice came up to him through the dark, still night— low, but clear—
"Have you got the box?"

In the same tone he sent the one word,
"Yes," down to the watchers below.
"Drop it." Mark's voice came up again
of the silence. "I will catch it in my

out of the silence. "I will catch it in my cloak. Turn down the light."

Treeny turned the long gleam of the lantern towards the ground, and soon found Mark Blake at the end of it, with face ghastly in the yellow light, and the skirt of his cloak outstretched in both hands.

ands.
Nothing loth, Freeny dropped the in

Nothing loth, Freeny dropped the incumbrance down through the beam of
light, and heard the dull thud as it was
caught below in the fold of stout cloth.

The next moment he felt the ladder
quiver under him. Then, with one strong
wrench from below, it was jerked from his
feet, and went down with a crash, slinging him sideways into space as it fell.

One hand, thrown wildly out and up,
caught the projecting edge of the windowsill under the iron balcony. There was

room only for the ends of the fingers, but they held like grappling-irons. Down came the dead weight of his huge body with a sudden the Che The room of the came the came the dead weight of his nuge body with a sudden flop. The stout, crooked anchor of bone and muscle stood the strain. He hung suspended by one hand. But the stone to which he clung was Dulwich, whose hand was on his sword-hilt. "Be aisy with you, and give your carving knife a holiday. Let us get through our work first. If you want a fight in peace and quietness, when the fight in peace and quietness, when the so slowly under the heavy strain. He stretched up his right hand, and found he scalled only just touch the iron of the balcould only just touch the iron of the bal-cony with the tips of his finger-nails. Far down below there was no sound but the quick tramp of his would-be murder-ers dying away in the distance. No hope of help. He dare not cry out. To be reof help. He dare not cr scued was to be hauged. He knew that scued was to be nanged. He knew that the iron spikes of the area-railings waited far below in the dark with fixed bayonets to impale him when he went whirling down through the night on the rusty points.

Yes; his fingers were slipping. He strained the muscles till the flesh se strained the muscles till the flesh seemed to grow to the stone. But they still moved slowly, slowly, along the smooth surface. The ghastly terror of it brought the big drops of perspiration out on his forehead. All the strength of his huge body was concentrated in his five fingertips. But the muscular vice could not keep its place on the smooth shelving stone. His grasp was almost over the edge. One chance was left. With a last convulsive effort he jerked himself breast high against the window sill. His left convuisive enort he jerked himself breast high against the window sill. His left hand slipped clean off with the strain, but even as he fell, the right hand grasped the iron work of the balcony with a grip of iron and he was safe. of iron, and he was safe.

Freeny had no nerves. Hanging there by one hand with fifty feet of vacancy under him, and under that sharp iron spikes, he was as cool as if he stood on firm earth or sat on his good steed's back. When the danger was cool When the danger was over it was over. With his idle hand he drew a coil of stout rope from his bosom. "I thought you might come in handy as a deputy ladder." said, " and, begorra, so you have."

Quickly and quietly he made it fast to he iron-work, and went down hand over hand like a huge spider on his trailing web. His feet touched the iron spikes of the area, and he leaped out into the street.

For a moment he stood stock still, with head bent a little forward, and strained his sharp ears to the uttermost, sending his consciousness out into the silence with an effort that was almost pain.

an effort that was almost pain.

He could just catch the faint, far-off sound of hurrying footsteps away towards Carlisle Bridge, and leaped forward in pursuit like a hound on its quarry.

As Freeny came racing down Bachelors' Walk, covering nine feet at least with each long stride, he caught a glimpse of two figures passing at a quick pace under the flickering oil lamp on the bridge, and his heart gave a bound of revengeful joy, for he knew he was on the track of his

his heart gave a bound of revengeful joy, for he knew he was on the track of his would-be murderers.

They turned, still walking rapidly, into D'Olier street. Lord Dulwich carried the despatch box. Both men were laughing and talking excitedly as they went. They did not see the figure, vague, huge, threatening, that stealthily skulked along in the darkness behind. in the darkness behind.

"No suspicion can touch us," said Lord

Dulwich, tapping the box, "when this is missed. Freeny's dead body, will be our alibi. Yet I am not quite easy about the business, Mark. It looks remarkably like murder."

like murder."

"Nonsense," retorted Mark, brusquely,
"the fellow's life was due to the hangman. What matters it to him or anyone
else whether he took his drop with a rope
round his neck or without it. One road
to hell is the same as another. But I
grudge his corpse that five hundred guineas in good gold which the absolute knaye eas in good gold which the absolute knave dragged out of me. He has no use for it where he is gone. I wish the devil would let him bring it back to me." A growling laugh behind, like a wild

beast's, made both men look back sud-For one moment Mark thought that his

For one moment Mark thought that his impious prayer had been granted. For there, towering over them, stood Freeny himself, with a face like a devil's, in the gleam of the flickering oil lamp. Mark had no time to speculate on the visitation. The huge fist rose and fell like a blacksmith's hammer flush on his forehead, and he went down in a heap, like a smitten ox. stunned and motionless.

ten ox, stunned and motionless.

With a cry of terror, Lord Dulwich started to run. But before he had taken appointment.
"It is hardly worth the trouble of picking," he muttered, discontentedly. "They on his shoulder. The box was wrenched from his grasp, he was slung round and round with dizzying force, and loosed at

He staggered back wildly and blindly, ripped up and fell over the unconscious body of his friend in the kennel, and lay quite still, quivering with fear. Freeny disappeared with the despatch-box.

TO BE CONTINUED.

### THE BELLS OF LIMERICK.

Once, after many years of the most patient labor, a young Italian rested from a task that was well done. He had made a set of bells of the most exquisite tone possible, and he felt that his time had been wisely spent. For a long while he refused to part with them, for they seemed to him almost like living things. To sell them, he said, would be the same as selling one's own children. But at last, obliged by necessity, he yielded, - the pious prior of a convent on the banks of the Lake

of Como being the fortunate purchaser. The price was a goodly sum; and the young man, finding it impossible to separate himself, from his beloved chime, built with the money a little villa near the convent, where he could hear the Angelus struck morning, noon, and night. There he hoped and prayed to spend his remaining days.

But the beautiful and restful seclusion of which he dreamed was not to be his. Italy became involved in a great feudal war, in which he found himself engaged before he was aware; and when peace was restored a sad change had come to him and his prospects. His tamily were scattered, his friends dead, his money gone, and the home on the Lake of Como was his no more. Most painful of all, the convent was a wreck, having been razed to the ground in the conflict which had de-vastated the region. And the bellsah! where were they? The most that could be learned about them was that they had been carried off to some for-

eign land. Then the artist-for he was as true an artist as if he had painted a masterpiece at which the world wondered— left the spot where he had been so happy, and became a wanderer, always searching for his bells. The thought of them never left him. During the day he could hear their sound above the roar of the city's streets; at night it haunted his dreams. He was looked upon as a vagabond, and children ran from him in fear. His hair grew white and he leaned upon a staff. In time he became known as "the questioner"; for he was ever seeking news of his treasures. He asked but one question: "Where are my bells?"
Nobody knew, and so he wandered on.

One day a sailor told him that in Ireland there was the most wonderful chime ever made by mortal man. "Then they are mine," answered the

wanderer; "and I will go and find After great trials and long delays he reached the mouth of the Shannon, and took a small boat for Limerick. The boatmen thought him mad, and hesitated to row him. But he told them his story, and they then knew

only pity. As they neared the quaint old town the steeple of St. Mary's church was seen. Something told the wanderer that it held what he sought, and he was moved to prayer. The air was soft and sweet, the bosom of the river shining with bright ripples, and the lights of the city were reflected in its depths. Suddenly from the tower of the church the Angelus was heard, and after the triple strokes alive with the music of a sweet and silvern clangor. The boatmen stopped rowing and listened. Happy tears filled the eyes of the old bell maker, for he knew his search was

and his heart was speaking, though his lips made no sound. When the rowers raised their eyes the old man was dead, and on his face was the most beautiful smile that they had ever seen. The Angelus had been his passing bell. - Ave Maria.

done. In that peal he heard the voices

of his dead and gone beloved, and in a

few moments lived again a long life.

He was in such an ecstacy that he

could not utter a word, but his lips

were moving in the Angelus prayers;

## An Archbishop on Dancing.

Speaking from the pulpit of hts cathedral, Archbishop Bruchesi, of Montreal, recently made some pointed comments relative to dancing, its attending dangers and the vanity of ball costumes As to dancing, His Grace said that

it was a recreation, a diversion, a means of relieving the mind of the worries of care and study; "a recreation indifferent, perhaps, innocent in itself, but awful in its possible consequences. His Grace quoted the words of St. Francis de Sales: "Dances and balls are indifferent in their nature, but ac-

cording to the ordinary usages attending them they are strongly biased towards evil." Dances are like mushrooms; the

est are valueless. His Grace's remarks as to ball costumes were very delicate, but to the

Vanity in dress is a great fault and leads to envy; vanity induces a dis-position to evil affections which are so easily nursed in dancing. If dances must be danced, let people

A Mother's Story-Her Little Girl

dress decently.

Cured of Croup. Cured of Croup.

Having tried your medicine, my faith is very high in its powers of curing Cough and Croup. My little gurl has been subject to the Croup for a long time, and I found nothing to cure it until I gave Dr. Chase's Linseed and Turpentine, which I cannot speak too highly of.

Mrs. F. W. Bond,
20 Macdonald street, Barrie, Out. walking along the toward their hom little island forme -because origina was included with were apparently fortable circumst by birth belonged society, while the cation approach class; but both, t

green old age, and

cheerful and bloo

their faces a stroness and honesty. They wasked fa the scenes daily to of Paris, and y Madame Charlier name of the good by the display of hand furniture, such as might thoughts of a phi ties of life. In twere to be seen ages ; there old s ture, antiquated with Chinese silk, gilt bronzes belon oire, so called G XIII.'s time, furn est kind by the pensive articles. tumbled together passers by by the

oddity.
At the door the several pictures wing a buyer. To portraits, which to interest anyb presented and th their places in and indifferent or get rid of them. Charlier stopped neglected picture of surprise. What is the said her daughte

"It is she!" "Yes, it is she it is Miss Christin " Are you sure "Yes, yes! recognize her fa of arms of her fan portrait in a se will not stay her

She hastily e

asked the price dealer took it do tomer's attentio truth it was a porepresenting a y twenty years old holding a book i was mild, refine eyes, under deep calm and penet reproduced the bore her sicknes was enclosed in a suffered much fr At the top was noble family o Charlier prompt for it, took the p

Her home con room containin articles of hosie and fanciful; th answering both family room comfort, a full s many colored a the walls. In an ebony meda wreath of white turned yellow wreath which of a young girl ion, or had been any rate, it wa by the Charlier

Madame Cha portrait on an it a long time ves, it is she," s " here ar kind, her fine hair, her little white; it is she were thirty yea " What is said her eldest her side. "W

know how muc "It is not m dear mother. find to interest picture.' "It is the po my benefactre "What, mo

What a daub it

" Hush, hush

Christine ?" "Herself, m may you be name, for she and all that I h " Mamma. had accompan to know Miss nothing about very good an

whom you love

honor we are

"Yes, Istill how I came to "Yes mamn " All right, work, and g While speakin was so industr