

THE HEIR OF ROMNEY.

BY CHRISTINE FABER.

IV.

The last vestige of the mellow-tinted autumn had disappeared, and there had fallen the first snow of the

succeeding season. Christmas was near, and in castle and cottage there

were preparations for the festive sea-

smile was glad save those of poor, heart-sick Catherine Dominick ; yet

her father into believing that she was

the same happy-hearted girl as of old.

"Sure we're to have more company

beyond there," he said, even before he

took the seat proffered by old Domin-

" They're expected in a few days

ladies ; an' we're all thinking that it's

There was a crash of broken crock

married Sir Hubert 'll be before long.

ery just in the rear of the old men, and both hastily turned to behold Cather

ine surveying with pallid countenance

and parted lips the fragments of some delf she had been about to place upon

" Don't look so distressed, Kate, dar-

ling," said her father, "sure it was an accident and that'll happen to the

best of us-well, go on Larry with

ued to enlarge to her father upon the

strangely sombre in the growing dark

"Why, then, Kate, what are you

going out at this time for, and Florry coming so soon ?" said her father, with

his tones. But as usual, his displeas

ure was speedily overcome, and offer

ing no further remonstrance, he

een much disturbed could he a few

minutes later have beheld his daugh

ter fleeing along the highway in the

hare, scarce suffering herself time to draw her spasmodic breaths. The

crisp night air flushed her cheeks and

lent an unnutural lustre to her eves.

hear the truth from his own lips,

A HARD-WORKING WOMAN

think no further

She ran with the speed of a hunted

quietly resumed his pipe.

direction of Romney Castle.

on.

full of news.

the dresser.

what you were saying.

news he had brought.

walk

ick.

Every eye was bright, and every

Tired but Sleepless One morning, just a week before Christmas, Larry Callahan came over,

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THE CATHOLIC RECORD

that could be just discerned in the shadowy darkness. Folding her cloak more closely about her, she apher proached, and tried to move the power ful hasp that bound the iron bars, forgetting in her excitement the wicket, which was easily opened. But her the lodge and knocked timidly at the from her head, exposing the whole door.

Old Callahan responded, but he started when he recognized his visitor, she counterfeited both, and so well did she succeed that at length she deluded for Catherine Dominick had never called at the lodge since, when a child, she had attended the wake of his wife, a good ten years before. "Why then, Miss Dominick," he

said, by way of apology for his lack of immediate welcome, "but sure you startled me entirely; it is so uncommon to see you here at this time, and But come in.' you alone.

She shook her head, saying falteringly "I want to see Jimmy, please." Larry, however would insist on her

pressing invitation. Jimmy appeared as much surprised

at the presence of Miss Dominick as his father had been, and he was eager to know her business. She rose, shading her face from the heat of the fire, but it was really to conceal the color so painfully dyeing every feature and she began somewhat

And the two resumed their positions, little dreaming that Larry Callahan's quickly : "I must see Sir Hubert Romney tonews had been the cause of the accident. How thankful was Catherine night ; and I think you can procure

that their backs were turned, for not an interview for me. You remember for a moment longer could she have repressed her feelings. Tears coursed when he was down here, known as Mr. Deville, that he used to visit us frequently. I have a favor to ask of her cheeks ; and she wrung her hands, pressed them to her forehead, then to him now, and I think for sake of those her heart, and at length, finding that her grief would have loud and pasold times, he will hardly refuse me. Mind-" sionate vent, she went stealthily from the room, while old Callahan contin-

She took her hand from her face as if forgetful of the occasion that had led her to put it there, and spoke with so much force that there seemed to be passion in her tones-

That same day when the dusk of evening had settled over the land, and even the snow-clad fields looked "This favor is not for Catherine Dominick. My father, somewhat in-dignant at Sir Hubert's return for the ness, Catherine prepared herself for a kindness we showed him a few months ago, would be angry if he knew I was here on such an errand — that I had come to speak to Sir Hubert for anything. mingled surprise and displeasure in For that reason I have not told him, and I trust that neither of you will tell him. But this favor is for a person who needs it sadly. If he grants it, it will heal a broken heart, and make His composure, however, would have a miserable life once more happy.'

Old Larry was speechless from sur rise, while Jimmy shook his head.

"I'm afraid, Miss Dominick, you're asking more of me than I can do. Hubert's a fierce man when he's put to t, and he's not over kind to any of us that I'd like to be going near him at all.

"But only to deliver a message," and frequently it sent a chill through urged Catherine. "He can say noth-ing to you for that — you who attend him so often. Say a female wishes to see him. I will go up to the castle with you, and wait anywhere you choose her delicate frame. But the frantic girl heeded not. Only one prayer was upon her lips ; one wish in her heart ; to see Sir Hubert Romney, to choos

then-but she would suffer herself to Jimmy Callahan's honest, tender heart could not withstand the pleading Having arrived at Romney Lodge, in those beautiful eyes, nor the per-suasive power in that soft, low voice she paused as if her strength had utterly given way. The light from the windows of the lodge shone and while his father watched them from the doorway, Jimmy unfastened the brightly on the snow-covered ground but Catherine looked away from the gate, and the two walked rapidly to the castle. cheerful aspect to the great iron gate

There was a delay of some minutes, each of which seemed an hour to the excited girl, while Jimmy, leaving her in one of the servant's apartments went from backache, nervous, to deliver her message to St. Hubert Romney. When he returned, his face worn-out feelings, of his face wore anything but a gratified expression. "I'm afraid." he said, "that you'll not be successful. He looked very black when I told him, and he wanted to know the name, but I said I wasn't given the name, and I expected then that he'd ask if you were known to me, but he didn't. It seemed to Catherine as if she could not draw her breath while they were ascending the grand staircase as if she were being stifled by the air of gloomy grandeur, and once, almost overpowered by the feeling, she clutched Callahan's arm for support. "Them that you're going through this trial for to night, ought to be ought to be mighty thankful to you," said unsus-picious Jimmy, as he assisted her trembling form. He led her into an elegantly-furnished room; it had been originally a part of the main hall, but in accordance with the more modern taste of its present owner, had been portioned off curtains of heavy crimson satin. In this apartment was placed every thing that luxurious ease could require, or love of costly elegance suggest, and Catherine gazed about her as if she were both bewildered and overawed by the splendor.

himself erect, and asking in a cold, harsh voice : "Who are you, woman ?"

His question, his tone, his manner, paralyzed her. She stood so still for a moment that her very breath seemed to have flown, while every trace of color thick cupling mass of her abundant black hair. But, at length, she regained her voice and with it sufficient strength to say in so heart-broken a manner that it must have touched any

heart less hardened than the one to which she appealed : "You, to ask me who I am? I am your wife - your lawfully wedded wife.

He laughed. "Poor fool! you forget that you are a Catholic, and a marriage between us has no validity. My bride who is to be will arrive soon ; so forget me as quickly as you can, fair Catherine."

Larry, however would insist on her entering and taking a seat near the blazing turf fire, while he went to to utter had caused some inward con-vulsion. The proprietor of Romney vulsion. The proprietor of Romney

her evident agony was to him rare sport. At length, with a desperate effort that sent the livid crimson with a wild rush into her brow and cheeks, Catherine spoke. Her clear low voice, though tremulous, was louder than usual from the passion and sorrow, and remorse that dictated the words.

"I shall not ask you for my sake, to acknowledge me as your wife ; for if I alone were the victim of your cruelty

I would bear my grief in silence, and you should never be troubled by the sight of my face again. But for the sake of my father-my gray-haired father; it will kill him, kill him when he knows-

She paused for an instant as if to search his face for some sign of com-passion ; but the dark countenance wore only a sinister smile. She flung herself on her knees.

" For the sake of your unborn child your child - acknowledge the tie that is between us.

Sir Hubert Romney laughed loud and long. "What is the brat to me, that 1 "What is the brat to me into the

should care whether it comes into the world legitimately, or not? And as for your father-the old man should have guarded his pretty daughter more carefully, that is all. Nay, fair Cath-erine, you must pay the penalty of your folly. Henceforth you are, and can be nothing to me. Our marriage is as if it had never been, but enough of this. I shall send some one to show

you the way out." Without another look at her kneeling form-she had not risen from her sup pliant posture-he parted the crimson curtains just behind him, and in another moment she heard the sound of his rapidly retreating steps. She struggled to her feet, but no sound came from her lips, no tears rushed to her eyes. She was conscious alone of a burning, suffocating feeling in her threat, and a dizziness in her head that made her clutch wildly at a chain to save herself from falling.

One of the servants entered to guide her out of the apartment, and his pres ence seemed to have the effect of some what strengthening her. She followed him with an appearance of calmness, and by a great effort she maintained that appearance even when Jimmy Callahan emerged from one of the lower rooms in order to accompany her to the road. When he was alone with

her he asked. "What success, Miss Dominick ?" It required a desperate effort for her

always your friend; nothing can hin-der that." She looked at him. That honest,

kindly face had only the most tender pity in its expression. The tears sprang to her eyes, and in another noment she was sobbing out upon his breast the whole of the unhappy story

of her secret marriage. "God help you!" said Carnarven low and tenderly. Even in that moment of intense anguish to him, his first thought was for her: for her because of the desolation and the misery which he foresaw was to be henceforth in her life. He put away for the pres-ent the thought of the desolation which was to be henceforth in his own life, for Catherine Dominick had dwelt in his heart since the days of their childhood. "God help you !" he said again, "and God alone can help you, for we have no law to make that man own

you as his wife. "Nothing will make him do it," she said in broken tones. "And my father, oh ! how can I tell him ?" The young man pressed his hand to

his forehead, and appeared to think for a moment. "Perhaps it will be better not to

tell him just yet. Anyhow, leave it to me. I shall try to manage it." Catharine's tears flowed afresh.

"God bless you, Flor ; I was never worthy of you. Old Dominick being utterly unsus-

picious regarding his daughter, was not pressing in his questions when, accompanied by Florence, she entered the house. It was sufficient for him that Florry was with her, and she was careful to conceal from him her strange, trembling manner. For Florence, save that he was a trifle more reserved, he felt that it was no temporary adopt ion, for never before did his heart seen

so literally like lead in his bosom. TO BE CONTINUED.

MEDITATION.

Many young folk have sort of a dread of being told to think seriously. They believe that this requires a very

great effort-too much to ask of themnor likely, in consequence, to be fruit ful of results. This is all quite true to some extent, that is, as far as the thinking demanded refers to matters beyond their mental scope, or is imposed at too frequent or for too lengthy intervals. But to think seriously, yes, actually meditate, on many subjects is not a difficult undertaking, as does fre quently become a duty for all, even the youngest, who enjoy the capacity for thinking. More than this we will add, it is both easy and natural for the feeblest as well as the ablest mind to exercise this power of erection, each according to its needs, if not always to the actual requirements of the situation For instance, suppose one of you young folk is placed in a position involving some danger, or that you have some little project in mind you are particularly anxious to carry out. will you not easily and quickly concentrate your thoughts upon the mat ter thus claiming attention? Indeed, it is not uncommon for very little people to think both intelligently and with most advantageous consequences on such occasions. Well, then, why say that you cannot do such a thingthat you cannot and should not be asked to meditate ! Of course you can, dear young readers if you only set your mind to it, and this is what we would like to see you do, as often as

may be, during the holy season upon which we have now about to enter. Passion-time, the solemn period of commemoration annually given the

awful tragedy which consummated the

Interesting Address by the President, At the last annual meeting of the Catholic Truth Society, of Ottawa, the following very able address was de-livered by Mr. Joseph Pope, the Presattitude to-day. The

FEBRUARY 8, 1896.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY.

OTTAWA.

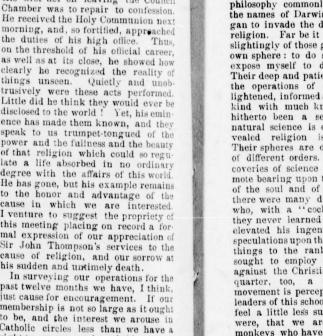
Ladies and Gentlemen : The reports which have just been read expose so clearly the condition of our affairs that any remarks from me might seem superfluous. Custom, however, requires that on occasions of this sort the President should offer a few observations of a more general character than are contained in a business report. Lest, therefore, I should seem to evade my responsibilities, I propose very briefly to glance at our position and prospects.

ident:

Scarcely had we separated after our last annual meeting when the society experienced its first shock in the death of our foremost member, the late Right Honorable Sir John Thompson. are all familiar with the details of that tragic event. We all know how great a man the late Prime Minister was, but all of us, perhaps, are not aware how thoroughly devoted he was to the cause of our holy religion. Never shall I forget the kindly manner in Never which he encouraged the establishment of our society, nor the cordiality with which he presided at its organization and associated himself with its development. Sir John Thompson lived in an atmosphere which is not popularly supposed to be conducive to the growth of Christian virtues, yet he was ever a living witness to the power of Cath-olicity. His great intellect, so strong, so luminous, so compre-hensive, bowed itself before that supreme creation of omnipotence, the Holy Catholic Church. His conversion was not merely an intellectual process. Not only did he believe, he practiced, his religion. We have been told how on his last Sunday in Ottawa he approached the Holy Table with his Let me mention a circumstance ons touching the beginning of his official John Thompson came to Ottawa in September 1885, he was quite a stranger. I happened to be one of the two or three persons he knew here. I well remember the afternoon on

which he was sworn in a Minister. His first act on leaving the Council Chamber was to repair to confession. He received the Holy Communion next morning, and, so fortified, approached the duties of his high office. on the threshold of his official career, as well as at its close, he showed how clearly he recognized the reality of things unseen. Quietly and unob trusively were these acts performed. Little did he think they would ever be disclosed to the world ! Yet, his emin ence has made them known, and they speak to us trumpet-tongued of the ower and the fullness and the beauty of that religion which could so regulate a life absorbed in no ordinary degree with the affairs of this world. He has gone, but his example remains to the honor and advantage of the cause in which we are interested. I venture to suggest the propriety of this meeting placing on record a for-mal expression of our appreciation of Sir John Thompson's services to the cause of religion, and our sorrow at

In surveying our operations for the past twelve months we have, I think, just cause for encouragement. If our nembership is not so large as it ought to be, and the interest we arouse in Catholic circles less than we have a right to expect, we have held our own fairly well. So much appears on the not to betray her excitement in her work of the God Man; which paid for voice; but she succeeded in answering the ransom of the world, of our indisurface, but we should remember that we are engaged in a work the ultimate results of which are not at once apparent. The bread cast upon the waters is found only after many Who can presume days. gauge the good indirectly effected by the dissemination of our excellent literature, in respect of which let me say the society is largely indebted to Mr. W. L. Scott, whose earnestness and zeal in this branch of our work I cannot sufficiently commend. Or, to view the position negatively, no one can fail to have noticed that since our society has been under way, Ottawa has enjoyed comparative immunity from mountebanks, styling themselves ex-priests and escaped nuns, who were wont per iodically to defile the imaginations and exploit the pockets of our more credu lous fellow citizens. The Catholic Truth Society modestly claims some share in effecting this desirable result, and we feel that had we done nothing Thus else we should not have existed in vain Turning from the past and looking forward, we have, I think, every reas-on to believe in our continued useful ness. If I read the signs of the times aright, a great Catholic re-action is in the future. The prestige and moral influence of the Pope in the high politill the scalp is bare and the hair-roots destroyed. If you would realize the best results, begin at once with this tics of Europe are greater to day than for years and are steadily growing. In Italy the present condition of affairs cannot much longer continue. The brigands who twenty five years ago de-spoiled the Holy City have almost reached the end of their tether. The Italian Government is overwhelmed with debt and undermined by secret soplied. The Medicine for Liver and Kidney Com-plaint.—Mr. Victor Auger, Ottawa, writes: 'I take great pleasure in recommending to the general public Parmelee's Pills, as a cure for Liver and Kidney Complaint. I have doctored for the last three years with leading physicians, and have taken many medicines which were recommended to me without relief, but after taking eight of Parmelee's Pills I was quite relieved, and. now I feel as free from the disease as before I was troubled." cieties. Sooner or later the crash must come, and, in the new order of things, I cannot doubt that the Pope will recover possession of that temporal sovereignty which is his by the prescription of a thousand years. It is, however, mainly in the manifest change of public sentiment nearer home that I base my hopes of a Catholic revival. You have seen that, a short time ago, the Holy Father addressed a call to the people of England to return Reduction from the grip, pneumonia, diphtheria, fever and epidemics is given by Hood's Sarsaparilla. It makes Pure Blood,



trasting markedly wit 'the feeble reticence of of Canterbury." Later Times a letter addres Joseph Parker, one of conformist preach the Pope, in which divine humbly thanks his "most gracious lett clares has ''deeply to The Archbishop of though ''feeble,'' as th and ludicrously patron is at leas civil, and knowledges the "uno knowledges the ness and transparent when Papal appeal. guage such as Dr. Par tor's, or even the sono His Grace of Cante

ribald outcries which re-establishing the h land a single genera realize how great a c place in the temper believe this change t ise. Not that I look startling manifestati ample, as what is call union of Churches, an ing phrase which sha possible dream. It s ever, to indicate that willing to listen, and

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FEBRUARY 8, 1

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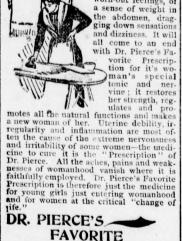
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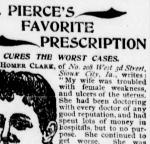
was addressed. Far of

Vicar of Christ have be

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worse. She was atly prejudiced nst patent medi-

the following results : the following results : to much good that we continued until she



Dr. D., of Chatham, writes: "It is a most valuable aid and stimu-

"You are to wait here for him," said Jimmy Callahan, "and don't be cast down if he refuses you, for surely God Himself will reward you for your good-

He left the apartment, and Catherine was alone with her burning, tumultuous thoughts. She would not seat herself, and she remained standing in the spot where Jimmy had left her, until she heard a well-remembered step on the oaken floor without ; and then, when the crimson curtains parted, and

with sufficient steadiness : "Just as you feared, Jimmy. He

refused. "I thought so; the Romneys are a hard race."

Then a silence ensued that was not broken until the road was reached, when Jimmy pressed his companion to enter the lodge that she might at least

warm herself. But she resolutely de-clined, refusing also his proffer to accompany her part of the way home. It was bitterly cold, but Catherine did not feel it; the fever in her veins was scorching her so that she threw open her cloak in order to let the chill

night wind cool her. The wintry sky seemed to be alight with unwonted splendor, and the crisp snow path along which she hurried, was bright almost as mid-day. But the heart-broken woman saw nothing of the scene

Her brain grew dizzy from her wild thoughts, and at length in her delirium she laughed aloud, repeating at intervals, the outburst of unnatural mirth, as she hurried on.

A form was approaching her, and at the sound of the third outburst of strange laughter, it quick ened its pace to a run, continuing to do so until it came quite up to the excited girl when it caught her in its strong arms

"Why then, Catharine, what ails you at all, and where have you been?" It was Florry Carnaryen's voicehis voice with a tremulous agony in its tones

She struggled to free herself, and at the same time answered so frantically and incoherently that he could make no sense of what she said. But he held her firmly, and when at length she had grown somewhat calm, he said, with a sort of stern tenderness :

the dark, handsome face and lithe figure came wholly within the room, she bounded forward, and with a hysterically murmured: "At last, Ralph!" she sought to throw herself upon his breast." Now, Nate, you mass end this secrecy on your part, and this sus-pense on mine. You have been up to the castle, have you not, and Sir Hubert Romney has something to do with this distress of yours, has he not? Mind. Kate: if I "Now, Kate, you *must* end this secrecy on your part, and this sus-pense on mine. You have been up to pon his breast. But he recoiled from her, drawing cannot be your husband, I shall be

vidual souls. Surely it is not too much to ask of wise or simple that they shall give some serious thought to the holy associations of the hour. All readily and capably unite in the rejoicing of the civic fetes ; they share, too, in the saddened, subdued spirit attending domestic, at times public, bereavement. Can it be, then, that anyone holding Christian faith or sympathies could de cline to give due acknowledgment to the present august and most sacred memorial time? If there be such ingrates at least let none of who read less Christians to disregard it.

these lines deserve to be ranked with them. Let us all now, by our frequent and compassionate remembrance of the Passion of our Lord, and, by acting upon the good resolutions which thence suggests themselves to try to make amends for the strange revolting heedlessness which would prompt care doing, you engage in meditation in

-Connecticut Catholic.

the fullest and most profitable manner. Any tendency to premature bald-ness may be promptly checked by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. Don't delay

invaluable preparation. Invaluable preparation. Skepticism.—This is unhappily an age of skepticism, but there is one point upon which persons acquainted with the subject agree, namely, that DR. THOMAS' ECEEC-TRIC OIL is a medicine which can be relied upon to cure a cough, remove pain, heal sores of various kinds, and benefit any in-flamed portion of the body to which it is ap-plied.

for the most part, o vated minds, with ious prejudices to cl we cannot doubt once they are conv its existence, to d revelation is to be argue that if God l to man, if He has tion to a visible Church, call it w Church must posse characteristics of certain credentials readily distinguish all others, which for will be that corresponding un continuity of beli to find these token design in the mise around us? Whe of that mighty in existed for nearly changeless amid which teaches alv the same doctrine faith, and admini ments ; whose voi uttermost parts of ing with no unce sion to mankind, depending upon world, is so sere divine origin an accepts all the de tiffs from Peter t in the face of her they are all infall danger can there Church such as t feeble counterfei surrounded? To nations shall one behoves us who d part to hasten triumph.

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