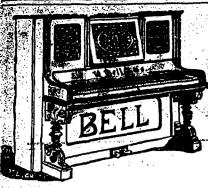
THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE, JANUABY 14, 1891.



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The Mystery of Killard

PART I.-THE RACE OF LANE.

CHAPTER XI. A NEW FATHER.

The little band of fishermen, led by Tom the Fool and Edward Martin. reached the prostrate form on the cliff. Edward Martin raised it, resting the child's head against his knee. Tom stooped over little Lane with a scared expression on his fat, shapeless face.

" He's not dead, Edward Martin ?" demanded Tom in quavering accents.

"No, not dead; I feel his heart beating. Is there any blood on the clothes ?" While Martin was uncloing the boy's collar and rubbing his hands, the men examined the child carefully. "We can't see any blood," replied

Maurice Heffernan, son of Kitty Heffer-nan, a slender, tall, dark haired, ragged, unshorn man of forty; "and, as far as I can make out, there are no bones "David Lane's boy!" she cried, in

, Here !" cried Nat Barron, holding up

a bottle in his blistered hand. Many of the boats carried small bottles of whiskey when they fished by night, to back? You may get into trouble over counteract the injurious morning shills, the child." Whiskey was scarce in the vinige, as there was no public-house. It had to be brought from Clonmore. It was seldom medicine. But sometimes, when the ling an outcast that is without blame. medicine but sometimes, when the ling an outcast that is without blame. freely.

Martin poured some out of the bottle him." down the throat of the boy, and then watched him carefully. "He's coming to," whispered Heffer-

nan, and, and, as he spoke, a shiver passed through the boy's limbs, and he looked up into Martin's face. Instantly he closed his eyes.

The Fool uttered a cry of joy, and, his arms around him.

with wonderment.

more was he to be on the Island. hut and hand-lines, and would he make awful noises in the hut, and then send him forth again?

Then he began to wonder and regret, Why had he not clung to Tom? Tom would let no one strike him. Tom brought him sweet things now and then. Why had he not appealed to Tom? The Fool had gone away. At night how should it be?"

His thoughts now took another turn. But this man who carried him was as kind as Tom or his father, only he did not press him in his arms or kiss him. haps to-morrow, when he awoke, he should find himself on another island with this man for a father; and, per-haps, he should never be able to recall how he came to that second island.

shifted his burden, and with his hand drew the hair off the child's face as he resumed his way.

The boy opened his eyes and looked

up. Martin smiled, and patted the child's cheek with his hand. The little fellow smiled back. and, put-

ting his arm round the pillar-like neck of

his bearer, pressed him to him. Martin stooped and kissed the boy's forehead, and then strode on with a

lighter heart. This then was the new father. He had kissed him as the old one used long ago. Should he forget all when he awoke on this man's island to-morrow? That was now the only question.

When the fisherman reached his home had just come back, after seeing the fish safely brought to Pat Casey's.

Anything wrong ?" "We don't know yet. We found the boy in a faint on the downs. I carried him over; here he is," setting him down. The woman recoiled slightly and grew

"But-but what are you going to do with him? Wouldn't Casey's be the best place for him until the men come

In spine of herself, her dislike was now manifest.

"This is the best place for him. No ingo has so good a right to do a turn for

The man was impressive and stern. He knew the doubts and fears which were filling his wife's mind. "But, Edward, don't you think-don't you believe there's something in what

every one says about the Lanes?" she asked in a pleading voice.

"I don't know what everybody says,' throwing himself on his knees, wrapped he replied with determination and a slight knitting of the brows.

goodness to me. This was the house I stand his new position. To be thus cared for and carried by some one he had never knocked at, and my wife was then a seen before filled his uniformed mind young girl. This boy has been cast off by his father, and he is even more helpless Was this a second father, with whom his future days were to be spent? His father of the Island had banished him godfather to him the day he was born, for ever. He was never to return. The and Father Murtagh called him John, downs and set over the ocean, but never the favorite disciple. I will not let this house be less to him than it has more was he to be on the Island. Had this strange man an Island and a him. From this out John Lane shall be as though he were my son. Sit you down, men ; you are worn out. Sit down

.

and have some breakfast with us." He placed the boy on his knee, and offered him food. Suddenly, as the man

raised a mug of milk to the child's lips, a thought struck the latter. He glided from his perch, and thrusting his hand into his pocket, discovered his claspknife was gone. He no longer felt any doubt. This was his new father. To-morrow morning he should awake on this new father's island, and, forgetful of all the past, bait his hooks and gaze at Maybe this man, atter all, was to be a second father. His first father told him he could never return. He did not re-member going to the island first. Per-he had lost, and when many seasons had passed he should come to love this new mother too, as he had loved the old ; but for to-d y he should think only of the old; but for to-day he should think only of the old father, and how bitter it was to

Edward Martin stopped a moment, be sent away. Edward big burden and with his hand When all this flowed upon the child's mind, he covered his face and wept.

CHAPTER XII.

IHEROGLYPHICS.

The noon of that day was very warm not a cloud floated between earth and

heaven. The faint blue sky spread like a vast silver mist over the dreary road from Clonmore ro Killard. The road was dry and sandy, few trees grew in the shallow soil, and sheep found scanty food in the short, brittle grass. Low, stone fences divided vast expenses of dull green pasturage, and as far as the eye could reach no hill broke the bald monotony of the landscape. Mr. James Heywood and Christopher

he walked straight in. Mrs. Martin was busily engaged getting breakfast. She car, had passed the tenth milestone, and were drawing near the village. They had heart. She | been silent for a long time ; at last Cahill

safely brought to Fut Casey 8. Since spoke : turned as he entered, and asked quick-ly : "Well, Edward, what was the matter? Anything wrong?" tract some consoling reflection from the

midst of his sufferings. "Yes, a warm day does one good; the heat opens the pores, and thus the oxy-genation of the blood is facilitated."

broken." The part of the down on which they had found the boy was about a quarter "Rub him well. Has any one whis-key?" **broken.**" David Lane's boy!" she cried, in tone out of which she strove to keep her shrinking dislike. "Is he hurt?" she uncouth child, as he stood dazed by all broken." "Is that it ?" asked Cahill, who seemed to think that opening the pores might be very agreeable to those weo knew all about them and the blood; but that for ignorant men it was best to have them he saw. closed, in a cooler atmosphere. "And," continued the philosopher,

when the blood is oxygenated, the spirits improve, and the fancy is quickened.' "Ah !" breathed the young man, turn-

ing anxions eyes in the direction of the village, "I wish we were there." "Nature is the wisest of mistresses;

she sends the heat in summer, when the air is dry. If we had this heat in winter we should all suffer horribly." "I'd leave the country, for one. But that can never happen?"

"I'm not sure of that. You see, it all depends on the sun and axes. So long as things remain as they are, we are safe. But of late they are discovering, with those new powerful telescopes, such a number of new planets that the orbit of the earth may ultimately be blocked up, and we may be driven to travel by another way and at another angle."

"Then why don't the Government forbid them finding out more planets? It seems to me like daring Providence, to

CATHOLIC CULLINGS. The greatest homage we can pay to truth is to use it. He has riches sufficient who has

enough to be charitable. The man who keeps his word has no trouble in keeping his countenance. With most men lufe is made up of

going into debt, and struggling to get out. God has two dwellings-one in heaven, and the other in a meek and thankful heart.

The genius of a man is admitted more readily after he is rich than it is when he is poor.

tunities of good action, but make use of common situations.

of a place are the advantages it gives a man of doing good.

The average man takes up so much of his time talking about his ambition that he never has time to realise it.

Sense beheld in Jesus of Nazareth a man; intellect, a man endowed with supernatural powers; faith, the Word made flesh.

As the thermometer tells the measure of heat or cold, so our sanctification goes onward or backward, just in proportion as we mortify ourselves.

It would make us all fervent if, when we go to the altar, we were to say, "This may be my Last Communion;" or, in our confession, "This may be my Last Absolution."

The Council of Trent teaches that God never forsakes any one who does not forsake Him first; secondly, that if we forsake Him it is our own free act ; and thirdly, that our own act is by our own free will, so that if we fail of eternal life it is by our own wilful fault.

Those that love God can never imagine for Him any perfections of love and tendemess which goes beyond the truth, or even reaches towards the exceeding depth God is a perpetual Object of loving con-

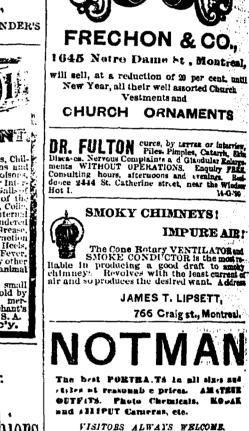
He is more and more perfectly known with the knowledge which comes by the

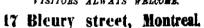
asked in vision whether he would desire to see a soul more perfect than himself. He was carried to a poor home, where he saw a mother toiling for her children. It was a humble likeness of the Holy House, and under the roof were cares, anxieties, weariness, privations, labor, self-denials, glad submission of will, tenderness of affection, pity and service and filial piety to God. These things are a discipline of perfection, which subdue the heart and keep it humble before God

It seems to me that some writers are disposed to lay undue stress on the am-iable and tender qualities of Mary and of holy Christian women without dwelling sufficiently on the strong and robust points of their character. The Holy Scripture in one place pronounces a lenghthend eulogy on woman. What does the Holy Ghost especially admire in her? Not her sweet and amiable temper or her gentle disposition, though of course she possessed these qualities, for no woman is perfect without them, No; He admires her valor, courage, fortitude, and the sturdy virtue of self-reliance. He does not say, "Who shall find a gentle woman?" but rather, "Who shall find a valiant woman? As things brought from afar and from the uttermost coast is the price of her." It is only heroic virtues, or virtues practised in a heroic degree, that the Church canonizes .- Car-

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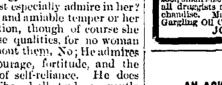


PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL. Superior Court. Dama Olivine Lessard, of the City and District of Montreal, wife of Stanishas Payette, trader, of the same place, has this day taken an action of separation of property against her aid has-band.

BERARD & BRODEUR, Attorneys for Plaints

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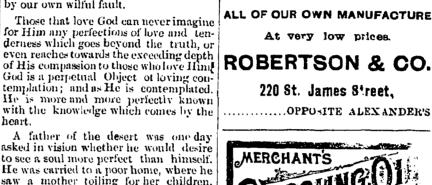
dinal Gibbons.



and man.

A father of the desert was one day

templation; and as He is contemplated.



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AN ACKNOWLEDGED FACT:



For this child the world had hitherto been that lonely Island; the universe, the sun and moon and stars as they passed over his head ; mankind, his father and the Fool, with-in the dim chambers of his early memory-the shadow of his mother. He had no knowledge, no idea of anything beyond. Sometimes he had seen men in boats beneath the cliffs; now and then the people had passed by the Bishop's, and stood a while to look at him. But those in the boats and those on the cliffs were, like his mother, insubstantial phantoms crossing before his eyes to depart for ever.

He had a clear memory of Tom and his father carrying his mother away while he was desired to remain in the hut. His mother had never returned, and he was told she never should. They were even less substantial than his mother, for he could recall touching her, and she had been tangible and warm like himself. But those passing by were more spectres without material existence,

Now, who were those that bent over him? Other fathers; for they were not like his mother. Were there really other people material and warm to touch like his father? Would these people spurn him and send him away from them? What strange noises there

What strange noises they were making, like and unlike the gulls and the curlews ? Tom sometimes made such noises when

sitting before the fire in the hout. "Edward Martin," said Tom, after a pause, during which the breathing of the boy became more strong and his eyes remained closed; "are you going to stay here all day, or is anyone going to the Bishop's to see what is wrong there?"

"Do you go on to the Island and see. Let whoever likes go with you, the child is all right." "But what will you do with my friend

Lane's boy ?"

"Could he come ashore without his father's knowledge ?" No; the boy could not make the

bridge. It takes a strong arm like Lane's to do that. You have a strong arm, Ed-ward Martin, but you couldn't do it, for it wants a sure aim as well. You

Killard. The other men, following Tom, continued their way towards the Island.

The boy had closed his eyes in perplex-

I mean-I mean what they say m the village. You know there's something amiss with the Lanes."

Her voice trembled slightly. It was not often that Mrs. Martin expostulated with her husband, and now her manner was obviously one of expostulation.

"What they say in the village will break no bones and does no harm, except of it, but I heard accounts of it." to those themselves who speak ill of their neighbors. The boy is to stop here until the men come back with news; then we'll see what is to be done with him. Take the boy and wash him; he wants it hadly, poor little fellow. After that we'll have breakfast. I am worn

out by the night and this morning." "Wash him!" she cried, starting far-ther back. "Wash him! Oh! Edward, how could you tell me to do such a thing? Think of our own child." The man frowned heavily. He was

slow to lose his temper. His wife had never seen him in a rage in all her life,

of any foolish stories about you or me people treated our child worse than if she was a wild beast. Take the boy and remember that you are a mother, and that if God sent us our child, He could take her from us. Woman! you will

make me angry if you stand there longer. Take the boy and treat him as if he were one of God's people, not a serpent."

There was a lotty magnanimity in the man's indignation, and the woman was cowed and humbled. Catching Lane's son by the hand, she led him into her own room.

When Tom and the fisherman came back, they found Martin, do wile, ac' little Lane at breakfast. The Foel had not been on the Island, but he had attracted Lane's attention, and exchanged signals with him from the mainland. To Tom's questions the dumb man's

won't leave the boy nere to wolf ?" "Very good : I'll take the boy home to my place, and get Mary to look after him. You and the men go and bring what news you can. "When Matin heard Tom's story, he beckoned to the boy, who came ; and the man, placing his large, red, sinewy hand on the child's dark hair, said :

saw a light in. I was made welcome, and those who made me welcome have never

ity, not fear. He was unable to under | said or showed they were sorry for their "Thanks. She'll be glad to hear it."

be always striving to get at the works by

spying into the heavens at night." "Government could do nothing, and discovery must go on until the end." "But with this steam they ought to be

able to do anything. I'm told this steam is a wonderful thing. I never saw any

"Steam is a most wonderful thing, but juite powerless in this case. You, no doubt, believe the application of steam to be a modern invention. Nothing of the kind. It was well known to the ancient Egyptians." "Ah how?"

"Yes, they were the most enlightened nce at one time, and knew many things long since lost; for instance, the hiero-glyphics? I dare say some one or other will get hold of them some day, if we only live to see it, which I hope we may." Mr. Chill was straining a point to keep the philosopher in good humor. "They have gota key to them."

"And maybe they're the Gipsies, be-tween them and all hurts and harms."

"Oh, dear, no! you are confounding the hieroglyphics with the lost tribes. That is a dangerous error, against which you cannot be too guarded. The hieroglyphics were a form of secret writing-writing by pictures. When a man want-ed to write down the idea sun, he made a circle."

" And when he wanted to write down the idea of a roasting sun like this, what did he do, Mr. Heywood ?" (To be Continued.)

A Shocking Story.

The Edmonton, Man., Bulletin gives an account of the finding of a skeleton of an Indian boy, eight years of age, who 'ast June went with his father, named Bluehorn, on a hunting expedition to Beaver Hills, near Fort Saskatchewan. The skeleton was in a standing position, with arms stretched out and the wrists tied to two trees. From the circum-stances surrounding the affair, it is supposed the child, who one day was sent to camp by his father and never reached answer had been that he had cast off his | there, had been offered up as a sacrifice to secure good luck in hunting by some Indians in the locality, as they are in the habit of leaving pieces of cloth or trinkets as an offering to secure favors of their gods.

> Miss Hysee—"I was encored three times, was'nt I ?" Mme. Logee—"Yes; the company seemed to recognize that you needed practice.

SHE-"You tell your sister I meant to write her a note, but did'nt." He-

"I know," said the reporter as he was writing out an item for the paper-"I know this is only a rumor, but I expect to get money for it." "Then," said his friend, "that's one of

the rumors that gain currency.-Cope Cod Item.

He Was Enrolled-City editor (to reportorial aspirant)-Are you a shorthand man ?

Aspirant-No; but I have a long check. (And he was added to the stall forthwith.)-Puck.

A Useful Man .- Editor Great Daily I want a good strong editorial on the tariff for to-morrow. I think you can write it.

Man-(promptly)-Yes, sir. New Man—(1 Which side.—*Lije*.

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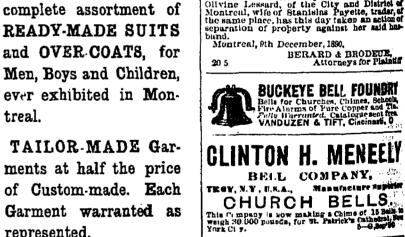
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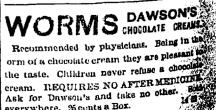
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