THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

For THE TRUE WITNESS.

"OANADA."

Noble, happy Canada, thou country of the

free Favored home of Liberty, Dominion dear to

me Standing out in bold relief to European lands, Opening wide thy sheltering arms to European exiled banda.

Blessings on thee Canada ! Successful be thy aims ; My beart is with thee Canada,

Thy love my homege claims. Peaceful wert thou Canada till bigots stalked

abroad, And strove to banish from thy shores "Freedom

From East to West as fismes on high their lying

alanders flung, And under cloak of "Equal Rights" the bigot

anthem sung. But blessings on thee Canada, Thy statesmen all disdained To listen to such treason bold-Such ignorance unfeigned.

Lovely wert thon Canada, thy hills and valleys wild.

When Cartier first 'mid forest glades on the Algorquin smiled 1 Bringing Hope and Charity and knowledge of

that Faith Which Peter preached on Tiber's banks, banish-

ing Pagan wraith. Then blessings on thee Canada

From Heaven's altar fell, O'er hill and valley, glade and glen, O'er woodland, plain and dell.

Two milliov people of that Faith dwell peaceful

in thy land ; And if a forman's march was heard right royally

they would shand ; X s stand and fight for Canada as their fathers

did of yore, nddrive the bold invader back in tumult from thy shore. Then blessings on thee Canada,

Successful be thy aims ! My heart is with thee Canada ! Thy love my homage claims.

JAS. T. NOONAN. Brockville, Ont., April 18th, 1820.

LADY KILDARE;

Or, the Rival Claimants.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A DOUBLE REVELATION. On the Antrim coast, a mile or more abave

Point Kildare, on the shore of a little bay abut in by tall, rugged bluffs, stood the bit cabin toward which Michael Kildare was c ::ducting his companions.

It belonged to a fisherman who dwelt here with his old wife. On this day the couple were gone to the market on foot, and their beat, a small craft with a sail, lay half drawn up on the bit of pebbly beach.

The little bay, the cabin, the rocks, all presented a scene of loneliness and desolation and utter seclusion.

Suddenly, into the midst of this seclusion, desclation, and loneliness, a man came riding elewly on a jaded horse-a man in whose miserable and haggard aspect one would have found it difficult to recognize the fugitive husband of the Lady Kathleen.

Yet this man was Baseantyne.

His worst enemy, Lame Bill, might have pltied him in his forlernness and desperation. His garments were worn and dusly and begrimed. The dust on his face, channeled with weat, gave him a savage appearance. A wild look gleamed from his eyes-the wildness peculiar to a hunted oreature, whether beast or human.

And Bassantyne knew himself to be hunted.

He had felt that pursuers were on his track from the night of his escape fron Ballyconnor -from the very hour in which he had attack. ed the constable in the mountain pass, nearly murdering him, and robbing him of his horse,

to shake it out, with a glare in his eyes like tist of a maniac. " Hallo, Oallshan !" oried Miobael' Kildare, gall plng down to the beach, Redmond Kildare at his side. "By George ! It's not Callahan at all. It's some thief trying to steal his boat !"

Bassantyne soarcely heard or heeded these words. There was a hitch somewhere in the ropes. He could not shake out the sail, and here were the men within a rod of

him. "A thief ! Do yeu hear !" ejaculated Michael Kildare excitedly, Bassantyne's locks and manner sufficiently indicating that he was in the act of staling the beat. "We must stop him ! Here, you fellow, surrender l'

The sail began to lossen new. The breeze began to fill it. Bassantyne's eyes lit up gloomily as he cried out : "Surrender ! Never ! I will not be

taken alive ! I warn you I am a desperate man !"

The Earl of Kildare, who was braver than the little lawyer, and who had no intention of seeing the sloop he wanted carried off before his eyes by some thief bolder than he, sprang off his horse, ran over the

beat. "Back ! Back !" shouled Bassantyne hoarsely, his face all aflame. "Back, or you dle !

Redmond Kildare did not reply, but he limbed over the side of the bost, and bounded toward Bassantyne with a swift, tiger-like movement.

Bassantyne recoiled before him in an awful terror, drew his pistol, and fired.

Redmond Kildare flang up his arms with a vild shrick, and fell forward on his face into the boat.

His shrick was echoed by the counters and by Michael Kildars, both of whom came riding toward the boat like whirlwinds.

BASSantyne saw them coming. A cold, gray paller overspread his face, and his lips set themselves together in a storn and awful smile.

"Come on !" he muttered, "It is too late to escape now. All I can de is to cheat the hangman !"

And as Michael Kildare clambered into the boat, Baseantyne put his remaining pistel to his heart, fired-and fell dead !

The serrows of the scene were not yet over. Michael Kildare hast ned to the side of the prestrate Redmond, and turned up to the sunlight the young man's face. The eyes were open, and a look of terrible pain was in them. He was terribly wounded in the breast, as it

seemed, but he still lived. The little Dublin lawyer gathered the conded man's head to his breast, and chafed his hands and wiped his forehead, crying out :

"Redmond ! Redmond ! Speak to me !

You are not dying ?" "Dying ?" oried the counters, climbing inte the boat, "Redmond dying! I knew better !"

And then she laughed a wild, insane laugh, that nearly curdled the blood of those who heard it.

The truth was apparent at a glance. All her troubles about the preperty, with this a declaration to the world of Bassantyne's ed, and which was the promise of Our Divine added abook of Redmond's dangerous wound, identity with the fugitive convict. Bassan- Lord, could not fail. This was also in her added shock of Redmond's dangerous wound, had been too much for the countess, or else type secret was buried with him, so far as her cure had not been radical. She was in the world was concerned. sane again-incurably insane !

"My God !" cried Sir Russel, appalled by these terrible events, "That man dead ! parler, pale, but bright and hepeful. With The ocuntess insane ! Redmond Kildare dy-

"We may save him yet. There is a doctor on Point Kildare, is there not ?"

"The chaplain understands surgery." "We must obtain his services at once.

"We must obtain his services at one of ing. We have no time to spend in going to one of ing. We have no time to spend in going to one of 'All our sorrows are over, are they not, once !

Mr. Wedburn, being the most self-possess- | after a little ?"

over the young man. "Michael," whispered Redmond gasplogly,

"she'll be Lady of Kilds's new, when I au gone. What was the fisw? I want to know ?"

The little lawyer read the truth in the yeung man's fast giszing eyes, that he was dying. He took him up in his arms, and kissed him, orying out in his anguish : "R. dmond, asn't you guass it ? You aro

not the son of Lord Redmond Kildare and yonder mad woman. Their sen died in his infancy, after the mother had been sent to a mad house, and at the time when Lord Red-mond was here at Point Kildare. I bribed the nurse and substituted you in place of the lord's dead son. It was you whom Lord Redmond, mistaken and unsuspicious, took to the Dex couple as his son. And when he died he believed you his sen, and made those communications to me which I have related." A spasm of pain, mental as well as phy-sical, convulsed the features of the dying man,

"Not Lard Redmand's san !" he whis-

pered. "Who then am I!" "My son, Redmond, mine!" sobbed the bofore his eyes by some their bolder that he, sprang eff his horse, ran over the strip of beach, and caught at the stern of the boat. Hittle lawyer, who, whatever his crimes and (wickedness, leved the dying youth with the tenderest affection. "I did it because I leved you. It was to make you rich and honered, that I did it. I wanted my son to bear the proud eld title from which I was debarred-

"Ah !" said Redmond. "And who-who waa my mether ?"

The lawyer's face flushed, and he trembled. He would not have answered, but that those dying eyes compelled him.

" Your mother, Redmond," he whispered, "was-is-Mrs. Liffey-my wife.' With a wild, anguished moan, Redmond

Kildare turned away from the father who had sinned so deeply for him, fixed his gaze upon the bright, sunlit sky, and in another moan his life slipped from him, and he la y on the sands-dead.

The two men, Redmond Kildare and Nicol Bassantyne, were buried on the same day, and in the same little country grave. yard. The story of how they met their deaths was not suffered to get abroad.

After the funeral, Michael Kildare, a bowed, stricken, and prematurely old man, went away with the insane counters, whom he restored to her former asylam. He then returned to Dublin, where he soon after died.

Sir Russel Ryan stayed behind at Kildare Oastle, with Mr. Wedburn, to apologize to the Lady Nora for his harshness and un-belief. His grief was so sincere that the young Lady of Kildare did not find it difficult to forgive him.

Upon the very day of Bassantyne's funeral Lame Bill, who had followed Bassantyne all the way from Ballyconner, losing track of him in Antrim, came upon Fegarty in the streets of Danloy.

He recognized him, in spite of his disguise. ogarty turned upon him in self-defense. A fight followed, in which the two men mertal-ly wounded each other. Neither ever spoke again, and with them perished all danger of Identity with the fugitive convict. Bassan-

It was the day after the funeral. The Lady Kathleen was seated in the octagon sea Bassantyne had perlahed all her griefs. She was absorbed in thought, when the ing! What are we to do !" "We must have help immediately for deor opened and Lord Tresham came in. Line Lord Kildare," exclaimed Mr. Wedburn. lordship approached the young maiden Lord Kildare, " exclaimed Mr. Wedburn, widow, and sat down at her side. "You are not grieving, Kathleen ?" he said.

" Grieving ? She turned her face to him quickly, blush-

the villages along the coast. Let us leave "All our sorrows are over, are they not, our horses here and sail for the island at Kathleen ?" asked Tresham, gently drawing her nearer to him. "You will marry me

> after h ma Ye**s, if** you

RESUBRECTION.

At the conclusion of the Pontifical Mass. Cardinal Manning preached at the Pro-Oathedral, Kensington, on Easter Sunday morning. He said: You will not need, dear brethren, that I should remind you that your offerings on Easter Bay are made for the priests who minit is at the holy altar. It is a law of the Church, a law of charity, a law mere constraining and personsive than any law of human enactment, that they who minister at the altar should live of the altar, and the offerings that are laid upon it are for Our Divine Lord Himself, and His disciples share them. It is well that a stranger, so to speak, should be here and speak of them, and know them of themselves; and yet, dear brethren, I am not a stranger. In the midst of you none can be less so. For many years I have had the same task to do, and I do it with jey, and I do it without shame. For Our Divine Master asks the efforings of the people, and I am not ashamed to do the same, and it is also because that my priests should have foed and raiment, which is all that they desire, and I am sure almost all that they possess. I knew many who never receive a stipend in many years-that what they may lawfully receive they give to the schools, or for the education of the poor, or to the sup-port of their teachers, or to those who are in poverty. You know this as well as I do, and you knew your pastors-I was going to say better than I do-yet I den't think that possible. They know you by your number, by your name, and by your character, and you know them, for you have had experience of them in times of sickness and in times of serrow, and when you have needed sympathy human and Divine, and I think I may say you have never found them wanting, and. therefore, when I tell you that your efferings to-day are made to them to give them what is most justly their due, I feel I need not say another word.

His Eminence then, taking as his text the words "The Apestles departed again to their home, but Mary stood at the Sepulchre without weeping," continued : You may say where did they depart to? And yet, the very context tells us: "For as yet they knew net any of the Scripture that He should rise from the dead." Although He had told them so once and sgain in the most explicit way that He should be delivered into the hands of men, that thy should scourge Him and should kill Him, and that on the very day He should rise again from the dead, nevertheless there was amazement in their minds on finding Him risen. But why did Mary linger? Partly, no doubt, from that tamalt of intense penitential lave which made it impossible for her to be willingly absent from her Lord and Saviour; but, perhaps, it may be that she had the recollection of the words He had speken before He raised Lazarus from the tomb: "I am the Resurrection and the Life, and he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet he shall live, and he that believeth in Me shall live forever." It may be that the recollection of these words, inditinct perhaps, yet never theless full of a mystery not yet accomplishheart and made her linger to see the end. And these words were Divine in the highest pessible sense. "I Am" is the name of God Himself. "I Am" was the name He gave to Meses : "I Am the Eternal Bsing, the Uncreated, the Resurrection and the Life." The love which is eternal and which is the fountain of all love comes from Him. There could be no life apart from the Eternal Source. These were the words for us to sot upen to-day. I do not know that I could more clearly bring before you the Resurrection of Our Divine Master than by remind. ing yes of His Incarnation. What is the

Incarnation ? The assumption of our humanity into God. And how was it accom-plished? The Etymal Son, Who is the Word, the Wisdem, the Intelligence Father, assumed that creature which is nearest akin to Himself. He assumed a human seul, and in assuming it He assumed a human body, in all respects a body like our own, of the substance of His Immaculate Mother ; and having assumed a soul and a body, He assumed our humanity. He day. arsumed a human life, for the union of body and soul in our manbood is our life. And He was made man-God and Man is one Persons. And having assumed our humanity said Himself : "Therefore it is My Father loved Me, because I laid down My life that I may take it up again." That is to say, it was His own Divine freedom of will whereby He assumed a human life, and He could lay it down for our redemption. What is that human life? It is the union of the soul and the body. And what is death? It is the separation of the body and the soul, But as our humanity once united in the Eternal Son is united for ever, it is undisseluble for all eternity. The Body and Soul of Our Lord Jesus Christ that were separated one from the ether, were never separated ene frem Godhead, never separated from His Godhead, never separated from the person of the Eternal Son. The soul was penetrated with His Godhead, and was always in the Bosom of His Father. His body was per-vaded with His Godhead, and, therefore, when upon the Oross, after suffering wounds and the drawing of his lifebloed, which were an adequate and sufficent cause for a death like ours, nevertheless, by His own free act He bowed His head and died. Concluding his eminence said : When we rise again there will be no more blind eyes, deaf ears, distorted features, er withered forms. That which you watched upon the deathbed a little while age will not rise with the teken of death upon it. It will be made like the body of His glory. And will not our conscience, our memory, our relation to those we loved and who here loved us and served us, to our parents and friends be renewed and transfigured in His kingdem ? Yes ; most assuredly. Let us try to realize this on Easter Day. If any of you since Christmas have been carrying out your dead to bury them in the earth and wept for them, remember that He rose from the dead and He consoled all that loved Aim in the measure of their sorrow, teaching us this lesson-that it is the law of the kingdom of God that those who have sorrowed most shall have most of His joys hereafter. Everybedy lives for something. One lives for money, another for society, another to make his fortune, a name, a family. Some are trying and some are striving to rise in courts of justice, others in Parliament or commerceeverybody has got an aim for which he lives, and that aim thwarts him, lewers him, stuns him, and blots out the recollection of eternal ife and of the day that he will rise again. Well, dear brethren, die to the world, for if you gain the whole world it would only par-row your heart. Your heart was made for God and nothing will fill the heart of man except God. Everything else pulls him down thing. If you live for the resurrection that will satisfy you and enlarge your hearts and perfect you, and will bring you to the place which is changeless and eternal, and nething less can satisfy you, and be sure of this, that any man living in the world may live for the resurrection. You may be merchants, traders, lawyers, statesmen, or whatever you like, er you may live in your private happy homes, nevertheless the chief thing for which you MENTION THIS PAPER,

The lowyer, weeping like a woman, bent | CARDINAL MANNING ON THE live will be the resurrection when your seal, which has already eternal life, will be clothed in a glorious body. Remember the words : "He that esteth My flesh and drinketh My blood hath ctirnal life. I will raise him on

the Last Day." A little time and the sea will give up all that are in it, and the dust all that are buried in it, and from the Cata-combs of Jerussiem and Rome, and the saints and martyrs from the cemeteries and the sleeping grounds around our own churches shall rise again ; these you buried out of your sight, you shall know them, and they shall know you, and there will be a time eternal in the Heavens for you. Live for this and for the day when the Just shall shine as the sun in the kingdom of the Father.

Oottage Industries in Ire'and.

The Sisters of Mercy in Skibbsreap. Co. Cork, have taken a step which will, it may be heped, lead to an important industrial development in the South of Ireland. With by violent exercise. the aid of the firm of Ewart, who are at the head of the linen trade in Belfast, they commenced linen weaving a few months ago, an Instructor being provided for the girls whe entured on the work. The pupils have shown remarkable aptitude. A number of band looms have been supplied, and the girls who only a few months ago were utterly unskilled can now weave the finest linens and handkerchiefs. They have attained to such a degree of success that it is admitted that the By E. LEONARD, Druggist, 113 St. Lawrence guality of their work is not surpassed by that quality of their work is not surpassed by that turned out by the best hands in Belfast. The Sletpre intend to introduce the industry inte the cottages of the peasantry, and all that is needed to onsure the permanent progress of the undertiking is the liberal support of the public. But why have the Sisters to send for the yarn to Belfast ? Should not the flax crop be cultivated more largely in the South ?

Irish Poets.

BEAUTIFUL OHINESE NAP-KINS, with very handsome colored borders, and one exquisite Asiatic Fan, hand-painted. All by mail, 25 cents, (stamps or silver) post-paid. Canadian Novelty Co., Montreal, P.Q. 38 tf From Charles de Kay's profusely illus-trated article on the "Old Peetic Guild in Ireland," we quote the following: "The leng training of the people in verse-composing and verse-reciting predisposes them to the composition of postry of some degree of excellence. Irishmen and Irishwomen as a rule have a knack at writing if they receive any education at all, and are natural journalists and writem at an early age. The last re-markable poet of the file kind known in Ireland was Carolan, the blind bard of the last century, whose portrait, and some of whose verses, translated and in the original, wore published by James Hardiman. He was as peripatetic as Homer is said to have been, blind also, and certainly a fine if not a great poet. Though the race is not extinct, little except the most ordinary verse is published in Irish to-day, the audience being too small With all to tempt the most ardent patriot. its inherited shortcomings, and with the evils Gas that befell it owing to circumstances, the poetlo guild of anoient Ireland did the world For great service in keeping from destruction historical and national data lost from other parts of Europe. It also added not a little to the world's stock of tragic, of noble, and of comic fiction."

A Forgotten Leper Priest.

Dr. Joseph Jones, of New Orleans, says "Grand as were the life and death of Father Pamien, he was preceded by Father Boglioli, in my ward at the Charity Hospital in this city of New Orleans. This saintly priest contracted the disease and died of it in the line of his spiritual calling. He passed away, I think, while hearing Mass in the Sisters chapel. So, bere was a great leper priest and martyr before Father Damien, but the world, right cously admiring the one, has strangely for-gotten the other." Dr. Jones and the Sisters By a thorough anowiedge of the basis are which govern the operations of diges ion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocca, Mr. Epps has provided our break-fast tables with a delicately favored beverage which inay save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of sirch articles of diet that a constitution gotten the other." Dr. Jonas and the Sisters of Charity attended Father Boglioli through all his agony. This holy priest, though he needs it not, deserves a monument.

Gen. Sherman has once more given an example of his practical good sense by buying his own monument, a \$1,000 one, and he says : "The moment I am buried it will be clapped on over me.'

A NATURAL REMEDY FATHERHOENICS Epileptic Fits, Falling Sick.

ness, Hysterics, St. Vitus Dance, Nervousness, Hypochondria, Melancholia. Inebriety, Sieeplesaness, NERVETONIC Dizziness, Brain and Spinat Weakness.

TWENTY ONE YEARS

writes the Rev. M. S. Falihee of Freeland, Pa., January 18th 1889, was CATH. BRISLIN suffering from fits and convulsions, she had 3 or 4 attacks from fits and convulsions, she had S or 4 attacks every week, tried many remedies and dootors, without any relief, but since she began to use Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, she is able to work, and make her own living.—Another case is that of M. GALAGHER of the same place, he is 16 years old, had fits since 9 yeasr, so severe that we thought several times he would die, tried different Dootors and Medicines without relief, but since he used Koenig's Tonic, he had only slight attacks which were probably caused hy violent exercise.

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the animal he new rode.

the main roads, snatching the little sleep he follo had had in rick yards and in the open fields sail. or under hebges, while his horse cropped the herbage near hand. He had avoided en-countering people; had not dared to exchange his horse for another; had slipped past villages and towns without entiring them ; and all the while he had felt, with an instinct no reasoning could persuade, that he was being tracked as certainly as if the bay of blood hounds could already be heard at his heels.

He had intended to proceed to Ballycastle, and to sail thence to Scotland, but the deadly terror gathering in his soul caused him to divert his course, and seek for some lanely fisher's cabin. He would here some fisherman, he thought, to traceport him to the Scottaish shore.

He rede up to the cabin, his wild over scanning the scene restlessly and suspiciously, dismounted and knocked at the door.

No one called to him. He opened the deer, and breathed an audible thanksgivnig when he found that no one was within.

"They have gone to market, or to visit a meighbor," he thought, his gloomy face light-"I can go off in their boat. I shall ing up. "I can go off in get off safely after all."

He was hungry-nearly famished. He went to a little suppoard and helped himself liberally to bread and celd cooked fish, of which there wasplenty. He eat like a starving man, looking over his shoulder at every second, as if he expected to see an enemy at his elbow.

His hunger sated, he went out of doors. His tired herse had dropped upon the grass. Olearly he could not have gone a mile further without rest and feed, of which last he had had little enough since Bassantyne had stelen bin.

The fugitive went out upon the beach, climbed into the sloop, and examined it. It was cound and trim. He got out again upon the shore, and pushed off the little craft into deeper water.

And at that moment, as he was about to clamber into the vessel again, a party on herseback came galloping into full view, appreaching the cabin.

It was the party headed by Michael Kildare,

Bassantyne saw that there were several men in the party. He did not notice the flatter of the counters' riding-habit, as she came up in the rour, and had no idea that there was a woman among the new-comers. He believed himself overtaken-overtaken at the very moment when he believed that he had won safety.

For a moment he stood as if paralyzed, turning a wild, white, desperate face toward the on comers, A mist gathered before his wision. His want of food, want of sleep, and the awiul terror that had been b and : growing upon him for days, made him for the mement quite blind and helpless. He felt feebly in his breast pocket for his

pistols. "I syon't be taken alive !" he muttered, hall inaudibly.

Then the sound of these ringing hoofs rang out with sudden and startling force. His vision began to clear. The in-stinct of flight came upon him again, and be stinct of flight came upon him again, and be turned and climbed up the sloop's side like a feeble surprise and gratitude. "Too late !" he whispered. "Let me die restored to its ancient glery.

1 ... v

The big sall was furled. Bassantyne began here, Michael ?"

ed man in the party He had skulled along in his flight, aveiding secured the horses in the fisherman's garden, followed Sir Russel into the boat, and set the

> They made their way out of the cove int the waters of the channel, heading toward the outer or eastern point of the island of

Kildare. Long before they drew near the open beach in front of the castly, their approach had been observed. Mr. Wedburn dieplayed his hankerchief as a flag of truce, and as the Lady Nora and her triends came out upon the beach, and the boat drew nearer to the shere, he called out :

"We have met with an accident. We want the services of a doctor. Will you latus come ashore ?"

"Is this a ruse, l'ke your return to Dun-loy?" asked Lord O'Nell. "By heaven, no ! Lord Kildare is danger-onaly wounded, and we have a dead man

in here ! In the name of humanity, permit us te land on your shoras !"

The appeal was heeded. The Lady Nora signified that they could land. The little sloop ran into the shelter of the

point, the countess rising and making frantic attempts to throw herself overboard, in which she was restrained by Sir Russe! Ryan. It was in serry plight the little party reached the shere.

"You see what has happened, Lady Nora !" oried Sir Russell, as he assisted his charge upon the beach. "The counters is insane again. Her son is dying-"

"Yes; he was shot by a fellow who killed himself the next instant. There the man lies dead in the boat !"

party on the beach approached the boat, to villain, a convict, has weighed me to the lock upon the face of the dead man. look upon the face of the dead man.

At the first glance the Lady Kathleen recognized him. Despite all his squalor and dirt, she knew the dead face as that of the man who had made her life a misery to her

for years. "It is Bassantyne !" she cried. "It is my husband !"

And with a strange, shrill cry, she fell forward on the sands insensible.

Tender arms lifted her and carried her into the castle-the arms of her old lover.

Lord Tresham had scarcely disappeared with his burden, when Sir Russel, Lord O'Neil, and the others lifted out of the boat the quivering figure of Redmond Kildare, and laid it on the sands.

The chaplain bent over him, shook his head sorrowfully, and said :

"Lord Kildare, I can do nothing for you. No human power can help you now. Let me advise you to make your peace with God."

Redmend Kildare gasped for breath. "Dying !" he whispered. "Am I dying ?" The chaplain's compassionate face answered

him. "Who says he is dying ?" oried Michael Kildare flercely. "I tell you he is not dying !'

He looked around him sullenly, but he saw only pitying serrow in the faces bent toward bim

"We must take him into the castle !" said Nora, her eyes flooding with tears. "Oh, is after the ceremony, with full as much zeal as there nothing we can de for him !"

story," said the Lady Kathleen shyly. "I shall want you all the same, Kathleen. But you need not rake up for me these bitter memories. Let them die with Bassantyne." "You must know all before I promise to marry you," said the Lady Kathleen. "Barry, when I went with you to the Scottish shore to be married, I thought Bassan-

tyne dead !" "I know it !"

"That fraudulent marriage in Scotland was not my first marriage to Bassantyne !" Lord Tresham started.

"I was married to him years ago in London. The marriage was secret. I knew him as the Count Clairault. I thought I loved him," said the Lady Kathleen pantingly, her head bowed. "I thought him good and honorable. And we had hardly left the altar when he demanded money off me. His words when making the demand opened my eyes to his character. Two of his friends, who had been his groomamen and witnesses.—I thought them foreign army efficers-laughed to see my dismay, my terror, my herror ei the man had married. I went to my own home, refusing to recegnize the marriage as valid. Until he went to Australia I paid Baseantyne half my income, to be allowed to retain my freedom and my scoret. His object in marrying me had been to get meney. I gave it him, and kept my secret.

" My poer Kathleen !"

"He was sent to Australia, I heard that he died there. All the years he was there I was obliged to pay heavy sums of money to the two witnesses of my marriage, to prevent them from divulging my secret. I have lived alife of terror and persecution. The knowl-Impelled by some sinister faccination, the edge that I have been married to a ruffian, a Tresham, and can comprehend now why you must leave me-"

"Never ! Oh, my darling, if you had only teld me this story that night when we sat on the recks ! We might have been spared much after-grief. From henceforth, Kathlsen, we will share our griefs together. My darling I shall never let you ge from me again.

He clasped her in a fervent embrace, and both hearts, so long grief-tessed, knew peace

and jey at last, For a man like Bassantyne, who could mourn? Sorely not the maiden he had so terribly wronged. She made no pretense of wearing mourning for him, and when Lord | from merning till night, for men are ambitious, Treeham begged her to marry him soon, she did not refuse his earnest demand. Some three or four months later, the little Kildare chapel was decorated with evergreen and holly, the bell rang a merry peal, the

t makery and servants assembled, and among these faithful friends the Lady Kathleen was married to Lord Tresham and the Lady Nora Kildare was united to Lord O'Nell. Sir Russel Ryan gave away the brides, Shamus O'Laferty was the grand master of ceremonies, both then and at the festivities and makes him of the lower stature of created that followed at the castle. Alleen Mahon, thing. If you live for the resurrection that her father, Mrs. Keliy, old Shane, Dannis, and all were in high spirits, and excouted their parts in an Irish reel, on the evening

grace. And to day Lord O'Neil and his spirited and lovely young bride are as happy as they deserve, and Glen O'Neil is being fast THE END

nay be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to discase. Hundreds of subtle mala-dies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by kceping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a property nourfished frame." — Civit Service Gazette. Made simply with boiling water or In a library in Paris, the largest in the world, is a Chinese chart of the beavens, made about 600 years before Curist. In this chart but for years before Curist. In this chart

1,460 stars are found to be correctly inserted, as corroborated by the scientists of the present

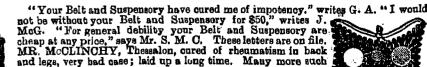
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