

CARROLL O'DONOGHUE.

CHAPTER XVII.

SHAUN OBJECTS TO DUBLIN.

There was unusual excitement in Captain Crawford's apartments; that officer in exultation, entreaty, reprimand, reproach, menace, almost in a breath, and Tighe a Vohr in whines, and wails, and supplications, and ludicrous apostrophes—the latter delivered in comical asides to imaginary listeners—could all be heard distinctly in the passage leading to the rooms, and Captain Dennier, on his way thither, paused in astonishment at the uproar which greeted him. When he entered a curious sight presented itself. Tighe was on his knees, surrounded by hat boxes, opened valises—the contents of which were indiscriminately mingled with those of a dressing-case lying inverted near—numerous boots and shoes, a full military equipment, together with every possession, private and personal, of the gallant captain. He seemed to be endeavoring to arrange them as commodities are placed in a fair, and the captain, in despair as to how his packing should ever be done in time for his hasty departure, was striding up and down the room in anger, while at the same time he was forced to be amused at the comical appearance of his valet, and more than all, by the ludicrous observations of the latter. Tighe's absurd remarks were intended to mollify the officer's temper, and to apologize for Tighe's natural awkwardness and blunders; and they were so extremely ludicrous that the captain found it impossible to be seriously indignant.

"Sure you could me to pack up," pursued Tighe, putting the box of blacking with ferocious haste into the dressing-case, and placing on top of it indiscriminately brushes, combs, collars and cuffs, all that he could crowd into the spaces without regard to adaptation or neatness; and as his master was at the further end of the room, the performance passed unobserved. "An' in Ireland, here," he continued, working for dear life, "I pack up be puttin' everything in the middle of the flure, just to see what we've got, an' after that it's easier to stow them into the holes an' corners, an'—"

He was interrupted by Captain Dennier's entrance.

"What do you think of it?" asked Captain Crawford, coming in, and pointing to Tighe, who pretended to be too busy even to lift his eyes to the newcomer. "That's the way he is doing my packing," continued the officer, "after leaving me in a pretty lurch beside; what do you think—he positively refuses to come with me to Dublin, alleging that the climate wouldn't agree with his dog!"

"An' it wouldn't," spoke up Tighe from the depths of a valise; "Shaun'd be dead in a wack—the air'd be too strong for him."

"I told you he was a specimen," laughed Captain Crawford, though he was really annoyed at Tighe's determined refusal to accompany him; "and now I am in a pretty fix; I shall be obliged to take some raw recruit who will not know the first thing about his duties, and a fine mess I shall be in."

"How would this suit?" said Captain Dennier, abruptly, as in that instant he conceived a plan for helping his friend,—"to exchange valets—I mine understands his business perfectly, and will, I think, at my desire, readily transfer his services to you for a while; after, when you shall have been suited, he can return to me, and I shall try to provide another place for Tighe here."

"The very thing!" exclaimed Crawford; "now bring you to think of it; but are you sure that you will suffer no inconvenience by Tighe's blunders?"

Tighe a Vohr ventured to look up; a glance assured him that there was no danger of the recognition he feared, and growing bold from that fact, he rose, and stood with a half-confident, half-inquiring air before Captain Crawford: "May I speak a word to yer honor?"

"Considering that you have been speaking to me all the afternoon without soliciting permission, I do not see what is to hinder you now," was the laughing reply.

"Well, then, Captain Crawford, after servin' you as faithful as mee!" an' Shaun done, I ax you if it's fair or honorable to give me a character loike that! If I blundered, why didn't you kape me blunderin' to yerself, for it was out o' pure good nature that I blundered. It's a thrax axin' to be a little gratit tude in the world." He turned away as if he were too much hurt to say more.

It would hardly have been in human nature not to have laughed at Tighe a Vohr then—his appearance, his manner, the tone in which he had spoken, were all so irresistibly droll; and even Captain Dennier, little inclined as he felt to mirth, joined in his friend's spontaneous burst of merriment. The latter said, as soon as his laughter ceased sufficiently to allow him voice:

"It will not do you any harm, Tighe; you will find your new master a very lenient one."

Tighe had resumed his packing. Both officers walked to a recess formed by one of the windows, and Captain Dennier began detailing in a very low voice the commission entrusted to him by Lord Heastocote, and which he was to transfer to Captain Crawford for final delivery in Dublin. Though Tighe strained his organs of hearing, he could only distinguish unconnected words; he fancied he heard the name of Carter, and directly he saw Captain Dennier pass to the hand of his friend an envelope out of which the latter took a carefully folded paper. He opened and perused it, then replaced it in its cover. Tighe, with his wonted sharpness, made a shrewd and lucky guess as to what might be the contents of the document. "Oh, all ye howly saints that's mentioned iver in the calendar," he mentally prayed, "help me now—help me to get hold o' that paper!"

The conference of the captains ended, Dennier left the apartment to send his own valet to facilitate Tighe's awkward packing, and Crawford, divesting himself of his coat and boots, threw himself upon the bed for a brief slumber preparatory to his sudden and unwished-for journey.

Tighe's eyes grew in size and shone like stars. He had seen his master deposit the envelope containing the all-important paper in some pocket about him, but whether in the inner breast pocket of his coat, or a recess closer to his person, he was unable to tell. With many fervent mental prayers, and with noiseless motion, that he might not disturb the now soundly sleeping officer, he seized the coat and conveyed it to the inner room. He knew that he should recognize the envelope from its peculiarly shaded color, and there, as if by the help he had invoked, he indeed bestrode it, the first thing he drew out of his breast pocket was the identical envelope; fortunately it was still unsealed—he could substitute something for its contents which he was about to pilfer. Garfield's letter to the Widow Moore was carefully placed in an inner pocket of his own; he brought it forth; it occupied paper enough to swell the envelope to the size it had been with Carter's document within it, and disposing it in place of the article which he now abstracted, the envelope was restored to the pocket from which he had taken it, the coat returned to its former position, and Tighe himself bent once more to his packing, chuckling as he thought of the government authorities, instead of receiving the valuable information they expected, would be in possession of his own ridiculous production to the Widow Moore. Still Tighe was troubled with misgivings; he wasn't sure that it was the right paper, after all; he was only depending on his own shrewd conjectures, and they might be wrong; then, also, Captain Dennier might read the document again, and finding a love epistle where he had before perceived valuable information of the proposed Irish Republic, he would instantly guess the perpetrator of the theft; and Tighe fairly trembled as he imagined the consequences. It was with many an anxious, though covert, glance that he watched the officer, when the latter, having arisen from his slumber, began hasty preparations for departure, and every resource which Tighe's natural wit and humor suggested he unintermittingly employed to divert his master from remembering the paper which had been given into his charge. But at the very moment of his departure, when Tighe was shouldering a couple of valises, and Captain Dennier's valet, now transferred to Captain Crawford, was bearing sundry small boxes to a vehicle in waiting below, the officer said suddenly:

"By Jove! I was forgetting: what did I do with that paper of Dennier's?"

The valises on Tighe's shoulder required re-adjusting just then—it became necessary to remove them from their position, and to shake and smooth them out, after which the locks had to be long and carefully tried, all of which maneuvering elicited no very gentle expressions from Captain Dennier's valet, who was impatient to have the luggage on the vehicle.

"Be aisy, man," said Tighe a Vohr, assuming a careless, jovial air, though his heart was beating like a trip hammer, "Fair an' smooth in a day never lost yet, an' there'll be time when you're in yer grave, an' the tip o' yer toes turned up to the roots o' the daisies; arrah! have patience!" as the English servant, now thoroughly provoked, tried to hurry matters by attempting to take one of the valises. "Do you think that I'll let the captain run the risk o' havin' his thraxa spilled out on the street afore his eyes, an' nather me nor Shaun there to help him?"

And Tighe, in his assumed indignation, stood upright, and ventured to give a broad look at Captain Crawford.

That gentleman had been searching his pockets in anxious and impatient haste; but now simultaneously with Tighe's look, he drew the envelope forth. Tighe shook so violently that he had to cover his agitation by exclaiming:

"Faith I think it's a magram! I'm gettin'!"

Captain Crawford was turning over the envelope, reading the superscription—which, had Tighe been able to read, would have satisfied his doubts at once; he soliloquized: "Yes; that's it." Then, without disturbing the contents, he sealed the envelope and put it carefully back in his breast pocket.

Tighe's magram suddenly disappeared, and extraordinary strength and energy returned to him; he felt as if he could serve as a pack-horse on his back, so relieved and so buoyant was his spirit; and it was with the very heartiest of adieu, not, however, without a dash of pathetic humor, that he, attended by Shaun, saw the officer finally depart.

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TIGHE A VOHR'S MOUTH-PIECE.

Rat-tat-tat-tat! It was a knock so loud, and so prolonged, and made with such a peculiar tattoo on the door, that Mory Moynahan paused at once in sweeping the kitchen floor in a little consternation; then, chiding herself for her cowardice, she went, broom in hand, to admit the applicant. Tighe a Vohr with Shaun at his heels stood before her, but he looked so unlike himself in his little scream of delight, his look expressed surprise, and some alarm, at his changed appearance.

"Don't moind; I'll explain it all to yer apology and a rueful look at himself, as he entered the house, Shaun closely following him. "But first tell me how you are"—extending his hand, and looking as if he would fain accompany his inquiry by a more endearing token of his regard.

The proffered member was refused, and Mory, drawing back from him, put her apron to her face, and began to rock her body to and fro like one in violent grief. Tighe seemed speechless with astonishment; he raised his eyes, scratched his head, looked at Shaun (who appeared to be as puzzled as his master), and at last, as if he must take some desperate measure, he approached Mory and attempted to pull the apron from her face. She only held it the closer, and seemed to be crying the more violently.

"In the name o' common sense, Mory, what is the reason o' all this? If it's wid me you are for stayin' away so long, a sort of ague.

why have it out at once, but don't be actin' in that outlandish fashion." She dropped her apron; to Tighe's renewed surprise not a trace of a tear was to be seen; then she put her finger on her lip and shook her head in a most wistful way.

"What's the matter?" broke out Tighe, fast losing his temper. Still her finger pressed to her lips and her sorrowful shake of the head was his only answer.

"Well, may I niver, if isn't enough to make a saint swear; here am I goin' through thick an' thin to prove me affection for you, an' you're lookin' at me dressed up till there isn't a kangaroo in Australia, but I'd be ashamed o' me for company, an' this is the thirteenth I receive. Mory Moynahan, you're loike the rest o' yer sex, a purty deavin' female that has no mortal aim in life but to destroy the hopes an' the hearts of the innocent, unsuspectin' male gender. Come, Shaun, lookin' ruefully at the dog, "we'll take her o' a place where there's no welcome for us."

Mory sprung after the animal, throwing herself on her knees beside it, and clasping her arms around its neck.

"Tell him, Shaun, that I can't speak to him; I'm forbidden by uncle to receive any attentions from him, because uncle says he drinks, and he wouldn't make me a good husband; but oh, tell him, Shaun, that I love him just the same."

"Whew!" prolonged and shrill, came from Tighe's lips, an ejaculation by which he intended to express how wrong she was; then, also, Captain Dennier might read the document again, and finding a love epistle where he had before perceived valuable information of the proposed Irish Republic, he would instantly guess the perpetrator of the theft; and Tighe fairly trembled as he imagined the consequences. It was with many an anxious, though covert, glance that he watched the officer, when the latter, having arisen from his slumber, began hasty preparations for departure, and every resource which Tighe's natural wit and humor suggested he unintermittingly employed to divert his master from remembering the paper which had been given into his charge. But at the very moment of his departure, when Tighe was shouldering a couple of valises, and Captain Dennier's valet, now transferred to Captain Crawford, was bearing sundry small boxes to a vehicle in waiting below, the officer said suddenly:

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a roystering townsman, to the reduced Irish gentleman holding animated parley with one of the officers. Tighe assumed his leisurely, half-fool manner; too wary to make open inquiry for recent arrivals, he hoped to gain his information by his usual shrewdness. A group composed of sporting men and officers were discussing some subject of the turf with loud animation. Suddenly one of the latter said: "I tell you, Garfield is in sorry plight."

The name made Tighe pause in his apparently aimless saunter.

"He shouldn't have been so d— quick," was the response from one of the sporting men. "He wouldn't listen to a friend's hint, or he might have saved his money an' his honor."

"Well, he hasn't lost them yet," said the first speaker.

"No; but they are as good as lost; the horse that he bet on has become disabled, and the rider that he engaged has been brought up on the other side."

"But he can enter new stakes."

"Too late; there isn't a horse in the county fit to use beside those already in the lists, and as for a rider, where would he look for one now?"

"How much has he bet?"

"A hundred or so, himself; but many of his friends are on his book."

"Steep for Garfield!"

"Yes; he wouldn't have entered so strongly but that handsome widow's brother was to the fore, and I fancy Garfield wanted to display a little."

"What! the Widow Moore's sporting brother, Jack?"

"Yes the same; and a scape-grace he is."

"Never a better; and he is going to ride Jima Lane's brown mare; as they were made, they were made for a greater pair of helter, skeltering wasabonds never existed than himself and the devil of a mare."

"And was it against him that Garfield bet?"

"Yes; it has got abroad some way that this poor fool of a quarter-master is dead in the ditch with the dashing widow, though she don't speak to him once, and that just at their introduction; and though by reason of having so many richer backers she has been giving him freezing looks and the like, it doesn't seem to have had any effect on the poor fellow. He's been haunting her like a shadow; intruding himself everywhere that he could do so without gross impropriety. Her brother, Jack, always ready for sport, whether fair or foul, got an inkling of all this, and also how the English man was one of a class who think an Irish girl's affections are to be had for the asking, and at the meeting for the course the other day—when the stakes were entered, and the horses named—just for sport, and to show the soldiers a bit of Irish smartness, when Body Crane's filly was put up, Jack, who had already got the ear of Garfield in view of this very thing, suggested that he, Garfield, should enter the filly, and that he, Jack, would furnish the best rider in all the county. Garfield accepted, though one of his friends tried to whisper him into refusing, and immediately the pools were made, and Garfield bet as I told you, and tied himself in a day or two, as a sad, duped man. The rider, Joe Canty, who is really the best jockey in the county, was bought up by the other side, just as deceiving Jack Moore knew he would be, and Body Crane's filly was discovered to have taken the spavin. The bet is in such a way that if Garfield cannot enter his horse, he and his friends will lose their money—a loss which I believe his purse is ill able to sustain at the present moment—and he will be laughed at by Jack Moore and all that roystering set; and I fancy that it is the anticipation of the latter which chafes him the most."

Tighe had heard sufficient. It would give him abundant thought for his next interval of leisure, and he had a dim idea that he should be able to turn it to some important advantage. He moved on to the bar, determining to hazard an inquiry which should elicit some information of his friends. His garb, proclaiming him to be the servant of a military officer, was rather a passport, procuring at least not uncivil attention from those with whom he came in contact. But the buxom girl at the bar, though she answered blandly enough all Tighe's apparently careless questions, imparted no satisfactory information, and Tighe departed, to venture on the same enterprise in the other hotels of the town. His efforts were as little successful, and he was puzzled, and provoked with himself, attributing his failure to his own "want of gumption," a phrase by which he expressed his deficiency in understanding. He was obliged at last to turn his steps to his master's quarters.

"Just in time," said Captain Dennier, stumbling upon Tighe in front of the barracks, and speaking with a kindlier tone than the latter felt he had any right to expect, having overstayed his limited leave of absence. "I have been in search of some one to take this note for me," drawing an embossed, neatly directed envelope from his pocket; "run down with it now to Blenner's and give it to the Reverend Mr. Meagher, and wait for an answer."

Tighe's whole face underwent so sudden and marked a change, intense pleasure showing in every lineament, that if he had not pretended to be very busy placing the note safely away, the officer must have remarked him. He knew the Reverend Mr. Meagher meant none other than Father Meagher, and Blenner's was one of the very hotels where he figured in his own fruitless search. It required but little time to reach again the bar, Shaun accompanying him, at which he had so recently stood, and it was with a very important air, arising from the consciousness of the legitimacy of his errand, that he delivered himself this time of no covert question, but an open inquiry for the worthy priest.

Accompanied by the remark that he bore a note from Captain Dennier, of her Majesty's Regiment, won for him immediate and respectful attention. He was shown to the parlor to wait for the reverend gentleman, while Shaun, to his own disappointment and that of his master, remained below.

Father Meagher was not prepared to meet Tighe a Vohr, and still less prepared to see him in his present dress. His start of astonishment, and then his

look of comical bewilderment, as his eyes wandered over Tighe's curly brown head down to his topped boots, and slowly back again, made Tighe smile, though he affected to hang his head in some confusion.

"What is the meaning of this?" said the clergyman at last, recovering from his surprise, and advancing to his visitor.

"Just this, yer riverence,"—and Tighe, bowing, handed him Captain Dennier's note.

The priest's face lit with a smile of satisfaction as he read, and he exclaimed when he had finished:

"Ah! he will see me, and he desires me to appoint the hour of my coming. He is truly the gentleman."

He turned to Tighe: "Pray tell me how you have come to be Captain Dennier's messenger."

Tighe made sundry manœuvres before he answered; walking the whole round of the room—which contained only the priest and himself—to be sure that there were no eavesdroppers, placing his hand on his mouth to shut in the sound of his voice, and rolling his eyes about, to be certain that no one could enter unperceived. Then he whispered to the clergyman a brief account of the events which had brought him to his present position.

"And you have in your possession now the paper containing information that Mory Carter gave to Captain Dennier?" said the astonished and delighted priest.

"I have, yer riverence, an' glad enough I am to surrender it into yer kappin'," drawing forth the document. "Sure I got lave o' absence, as the soldiers say, an' I want all the way to Droonmacool to give it to you, an' to tell the result o' all my trials to see the master. You wor from home, an' Mory wouldn't spake to me."

"Wouldn't spake to you!"—uttered in a tone of hearty surprise. "Why not?"

"I think yer riverence knows the reason—the ordner kem from yerself." And Tighe looked down in well-affected shyness.

The priest seemed puzzled for the instant; then it flashed upon him—the injunction he had given his niece regarding Tighe a Vohr; but he had not intended to impose such an absolute silence as Tighe reported. He was pleased, however, with that obedience, and disposed on that account, as well as on account of Tighe's own faithful efforts to get to the priest, to treat him with more than usual favor.

He shook Tighe a Vohr's hand: "You have done an inestimable service to our poor boy, as well as to the other poor fellows; none of us shall forget it for you; and now the young ladies must see you, and hear this; it will gladden their sad hearts. I shall ring for them."

He did so, and they came in arm in arm, both paler than they had ever looked to Tighe before, and both showing in every lineament of their fair faces such painful evidence of a wearing grief that almost broke the faithful fellow's heart to see it. They brightened when they saw him; somehow his very presence inspired hope, and though like the priest they were surprised at his garb, their hearts were glad. Again and again they wrung his hands, asking eagerly a dozen questions, and looking as if they could cry for joy when they heard of his success in obtaining the paper. How long the scene, with its pleasant and painful circumstances, might have continued not one of the little party could tell, but it was interrupted by the entrance of some of the guests of the hotel.

The clergyman sat in a low tone: "I was advised by a friend to see Captain Dennier when we came up here, and told me that the captain was a perfect gentleman, and, moreover, was the intimate friend of the governor of the jail; as such, should he be disposed, he could aid us to an interview with Carroll. Accordingly, I sought the officer on our arrival here, and he was not in the barracks at the time, and I left a note for him, stating that I had called on important business and would like to see him; he answers like the gentleman that he is reported to be, in a very courteous strain, placing himself at my service, and desiring to know when I can repeat my visit."

Tighe shook his head ominously: "I'm afeard it'll be very hard to see the young master; from all I can learn on ivry side he's under wonderful strict guard, an' not one at all that's suspected o' friendly intentions'll be allowed nix or near him; they say that order kem from the highest quarters. But"—and Tighe lowered his voice still more, and directed an earnest glance at Nora, whose attention was so eager that she was listening with parted lips and bated breath—"the captain is a bosom frind o' the governor o' the jail, an' it would be aisy enough for him to spake in yer favor, an' get the interview that way."

The priest's face brightened. "Well," he replied, "I shall answer Captain Dennier's note immediately, and perhaps something hopeful will come of my seeing him."

He returned to leave the parlor; Tighe and Nora began a low, earnest conversation but Clara followed him. "Father," stopping him in the corridor—"state in your answer that you will be accompanied by Nora and myself."

The clergyman stared aghast.

"I mean it, father; my heart misgives me as to Tighe's spoke of Carroll's strict guard, and should it be in Captain Dennier's power to procure for us an interview with my brother, his fine of sense honor"—there was a dash of sarcasm in her voice—"might make him refuse; but perhaps when Nora and myself unite in petitioning him, and when he sees us both so deeply in his debt, even his high principles could not control us in her voice."

"May not think it dishonorable to afford some consolation to two breaking hearts."

The tender-hearted priest, surprised and pained at her proposition, and embarrassed also at the thought of bringing ladies within the precincts of the barracks, yet could not find it in his heart to refuse her; he turned away, his silence yielding the assent she craved.

In a few minutes Tighe had the answer, and having called for Shaun, whose frequent bark had attracted his attention to his master's return, he was hastening back to the soldiers' quarters.

TO BE CONTINUED.

REPLY TO CHINIQUEY.

To the Editor of the Transcript:

Sir—I learn from the last issue of your able-edited paper that the Rev. Mr. Chiniquey has once more visited London for the purpose of killing Romanism and taking up a collection. I do not know the amount realized by the collection, but up to the hour of going to press, I know that Romanism is still alive.

It will be very much surprised if the intelligent people of Quebec swallow the vile calumnies of this meddling preacher, who has been a disturbing element in this fair Canada of ours for many a long day. For years and years Mr. Chiniquey has gone about the parishes of Quebec, baying the Catholic Church and disturbing her doctrines. The members of that Church heard him time and again, but they did not care for him, and he let them live on; yes, and if any mob ever attacked him, the probability is that they were his own friends who made a sham attack for the purpose of eliciting sympathy and advertising him. The very fact that Mr. Chiniquey has spent years among the Catholics of Quebec is a manifest evidence that the tolerant, forgiving spirit of that Province. This certainly live up to the precept of Christ who says, "Love your enemies; do good to them that hate you; bless them that curse you, and pray for them that persecute and calumniate you." (Matt. v. 44.)

This is an enlightened age. It is an age of steamboats, telephones and flying rail-way trains. It is also an age of hard facts—when mere bold assertions will not be taken for proof for sweeping charges against any Church. Now, what proof does Mr. Chiniquey give for his lying statements against the Catholic Church? No proof at all, except his own bald assertion.

It is says, "I have not enmity against those who have so kindly taken my life. Now, I defy Mr. Chiniquey to give the name and residence of any Catholic who ever tried to take his life. In the meantime I hurl back the insinuation as a foul calumny. Furthermore, I defy Mr. Chiniquey to prove that there is any contradiction between the doctrines of the Catholic Church and the doctrines of the Bible. Again, I defy Mr. Chiniquey to prove that it is impossible for Christ, our Saviour to be really present under the appearance of bread in many different places at the same time. Mr. Chiniquey's name is in thousands of places at the same time, and so, too, there is nothing to prevent our glorified Saviour from being present in thousands of different Catholic tabernacles Mr. Chiniquey, I will omit, in this letter, the Bible proofs for this Real Presence, Purgatory, Blessed Virgin, Holy Water, etc. These proofs are on record, and they have never been answered.

Mr. Chiniquey's dream is so silly that I consider it unworthy of notice. Dreams are not arguments, and Mr. Chiniquey should never put his faith to them, because the Bible says, "You shall not dream, nor observe dreams." (Lev. xii. 26.)

In one part of his discourse he spoke against "graven images," and soon afterwards he spoke in favor of "graven images." In fact, he wanted to get all the "graven images" the collection box would hold. Copper and five-cent pieces would not do; no, he wanted larger "graven images," called dollars. I don't blame you, Mr. Chiniquey, for no Church can be run in this country without "graven images." Get all you can, dear boy, but be consistent.

"Then he sheds more tears and says, 'Boo-hoo-hoo! I was attacked by mobs headed by priests thirsting for my life.' This accusation is a falsehood, and once more I call upon Mr. Chiniquey for the priests' names and residences. Until that proof is given, I will hold him up to the public gaze as a calumniator.

The Catholic Bishop of Chicago never told anyone that it is one of the teachings of the Catholic Church to kill Protestants. Challenge Mr. Chiniquey to produce that affidavit, and I will assist him to get all the assistance he can from his 35,000 (sic) converts. (7.)

Truly the prophecy of the Bible is being fulfilled (II Peter, ii. 1, 2, 3): "There shall be among you lying teachers, who shall bring in sects of perdition, . . . and many (35,000) shall follow their riotousness." Through whom (Mr. Chiniquey) shall be evil spoken of. And through covetousness they shall with feigned words make merchandise of you (not coppers, but dollars) and their perdition slumbereth not." Poor Chiniquey! I hope you will soon see the error of your ways, and be converted to God by returning to the one true fold, from which you strayed away long years ago. Thanking you, Mr. Editor, I remain, yours sincerely,

ALBERT MCKEON.
St. Athony, March 11th, 1899.

A NEW DANGER IN FOOD.

Physicians have discovered a serious danger to the public health in a new form of baking powder, large quantities of which have been put upon the market under different names. Alum baking powders have been so unanimously condemned as unwholesome that careful housekeepers will no longer buy them knowingly. The bitter taste which they leave in the food becoming recognized by consumers the deception practiced in selling them for pure cream of tartar powders could be no longer maintained.

To overcome this bitter taste the manufacturers are now using a mixture of alum and phosphatic acid. This still enables the production of a powder at a cost of five or six cents a pound which, sold at from twenty to forty, yields a large profit. Chemical tests, however, show that the phosphate and alum of the baking powder, are, by the heat of baking, partially resolved into phosphatic acid, a salt declared by chemists to be poisonous, and which, being readily soluble in the gastric juices, is dangerous to be taken in food. Great care should be exercised in using new articles of food. In baking powders it is safer to use the "Royal" only, an article which many years' experience has proved most efficient, and which has been officially demonstrated pure and wholesome.

Corns cause intolerable pain. Holloway's Corn Cure removes the trouble. Try it and see what an amount of pain is saved.

BY THE REV. EDWARD CARRUTHERS, LL. D.

ANDREW CARRUTHERS
Conversions were frequent in Scotland, impossible, however, to ascertain, as the discussion on several points showed, Bishop Carruthers 1850, Viscount Carruthers in order to be before them. This had occurred. Viscount's father accompanied by Mr. Bayle, arrived at law to prevent law from taking false step. To however, it was amended he and obtained an order, at which discussion on several points showed, Bishop Carruthers, 1850, Viscount Carruthers in order to be before them. This had occurred. Viscount's father accompanied by Mr. Bayle, arrived at law to prevent law from taking false step. To however, it was amended he and obtained an order, at which discussion on several points showed, Bishop Carruthers, 1850, Viscount Carruthers in order to be before them. This had occurred. Viscount's father accompanied by Mr. Bayle, arrived at law to prevent law from taking false step. To however, it was amended he and obtained an order, at which