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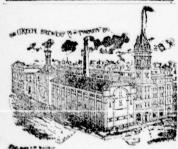
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LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD

An Historical Romance

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

CHAPTER XIX.—CONTINUED.

For three hours the private session asted. Lord Elward faced the full house of the Government, smooth and smiling as the summer sea, resolute as the rocks and as hard to be stirred. Threats and entreaties were alike wasted on him. His words had been taken down. He was

words had been taken down. He was called upon for an explanation.

"I am accused," he replied, and the low clear tones of his voice reached to the furthest verge of the spacious hall, distinct as they issued from his lips. "I am accused of having declared that the Lord Lieutenant and the majority of this house are the worst subsects the king has. I

Lieutenant and the majority of this souse are the worst subjects the king has. I said so, 'tis true, I'm sorry for it."

The angry murmur with which this contemptuous explanation was heard was slightly dashed with laughter. His friends took heart from his coolness. But it kindled anew the anger of the Govern-

m nt party.
A resolution was promptly moved and A resolution was promptly moved and carried without division—"That the ex-cuse offered by the Right Hon. Edward Fitzgerald, commonly called Lord Ed-ward, for the words so spoken, is unsatis-Sactory and insufficient.

But the Government seemed more

oubled by their own hostile resolution when they got it, than the man against whom it was directed.

When the hoarse chorus of ayes that

carried it died away, their passion died with it, and fearfollowed. Lord Edward's ook of unaffected unconcern more and more disconcerted his truculent oppo-

nents.

Lord Castlereagh hesitated a little as to the next step, but at the moment there was no chance of retreating. With a very visible faltering, he moved—" That it be ordered that the said Right Hon. Lord Edward Fitzgerald, commonly called Lord Edward Fitzgerald, do attend

co-morrow at the bar of the house."
This resolution, too, was carried without division; but the applause that greeted it was feeble and faint-hearted. Men had cooled down by this time, and were beginning to ask themselves what next, and found no answer to please

When the public were again admitted. when the public were again admitted, no stranger could have guessed that the smiling and fearless young fellow, who stepped out gay and debonnaire from the excited meeting, was the arraigned, and hat the group of scowling and shame faced men yonder were his arraigners Uninformed conjecture would simply

uninformed conjecture would simply have reversed their places.
"We shall win," said Lord Edward, as they walked home together in the order they had come.
"Those fellows are cowed. They feel

there is a power behind us stronger than their own, which corruption cannot tempo nor force intimidate. They will be in no nor force intimidate. They will be in n hurry to tackle us. To-morrow will tell. "They have professed duellists in their ranks," said Maurice, "and professed bullies in their pay. They may try to bick you off by assassination, licensed or

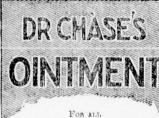
"I will keep my temper quiet and my word ready," replied Lord Edward, ughing. "But talking of — do you see laughing. those two muffled figures there-there in the dusk? By heavens! they are shadow-ing us. They have followed us the whole

way from the house."
"I have noticed them beyond," said Maurice quietly. "My father and myself scarcely stir from the door that we are not honored by their company, always in ATIONS, which are NUMEROUS & UNRELIABLE and a keen ear in the backwoods. We ave kept, as you say, our tempers cool and our weapons ready, and so far the spies have keep their distance. If I mis-take not the taller figure of the two is my worthy comin."

worthy cousin. And, by heaven!" cried Lord Edward, glancing keenly over his shoulder at their shadowy attendants, the other is his worthy friend, Lord Dulwich. Hatred has good eyes, and I hate the fel-

ow. What does it mean?" replied Sir "I think I can guess," replied Sir alentine, gloomily, for the shadow of a lack presentiment was on his soul. "My ew has shown scant scruple in clear-bstacles from his path." Next day, attended as before, Lord Ed-

vard returned to the house. He walked as blythely to the bar as ver accepted lover to his rendezvous. Again, in reply to the solemn questioning of the Speaker, he flung in the face of the majority of place-holders, place-hunters, and bigots, the scornful words of the previous day.



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oid healing as this wonderrapid healing as this wonder-ful Ointment. GEO. LEE, MANSFIELD, ONT., GEO. HEB., MANSFIELD, ONLY, Eays he was troubled with Eczema on the handsso bad that he could not work. He had doctors treat-ing him, and tried all the remedies he heard of, but of no avail. At night the itching was so severe he could not sleep. Dr. Chase's Ointment being recommended to

price, 60 cents. Sold by all dealers, or Edmanson, bates & Co., Terento, Ont.

But time had brought reflection, and reflection fear, to the dastard majority. The angry murmur with which his defiance was received was slight and brief;

silance came quickly, and remained.

At length a shamefaced man from the Government side got on his feet and pro-ceeded to move, amid an angry murmur behind and scornful laughter in front, "That the explanation of the Right Hon. Edward Fitzgerald, commonly called Lord Edward Fitzgerald, be accepted as

Prudence prevailed. Men were pulled by main force to their seats, swords were pushed back in their scabbards, the wild cry of rage took articulate sound at last. "To the bar, to the bar." Take down his words," resounded from the Government benches.

The house was cleared. At first there seemed to be a movement as of resistance from the galleries; but at a slight gesture from Lord Edward it subsided.

For three hours the private session the same bench. Then silence. The motion was silently seconded from the same bench. Then silence. The motion was put from the chair. A triumphant chorus of "Ayes" thundered out from the Opposition benches, whose spirit revived with the discomfiture of their opponents. and the motion carried by an overwhelming majority. In a crowded house only fifty-five members ventured to record their votes against it. The triumph of

revolt was complete.

In the person of their leader, Lord Edward, the United Irishmen had defied the intolerant and corrupt majority of the house, and the majority had swallowed

When Lord Edward showed himself on the steps fronting College Green a great with which the broad space was filled. They would have caught and chaired him. But he slipped down into the throng, and forced his way through. With Maurice and his father on either

with Maurice and his lather on either side he came swiftly down the quay.

"Victory! victory!" he cried joyously to Maurice, when at last they had got clear of the crush of the crowd and the din of the cheering; "that victory without bloodshed for which you always longed. We have taught them to-day to We have taught them to-day to tonged. We have taught them to day to be respect our power; the next lesson is to obey it. We will speak pikes but use none. By the way, I did not see your worthy consin in the house."

"You may see him now if your eyes are keen enough," replied Maurice, requiring to an archway, where the gather-

are keen enough," replied Maurice, pointing to an archway, where the gather-

pointing to an archway, where the gathering shades of twilight thickened into darkness, and common eyesight could catch only the bare outline of muffled figures lurking. But Maurice Blake's was no common sight. It pierced and searched the darkness like a cat's.

"My cousin and Lord Dalwich," he said, "are hiding yonder like a brace of pickpockets. By heavens!" he went on, "there is that great brute Hempenstal half crouched behind them. There is m'schief brewing." We must be on our guard. Those three are not there together for nothing. Three to three, however," he added, with a smile; "we are more than their match." ore than their match.

His right hand, as he spoke, dropped down to his side, where his sword hilt bught to be, and he uttered a low cry of His sword belt had been cut in the

crowd-belt and weapon were gone. His father had been similarly despoiled. Some silver chasing on Lord Edward's belt had stopped the knife half way through the leather, and left him still

armed.
"The cowardly assassins," growled
Maurice between his teeth. "But they
must win us before they wear us." He
grasped and shook his stout blackthorn ominously. "Step out, Lord Edward," he whispered; "let us get to shelter in Dominick street as soon as may be. My father is unarmed, and it is on his life, i I mistake not, the attack is to be made."

The excitement in the House of Commons had proved contagious. Torches began to dance about hither and thither in the twilight. The whole city seemed astir. From Cork Hill came yells of anger or triumph, interspersed with fierce

oursts of laughter. There the butchers of Ormond quay and the tabinet weavers of the Liberties were engaged in one of heir senseless faction fights. High over this noisy tumult there broke occasionally, on the evening air, from Lord Beresford's "Riding School" the wild, long shriek of agony, followed

by laughter such as the devils might laugh in hell. Right well Edward and his companions knew these sounds and The companies knew these sounds and their gruesome meaning.

To the pillar of that ill-famed establishment of Beresford's someone in ghastly jest had pinned the legend "Mangling done here." It justified the description Tortun was the recreation

"Mangling done here." It justified the description. Torture was the recreation of the noble proprietor which it pleased him to call loyalty. Men were half hanged till their eyes and tongues protruded, then cut down to struggle back as painfully to life again. Caps of brown paper or sheep skin lined with boiling pitch were claused on the borth hadde." pitch were clapped on the bare heads of the wretched victims, where they stuck and scorched, and the frantic hands that tore them away in fragments tore hair and bleeding skin with them. Another yell, wilder and keener than any they had yet heard, cut the air like a

knife: another, and yet another. cries came nearer and nearer. A victim had escaped the torturers. There was the quick clatter of hurrying feet on the paveent behind. A man with the torurin pitchcap streaming on his head rushed wildly past them, and mad and blind with pain, plunged over the low wall into the quick current of the Liffey, swollen vith the high tide.

Quick as a well-trained retriever Lord

Edward was over after him, splash into he dark water. He caught him before he sank. The

sool current eased the wretch's pain. He was a brave fellow. With ease of his gony his courage came back. He could wim a little, and Lord Edward helping, hey reached together the iron ladder that

rose out of the water close to Essex Bridge, and climbed back to the quay. Maurice and Sir Valentine lent a hand as they mounted. All three recognized the rescued man as Dan Corbett, a brave and prominent member of their society But there was no time to question him, for quick upon his track the bloodhound yeomen came, yelling out fierce curses—
a score of them—Lord Beresford and
Major Stirr at their head.

"You will not desert me." the poor

"Quick!" whispered Maurice; "quick! for the bridge; with our backs to the balustrades we will keep those bullies at bay. There is a chance those foolish felows vonder on Cork Hill will be drawn down by the sound of the fight, glad to join forces against the Castle."

the yeoman, flustered with drink, stumbling and shouting in their eagerness of

the attack, were upon them.

Maurice was nearest. Again his hand went down instinctively to his side, and he remembered, with a pang, his good blade was gone. Next moment his thick, blackthorn stick whistled over his head. It caught the raised sword of his first assailant, and dashed it from his hand. The second stroke fell on the man's head and sent him down like a ninepin. Quick as light the rescued man, Corbett, picked up the blade of the fallen foe, caught an

up the blade of the failen foe, caught an incoming yeoman on its point, ran him clean through the body, regained his weapon, and stood on guard again.

Lord Edward was less fortunate. Always impetuous, his eagerness was heightened now by the feeling that he was the one-armed man of his party. He did not wait for the assault, but rushed right into the midst of the advancing weapon. into the midst of the advancing yeomer He parried a shrewd thrust at his breast and spitted the man who made it on the point of his sword. But before he could regain his weapon his arms were seized from behind, and pinned to his sides; a coarse hand was pressed to his mouth and he was half-carried, half-dragged away up Parliament street by a dozen the party, to take the place of the m whom he had rescued from the torture of the man Maurice was too hard pressed to note his capture, much less attempt a rescue. opt his ground bravely in front of ther. Timber against steel, he beat down the points and beat in the heads

in the first close rush impeded each other's weapons. A couple tumbling back amongst the throng heightened the confusion. They had begun to give way. Each hung back himself; each urged his neighbors to the assault. The fight seemed almost at an end. But at this moment three muffled figures that had from the first hovered on the outskirts of the tumult pressed into the centre and renewed the attack. These men were All three were strong and actve. One was a giant.

Without a word of warning one of the

his opponents. The half-drunken fellows

three delivered a point-blank thrust at the breast of Maurice Blake, whose quick eye caught the cold glint of the steel only just in time. So sudden was the thrust and in time. So sudden was the thrust and so quick, that the keen point tore the lace ruffles on his bosom as he dashed the weapon aside. Quick as lightning another plunge followed, and another. Here was no child's play. His assailant was a deadly swordsman. The rapier was sheathed, but four inches of bright steel protruded from the extremity of the scabbard, and darted hither and thirher like a serpent's tongue, searching for his opponent's life through every opening in his defence. Maurice Blake's stout parries fell on leather, not steel. In vain parries fell on leather, not steel. In vain he sought by sheer strength to break the weapon, or wrest or dash it from the hand of his skilful assailant. The sword point pressed him closer and closer, plancing everywhere. He was forced to rive ground a little to avoid those pitiless

thrusts.

His father was now opposed with empty hands against the gang of armed ruffians.

The masked giant made at him with uge sword uplifted.
But before the blow could fall Sir Valentine leaped forward, caught his wrist in a grasp of iron, and so wrenched it, that with a cry of rage and pain the brute dropped his great weapon, clashing on the pavement. Then they closed in a fierce death-struggle, bulk against bulk, strength against strength. It was a tussle of giants. Through Sir Valentine was a man of splendid physique, Hem-penstal was a full head taller, and half again his weight. But from head to foot Sir Valentine's gaunt figure was bone and muscles, made tough as whalebone by a life of incessant exercise. His hug was that of a grizzly bear. As they spun round in their fierce struggle. Her stal felt the strain of those strong arms crashing his ribs like a closing band o crushing his ribs like a closing band of steel. He put forth all the strength in his huge sluggish frame to save himself. Straining up over his enemy, he strove to force his clenched hands into his back, and so bending down fall on him, and crush him with his weight. The device seemed to succeed. Sir Valentine bent under the pressure. Hempenstal threw all his cumbrous weight forward on him.

Suddenly, with a supreme effort of strength, Sir Valentine straightened him-self under this vast load of brawn and bone, lifting it sheer into the air. Then with a sudden whirl, he slung the giant's dangling limbs clear of the low parapet of the bridge, and, straining to the uttermost, raised and hurled him down into the swift, full current of the river, to sink

Turning, he caught up the great sword from the pavement, and faced the affright-

Well might they shrink back in dismay from that threatening figure. grey head uncovered, keen blue eyes blazing with the light of battle, and huge brand uplifted and quivering to fall, he stood for a moment terrible as the Angel of Destruction.

The next moment a pistol report rang out. The pellet of lead struck full on his forehead, and went crashing through his brain. The stately figure fell prone on the pavement, quivered, and lay quite still—a gashtly heap of ruined humanity. Maurice Blake half turned at the sharp report, and saw his father's fall. For a moment he was thrown completely off his guard. At that moment, his treacherous opponent, watching his chance, drove the en steel into his side.

He faced round instinctively, galled by the sharp sting of the steel. The mask had fallen from his enemy. He saw the white face of Lord Dulwich, a smile of cowardly triumph on it. Then, with a last fierce effort, Maurice struck out wildly. He felt the tingling sensation in his arm; he heard the dull smash as the heavy stick struck the white handsome face with horrible force, burying the rugged nobs in the quivering flesh. He rugged nobs in the quivering flesh. He saw the blood squirt out and the man go down. A wild shout seemed to peal in his ear; then darkness came upon him. He reeled and fell.

The shout that filled his ears as he fell was the cry of a wift-coming rescue.

Major Stirr at their head.

"You will not desert me," the poor wretch faltered.

The kindly grasp of Lord Edward, and Sir Valentine's friendly hand upon his shoulder answered him without a word.

"Quick!" whispered Maurice: "quick! faction fight of the Ormond quay butchers, who styled him with our heads to be the care of the Commond quay butchers, who styled him with our heads to the common described by the care of the Commond quay butchers, who styled him was very ways who stubbornly deerty tabinet weavers, who stubbornly de-fended it, with no other meaning in their deadly conflict save the love of fighting

for its own sake. Just at the entrance of the Castle Yard

clutching a poignard. At the mere flash of the steel the fellow on the right hand let go his hold. Lord Edward flew away like a pigeon from an opened trap; a score of swift strides, and he was half-way up the steep ascent of Cork Hill, in the very thick of the struggling faction-

Half-a-dozen of them recognized him in a moment-staunch

every one.

The cry, "Lord Edward for ever!" was instantly raised, and caught up by both factions. The conflict ceased as if by magic. The men close beside him were shame-faced and silent under his angry

His voice rang out clear over their cheers, with scorn and anger in its tones.

"You fools!" he cried; "you besotted fools! Have you no ensmies, that you must need waste your strength and courage on each other, while your brethren are tortured and butchered with impuna-

ity? Come! If you would fight foes, not friends, follow me."
He pointed to the yeemen at the Castle gate. With a shout they ranged themselves behind him, dashed like a torrent down the steep ascent, and sent the enemy shrieking and flying before them no Dame Street. up Dame Street.
"Oh!" shouted Lord Edward; and,

with unchecked speed, they poured after him down Parliament street to the bridge. The fight was over there.

Maurice Blake lay where he had fallen, Maurice Blake By where he harrance, prone on his father's corpse. Lord Dulwich, helped off by his com-panion, had disappeared. The yoemen closed in on their first victim, Corbett, panion, had disappeared. The yoemen closed in on their first victim, Corbett, who had defended himself with desperate courage, but was now overwhelmed by numbers. With shouts of triumph they were hauling him away, when the live torrent from Cork Hill swept down, and scattered them. "Liberty boys" and butchers vied with each other in the base. They exicat when the drips were chase. They seized upon the flying yeo-men with shouts of fierce laughter, and slung them over the low river wall into the water, like the blind puppies of a lit But Lord Edward, frantic with fear for

his missing friends, took no part in the pursuit.

In the gathering twilight his eyes missed for a moment the bodies lying so still under the shadow of the bridge's

parapet.
"Maurice! Maurice!" he shouted wildly, " a rescue! a rescue! Answer but a

Still shouting and rushing wildly to and fro, he almost stumbled over the bodies that lay, as it seemed, embraced

in death. He stooped and touched them, and his and came up wet and clammy with blood.

Trembling, he knelt beside them on the Iremoting, he knelt beside them on the blood stained pavement.

Maurice and his father both bleeding, both senseless. "Both," so his first thought ran, "dead,"

But Lord Edward had been in battle, and the addigner institutes were level in

and the soldier's instincts were keen in him. Sharp as was the pang he felt, it did not rob him of quick, cool judgment. He found the blood was still oozing in a little stream from Maurice Blake's wound. There was life still in his veins. He tore open coat and shirt, and pressed his ear to the naked side. He rather felt than heard the feeble flutter of his heart. The small round hole in the centre of Sir Valentine's forehead told his fate only

too plainly.

Hastily, but skilfully too, Lord Edward staunched the oozing blood, and bound up the deep wound in Maurice Blake's side with two tattered strips of white cambric, while his followers, tearing down a gaily-painted barber's pole that stretched half across the quay, man-aged under his direction to construct a litter, of which the covering was the coats stripped from their own shoulders.

As softly and smoothly as calm water

pears a boat upon its bosom, they bore thim through rough, dark streets, until they laid the litter, with the still body on it, down at the door of Dr. Denver's house n Jervis street.

TO BE CONTINUED.

HOW TROUVEUR WON HIS PLACE.

It was a dismal, drizzly evening, and nearly all the world seemed to have gone home to dinner, especially in that section of New York city known as the old French Quarter. In the wet streets were to be met only a few stragglers-gamins and mendicants with perhaps now and again a busy man of affairs hastening to the warmth and brightness of his own fireside; or a belated clerk plodding wearily to ward his cheerless lodgings or boarding house.

'A night to give one the vapors, the rheumatism or la grippe, if not all three," Monsieur Pichard would ordinarily have declared it, with many a bah and allons done at finding himself abroad in such weather.

On this occasion, neverthless, his face beamed with urbanity as he stepped out of Attorney Sharp's law office, after nervously thrusting an old fashioned wallet into the breast of his overcoat-a somewhat shabby gar ment of antiquated cut, which he wore buttoned up to the chin, in trig, milit ary style. For monsieur in his youth ad served the required three years in the army of the Empire before he cam to America; ostensibly to better his fortunes, but, in fact, to eke out a precarious livelihood as a teacher of French language - translator in a chance way for various book publish ers, and letter-writer for certain mer cantile firms, whose importing business was too inconsiderable to require the exclusive services of a foreign correspondent. What a contrast between his career

and that of his friend, Jacques Menier, who made such a great fortune through the manufacture of chocolate according to the Parisian method! Ah, on the other hand, what a rare good fellow was Jacques, out of this abundant wealth, to leave at his death a small annuity to his "brother in affection, Charles Pichard, as a souvenir of long years of mutual friendship!" But how many months join forces against the Castle."

They had scarcely gained their vantage point on the crown of the bridge, when the definition of the point of the crown of the bridge, when the definition of the bridge, when the definition of the point of the crown of the bridge, when the definition of the point of the crown of the bridge, when the definition of the point of the point of the crown of the bridge, when the definition of the point of the point of the crown of the bridge, when the definition of the point of the point

courtly, but sadly impecunious, old beneficiary received.

Attorney Sharp said there were ant to be delays before the provisions of a will could be carried out; but from the first Madame Pichard had mistrusted Attorney Sharp. To night therefore, as monsieur stepped out of the lawyer's office, he was, notwithstanding the rain and gloom, in a blissful frame of mind and well pleased with human nature in general.

"Ha! it has come out right, after all, as I always assured Suzanne would be the case," he soliloquized. "How pleasant it is to have agreeable news to carry home to the wife who has with one endured many privations; and, mon Dieu! endured them so bravely and sturdily too; albeit at times "-here monsieur involuntarily shrugged his shoulders,-"at times, it must be acknowledged, with a dash of asperity! But what would you? How dull would life be if something did not occur once in a while to afford variety ; occasionally to be tripped up by a pebble in one's path might be a pleasing change from a road of commonplace, monotonous smoothness.

At this point an interruption that, oddly enough, bore out the comparison. and bade fair to prove for the nonce actually a more serious stumbling-block than madame's temper, brought the meditations of the amiable man to an abrupt close. In the fog a small, be draggled object ran against his legs, and so entangled itself around them as almost to upset his equi'ibrium.
While he struggled to regain a footing a neighboring electric light flared up, as if with a laudable resolve to do batter in the matter of guiding people on their way, he discerned a meagre little deg, which turned upon him

snappishly.
"He, He! What now? Down, Bouffon! Down, idiot! Do you want to be trodden upon? Bah! avaunt begone !" exclaimed Monsieur Pichard, with what he considered extreme gruff

For answer the mongrel gave a beseeching whine, and crouched shivering at his feet. The tender nature of the venerable gentleman was touched with pity. "Wretched waif! are you hungry

and homeless like many human beings, alack! in this great city to night? he said, commiseratingly. "I have promised that the destitute shall have a share in my good fortune. Can I pass by even one of God's dumb creatures when it appeals to me for succor? No, assuredly not. Come Bouffon, we will buy a bun."

Comprehending the kindly tone if not the tenor of the words, the forlorn cur responded by a vigorous wag of his stubby tail, and, turning about, trotted after his new acquaintance with the alacrity and reviving courage of one who has unexpectedly found a friend in adversity.

At a bakery in the vicinity his patron purchased the bun, fed the half starved dog, and then gently essayed to drive it away. The grate ful terrier refused to be cast off, ever. In vain did Monsieur Pichard strive to persuade; in vain did he finally stamp his foot and threaten: all was of no avail. The tramp dog looked up at him in pleading, wagged its tail harder than ever, at intervals started off as if in obedience; but when the good man had gone a few steps farther he was sure to discover persistent little friend again at his

"A plague on the stray! It seems bent on following me home," he muttered, in comical annoyance. "Little comrade, you are not wise: Madame Suzanne does not like

After trudging on for some ten minutes more, the old monsieur reached the dingy house, remodelled into flats, where he lived. Slowly, because of the semi-darkness, he mounted the stairs to his own apart-At the sound of his latch-key in the lock, the door of this shabby suite was thrown open; and there stood madame, who had been awaiting his return in a fever of anxiety.

"Well?" she inquired, laconically. The fatigue of his walk had evidently calmed the exhilaration of his mood; for, though the light of the oil lamp on the center table of the small parlor now shone upon him, her husband's face told her nothing. Before he could speak, her restless glance turned from him to the little dog that, having followed him into the room, still kept close to him as if mutely claiming his protection.

"Parbleu, mon ami, what have we here?" she asked, curtly.

"My dear, it is only a friendless vagrant, which in its dumb way, egged me so so corner by the fire that I had not the heart to refuse," was the ingratiating reply.

But Madame was not to be pro

pitiated.
"You know, Charles, I can not abide a dog in the house," she began; and then, turning to the intruder, added brusquely: "There, you ugly added brusquely: tramp, get out!" The hapless canine would have felt

her command enforced by a blow from his benefactor's umbrella, which the energetic lady caught up at random, out once more monsieur came to the rescue. "Eh bien, my dear!" he said, laying a detaining hand upon her arm.
"Put him out if you will, but let me first tell the news I have for you.

instalment of the annuity."
"What! is it indeed so?" exclaimed had passed since the reading of the Madame Suzanne, starting back in

Sharp has paid to me the half-yearly

MARCH 26, 1898

was almost impossible to believe s happiness was truly theirs.
"Yes, thanks be to God! Her

the money. With these words he unbuttoned overcoat and sought in its inner po for the treasure which was to lig the cares of his hard-working spo But, alas! how soon may rejoicing turned into sorrow! The money The worthy gentleman, in xcitement and haste to bring h the happy tidings, had probably thrust his wallet into the pocket at but only in between the buttons of coat, whence it had slipped down been lost. For a moment the old French

and his wife regarded each othe silent dismay at the calamity that befallen them. Then Monsieur ard found voice. 'My poor Suzanne! what a m

able man I am, to have brought misfortune upon you!" he faltered bitter self-accusation.

Either madame considered

trouble too great for reproache else his despair smote her to the h for, still without a word, she sank a chair and began to sob hysteric The little dog which by various had been endeavoring to obtain n at this moment brushed against gown ; and, having thus succeed attracting her gaze, stood uprig his hind legs as if begging her fu attention, yapped in a peculiar and wistfully watched every chan

ance.
Glad of something upon whi vent her wrath and disappoint

the expression of her florid cour

Madame sprang to her feet.

"Get out of my sight, you beast!" she veciferated, making other dash at it with the umb brought a bone—an odious, n bone—into the room. Out, ra out, I say!"
Still evading the blows, the u

come guest absolutely refused driven forth : and continued to about in an explicable manner, and again standing up to beg giving a sharp, quick bark, doing its best to speak.
"Vexatious brute!" she ejacu

pausing for breath, and pu aside with the end of the umbrel supposed bone which had dropp the carpet before her. Sudden canght it up with a cry of "Why, what is this? Charles ami, bless God and the gracio Antoine—the little dog has been careful of your interests than you yourself: he has brought your safe home for you !"

Her husband peered at the looking packet in her eager and incredulously felt for his tacles; but madame had a opened the wallet.

Yes," she announced, tree with agitation as she searched of contents: "here are the ban all safe ; is it not so? Thanks God! thanks be to God!" Together they counted the

Yes, it was all there. The cleve dog, having doubtless at som been taught to fetch and carr seen the wallet drop, picked and, despite all rebuffs, had insi restoring it to the ingenuous to whom the loss would have b grave a disaster. "Shut the door, mon am aimed madame. "Surely

claimed madame. faithful follower has earned hi by our hearth! While there is n us there will always be a fine b him, and whatever else may be taste "Ha ha!" laughed monsieu bing his hands together in

Bouffon, I believe I styled him

"And what shall we nan

I tried to reason with him street. "Bouffon! By no mean clared Madame Suzanne, sco "No, it shall be Trouveur—"th ful finder.'

thenceforth, apparently fully standing the situation and the affairs in his favor, was all t frolicking about and yelping light that his service had at with recognition.
"Ha ha ha!" chuckled n again, stooping to pat the ellittle animal. "Truly you tunate, little Trouveur; for y

Sagacious Trouveur, as he wa

won a place in the heart of m and-you lucky dog-the bes hearts it is, as I, of all the wor good cause to know.' The smile of wifely devot which madame greeted this speech of her gallant old husb

beautiful to see. "Ah, mon ami!" she a wiping the joyful tears from l you were ever gentle and and thoughtful for others; instinctive gratitude of this li ture that you befriended is bu instance of how kindness ofte a hundredfold reward."—Jan in The Ave Maria.

Was out of Sorts. Was outfolgeofts.

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