



Every thoughtful man... Every thoughtful man who has a business man, a mechanic or a farmer, feels that he has a certain work to do in this world, and he wants to complete it.

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD

An Historical Romance. BY M. N. D. HODKIN, G. C.

CHAPTER XIX.—CONTINUED.

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.

For three hours the private session lasted. Lord Edward faced the full house of the Government, smooth and smiling as the summer sea, resolute as the rocks and as hard to be stirred.

"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.

The angry murmur with which this contemptuous explanation was heard was slightly dashed with laughter.

When the hoarse chorus of ayes that carried it died away, their passion died with it, and fear followed. Lord Edward's look of unaffected unconcern more and more disconcerted their truculent opponents.

Lord Castlereagh hesitated a little as to the next step, but at the moment there was no chance of retreating.

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

"We shall win," said Lord Edward, as they walked home together in the order they had come.

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

At length a shamefaced man from the Government side got on his feet and proceeded 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 satisfactory by this house."

He stumbled awkwardly through a few sentences, and sat down. The motion was silently seconded from the same bench. Then silence. The motion was put from the chair.

"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.

"My cousin and Lord Dalwich," he said, as he hidy behind a bush of pickpockets. "By heavens!" he went on, "there is that great brute Hemenstall chief brewing."

"I will keep my temper quiet and my sword ready," replied Lord Edward, laughing. "But talking of—do you see those two muffled figures there—there in the dusk?"

"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 the shadow."

The yeoman, flustered with drink, stum-bling and shouting in their eagerness of the captives were on them.

Maurice was nearest. Again his hand went down instinctively to his side, and he remembered, with a pang, his good blade was gone.

Always impetuous, his eagerness was heightened now by the feeling that he was the one-armed man of his party.

Maurice was too hard pressed to note his capture, much less attempt a rescue. He leapt his ground bravely in front of his father.

"Without a word of warning one of the 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."

The masked giant made at him with the sword upraised, and he sprang 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.

Suddenly, with a supreme effort of strength, Sir Valentine straightened himself under this vast load of brass and bone, lifting it sheer into the air.

Well might they shrink back in dismay from that terrible figure. With grey beard unconvulsed, 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.

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 factious-fighters.

The cry, "Lord Edward for ever!" was instantly raised, and caught up by both factions. The conflict ceased as if by magic.

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.

"Maurice! Maurice!" he shouted wildly, "a rescue! a rescue! Answer but a 'Yes'!"

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

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.

"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 ahous done at finding himself abroad in such weather.

What a contrast between his career and that of his friend, Jacques Monier, who made such a great fortune through the manufacture of chocolate according to the Parisian method!

courty, but sadly impecunious, old beneficiary received. Attorney Sharp said there were apt to be delays before the provisions of a will could be carried out; but from the first Madame Pichard had mistrusted Attorney Sharp.

"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,—"

"Oh!" shouted Lord Edward; and, with unchecked speed, they poured after him down Parliament street to the bridge. The fight was over there.

"Wretched wail! are you hungry and homeless like many human beings, slack! 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."

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 grateful ferret refused to be cast off, however. In vain did Monsieur Pichard strive to persuade; in vain did he finally stamp his foot and threaten: all was of no avail.

"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,—"

"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,—"

"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,—"

PALM SUNDAY. REAL PALMS FOR PALM SUNDAY. The average number used is 100 heads per 1000 persons. PASCHAL CANDLES 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 15 pounds each, plain. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 15 pounds each, decorated.

MISSIONS Catholic Missions supplied with Mission Books, Beads and other articles of Catholic Devotion. D. & J. SADLER & CO. CATHOLIC PUBLISHERS.

Preserve Your Teeth. CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER. CARBOLIC TOOTH PASTE. F. C. CALVERT & CO., Manchester.

RAU DRESSMAKER Ever-Ready DRESS STAYS. All Women will appreciate the improvements in the Ever-Ready Dress Stays.

THE O'KEEFE BREWERY CO. OF TORONTO. High-class English and Bavarian Hopped Ales. XXX, Porter and Stout. Pilsener Lager of World-wide Reputation.

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT. For All Itching, Torturing, Distressing, Disfiguring Skin Diseases.

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT. For All Itching, Torturing, Distressing, Disfiguring Skin Diseases.

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT. For All Itching, Torturing, Distressing, Disfiguring Skin Diseases.

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT. For All Itching, Torturing, Distressing, Disfiguring Skin Diseases.

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT. For All Itching, Torturing, Distressing, Disfiguring Skin Diseases.

was almost impossible to believe his happiness was truly theirs. "Yes, thanks be to God! Here the money." With these words he unbent overcoat and sought in its inner pocket for the treasure which was to light the cares of his hard-working spouse. But, alas! how soon my rejoicing turned into sorrow! The money was gone! The worthy gentleman, in excitement and haste to bring 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.