

gott... At the end of fifteen... he was... interested. At the... end of thirty, when the first act... terminated, he was sitting spell-bound.

"Shall I leave off here?" inquired the stranger, "or shall I go on?" I am ready, you know, to stand by your compact.

"Go on—go on!" said Mr. Quillet, with a wave of his hand. Every trace of anger and resentment had left him. It was evident from the expression of his face and from his whole demeanor that he was alive to no other sensations than those produced by this extraordinary play.

With kindling eye and heightened color, the stranger proceeded, his deep, musical voice never missing a point nor stirring light and shade. The motive of the tragedy—to wit, the representation of the devil in a human shape—was obviously far from original, but the treatment of the subject was absolutely so, differing both in details and essentials—and differing for the better—from every previous tragedy. It breathed throughout an air not merely of powerful tragic interest but of genuine reality and natural consequence which hurried you forward to the fatal climax by a series of irresistible developments. Long before the end was reached Mr. Quillet, who was far from predisposed in the stranger's favor, saw that the piece would be a fortune to any manager and inwardly confessed that his own just completed tragedy, on which hitherto he had rather vaunted himself, would be literally extinguished by the blaze of so powerful a production.

But the wonderful strength and terrible pathos of the *dramma* soon obliterated from his mind everything in the shape of sordid calculations and left him only conscious of an overwhelming sense of tragic emotion.

"There!" said the stranger, laying down his papers, and regarding Mr. Quillet's expressive face with a look of placid triumph. "What do you say? Does the piece justify the strong measures I have taken to force it on your notice, or does it not?"

"It is a masterpiece," gasped Mr. Quillet. "A work of genius—a splendid tragedy. There is no man living, and very few dead, who could have written it."

"I believe you," was the quiet reply. "It stands alone. I know it. And now I give you your reward for having heard me to the end. Take this tragedy, write your name upon it and produce it at the Theatre for your own."

"Eh—er—I don't understand you," Mr. Quillet ejaculated, supposing that his ears had deceived him.

"My words were plain," replied the stranger. "My meaning equally so. I make you a present of my piece—out and out—with no reserve, except that you offer it to Billhurst of the Theatre, in lieu of the one which you are now writing."

"Impossible!" cried Mr. Quillet. "Common honesty forbids me to appropriate your work like that. Why, man alive, do you not realize that this tragedy is worth money to you? It means name and fortune."

"Bah!" laughed the other scornfully. "What do I care with either? I have long enjoyed too much of both. All I desire is to have my tragedy produced. In whose name, or to whose profit, I care not a straw."

"But, really," objected Mr. Quillet.

"Pish—my friend, none of these butts. With my eyes open and in good faith, I make you an offer which, while it suits me, is highly advantageous to yourself. If you are too proud to accept—well, there may be others less squeamish. But you have your chance."

"Pride is not concerned in the matter," replied Mr. Quillet. "But how can I bring myself to put my name to another man's work? It would be a species of literary forgery."

"Nothing of the sort," was the energetic reply. "The play is my own in every sense. I have an incontestable right to make it over to you. Will you take it, or will you not?"

"Upon my word," was the hesitating rejoinder, "I—I—that is—in point of fact—"

"I can't wait," interposed the stranger briskly. "I must have 'yes' or 'no' at once. If the former, well and good; if the latter, I take it else where immediately. Which it it to be?"

"Well, really, if you are bent on giving it away," answered Mr. Quillet. "I suppose I may as well profit by it as any one else."

"Yes, considerably better, from your standpoint. Very good! Then you accept the piece on the conditions named."

"I do," replied Mr. Quillet, after some reflection. He was not prepared to reject this extraordinary offer then and there, but he reserved (mentally) to himself the right of cancelling his verbal acceptance by letter, if he deemed it wiser on mature consideration.

"That is right," answered the other, taking up his hat, and rising to go. "I will not detain you longer now. Probably I shall call on you again shortly."

"Stay," cried Mr. Quillet. "You will leave me your name and address, in case I wish to communicate with you?"

The stranger shook his head.

"No," he said, "I have an insuperable objection to that. I have particular reasons for secrecy, which I cannot now explain. You shall learn more about me by and by. For the present I prefer to keep my identity concealed."

He rose, bowed to Mr. Quillet, and hurriedly left the room. Before the

latter had half recovered from his surprise the street door banged behind his mysterious visitor.

Mr. Quillet read the tragedy through again to himself and was more than ever struck by its wonderful power and force. It was as if his mind were to do could make up his mind to do anything. But at last he submitted the play to Billhurst, manager of the Theatre, telling him the extraordinary and peculiar circumstances under which he had become possessed of it. Billhurst read the play, and at once pronounced it a trump card.

"I tell you, Quillet," he said, with enthusiasm, "there's a mint of money in that piece. It's as certain a draw in anything I ever read. Only I don't like the very runny way in which it has come to us. Supposing it should have been stolen, eh?"

"That is hardly probable, I think," was the rejoinder, "and if you think of taking the piece in hand you might feel your way ahead a little by putting a few preparatory notices in the newspapers."

"How would that safeguard us?" asked the manager.

"Why, in the event of the play having been cribbed or unfairly copied, the notice might catch the eye of some person interested, who would, of course, communicate with you."

"True," said Mr. Billhurst thoughtfully. "I will give the matter my consideration."

The manager was very much worried just then about his accounts, which showed an ugly deficit. His last venture had lost him £2,000 sterling. The current piece was not paying its way.

"But, there's money in this new piece," said Mr. Billhurst to himself, confidently, "and, I tell you what it is, I will put it on and take all chances."

Having once made up his mind, the manager did not let the grass grow under his feet. Within a fortnight the new tragedy was in full rehearsal. It went well from the beginning. The manager was in great feather. He saw a sure and phenomenal success before him. Then an accident happened which nearly turned his hair gray. On the night before the last dress rehearsal, and only two nights before the production of the piece, Standish, the leading tragedian, was attacked and robbed in Drury Lane, being so roughly handled that the police, who found him lying stunned on the pavement, took him straight to the nearest hospital. Here he lay in a very precarious condition.

The manager, who only heard the news when he came down to the theatre the next morning, was well nigh beside himself.

"Quillet!" he ejaculated, with a groan. "Everything depends on that part, and Standish's understudy will never carry it through on the first night."

"It is a bad business," admitted Quillet, ruefully.

"Please, sir," said one of the call-boys, thrusting his head in at the door "here's a gent to see you."

"In busy; I'm"—cried the manager.

But the call-boy had withdrawn, and Mr. Billhurst found himself leveling these remarks at a tall, dark-complexioned stranger, who stood bowing and smiling in the doorway.

Mr. Quillet gave a start and plucked his friend by the sleeve.

"It is the mysterious author of the piece," he whispered.

"Good morning, Mr. Quillet," said the stranger. "Good morning, Mr. Billhurst. This is unfortunate news about poor Standish."

"You have heard it, then?" said the manager, eyeing him with a shrewd, interested glance.

"Yes, and I came here at once. What do you propose to do, may I ask?"

"God knows. I'm sure the understudy will make a hash of it," groaned the manager.

"Most probably. Now, I'm going to make a startling proposition to you. Intrust me with the part."

"You?" ejaculated the manager.

"Do you know anything about acting?"

"A great deal. But try me and see," said the other, confidently.

"Come, I will rehearse that scene in the third act for your benefit now!"

The manager said nothing, but he and Mr. Quillet exchanged glances. Taking their silence for consent this extraordinary man started his self-suggested rehearsal. In five minutes the manager's rueful face was elated, flushed, eager, with new hope.

"By heaven!" he exclaimed excitedly. "Repeat that on the stage, Mr. What's your name, and we'll make the piece a magnificent success yet!"

They did. The first night's audience received the new tragedy with enthusiastic favor. They called the actor before the curtain again and again. He was certainly splendid. The wonderful realism with which he played Mephistopheles was, said the next day's newspapers, as convincing a performance of his kind as had ever been seen upon the London stage. Billhurst was in great spirits. He believed that he had hit upon a theatrical Eldorado. When he quitted the theatre that night he felt most amiably disposed toward himself and all mankind.

But at the stage door he saw a sight which staggered him. A four-wheeled cab was waiting outside, and being forced into this cab by three burly fellows into this cab by three burly fellows, against whom he was struggling like a tiger, was the mysterious stranger. A gentleman stood by, apparently superintending these

operations. When he saw the manager he came forward and raised his hat.

"Mr. Billhurst?"

"The same. What the deuce does this mean?" cried the manager.

"I am Dr. X. of the Y. asylum," explained the other. "You have taken a most dangerous recruit into your company, Mr. Billhurst. He is one of our worst cases."

"Good heavens!" ejaculated the manager. "You don't mean to say that the man's mad?"

"Hopelessly so. And very cunning and dangerous. This is the third time he has escaped in six weeks. From information which we have received we have little doubt that it was he who had murdered poor Mr. Standish."

"He?" cried the manager, his eyes wide open with dismayed astonishment. "I—I—saw that he was peculiar. But it never occurred to me that he was insane."

"No; because his particular delusion happened to fall in with your theatrical requirements, and so passed, naturally enough, for a mere stage assumption. He believes that he is the devil. And," adding the doctor, wiping his forehead and glancing toward the cab, from which the subject of his remarks was regarding him with a truly diabolical stare, "I am half disposed to think that he must be."

—London Truth.

**A MARTYR-MISSIONARY OF SCOTLAND.**

The Countess of Courson in Ave Maria.

John Ogilvie was the descendant of a noble and chivalrous race. His ancestors were renowned in Scottish history for their martial spirit. In the sixteenth century Lord Ogilvie, of Drummuire, was called "*Magnum virum et bellicosum*." Another Ogilvie, Sir Walter, who was killed in an encounter with the Highlanders, was, says an ancient ballad, "stout and manful—never known to turn back." The lion-like courage and strength of will for which the lairds of Drummuire were celebrated are to be found, purified by higher motives and illumined by the beauty of sanctity, in their Jesuit descendant, of whom it may be said that like Sir Walter Ogilvie, he was "never known to turn back."

John Ogilvie, whose heroism was so far to eclipse that of the warlike lairds whose blood ran in his veins, was born at Drummuire, or Drum near Keith, in 1590. His father, Walter Ogilvie, was a Protestant, but many members of his family were noted "Papists." When still a mere lad John was sent to pursue his studies abroad. He visited France, Germany and Italy; and was more occupied, we are told, by thoughts of religion than by the pursuit of human knowledge. He had heard the merits and demerits of the old and the new faith vehemently discussed at home; and his earnest mind was drawn to the ancient religion, in spite of the heretical influences that had surrounded his childhood. At length, wearied by the endless discussions, that seemed to produce confusion instead of bringing light or strength, he turned to prayer as the one means of obtaining peace of mind. He begged God fervently to help him, and strove to calm his anxieties by the thought of Him who desires our salvation and heavily laden with the confidence was rewarded; and His filial confidence was rewarded; and his soul, so ardent in its quest for truth, God gave not only the gift of faith, but the grace of the priesthood, and later on the crowning favor of martyrdom.

Having clearly recognized the Catholic Church to be the only true Church, John Ogilvie made his abjuration; and in the year 1596 we find him at the Scotch College of Louvain, in Belgium. The rector of the College Father Crichton, having been obliged, for financial motives, to diminish the number of his scholars, young Ogilvie proceeded to the Benedictine College of Ratisbon. Finally, in 1618, at the age of eighteen, he was received into the Society of Jesus by Father de Alberi, Provincial of Brunn in Moravia, his novitiate studies at Graz; then, philosophic literature at Vienna for three years, he was sent to Olmutz, where he studied theology, and at the same time directed the Confraternity of Our Lady. For many years after his departure from Olmutz, the remembrance of the young Scotchman remained alive in the hearts of the children whom he had trained to piety. His was a character well fitted to leave its mark upon all those with whom he was brought into contact. He was a model religious—obedient, devout, kind to others, ever ready to help them at the sacrifice of his own pleasure.

His natural gifts were of a high order; his intellect singularly quick and clear, well fitted for controversy and discussion; his speech ready and fluent; his temper very sweet and bright. To the solid virtues of a religious he thus united the qualities that make men popular and influential. One very characteristic trait in his strongly marked individuality was his keen sense of humor. We shall see how in the midst of excruciating sufferings his quaint and irrepressible cheerfulness breaks out again and again.

In 1612 there were but few priests left in Scotland; and, as we have seen, these few were so carefully concealed that Father James Gordon, Provincial of the Scotch Jesuits, knew for certain of the existence of only one priest, who was old and infirm. He determined to send two of his subjects on the desolate Scottish mission, and chose for

this purpose Father James Moffet and Father John Ogilvie. The latter ardently desired to be sent to Scotland; he had been ordained priest in Paris in 1613, and his one desire was to win the martyr's crown.

With the two Jesuits was a Scotch Capuchin, Father John Campbell. The three were closely disguised, and had, as was the custom proceeded, the names of those days, adopted false names. Father Moffet took the name of Halyburton, Father Campbell that of Sinclair; and Father Ogilvie, perhaps in remembrance of his father, Walter Ogilvie, assumed the name of Watson—son of Wat, or Walter.

The three travellers reached Scotland safe, in spite of the Government spies that were stationed in all the seaports. On landing, they immediately separated. Father Campbell went to Edinburgh, Father Moffet to the north lands; and our hero proceeded north of Edinburgh, and began by visiting his brother, who lived at St. Andrew's, and whose conversion he had very much at heart. Father Gordon seems to have regarded this proceeding with some misgiving. A long experience had taught him to distrust even the strength of family ties when religious differences existed. But John Ogilvie was not one to count the cost if he thought that his own danger might be the means of serving others. He did not succeed, however, in converting his brother; and after a stay of some weeks in the north he returned to Edinburgh.

The secrecy which the Catholics of those troublous times were obliged to practise in order to escape the notice of their enemies makes it all but impossible to follow the missionaries in their different journeys and changes of abode. We know, at least, that Father Ogilvie spent the winter of 1613-1614 in Edinburgh, under the hospitable roof of a Catholic lawyer, William Sinclair, whose testimony as to his guest's mortified life, religious virtues, and apostolic zeal is one of the most important in the process of canonization. Our hero's travelling companion and fellow-religious, Father Moffet, was arrested in the course of that same year, tried and condemned to death; but his sentence was subsequently commuted by the king into that of perpetual banishment, with pain of death if he returned to Scotland.

Toward the end of March, 1614, Father Ogilvie went to London, where he seems to have stayed for two months, on business of a very serious nature, apparently connected with the king. The martyr's biographers believe that certain words uttered by Father Ogilvie just before his death contain an allusion to this secret mission. He then said that the Jesuits had rendered the king a service greater than had ever been rendered to him by any Bishop or minister in the kingdom. If, as may possibly be the case, this "important service" was connected with the Father's embassy to London, the king, so proverbially forgetful of favors received, showed himself even more ungrateful than usual in his subsequent conduct toward the Jesuit missionary.

It is probably during his stay in London that Father Ogilvie paid a flying visit to his Provincial, Father Gordon, who resided in Paris. We gather from a letter written by the Provincial to the General of the Society, in April, 1614, that he seems to have been somewhat alarmed at the apparent unconsciousness of danger with which the young Scotchman undertook the journey to Paris. He knew how closely watched were the movements of the Catholics, of the priests especially; and that, even in the French ports there were paid spies, whose duty it was to give notice to the Government of the arrival of any traveller whose priestly character was suspected. Absolute indifference to danger was one of Father Ogilvie's characteristics; it came to him as a heritage from a long line of warlike lairds. But if this fearlessness sometimes excited the anxiety of his superior, it served him well later on, and enabled him to defy, with a smiling countenance and a dauntless heart, the worst perils and sufferings that imagination can conceive.

In June, 1614, we find Father Ogilvie back in Edinburgh; and the testimony of William Sinclair, to which we have alluded, informs us that he remained there about three months, during which he did much good among the persecuted Catholics, whose courage and endurance he kept up by his words and example. His talent as a controversialist and his sweet, winning manner enabled him to gain considerable influence even among the heretics, a certain number of whom he brought back to the Church. Among his friends and converts we find many well-known Scotch names—Maxwell, Wallace, Eglinton—together with others less known to the world, but no less glorious in the sight of Heaven. His converts seem to have caught something of his own generous spirit. A poor woman, named Marion Walker, at whose house he often said Mass, was arrested, thrown into prison, and died there of want and misery. Another witness informs us that just before his arrest Father Ogilvie had received five converts into the Church. Many young men came to him to be instructed; his brightness, intelligence and enterprising spirit won their respect and affection.

Our hero's life during those busy months was one of constant peril. He said Mass before daybreak, to avoid notice; and in the daytime he used to visit his converts, his penitents, and the Catholic prisoners—always closely disguised, however, and under an assumed name. At nightfall he was

king a long letter. He described the Jesuit's arrest, gave a list of the articles found in his possession, and suggested that the torture called the "boots" be used to make the prisoner reveal the names of those who had received and befriended him since his arrival in Scotland. With fiendish malice he worked upon the king's naturally suspicious temper, magnifying Father Ogilvie's arrest into an event of almost political importance, which closely concerned the sovereign's personal safety and influence.

Early next morning Spottiswood sent forth emissaries, with injunctions to discover the place where his prisoner had lodged. They succeeded in finding the inn where he had a room; and, alas! owing to the treachery of a Frenchman, were able to lay hands on his luggage, part of which had been carried off by one of his friends. Among his belongings were certain papers of importance—one written by Father Patrick Anderson, the other by Father Murdoch, two very eminent Scotch missionaries. These papers contained a great number of names and addresses, and a list of articles belonging to the Jesuits in Scotland. With these papers, the Archbishop's messengers took several relics, among them a packet containing the hair of St. Ignatius, which, says Spottiswood in his account, "I think was his chiefest jewel."

On the same morning, October 5, the prisoner was taken from the Tolbooth to the Archbishop's palace, "I am brought up," he writes, "ill as I still am from the blows of the previous day, and with unusual trembling upon me. Nevertheless, in spite of his physical weakness and fatigue, the confessor bore himself bravely and resolutely."

TO BE CONTINUED.



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