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GLENCOONOGE

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED.

Mrs. Eonis, believing herself to be in the way, had left the room while the operation was proceeding, asking the doc-tor not to go without seeing her. To her, therefore, Dr. O'Leary went, and repeated the warning he had given to the book-teerer, warnings which in no long time keeper-warnings which in no long time caused a funereal silence to fall upon the

Who would have been so lonely with Conn? Who had realized till now Conn was so much beloved! A besome temper, a sympathetic voice, finable charm with which some people are gifted, all these things come by use to be accepted as matters of course, and are not held at their true value until the blank which their absence would leave startled into a positive affection now for Conn. Mrs. Ennis gave orders that the doors should be closed that perfect quiet doors should be closed that perfect quiet might be secured; the household crept about with soft footfalls, and spoke with bated breaths, even if they happened to be so far ciff the room where Conn lay, that they might have spoken in their natural voices with impunity; while outside, alarm spread, and loud-spoken sorrow was mixed with angry words at the thought that they who had inflicted the mischief had got away "scot-free and out of reach entirely." The front doors were shut; but there were not wanting those who came round noiselessly to the kitchen, and talked in whispers over the latest news. Conn's brothers, Jerome and Patrick, were in and out all day, and to them the villagers flocked, wherever and Patrick, were in and out an day, and to them the villagers flocked, wherever the brothers appeared, for the latest account. But neither Jerome, nor Patrick, nor any one else ventured to tell Conn's father of the plight the boy was in; for, quiet old man as he was usually, no one put it beyond him to batter down closed deeper to get at his zon if all was true that pors to get at his son, if all was true that vas said, and breaking into the sick-room was said, and breaking into the sick-room to call passionately on Conn not to die, and, waking him out of the beautiful sleep he was in, upset everything. So the old man passed through that day, so long remembared as the gloomiest that had been known this time back in the had been known this time back, in happy

been known this time back, in happy ignorance of his son's danger.

That was the news that Patrick and Jerome brought out with them every time they left the inn. Conn had fallen into a deep sleep in which he lay for many hours. In case he should wake and call for anything, Dan, with a patience for which no one would before have given credit, sat in the darkened room in him credit, sat in the darkened room in which, as the short day waned, there was no light but the flicker of the fire. From time to time the door opened noiselessly, and the figure of the book-keeper gliding in without sound would join Dan, and learn in whispers that the patient had not yet moved. Together they would then stand silently by the had; and than then stand silently by the bed; and than, reassured by the deep and regular breathing of the sleeper, the apparition would

steal out as ghostlike as it had come in.

What fervid words that Conn had ever spoken in furtherance of his love had pleaded with such elequence as his pres-ent dumb prostration? For months past speech, by mute appealing looks, by averted eyes, and airs of studied indiffer-ence. His hopes had been for ever in his prayers, in his thoughts; had inspired his daily work and colored his life; and he seemed to make no way at all. were working like magic in the mind of his mistress; galvanizing into life a thousand things she had forgotten—words he had said, kind things he had done, which, long dormant, awoke now and kindled a responsive warmth in her own heast. responsive warmth in her own breast to the book-keeper there came un-en all day long the recollections great and slight, full of bitter sweetness. Conn's face and eyes, foll of bright intelligence, haunted her with wary looks ready to break into tenderness. She watched again with a thrill his promptitude to please her, or, pitying, saw him repelled and dejected by her coldness. He would uprise before her mind with painful iteratian—tall, straight, lithe, active, equal to all feats of agility, the leader in the game, the lightest in the dance, the hero in the roadside discussion, in which he towered a head and shoulders above the rest in height and argument. Trembling, she thought of the peculiar tones of his voice near or far off, and of the ridiculed strains of his poor violin. Visions and fancied sounds full of pain and longing! for be-tween each, the present reality would obtrude itself of the silent house, of Conn lying insensible upstairs, and of the dark possibilities this misadventure might have in store. Oh! if a short time hence that long figure shrouded over should lie motionless and stiffening, and the eyes should never re-open, and the voice be

It was in vain for the book-keeper to



try and reassure herself by stealing back into the room where Dan sat, and where Conn was lying, to make certain he was breathing still, and that the breathing was regular and easy; because after a little while all these thoughts would come back again with heightened terrors.

If this neglected wound should mortify, and Conn were to die, what a closure it would be to her life, what a darkener of the prospect! How desolate would be the the prespect: How descate would be the bleakness of the outlook here, how im-possible to face it; how dreary to begin again elsewhere! Instinctively turning away from this thought, her mind re-treated to the time of her first coming to Glencoonoge, weary, heart-sore, humbled, tired of herself, angry with life, anxious for rest, happy to be unknown. All the thoughts and feelings and the growing changes since that time came back upon her. Again she began partially to forget herself in her work, and to live in the life around her. Again her days succeeded nersel in her work, and to live in the life around her. Again her days succeeded one another unanxiously; peace descended on her soul, and strength and faith came back. The change in her began to be noticed, and people said "it was the good air." Truly the air at Glencoonege was pure and balmy, a mixture drawn from the mountains and the sea. Perhaps that was what made the recole genial, it is was what made the people genial; it is certain every one was very kind. Mrs. Eanis was the best of mistresses, and it was pleasant to sit and chat with her of evenings. Those in the house to whom the book-keeper had to give directions sainted as she passed or stopped to ask kindly after her health, and to have "a bit of a talk," Delightful was the unre-serve with which every one spoke of themselves and of their affairs, and not themselves and of their affairs, and not less grateful to the book-keeper the respect they showed by not overpressing their curiosity in regard to her. Conn and Dan made her office quite a lively place. Seen through their descriptions every guest was a source of no little interest and speculation, and the brothers knew and discussed with her everything that was going on in the paighter) sed when was going on in the neighborhood—what such a one had died of, and when the funeral would pass; where the dance would be next Sanday afternoon; whether next fair-day would be too soon to lay in apples and nuts for the games on Holy Eve. It was a new existence to the book-keeper to live in this saylyan country keeper to live in this sylvan country among these unworldly people. In her retrospect, she saw herself from being haggard, soured, and rigid, become blooming, riant, and nearly as soft-hearted as those amongst whom a happy chance

How long did this pleasurableness las before the time when from being vague particular, and painful? How long had she been admiring that son of the soil whom every one called Conn, before the sound of his voice began to make her listen, before a group of talkers in the road became interesting directly he joined it, before her heart got into the habit of it, before her heart got into the habit o beating more quickly as his footstep ap proached? Oh! how long had her eyes been betraying her before that day when Conn followed her unseen to the hill-top, and full of ardor, full of hum-bleness, half-hoping, half-despairing blunderingly confessed his love; and she startled and angry, in low tones quiver ing with—determination was it, or fright? had asked whether he followed to insult her, had ordered him in the same suppressed fierce tone never so to speak to her again, and turning had fled down-

On what a sudden precipice she had seemed to stand! Marry HIM! A pea-sant! She! When had he conceived such a thought? She nearly died of shame wondering whether any act o word or glance of hers had given birth to osity she had felt in him! just such ar osity she had refer in the pure such a minerest as nearly all these kind people with their free and open-hearted ways aroused in her. She vowed she would take care it did not happen again. But there was no occasion for her resolve. Conn urged his suit no more, and by degrees her anger—could it ever have been real anger at all?—turned into sorrow for the young fellow; for he was changed, was often downcast, seemed to have lost heart in things, to have grown reckless in a patient sort after all he had committed no great

How much less cheerful a place was Glencoonoge with Conn estranged, and her intercourse with him no longer childike in its free and happy care The days seemed less bright: a bleaknes filled the skies. The sun did not shine filled the skies. The sun did not shine, or if it did, its rays were watery. Those village women with their gossip about their ailments or their children had grown tedious, and the book-keeper preferred to stay indoors rather than meet them. It was tiresome, too, having to keep Mrs. Eanis company of an evening. The old lady generally fell asleep, and Conn hardly ever sat and chatted there now. It was pleasanter to steal out into The old lady generally fell asleep, and Conn hardly ever sat and chatted there now. It was pleasanter to steal out into now. It was pleasanter to steal out into the bar, and yet it was lonely there listen-ing to the distant sounds of talking and

aughter in the kitchen. So that the book-keeper could not bear to check the thawing of Conn's coldness. nor to nip the return of cordiality she saw in his eyes, and heard in his chiming voice, and in his step growing more elastic. But he did not approach THAT topic, never would again, so it seemed; strange mixture that he was of impetuesity and sell-restraint! He was generous too, there was no denying it, to be still her willing slave after the way she had spurged him; he did not even ask for friendliness. Let to herself, the bookkeeper thought more and more of Conn and of his proffered love. Many inward questionings did she have, and many coubts as to what she might or might not do, or what her duty was. Distracted at last she even sought advice of Father

John Heavens! how Conn had leaped the Heavens! how Conn had leaped the counter to avenge her insult! It was like a flash, or the unseen rushing of the wind. It was as if he were flinging himself in the way of death for her sake, because she would not let him live for her. Alas! what would life now be without him? If anything were to happen to him—if Conn should die, she must begin drearily again elsewhere. There would no more be calm in this retreat; the fairy seene, the kindly people—these fairy scene, the kindly people—these things by themselves had lost their charm. All would be desolate, the outlook hopeless and impossible to face; and weeping afresh each time at the thought of losing Conn, the book-keeper on that dark day had to own again and again that this young negative the desired.

waited for is here—is passing; and you are lying like a clod insensible! will you never waken?

All through that day the opiate held the young man in its power. The light outside faded, and the room would have been quite dark but for the fi ful fire; and still Conn did not move. There were all sorts of preparations going on in the kitchen for his coming to, but he did not waken. When the night came and he had not stirred, it was debated whether it would not be well to rouse him and give him food for fear lest he might sleep away into death. It was from the bookkeeper, who for the first time I now saw unnerved, that this insane proposal came. Mrs. Eanis was wavering. These healthy people, knowing nothing of sickness, are Mrs. Eanis was wavering. These healthy people, knowing nothing of sickness, are like children in the management of it, and if I had not been there, would, I believe, have carried their idea into efbelieve, have carried their idea into effect, and, disregarding the doctor's assurance that the longer Conn could sleep the better, would have spoiled the excellent work which the doctor's skill and Conn's natural healthiness were doing. Fortunately they were persuaded to leave well alone, and Conn was suffered to sleep undisturbed through the night. When he opened his eyes, the grey dawn had broken, and looking round the room and wondering where he was, he saw had broken, and looking round the room and wondering where he was, he saw Dan dressed and sound asleep in an arm-chair which the book-keeper had told him to carry up. But Dan must have been sleeping lightly; for when his brother, much puzzled and in forgefulness of everything, called out his name, Dan with a start sprang up and rubbing his eyes ran over to Conn half risen and sup-porting himself on his elbow.

porting himself on his elbow.

"Holy Mother! is it yourself come to,
Conn? Glory be to God! but it's the fine fright you've given us all.

"Why, what's the matter at all? 'Tis early morning. Why aren't you in bed? And your hand's trembling! and your mouth, too, for all the world as if you were going to cry! What is it all about in the manner of wordher?"

mouth, too, for all the world as if you were going to cry! What is it all about in the name of wondher?"

"How are you?" says Dan, dragging his sleeve across his seye. "How do you feel in yourself, my dear?"

"Faith, I feel mighty hungry," says Conn. "Tis the gnawing that woke me, nothing else. But have you taken leave of your senses, Dan," as the latter hurried to the other end of the room and made a clatter among a lot of crockery on made a clatter among a lot of crockery on the table there, "why aren't you in bed

"Hungry is it?" says Dan, coming back holding a basin in his hands, "this is what you're to have first," and he he'd it to Conn's lips. Conn drank two or three mouthfuls of

the liquid in the basin suspiciously, and then stopped short and said, "That's the finest drink ever I tasted; what is it at Bafe-tay."

"Bafe-tay."
"Gad, I never drank tay like that before. Give it us over."
"Swally it down," said Dan with judicial gravity, "there's lots more."
Conn never stopped till he had finished
the basinful; then, "Sure where did you
get that, Dan? There never was anything like it."

"'Twas the book-keeper made it then with her own two hands, and she said you wor to have it first thing when you

"The book-keeper! when I woke!" "Och, then! you've been in a terrible state! But there now, lie quiet and don't talk; that was the next thing she said, 'Make him lie quiet and don't let him talk! So there are a state of the state of talk.' So turn round now on the other side and I'll throw the clothes over you, and you'll go to sleep till the doctor comes. How's your head?"

comes. How's your head?"
But Conn was not going to be taken in hand quite so easily; and Dan found himself compelled to answer a good many questions. The late events came back slowly to Conn's mind as Dan referred to them; but what was strange, what was hardly to be believed, was Dan's account of the book-keeper's distress during the previous day and night, of her frequent visits to Conn's room, of her standing over him, and of her eager anxiety regarding his condition.

"There!" said Conn, when over and over again he had made Dan repeat his narrative, "Te down Danny and go to sleep. You've had no rest to night. I'm narrative, "Te down Deall, sleep. You've had no rest to-night. I'm tired of talking; my head's going round and round. I feel as if I could lie still and think a bit in quiet. Perhaps I shall a bit in quiet. Perha

CHAPTER XI. THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE, When Conn was told some hours later

the morning being advanced and the house all astir—that he was expected to le where he was until the doctor came, le where he was until the doctor came, he was extremely indignant, declared he was quite well, and that he was not going to be made a fool of any longer. Never was a man so unanimously over-borne. Mrs. Ennis peremptorily ordered him to stay in bed, Dan advised him not to stir, and the book-keeper sent me to do what I could to induce him to be patient at least until the doctor came. Dr. O'Leary examined the wound, and having dressed least until the doctor came. Dr. O'Lear examined the wound, and having dresse it in silence, gave judgment to the effect that though the appearances were more favorable than before, danger of inflam-mation was not yet past. Perfect quiet was of the utmost importance; all excitement was to be avoided, and Conn must ment was to be avoided, and Conn must be content to remain within the four walls of his room for the next few days. In vain did he protest; the doctor only shrugged his shoulders, and said he would not be answerable for the conse-quences if his directions were not fol-

What a long, impatient morning it was! Conn fumed and fretted more and more every moment. Mrs. Eanis indeed came in once for a few minutes, but only scolded him for wanting to come down-stairs. Dan looked in now and again be-tween whiles; but he had his own and Conn's work to do, and arrears to make up; for the worst danger had passed, and the routine of the house must be resumed. Everybody was going about as usua!—all but poor Conn, who, more eager, more hopeful, more intensely interested in his life than he had ever been before, was caged in his room and con-demned to ruinous inactivity. Left alone for the most part, he paced restively up and down reflecting that the doctor did not know what he was about—that it was all nonsense; that he himself was an impostor to remain confined, and that as long as he did so, there was no chance of his seeing the book-keeper. In fact, he was very far from being in that quiet, again that this young peasant had gained unexcited state of mind, which the docpossession of her heart. unexcited state of mind, which the doctor said was so desirable. What made Ob, Conn! the precious hour long him worse was Dan's report that the and turned it slowly towards her, "it

book-keeper was going about very bright and happy, and singing softly to herself. "Tis all along of your being better, Conn," said Dan, looking at his brother with fond eyes.

Whatever the reason, the book-keeper whatever the reason, the book-keeper was a different creature that day; and she did not at all succeed in preserving the usual gravity of her demeanor. Her light-heartedness appeared in her face, in her buoyant carriate, in her irrepressible inclination to talk, so different from the silence, and pre occupation of vesterthe silence and pre occupation of yester

"You have become a reader all of a sudden, Mr. Shipley," said she, as I ran up against her in leaving the coffee-room.
"Yes," I answered, "it is not a bad book. I don't know what I should have done yesterday but for it." We were walking towards the hall, and I held up the back of the book to her that she might. the back of the book to her that she migh

read the name.
"ENNU!? That is Miss Elgeworth's, is it not? I read it a long time ago, but I remember there were some things in it remember there were some things in it that I liked. One can have sympathy for the poor wholesome minded people she describes, raised out of the squalor and misery of their surroundings by the purity of their minds and the goodness of their hearts; but as for the nobility and gentry, with their miserable ambitions, and their apings of English fashions and vices—faugh! The hero himself, isn't he nearly? He is better than most of his vices—faugh! The hero himself, isn't he an earl? He is better than most of his friends; but at the best he is a poor crea-

"Don't tell me the story!" I cried. "I haven't finished it. I'm afraid, Miss Johnson, you are a sad radical."
"I suppose," she went on, not heeding me, "the truth is, the number of those

"I suppose," she went on, not needing me, "the truth is, the number of those who can make a good use of great wealth is very small; and that, after all, it is a dispensation of Providence which makes most people in this world poor; because in that state temptations are fewer and the conditions of life more favorable to the perfecting of our natures, which has to be brought south somethy at some. the perfecting of our natures, which has to be brought about somehow, at sometime or other, in this world or the next."

"Oh!" said I, puzzled. The bookkeeper in her elation had got out of my danth.

The pity of it is-it must be the work of Satan—when power and wealth and station gather everything to themselves, and so arrange and legislate and contrive as that the many are deprived, not only of that medicum of comfort with which of that modern of cases be content, but often even of the necessaries of life."
"Really I must run away. You are a

most dangerous person, Miss Johnson. You are worse than a radical. I believe you are not very far from being a social-"What is that? Mr. Shipley, Mr. Ship-

ley!" seeing that I was going, "have you been with Conn since luncheon?" "Not since, but just before.

"So you told me. Won't you go up and sit with him now? It might make "I daren't," lanswered. "He has had more than enough of my company for the present. He told me plainly he'd rather be alone."

In fact Conn had made up his mind that as soon as the house was quiet, and Mrs. Ennis safely stowed away in her little parlor for her afternoon nap, he

would defy the doctors's orders, and sally forth and see Miss Johnson, come of it what might. But his intention was of course a secret, and equally of course lead nothing of it to the book-keeper, who turned away resignedly and entered the bar; while I passed out of the inn, and strolling towards the bridge, leaned over its parapet immersed in my novel.

The book-keeper, I have said, passed into the bar, and thence presently into the office, or bar parlor, the door of which

stood sjar. She had hardly passed the threshold before she uttered a cry; for there, in the middle of the room was standing the tall figure of Conn, with his bandaged head. At sight of her, an eager joyous light came into his face, a look of expectation satisfied. But the book-keeper turned pa'e, and her breathing came

short and quick.

"Don't be frightened, miss," he said, in tremulous tones. "Tis myself, and not a ghost. I couldn't bear to be with-

out seeing you any longer."
"You are very rash," said the book

The book-keeper almost laughed at the question and at the picture it called up of Conn flying over the counter and flinging

himself into the fray, which had nearly ended seriously for him. "Is there any pain?" "No, miss," said Conn, lying bravely.

"Come nearer the light."
Conn approached. An! he was looking pale and ill. Those bandages! they covered marks he would carry to his The book-keeper did not know what an expression of pained sympathy there was in her face as she looked up, or that her tears were gathering so fast, sight of them Conn's heart leaped into his mouth; and with his arms suddenly extended wide, he drew back-another instant and they would have clasped her to his heart.
"Oh, miss!"—and as he spoke his arms

"Oh, miss!"—and as he spoke his arms dropped to his side—"I am so sorry to see you dissatisfied. I am so sorry to know you have been troubled."

The book-keeper's eyes met his, and she turned away that he might not see her crying. It war easier to talk in a hard and steady tone of voice looking out of the window with her back turned to him.

him.

"Why, Conn, any one would be uneasy in such a case; and I have more reason than others, because I was the cause. Believe me, I can never forget how brave

Believe me, I can never forget how brave yougwere, nor thank you enough."
"Oh, miss, don't talk of thanking me! You make me ashamed. So much fuss about a trifle! I wish to God I had been killed outright, so I do."
"Hush! Why?"
"Well," said Conn, turning away too, and walking to the fire-place, "it didn't happen, so there's no more use in talking. I don't see there's much to live for—any way, not for me."

way, not for me."

The book-keeper was silent a moment, and then said, "Why?"
"Don't ask me, miss; you wouldn't be glad to hear.'

"Nevertheless I should like to know; so tell me." "Not now. Another time—perhaps."
"But why not now?" said the book-keeper, facing round. He was not looking at her, but gloomily into the fire.
"Conn," she cried. He raised his head

must be now: not another time, but

ow."
"No, miss; no," said Conn, with a eased smile and gentle deprecation in

"Why, no? Give me your reason."
"Well, because it would be like taking advantage—advantage of your kindness. What I would say would anger you, and yet to-day you wouldn't feel yourself free may be, to show it." TO BE CONTINUED.

THE DUTY TO LIVE AND THE RIGHT TO DIE.

So called doctors have recently put forward the monstrous theory that a man has the right to die when he is tired of living or is affected with an incurable disease. Such teaching is opposed to the command of God; Thou shalt not kill " It is a sad fact that the teachings of reason and faith would seem to have lost their influence, and men, women and even children die by their own hands, victims of despair.

the unfortunates" who fly from "the ills of life" would only bear in mind that to kill one's self is a crime; that our life belongs to God and we must not attempt to take it away ; that it is a deposit which Providence has confided to us, and which we must preserve as long as He thinks proper leave it to us, they would not madly rush to face "an angry God."

Suicide is a crime, for it is an act of treason. We are placed as sentinels in this world to guard the interests of our post without the order of our Captain who commands us. Suicide is a usurpation of the rights of God. He is "the Lord of life and death," but the man who takes his own life arrogates to himself the Divine preroga-

Non Catholic writers cannot understand why Irish Catholics seldom commit suicide and never felo de se. If an Irish Catholic takes his own life it is proof positive that he was insane. The true believer can suffer all the stings and arrows of fortune, knowing full well that God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, and that he who cheerfully carries His cross will see these temporal pains succeeded by an eternity of happiness, for he will one day borne by them to heaven. A state ment has been going the rounds of the press that the cause of the rarity of trish suicides is owing to the fact that the Irish "consider absolution from a priest a necessary preparation for death, which they can have if they kill others, but not if they kill themselves." The history of Iroland furnishes a complete tory of Ireland furnishes a complete refutation of the calumny. For fully three hundred years of persecution by England death was preferable to life for the Catholic in Ireland, and yet not one case of suicide is recorded. - American Herald.

NOT CATHOLIC BELIEF

It seems to be more necessary for the non Catholic public to know what Cath-olics do not believe. At any rate, non-Catholics are not in a position to learn what the Catholic Church really is until they have unlearned much that she

Here are a dozen matters which Catholics do not believe, but which are often ascribed to the Church :

Image worship. That the indulgence is a permission to commit sin. That the Church has a right to persecute.

That a mere confession of sins to the priest and absolution is sufficient to 5. That the Pope cannot commit

sin, or err in matters of science That Catholics cannot "search the Scriptures.

7. That republican forms of government are not favored by the Church That the Catholic Church is opposed to religious toleration.

That the end justifies the means. That lying is permissible. 11. That the world may be older than six thousand years. That innocent recreation on

Sundays is forbidden. - Catholic Citi-

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