I began to think that the worthy John, being out of all danger, and having brought a counterpane (according to his wife's directions, because one of the children had a cold), must veritably have gone to sleep, leaving other people to kill, or be killed, as might be the will of God, so that he were comfortable. But herein I did wrong to John, and am ready to acknowledge it; for suddenly the most awful noise that any thing short of thunder could make came down among the rocks, and went and hung upon the corners.

"The signal, my lads!" I cried, leaping up and rubbing my eyes; for even now, while condemning John unjustly, I was giving him right to be hard upon me. "Now hold on by the rope, and lay your quarter-staffs across, my lads, and keep your guns pointing to heaven, lest haply we shoot one another."

"Us sha'n't never shutt one another, wi' our goons at that mark, I reckon," said an oldish chap, but as tough as leather, and esteemed a wit for his dryness.

"You come next to me, old Ike; you be enough to dry up the waters: now, remember, all lean well forward. If any man throws his weight back, down he goes, and perhaps he may never get up at all; and most likely he will shoot himself."

I was still more afraid of their shooting me; for my chief alarm in this steep ascent was neither of the water nor of the rocks, but of the loaded guns we bore. If any man slipped, off might go the gun; and however good his meaning, I being first was most likely to take far more than I fain would apprehend.

For this cause I had debated with Uncle Ben and with Cousin Tom as to the expediency of our climbing with guns unloaded. But they, not being in the way themselves, assured me that there was nothing to fear, except through uncommon clumsiness; and that as for charging our guns at the top, even veteran troops could scarce be trusted to perform it properly in the hurry, and the darkness, and the noise of fighting before them.

However, thank God, though a gun went off, no one was any the worse for it, neither did the Doones notice it, in the thick of the firing in front of them. For the orders to those of the sham attack, conducted by Tom Faggus, were to make the greatest possible noise, without exposure of themselves, until we in the rear had fallen to, which John Fry was again to give signal of.

Therefore, we of the chosen band stole up the meadow quietly, keeping in the blots of shade, and hollow of the water-course. And the earliest notice the Counselor had, or any one else, of our presence, was the blazing of the log-wood house where lived the villain Carver. It was my especial privilege to set this house on fire; upon which I had insisted, exclusively and conclusively. No other hand but mine should lay a brand, or strike steel on flint for it; I had made all preparations carefully for a goodly blaze. And I must confess that I rubbed my hands with a strong delight and comfort when I saw the home of that man, who had fired so many houses, having its turn of smoke and blaze and of crackling fury.

We took good care, however, to burn no innocent women or children in that most righteous destruction. For we brought them all out beforehand; some were glad and some were sorry, according to their dispositions. For Carver had ten or a dozen wives; and perhaps that had something to do with his taking the loss of Lorna so easily. One child I noticed, as I saved him; a fair and handsome little fellow, whom (if Carver Doone could love anything on earth beside his wretched self) he did love. The boy climbed on my back and rode; and much as I hated his father, it was not in my heart to say or do a thing to vex him.

Leaving these poor injured people to behold their burning home, we drew aside, by my directions, into the covert beneath the cliff. But not before we had laid our brands to three other houses, after calling the women forth, and bidding them go for their husbands to come and fight a hundred of us. In the smoke, and rush, and fire, they believed that we were a hundred; and away they ran, in consternation, to the battle at the Doone-gate.

"All Doone-town is on fire, on fire!" we heard them shrieking as they went; "a hundred soldiers are burning it, with a dreadful great man at the head of them!"

Presently, just as I expected, back came the warriors of the Doones, leaving but two or three at the gate, and burning with wrath to crush under foot the presumptuous clowns in their valley. Just then the waxing fire leaped above the red crest of the cliffs, and danced on the pillars of the forest, and leaped like a tide on the stones of the slope. All the valley flowed with light, and the limped waters reddened, and the fair young women shone and the naked children glistened.

But the finest sight of all was to see those haughty men striding down the causeway darkly, reckless of their end, but resolute to have two lives for every one. A finer dozen of young men could not have been found in the world perhaps, nor a braver, nor a viler one.

Seeing how few there were of them, I was very loath to fire, although I covered the leader, who appeared to be dashing Charlie; for they were at easy distance now, brightly shown by the fire-light, yet ignorant where to look for us. I thought that we might take them prisoners—though what good that could be God knows, as they must have been hanged thereafter—anyhow I was loath to shoot, or to give the word to my followers.

But my followers waited for no word; they saw a fair shot at the man they abhorred, the men who had robbed them of home or of love; and the chance was too much for their charity. At a signal from old Ikey, who levelled his own gun first, a dozen muskets were discharged, and half of the Doones dropped lifeless, like so many logs of fire-wood, or chopping-blocks rolled over.

Although I had seen a great battle before, and a hundred times the carnage, this appeared to be horrible; and I was at first inclined to fall upon our men for behaving so. But one instant showed that they were right; for while the valley was filled with bowling, and with shrieks of women, and the beams of the blazing houses fell and hissed in the bubbling river, all the rest of the Doones leaped at us like so many demons. They fired wildly, not seeing us well among the hazel-bushes; and then they clubbed their muskets, or drew their swords, as might be and furiously drove at us.

For a moment, although we were twice their number, we fell back before their valorous fame, and the power of their onset. For my part, admiring their courage greatly, and counting it slur upon manliness that two should be down upon one so, I withheld my hand a while, for I cared to meet none but Carver; and he was not among them. The whirl and hurry of this fight, and the hard blows raining down—for now all guns were empty—took away my power of seeing, or reasoning upon anything. Yet one thing I saw which dwelt long with me; and that was Christopher Badcock spending his life to get Charley's.

How he had found out, none may tell, both being dead so long ago; but, at any rate, he had found out that Charlie was the man who had robbed him of his wife and honor. It was Carver Doone who took her away, but Charlworth Doone was beside him; and, according to cast of dice, she fell to Charlie's share. All this Kit Badcock (who was mad, according to our measures) had discovered and treasured up, and now was his revenge time.

He had come into the conflict without a weapon of any kind, only begging me to let him be in the very thick of it. For him, he said, life was no matter, after the loss of his wife and child; but death was matter to him, and he meant to make the most of it. Such a face I never saw, and never hope to see again, as when poor Kit Badcock spied Charlie coming toward us.

We had thought this man a patient fool, a philosopher of a little sort, or one who could feel nothing. And his quiet manner of going about, and the gentleness of his answers (and some brutes asked him where his wife was, and whether his baby had been well trussed) these had misled us to think that the man would turn the mild cheek to everything. But I, in the loneliness of our barn, had listened, and had wept with him.

Therefore, was I not surprised, so much as all the rest of us, when in the foremost of red light, Kit went up to Charleworth Doone, as if to some inheritance, and took his seisin of right upon him, being himself a powerful man, and begged a word aside with him. What they said aside, I know not; all I know is that, without weapon, each man killed the other. And Margery Badcock came, and wept, and hung upon her poor husband, and died that summer of heart disease.

Now for these and other things (whereof I could tell a thousand) was the reckoning come that night; and not a line we missed of it, soon as our bad blood was up. I like not to tell of slaughter, though it might be of wolves and tigers; and that was a night of fire and slaughter, and a very long harbored revenge. Enough that ere the daylight broke upon that wan March morning, the only Doones still left alive were the Counselor and Carver. And of all the dwellings of the Doones (inhabited with luxury, and luscious taste, and licentiousness) not even one was left, but all made potash in the river.

This may seem a violent and unholy revenge upon them. And I (who led the heart of it) have in these my latter years doubted how I shall be judged, not of men—for God only knows the error of man's judgments—but by that great God Himself the front of whose forehead is mercy.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE RELIEF FORCE

Across Waterloo Bridge the wind was strong and bitter, and the colonel must hold his battered old hat on his head. There was the dark river, the last refuge of the waste of life, hurrying on its way; but no, not that, little Marie waited his return, perhaps crying in her loneliness and pain. The colonel raised his dim eyes to the dark, gray sky in mute appeal. A man crossing the road hurriedly struck against him and sent him reeling against the stone parapet of the bridge. The colonel's hat fell off. The man was a robust figure and was well dressed.

"I beg your pardon," he said heartily. "I am afraid it was entirely my fault." Then he uttered an exclamation and drawing himself up raised his hand to his hat. "Colonel Marden," he said respectfully.

The colonel recovered his hat, and peered at the stranger through the gathering gloom.

"You don't know me, Colonel?"

"My eyesight fails me a little. No, I don't know you."

"Webb, sir, George Webb. Captain Singleton's troop."

"Aye, I remember you. Very glad to see you Webb. I hope you are doing well," said the colonel kindly.

Webb looked at his old C. O. with a pitying eye. He could read the marks of famine in the old man's face. He knew why the shabby frock-coat was so closely buttoned up. "Yes, sir," he replied, "I am doing very well indeed, thank you," and on the impulse of the moment he held out his hand.

A faint smile flickered over the colonel's worn face. "You are an honest man, Webb," he said. "You know what they say about me, can you take my hand?"

"Take it, Colonel! God bless you, sir, I'm only too honored," and he gave the colonel's hand a grip that hurt. "No man of the old regiment that I ever met thought it was your fault, sir. An officer is no match for those city sharks. Your mistake sir, in having any truck with them. Take my arm, sir, if you don't mind. I see you're tired. My way shall be yours."

"Thank you, Webb. I live close by, in a street just off the road. I'm a little dizzy and faint, liver troubling me again, the old complaint. Very glad I met you. I think they were rather hard upon me. The men knew me better, Webb, the men knew me better."

Webb was silent, pondering many things. He was a bluff, good-hearted man, sadly lacking the polish of high society; but he was dreadfully afraid of hurting the colonel's feelings. It was evident the poor old man was starving, yet how was it possible to help him?

They turned into the narrow, miserable street where the colonel lived.

"No. 6, Webb," said the colonel; "the other side, not far up. My eyesight is bad in the falling light."

"Right, sir, No. 6, here it is."

"Thank you. I am at home now. I wish you good afternoon, Webb, and all good fortune."

Webb lingered at the door. "All alone, sir," he asked softly.

"No, no, not alone; my little granddaughter lives with me."

"I don't wish to intrude, sir; but I should very much like to see her. I remember Mrs. Marden, and Miss Sybil, too. I should like to see Miss Sybil's child."

"You would?"

"Yes, sir. I am very fond of children. I have half a dozen of my own."

The pride of the patrician soldier was high even now. Colonel Marden had been born and brought up under a system of caste almost as rigid as the castes of India. There was a great gulf between him and the man who had served as a trooper in his regiment. But for all that, he wavered.

"Let me, colonel. It would give me great pleasure to see her."

"You are a good fellow, Webb. I am afraid you don't understand. I am not receiving visitors just now. My arrangements, you know—" he hesitated and stammered.

"It's a liberty, I know, sir; but you won't refuse an old soldier. You used to say you owed me something for what I did at Omdurman."

"Ah, I remember. Not sure I don't owe you my life, Webb. You ought to have had the V. C., but there were others. Come upstairs, you'll have to mount a good way."

They ascended the dark, rickety staircase of the old house. On the third landing the colonel took out a key and opened the door. It was almost dark in the little room.

"Marie," the colonel called.

No answer.

"Marie," he uttered the name again with a strange note of terror in his voice and bent over the child's cot.

"Yes, grandpapa," said a feeble little voice. "I've been asleep, and dreaming of roast beef. Oh, I'm so dreadfully hungry! What have you brought, grandpapa?"

"I have brought some one to see you, Marie," said the colonel hoarsely "a brave soldier who was with me in India and Egypt. Look up. Come in Webb, and close the door."

Webb came in bareheaded. It was almost dark; but quite light enough for him to read the story of the room. "How are you, miss?" he said, approaching the cot. "I am very glad to see you. I remember your mother and a beautiful young lady she was." He took the little hand in his and kissed it.

"What is your name? I didn't quite hear," asked Marie.

"George Webb, miss."

"I am pleased to meet you, Webb," said the little lady.

Webb lifted her up and carried her to the window. "Why, you'll be a rare beauty one of these days, miss; just like Miss Sybil," he said.

Marie laughed up at him and pulled his mustache. "Do you belong to the relieving force, Webb?" she asked; "and have you got through with supplies? We can't hold out any longer."

"Yes, miss," he said huskily, "I belong to the relieving force." He was very glad the room was dark. He laid the child gently in her cot again, then turned to the colonel. "Colonel Marden," he said in a low voice, "God knows I don't wish to offend you; if I do, perhaps you'll forgive me for the sake of old times. I ask you if you will so far honor me and my wife as to come home with me now. I shall be very proud to show you my house. I live in the Clapham road, the cars will take you there in a few minutes. I know it's a liberty, but—"

The bonds of caste were broken. The patrician soldier and the lowly born man of business could not see each other's faces distinctly. They stood there and clasped hands in silence. The colonel put on his old hat again and walked to the window.

"Come along, miss," said Webb cheerily, "get up and put on your things; you and your grandfather are coming to my house. It's getting near our tea time, and you shall have a grand time with my little girls. The siege is over, the relief column has come up, and the enemy is in full retreat."—John Cleland in Cassell's Journal.

SOME PIANOS
have many
good features
MOST PIANOS
have some
good features
Gourlay Pianos
have all the good features
known to modern musical
science.
WRITE FOR CATALOGUE
GOURLAY, WINTER
& LEEMING
188 Yonge St TORONTO

A CURE AT LOURDES

The following account of the cure of a young Englishman is translated from the relation of the incident given by his father, a convert clergyman, in the Journal de la Grotte of June 19, 1910:

I, the undersigned, Edward Duncan Boothman, M. A., Contab., formerly rector of Shelton, near Stoke-on-Trent, now residing at Compton Lodge, near Dover, make the following declaration before Drs. Boissarie and Cox in the Bureau des Constatations at Lourdes:

My son, Joseph Duncan Boothman, aged 16 years, here present, miraculously healed, and desiring to be examined by medical experts, has suffered for ten years past from otorrhea, involving the almost complete destruction of the drum of the left ear, together with chronic suppuration, with intense pain and absolute deafness, even by conductivity through the bones of the head. He has been treated by several specialists in Brussels, Dover and London.

On May 13 Dr. Lake, a distinguished oral surgeon, of 60 Harley street, London, W., declared that the boy's life was in imminent danger, and gave the following certificate:

60 Harley st., Cavendish sq., W.

I have examined Master D. Boothman, and find a destruction, almost complete, of the drum of the left ear, with chronic suppuration, and I consider an operation advisable, and ultimately necessary.

RICHARD LAKE.

May 13, 1910.

He added, after examining by speculum, that the inflammation had taken an acute form, and might at any moment reach the brain and cause death. At this date my son displayed the following symptoms: Great tenderness at the mastoid and at the base of the ear; purulent, fetid suppuration; contraction of the muscles attached to the mastoid, causing the head to lean on the left shoulder; acute pain in the ear; loss of sleep; general emaciation of the body. The diseased ear was totally insensitive to the vibration of a tuning-fork applied to the bones of the head; no sound of the voice could be heard by the left ear. In giving the above certificate, Dr. Lake stated that the operation which he advised had its uncertainties, and that, when successfully achieved, the boy would be absolutely deaf for life on the left side.

When I had thus obtained knowledge of my son's condition from such eminent medical authority, I told Dr. Lake that I would take the case to a higher power than that of medical science; that I was a convert clergyman, having a firm devotion to our Blessed Lady; that I had carefully examined the evidence of the Apparition to Bernadette at Lourdes, as also of the undoubted miracles wrought through the use of the miraculous water of the Grotto, in connection with the offering of Holy Mass and the prayers of the faithful. Dr. Lake replied that, evidently, upon surgical questions, I saw things from a totally distinct point of view from his own, that he fully respected my religious convictions, but he begged me most earnestly to lose no time in putting my views to the test, since the danger of my son's life was becoming daily, he might say hourly, more threatening.

I thanked the courteous and eminent surgeon and withdrew. The next day, May 14th, I obtained co-operation in prayer from several religious communities, the offering of Holy Mass by several priests, and my son and I, for nine days, morning and evening, offered our private prayers together, using the miraculous water (of which I always keep a supply in my house) and practicing devotions in a miniature grotto which I constructed some two years ago in my little garden, carefully reciting the "Memorare" twice daily, and offering my daily Communions for the special intention my son and I had in view. We also daily renewed the vow that, if the Holy Virgin would obtain the healing we asked, we would go in pilgrimage to Lourdes and offer our services as stretcher-bearers of the sick, as an action of thanksgiving.

The days of the Novena wore on, and on Sunday, May 22nd, the Feast of the Most Holy Trinity, my son was serving Holy Mass in the Chapel of the Convent of the Augustinian Ladies of the Precious Blood at Kearsney Manor, near Dover. At the moment of the Elevation of the Sacred Host my son felt a sharp pain in the left ear, and, when Mass was over, told me of it. He assured me that the ear was well, the suppuration ceased, and that he could hear better than he had done for years. That this was indeed the case soon became evident to us all, and we noted also a manifest change in the boy's features. His sister Mary, who is 15 years old, when she saw him, declared that at first she did not recognize him, so marked was the disappearance of the lines of suffering with which she had long been familiar.

On Monday, May 23rd, Dr. Howden, of Dover, rang me up on the telephone to tell me that he had just received a letter from Dr. Lake asking why the operation he had advised was not proceeded with, warning him at the same time that the slightest delay was attended with great risk. I was able to reply on the telephone: "My son is healed; he hears quite well; I will bring him to you to-morrow (May 24th), so that you may examine him." On Tuesday, May 24th, Dr. Howden examined the boy, and pronounced his hearing by conductivity to be normal, and that he could hear the ticking of a watch at the distance of three inches from the left ear. On June 2nd the boy was examined by Dr. Murphy at Dover, who gave his certificate in these terms:

24 Waterloo Crescent, Dover.

Master Boothman was under my care until the 4th of May last, suffering from chronic otorrhea, with almost complete destruction of left drum.

I have to-day examined him, and find the ear dry and free from suppuration, and the hearing immensely improved.

C. F. MURPHY, F. R. C. S.

As he handed me the certificate, he said: "The case is indeed wonderful. I congratulate you; but you must undestand that a recrudescence is possible." I answered: "Doubtless; but it would be equally possible were the healing the result of human science."

On June 4 we were able to begin our pilgrimage, and we reached Lourdes on June 7th. To-day, June 8th, we present ourselves (father, mother and son) at the Bureau des Constatations.

(Signed) E. DUNCAN BOOTHMAN, M. A., Contab.

—London Tablet.

Cigarettes a Bar to Progress

Deploring the growth of the habit of cigarette-smoking among boys the Michigan Catholic says: "The cigarette-fiend is not wanted in any position of trust, in these days of strenuous work; work that requires quickness of thought and action. Boys who indulge in the weed fast develop a passion for it. . . The curse of cigarette-smoking has grown alarmingly within the past decade; and, in the past two years, legislators have been forced to exert themselves, to enact measures that would lessen the sales of the deadly weed. But the movement is only in its infancy. We require strict laws; and we require men of strong purpose, who will see that these laws are enforced, if we wish to save the rising generation."

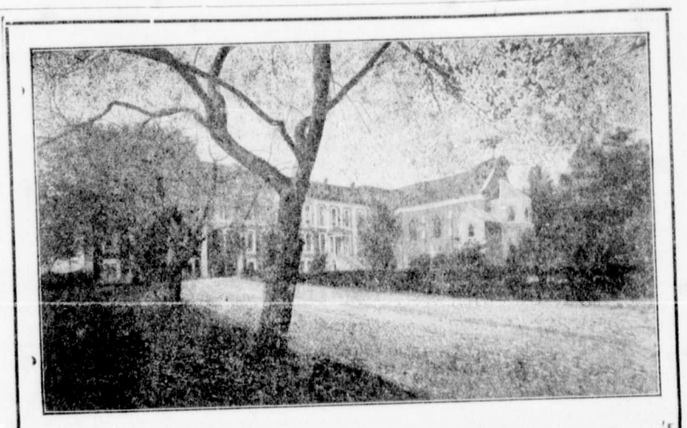
University of Ottawa
CANADA
CONDUCTED BY THE OBLATE FATHERS
Founded in 1848. Degree-conferring powers from Church and State.
Theological, Philosophical, Arts, Collegiate and Business Departments.
Over Fifty Professors and Instructors.
Finest College Buildings and finest Athletic Grounds in Canada. Museum, Laboratories and Modern Equipments. Private Rooms.
For Calendar and particulars, address
REV. WM. J. MURPHY, O. M. I., RECTOR.

University of Saint Francis Xavier's College
ANTIGONISH, Nova Scotia Chartered to confer University Degrees
ARTS, SCIENCE, ENGINEERING, LAW
Besides ENGLISH, to which special attention is given, instruction is provided in the following LANGUAGES:—FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN, LATIN, GREEK and KELTIC.
The Curriculum also embraces the following SCIENCES:—
MATHEMATICS, ECONOMICS, BIOLOGY, CHEMISTRY, PHYSICS GEOLOGY and MINERALOGY.
The new SCIENCE HALL (100 feet in length, 50 feet in width, and 3 storeys in height) is one of finest in this country. Its five Laboratories, its Museums and other conveniences offer unrivaled facilities for the prosecution of scientific studies.
The four years ARTS COURSE is designed to give the diligent student a LIBERAL EDUCATION in the best sense of the term. It includes a complete course in CATHOLIC PHILOSOPHY.
BOARD and TUITION for the academic year $160
For Calendar, and for further information apply to
Rev. H. P. MacPherson, D. D., PRESIDENT
HIGH SCHOOL
In connection with the University is a fully equipped HIGH SCHOOL DEPARTMENT (including a "COMMERCIAL" or Business Course.) The High School Course leads to University Matriculation.
For High School Calendar, etc., apply to
Rev. J. J. Tompkins, M. A., PRINCIPAL

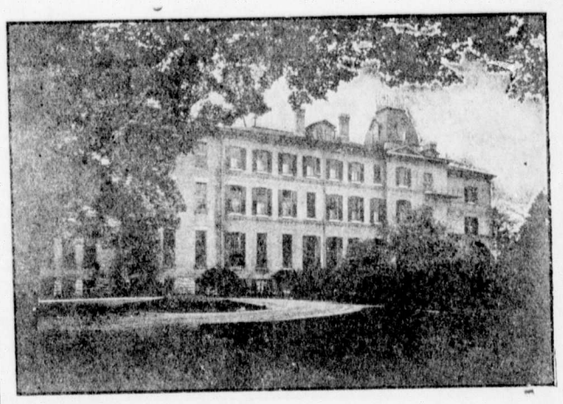
Educational.

Assumption College
SANDWICH, ONTARIO
Catholic Boarding School for Young Men and Boys
Conducted by the Basilian Fathers
DEPARTMENTS
I.—College.
II.—High School.
III.—Commercial School.
IV.—Preparatory School.
Healthful location; spacious buildings and campus, modern equipment.
Forty-first year begins September 6th, 1910.
For Catalogue, address—
REV. V. J. MURPHY, C. S. B., TREASURER

ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE
TORONTO CANADA
Federated College of the University of Toronto
Arts Course with B. A. Degree.
High School Course
University Examinations.
University Degree under Religious Auspices.
Send for Calendar.
Rev. Nicholas Roche, C. S. B.


Ursuline College
"THE PINES," CHATHAM, ONT.
Under the patronage of Right Reverend M. F. Fallon, O.M.I., D. D., Bishop of London
Residential and Day School
For Young Ladies
Thorough tuition in PREPARATORY, ACADEMIC, and COLLEGIATE Courses, including Entrance to Normal Schools and to Faculties of Education, Pass and Honor Matriculation.
The SCHOOL OF BUSINESS provides complete courses in SHORTHAND and COMMERCIAL departments.
The Schools of MUSIC, ART and EXPRESSION have acquired a wide reputation.
The DOMESTIC SCIENCE department is fully equipped and under able direction.
Healthful location. New fireproof building. Modern equipment.
For Calendar, address
THE MOTHER SUPERIOR

F. E. Holloway
LONDON, ONTARIO
Business & Shorthand
SUBJECTS
Resident and Mail Courses
Catalogues Free
J. W. Westervelt, Principal. J. W. Westervelt, Jr., C.A., Vice-Principal.

Convent of the Sacred Heart
Queen's Avenue, London, Canada

The Religious of the Sacred Heart give to their pupils an education which will prepare them to fill worthily their place—both in the world and in the home.
Their special object is to train the characters of their pupils and ground them in solid religious principles. At the same time, they spare no pains to cultivate their minds and to teach them the various accomplishments required by their position in society.
The foreign languages are carefully taught by native teachers. Conversation in these languages is made a specialty.
The Convent Grounds are large, and so laid out as to afford a variety of healthful exercise.
The Class Rooms and Dormitories are spacious, well lighted and well ventilated. Everything that can conduce to the happiness, welfare and progress of the pupils has been amply provided.
For further particulars, apply to the
Reverend Mother Superior
Convent of the Sacred Heart London, Canada