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> CHAPTER I. A MEETING AND A MAID.

It was a clear, crisp morning at Chambly, in the Province of Quebec, and the twenty-third of October, 1837. The frosty air was more exhilarating than the wines of Champagne or the rare spirits that my good friend Dr. Nelson in those days distilled at St. Nelson in those days distilled at St.

Denis, The forests ablaze with crimson
and gold suggested to my mind a
mighty camp-fire. The tall trees were like an army of giant soldiers who bore aloft garlanded lances and the pennons of proud chevaliers. One among them there, well in the van of the splendid host, reared above all an oriflamme gorgeous as that of St. Louis, as if in with the patriots of Canada whose enthusiasm, enkindled by the success of their neighbors south of the St. Lawrence in maintaining the independence they had won, was flaring

The splendor of the woods was, however, half veiled in a soft haze, even as the future was veiled from us, so that only through a mist could we gauge the et of the stand we were about to

Here at Chambly the Richelieu broadens to a deep lake clasped by th shore in a sharply marked crescent. At one point of the Diana's bow the and the gray turrets of church emerge from a background of foliage. At the other, on a promontor, jutting into the current, rise the forti fications established for the defence of the river in the days when the white banner of the Bourbons, with its shining

golden lilies, floated over New France Into the wide chalice of the crescent flow the clear waters up to the edge, the long isle of St. Matthias boundi a jewelled rim. Still beyond, in bold outline against the horizon, each separate and apart and towering above the plain like a colossal sentinel, stand the three mountains, Rougemont, Beloil, and St. Bruno, which lend a solemn majesty to a landscape that would be otherwise only peacefully beautiful.

There was now a garrison of redcoat at the old French post. On this October morning, therefore, I, Nial Adair, made a circuit in passing it as, astride my swift pony, Feu Follet, I set out for the St. Charles, full twenty miles distant.

The route was pleasant enough, for it followed the course of the river and led around the base of Belovi!, the cloudenveloped height that in fancy I always likened to a Titan in armor.

By reason of the recent rains, the road was so rough, nevertheless, that I

was frequently forced to curb the spirit her sex and in her eagerness to serve me, would have rushed on into difficul-ties, heedless of stumbling or perhaps of injury to herself, poor lass.

I had nearly reached St. Hilaire without adventure. But so turbulent ched St. Hilaire was the state of country that if a ma were seen riding with speed from one village to another he might, at any moment, have his journey cut short by band of soldiers, unless he could give satisfactory explanation of his haste of

Since this I did not choose to do. I had just checked the pace of Feu Follet once more when, at a turn in the road. I discovered myself face to face with tw mounted men in uniform, coming from the direction toward which I rode

Recognizing them as officers of the Royal Dragoons stationed at the fort, I saluted and was pressing on when the

"A moment, if you please."

I drew rein immediately, though thought I might be the next minute a

prisoner.
At the instant of danger a cool bravado is often the best shield. So in this

case I found it.
"I ask pardon for halting you, sir," cried the officer with pompous urbanity, "but you ride like one familiar with the locality, while we are not

only recently come with a body of troops from Montreal, to put down the rebellious French with cold steel, should they show any indication of rising. you tell us of a shorter road than this to Chambly? Yes, colonel," I said, though I saw by

"tes, coloner, I said, though I saw by his shoulder-straps he was only a captain.
"When you have gone about a quarter of a mile farther you will see a trail through an oak grove. Take it if you have to a saw you much travel." It ought to save you much travel. but you will find the going bad." "Our horses are well shod; we will take the trail, and many thanks to you,"

interrupted the younger man, putting spurs to his fine English hunter.

His companion, with a supercilious inclination of the head by way of acknowledgment, rode after him, and I was left to pursue my journey.

Fo doubt they supposed me to be one

of the British gentry of the neighbor hood. My ruddy complexion and light hood. My ruddy complexion and light brown hair had proved my best disguise. The thought did not occur to them that I might be a Celt. They could not know that by education I was a Parisian, and therefore French in feeling. Now being by adoption a citizen of the United States and imbued with the spirit of liberty, I was on my way to join hands and heart with the Canadian patriots, should they decide to meet the oppressions of Lord Gosford with armeresistance. Thus sixty years before the thirteen colonies to the south revolted against the injustice of the government of their time, and in the struggle became

a nation "The redcoats will miss the trail and lose themselves among the fastnesses o the mountain, yet in courtesy I warned them," I laughed as I cantered on "They do not know I am travelling to meet the men whom they would treat t their cold steel."

Clearly, they had no suspicion of wha was to take place that day, almost under their royal noses: and in their haste to get back to their snug quarters, they were, unwittingly, blind to what might be doing down the river.

Before I had gone a mile farther I be gan to meet other travellers. French Canadians they were for the most part, some mounted or driving lumbering charrettes, the greater number afoot The majority were men, but women an children trudged along also or crowded the vehicles, all in holiday attire, and all apparently bound for the same des-

Often the habitants scrutinized n nore closely than the officers had done and with them my fair skin seemed t nd disfavor. "Coute qui coute." (Cost what it may)
I called to them now and then with a

Invariably the effect was magical.

"Coute qui coute," they echoed, and nodded in joyous recognition of the

hosen password. Thus we went on from village to village, the throng of wayfarers becoming continually larger, until before us, where the shore runs out into the river, we saw St. Charles, a collection of lov roofed, white-washed farmhouses. Each arm, as in the case of all the settle ments on the banks of the Richelieu had a narrow frontage on the water-high way and extended back into the

Another ten minutes brought me t the village Square, usually a dull spot at this hour, eleven o'clock in the forenoon, except on a market day or during horse fair. This morning, however, it was

hronged with people.

" My word! Contrasted with th russet shades of the men's attire, the bright bodices of the older women and the gay jupes and ribbons of the little maids make the place look like a garder plot abloom with all the flowers rainbow amid dark patches of earth,"
I said to myself as the crowd parted to
let me through and I rode up to the auberge or inn.

A stable boy ran out.
"Ah, m'sieur, there is much going on to-day," he said. "The lads are being driven harder than were any of the ponies now baited here. The stalis are "Still, I am sure you have a corner

for my mare," I replied, as I flung him a piece of silver. "Oh, yes, m'sieur, yes, certainly, for

m'sieur, can pay a gentleman, who, like ndsomely. "See that she is well fed and cared

for. You will not lose by it," I added, as I dismounted and threw him the rein. Having thus done my best for Feu Follet, I walked on to the meadow cornfield where the meeting had been called under the guise of a husking or merrymaking.

Here must have been five thousand people, and most of them were men. The farmers of the vicinity swelled the numbers, but in the gathering I saw with a thrill of exultation several French gentlemen from Montreal. There were also a few British colonists who generously sympathized with the oppressed French Canadians, fearing their turn would come next, and ordent young sieurs from the old seigneuries on the borders of the Richelieu, Thomas Jefferson and John Carroll of Maryland and Virginia, loved their country better than the broad lands whose forfeiture they risked in joining

the patriot's cause.

I had only reached this point of my observations when a hand was laid or my shoulder, and turning sharply, I discovered that it belonged to a gray haired, agreeable-looking gentleman.

"Dr. Nelson," I exclaimed, warmly greeting the beloved physician and prosperous distiller of St. Denis. "Adair, I am glad to see you," he said as cordially. We have need of

bold hearts like yours." "And here you have thousands of them," I answered, sweeping my eye

over the crowd once more.
"Well, well, they make a brave show ing," he admitted joyously. "And does our Liberty Pole, is it not so?" By a wave of the hand he directed m

attention to the centre of the field where had been erected a monument to which my gaze had returned many times during the last few minutes. It was a majestic maple, brought from forest to form the s

The lower branches had been lopped off, but its stately head was still crowned with a splendor of scarlet foliage mor imposing than was ever Phrygian cap held high on Roman lances, the ancient head-covering of the freeman desecrated in France by the revolutionist of fort rears before.

It was not with any wish to emulat he license of the Reign of Terror, how ever, that the habitants of the co of the Richelieu had reared aloft their Liberty Pillar with its bonnet rough They were but following the example et by their neighbors in the southern provinces a little earlier.

Some years before, when I was in Boston, I was shown a fine old elm, under which the "Liberty Boys" were wont to hold their meetings in summer, long before the fight at Lexington, and wa told that a red pennon floating from its top was a signal understood by the

To-day in the meadow a few young people were, ostensibly, engro sed with the husking. Now and again, from among them, arose a peal of laughter, and the habitant gallants gave lively chase as some pretty girl found a red ear of corn.

But when, following Dr. Nelson, I pushed my way to the foot of the pole I saw, grouped about it, stan-dards of white, green, violet, and crimson' embroidered and fringed with gold. The others of ruder make were blazoned with legends such as "Fly Gosford, Persecutor of the Canadians!" Gosford, Robber of the Public Purse. Liberty! We will conquer or die for

I had no opportunity to read mor body of armed militia just then. A body of armed militia marching to the music of fife and drum cut me off from my companion, and they deployed around the field, the rowd drew back to make space for

I was not sorry for this separation, for the doctor was leading the way to where were seated some of the most distinguished men of Lower Canada.

Though a reckless fellow, ready to do either by peaceful means or amid the chances of war, whatever might be in my power to redress the wrongs of ntry not my own, I felt it w far easier for me to put myself forward on a skirmish field than upon the speakers' platform. Observing a coign of vantage at the edge of the crowd where I could see and hear all that might go on, I pressed forward and gained it.

Another among the spectators had evidently been inspired by a similar thought, for a young man of about my own age reached the spot almost at the same instant.

He was a tall fellow, and he held up his handsome head with the pride and grace of a Chateauguay or a de Long ueil of the olden time. His hair was glossy and black as a partridge's wing and as his eyes met mine I noted that they were of the color and glint of steel His green trock-coat was buttoned tightly around his shapely figure, and black cravat and rolling collar empha iz d his resemblance to the pictures o that mad poet and exponent of revolu-tionary ideas, Lord Byron, whose roman tic style of dress was still affected b the gallants of the day, although he himself had, some twelve years before continued his wanderings beyond th

In fact, the appearance and manner of my new acquaintance pronounced hi an aristocrat to the finger-tips. "You are, monsieur, from a seigneur of the neighborhood?" I said, address

ing him.

He laughed gayly and answered with

pleasing frankness:
"You are mistaken, sir, in thinking me a Frenchman. I am only a soldier of fortune from ill-fated Poland. Lack ing the opportunity to serve my native land, either in the council-hall or the army, I have sworn to devote whatever talent for peaceful agitation, or skil with the sword I may possess, to the cause of liberty the world over. There

fore, with my compatriot. Von Shultz, I have joined the French Canadians. My name is Ramon Rycerski. ing the hand he extended to me in good ing the hand he extended to me in good comradeship. "Like you, sir, I too, an from a country that has lost its birth right. I thank God I was born in the land of the shamrock, but I thank Hin also that by adoption I belong to the

freest nation of the earth. I am a citi

zen of the United States." The meeting was opened by the genial Dr. Nelson. Other speakers followed, but what they said I do not remember. Throughout the throng of habitants and other listeners there was, as in my own breast, a restlessness expectancy. It found vent at last in a great shout of joy as a handsome man of middle age, and easily of the most distinguished appearance among those wh surrounded him, rose from his place and striding to the edge of the rude rostrum cast a commanding glance over the sea of faces upturned to him.

"A Papineau, a Papineau!" cried the

My new friend, Count Rycerski - or Ramon as I shall call him —and I cheered too, and as loud as any. For, with the divine ardour of youth we were hero-worshippers, and this man was the great Louis Papineau, the statesman and matchless speaker, whose words were as honey in the mouth of the lion, the voice of French Canada. "A Papineau!" acclaimed the throi

again in chorus. Surely it was a proud moment for o well accustomed to adulation, one who could sway according to his will not only his compatriots but many of the English.

He was above the average height o men of the Gallic race, and wore his dark wavy hair brushed back from a broad forehead. His face was intellect ual, the features being regular, the mouth sensitive, and the eyes flashing He looked, indeed, the ideal orator a he stood motionless, awaiting a cessati of the clamor.

Through the crowd ran the warning "Hush!

"Tais toi!"
"Fi donc. Do you not see? He can-

not speak for the hubbub!"
When silence was restored, for a sec

he looked up at the serene blue skie wherein floated a white cloud apparent ly no larger than a man's hand he stretched forth his arms towar he people, his voice rang musical an

vibrant as the notes of a silver trumpe Would that I could recall word for word the magnetic appeal! His geni soared above passing events. Pointing out to the brave men before him the road to freedom, he promised to guid them on the way, and swore to conque or die as their leader.

When he ceased to speak, few of the nen in the great gathering were dry eyed. Yet the tears that coursed do their bearded cheeks were the tears heroes whose hearts were stirred an nerved to deeds of sacrifice and valor

The women in the throng wept unre strainedly, and many, falling upon the knees, prayed God to bless the patric cause. Cheer after cheer rent the clea October air, and a little cannon adde s thunder to the tumult of applause. Next was read a French Canadia

Declaration of Independence, after the model drawn up by the Congress of Philadelphia, each clause being greete with a volley of musketry, the waving obanners, and renewed shouts, as over victory already achieved.

Almost beside themselves with en

thusiasm, the people surrounded Papi eau, the idol of the hour, and hailed his as their would-be deliverer. As the passed the Liberty Pole, each ma saluted it. Ramon and I, pressing o with the rest, paid our respects to the great man.

Presently reaching the column, was aused, and the exiled aristocrat, layin s strong hand, that yet was white an lue-veined as a woman's, upon the roug wood of the tree said simply, "My life, my fortune, and my sacred honor I pledge to the patriots' struggle; I will follow its leaders to victory or death After him I took the same vow. The

clasping hands anew, we pledged eternal friendship to each other.

Ah, my comrade, how well you kep both vow and pledge! God knows I. too,

tried to be true to the promise to Canada and to you which I there made. But on that day, after this brief moment of solemnity, we cheered like boys. And falling in with the procession of hardy habitants, that moved on with banner waving in the breeze, we sang, to words suited to the occasion, martial airs heard in New France in the days of Louis, the Sun-King, ending with the lively mocking "Malbrouck," ever a favorite chanson.

" Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre

" J n'en dis pas davantage. J'n'en dis pas davar Car en voila z'assez Car en voila z'assez

As we marched around the meado my gaze turned to the balcony of on to e outskirts, to which indee it had strayed more than once, even during the impassioned address of Monsieur Papineau. Several times, too, I had caught the eyes of Ramon wander. ing in the same direction. For there, in company with a comely matron, stood a young girl who, from across the field at least, appeared a beauty before whose charms, I felt sure, the traditionary fascination of the diabolical Angelique de Meloise or the loveliness of Barbe of Chateauguay would have paled.

What more natural than that, as approached the little gallery and I waved aloft a pennon which some one had put into my hand, I should stare upward to see if, at nearer view, the lady was fair as she appeared from a distance. My new friend, also, looked straigh

Yes, she was even lovelier now and would appear fairer still to me, I thought, if I could but linger there be-

side her.
Perhaps the same idea occurred to my

comrade The girl was lithe as a fawn of the Canadian forest. Her frock was of a

creamy-white woollen stuff fastened at the throat by a knot of blue ribbon. Her dark hair hung in soft curls upon her shoulders, and on her graceful head her shoulders, and on her graceful head was perched a coquettish little white As we came nearer, she leaned ove

the railing. So close were we to her that, had either Ramon or I but dared one of us might have clasped the small daintily shod foot thrust halfway be ween the palings of the balustrade.

But who will stop to admire a lady's foot, however pretty it may be, when he may look into her face? Certainly neither he nor I did that day. thought us not overbold, either, for she smiled as I lowered my flag and Ramo gave her a soldier's salute.

At this attention she drew back nevertheless, and a wave of color swep over her sweet face. Then as quickly her mood changed, her laughing eyes lit up with a spirit of naive and girlisi coquetry, and catching the knot of rib bon from her neck, she flung it down As she did this, she looked at me, but it was to my comrade she threw the ribbon The pleasantry, coy as it was, made

me think of the times when as a sports man I have brought down two birds at once. Truly, seldom have I seen a neater shot. Where do women learn the charm that draws us like a talisman Ramon, without a word, thrust the bright bit of silk into the breast of his coat; while I, also silent now, kept pace

with him and fluttered my banderole Was it possible that already had come the first test of our newly sworn friend ship?

CHAPTER II. TO THE RESCUE.

As Ramon and I had agreed to join fortunes, he returned with me to Cham bly and shared my lodging at the house of Toussaint Terault, the village barber and oracle.

During these stirring days Teraul was in his element. When he strove to be witty the result was prosy enough but my comrade and I found abundan food for mirth in the barber's seriou outbursts of patriotism. He was dimini tive in stature, a wiry French Canadian and, like most individuals similarly situ ated, bold as a lion and loquacious as arrot abroad, but meek discreetly silent in the presence of his large and comely wife, who, report said, was the better man of the two. In fact he sign over the shop read boldly Louisonne and Toussaint Terault."

This so pleased the fancy of Coun Rycerski that, one evening about a fort night after he came to live with me, h estioned Terault about it. The tim was after nine by the clock, and we stood at the house door. The little man was ostensibly, about to close his shop.
"Oh, m'sieur," he replied volubly

"the sign, does it not tell its own story Louisonne inherits money from he father and she sets me up in business I make no money, I have a soul above money, m'sieurs. Louisonne she ster Louisonne she step in and takes hold, not of the shop but o in and takes hold, not of the shop but of the till. Ma parole, if the patriots win and the French are free to govern themselves, they could not do better than make Louisonne keeper of the treasury. I am a man of noble senti-ments, m'sieurs, so when Jean le Berr the painter makes my sign, I tell him to not Louisonne's name in front She put Louisonne's name in front. Sh holds the business up; therefore she the head of it. The neighbors say thi s right. What thinks m'sieur? You are a generous man, Terault,

said Ramon noncommittally. Terault beamed with plea Louisonne is a noman of influence

the village, m'sieurs, and a born talker he went on. "Once old Jean le Ber who is also the school-master, put a pun ishment upon our little boy, who is, of course, called for his mother—called our 'tit Louison, just for his natural badness. M'sieurs, my wrath was aroused and when in a rage I am a dangerou man. Jean le Berr is twice my size, bu may I be forgiven for the sar

"By my own sword, what did you do?"
I cried, in pretended dismay.
"M'sieurs," returned Toussaint, bending toward us and putting a hand before his lips, that his whisper might not pene trate into the interior of the neat thatched-roofed cottage, "I wrote Jean light of the stars, a place of pasturage, le Berr a note and gave him Hail Colstaked his pony where it could crop the

umbia, as they say in the States, M'sieur Adair—ha! ha! I told him things so hot they all but burned the paper, and also, m'sieurs, to frighten him still more, to the letter I signed the name of Louis onne. As plain as I could I wrote it-Louisonne Terault. Since then my 't Louisonne Terault. Since then my tit Louison he goes without punishment. Louisonne she could make one dozen men as big as Jean le Berr to quail before her. Ah, m'sieurs, it is a great blessing to have a valiant wife. Louisonne says to-day to our little son, 'Louison, I wish you to be good.' And Louison, he says, 'Maman, if I am good, what will you give me?' He has his what will you give me?' He has his mother's head for finance, m'sieurs. But Louisonne answers stern like a grenadier, 'Louison, it is for you to remember you cannot be a child of mine unless you

are good for nothings."

Having with a twinkling eye unburdened himself of this speech, Toussaint withdrew.

For a while my friend and I continued our former conversation, which turned to the hopes of the patriots and various military matters. . "Toussaint, what is the difference

between a fort and fortress?" Is abruptly called within to his host. The merry barber promptly poked his head out of the shop again. " M'sieurs," he said suavely, " since

the fortress is of the gender feminine, I think it will hold out the longer. Parbleu! It will be easier to silence fort." "Well said!" I cried, while Ramor

could not speak for laughing. "You are evidently a man of experience, Toussaint; you will make a good soldier."

With this parting thrust at Terault,

set out with my comrade for a stroll through the village, whence we saun-tered on into the open country. We had been gone more than an hour when we heard a voice hallooing. Retracing our steps we soon came in sight of the belligerent barber, who was running to

rd us.
"M'sieur" he called out, when at last he reached us, short of breath, " a mes-senger brings news from St. John that two patriots, M'sieurs Desmarais and two patriots, M sieurs Desmarais and Davignon have been dragged out of their beds, one may say, by a band of redcoats, and are to be carried through Chambly to the prison at Montreal." We lost no time in getting back to the

village Square, where the people were by this, gathered, the men having hastily armed themselves with clubs and farr implements. It was nearly midnight. The very air is charged with excite ment, as before a storm of hail and lightning," cried Ramon. "Yes," I answered, "I hope the villag-

"Yes," I answered, "I hope the villagers will act promptly when the time comes. Toussaint, having mounted a chair

brought from the tavern, was haranguing the crowd. He was interrupted by the strains of distant martial music. "The soldiers! the soldiers!" shouted A silence of suspense fell upon us all.

Every moment the sounds grew louder and before long we saw waving lights down beyond Chambly Canton. The blustering soldiers, elated by their raid upon a settlement just going to were approaching

Soon they came into view, a mounted troop, and at their head, as I saw by the light of their torches, rode the older of the two officers whom I encountered of St. Charles. They kept close together forming an impenetrable wall around an open charette, wherein, upon a heap of straw, were seated the unfortunate

And the cart is driven by a renegade I muttered, my Frenchman.

ourning within me. An ominous murmur ran through the waiting throng.
"A bas, Malo, the traitor!"

"Courage, patriots."
"No harm shall come to you." Such were the shouts that came from every direction.
Others of the habitants, brandishing

sticks and pikes, jeered at the soldier in a chorus of curses.
"Sacre! A bas Gosford!"

But how could this startled hand o farmers, a few men all told, hope to wrest their compatriots from the mili-

Overrawed by the blare of the brass band, the parade of armed authority and confused by the voice of the great drum and the flashing of the torch people, though they clamored and pro tested, were yet driven back, those who resisted being ruthlessly ridden down in the road. Thus the troop of cavalry swept imperiously and relentlessly or ward until, in the distance, the night closed around them, and even the glean of their torches was lost amid the dark music died upon the breeze.

The women and children of our littl ommunity had hidden themselves in affright at their first glimpse of the armed soldiery, even the valiant Louis-onne, wife of Toussaint, having evident ly, deemed "discretion the better par of valor." Now the men slunk away ashamed that, despite their brave word of an hour earlier, they had let the cavalcade pass without making an attempt to free their neighbors of St. John, who were being hurried on, probably to an ignoble death. Ramon and I did not return to the

ouse of the barber.
"To the rescue," he said in a low "To the rescue," I repeated as firmly

Going to the stable of the inn made ready our mounts and set off by a circuitous route through the wood, to ward Longueil, the direction taken by the dragoons.

While we were in t'edoush I felt Fer

Follet start and quiver, and I knew sh heard some sound that had not reached me. Her agitation quickly commun cated itself to Rycerski's strong pony and presently, to our ears came notes of the music of the band. "Here they are," I exclaimed, grit

ting my teeth.
"Now for it," Ramon replied, his en

thusiasm rising. We sprang from our saddles. selecting as well as he could by the dim light of the stars, a place of pasturage

moist grass and tender vines. I followed his example, though I had no need to be so cautious. "Steady, my pretty I whispered in the ear of Feu and the word was enough. difference in the nature of horses, being, like my Feu Follet, patient woman when a man is anxious or in trouble, while others are gournets, to be appealed to only through the feast spread before them.
TO BE CONTINUED,

CLEMENTINE, PENITENT OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

"How pathetic!" exclaimed Rose Waldegrave.
She had paused in the Church of St

She had paneed in Wilfrid's, Horne street, to read some obituary cards which were fastened by the street of a board covered with drawing-pins to a board covered w green baize.
"Which?" asked her niece, Cicely

Archdall. Mrs. Waldegrave pointed silently to a black-bordered card which was placed at the bottom of the board. On it, under a Latin cross, were printed the

words :

Of your Charity, Pray for the Soul of Clementine,

Aged 18.
Penitent of the Good Shephe "Not half so pathetic as her story,' Cicely Archdall answered involuntarily Mrs. Waldegrave turned and looke Mrs. Waldegrave at her in a mystified way.

"Did you know her?" she asked.
"Yes," said Cicely simply.
"Then that was why—" and the speaker paused.

People who knew Rosa Waldegrave but slightly always pronounced the verdict of "most tiresome" on her habit of leaving sentences incomplete. But her intimate friends were accustomed to it, and found no difficulty in following

her train of thought. "Why I took up that work," Cicely finished for her now. "Yes, Clemen-

tine was why."

Mrs. Waldegrave leaned forward t wards her with one of the pretty foreign gestures acquired during her long

residence abroad. "Tell me some time, Cecil," she pleaded. "The story, I mean." "Why, yes, if you wish it," said Cicely. "But it's a story one feels better than one can express it, and I'm not much good at story-telling."
"Is there anywhere else you want to

"The Bon Marche, Williams' and ther

The Catholic Truth Society met in Fordhampton that week, and as Hum-phrey Archdall was a warm supporter of the society, the Archdall's house and time were alike devoted to the entertainment of lay and clerical guests during the two or three days which followed "I'm so sorry, Aunt Rosa," Cicely said one morning; "we've simply bee

able to see nothing of you for the last few days, but you understand how it is, don't vou? "My dear, don't apologize,

Walderrave answered: "I've enjoyed myself thoroughly. You don't know what it is to feel the rush of life again. until you've been out of England for nearly fifteen years. What are your plans for to-day?" "The conference ends to-day. There

"The conterence ends to-day. There is a reception this afternoon, and a delegates' dinner at the Adelphi in the evening. Humphrey will be at that, of course, but you and I will have a quiet time at home, unless you'd rather do something else."

"No. An interval sounds rather

alluring, and, besides, it will give me an opportunity of hearing that story. haven't forgotten about it."

Cicely Archdall smiled. "You persistent person!" she said.
"Now, Cicely, begin." Mrs. Walde-"Now, Cicely, begin." Mrs. Walde-grave's eyes rested lovingly on her niece. Many people loved to look at Cicely Archdall. Scarcely above mid-dle height, her slenderness of build and the extreme distinction of her carriage made her look tall when compared with other women. Her thick brown hair

## Surgeon's Opinion OF KNIFE FOR PILES

Operating often a fad—The modern way of curing piles is with DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

Sir Henry C. Burdett, K. C. B., of Condon, Eng., in a recent address sa d : What we want are surgeons, who with wisdom to be conservative have courage to protest against the growing tendency to put a knife into everybody on the nallest possible pretext.' Too many doctors have a desire to use the knife at every opportunity. The rewards to them are rich, but think of the suffering of body and mind, the enormous expense and the risk of life

itself. An operation should be the last resort for in spite of glowing promises the results are often very disappointing Many a sufferer from piles has cured by the use of Dr. Chase's Oint ment, after operations have failed. Hundreds of thousands have escaped

operations by using this treatment first and thereby obtaining cure. Mr. Arthur Lepine, school teacher, Granite Hill, Muskoka, Ont., writes: "For two years I suffered from bleeding piles, and lost each day about half cup of blood. I went to the Ottawa General Hospital to be operated on, and was under the influence of chloroform for one hour. For about two months was better, but my old trouble returned and again I lost much blood. One of my doctors told me I would have to undergo another operation, but I would not con

"My father, proprietor of the Riche lieu Hotel, Ottawa, advised me to use Dr. Chase's Ointment, and two boxes cured me. I did not lose any blood after beginning this treatment, and believe the cure is a permanent one. I gratefully recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment as the best treatment in the world for bleeding piles." 60 cents a box at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

was brushed simp and knotted loos fair neck. Her m her nose too irreg her claim to that her claim to that under their del In color they we gray which is sometimes black. apart, and had th innocent child. res into her mi sorrow of life the by selfish desire was that which g look which was he "Come, Cicel arged.

JULY 3, 19

"I was thinking can't tell a stor peace I'd better I in my own way." "The year afte. Uncle Rudolf wa Humphrey. He at Lincoln's Inn with him to Bere was just home i I needn't tell yo love with each o ready know that

"Humphrey was a Catholic, but a moderately well practice in Ford practice in Ford people regarded However, they go we were marrie honeymoon befo thing moth that Phillipson, long in every cap "Poor Philli Waldegrave. " corry she was keep up the dign "Oh, she was," way, she's marri happy. You mu fore you leave; s didn't live out h

before the K. C.

fashioned house

from St. Wilfri

Phillipson and a women once a 'Oh, that 'wo a thorn she wa and dishes, or s by wanting meat There was alway last I had a bril our rector, Fathe to recommend r knew, and he How glad I baby then, and to make it so ur derlings did not everything went months, until or

ningham did no

little street whe

around during t

at her door more answer. Then

window, and I sa

by the fireplace.

Fearing she n door and went in The fire had e or had gone out, notice. Her fa gray, and her poe I asked. "She looked a she scarcely answered me at "'No, 'm,' she I'm in sore trou gone and left me "I knew Clen

had often giver ties and little th

"Aunt Rosa, liest child. He came to be her with no outwar kind, but Cleme flower. She had tian blue, you kn plexion and feat oss silk. Her Her husband had Clementine was since she had t fingers to the h she herself had lacked Clementine an 'improver' to one of the good rate house in

streets.

told me, not in t she meant. 'H "Mrs. Cunnir dress pocket and ten on cheap, hig a large sprawlin velope, "I read the le th hand. 'Dear mothe iew lines, hopin well as they leav

mother, I am go don't you take o

"'Left you ?'

ant you take of happy. He is of happy. He is of has bought me write to you aga so no more at p daughter, Cleme "Where has "Is it where Cunningham, that stole here made her. Is tinghere if 12d tinghere if 12d inghere if I'd the poor child ? to her co She's a bold hu she's a bold hu
all the wrong;
keep her off he
weep her off he
my Clementine
"And is it
Clementine, M
says, "I wasn'
speak to her la
says, but I'd
Cunningham, I'd
and don't en