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Some time ago I was completely incapacitated for business by itching piles. I bought a box of Chase's Ointment at Roper's Drug Store, and soon applying it was relieved at once. I have given it to others and all have been relieved. It has cured some that had undergone an operation. W.M. LEITCH, Caledonia, Ont.

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DR. TAYLOR'S ASTHMA CURE. Swift as a bird and as silently, Thady fled away, a quick gliding shadow in the moonlight.

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD

An Historical Romance. BY M. M'D. BODKIN, G. C.

CHAPTER XV.—CONTINUED.

"Oh, ay! I do see, I think," broke in the other, with a laugh that was an insult. "Those fellows fight hard sometimes. They will be furious as a hive of stinging-bees, if their priest is meddled with. If there is a hawk or two to be through Hemenstal's hulking carcass than through the precious person of your lordship. But have you taken all precautions; is the game sure?"

"Perfectly," replied Lord Dulwich, ignoring the insult in the other's voice and manner. "We have certain tidings that Mass is to be said at daybreak in the district, though the exact spot is not known. But there are not so many coverta that will hold priest and congregation that we need trouble much about that. We hope to take them red-handed, so to speak. By this time Hemenstal and his men are on the move. They have orders not to hesitate to shoot at the least show of resistance or flight. Moreover, they have a private hint that your friend, the priest, will be, least, as acceptable at headquarters dead as alive."

"Right," cried Mark fiercely. "I drink to Father O'Carroll's speedy salvation," and he drained a bumper. "There's a pious toast for his reverence. I should take them red-handed, if another friend of mine, my elder brother, as you are kind enough to call him, were also of the party, for he is a notorious head centre. If a stray bullet comes in his way, I, for one, shan't grudge him it. But I don't envy the man at whom he aims. Your lordship was right to keep out of range of his pistol barrel."

"But come," he went on, shuffling the cards rapidly, and letting two or three straggle out of his hands on the floor, "we waste time, and at to-night's rate time is worth ten pounds a minute to me." Before the first card of the new deal had fallen on the table, Christy was out in the picture-gallery, and the panel closed behind him. For a moment or two he was bewildered at the immensity of the danger. He knew right well where the Mass was to be said, and knew, too, that Maurice Blake had started two hours before to be present. After Mass there was to be a meeting, and Father O'Carroll had promised "the boys" that they should have news from Dublin to warm the veins of their hearts. Worse still, if worse might be, Peggy Heffernan was also gone to bring the priest's blessing home to the old folk, who had grown too feeble of late for such perilous devotion.

No wonder Christy stood for a moment dumb-founded at the thought of those three whom he loved best in the world in such deadly danger, and he ten miles away, with no power to help. But his wits had been trained in a hard school to do their work rapidly. Setting his lamp upon the broad library table, across which it threw a widening path of yellow light, he hastily scribbled a few lines on a sheet of paper, tied it up, and sealed it with a wafer. The note was short and to the point.

"The 'Yeas' will be upon you at daybreak," began. Pass the warning to Father O'Carroll and Master Maurice, will be a boat at the corner of Sney Island to take off his reverence if he is hard pressed. "Christy."

He had already determined on his messenger. The distance was ten good miles by the nearest way from Cloonlara. The path lay at Paris over rough ground, at Paris through thick woods impossible for a horseman. There was but one man in all Ireland who could cover the distance in the time. Luckily, that man was, at that moment, fast asleep in the stable-yard at Cloonlara. Christy knew where to find him. He made straight for the doghouse where the wince mastiff, whose office was a sinecure, slept.

At the sound of steps the great brute roused itself and gave a deep, muffled bark. But his eyes and nose recognized a friend, and he wagged his lazy tail, and dropped off to sleep again. In the uncertainty light Christy could make out the dark outline of a man's figure stretched cosily beside the dog's on the clean straw. Here was the messenger he needed.

Stepping down, he touched the sleeper with his hand, and, in an instant, Thady O'Flynn, whose slumber was as light as a weasel's, stood, wide-awake, before him. Christy handed him the letter. It suddenly disappeared. For Thady had a hundred tricks of concealment, and many a massive he had carried to its destination after he had been searched thoroughly by the yeomen.

Not a word yet had been spoken on either side. Thady stood still waiting his instructions, with cheeks pale as the moonlight, and restless blue eyes scanning the other's face eagerly. "Father O'Carroll says Mass at daybreak on the top of Cloonascree," Christy went on, slowly, in spite of his impatience to impress his meaning on the wandering mind of the other. "The Yeas have got the hard word from some black-hearted traitor. It's yourself that must give the warning, Thady, I'll be close at hand."

"But the letter?" broke in Thady. It was the first word he spoke. "You know Peggy Heffernan?" The other nodded—"Master Mark's sweetheart?" Christy raised his hand angrily as if to strike him. "Yonrown, then," said Thady. The hand dropped by his side. "There is no time for fooling, Thady," he said very earnestly. "You must give this letter into the colleen's own hand on the hill of Cloonascree, where the Mass is to be. The bloodhounds have a long start of you. Every minute is worth a man's life. You must race as if the devil was behind you and heaven in front. Now go."

Swift as a bird and as silently, Thady fled away, a quick gliding shadow in the moonlight.

Christy's face brightened as he watched him from the gate of the courtyard. A five-foot wall bounded the paddock. He leaped lightly to the top, throwing out his arms to balance himself, so he stood for one moment outland against the white night, then plunged down and disappeared.

Then Christy turned to the house to make ready for his own part in the desperate effort to rob the bloodhounds of their victims. For over an hour Thady flew as a bird flies, straight and tireless. Now down through by the water's brink, now through the dark recesses of the woods speckled with moonshine, now over rough and rocky ground, that even in the daytime demanded caution, he leaped lightly forward.

No sound broke the silence of the night save the hare that sprang from the covert at his feet, or the wild duck that bustled up from the bullrushes by the lake's edge, and vanished a dark speck in the still air that whistled to the beating of his stout wings.

The light was fading from the moon, a cold greyish glow began to dabble the edge of the eastern horizon, and the breath of the early morning blew faint and chill when Thady's quick ear caught the measured tramp of men in the woods in front of him. Then he knew that the first half of his task was accomplished. The first heat of this terrible race for life or death was won.

Feeling cautiously through the brambles could see the yeomen, fifty strong, marching steadily forward. The scarlet uniforms, indeed, looked black in the waning moonlight, but here and there the steel of their accoutrements glittered coldly.

The officer was a man of colossal stature, whom Thady recognized with a choking sensation in his throat as Hemenstal, "the walking gallows." He moved like a moving pillar, taking but one step to every two of his men took. Thady slipped away to the right, and then bent again for the hill of Cloonascree as fast as he dared.

Two miles more and he reached the wood's edge. The sleepy birds were beginning to rustle in the branches, and call to each other with drowsy chirp, and the sun's upper edge, a flaming red crescent, just showed over the lake, when he leaped out still with the same even, steady speed, on the open space of smooth soil that now stretched between him and Cloonascree.

The space between, and the hill itself seen in the distance, a round low mound clad in close green turf, scarcely a hundred yards high, and double that in diameter at the top, the hill of Cloonascree had plainly been fashioned and used in distant days as a military encampment. A ridge six feet high, rising up around the outer edge, converted the entire tableland on the top to a shallow flat-bottomed basin where a thousand men might lie concealed.

Even now, while to the quick eye of the anxious runner who sped across the plain the yeomen were now close to the edge of the woods. The moment his eyes it on the approaching figure Hemenstal cried "Halt!" in a muffled voice.

"Down, boys!" he whispered excitedly. "Lie close. Here comes our guide. He'll catch our deary shuck before we go ashooting. A dainty duck she is, by George," he added, with an ugly leer, as she came rapidly on.

Right into the midst of the enemy the unsuspecting Peggy plunged, humming a hymn as she walked, with face as bright as the sunshine and voice as sweet as the birds.

Hemenstal, suddenly emerging from behind the huge tree that sheltered his huge bulk, stopped and coiled his arm round her waist, holding her fast. A growl of hoarse laughter went up from his exultant followers.

"Welcome, my beauty," said the giant, his huge mouth grinning close to hers. "Here are a lot of nice young men anxious to have a walk with you; but first come first served, and my turn is first." He laid a cold, iron-fisted knob to his side, and she struck him on the broad expanse of cheek sharply with her clenched fist. Then ducking her head, and leaving the shawl still under her arm, by a dexterous twist she freed herself, and fled back the way she had come.

"Fair and easy, sweetheart," he said, his hand closing like a vice on her arm. "You must not run away from my friends. You're right about the kissing, though—business first, and pleasure after. There will be time enough for that by-and-by, and those red lips of your own's fade. But religion goes first; we're all going to Mass, and we want you to take us there."

With flushed cheeks and flashing eyes, Peggy glanced round the rough group that circled her, and read their purpose in their savage looks.

For a moment it seemed as if his mission would prove in vain. With rest, reaction came. His over-wrought frame shivered like a ship that has just struck; his brain was dizzy, and the scene spun round him, a wide circle of bright color. His heart beat like a hammer against his side; a weight on his chest seemed to stifle him. If he had not leaned against the inner surface of the embankment he must have fallen. With a great effort he filled his laboring lungs with air; another deep breath, and another, then relief came.

His strength returned and his keen instinct with it. A little distance off he saw Peggy Heffernan. He stepped lightly and softly as a cat to her side, and put the note in her hand without a word.

She looked up quickly. A single glance at the pale face and wild eyes told her of danger close at hand. Her heart ceased beating as she read the note. "Where, Thady, where?" she whispered trembling.

"There," he answered in the same tone, pointing towards the woods, "not a quarter of a mile from the edge now." "So near! good God, so near! There is no hope at all at all!"

She glanced round at the women and children who were scattered so thickly amongst the congregation; her eyes went on to the priest at the altar. "They cannot escape; they will be slaughtered where they stand." She sought some plan in her quick mind with a fruitless eagerness that was an agony. The awful moment of the consecration came, she bowed reverently to the earth and breathed a silent prayer for guidance from above. Her prayer was answered.

She rose up calm, but very pale. "Thady," she said, "listen to me and attend. I'm going down to meet them. Here is the note back; don't let your mind go wool-gathering; watch over the edge of the bank; watch as we never watched before, and the first red coat ye see stepping out of the wood give the note to Master Maurice. There are men will him here to fight, if fight they must, and the hill is hard to climb. But I'm trusting to the good Lord that all will be well yet and no innocent blood spilt."

"Except my own, maybe," she uttered in a lower voice, as she drew her shawl closer about her head and blessed herself devoutly. Then she slipped over the embankment at the side furthest from that on which the yeomen were approaching, and ran like a goat to the bottom of the hill.

But no thought of fear or flight was in that brave young heart. She flitted round the base till she faced the point of the woods to which Thady had pointed. Springing out bravely she walked swiftly and steadily right into the mouth of the enemy.

The brightly-dressed, rapidly-moving figure was conspicuous in the morning sun, shining clear on the lonely plain, with the lonely hill as a background to the edge of the woods. The moment his eyes it on the approaching figure Hemenstal cried "Halt!" in a muffled voice.

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ruptured the sergeant, before Hemenstal could speak. This was a red-headed, big-boned savage. He was a "jumper," too, and was the more hated on that account by the people, and hated them back freely in return.

"To say our prayers, in course," he said, "and maybe serve the Mass itself, and lend a hand with the music. Won't you help Father O'Carroll to a good congregation, miss?"

"Hurry up," said Hemenstal, savagely, his innate brutality breaking out. "There is no time for further fooling. The Papish rebels may escape while we stand idling here."

Peggy said never a word, made never a move. Hemenstal grew furious. "Give the jade a touch of the spur, sergeant," he said.

With the keen point of his bayonet the brute prodded the wretched girl until the blood oozed through her clothes in patches of dull red. She writhed and groaned, but made no move, and said no word.

"He may be tempted to drive it clean through," growled Hemenstal, "if you don't speak out, and step out as well."

"If you were to cut me to pieces I'd never inform you to please you," the brave girl sobbed defiantly.

"If the spur won't do, try the halter, Captain," said the sergeant, driving the point of his bayonet into the earth to clean the blood stain off it. "She may be led, though she won't be driven."

Hemenstal took the hint. He drew from his capacious coat-tail pocket the ominous cord, without which he never moved, and dangled the running noose in the girl's face.

She dropped on her knees before him. "Mercy!" she faltered out. "Do not kill me."

"Faith, you kill yourself, my girl," he said, coolly, "when you won't save yourself. Other folks' necks are more precious to you than your own it is no affair of mine. You may take your choice. Speak or choke."

He dropped the noose over her bent head as he spoke, and tightened it till the throat cord rasped her neck. "Come, she cried, "I'll lead you."

"I thought so," said the brute, complacently. "I thought when you felt the squeeze of the rope you would not want much more pressing. Lead on."

She turned her back on Cloonascree, and led the troop at a rapid pace through the woods—straight away from their intended victims.

They followed her confidently. Her well-acted reluctance completely deceived them. Besides, she had been taught what to expect if she failed. They never doubted that she led them straight to the "nest of the cursed Papishes."

STORY OF AN ACTOR-SAINT.

In the beginning of the fourth century there lived in Rome an actor and playwright named Genesius, whose histrionic achievements were admired by all lovers of the drama. He was, in fact, the brightest star in the constellation of Roman actors of his day, and numbered among his audiences the Emperors of Rome and the Princes of the State.

This pagan actor was one day called upon to arrange a drama which should ridicule the Christian baptism. The drama was to be ready for representation on the occasion of the Emperor Diocletian's visit to Rome, who had condescended to be present at the celebration of the twentieth year of the reign of Maximian Herculius.

Genesius at once set out to find some one who might give him full information upon the subject of his contemplated drama. He found a friend who told him the manner of procedure and he applied himself assiduously to dramatizing the ceremony, and it was not long ere he had completed one of the most ludicrous plays on Christian baptism, which could not fail to greatly divert the audience, who held this religion and its mysteries in the utmost contempt and derision. The characters of this ludicrous drama were a priest, an exorcist, a person to be baptized, two servants, the Emperor, attendants and soldiers. The person to be baptized was to feign sickness and request his servants to call upon a priest that he might die in the true faith. The priest and exorcist are then summoned upon the scene, and after mimically going through the usual ceremony preceding the Christian baptism water is poured upon the person to be baptized, and he is thereafter clothed in a white garment. Soldiers would then hasten upon the scene, seize the neophyte and drag him before the Emperor's tribunal, who would order him to be imprisoned and martyred. The drama was well rehearsed by Genesius and his company and was to be staged in one of the large Roman theatres during the month of November, A. D. 303.

The day of the initial performance arrived. Seated in the spacious theatre side by side were the Emperors Diocletian and Maximian, the Emperor of Rome and their suites. A large number of Roman Senators, commanders of the Pannonian and Dacian troops, besides people of all classes, were also in attendance, ready to laugh and applaud heartily the least jest and mockery cast upon a Christian ceremony.

The curtain rises. The stage is transformed into a Christian's bed-chamber. On the right side one may behold a cross and several emblems which were at one time the sacred treasures of Christians. Near the cross stands a table covered with a snow white linen cloth, on which rests a vessel with water. On the left side there is a bed covered with the finest Asiatic spreads, and upon the bed lies the chief character of the drama, Genesius. He is feigning himself sick. By his side are his two servants, who pretend uneasiness about his illness and are fanning him with large Egyptian fans and offering him wine to drink. At length the silence breaks; Genesius speaks faintly.

"Ah, my friends, I find a great weight upon me and desire to be eased."

Servants: "What shall we do to give thee ease, master? Wouldst thou have us plane thee to make thee lighter?"

Genesius: "Ye senseless creatures, I am resolved to die a Christian, that God may receive me on this day of my death as one who seeks his salvation by flying from idolatry and superstition. Go hence at once and bring me a priest, a priest!"

After some moments' pause two players enter, one impersonating a priest, the other an exorcist. They make a jesting obeisance to the cross—this mystery brings forth the first tremendous applause. The priest sits down by the bedside of the dying man.

Priest: "My son, thou hast sent for me and wishest to be received into the true Church?"

Genesius gives no answer. He lies there as one whose spirit has fled. The actors become confused by his prolonged silence. The spectators grow impatient and murmurs are heard: "They have forgotten their lines," "The play is a failure," etc.

During the painful suspense and confusion Genesius beheld a vision and being suddenly converted by divine inspiration opens his eyes and replies, not in jest, but seriously:

"Yes, I desire to be received into the true Church, and through the grace of Jesus Christ I wish to be born again that I may be delivered from my sins." The other players proceeding mimically go through the whole ceremony of baptism with him, but he answers all the usual interrogatories with such earnestness that many become suspicious. Genesius is now habited in a white garment amidst the cheers and applause of the spectators. Suddenly a loud knock is heard at the door, two players dressed like soldiers enter, and, to carry on the jest, they seize Genesius and drag him off the stage.

The next scene opens. It represents the palace of the Emperor, who is seated upon his throne, surrounded by his guards and attendants. Genesius is led upon the scene and presented to the Emperor in order to be examined, as the martyrs were wont to be.

Emperor: "Art thou a Christian, Genesius? If so, thou must abjure thy creed and offer incense to the gods."

true Emperors, lian, and spoke "Hear, O who are present philosophers, what I am going to behold a vision angels over me of a book all from childhood plunged the the stood on the to words poured enance, they shone than snow. O great and my ye people here culled these men that Jesus was He is the light it is through forgiveness of Diocletian ordered the Genesius to be more and inth and then to Pautian, the that he might to sacrifice to manded him rack, where books for a c burnt with s dured these and persisted "There I besides Him I adore and adhere thou deaths for f ingly my fo detested. Hi to His sa Upon thi The bap received on sentation o of a serio the Christa baptized in and also in celebrated Maire in Ce

THE PR Movement In all the A move out the coun parish the Society for Faith. Ve general di assistant d association Mary's Sen The wor which is b of the Ges Apostles' world "fo ness of the of travel a went on a teaching was soon the mig ever bech ical and changes l little pro of the bou Church st tude of his trouble h was sent set out to service o going in penetrat vauchng with Col and with exploring North a islands c missing t testant N Church N North fr zeal with for her v faithful Europea to teach While credit fo field, Fr been ch tolate. baptizab concern deaths o Our ec Bishops hences l lakes a names, may ex deas o country of Loul Brigad nificen Fren their m under o Janson Stans, founde of the still gl able, a along think mittee million I thin ours