est, and

d throw.

norably

pital in

at voted

ily. To

on, as an the poor

that was

well-be-

untimely

who had

chapter, e to Car-hope was all, set off

Angus, people by n his par-hough the

of a very

a, any fur-sible. In

s, he was

the arch-

th Angus

o was now person of Scott of

sociates of

at Kirklis

ged to be re, suffered ir estates,

framed and

efiles of the

than to in-

s captivity, leath of his

ncis d'Arcy, ouglas clan er and cor-h were the he Battle of

vate garden morated the nall marble

of his page.

devoted of

the young

for him who,

lost his life

of dissimula-ad succeeded feelings that

the outward

ieved him to Yet, perhaps, he King ever

by all, and ouglases gave d confidence,

the apparent

ow allowed a

alace gardens

y his gaolers, lelrose.

vatch, became

was concert-

r the gardens

my good Car-

King, on per-

Beaton, laying

ray of warning. riven from the

James; "I am you." or interrupting nt we have no

s conversation.

ald be ready to

h of my heart."

ouglases are go-will certainly

The Governor d of mine, and

there, you will. This is all I can to carry it out o strictly am

However, when

has arrived, let n, and I will at

neet you. Until ne part you are resigned, even

James, his face

atch your oppo

then it pres

trength.

watch over himself, never allow iant watch over himself, never allowing the slightest trace of the sadness he felt to appear in his countenance. He even assumed a cordial manner in his relations with his gaolers. When he met either Sir George or Parkhead, overcoming the natural dislike he felt for them, he conversed so openly and familiarly with them that they no longer doubted his perfect contentment. longer doubted his period condentment.
Thus, thanks to his cruel circumstances, the royal child lost little by little the frankness and candour of youth, and became an adept in the art

of dissimulation.

When the Douglases, taking the King with them, arrived at Falkland, Angus decided to allow James still more liberty, and permitted him to hunt, a recreation which until now had been decided him; and as he was of dissimulation. been denied him; and as he was grow-ing fast, this healthy recreation was all the more needful. The chase now being fast, this healthy recreation was all the more needful. The chase now became the King's chief amusement, and he gave himself up to it with all the ardour of youth, whilst Angus, pleased with this fresh proof of his contentment, resolved that nothing should be wanting in this matter to satisfy the young monarch. Sending, therefore, for the master of the hunt, "I wish," he said, "that His Majesty's horses and dogs should be the best of their kind; therefore, have any inferior ones turned out, and replace them with others; also engage more verderers and beaters, so that the hunt may be a and beaters, so that the hunt may be a truly royal one."

The man hastened to obey the orders of Lord Angus, making up the packs of Lord Angus, making up the packs with great care, and engaging a number of men for the royal service, with out any other consideration than as to their skill in their craft.

James, much pleased by all these measures undertaken for his benefit, had almost forgotten his project of flight, when one day, whilst hunting in Fakland Forest, and carried away by the hot pursuit of his game, he sud-denly found himself almost alone, one huntsman only having kept up with him. This man had been at his side all the morning, waiting, no doubt, with impatience for this favorable moment, for no sooner did he perceive that the King was out of sight of the rest of the King was out of sight of the rest of the party than he approached him hastily, saying: "Sire, this is from the Cardinal; and as he spoke he drew a paper from his doublet and handed it amai, and an analysis of the James, who, much surprised, took it from the huntsman and hastened to peruse it. Whilst the King was thus engaged, the man gazed about him uneasily, fearing lest they should be surprised.

The huntsman was tall of stature The nuntsman was tall of stature, with scanty hair of a grayish color, and of about middle age. He was, in truth, our old friend Shell, who by Beaton's orders had offered his services to the master of the hunt when the latter was master of the nunt when the latter was engaging the extra huntsmen ordered by Angus. Shell in his youth had ex ercised this calling, and his experience in all the details of the chase caused him to be one of the first selected.

When the King had fluished reading the Cardinal's missive, he turned to

the man, saying:
"The Cardinal writes that I can trust myself to you, and that you will advise me as to means of escape."

"Yes, Sire, I am yours body and ul," replied Shell; "and I greatly desire to undertake and bring to a good end that which the young lord, Francis d'Arcy, was not able to effect." You knew him, then ?" asked

James eagerly. once rescuing him from the claws of the devilish Cessford at Wedderburn." "What! was it you who saved his life on that occasion, of which he often

"Oh, Sire, would that I had been on the banks of the Forth to have saved

him again !' "Poor Francis! poor friend!" cried the King, altogether forgetting the hunt in the thoughts of his beloved page. "The Cardinal is indeed right,"

me quickly, for indeed I desire interty.

I wish to regain my power so that I may avenge the death of Francis."

"Sire," said Shell, "by the order of my master the Cardinal I have in my baggage a peasant's dress suited to your size. The Douglases are begin-ning to relax their watchfulness over you, and by the help of this disguise it will be possible for you to ascane. will be possible for you to escape; but," he added, "we must find the

opportunity." "Are we not alone now?" cried James, fired with the idea of regaining his freedom. We are, Sire."

"Have you the clothes here?"
"I always carry them with me, Sire;

"I always carry them with me, she, they are in this game bag."
"Give them to me, then, at once. I will go deerer into the forest and find a lonely spot where I can put them on, and thus disguised I will go at once to Stirling, where, no doubt, Beaton awaits me."
"Yes Size the Cardinal awaits your

Yes, Sire, the Cardinal awaits your

"Yes, Sire, the Cardinal awaits your Majes'y at Stirling; but he will not see you yet, for I may not give you the clothes to-day."

"What do you mean?" said James, irritated by Shell's words.

"No, Sire," repeated Shell; "for to act with such haste would only serve to compromise matters a second time. The bour has not yet come; for though the Douglases, it is true, do not watch you in such a tyrannical manner as at

four cardinal points of the forest. Therefore, Sire, I bessech you to attempt nothing to-lay, but return to the castle like a Prince who is well satisfied with his sport, and thus you will completely deceive them, and they will relate their practiculars. lax their watchfulness more and more, believing that they have nothing to fear from you, and that your contentment is real."

"Very well, let it be so," said the King somewhat saily; "but when

"Very well, let it be so," said the King somewhat saily; "but when shall I find myself at Stirling, braving the power of my tyrants and making them feel the weight of my authority?" "May it please your Majesty, to leave it to me," said Shell. "I am on the watch, and when the time comes I will not let it pass. I will flud means to warn your Majesty by following you, as I did to day; but to make it easier for me to speak to you, Sire, hunt often — every day if you can—and I hope —every day if you can—and I hope soon to be able to say: King of Sect land, the time of freedom has arrived."

"May God fulfil your wishes, my good man!" said James with a sigh. "And now, Sire, shall we rejoin the hunt, which seems coming in our direc-tion, for I hear the horns not far off?"

As he spoke, a loud noise was heard in the brushwood near, and a boar, hard pressed by the hounds, sprang out in front of them. The furious animal, though wounded in many places, turned the strength of the though wounded in many places, turned upon his pursuers. James, seeing he was about to assail the dogs, attacked it with his spear. His thrust however. was ill-aimed, and only served to still further enrage the animal, who, leaving the dogs, rushed towards the King. Happily, Shell was at hand to protect the young Sovereign, and with a well-directed thrust he struck home, and the directed thrust he struck home, and the boar rolled over at the King's feet. Shell at once dismounted, and threw himself on the animal to give him his death-blow with his hunting knife. At that moment the rest of the King's party came up, and James, having com-plimented Shell before them all, and re-ceived from the victor the paw of the boar, ordered the return to the castle. The blast of the horns, which echoed

through the forest, apprised the other hunting parties that the chase was over nunting parties that the chase was over for the day, so that they were able to reach Falkland some little time before the King, whom at his return they com-plimented upon his success. James conversed gaily with them for some time before retiring to his own apart-ments and his gallers felt convinced ments, and his gaolers felt convinced that no thought of flight was in his

The following day Angus and his kinsmen were assembled together in the Earl's room.

"Ah, well!" said Angus, addressing "Ah, well!" said Angus, addressing the others, "you see the King no longer thinks of escape. The opportunity we gave him yesterday, and of which he made no attempt to avail himself, proves that he may relax the strict surveillance over him which we have hitherto observed."

"Quite true," replied Parkhead;
"nevertheless, it will not do to let him
be too free, for were he to take it into his head to escape we should suffer for

"I never intended him not to be watched at all," rejoined Angus. "We must still be careful. But to morrow I must go to the Lothians on private affairs of my own, and Sir George has business with the Bishop of St. Andrew's."

"Well, it matters not," said Parkbead. "Sir Archibald and myself are

"Well, it matters not," said Parkhead; "Sir Archibald and myself are sufficient to mount guard over him."
"I am not staying at Falkland," interrupted Sir Archibald.
"Why not?" asked Parkhead.
"No, he is not," said Angus quickly. "Uncle Archibald announced to me this morning that he was going to

me this morning that he was going to Dundee: but," he continued, with a Dundee; but," he continued, with a smile, "he did not say for what pur pose he was taking the journey thither."

thither."

"Just for a diversion," answered Sir
Archibald, somewhat embarrassed.
"Of which we can divine the end,"
laughed Sir George. "Uncle Archibald, somewhat embarrassed to ride, my boy?" questioned the groom.

"Come, come, my good man, we are

you. But he has sa'd nothing more. Have you concerted any plan? Tell me quickly, for indeed I desire liberty.

"And why not, fair nephew?" in the continuous process. "Uncle Archibald is going to make us a present of an aunt."

"And why not, fair nephew?" in quired Archibald. "Are you too old to receive such a present? But no matter what my business may be, whether it is a question of an aunt or not, I am going all the same, and to day. The horses are ready even now, and I came only to bid you farewell."

"A pleasant journey to you, dear

"A pleasant journey to you, dear uncle; but do not let your project altogether absorb you—remember that at any moment your presence here may be needful to our cause," said Angus, as he accompanied Sir Archibald to the

door.

"So, then, I shall be alone," said Sir Parkhead. "It is a good thing that I have neither private business to attend to nor marriage projects to look after, or our young King would find himself deprived at once of all his good friends the Douglases. But," he continued, "he shall not be; no, by St. Patrick! I will remain and watch as I have always done."

Angus and Sir George now made their preparations for departure, and before

preparations for departure, and before these were completed Sir Archibald had left Falkland for Dundee.

him into the royal chamber.

"So it was you who killed the boar before me yesterday?" said James, affecting an air of indifference.

"Yes, Sire."

"That is well; stay there." Then, turning to the master, he said, "Let everyone be ready to morrow at an early hour, sir," and added: "I will send this man back to you when I have given him the reward his skill deseryes." He then bowed to the master, erves." He then bowed to the master, who retired.

When he found himself alone with

Shell, he asked, in a low tone:
"Will it be to-morrow?" "To-day, Sire, if you wish," replied Shell, in the same low voice. "The Earl, his uncle and brother, have all left the castle."
"I know it—go on."

I know it-go on." "The hunt you have ordered for tomorrow will avert suspicion; you must morrow will avert suspicion; you must be free to-night, Sire. Here are the clothes. At 9 o'clock send for the master again, and give him some fresh directions with regard to the morrow's chase; then call for Sir Parkhead, and ask him if he will hunt with you tomorrow. At 10 o'clock put on the clothes, and come down with great precaution, Sire, to the stables. I shall be there, and shall have all ready for our departure."

our departure."

"Good! but now go at once, for fear of arousing suspicion."

Shell now left the King, who in the evening sent again for the head-forester, and gave fresh instructions on the hunt arranged for the following day. Then turning to Sir Parkhead, whom he had also to Sir Parkhead, by more than a halv whom he had also to some sent again for the head-forester, and gave fresh instructions of growed," like a weed, with nothing special to nourish her. She was scarcely more than a halv whom the sent again for the head-forester, and gave fresh instructions on the hunt arranged for the head-forester, and gave fresh instructions on the hunt arranged for the head-forester, and gave fresh instructions on the hunt arranged for the following day. Then turning to Sir Parkhead, like worknouse. So each of them took a turn at bringing her up. "She kind of growed," like a weed, with nothing special to nourish her. She was scarcewhom he had also summoned, James

"Will you do us the favor, sir, of "Will you do us the favor, sir, of joining our hunting expedition?"
"I shall do myself the honor of accompanying your Majesty, since you permit it," replied Sir Parkhead, much surprised, but secretly gratified, at this mark of royal condescension.

James then dismissed both his visitors, and after waiting till the sound of their footsteps had died away in the distance, he exclaimed:

he exclaimed: liberty, and may God protect us!"

Meanwhile Shell was waiting in the stables, and had saddled two horses. "Two horses for you alone, mat-ter?" said a groom, whose presence Shell had not perceived, and who now

confronted him. "No, my boy," replied our friend, not in the least disconcerted; "but my son, a lad of between fourteen and fifteen, has come to see me, and as he has already walked ten miles here, and has the same distance to return, I am going to give him a mount on one of animals, and go part of the way

with him."
"At this late hour? You'll have to "At this late hour? You in lave to hurry if you want to get back for a few hours' rest before the hunt commences, for it is to begin very early."

"I know that well, and am impatient

to be off. See if the rascal is coming. He went to the kitchen for a drink of ale, and it seems he is chattering there

like a nagpie."

"There, there, my master! don't put yourself about," replied the groom; "here's your lad."

And, in fact, at that moment James entered the stables. Shell trembled lest the groom should recognize him, but on glassing at the but on glancing at the young monarch he was reassured, for hardly could he himself have told it was the King, so changed was his appearance by the dress he had assumed.

"Now then, laggard, mount!" cried

Shell hastily.

"Ah, but will he know how to manage that beast?" asked the groom. "I don't suppose the boy is accustomed to horses of this quality."

"Oh, you need not be uneasy, said Shell; "I'll look after him."

During this conversation James had mounted, and Shell hastened to do like-

"By St. Dunstan! I calumniated the

pressed for time! I am going out of the stable door leading to the country," interrupted Shell, fearing that if the King spoke he would betray himself.

"As you please, master. You will find Tib Tibby there, who will open it

find Tib Tibby there, who will open it for you. But is your son dumb?—for he did not answer me."

Without replying, Shell made a sign to the King, and led the way towards the door before mentioned, followed by James, whose heart was besting fast. A few minutes later the door was opened, and Shell, with his pretended son, passed through. James V. King of Scotland, was free!

"Gallop, Sire!" cried Shell.
"Onward to Stirling!" responded the King.

the King.

Five hours later James was at the gate of Stirling, having put twentyfive miles between himself and the Douglases.
TO BE CONTINUED.

SHAMROCK DAY'S CHILD. The blare of trampets and the meas

the clothes to-day."

"What do you mean?" said James, irritated by Shell's words.

"No, Sire," repeated Shell; "for to act with such haste would only served to the compromise matters a second time. The bour has not yet come; for though the Douglasses, it is true, do not watch you in such a tyrannical manner as at their, still, they watch you, and you could not leave the forest without being recognized. The Earl is hunting at the east side, Sir Farkhead north, and Sir Archibald in the centre. They veil their guard over you under the pretext of sport, and no doubt are doing it just to sport, and no doubt are doing it just to try your Majesty. They wish to say for communicating with James, and out whether you would not notly feigned, or whether you would not and the forest is surrounded by ante of Douglas spies. I got into conversation with the servants of the Earl and the others, and from them learnt that their masters set off almost at the same time as your Majesty, directing their apparent hunting exhibitions to the surrounded spin master, sending for Shell, introduced the lock on the master, sending for Shell, introduced the master, and before completed Sir Archibald had left Falkland for Dundee.

"One gone," murmured Shell to him; of the watch their masters account time. The burnder may feet, as a contingent from the series, with the servant be the evening he had counted three Douglasses less at Falkland. Now they are gone," he thought of the surrounded by the service of the standard three Lord had been great the control of the standard three to make the surrounded by the services of the standard three clapsed the little stranger dered round the scantily furnished remaining the rest to him?" and the forest is surrounded by an expensive the service of the sewer completed Sir Archibald thad left Falkland for Dundee.

"No, Stre," repeated Shell; the evening he had counted three Douglasses, the service the sext set of the standard three Lord manner at at the sext set of the standard three Lord manner at the sext

a low cry from Sarah Ellen—then a strange silence. Later on a neighbor, coming in from her work, found her your own good, Sarah Ellen, I'm talk ing. I know you are easy imposed way into the room. One glance at the way into the room. One glance at the still figure on the bed was enough; Sarah Ellen's mother's troubles were claim over, and Sarah Ellen was waiting dis consolately, as if she understood.

Sarah Ellen's life was gray from the beginning; later on the atmosphere was black. Almost from babyhood she had to earn her own living. She was named Sarah El'en by the neighbors, in accordance with the expressed wish of Mrs. Maloney, who had confided to the next door roomer that her only sister, who lived in Ireland, was called Sarah Ellen. The wish was remem-bered, and the child was taken to the nearest church and baptized without pomp or ceremony. Other babies had flowers and lace robes and christening cake; but these were not for Sarah Ellen. The want of them didn't seem to bother her in the least. It was only when a tender hearted Irish girl, who was in the church at the time when she was in the church at the time when she was carried from the baptismal font, went forward and placed a tiny wreath of shamrooks on her baby brow that she showed the least sign of feeling. A smile flickered over the little puckered face, and her tiny hands instinctively classed that have but the stranger. ively clasped the thumb of the stranger.

It was decided by the neighbors that the little orphan should not be sent to the workhouse. So each of them took by more than a baby when she was sent out to sell matches; then she reached the dignity of shoe laces, two for a nickel; until finally, when she was about twelve years old, a good Samaritan took pity upon her and engaged her as maid of all work. This was the first time in her life that Sarah Ellen first time in her life that Sarah Ellen got enough to eat, and was clothed any way decently, in the cast-off garments of Melia Winkle, a niece of the good Samaritan. Sarah Ellen hated Melia because the latter would turn up her snub nose expressively and call out, "Here comes Cast Offs," when she met her in the street. The iron rankled early in the soul of Sarah Ellen.

It must have been from her Celtic

It must have been from her Celtic mother that she inherited her vivid imagination, for Sarah Ellen dreamed strange dreams, in which music and flowers and sunny skies and gorgeous figures played their parts, and retired after leaving fairy-like impressions on her brain. She had never experienced any of the things she dreamed; her life had been so commonplace and sorlife had been so commonplace and sor-did; and yet they seemed like second nature to her. Sometimes it fright-ened her, these deep plunges into space in which her soul revelled, and space in which her soul reveiled, and she was usually aroused from these flights of fancy by the high-pitched voice of Mrs. Winkle; "Sarah Eller, have you made the beds?" or, "Sarah Ellen have you swept the stoop ?"

sundry other questions, all bearing on the one important theme—work.
"I was meant to be a lady," she often thought dejectedly.
The years went round monotonously; childhood passed, girlhood came. childhood passed, girlhood came. At this period her dreams were usually of a hero, who moved about with lordly grace, a sword hanging by his side. She never met a soldier but her heart leapt, and wars and battles raged through her brain. In her dreams her hero was always a soldier, and she was the heroine, and was usually carried off in the heroe's arms, a limp rag with long streaming hair. Yet, despite her romantic tendencies, she reached the mature age of twenty-five and had never had a lover. Other girls with not half her opportunities had moved not nail her opportunities had moved off, made good marriages, and settled down inte happy wives and mothers, but Sarah Ellen remained. At night she had tragic dreams in which she figured as an old maid with cork screw

figured as an old madd with cork screw
ringlets and hair plastered down the
middle and a big tabby cat beside her.
The truth was, Sarah Ellen's person
al appearance was against her. She was d; he did not mount badly. Have ou learnt to ride, my boy?" questioned the groom.

"Come, come, my good man, we are ressed for time! I am going out of he stable door leading to the country," feed." Perhaps it was the soul hunger that if the netrupted Shell, fearing that if the the sumething was going to happen.

The truth was, Sarah Ellen's person.

I appearance was against her. She was tall, thin, lanky and generally woe betall, thin, lanky and generally woe betall, then the sum of the sum of the soul hunger that if the the showed so plainly. Once she blossoms shamrocks crowned her dark thought sumething was going to happen. thought something was going to happen.
It was when Melia Winkle's sailorbrother came home for a short time.
She was seventeen then, and she had She was seventeen then, and she had walked out with him, and her heart had thrilled when he squeezed her hand tenderly and asked her if she was tired. No one had ever shown her that much attention before. But, alas! her dream was rudely dispelled, for Melia Winkle, when she heard of the episode, had said spitefully, under the pretence of good advice:

"I advise you not to be taken in with Josiah; he was kind of born with those flirty ways. Every one knows

linked together.

And Sarah Ellen had hastily dis claimed the soft impeachment, declar-ing hotly that she had never had a thought of him. In secret she shed bitter tears, and when she met Josiah looked the other way. And so ended the little romance. That was eight years ago, and nothing had ever happened since. It wasn't that she had not as fine clothes as the other girls; her social status had improved, and she was able to dress well. She could wear a long ostrich feather in her hat now, and pink roses which con-trasted none too well with her sallowskin. The only thing remarkable about her was her eyes. They were haunt-ing eyes of dark gray nearly black, with black lashes which cast shadows on her sallow cheeks—eyes which mirrored every passing thought of her soul. Despite her twenty-five years she had the innocent heart of a child, yet also she had a woman's natural longing to be loved. They say that into every life some

sunshine as well as some rain must fall. One day a broad, bright sun-beam came into Sarah Ellen's life and made it beautiful. She was twenty-six years old, and the life had been so colorless, that when the glory did come it almost overwhelmed her. When, she came to think over it, why it almost took her breath away, it was so unexpected. To think that her hero, the soldier of whom she had dreamed, should come into her life, and in such a romantic fashion as to satisfy all her yearnings. In her wildest dreams she had never imagined such happiness. That Donal O'More, a soldier in the That Donal O'More, a soldier in the United States army, should cast his eyes on her, and it all happened so simply, in her humility she could have wept. Who would have thought that day when she was coming down stairs dustpan in hand, and her foot had caught in a doll's carriage belonging to one of the children that she should to one of the children, that she should fall into the outstretched arms of a big, tail fellow standing at the bottom. It was a device of little Master Cupid

to bring two kindred spirits together. When Sarah Ellen recovered from the confusion incidental to her some-what awkward introduction she blushed rosy red and for the moment looked handsome. Like magic the electric flame which governs the world was lighted. From that day her life was resplendent with the most gorgeous colors, untouched by a tiny particle of black or gray. It spread before her a black or gray. It spread before her a fairyland of beauty, and her prince, tall, straight limbed and stalwart, glowed on her horizon like a star shin-ing stadily a beacon light to her ing steadily, a beacon light to her adoring eyes. Donal came from Ireland, and wasn't

she proud to be able to tell him that Ireland had been the home of her parents? It was a theme that strengthened the link between them Donal vowed that as soon as it was in his power he would bring her to see the beauties of the Motherland. With flashing eyes and impassioned speech he held her enthralled with the story of Erin, Sarah Ellen's one sorrow wa that she had not the good fortune to be born there. Donal with mirthful eyes told her he would crown her with shamrocks on St. Patrick's Day to make up for the dediciency.

In all the wide, beautiful world there

In all the wide, beautiful world there was no happier young woman on the morning of her wedding. Love, the great beautifier, had transformed her. A faint flush stained her cheeks, and her eyes no longer wore the lock of the soul-hunger, but were sparkling wells of contentment mirroring her happiness. Molia Winkle was to be bridesress. Melia Winkle was to be brid-maid. Melia and she was to maid. Melia and she were fast friends now; the childish spite of long ago had vanished. Melia was in the seventh heaven, for Jim Wilkins was to be the "best man," and Melia in the seventh heaven, for Jim Wilkins was to be the "best man," and Melia in the seventh heaven, for Jim Wilkins was to be the "best man," and Melia in the seventh heaven the seventh heaven the seventh seventh heaven the seventh sev her secret heart had a soft spot for

blossoms snamrocas etowhed the real as a snow wreath. Just as she had given a shy peep in the mirror at her own radiant reflection Donal arrived, in all his bridal bravery, accompanied by

Jim. Such a happy quartet!

Jim whispered slyly to Melia,
"What would she think of having a double event?" Melia's happy, flushed face and starry eyes seemed to satisfy him, for the pair sat together in a hippy silence. How is it that happiness is so evane-

with Josish; he was kind of born with those flirty ways. Every one knows how his heart is set on Liza Jones. She is a dressmaker, and makes such stylish things, too. Josiah, he just

after the ceremony, and Donal was walking down the cathedral steps, proud and happy, Sarah Ellen on his arm. Suddenly a band of music coming up Fifth avenue struck up, and she noticed Sarah Ellen crane her neck torward and give a stanted evelope. forward and give a startled exclama-tion, then dart from Donal's side. The

next few seconds were the most terrible next few seconds were the most terrible that ever Melia experienced. There was the hoarse roar of a crowd, a woman's scream, the thud! thud! of a runaway horse, mingling with the gay mockery of the tune; the sound of a child's shrill cry, and shouts of sympathy and horror as a white veiled figure thy and horror as a white veiled figure lay beneath the prancing hoofs, while a mother held in tight embrace the child who, through the heroic effort of

Sarah Ellen, had escaped death.

But Sarah Ellen, alas! alas! Donal,
with heaving chest and eyes despairing in their agony, was the first to raise the slight figure. "Sarah! Sarah!" was all he could say, and a pair of eyes, beautiful even in their pair of eyes, beautiful even in their death agony, were raised to his. "God's will." murmured the pale lips, "God's will." And the soul of Sarah Ellen went forth.—Shiela Mahon in the Catholic World.

Educational.

Assumption College

SANDWICH. ONT.

THE STUDIES EMBRACE THE CLASSICAL and Commerci Courses. Terms,
including all ordinary expenses, \$150 per annum. For full particulars apply to
VERY REV. R. McBraby, C. S. B.

St. Jerome's College BERLIN, ONT.

Commercial Course
Commercial Course
Fusiness College Features. High School Course

College or Arts Course

Natural Science Course
Thoroughly equipped experimental Laboratories noroughly equipped experimental Laboratories ritical English Literature receives special

d for catalogue giving full particula REV. A. L. ZINGER, C. R. PRES.

Business College. STRATFORD, ONT. A commercial school of the highest grade. A school without a superior in the Dominion. Catalogue free. ELLIOTT & MCLACHLAN, A TOTAL TOTAL TOTAL TOTAL TOTAL TOTAL POPULATION PAR





\$12 WOMAN'S SUITS, 55 outhoott Snit Co., Dept. London, Can buthoott Snit Co., bept. London, Can bend for our catalogue, which lists everything you use

JUST READY!

Better than Ever. Colored Frontispiece CATHOLIC HOME ANNUAL

For 1907

Profusely & beautifully illustrated Price 25 Cents CONTENTS: His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons-Reminis-

cences of the Cathedral of Baltimore, Illustrated. Katherine Tynan—Queen's Rose. A Poem. Marion Ames Taggart—The Island Priest. A charming story.

Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy—The Blessed Virgin in Legend. Illustrated. Jerome Harte-In the Niche at the Left. P. G. Smyth-A Breath of Irish Air. A

graphic description of interesting spots in Ireland. Illustrated. Grace Keon—The Blessing of St. Michael.
A touching story in this author's best

Rev. Martin S. Brennan, H. M. Sc. D.— What Catholics Have Done for the World. Worth the attention of every

Mary T. Waggaman-Adrift. The story

Rev. W. S. Kent, O. S. C .- The Suffering of Souls in Purgatory. Illustrated. Anna T. Sadlier—In the Dwelling of the Witch. A tale of the days of persecu-

tion.

The Blessed Julie Billiart. Profusely illustrated.

Maud Regan—A Hole in His Pocket. The story of a devoted priest. Some Notable Events of the Year 1905-1906. Illustrated.

Every Child Should Have its Own Copy. Little Folks' Annual

For 1907 Stories and Pretty Pictures Price 10 Cents Catholic Record.

London. Canada

ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND \$1.00. **\$**\$

girl's strength.

It is a food that builds and keeps up a

Girlhood and Scott's Emulsion are

The girl who takes Scott's Emul-

The reason is that at a period when a girl's digestion is weak, Scott's Emulsion

provides her with powerful nourishment in

sion has plenty of rich, red blood; she is

plump, active and energetic.

easily digested form.

sorrowful impossible; for, iberty, I cannot r Francis, who trying to set me, look! This is of him." erected to his Beaton, "drowned It is horrible!" lers of Angus," ently. "Once I

ne Earl shall pay one I loved so cure that liberty. now, for fear of rest assured that rdinal Beaton is

Cardinal !" said prelate took his

mes kept a vigi-