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GLENCOONOGE.

By RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

CHAPTER VI.

I wonder how it was that these and kindred matters reading to the inn and its inmates interested me so much; for they did not concern me personally at all. Partly, no doubt, it was because of old associations, and partly from the uneventful character of the life in which I found myself. Fishing, shooting, riding, trips by water and exhibitating tramps over the hills are very well as far as they go; but they would soon, I believe, have lost their power to please, if there had been their power to please, if there had been nothing at Glencoonoge to fall back upon in the way of human interest; if by day I had not constantly had volunteer companions, who out of pure love of sport asked no better than to be allowed to follow in my wake; or if I had not allowed myself to become gradually woven into the web of the inner life of the inn household. I don't know how often about this hold. I don't know how often about this time I inwardly thanke I Jeb Donovon for having enlightened me as to Conn's love affair. If it had not be in for him, I don't know when I should have discovered it, So slight were its tokens, so reticent was Conn Hoolahan himself; and I should have missed the significance of many trifling things which now were continu ally recurring sources of speculation and

What's come over Conn cf late?" said "What's come over conn chate" said
Mrs. Ennis, one evening. "He used to
play doleful tunes. If he's so bright why
doesn't he come in here as he used to and
'liven us up a bit But he's for ever in
the kitchen of nights. I wonder is he
sweet on any of the girls?"
The inquiry was accompanied by a
peculiarly searching glance at the bookteerner, who however continued to ply

peculiarly searching glance at the book-keeper, who, however, continued to ply her needle so impassively that she could hardly have heard the question. Had the old lady already divined, and did she sympathize with the hopes which Conn had been rash enough to entertain? More than once it seemed to me that there was a shade of something like querulcusness in her references to the young man's recovered spirits.

From all that I have gathered about this youth's behavior before my coming, I am led to believe that the description given by the sheehord in the play when

ven by the shepherd in the play when is asked what it is to love must have fitted Conn to a nicety:

It is to be all made of sighs and tears, It is to be all made of faith and service, It is to be all made of faith and service, All side of passion, and all made of wishes, All adoration, duty and observance, All humbleness, all patience, and impatience All purity, all trial, all observance.

Conn had been wont never to lose pretext for passing near the bar or of pene-trating into the room within, where the book-keeper made up her accounts and usually sat, in order that he might make occasion for some slight speech with her. Now it was with a basin of fresh flowers, Now it was with a baz-n of fresh flowers, now with a suggestion, now to report upon some commission he had performed or some voluntary piece of work he had proposed, or to ask if there was not something else she wanted; for to obey her was his delight; and out of such delights had grown a hunger to devote his life to her. But of late he no longer volunteered his presence or his convergation or his his presence or his conversation or his services. When these last were asked for, he gave them with a soldier-like alertness and formality; but he resisted ateriness and formally; but he resisted with steady determination any wish he might have felt to launch as formerly into easy conversation, confining himself to the fewest possible words with her. In contrast with this reserve was his cheeriness and geniality of speech with others—with me or with Mrs. Ennis, if he should change to meet either of reserve.

ness and geniality of speech with others
—with me or with Mrs. Eanis, if he
should chance to meet either of us anywhere within hearing of the bar; or with
Naney at work with pail and scrubbingbrush in the hall, or with Pan standing
on the doorstep. After all it may not
have been so dull for the book-keeper as
one would imagine; because as Conn on
these occasions always talked at the top
of his voice, the book-keeper indirectly
got quite as much of the news that was
going as formerly; and it must have been
so much more satisfactory to her not to
be coming on all occasions into contact
with him, and so to beraising false hopes
in his simple mind. Poor Conn! Though
the book-keeper would "have nothing to
say to him," she wished him no harm, I
am sure. He never passed the bar that
she did not raise her eyes from her work
and look after him with an expression
half kind, half curious; and the sound of
his voice out in the road infallibly drew
her to the window.

her to the window.

Just opposite "The Harp," the road that runs past it is bordered on the other that runs past it is bordered on the other side by a hedge, an opening in which leads by a descent of a few steps to a sea wall some three hundred feet in length, which makes a pleasant promenade by the water's edge. A bench at one end of it was a favorite seat with the book-keeper; and hither she would betake herself sometimes of an afternoon with the inevitable sewing or knitting in hand, or sometimes it might be with a book. But more than once, as my boat has brought me noiselessly in view, I have found her with the sewing or the book fallen neglected into her lap; while she sat looking out far away, or with her eyes closed with the sewing or the book fallen neglected into her lap; while she sat looking out far away, or with her eyes closed restfully, like one who has forgotten everything around her. She was very reserved was the book-keeper, and apparently fond of solitude. But Mrs. parenty fond of solitude. But Mrs. Ennis, who set great store by her assistant, was determined, it would seem, that she should not mope, and insisted on having her company of an evening, and also in the occasional Sunday drives of which—good Protestant though she was—the old lady was very fond.

You may not think a Sunday afternoon drive a matter of any great importance; but I assure you that at Glenconoge people were quite of another opinion. Any one who happened to be coming into or going out of the front door of "The Harp" about half-past two in the after-noon would be pretty sure, if the day were anyway dry, to find a car drawn up before the hall door with Mike or heavy before the hall door with Mike or heavy old Matt Dwyer from the stables holding of them ladies in reduced circumstances, the horse's head. It was always the same little horse, a smaller, neater animal than any they had in the stables; but before there would be time to make any remarks about it, Conn Hoolahan would be seen running out in great haste any remarks about it, and carrying a bundle of shawls or rugs. I was myself a witness of all this on the second or third Sunday after my arrival. Almost immediately after Coun Mrs Ennisar.

May be a very decleased—some of them very well educated—some my name, and I ran down the embankment, and went and etood under the tree, when what was my horror to see that he had apparently lost his foothold, and was young woman like that bring herself to marry a violent-tempered man, old each itself. And moreover, if when the end of which grew that particular death itself. And moreover, if when a 25 cent bottle of Holloway's discipline or resisted the command that itself. And moreover, if when a 25 cent bottle of Holloway's discipline or resisted the command that itself. And moreover, if when a 25 cent bottle of Holloway's discipline or resisted the command that any on will not regret it.

The Doberty is very well preserved," and if he is hot-tempered, at least when what was my horror to see that he sign and indication of their otherwise they will have to me sign and stains. Taken internally it cures that be sign and indication of their otherwise they will have to me sign and stains. Taken internally its cures the very one that the very one that the sign and indication of their otherwise they will have to me sign and indication of their otherwise they will have to me when what a subject the very one the state when what was my horror to see that he sign and indication of their otherwise they will have to me when what a subject when yet is a three of the subject when

rosy and beaming, and dressed "like a duchees," as some one among the lookerson whispered to those about. Behind her, standing within the doorway, loomed the figure of the book-keeper, slim and tall, in hat and long plain cloak. Conn was presently very busy helping Mrs. Ennis into her seat first, and then running round to the other side to give a hand to Miss Johnson, who, thus assisted, sprang lightly on the car.

"Won't you come with us, Mr. Shipley?" said Mrs. Ennis. "There's a seat vacant beside me and I want to have a talk with ye. Sure one's so pestered and bothered with one thing and another during the week that there's no time for anything." rosy and beaming, and dressed "like a

anything."

"There's nothing I should like better,"
said I, "but shan't we outweigh the other
side?"

Mrs. Ennis laughed loudly at this question and said I was very malicious and she wouldn't have thought it of me; and I laughed with her and with the others I laughed with her and with the others—not without cause, as I now see, for the remark was rather a clever allusion to Mrs. Eanis's weight. Mary Maloney got up on the other side with Miss Johnson; and now we only waited for Conn to mount his perch. Conn, however, seeing us ready, put his hands in his pockets and catled to his brother Patsy Hoolahan to get up and drive and was stralling of to get up and drive, and was strolling off when Mrs. Ennis cried out and asked

that he meant.
"Don't be keeping them waiting all day "Don't be keeping them waiting all day, Patsy, but jump up," says Conn, as cool as a cucumber, and Pat approached to mount, nothing loth. "I can't drive the car to-day, ma'am," added Conn, "because there's a dance up yonder at the highfield, and I've promised to be there." Mrs. Eanis got very angry and said he might help her down again, for if he didn't drive she wouldn't go at all. So Conn with a shrug climbed into his seat, cracked his whip, and off we went, amid the waving of hats from a little crowd of Sunday loungers who had collected together eager to see the dexterity with which Conn would sharply turn the corner near the end of the road without upwhich Conn would sharply turn the corner rear the end of the road without upsetting the car, run up the little hill without slackening, turn the next bend with a swing, and dash out of sight. This was one of the accomplishments in which Conn distanced all competitors. His performance was critically watched at each repetition, for he was not always in equally "good form." To-day he surpassed himself, and Denny the boatman, Matt Dwyer, and Murtagh Hoolahab, all elderly men and entitled to an opinion, agreed that Conn had never done it better and that there wasn't another in Glencoonoge who could touch him. The effect of Conn's "doing it" so well was to jerk us violently forward as he turned the first curve, and to jerk us violenty backwards as he turned the second—pieces of discomfiture to which we were not at once reconciled by the distant cheering of the little crowd now no longer visible.

"Ye didn't show it a bit, ma'am." said Conn adroitly, in reply to Mrs Ennis's reconstituted. per near the end of the road without up

"Ye didn't show it a bit, ma'am." said Conn a droitly, in reply to Mrs Ennis's remonstrances; "Ye rode it we l, ma'am, so ye did," which had the effect of soothing Mrs. Ennis so much—she never would allow any one else to drive her—that when presently I asked whether that was not a new horse, she answered that it did not belong to her, but to Conn's father, who had bought it twelve months ago, and was offered now ever so much more than he gave, but wouldn't take it. Conn appeared to be giving his whole attention to the driving, daintily flipping the horse, which he urged with internal mouth sounds; but he was in reality listening to every word with a delight which tening to every word with a delight which was trebled whea, in glancing round to see the effect of Mrs. Eanis's words, he surprised Miss Johnson learning forward in her seat to get a sight of the horse. Oh, then, didn't he touch up the mare to make her show her points and prance and run along smartly! But he never a word, and did not so much as look in fact, that the book-keeper might not

see him smothering his pleasure. ng in the dark on the night of my comaiong in the dark on the highter my com-ing; and I was surprised now to find how much of beauty the darkness had hidden. Conn's father's little horse hurried us by, at one time under an archway of boughs meeting Gothic-wise overhead, where the hanging leaves made a delicately-hand roof; presently across a bridge; and then along the base of a pine-covered hill and by the edge of the river, erstwhile a brawling stream, but here flowing deep and noiselessly. At one point 'the road ran through open ground, whence we could see the opposite shore of the harbor and the crumbling Castle of Glencoonoge, distant and small, at the base of the mountains slowing reproad to a great height here. ains sloping upward to a great height be-

"You must find it dull, Mr. Shipley

"You must find it dull, Mr. Shipley, your friends at the Castle being away," Mrs. Ennis was saying when my attention returned to her, "but, may be, they'll be coming back soon now."

"I hear The O'Doherty is going to be married, and thea his wife—if she is young, as I am told, may not care for the solitude of this beautiful but desolate country; and yet if she is only a governess—"

"Conn told you that, I'll engage. He's just like an old woman for being first out with the news. Anyway, I'm beforehand with him this time. The old gentleman's not going to be married at all; and for a very good reason—because he's married very good reason—because ness married by this, and to the governess—no one else. Yes, I had it this morning at church from Mrs. Fergusson, the keeper's wife, that they were married last week quite quietly. they were married last week quite quietly in Paris, And Mrs. Fergusson was exclaiming how those poor children had been deceived. But perhaps 'tis all for the best that they should have some one a little older than themselves to take care of them, and give there addisc. f them and give them advice. For though I've known daughters take their mother's place, and preside at the table, and look after the house-keeping, and no need for any strange woman, least of all a young one and a governess, to come in and sit at the head of the table and rule the roost, yet I'm not sure that 'tis a good thing for the children themselves. And and from side to side among the branches. when all's said and done, a governess may be a very decent sort of woman—some of them very well educated—some of them ladies in reduced circumstances,

"What in the world is he after?" whispered Mrs. Ennis.

Con, without looking round, called out my name, and I ran down the embank-

although in want of repair, is a very com-fortable home. All these are consider-ations, Mrs. Ennis, sufficient to induce

ations, Mrs. Ennis, sufficient to induce many young women to put up with older and uglier men than the O'Doberty."

"Well," said Mrs. Ennis, after a moment's reflection, "I don't know, Mr. Shipley, but what you are right. What you say reminds me of some distant cousins of my own, a poor genteel family, very poor and very proud—too proud, indeed, to look at the side of the way the likes of poor, Mrs. Was one. family he deed, to look at the side of the way the likes of poor ME was on—a family in which there were many daughters, and not one with a penny-piece to her fortune. Some of them were neither good looking nor young. But there was one, the youngest, a girl barely out of her teens, and she had some claim to beauty, and her father was asked for her in marriage has an added a strong who had hear too and she had some claim to beauty, and her father was saked for her in marriage by an elderly attorney, who had been too busy all his life making money to remember he was getting old, and suddenly bethought himself one day that he had neither chick nor child to leave his wealth to. The attorney had his money to recommend him. But on the other hand he was old and ugly, wore a wig, and had false teeth with which he grinned in a manner perfectly horrible to witness. So the girl's mother — a woman of great tact, eager for the match, yet drea ling to shock the romantic feelings of her child, broke the proposal to her daughter gently, dilated on its advantages, dwelt on their own poverty, eaid, in fact, everything she could think of to bias the girl's mind in the attorney's favor, at the same time that she carefully abstained from pressing her argument too strongly; and finally she entreated the girl to take at least a week to reflect before refusing so good an offer. 'Mamma,' returned Penelope, 'why do you say all this to me? I won't take a week; I won't take a day—not an hour. My mind's made up. I'll have take a week; I won't take a day—not as hour. My mind's made up. I'il hav

A sigh as of horror broke from behind. The book-keeper was listening, half turned round towards us. "Dreadful!" she said. "Pray how did

Well, for the matter of that they married and lived happily ever afterwards. At lesst, I have never heard anything to the contrary. HE devotes most of his time to money-making still; she is the mother of two little boys, and keeps her carriage. But still an' all, I'd rather see carriage. But still an all, I'd rather see a young girl married to a young man, no matter how poor he was."

"Mrs. Ennis," said I, "I believe you have all the fresh romance of a girl your-

self."
"Well, and if I have, so much the better, and I'm glad of it."

er, and I'm glad of it."

"If I remember rightly, you heartlly
sympathized with that runaway match a
few years ago between the daughter of
the Earl of Rockis'e and her music"" master, a penniless young man.'

"And why should I not? Romance indeed! Looking only at the prudent side of the question, I think she was very for tunate—a plain young woman and not over young neither, to get a man in point of education as good, if not better, than tunateherself— far more fortunate than are many girls of her rank who marry vulgar, rich upstarts. And what is more, I have been told by American visitors that the same couple are very happy. He is a farmer somewhere in Texas, and she writes for magazines."

"Indeed! The account I heard was different. They say he drinks, and that they don't agree. I shouldn't be a bit surprised to find that this account is the true one. There ill-assorted marriage never answer." "Well, and if he does drink? 'Tis

pity, certainly; but might she not also have found herself married to a drunk ard, a gambler, aye and worse, in herown rank? Marriage is a lottery, arrange it how you like, and people must take their chance, and make up their minds that whatever way they manage, it isn't going to be all sunshine. Mind that," she added, turning round to ned at the book keeper, who was still listening; and then mountain-ash covered with red berries growing a little off the roadway; and she broke into exclamations at the richness and profusion of the berries. It certainly was wonderful, and while we all crief out admiringly, Conn, who had pulled up told us that it was many a year since the tree had been so thickly covered.

"How well a bunch would look in my hat," said the book-keeper, "only unfor-tunately the clusters are thickest at the tunately the clusters are thickest at the ends of the branches, just where it is impossible to get at them. Look! look at that bunch high up there, it is bending down the branch with its weight."

"For my part," said Mrs. Ennis, dryly, "I'd rather not have that same in my bonnet, for I couldn't hold my head."

"Nor I," said the book-keeper, laugh-

"Nor I," said the book-keeper, laughing. "That's not what I meant. But its closeness is wonderful."
"They used to say in my young days," said Mrs. Ennis, "that when the mountain-ash was weighed down with fruit, it was an omen of some kind."
"Good or bad?" I asked.
"Och! How do I know?" said Mrs.

Ennis, with a toss of her head. "Sure I'm the last one to mind such supersti-Conn, who had got off his seat and was descending the embankment of the road-way, shook his head, saying that "any-

way it was lucky to pluck the fruit, and to wear it would do no harm."

"And by the same token," said Mrs. Ennis, "a small sprig with the berries on would improve the look of my own bonnet, and there are several within easy reach."

Conn plucked a bunch or two, and laying them on the ground to the survive

on pucked a bunch of who, and asying them on the ground, to the surprise of us all, grasped a strong branch and swung himself up lightly into the tree.

"Ah, Conn" cried Mrs. Eanis, "you'll

can lower the branch senough, catch hold of it and break off the end."

I had no time to open my mouth to dissuade him before he began to move his hands and advance his weight along the branch, which allowly lowered its end, creaking ominously the while.
"Oh!" whispered Mary Maloney below

"Surely the boy's gone crazy," cried Mrs. Ennis, indignantly. "Conn, Conn, go back this minute!" while the bookkeeper, pale as death, jumped from her seat in a fright, and half descended the

seat in a fright, and half descended the embankment.

The ruddy sun threw a parting glance upon us, dazzling Com's eyes and heightening the anxiety upon the faces of the women. The next instant there was a loud crack, and a cry rent the air. But Conn had not fallen. It was only that he had succeeded, and that I had performed my part of the task by breaking off the end of the stubborn branch, which seemed loth to be robbed of so much treasure.

"All right, ma'am," sang out Conn again, as he moved back his weight and regained his foothold, and the maimed branch swung high again in the air, lightened of its burden. Much thanks he got! Mrs. Eanis fell to scolding as soon as he was safe upon the ground.

"I'm sorry you were frightened, ma'am," said Conn, seeing that her lips and hands were trembling: "but there was nothing to be afraid of."

"If you were as accustomed as I am to this young men'd dayadayil fasts you

"If you were as accustomed as I am to this young man's dare-devil feats, you wouldn't have been in the least alarmed," said I.

"Turn the horse's head!" cried Mrs.

said I.

"Turn the horse's head!" cried Mrs.
Ennis, "and let megethome, You goodfor-nothing, reckless fellow! you want to
be my death, I'm sure you do."

The book-keeper too was very pale, but
she only said, "You should not have
done that," as she caught his eye. Conn,
seeing that the presentation of his trophies
then and there would be ill-timed, quietly
deposited them in the well of the car.
But he was not at all dejectel; on the
contrary, there was a satisfied expression
in his face and a gleam of triumph in his
eye, as, having turned the horse's head
and climbed once more into his seat, he
cracked his whip. The little mare answering the ring of gaiety in his voice as
he urged her, ran homeward along the
white road at a spanking rate. Mrs.
Ennis's face and mine were now turned
inland, and I began to talk upon agriculture, having previously found to my surprise that Mrs. Ennis, though in a sense
a proprietor herself, sympathized with the
lead reversement. She was not in the a proprietor herself, sympathized with the land movement. She was not in the humor, however, just then to give vent to those expressions and arguments on the subject which were in everybody's mouth. But Conn, who seemed to want some out let for the access of good spirits unde which he was laboring, fully made up fo his mistress's silence. At one time he pointed with his whip to where Denny Lane's patch was situate; Jem Corrigau held this piece, and that was Timothy Burke's. I was entertained with an account of the rents they paid, the number of years the rent was in arrear, the shifts of years the rent was in arrear, the shifts the tenants were at to make it up. Presently we passed a bit of land that had gone wild, and Conn waxed wroth as he told how Terence M'Grath now reated it as well as his own. It was a sin and a shame, Conn said, for on that land a small farmer and his family had formerly lived, until M Grath had bid for it and got it, and now couldn't work it because he was too poor to hire a laborer, and he had as much land already as he could till himself. It was not, however, his neighbors' miseries that made Conn so brightly voluble this evening, but the thought that his affection was not a hopeess one—a thought which it took little to cause to swell in the poor fellow's san-guine mind. Late the same evening

when I knocked up against him alone in the dack road outside the inn. "Well, Conn." I said, "that was pretty escapade of yours to-day.' "Sure, who could have thought a one would take fright at such a trifle?" Then after a pause he asked. "Was it

Then after a pause he asked, "Was it Mrs. Ennis, sir, gave the cry that time when you snapped the branch?"

"No, it was the book-keeper. Didn't you notice how pale she was afterwards?"

"Egad I did, but I thought it must be my eyes deceiving me, and my ears t.o."

Passing by the bar next day I saw the monster bunch of berries standing in the vase out of which the withered flowers had been thrown. Who had put it there? At any rate there it remained Ennis, too, it was clear, remembered the episode and had forgiven it. For when l saw her the next Sunday walking staidly to church, gilt prayer-book in hand, and her silk gown rustling as usual, she had, besides, one of the smaller sprigs in her head-dress, which was so brightened up by the red berries, that the rector's wife and the rector's daughter, both taken in. and the rector's daughter, both taken in, assured the rector at dinner that Mrs. Ennis had got a new bonnet, and that she must be coining, she looked so remarkably well.

TO BE CONTINUED.

NOBLE WORDS.

"God has prospered my undertakings, and I recognize the possession of wealth to be a sacred trust; hence I cared for by the holy religious that manage charitable institutions. They give their lives, and I regard it as a late Timothy Riordan, of Baltimore, whose large fortune was wholly be-queathed to Catholic charitable and educational institutions. It is plain that Mr. Riordan was not one of those "broad-minded" men who furnish wealthy cities or "non-sectarian" institutions with libraries or endownarrow as to discriminate in favor of the needy hospitals, asylums, or colleges of their own faith! We have bserved that wealthy Protestants are not so squeamish. - Ave Maria.

LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART.

The Struggle Against Secret Societies. GENERAL INTENTION FOR SEPTEMBER,

1899. Recommended to our prayers by His Holiness Leo XIII.

Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart. The motives that urged our Holy Father Leo XIII., fifteen years ago, to publish his admirable Encyclical against Secret Societies, and obliged him to utter solemn warnings several times since, have undoubtedly had something to do with the naming of Eternal vigilance is the watchword when there is an enemy at the gate : and in the eyes of our illustrious Pon. tiff, Masonry and its alited sects are the arch-enemies of the Church of God at the present day.

Providence has happily watched over the destinies of the Church in this Dominion, and we Catholics of Canada have every reason to rejoice at the strength of our faith and the stability of our institutions. But we should fail in even elementary prudence were we to fold our arms now, and stand idly by in mute admiration of ourselves and our present position. In this, as in many other questions where their interests are at stake, the chil-dren of light may learn wisdom from

he children of darkness. Although the work of secret societies, outwardly at least, is not so evident with us as it is in other countries, there is no use concealing the fact that Canada has these societies, the plague of older nations, growing in her bosom.
Would it not, then, be a fatal illusion
to shut our eyes in the presence of even an incipient danger, to the voice of those who have authority to warn us? We are so prone to remain quiescent and satisfied with deceptive appearances terest enemies of our faith are con-

stantly at work.
In Canada, as elsewhere, no Catholic should be a stranger to the manoeuvring of secret societies; and every child of the Church who has at heart the welfare not merely of the Church but of the State, is in duty bound to struggle against these enemies with, at least, the powerful

weapon of prayer.

The solemn words of the Holy Father, as well as the testimony of facts, prove to us that secret societies -chiefly Freemasonry-constitute to-day the greatest danger to the Church of God. If Freemasonry is singled out as a special object of denunciation it is because its religious and social programme simply resumes the work of other secret organizations. This we have on the testimony of the Holy Father himself, who admirably sums up their organic structure and baneful influence in his Encyclical Humanum Genus. Holiness, "various sects of men, which, though in name, rites, form, and origin, they differ, yet in same-ness of aim and likeness of first principles they are bound together, really thereby agree with the Masonic sect, which forms for all a common centre whence all proceed, and to which all return. Though they, just now, seem very much to have cast off the garb of secrecy, and hold their meetings before the eyes of the world, and even have their own daily press, when we look into the matter we that they still retain all the character istics of Secret Societies. For many things done in them have the nature of strict secrecy, to conceal which with the utmost care not only from those outside but from very many of their own associates, is a primary law : for instance, their secret and important resolutions, the names and persons of their chief leaders, certain secret and clandestine meetings, as well as their decress and the ways and means to be employed in carrying them out. the same end is the complicated distinction of the members in trades and duties and employments; not less that the established difference in their ranks and degress, and the severity and discipline by which all are ruled: while the candidates for enrolment are bound by promise-nay more, by a special oath-to swear, as in most cases they are required, never in any way to divulge their associ-ates, their signs or their doctrines. Thus by a feigned appearance, and the same style of pre-tence, the Masons, as of old the Mani-

ings, and I recognize the possession of wealth to be a sacred trust; hence I wish first to give to the poor who are cared for by the hely religious the members of their actions but members of their own sect. They seek hiding places as most convenient, having assumed to themselves the character of special privilege to give my money to help on their good." These words are sake of training their associates; in help on their good." These words are from the last will and testament of the their language they cultivate strict politeness of speech and charity towards the lower classes; they profess only to desire a better state of things for the masses, and to make the greater number participate in the conven-iences of civilized life; but even suppose these principles were the true ones, they would by no means represent all their objects. Besides, those who are admitted into these societies must promise and engage that they will render implicit obedience and fidelity to the dictates of their leaders and teachers; that they will carry out their commands at the least sign and indication of their will; otherwise they will have to meet the

most dire consequences, and eyen death itself. And moreover, if any

shall be judged to have betrayed the discipline or resisted the commands of

en to themselves, as slaves with iron fetters, without alleging any reason to employ for any crime these slaves of another's will, to bare their arm for slaughter, whilst guarding themselv from punishment, is an enormity which nature revolts. Wherefor against these associations reason an truth compel one in justice and na ural virtue to fight." This true picture of Freemasonr moved the adepts and put them unde

te justice. Moreover, to practise de ceit and to conceal themselves, to bin

the necessity of defending themselve Certain dignitaries of the sect, whi admitting the truth of some of t charges, disclaimed all connection wi ists, and endeavored to dim ish in the public mind the effects of th Sovereign Pontiff's fearful denunc

"I grieve to think," wrote a sectar "that there are Masonic bodies whi may have laid themselves open many of the charges which the Enc lical letter contains." And the sar writer, in defence of the assertion th the Pope's sweeping censure shou not include all the Lodges, appealed the rules and constitutions of certa English Lodges, one and all breathing spirit of religion and charity, a obedience to the law, etc. But t Holy Father had proven unansweral that Freemasonry, from every point view, was a source of ruin for people; that it attacked not only treligion of Christ but civil society a the family as well; that as a secret ganization it was subversive of very principles on which society v founded. Hatred of God and 1 work, hatred of Christ and His Chur and the perverse wish to drag man fr his Saviour that was universally e dent in the work of this sect, show t Masonry was and is still the incar tion of the malice of Satan. L Satan, it loves hypocrisy and falseho For, not to mention the absurdity a vaculty of its ritualism and ceremo it decks itself out in false colors seeks as an angel of charity to dece well-meaning men-sometimes e Catholics-into allowing themselve assume Masonic bonds. Like Satar loves darkness and disorder. If eve thing is so honest in the Lodges, their plans and programmes are so nocuous, why hide them? Why g the trouble of binding men to seen by blood curdling oaths to obey t know not whom, to do they know what, to join in blindly promot what they may be utterly adverse This is an ignoble and immortal render of human liberty and the sor of infinite disorder.

When Leo XIII. took up the gov ment of the Church, he declared one of his chief aims should be to at directly the influence of the accu In this work he had been ceded by seven Sovereign Pon
'As soon as the nature and chars
of the Masonic body had been made parent by unmistakeable signs, by knowledge of its principles, by publication of its rules, and rites, ceremonies-and to these was added the testimony of the itialed themselves— the Holy condemned and publicly claimed the Masonic sect as trary to right and justice, and not baneful to Christianity than to State. Clement XII. was the fir denounce Freemasonry, and his stitution was confirmed and ren by Benedict XIV., Pius VII., follow the footsteps of these Pontiffs, and XIII., collecting the acts and de on this subject of the Popes wh gone before him, ratifie firmed them for all time. XVI., and on many occasions Piu spoke in the same sense." L20 has surpassed all his predecesse the vigor of his denunciations sect. He had hardly put his hi the helm of the Church the necessity of resisting this evi raising up against its inroads th wark of his apostolical auth With an admirable clearness of and with full knowledge of his s the present Pontiff has more than treated of the doctrines of the With a pathos deeply touching asked men to have pity on the souls and not to allow themselve deceived by Masonic leaders and pulators. Ever on the alert, the of Christ gives the signal whe

danger is imminent. The present moment would e well chosen to renew the st against this misguided sect having remained apparently qu several years, but not ceasing, while, to elaborate its plans s the Church of God, F sonry and the allled bodie again growing demonstrative Europe especially there is a recene of hatred and audacity in sectaries who are sworn to dest ligion. And we know that, al they shall never succeed in si the foundation stone of the edific by Christ our Lord, still they n their artifices, effect the loss of a tude of souls.

Let all the members of the ship of Prayer unite in pray efforts to baffle these conspagainst God. Prayer first an most; for though we know tha always the Master and well muzzle the Masonic monster, I waits for our supplications to him to powerlessness. Father counts strongly on pray his expressed desire priests t out the world every mornin Mass ask the glorious Ar Michael, chief of the heaven to spare us from the snares wiles of our enemies.

To our prayers let us ac works. Begin by doing all power to prevent the sectar