## , 1907.

n the absence nion. He had ay by reading as we know, vered to him. every moment ery impatient, y arrived, and urned, he be-

## " our readers.

ncis left Mel. his departure hardly twenty. , and we saw rate, so that at g twelve hours ke him back to the fourth day, ed. What does isfortung over.

dear reader, swer. All that the evening of ad not returned, day Sir Walter fore the walls of ble for us to ineabouts of Franany more than as befallen him, sy as to his fate facts, however, th.

the very day on Black Gorge, a ntaineer's dress le had evidently rse was covered He demanded to gus, and was at resence. On the drew Kerr Cess-tle with a small ord Angus gave he first w h Sir Andrew reas smile we know

ngus coldly, and, self, " Thus shall ished. As to the th him when the in a day or two is

w at the present we infer from it? countaineer's garb nd the same that the Black Gorge ? " and this time I efer to the young hing to prove appears to know is to arrive short-nat Beaton is hidains. Cessford's om to bear allusion Pine-branch Inn. ar doubts? What fow, in short, can as really happened and whether he is is is precisely our cless, let us make oil about the castle. to mingle with the is who are talking t here and there i which would put tack. Ab! here is y we are seeking, hidst of a group of ho are plying him e man in the moun-

the ball to repay me take in the lake Dunse at the time river-keeper to Sir se Douglas, then ?'"

age, but I happened ard the day he left

## THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

BEYOND THE "BOURNE." 1.

possible for him to keep watch without being himself observed. His eyes had grown accustomed to the darkness, acd grown accustomed to the darkness, acd he could distinguish easily the different objects beneath him. He saw the post-ern door of the castle opposite the river open slowly, and the sound of arms, as if a body of men were moving along, reached him. Indeed, he soon perceived some soldiers isons continue " And you mean to tell me seriously, Lee, that you, an enlightened man of the twentieth century, really believe all this bosh about disembodied spirits and the rest of it ?" Philip Lee paused in the act of light-ing a cigarette and fixed his calm gray eyes upon his friend's mocking counten-

perceived some soldiers issue cautious ly from the castle and arrange them selves in a triple line outside the wall wall "Most certainly I believe it," he and directly opposite to the bridge. When all the troops had taken their places the postern was closed, and the King heard a voice, which he recog-nized as that of Sir George (in spite of answered. "It seems to me perfectly natural, given the fact that there are other worlds, and that man is posse

other worlds, and that man is possessed of an immortal soul. That seems to be your stumbling block, old fellow." "Yes," returned James Darrell, slowly, "that is where our points of the low tone in which he spoke), give the command, "Lie down on the ground, and let each one remain as motionless view clash.' as a fallen statue. We to the first who stirs, whatever noise he may hear on the other side of the river !' Then, The lake of Como lay before them

The take of Como lay before them with its background of green, a sap-phire flashing in an emerald setting, and overhead the sun poured down his golden radiance from the unfathomable as if to encourage his men to obey, Sir George himself complied with the order he had given. The soldiers followed azure of the southern sky. It was the month of May, and the magic of the Italian springtime permeated the he had given. The solaters tonoved his example, and when the noise occa-sioned by this movement had died away, silence reigned unbroken. "How very extraordinary!" thought James, much interested in what he had seen. "What does it all mean?" Det he had beedly had time to give atmosphere. "All the stories one hears of spirit

rappings, doors opening in the dead of night, rattling of chains and the rustling of silk dresses, seem to be so abso-lutely senseless," continued James Darrell. "If there is another world, Darrell. "If there is another world, other worlds rather, as your creed has it, in the one case no one having got to heaven would care about 'revisiting the glimpses of the moon' here on earth, and in the other, well-I pre the river. Soon the noise grew more distinct, and he could no longer doubt that a body of armed men were coming towards the castle. "Ah," he thought, "I understand sume that the devil you believe in so firmly 'takes care of his own,' as is it all now. These are doubless my faithful partisans, who mean to try a coup de main to liberate me, and perthe popular supposition, and that any escape from these nether regions immoralized by Dante is practically im-

haps Francis is amongst them. Oh, my God ! the Douglases must have been informed of the project, and they have possible.' possible." "There is a third alternative," re-marked Philip calmly, "Purgatory." "Oh, come, old chap, that is just a little bit too thin. You don't mean to tell now prepared an ambush in order to entrap my friends. What can I do? Oh, God, what can I do? If I could me that you swallow that with all the rest of your quaint beliefs? The orthconly warn them !" But in vain did the young King seek for some way of making known to those whom he rightly jadged to be his friends dox heaven and hell of one's nursery

days-well, that I can imagine seeming possible to a man with your bringing the snare laid for them. He could not succeed. In vain he waved his hand kerchief; in vain he made signs with his hand to keep them back. The darkup, but-purgatory !" "Now, just listen to me, Darrell. Grant for a moment that you believe

his hand to keep them back. The dark-ness prevented them from even noticing the window where the young King stood, filled with anxiety for the fate of his partisans. By this time the troop of Sir Walter Scott—for we know that it was he had advanced to the in the great truths of eternity. Does it seem to you at all probable that any human being is, when he or she dies, entirely fit to enter the heaven of our nursery days-you believed in it then by the way? There must be at any troop of Sir Walter Scott-for we know that it was he-had advanced to the bridge, and had there quietly taken up their position, waiting in complete sil-ence for the daylight. The calm was all the more terrible to the King, as he knew that it only preluded a storm to burst forth at the first sign. He re-mained watching until daybreak, a prey to cruel anxiety, knowing the danger of his people, and not hursery days you benefic an at the second by the way? There must be at any rate some imperfection, some stain of earth on their whiteness, which would, render them unfit for the company of the angels, and necessitate a place of cleansing, of purging from what we Catholics call venial sin. On the other hand, say a man who has been a sinner, more or less, all his life, the slave of some particular vice for instance, is brought to repentance a month or so before his death. He has repented, so urst streak of daylight, his vague un easiness gave place to an intense in-terest awakened in him by the scene now enacted under his eyes. Sir George and his men suddenly rose up he has escaped hell, but surely he ought to undergo some further penance before taking his place amongst the blessed. Or, let us suppose the case of a man, or woman, who although they have, as it is termed, 'kept up their religion' and dashed upon the men of Buccleuch. and dashed upon the men of Buccleuch. Sir Walter and his troop, at first taken by surprise, retreated a few paces, but soon returning to the charge, they answered the battle cry of "A Douglas! a Douglas!" with the no less redoubt able one of "Buccleuch ! Buccleuch !" And a flerce struggle began on the bridge itself. For some time it was impossible for James, who stood and avoided deadly sin, have at the same time led lives of habitual self-indulgence in small matters, and made their own comfort and convenience the primary object of their existence, does it not seem to you that looking at the matter from a logical and common sense

bridge itself. For some time it was impossible for James, who stood riveted to the spot, to distinguish any-thing in the horrible me'ée, from which arose savage cries, the noise of blows and stified groans of pain. "Alas! alas!" cried poor James, "area e many men to lear their liver "Alas! alas!" cried poor James, "are so many men to lose their lives for my sake? Oh, Hord my God, watch over my faithful friends, or at least cause this combat to cease and stop this bloodshed." The deth howaver, continued withiences of the other side. No, no, my dear chap, once one crosses the Styx-well, there is an end of the whole con-The fight, however, continued with-

began Philip quickly.

and yet so utterly congenial to one an other, taiked "horse" and other kin-dred toples until it was time to return to the hotel for table d'hote. It was only when they were parting for the night that James Darrell referred in any way to their conversation of the afternoon. They were standing in the garden of the hotel, the scent of flowers was in the air, and below them the waters of the lake trembled beneath

the kisses of the moonbeams. "Sapposing one of us were to die, Lee," he said suddenly, "is our mutual, mental sympathy sufficiently strong, I wonder, to enable the survivor to be aware of the fact without previous the kisses of the moonbeams. knowledge ?"

Philip smiled quietly to himself in the moonlight. "You are beginning to recognize the existence of a soul, then?" he asked. "If, say, my body died there would, according to your tenets, be nothing left to communicate with your mind. Yes, Darrell, I believe that the sympathy existing between friends, such as we are, will not cease with the death of our bodies but will

There was a moment's silence broken only by the slash of oars in the silvery waters at their feet. "I want to believe, Philip," broke

out James Darrell passionately. " as you say I used to, but for the last fitteen years or so that which I suppose you would call my soul has been wrapped round by a thick tog, and now belief in anything approaching the supernatural has become a physical impossibility. If I could only have some tangible proof that all that you say is true, I would gladly own myself beaten." "Thank God that you have the wish

to believe, Darrell," murmured Philip. He had all the Englishman's horror of showing his emotions, especially where religion was concerned, but this, as it were, absolute unveiling of his friend's soul was a special occasion, a thing

apart. "You have well described it; you are enveloped in a fog, but although you have no faith in the efficacy of prayer. I have, and I am going to see what it will do towards getting you that proof you hanker after." James turned to look at his friend in

the moonlight and laid his hand upon his shoulder with a caressing gesture. "Thanks, old man," he said, briefly. And then in a lighter tone, he added : 'Let us turn in now; we are neither of us quite normal to-night, I fancy; it is this confounded magnetism of an Italian atmosphere that does the trick,

the glanor 'la primavera' Come along in, old man.' II.

It was November, "the month of the dead," and London was wrapped in a mantle of thick fog. It was barely 3 o'clock in the afternoon but the electric light was already turned on in James Darrell's flat in Victoria street, and he himself was seated at his writing table. A man's special den is popularly, but very often erroneously, supposed to furnish the observer with a clue to his character and tastes, and it is probable that an astute visitor would have guessed that James' predilections lay rather in the direction of men than women. No ladies of the ballet in full dress, or undress, adorned his walls ; no profession al heanties in court trains and very little else simpered upon his mantle-piece. What prints and pictures there were partook more or less of a sporting char-acter, and his photographs were all of men-a cabinet sized one of Philip Lee

that borne to thrill us with his exper-iences of the other side. No, no, my dear chap, once one crosses the Styx-well, there is an end of the whole con-cern." "There have been many cases-" began Philip quickly. Sentment of his friend's contenance. It was a good likeness. The face wore its usual buoyant aspect, as though its owner were at peace with himself and all men, and the somewhat dreamy his chum. "I wonder may be demonstrated to smile affectionately at "I wonder may be demonstrated to smile affectionately at "I wonder may be demonstrated to smile affectionately at "I wonder may be demonstrated to smile affectionately at "I wonder may be demonstrated to smile affectionately at "I wonder may be demonstrated to smile affectionately at "I wonder may be demonstrated to smile affectionately at "I wonder may be demonstrated to smile affectionately at the drumkard may derive a certain amount of pleasure from the exhilarat-

lit room, to the glamor and the witchery of an Italian spring. He retraced in his mind, as accurately as he could, the discussion he and his friend had held upon the immortality of the soul, held upon the immortality of the solil, and he smiled a little to bimself — the tender smile with which one listens to the folly of a child — as he recalled Philip's words : "Although you have no faith in the efficacy of prayer," he had said to him, "I have, and I am go-ing to see what it will do towards get -ting you that proof you hanker after." ting you that proof you hanker after." "Poor old chap," he murmured. "How he believes in it all, and what a

comfort it must be to him. I wish he were here now ! Who knows ? He might be able to convince me." He looked up as the thought crossed his mind, and then gave a violent start. Philip Lee, with the old, well remem-bered emile in his eves, was standing bered smile in his eyes, was standing at the further end of the room. James Darrell rose impetuously from his chair and went quickly towards him with outstretched hands.

outstretched hands. "Philip, old chap, where on earth did you spring from? I never heard the door open. You must have come in like a ghost," he added with a laugh. "Can't you speak, old man? Come along over here, and give an account of yourself? I was just wishing you of yourself? I was just wishing you would turn up."

Philip Lee made no reply. He stood there calm and smiling, and it seemed to his friend that there was an entirely new expression in his eyes, the look of one who knows. And as James stood staring at him in utter bewilderment at his silence, a sudden shiver seized him, and a feeling of half awe and reverence, half fear, shook his very soul.

"Philip," he gasped, "speak to me." As the words left him, he came a step

nearer, and putting out his hand laid it on his friend's shoulder. But under his hand there was nothing but the empty air, and as he stood, half dazed, the figure vanished. "My God!" exclaimed James Dar-

rell, the expression of a long-forgotten faith rising to his lips in that hour of agony. "He is dead! he is dead-and I have seen his spirit; the proof has

Outside in the London streets the fog grew thicker and thicker, but the sun in love with its own beauty gazed down at his golden reflection in the blue waters of the lake of Como.-Grace Christmas, in Rosary Magazine.

PROFANE SWEARING.

Among the vices that are most rampant in our days, there is none so widely diffused than that of profane swearing. When we consider the nature of it, we would be inclined to think that only the low, the vulgar and the unclucated are addicted to the degrading habit. Yet they who lay claim to high culture and education, who are looked upon as men of refine-ment and high standing in society; nay, even women and children are not fre

even women and onloren are not ree from this debasing vice. As we walk along our public thoroughfares, our ears frequently are shocked as they listen to profanations of the name of the Saviour uttered by the lips of the passers by; and but few people, when they are thwarted, either in their work or in their opinions, can

Mothers of families likewise, when they have occasion to reprove their children, find it almost natural and easiest to rebuke them in vile and impious language; and thus they, whose young and innocent lips should be trained to speak the sacred name of their Maker and Saviour in respectful prayer learn, from the baneful example of their elders, to curse and swear



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Was In Untold Misery.

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 ANTIONISH, N.S.
 ANTIONISH, N.S.

 Thould have written before now about that be batter Koenig's Nerver Yonie, but is would first see what effect it would would first see what effect it would first see what effect it would be to leave my bed and could be to be protect and was in untoid misery. Now I can sleep the whole night and an feeling to a degree every day.

 The into been for my faith in Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonie my life would be too much to been for we hat while, but having used it before it would hat the would knew more better to would that the would knew more better to my faith the fastor Koenig's Nerve Tonie my life would be too much to been for would be too much to be better to be to b

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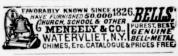
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matter from a logical and common sense point of view that such people are neither bad enough for hell nor good enough for heaven?" "I see your argument," observed James Darrell, thoughtfully, " and no doubt all you believers find it a com-forting theory, but atter all it is only a theory : no traveller ever returns from that borne to thrill us with his exper-iences of the other side. No, no, my

began Philip quickly. "Rot," interrupted his friend, with more promptitude than politeness. "I uppose you mean those cock and built tories that that fearful female was re-aling us with at table d'hote the other hem, tapping on one's door and abab most extraordinary I have not heard from him since the few lines he wrote on his arrival." And then he threw down his pen impatiently, and aband-oning all further attempts to finish his letters he threw himself into a lounging chair by the fire and lit a cigarette. As he smoked and stared into the red As no sinuked and stated into the local heart of the glowing embers his thoughts went back to that evening in May when he and Philip Lee had gazed together at the gorgeous hues of an Italian sun-set. He saw again the deep, intense blue of the lake of Como, and heard the four entities in the mater and faint splash of oars in the water, and then, as the fog thickened outside in

Discouraged, and began to think of the lost my prey, I began to think of the rude reception I should meet with at the castle, when suddenly, far on ahead, the castle, when suddenly, lar on ahead, I saw my young friend. He was no longer accompanied by his servant, but by the sort of peasant soldier, who ap peared to be acting as his guide. This seemed very odd, I thought, and, after

MARCH 9, 1907.

break. In the morning I found I was near the mountains, and in a sandy soil, where my horse, quite spent, lay down. Discouraged, and ashamed of having

the lights in his room, and thus it was

seen. "What does it all mean? But he had hardly had time to give

any thought to the matter, when his ear caught the far-off sound of many

feet advancing from the other side of

danger of his people, and not being able to avert it. But with the first streak of daylight, his vague un

peared to very odd, I thought, and, after seemed very odd, I thought, and, after watching them enter the mountains, I began to pursue them on foot, as my horse could go no further. I again lost sight of them, and walked and walked amongst the mountains, whose solitude nothing disturbs, until all at once I heard a noise, which seemed to be that of a troop advancing with precaution. I hid myself and saw a band of moun-taineers pass. "I will follow them," thought I to myself, "for no doubt they are going to the place the young Frenchman is bound for." But I might be recognized. What was I to do ? recognized. What was I to do ? be recognized. This was I to do r Here chance came to my aid. One of the band had lagged behind, and he now appeared dragging himself along with difficulty, so tired was he. At last, quite spent, he seated himself near me the very rock behind which I was iden. To ask him for his clothes was hidden. 10 as would not have given impossible; he would not have given them to me; so I thought I would get them by force, and, drawing my dagger,

them by force, and, drawing my dagger, I sprang upon him, piercing him to the heart. He uttered a feeble cry and ex-pired. It was a crime, and I pray God mercy for it. A moment later I was clad in his garb, and, pursuing the road taken by the band, I soon arrived at a place where a number of people were place where a number of people were assembled. They paid no attention to me, and I soon learnt more than I even desired to know." "" But who wers these people ?" "Why were they there ?" And what did you hear?" were the questions showered upon the man by his auditors.

"Things that don't concern you," re plied Tumkett, the former river-keeper. "As to that which concerned Master Francis," he went on, "I was soon as-sured that I had not been mistaken, sure." for they called him by the name of D'Arcy. That was all I cared to know, so, after eating my share of a very good meal, and having disturbed the young meal, and having used words I whispered page's mind by some words I whispered in his ear without letting him see me, I

mounted the first horse that care to hand and hastened off to Edinburgh the Earl's letter for Sir Andrey Cessford. That is all I have to tell.' "But the young page — the false Douglas — what has become of him ?" demanded the eager group of listeners. "Oh, as to that I know nothing, I give you my word. Ask Sir Andrew, if n dare.' But no one felt courageous enough to question the ferocious chieftain, and so, after a few more exclamations, such as, "It is very extraordinary ! Why take a false name? He must have had secret lans," etc., the group dispersed, each

plans, etc., the group approximations. soing off to his usual avocations. As for us, we know more. We know for certain that the Cardinal's plans have been made known to Angus. But we do not yet know what has become of the down of the source on policities. Francis ; only Sir Andrew can enlighten us on this point, and I candidly avow that, like the auditors of Tumkett, I feel reluctant to question such a man as that fierce bandit chieftain. But is that not he over there gesticulating and talking with another bandit like himself, who is helping him to empty an enormous pot of beer? Yes, it is be. Let us get near and listen, no matter what may come of it. "Ah! it has not been very long," said Cessford with an oath, as if con-tinning a conversation commenced be-fore. "He had already escaped me once; he has not escaped this time. I had him gagged so that the blood started from his nails, and I did not even drink a glass of wine till the deed was done. For if I had not swallowed and talking with another bandit like

n !" he exclaimed,

speak without breaking forth at once in blasphemous imprecations.

on looking at him, ized him as the son ized him as the soft of French gentleman r of Dunbar before od the death of his g the Frenchman at see. I owed the boy ducking he gave me I believed I had dis-the an colled Ower he so - called Owen mce to Sir Parkhead him my suspicions. ttentively, and, bide I was, went to take busin Sir George and some time they sent Angus said to me : ce that I now ain coloring of truth in coloring of truch it is possible that y have been rescued and if so, it is very goes. Do not lose an instant, and if it ar coaviction is true, w Kerr Cessford at iver this letter to him-rders," saying which rders," saying which ne a sealed letter. I pursuit of the young ide the best horse in caught him up, and, I was fully con a, for I recognized in sant lad from the vil-nrn. Bab! Moses!-Moses than the young !" replied the soldier. I last saw him, I knew his was another conance, for I knew the left Wedderburn the 'Arcy's son had been Pine-branch Inn. As have it, during the en here my work kept way of the young page or the latter w recognized me : fo cognized me : for he of following me in my lake, and was with me the bath in question. I followed them withantil we were close to I suddenly lost sight thad come on, and I the country till day. started from his nails, and 1 did not even drink a glass of wine till the deed was done. For if I had not swallowed is few cups too much at the Pine branch Inn, that scoundrel Shell would not have hoodwinked me with his bolster." Saving this he attrack the not longing Saying this, he struck the pot londly, and passed it to his companion. Then he continued, striking a heavy blow with his fist on the bench on which he was sitting: "To make game of me like that! Shall I never find that fel low? On my word, how pleased I should be to crack his skull with my fist ! One account has been settled, but I shall not be satisfied until that but I shall not be satisfied until that brate Shell has been paid off also. Oh, I'll find him one day or other." Then he added, as if to himself: "But that prediction made to me—that woman, or, rather, that phantom which appeared on the road !" And shivering in spite of himself, he said. "Naver mind of himself, he said : " Never mind. Don't let us think of it again; let us

He then wrenched the pot from his neighbor's hands, and did not let it go neighbor's hands, and did not let it go until he had drained the last drop. Then, staggering to his feet, he cast himself down on a heap of hay that was in the middle of the courtyard. Alas I what we have now learnt leaves no room for doubt. Our hero Francis is dead; it is impossible to misunderstand the words of that terri-ble chieftin.

drink.

ble chieftain.

Let us now return to the King. He is sadly ill at ease, yet hoping each moment to see his friend enter; for the news we have just heard has not yet reached him. That night the King, too troubled to sleep, was leaning out of his window listening intently to every sound, and hoping to recognize the forther of the list of the source of the footsteps of his beloved page and faithful companioh. Each time that a footfall was heard on the opposite bank of the river his joyfal anticipations were excited, and he would rapturously exclaim, "That is he! Yes, surely it must be Francis !" But as the foot

that all are silent within ? Why are they thus passive? Does all this only hide another snare? Oh, my God !" He then looked anew at the combat He then looked anew at the combat which was still raging. Sir George and his party had been repulsed, and were slowly retreating towards their place of ambush. Already Sir Walter proclaimed himself victorious, and, full of enthusiasm at this first success, was about to assault the castle, not merely about to assault the castle, not merely about to assault the castle, not merely as a feint, but with the serious design of taking it, when suddenly Sir Park-head, at the head of two hundred men, head, at the head of two hundred men, appeared on the other side of the bridge, emerging from a little wood, where, doubtless, he had been on the watch since the preceding evening. Sir Walter now found himself between Sir George on one side and Sir Park-head on the other, and a furious mas-sacre ensued. Of the six hundred men

sacre ensued. Of the six hundred men who had accompanied Sir Walter Scott, hardly three hundred remained, who, hardly three hundred remained, who, either by swimming or by enting their way through the enemy, succeeded in escaping. Sir Walter himself with great difficulty joined the remnant of his clan, and proceeded straight to Kirkliston, where Lennox and his little army awaited them. Poor James! the attempted attack on Melrose which

attempted attack on Melrose which was to have set you free has failed, and Francis has not reappeared

### TO BE CONTINUED.

#### We Need Penance.

"The period of fasting and abstin-ence has returned," says the Catholic Transcript. "The Lenten regulations are still echoing in our ears. Ash Wednesday peniteats have not forgot-ten the incent of the works addressed Wednesday pentents have been words addressed ten the import of the words addressed to them when they were told to be mindful of the end that awaits all fiesh. The very calendar tells the world that a waits all flesh.
"My God! My God" i he would erclaim. "Is it, then, all over with him? Shall I never see him again?
Poor Francis! he has died for me, who loves him so dearly."
It was new 2 o'olock in the morning, and still James watched. All st once he heard a noise that seemed to come from immediately under his window.
That no one might observe that he was ant asleep, the King had extinguished
It was new 2 o'olock in the morning.
It was new a consect that he was and still James watched. All st once he heard a noise that seemed to come from in one might observe that he was ant asleep, the King had extinguished
It was new 2 o'olock in the morning.
It was new 2 o'olock in the window.
It was new 2 o'olock in the morning.
It was new 2 o'olock in the world to be world to

suppose you mean those cock and bull stories that that fearful female was restories that that fearing female was re-galing us with at table d'hote the other evening—' poor souls,' as she called them, tapping on one's door and shak-ing up one's pillow to obtain prayers ? What is it, Lee, by the way, that makes a certain type of pious female so woofnlly unattractive ?'' Did Lee three back his head and

Philip Lee threw back his head and laughed. It was a musical, boyish laugh full of enjoyment and eminently haracteristic of the man.

" Don't go off on a tangent on that subject, my dear fellow. It is an inex-baustible one. Poor Miss Sinclair, she is a good, zealous creature, but a little bit of a bore in that respect, I grant you. All the same, I found some of you. All the same, I found some of her stories highly probable. Can't you conceive the possibility of an all merci ful God permitting our dear ones in pur-gatory to appear to us in what seems a bodily form, and remind us of our luties towards them ? There are, I believe, some theologians who affirm that what we see is not in reality the spirit of our departed friend or relation, but simply a semblance of them which God allows to become visible to us to 

or not, 1 can't say, not say, into a imagine..." "I can't imagine the possibility of a purgatory at all," put in James Dar rell. "It is quite edifying to hear you hold forth, old man, and you say it all so nicely, too; quite as it you believed in it, but I am afraid it is no use wast-

In it, but I am atraid it is no use wast-ing your eloquence on me. You must give me up as a bad job." Philip rose from his chair. He was one of those men who know just the psychological moment for ending a dis-cussion, and the type is somewhat rare.

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"Let us go for a stroll before dinner, "Let us go for a stroll before dinner, Darrell. It is only just 6 o'clock. The sunset ought to be ripping to-night, and I want to know what you think of Snowflake's chances for the Derby. Curzon of the Seventh, advises me to stake my bottom dollar on him, but I don't know if he is altogether a good indge."

judge." The bait took, and the two friends so unlike in temperament and disposition,

act as much as possible this vile habit They in authority should check and rebuke their subordinates who utter the name of God or of Jesus in vain ; and if we cannot always reprove tho and if we cannot always reprove those who, in our presence, abuse the sacred names, we at least can, by our outward behavior, show to them that such language is displeasing to us. Thus we may be instrumental in materially reducing the vice of profane swearing.

You can not hope to accomplish much in the world without that compelling the London streets, his memory evoked in the world without that compelling a vision of Como, by moonlight, and his pulses thrilled, there in that fire- being into action.

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