DAY, AUGUST 8, 1903,

Peter's, at which the Pope a in person, she refused, with phrases pronounced in a ice, to occupy the seat as to her among the royal because she found that the lobert of Parma, brother-in Don Carlos de Bourbon, r of Spain, was also it is owing to the scandal is incident produced in the that, when shortly after. ona Eulalie went to Pope to annul her marriage nce Anthony of Montpensier declined to accede to her

ould lead us to suppose th e's coldness towards the was due to a petty annoy. his part because she had me trouble on that occaible of a mere ceremonial It would also have of the fact that the Printo Rome for the direct securing, by hook or by sanction to the request she This was the predominant ion with the Pope, not the stion of a precedence at an or any other like detail, evidently uppermost in his the fact that a Princess m to sanction her breach oral laws of the Church. s the manner in which out spondents try to sting the d to fling discredit upon and American journalists alue upon these contribut they have them copy-

**INVENTIONS.** 

11 be found a list of patly granted by the United vernment through the a-Messrs. Marion & Marion, orneys, Montreal, Can., gton, D.C. on relating to any of the d will be supplied free of applying to the above-

M. Barre & C. Mignault, nnipeg, Man. Pasteurizer. O. Chouinard, Quebec, Q. Electric switch. uis Savaria, Montreal,

e. Nut lock. seph Laurin, Maisonive, Que. Shoe sewing chin

rbert Perrault, Ottawa. ilway crossing gate. rcisse Boulanger, Lac Que. Pipe wrench. ir, es Ernest Fortin, Mont-Que. Thermostatic al-Xav. Vallee, Glen Iver

Brush-clearing imple-

TIAN CHARITY

man is gifted, whether terprise of thought or ·e lies around him a ortunity. So far besocially, morally, intelt one might be forgivoosed the world were terday and nothing had Does no ambition the despairing, starv cople around us? If a rs be added to our not strive to put nt, to sweep out some to awaken some soul joice in the growing Star.

OF W

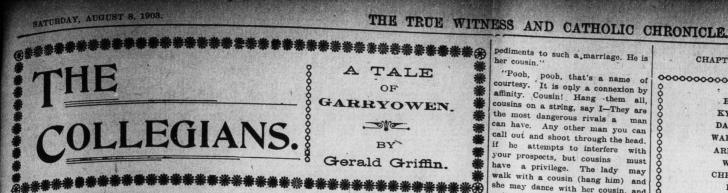
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cs spi stors, le th nnecess ilings, of the is free ance of Prote ul and



CHAPTER XXXI.

HOW KYRLE DALY HEARS OF THE HANDSOME CONDUCT OF HIS FRIEND HARDRESS. 

Previous to Anne Chute's depar ture from the cottage of her aunt, all the arrangements for her marriage with Hardress had been ver bally agreed upon. A feeling of decorum only prevented the legal preliminaries from being put in form before her return to her mother's been first called into action. castle. The singularly unequal and unaccountable behavior of her in-He had not ridden far when he tended husband, during the whole neard loud bursts of laughter, course of wooing, had left her mind the tramp of many horses on the in a condition of distressing annoy road behind him. The voices were ance and perplexity. Though she raised high in the competition to obstill loved Hardress well, it was tain a hearing, and he thought the with an anxious and uneasy affec accents were not those of strangers. tion, such as she should entertain The proud politeness of an Irish genfor a mysterious being whose talents tleman, which was rather conven had fascinated her will, but of whose tional than natural with Kyrle Daly, real nature she yet remained in prevented his looking round to sati troubled ignorance. Fame, who never fy his curiosity, until the party had moves her wings so swiftly as when she has got a tale to tell of death or marriage, soon spread the informatio far and wide. The manner in

wards that part of the

evident that Anne Chute had once

more become a resident in the castle

In order to be assured of the real-

ity of this belief, young Daly spur

red on his horse as far as the cara

vansary of Mr. Normile, already

elebrated in an early part of ou

history. That individual whom he

found in the act of liberating an un

ruly pig, after payment of pound

fees, informed him of the arrival at

Castle Chute, a fortnight previous

rode on, unwilling to trus

of its young heiress and her uncle.

himself with any lengthened conver

sation on this subject while unde

the shrewd eye of an Irish peasant

an instant, and with an intensity

All his former passion returned

He

ridden up, and he heard his own name coupled with a familiar greeting by many voices. Turning on his saddle, he beheld Mr. Connolly, Mr. which it reached the ears of Kyrle Hyland Creagh, Doctor Leake, and Daly was sudden as it was unwel-Captain Gibson riding abreast, and laughing immoderately. He had gone down to the dairy "Connolly, how are you? How are farm, for the purpose of shore-shoot you, Doctor? Mr. Creagh-Captain," touching his hat slightly to the lating, and was returning in order to spend the Little Christmas at home. ter, "what's all the fun about?" It was about noon when he rode by

the gate at Castle Chute. The door "I'll tell Daly," said Connolly; of the dwelling house stood open 'he's a lawyer.' and several figures appeared on the

broad stone steps. They were too "Pish!" replied Doctor Leake, distant to be recognized, but Kyrle 'tis too foolish a thing; you will glanced with a beating pulse tomake him laugh at you." building

which contained the sleeping cham-ber of his mistress. The window-"Foolish! It is the best story I ever heard in my life. Eh, Captain?" shutters were unclosed, and it was Captain Gibson replied by an excessive roar of laughter, and Hyland Creagh protested it was worthy of the days of the Hell-fire Club. nolly looked down in scornful triumph upon the Doctor, who tossed his head, and sneered in silence

> "I'll tell you how it was," said "I believe 'tis no secret Connolly. to you, Daly, or any other acquaintances of mine, that I owe more money to different friends than I am always willing to pay-

Owen Moore ran away. Owing more than he could pay;'

so, if I should come to borrow mo ney of you, you had better keep it which surprised him. It had been in your pocket, I advise you. But the labor of his life since his last is so happened, that we spent the interview with the young lady above other evening at a friend's in

Opportunity, therefore, was only the hair, and another by the throat needed to rouse it up once more in all its former strength. That opporand such a show as they made of him before five minutes I never contunity had now arrived, and Kyrle templated. But here was the beauty Daly found that the trial was a more of it. I knew the law, so I opposed searching one than he had been led the whole proceeding. 'No rescue, to think. He yielded for a moment says I; 'I am his prisoner, gentlethe reflections which pressed upmen, and I will not be rescued; on him, and slackened the pace of don't beat the man!-don't toss him his steed. He passed the little sanin a blanket!-don't drag him in the dy slope on which he had witnessed puddle!-don't plunge him in the the festivities of the saddle-race, and horse-pond I entreat you' 'By some which now looked wintry, lone, and fatality my intentions were wholly bleak in the December blast. The face misconceived, and they performed exof the river was dark and troubled actly the things that I warned then -the long waves of the half-flood They did beat him-they to avoid. tide rolled in, and broke upon the did toss him in a blanket-they did sands leaving a track of foam upon drag him through the puddle - and the water's verge, while a long black they did plunge him into the horseline of seaweed marked the height to pond! Only imagine what were my which it had risen on the shore. He chagrin and disappointment. Doctor glanced at the pathway from the Leake maintains that it is a mispriroad on which his hopes had experision of battery-a law term I enced their last decisive and sever never heard in my life. As if, by repression. His feelings, at this modesiring them not to drag him ment, approached the limits of pair through the horse-pond, I imagined too nearly, and he spurred on his their doing it. Then it was an overt horse, to hurry away from them and act of dragging him through the from the scene on which they had horse-pond. Compassing the drag-

ging him through would have been an actual act of battery, but the imagining of it is only an overt act. As among the English regicides, by cutting off the head of Charles, they were said to imagine his death which was an overt act of treason, whereas compassing his death was the actual treason itself. But in this case I deny both the compassing and the imagination. What do you think of it, Mr. Daly?'

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"I think," said Kyrle with a smile. 'that you ought to come and take my opinion on it some day or other.

Turning on his "Ah, ha!" replied Connolly, shaking his head. "I understand you, young lawyer! Well, when I have a fee to spare, you shall have it. But here is the turn up to my house. Est ubi locus-how I forget my Latin! Daly, will you come up and dine with me?

"I cannot, thank you." "Well, I'm sorry for it, Creagh, u're not going?" "I must."	the your ther, oil. and
'Stop and dine."	many
'No. I'll see you to-morrow. I ve business in town.'' 'he party separated, Kyrle Daly d Creagh continuing to ride in the ne direction, while the rest wheel- off by a narrow road.	purch groce They damp fire. when
You will be at the wedding, I pose, Mr. Daly?" said the latter itleman, after a silence of some nutes.	groun some bring let y and
What wedding?" asked Kyrle, in	the n

some surprise.

"Why, have you not heard of it? Miss Chute's wedding." "Miss Chute?" Kyrle repeated

faintly. "Yes. Everything I understand has been arranged for the ceremony, and Cregan tells me it is to take place next month. She would be a magnificent wife for any man!" It was some moments before Kyrle

could recover breath to ask another question.

"And-a-of course you heard who the is to be the brider

ediments to such a marriage. He is "Pooh, pooh, that's a name of courtesy. It is only a connexion by affinity. Cousin! Hang them all, cousins on a string, say I-They are the most dangerous rivals a man can have. Any other man you can call out and shoot through the head. if he attempts to interfere with your prospects, but cousins must have a privilege. The lady may walk with a cousin (hang him) and she may dance with her cousin, and write to her cousin, and it is only when she has run away with her cousin, that you find that you have been cozened with a vengeance. While Creagh made this speech,

Kyrle Daly was running over in his mind, the entire circumstances of young Cregan's conduct, and the conclusion to which his reflection brought him was, that a more black and shameful treason had never been practised between man and man. For the first time in his life. Kyrle Daly wholly lost his self-government. Principle, religion, duty, justice all vanished for the instant from his mind, and nothing but the deadly in-

jury remained to stare him in the lace "I will horsewhip him!" he said within his mind; "I will horsewhip him at the wedding feast. The cool, dark, hypocrite! I suppose, sir," he said aloud turning to Creagh, with a smile of calm and dignified courtesy, "I suppose I may name you as an authority for this?

"Certainly, certainly," returned the old duellist with a short bow, while his eyes lit up with pleasure a the idea of an affair of honor. "Stay a moment, Mr. Daly," he added, as the young gentleman was about to quicken his pace. "I perceive, sir that you are going to adopt, in this business, the course that is unusual among men of honor. Now, I have had a little experience in these affairs, and I am willing to be your friend-'

"Pardon me, Mr. Creagh, I-" "Nay, pardon me, Mr. Daly, if you please. I do not mean your friend in the usual acceptance of the term; I do not mean your second; you may have a desire to choose for yourself in that respect; I merely wished to say, that I could afford you some useful hints as to your conduct on the ground. In the first instance look to your powder. Dry it yourself, over night, on a plate, which you may keep hot over a vessel of warm water. Insert your charge at the breech of the pistol, and let ball be covered with kid leasoftened with the finest salad See that your barrel is polished free from dust. I have known y a fine fellow lose his life by hasing his ammunition at er's on the morning of the duel. bring it out of some cask in a cellar, and, of course, it hangs Do you avoid that fault. Then, you come to the ground-level ad of course-fix your eye on object beyond your foe, and him in a line with that; then your pistoi hang by your side draw an imaginary line from mouth af your barrel to th third button of your opponent's coat. When the word is given, rise your weapon rapidly along the line, and fire at the button. He will never

hear the shot. "Tell me, Mr. Creagh," said Kyrle, in a grave tone, after he heard these murderous directions to the end

'are not you a friend of Mr. Cregan?' "Yes. Very old friends."

"Do you not dine at his table, and sleep under his roof from day to day?' "Pray, what is the object of these

CHAPTER XXXII. HOW KYRLE DALY'S WARLIKE ARDOUR WAS CHECKED BY AN UNTOWARD INCIDENT.

A joyous piece of news awaited Kyrle Daly at the door of his own home. Lowry Looby met him on the

avenue, his little arms outstretched, and his huge mouth expanded with an expression of delighted astonishment. "Oh, Master Kyrle!" he said,

'you're just come in time. I was goin' off for you. Hurry in - hurry in, sir! There's a new little sister within waiting for you this way." "And you mistress, Lowry?" said

Kyrle springing from his horse, and tossing the reins to the servant. "Finely, finely, sir, thank Heav-

"Thank Heaven, indeed!" echoed Daly, hurrying on, with a flushed and gladdened face, towards the halldoor. Everything of self, his disappointment, the treachery of his friend, the loss of his mistress, and his dilemma with the duellist, were all forgotten in his joy at the safety of his mother.

The door stood open, and the hall was crowded with servants, children, and tenants. In the midst of a hun dred exclamations of wonder, delight, and affection, which broke from the lips of the group, the faint cry of a baby was heard, no louder than the wail of a young kitten. He saw his father holding the little stranger in his arms, and looking in its face with a smile, which he was in vain endeavoring to suppress. The old kitchen-maid stood on his right, with her apron to her eyes, crying for joy. One or two younger females, the wives of tenants, were on the other side, gazing on the red and peevish little face of the innocent, with a smile of maternal sym pathy and compassion. A fair-haired girl clung to her father's skirt and petitioned loudly to be allowed to nurse it for a moment. Anothe looked rebukingly upon her, and told her to be silent. North-east and Charles had clambered upon a chair to overlook the throng which they could not penetrate. Patcy stood near the parlor door, jumping with all his might, and clapping his hands like one possessed. There appeared only one discontented figure It was that of little Sally, cene. hitherto the pet and plaything of the family, who stood in a distant corner, with her face turned to the wall, her lips pouting, and her blue eyes filling up with fealous tears. The moment Kyrle made his ap-

pearance at the door, the uproar was redoubledf "Kyrle! Kyrle! Here's Kyrle! Kyrle, look at your sister look at your sister!" exclaimed a dozen voices, while the group at the same moment opened, and admitted him into the centre.

patting it on the cheek. "Is it not putting it on the cheek. "Is it not better to take it in out of the cold sir?

"I think so Kyrle! Where's the nurse?

The door of Mrs. Daly's sleepingchamber opened, and a woman chamber opened, and a woman in a followed by his aged slater, managed on the threshold, looking ra-peared on the threshold, looking ra-still in tears. The old man glanced still in tears. The old man glanced

lor. Charles. Recollect yourself now, my dear Charles, remember your children-'

It.

The old man began to tremble, "Mary," he said, "why will you not answer me? How is she?" 'She is not better, Charles."

"Not better!" "No, far otherwise."

"Far otherwise! Come-woman, let

me pass into the room."

"You must not, indeed, you must not, Charles!" exclaimed his sister, flinging her arms round his neck, and bursting into tears. "Kyrle, Kyrlespeak to him!'

Young Daly caught his 'Well, well," said the latter, looking round him with a calm, ghastly smile, "if you are all against me, I must of course submit." "Come with me to the parlor," said Mrs. O'Connell, "and I will explain to you.'

She took him by the arm, and led him, with a vacant countenance and passive demeanor, through the silent and astonished group. They entered the parlor, and the door was closed by Mrs. O'Connell. Kyrle Daly remained fixed like a statue, in the same attitude in which his aunt had left him, and a moment of intense and deep anxiety ensued. The rare and horrid sound, the scream of an old man in suffering, was the first that broke on that portentous stillness. It acted like a spell upon the group in the hall. They were persed in an instant. The women ran shrieking in various directions. The men looked dismayed, and uttered hurried sentences of wonder and affright. The children terrified by the confusion, added their shrill and helpless wailings to the rest. The death cry re-echoed in the bedroom, in the parlor, and in the kitchen. From every portion of the dwelling, the funeral shriek ascended to the Heavens; and Death and Sorrow, like armed conquerors, seemed to have possessed themselves by sudden storm of this little hold, peace and happiness had reigned so long and calmly.

Kyrle's first impulse on hearing his father's voice, made him rush to the hed-room of his mother. There was no longer any opposition at the door, and he entered with a throbbing heart. The nurse was crying aloud, and wringing her hands at the fire-place. Mrs. Leahy, the midwife. was standing near the bed-side, with a troubled and uneasy countenance, evidently as much concerned for the probably injury to her own reputation as for the affliction of the family. Kyrle passed them both, and drew back the curtain of the bed. His mother was lying back quite dead, and with an expression of languid pain upon her features.

"I never saw a case o' the kind in my life," muttered Mrs. Leahy. have attended hundreds in my time, an' I never saw the like. She was sitting up in her bed, sir, as well as I'd wish to see her, an' I just stepped to the fire to warm a little gruel, when I heard Mrs. O'Connell calling me; I ran to the bed, an" sure there I found her dying! She just gave one moan, 'twas all over. I never heard of such a case. All the skill in the world wouldn't be any good in such a business."

Kyrle Daly felt no inclination to dispute the point with her. A heavy, dizzy sensation was in his brain. which made his actions and his manners resemble those of a person who walks in his sleep. He knelt down to pray, but a feeling like lethargy disqualified him for any exercise of devotion. He rose again, and walked listlessly into the hall

Almost at the same moment, Mr. Daly appeared at the parlor door, followed by his aged sister, who was

tof other Catho- testants. They and vigilant exercise of the ball in they selzed him, and best him until stance accounted for the belim, interest and more a	WARNING. A, pastor of Holy Wilkesbare, Pa, part in the nego- the settlement of the s	one of those rational consider- one of those rational consider- ons, on which his love was found- had been erroneously taken up- e had discovered that the lady i, in reality, unworthy of the e to which he had raised her, we not say he would at once have ed to love, but he would cer- ly have experienced much less ulty in subduing the frequent ations of the passion. But he had the assistance of such a coavic- i and it was only after a long vigilant exercise of his habitual mess, that he had reduced his 1 to a state of dormant tran- tic.	neighborhood, who could not afford me a bed, so I went to hammock to Normile's inn. In the morning, stepped out to the stable to see how my horse had been made up in the night, when I feit a tap on the shoulder-just like that-do you fee it at all electrical?- (he touched Kyrle's shoulder)-I do, always. It turned and saw a fellow in a brown coat, with a piece of paper in his invitation, so I requested that he would step into the inn, while I was taking a little breakfast. While I was doing so, and while he was sit- ting at the other side of the fre, in walked Pat Falvey. Mrs. Chute's footman, with his mistres's compli- ments to thank me for a present of baking apples I had sent her. I wink- ed at Pat, and looked at the bailif. 'Pat,' says I, 'tell your mistress not to mention it; and Pat,' says I, dropping to a whisper, I am a pri- soner.' 'Very well,' says Pat aloud, and bowing as if I had given him some message. He left the room, and in ten minutes, I had the whole parish about the windows. They came in, they called for the belliff, they seized him, and beat him until they didn't leave him worth looking at. Dooly, the nallor, caught his arm an O'Reilly, the blacksmith.	"Oh! yes. I thought he was friend of yours. Mr. Hardress Crester. "Cregan!" exclaimed Kyrle aloud and starting as if he had received a galvanic shock; "it is impossible!" "Sir!" said Creagh sternly. "I think," said Kyrle, governing himself by a violent exertion, "you must have been misinformed. Hard- ress Cregan, is, as you say, my friend, and he cannot be the man." "I seldom, sir," said Creagh, with a haughty curl on his lip, "converse with any person who is capable of making false assertions; and, in the present instance, I should think the gentleman's father no indifferent au- thority." Again Kyrle Daly paused for some minutes in an emotion of deep ap- prehension. "Has Mr. Cregan, then, told you." he said, "that his son was to be the bridegroom)" "I have said he has." Daly closed his lips hard, and straightened his person, as if to re- lieve an internal pain. The circum- stance accounted for the enigmatical silence of his friend. But what a horrible solution! "It is very strange," he said, "not-	"It is this," said Kyrle, fixing his eyes upon the man; "I find it impos- sible to express the disgust I feel at hearing you, the professed and boun- den friend of that family, thus prac- tise upon the life one of its chief members—the son of your benefactof. Away, sir, with your bloody science to those who will become your pu- pils! I hope-the time will come in Ireland when you and your mean, and murderous class shall be despis- ed and trampled on as you de- sorre." "How am I take this, Mr. Daly?" "As you will!" exclaimed Kyrle, driven wholly beyond the bounds of solf-possession, and tossing a de- sperate, hand towards the duellist. "I have done with you." "Not yet, please the fates," Creagh said, in his usual restrained tone, while Kyrle Daly galloped a." way in the direction of his father's house. "To-morrow morning, per- haps you may be enabled to say that with greater certainty. He is a fine young fellow. I didn't think it was in him. Now, whom shall I have? Connolly? Cregan I owe it to Connolly, as I performed the same office for him a 'short time since; and yet I'd like to pay old.Cregan the compliment. Well. I can think about	through the hall, got a bowl of wata er in the kitchen, and hurried back again to the bed-room. "Why doesn't she come?" said Mr. Daly. "The little thing crises so, I am afraid it is pinched by the air." "I suppose she is busy with my aunt O'Connell and her patient yet," said Kyrle. A hurried tramping of feet was now heard in the bed-room, and the sound of rapid voices in anxiety and confusion. A dead silence sunk up- on the hall. Mr. Daly and his son exchanged a glance of thrilling im- port. A low moan was the next sound that proceeded from the room. The husband placed the child in the arms of the old woman and hurried to the chamber door. He was met at the threshold by his sister, Mrs. O'Coanell (a grave-looking lady in black), who placed her hands against his breast, and said, with great agitation of manner: "Charles, you must not come in "Why so, Mary? How is she?" yet." "Winny," said Mrs. O'Connell, ad- dressing the old woman who held the infant, "take the child to the kitchen until the nurse can come to you." "How is Sally?" repeated the ani- fous husband.	at his children, and waved his l before him. "Take them from sight," he said, in a low voice; the orphans be removed; go now children, we never shall be h here again." (To be continued.) <b>Premium</b> To <b>Subscribers</b> We offer as a premi to each Subscriber a new bound copy of the Gold Jubilee Book, who will so the names and cash for new Subscribers to the Tr Witness This is a splendid of portunity to obtain a me interestir chronicle of twork of Irish Cathol Priests and laymen Montreal during the pri
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