re are times when a horse knows more a man; when instinct is superior to to. The horse fights against being over the brink of a precipice which he can see in the dark but which is veiled from the man's eyes. It is often the same with a man's body; it fights against carry-8

with a man's body; it fights against carrying the man over the brink of the precipice, disease. When the heart beats irregularly; when there are pains in the head, ringing in the ears, cough, indigestion, loss of appetite and lack of energy—some or all of these symptoms—the body is on the brink of danger and is crying "halt!"

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early."
"She used not to."
"She has done it this long time past,

I remember thinking that this was one by that they produce no impression on those who witness their gradual adoption, and are only noticed by persons who, like myself, have been absent for a time, and are brought suddenly face to face with their accomplishment. Indeed, for the next day or two, and until I had become acclimatized anew, as it were, to with their accomplishment. Indeed, for the next day or two, and until I had become acclimatized anew, as it were, to my surroundings, my mind was continually going back and making comparisons between people as I had known them formerly and as I saw them now, modified by the silent hand of Time. Nature at Gencoonoge still wore the look with which many a visit there had made me familiar. Whee I pulled up my blind mechanically next morning, I did so not thinking of the scene that would meet my eyes. The sun had just shot his rays over the tops of the distant hills away on the opposite side of the inland sea, the tranquil surface of which reflected the shapes and hues of the morning clouds and of the sky above them. Islands, clothed with fresh verdure and rare shrubs, lay upon the water, bouquets of shrubs, lay upon the water, bouquets of delicate color possible only in a climate like that of Glencoonoge, and in a sea shielded from all violence by many an arm of jutting woodland. Ripe autumn had mellowed the woods. I say as I pulled up my blind that morning, I experienced again in all its freshness the thrill of surprise, wonder, and delight with which years before, on such a morning at this same hour and for the first time, I had looked out upon the enchanted haven before me, so still, so full of eeriness. As I threw my window open, and leaning out, feasted my eyes, the remembrance came back of how I had done just the same thing on that first day, and I had to own that the gap of years had not made the scene before me lees beautiful or less young. But when later in the day I came hap-

hazard upon old acquaintances, and measured them by the same length of time, what wonderful transformations! There was Conn. for instance. There was Conn, for instance. As I emerged from the inn-door, and espied him on the beach questioning an oil-skinned figure in a boat a few yards out skinned figure in a boat a few yards out as to the result of the morning's search for oysters, my mind's eye at the same instant conjured him up as I had first seen him, not far from that very spct, a boy of eleven years old sitting upon a rock fishing with an impromptu line and a hook fashioned out of a pin by his hardy young fingers. There was old Matt Dwyer again. I had known him a bustling ostler. He was still indeed lord of the stables, bright in his spirits, keen in his wits, and alive to all that was in his wits, and alive to all that was going on; but now grown white-baired and very heavy and slow in body. His son, too, Matt Dwyer the younger, I had known as the Adonis of the village. day I met him lumbering towards day 1 met him immoering towards his fishing-smack, lying drawn up on the narrow strand, his beauty covered up with a strong black beard, his figure gone entirely. He had his eldest boy with him, the youngest Matt of all, an active bare-legged youth of twelve. I was at How Matt was given joy to and chaffed the while! He was sim in those days, good at games and dancing, with no small spice of the beau in him. Now grown portly and careless of his dress, he smokes his rive in accretions of the small spice of the small spice of the beau in him. Now grown portly and careless of his dress, he smokes his rive in accretion of the small spice of portly and careless of his dress, he smokes his pipe in peace, deliberates before he speaks, and calmly critical, watches the

And who is this coming down as I ascend the hill, carrying a burden on his back, who stops, and with a pleasant smile bids me kindly welcome to Glencoonoge, and passes on? Of course, it is Laurence O'Neil, no one else. What a mischievous young imp he was as a boy to be savel and with a requisible that to be sure! and with a roguish look that to be sure! and with a roguish look that completely disarmed rebuke. He has it still, though he is well on in his teens, and he has the same bright eye and laughing mouth. He is liked by his fel-



GLENCONOGE.

By RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

CHAPTER V.

OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

We had loitered so much along the road, standing still occasionally to parley face to face in the eagerness of our conversation, that it was late when we reached the inn, and I was so tired that I told Conn to say nothing about my arrival that night to the hostess, good Mrs. Ennis.

"No fear of that, sir," cried Conn, cheerily, "Mrs. Ennis always goes to bed early."

"She used not to."

"She used not to."

"She has done it this long time past, sir," cheering how Time had dealy with the park of have a talk with him, and learn how Time had dealy with the park learn how the had dealy with the park learn how the had dealy with the park learn how the had dealy with him, and learn how Time had dealy with the park learn how the had dealy with him, and learn how Time had dealy with the park learn how the had dealy with him, and learn how Time had dealy with the park learn how the park way to have a talk with him, and learn how Time had dealy with the park learn had learn how the park way to have a talk with him, and learn how Time had dealy with the park learn him to the park to have a talk with him, and learn how Time had dealy with the park learn him to the park to have a talk with him, and learn how Time had dealy with the told.

Walking along the road to where the one-arched bridge spans the noisy Drumbeg that rushes under, brawling over the stones with such a clatter that you would never think its waters could become so silent nct many yards away in the quite that to the many yards away in the quite that to the many yards away in the quite that to the many yards away in the purched that the stones with such a clatter that you would never think its waters could become so silent nct many yards away in the quite that to the hake, I stoned to where the one-arched bridge spans the noisy Drumbeg that rushes under, brawling over the stones with such a clatter that you would never think its waters could become so silent nct many yards away some bread and cheese. I descended the bank way to have a talk with him and learn how Time had dealt with and learn how Time had dealt with HIS little homestead, where in the course of my peregrinations I had in former years been sometimes a dropper-in. Age had enfeebled his once little figure, the strength had gone out of his face, the quick intelligence from his eye, I hardly think he knew me; hut when I asked after his sons, Andy and Jemmy, he answered readily they were in America, laborers there, and sent what they could to him, poor boys. And Norah? She was married and settled out away at Scarriff, where she and her husband had as much married and settled out away at Scarriff, where she and her husband had as much as they could do to mind themselves and a growing family. And Mike, was he married too? He was, then, and with two children of his own, to say nothing of two others left orphans by his third cousin. Yes, Mike had the old home, but he was a good lad and kind to his father, and hardly a day passed but he came to see his father in his cabin near the old home; the cabin which Kathleen his youngest shares with him, and de-

the old home; the cabin which Kathleen his youngest shares with him, and declares she won't leave for Jerry Hoolahan (a patient boy that's courted her these five years) or any other man as long as her father lives. "Which won't be for long now, p'aze God," concluded the old man, with something like a brightness passing for an inetant across his face. I loitered near him a few minutes longer, but his gaze had become years. river, as he mechanically ate his brea and che-se; and I moved away presently unnoticed.

Mrs. Ennis was watering her flower

as I strolled back in the direction of the

inn, and I mende I my space intending to join her, regarding her distant figure as I approached with those retrospective eves through which alone this morning could through which alone this morning could look at anything. I thought of the time when I had first known her, as the wife of that good-natured, boisterous, careless tippler, Cecil Ennis, under whose REGIME things were carried on in a muddled, hand-to-mouth fashion. I thought of her as I had seen ber later on, newly headens a widow skilfully steering the become a widow, skilfully steering the wreck of her husband's fortunes into smooth waters. Since then things had prospered with her. The little roadside-inn had become a favorite putting-up place with artists, who were at first the chief visitors to Glencoonoge, where the great variety of the picturesque made the place for them a happy hunting-ground. Gradually the fame had spread of Glen-coonoge, of the changing colors of its mountainsides, of its earle harbor, of its woods, where forest trees, and rare choice woods, where forest trees, and rare choice shrubs that elsewhere are cherished in hot-houses, grew side by side; of its mountains made musical by rushing streams and foaming waterfalls; and it became a point for summer tourists to touch at in their flight. Thus the fortunes of "The Harp" had grown. The modest thatch had given place to a roof of slate; an addition was made to the original building, first on one side and afterwards on the other; and long ago the wards on the other; and long ago the growing mansion would have been dubbed "Hotel" by its proprieriess, if her artist visitors, who saw with no little vexation the primitive simplicity of the p'ace disappearing, hal not been wont to declare, portly and careless of his dress, he smokes his pipe in peace, deliberates before he speaks, and calmly critical, watches the prowess of younger men as they jig or jump, wrestle or swim, striving for the foremost place which was his, once upon a time.

And who is this coming down as I ascend the hill, carrying a burden on his back, who stops, and with a pleasant smile bids me kindly welcome to Giencoonoge, and passes on? Of course, it is Laurence O'Neil, no one else. What a mischievous young imp he was as a boy and washed with but the assist-

ance of a maid or two of all-work, was now the mistress of a houseful of servants. Fortunately, she had been well endowed

by nature with the capacity which adapts

itself to improved circumstances, and was able at will to speak with an effective

authority to those beneath her, or to assume the easy and gracious address appropriate to her guests. Advancing years and good living had enlarged her girth, and

he spare wife of twelve years ago, and the

buxom widow of a later day, now panted under the exaggerated proportions of a landlady of the good old school. Idonot believe she fully realized her size, for her pleasure was evident and her disclaimer manifestly insincere, when I compliment-ed her on being so active, and on the

ed her on being so active, and on th

perpenual youthfulness of her looks, which of a truth were rosy enough. "No, no," she replied, shaking her head as she tried to control her gratified

smile. "No, no, Mr. Shipley, one doesn't get younger—nor thinner. But I'll held out as long as I can. I can tell you I'd sooner be sitting inside resting, than wat-

ering these flowers. But I say to myself

'it won't do; it won't do; you must take exercise, or you will be getting quite un-mar ageably fat,'" and sne laughed very

merrily.

"And the flowers repay your care, Mrs.
Ennis," said I, encouraged by the success

of my first compliment.

climb like a monkey, and run likes hare.
Well, I've male him a good gardener
besides. I've taught him how to prune
and how to graft, till he can do it very
nearly as well as myself. Ah, then, he's
well enough in the air, but to be in the
house addles him entirely. There never
was such a scatterbrain. Tell him to do was such a scatterbrain. Tell him to do a thing one minute, and he has forgotten it the next. Give him a message, and by the time he has delivered it, sure 'tis something quite different; and as for figures—" the good lady held up one of her hands, and nodded her head slowly several times in smiling exasperation at several times, in smiling exasperation at the thought of Conn's incapacity on that

score.

"Figures:" said I. "I'm told they have got to such proportions now, that you have had to get a book-keeper on purpose to look after them."

"It was Conn told you that," said Mrs.

Ennis, after an instant's hesitation, and darting a keen glance at me.

"No, by the way, it was not; he never told me a word about it."

"No, by the way, it was not; he never told me a word about it."

"That's a greater wonder still," said Mrs. Ennis, lightly throwing the matter off," for he's a thorough gossip, and can never keep anything to himself. Not, indeed, but what that's stale news now. Miss Johnson, or the book-keeper, as she is generally called, has been with me these two years and more, and I don't know now how I ever got on without her. The head that girl has for management! Welt, to tell you the truth, 'tis more like my own head than any I've met with. When the house is full, she knows how every room's bestowed. She has the account ready if a dozen of them were called for at a minute's notice; and at any hour of the day ye'd like to ask her, she'll tell of the day ye'd like to ask her, she'll tell how the servants are employed, what cars there are in the stable, where the drivers are to be found, and how many boatmen are out on the water. Perhaps it had been better for me to look after all these things myself; but I haven't the energy

I had, and 'tis a comfort to have some one I can trust. And so Conn never told you a word about her!' you a word about her!"

"She seems to be a perfect treasure,"
said I. "An Irish girl, of course."

"Not she, You might see that from
her quiet, sensible way. But I forget,
you haven't seen her. Come in, and I'll
introduce you to her here and now, for
she's mistress-in-chief I can tell you, and
'tis to her you'll have to go to have anything set straight that you don't find to
your liking." said I.

your liking."
So saying, Mrs. Ennis led the way into the house, muttering, "Irish, indeed No, no. Irish girls are all very well, and make good wives; but what with their whims and their ways, they're trouble

whims and their ways, they is thousenessome to manage."

The object of our search was not in the bar, nor in the little room at the side of it, which was empty.

"May be, we'll find her in the linenroom," said Mrs. Ennis, once more leading the way. We passed down the passage, and in the furthest room found three or four virls, all at work emptying three or four girls, all at work emptying by handfuls the contents of their baskets of clean linen into a large chest. A young woman in a dress of plain, almost Quaker-like cut, stood with her back to us watch ing them: as we entered, she turned round a pale but clear-complexioned face, in which a pair of bright grey eyes were

the most striking feature.

"Mr. Shipley is an old friend," was Mrs. Ennis's comment in introducing us, "and I hope is going to make a long stay. You'll have to make him comfort-

"I hope Mr. Shipley will let me know "I hope Mr. Salpiey will let me also, if he is not," answered the book-keeper readily, addressing me, "and I will see that he has no cause to complain."

"You are very good," said I, bowing, thinking the while, "Poor Conn! I am

uninking the while, "Poor Conn! I am sorry for you if your heart is irretrievably lost there. A 'no' from that quarter is final. And indeed I was fairly repelled by the hard, business-like tone of her voice, and by the stony collectedness of her manner, unrelieved by the faintest shade of geniality.

shade of geniality.
"Is not this the old smoking-room?" I

and, as you may perceive, any odd lum-ber that we can't find another place for. I see," she continued, fixing her eyes on large packing-case that reclined against the wall, "you have stowed your baggage away here. Well, 'tis as good a place as any, and out of the way. Had you much trouble in getting it in?"

' answered the book-keeper.
and one or two of the others carried it. "Let Conn alone." said Mrs. Ennis, ad-

dressing herself to me, "for having a hand in anything that'll take him away from his proper work. By the way, why hasn't he put fresh flowers in the bar? He generally changes them every morning, but those I see there are all with

"Are they? I-I didn't notice. I'll throw them away."

"And tell him to put fresh ones in their place. 'Tis so like him to be doing "And tell him to put fresh ones in their place. 'Tis so like him to be doing things by fits and starts. Sure, no one would ever have thought of having flow-ers there at all if he hadn't begun it. I like to see them. They're bright and cheerful. Tell him not to forget them

again." Go on with your work, girls," said the book-keeper, in a stern undertone. At which the girls, who had shown a disposition to exchange amused glances, suppressed their smiles, and set to work that the state of the suppressed their smiles, and set to work again; and I noticed as we went out that the pallor in the book-keeper's face had suddenly given place to a glow which became her, and that her grey eyes had a flash in them—exhibitions of feeling unlike what might have been expected from a person with manners of a stone-like coldness.

# CHAPTER VI.

FALSE ALARMS.

As Mrs. Ennis and I returned to the of my first compliment.

"Now, aren't they very pretty?" she answered, standing astride and looking at them with her head on one side.

"Everything kept so trim," said I, "No weeds, no overgrowth."

Mrs. Ennis laughed heartily. "Now, if you had complimented me on the conhall, we heard the voice of a man approaching along the road. He was singing gaily to himself, and as he came nearer we could hear his light and rapid

like a fish in the water, and that he could ing the mail-bag.

"Why doesn't your brother fetch that round on his car?" inquired Mrs. Ennis sharply, "you bring it in every morning, Conn, and you'll be getting Patsy into the way of thinking 'tis none of his busi-

"They always keep him waiting so long at the post, and as I was there, I thought I might as well bring it along to

save time.".

"It seems to me you're always there just at this time—for the fun of the thing. I suppose. Here, give me the bag."

I had found a package lying on the hall table on my arrival the night before containing several letters addressed to me at Liverprod and one from my father asking why

several letters addressed to me at Liverpool, and one from my father asking why I had not written, and whether all was well. Mrs. Ennis now handed me another from the post-bag, also from my father, who was half-alarmed and half-annoyed at my long silence. By some forgetfulness I had never sent home a line since starting. I hurried off to send him a telegram, and spent the rest of the day in writing him a long letter, detailing the particulars of my journey, and in answering as much of my other correspondence as was pressing.

pondence as was pressing.

But it was no easy task to fix my thoughts on what I was doing, the incidents of the morning had awakened so many recollections. From them I deents of the morning had awakened so many recollections. From them I de-rived at least one definite imperssion of pleasure—namely, in the contemplation of the mistress of the inn, with her troubles outlived and all her difficulties

of the mistress of the inn, with her troubles outlived and all her difficulties surmounted, now in her declining days the queen, in a sense, of the village where her sway was acknowledged, her patronage besought, and her rule prosperous and beneficent.

Nor was my mental picture very unlike the reality. The outlines, in fact, were correct enough; but I had forgotten the shading. That evening, led by force of an old habit which I resumed as naturally as if it had not been interrupted by a gap of several years, I went to Mrs. Ennis's parlor, where she was accustomed to sit of evenings with no other light than that of the fire. I had hardly entered the room before I felt that something was wrong. The old lady in her arm-chair was talking to the book-keeper, who, in the eagerness of her attention to what Mrs. Eamis was saying, had dropped her hands and needlework together into her lap.

her lap.
"Come in, Mr. Shipley," cried Mrs.
Ennis, seeing that I hesitated, for it was
clear that confidences were in the air. clear that conndences were less cheery than those which had brightened our morning's conversation. She looked put out. Had she and the book-keeper been having a row? No. The book-keeper had set to work upon her knitting again, and was not apparently in trouble; besides, Mrs. Ennis knew her own position too well to show any sign of weakness when Mrs. Enms knew her own position too well to show any sign of weakness when finding fault with her servants. It presently 'transpired that the post-bag had supplied a sufficiency of annoyance for that and several succeeding days in the shape of a letter from George Enmis. George Enmis. The supplied of the house. He and his elder brother Justin had the supplied of when your

had been left unprovided for when very young by their father's death, and had been adopted and cared for from that been adopted and cared for from that time by their childless uncle and his wife. Mr. Ennis, of "The Harp," in dying left everything he had to his widow for her hiretime; after which the interest in the lease of "The Harp" and of the land attached to it—the lease was an cld-fashioned one, having still some two hundred and fifty years to run—was to revert to his nepnews. They would have come into no great inheritance if the inn had remained as Cecil Ennis had left it—and if Instituted and remained as Cecil Ennis had set it—and if Instituted as Cecil Ennis had set it—and it is the cecil Ennis had set it—and it is the cecil Ennis had set it is left it; and if Justin and George had now the prospect of some day sharing between them a property worth dividing, they were indebted for that happiness to good luck and their uncle's widow. The boys owed her more than this. The life-pro-priettess of "The Harp" was not much over forty, and was still comely when her husband died, and she had rejected more than one good offer of marriage, purely out of affection to Ennis's memory, and than one good offer of marriage, purely out of affection to Ennis's memory, and of loyalty to what she thought would have been his wishes in regard to his adopted children had he lived to erjoy the prosperity which had fallen to her. Mrs. Ennis remaining a widow was much to the advantage of her hesband's nephews. She sent the two boys to college and thence to the university. Justin now held some appointment in Canada, and George, when I had last heard of him, after considerable difficulty in making up his mind as to a profession, had at length decided to go to the Bar. making up his mind as to a profession, had at length decided to go to the Bar.

Mrs. Ennis was very proud of the achievements of one nephew and of the prospects of the other, by which her own standing in the eyes of her neighbors was much enhanced. But she had dejected moments—often recurring of late—in which she would sigh and wish she had not brownit them no segrandly and had not brought them up so grandly, and when she was wont to think it would have been better to have had them about her as props to her age, better for at least one of them to have been trained to the management of this growing property of which the brothers would hereafter be the owners.

the cowners.

Latterly a letter from George infallibly caused these thoughts to return; and with the good lady's regrets came further modifications of her former views. She began to mistrust ambitious aims, to doubt the truth of what she had been told concerning a college education, namely, that it is everything towards success in a professional career; to doubt whether George's talent was of that order which makes its way without the aid of family connection or other interest, and in spite of the fact that its possessor has sprung from no one knows where. George Ennis benefited up to a certain point as these doubts gained upon his aunt's mind, and in answer to his continued appeals she increased his allowance again and again, until at last she who was always thought until at last she who was always thought to be so thriving, began to be embarrassed and to grow frightened. About this time, too, certain facts came to Mrs. Ennis's too, certain facts came to Mrs. Ennis's knowledge concerning George's way of living which caused her to lose faith in George; so that his dutiful letters, full of gratitude as they were, and full of uncomplaining recital of his difficulties, warmed her, not now to generosity, but to anger. For she read between the lines of his arguments that business was bad, that there was no hope for him unless he "Everything kept so trim," said I, "Noweeds, no overgrowth."

Mrs. Eanis laughed heartily. "Now, if you had complimented me on the condition of the beds a few years ago, you might have had reason. But I have to leave the weeding and the cutting to Conn; I can't stoop to do it, and that's the truth."

"Conn was always a handy fellow," said I. "I found that out long ago."

"Aye, to be sure. I mind how you used to sing his praises, and say he was like a fish in the water, and that he could

'Tis his love of pleasure that's at the ottom of his debt, and his troubles, and his want of success. His misfortunes are of his own making, and 'tis too bad of him, so it is, after all these years, to be making the continual demands on me he

making the continual demands on me he does."

It was not lively sitting there with Mrs. Ennis brooding silently for the most part, and the book-keeper plying her needles without a word. The strains of a jig from the kitchen broke in upon our dulness with quite an inspiriting effect as I thought, abeit the fiddler was unskilled, and murdered his tune ruthlessly, playing the difficult parts too slowly, the easy ones at full speed and with a reckless disregard of mistakes. At another time the old lady would have enjoyed the distant music, beaming and beating time with her foot. But to-night it gratel on her nerves and she was going to ring the bell, when I volunteered to tell Conn to stop, and so made my escape. Certainly these Irish people vary rapidly. There sat Mrs. Ennis very unhappy, who in the morning was as blithesome as a bird. Yonder in the kitchen was Conn Hoolahan, filling the house with rollicking Yonder in the kitchen was Conn Hoolahan, filling the house with rollicking sounds—he who last night was pouring his despair into a friendly ear and breathing prayers upon the wishing-stone. The only person who seemed insensible to feeling was the sphinx-like book-keeper; and she continued like an animated waxwork figure to knit with mechanical regularity. As I made my way towards the kitchen, I hoped for poor Conn's sake that the mirthfulness issuing from his fiddle did not arise from sanguine hopes in the breast of its owner; for what inddle did not arise from sanguine hopes in the breast of its owner; for what chance had he, illiterate peasant! with this piece of English prudence, whose manner and carriage showed she had seen something of the world, and whose hard, business-like habit of mind would probably as little dream of the consummation Conn was sighing for, as she

Whatever may have been the case on former occasions, Mrs. Ennis's angry cogi-tations on the subject of her nephew re-sulted now in a practical decision which she had for some time past seen looming abead, and shut her eyes to as long as it was possible; and that was to make a de-termined stand once for all against any further extravagance on George's part; to limit him strictly to his original modest limit him strictly to his original modest allowance; and as an alternative to invite him to throw up a profession for which he appeared to have no aptitude, and return to Glencoonoge to learn the business of an inn-keeper.

The letter was composed with the assistance of Miss Johnson and was despatched next day; and the rumor went about that young George Ennis was expected almost immediately. I was

would of making a mistake in her reckon-

expected almost immediately. I was myself rather curious to see him; I had only a dim recollection of him and his brother when they were small boys, to young to be much noticed. But George's coming was not on the whole looked for-ward to with much pleasure, to my surprise; because a character of which the weakness is an excess of sociability and a tendency to be lavish of expenditure, is one that people's hearts usually warm to. Nevertheless George Ennis was not to. Nevertheess George Emiss was not popular at Glencoonoge. It was said that he found himself quite out of harmony with the tone of the rural place, where such freedom of habits as George permitted himself in Dublin, would speedlily have not with rough many. He was

have met with rough usage. He was accused, too, of giving himself airs of superiority, and of affectations of accent and manner which were probably unconscious on his part and the result of his gentlemanly training. But these things were considered offensive by those who were originally his social equals at Glencoonoge, where people are not more free than elsewhere from the disposition to resent and resist and depreciate recently acquired status.

Two days passed, however, and no

George arrived. On the third came a letter which set all our speculations at rest. George Eanis declined to accede to his aunt's request on any consideration whatever. After all his studies and efforts, after all his noble aunt's sacrifices he was not going to turn back. He could generosity, admitted that he had perhaps taken her kindness too much as a matter of course—in fine, George wrote a very vice, manly, straightforward, hopeful letter, which did credit to his head and his heart, and augure I well for his future.

uture. Mrs. Eanis was more than half pleased with George's reply, with the promises it contained not to trouble her again, and with his determination that her endeavor to make him a gentleman should not b confessed a failure before her little world. Still, in her answer she maintained the attitude she had taken up; accepted George's promises certainly, but declared she expected him to adhere to his undertaking. After this, Mrs. Ennis was more like her old self again; things generally got back into their wonted groove; and a hovering shadow seemed to have passed harmlessly away.

TO BE CONTINUED.

For thirty years Christ lived with Mary and Joseph and thus formed a shadow of the Heavenly Trinity on earth. O the perfection of that sym-pathy which existed between the three! Not a look of one but the other two understood, as expressed, better than if expressed in a thousand words; nay, more than understood : accepted, echoed, corroberated. It was like three instruments absolutely in tune which all vibrate when one vibrates, and vibrate either one and the same note or in perfect harmony. - Newman.

A Short Road to health was opened to those suffering from chronic coughs, asthma, bronchitis, catarrh, lumbago, tumors, rheumatism, excoriated nipples or inflamed breast, and kidney complaints, by the introduction of the inexpensive and effective remedy, DR. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL.

PASTORAL LETTER OF THE POC

ARCHBISHOP OF HALIFAX Cornelius, by the Grace of God and

favor of the Apostolic See, Arch-

bishop of Halifax : To the Clergy, Religious Orders and of Laity of the Diocese: health and Benediction in the Lord.

Dearly Beloved, - Devotion to the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus should appeal very strongly to the finest feelings nature, and excite in us the most tender love for, and confidence in our Blessed Lord. We do not in this devotion separate, as it were, the Sacred Heart of Jesus from His divine Person, although, for special reasons, we direct our adoration towards it. is because it is the heart of the Man-God that it becomes an object of wor-ship; but in that worship are included the Divinity and entire humanity of our Lord. We look upon the Sacred Heart of Jesus as the symbol and pledge of His love for sin bruised souls; and in adoring it we place be-fore our minds our Lord in His most winning aspect,-that of the ardent lover of our souls.

His love claims and will win ours, unless our hearts be dead to every sense of gratitude, and to every noble Love begets confidence, and thus devotion to the Sacred Heart engenders the requisites of friendship be tween ourselves and our Redeemer

viz, love and confidence.

If St. Paul could say—" Every creature groaneth and is in labor even till now" (Rom. viii 22), how much more applicable are the words to day? On all sides a groan of despair, or a cry of fretfulness, or a sigh of discontent, or a curse of hate from the lips of toiling masses, is heard. A note of sad-ness runs through all modern literature, and a tone of pes-simism pervades all conversation. And yet men wildly and vehemently proclaim that of all ages this is the best, most prosperous, most civilized, most highly favored — Many, whilst making this childish boast, bear hearts filled with envy, and soured by disap pointment; others, who make it when tortune smiles, grow desperate in ad versity and drop idly by the way side as the heedless mass presses on in feverish pursuit of perishable goods. Still others, the possessors of ill gotten riches, cursed by those whose lifeblood they have coined into dollars, envied and hated by those whom they have successfully outwitted in speculation, tormented by daily fears and threats of violence, proclaim the superiority of this age, and straightway foolishly seek a refuge from its cares, and rest for their troubled spirits, in the cowardly act of self-destruction.

vouchsafed to past generations; yet the happiness of individuals, of families, of communities, is, as a rule, less real and uplifting. Material comforts and conveniences, with such delights as they may afford, abound; but intellectual pleasures ef an ennobling nature are, to a large extent, unknown and unvalued. The attainment of physica development and bodily vigor appears to be the primary ain of Colleges and Universities such superficial literary and his torical training as they are capable of imparting, a very secondary one Hence, we have a generation of traine athletes with vague ideas of the real ities of life, its duties and its respons bilities; and more deplorable stil with just enough of intellectual educa tion to unfit them for mechanical an industrial occupations, and to engend vanity and a belief that they as

Whilst then an abundance of health

In this age, and in this country, we

have, indeed, many advantages not

blood courses through the veins of the body, the soul is left to die of anaemi or bloodlessness. For the soul, thougan immaterial and spiritual substance requires its food no less than the bod Truth, whether in the natural supernatural order, and the grace God, constitute that food. Vain spec lations and theories which take no count of the supernatural when co sidering the origin, the history, a the destiny of man, retard, instead devoloping, the growth of the intelle because they cannot lead to tru They but tend to weaken and waste energies of the intellectual facult and to induce mental blindness. (little children, who have been proper instructed in the Catechism, althor they may have never heard of the l of Nature, have a fuller measure natural truth, and an incompara clearer idea of the object and en Creation than the most learned of the who live "without God" in world. This is no silly exaggerate no unweighed expression, tho many, even Catholics, will think it it is no juggling with terms: in plain meaning of words it is, as shall show, a fact. Let us realize for all that truth is from God, is

God. Apart from Him or in cor diction to Him there is no rea no truth, natural or supernati "In Him we live, and move, are." (Acts xvii.,28) The mat world is the result of an act of H preme will. The laws which moulded and fashioned the primo elements into their present state form are the outward manifestati the essential forces with which H dowed these elements, and which der His directing and governing idence, were to eventually fit the a dwelling place for the human Not by hap-hazard, nor merely b constant working of blind forces, the mountains been uplifted, har formed, inland seas and mighty prepared as highways of communications of communications watersheds constructed, and m deposits precipitated in rock-gu