you! They say women can't keep a secre

"From me!" cried Conn, coloring, and with indignant incredulity.

Every one laughed at Conn's astonishment, which could not have been more

incere if he had been the most reticent

sincere if he had been the most reticent and discreet person alive.

"Nonsense, man," continued Mr. Jardine, avoiding at all hazards the explosion which his timidity made him think was imminent, "there is nothing to regret or be ashamed of, my good fellow—(upon my word," looking Conn up and down as if it struck him now for the first time, "as fine a young man as ever I saw! six foot one in his stockings if an inch!), and you may thank your husband, ma'am, for your discovery."

of that venerable hostelry itself. When The O'Doherty and I arrived on the scene, the crowd was so dense that we dis mounted at some distance off, and made

our way to the inn with some difficulty on foot. Everybody was so intent on what they were discussing, that we were hardly noticed, and I paused an instant

on the fringe of a group of which old Matt Dwyer was the centre—not now as oracle, but as listener to an excited account of

what had happened, delivered by Patsy Hoolahan to those gathered about him. Matt Dwyer listened with open mouth

Matt Dwyer listened with open mouth and with an astonishment that was al

most apoplectic.
"D'ye tell me so!" he said between
whiles; "and come all the way from
Australia! It beats anything ever I heard

creased by the contradictory informatio

disperse, and go quietly to your homes, and not be making confusion worse con-founded. You haven't forgotten what I

said to you last Sunday-that the station

the time, and then be coming in scores

driving me distracted with the numbers of ye. Remember what I tell ye. So now

my dear people, go quietly to your homes, and God be with yez"

dows, and heard the people's conversation as they retreated rise from a murmur to a

ouzz, which presently died away in the

distance,
But long before this, our tongues were

at work again, and we all found ourselve

at work again, and we all found ourselves in a perfect maze of explanations, apologies, congratulations, and invitations.

"Professional duty, my dear sir." I heard Mr. Jardine saying to The O'Doherty, with hardly a trace of trepidation in his tone. "Private friendship must give way to professional duty;" and at the same moment Mr. Chalmers, with his sister by his side, and Conn standing not far off looking wisfully at them both

sister by his side, and Conn standing not far off, looking wistfally at them both, was saying as I gave him joy, "You must stay to dinner and drink our healths in some of the old wine in the

cellar."
"If I dared," I answered. "But it is

my last night here. To-morrow I start or England."
"To-morrow!" echced Conn and his

wife.
"To-morrow!" said Mr. Chalmers, "all

the more reason why you should not refuse to-night."

but Mr. Chalmers cut me short saying:
"Don't leave her, bring her with you."
I could see from the book-keeper's eyes
that nothing would please her better than

the recognition of her status that would be implied by Alicia's coming; but she said nothing. As for Conn, he seemed to

said nothing. As for Conn, he seemed to me not quite to understand it ail, nor to be altogether easy in his mind. Here The O'Doherty bore down upon us

and broke in with:

"God bless my soul! Can I believe my

eyes? Mr.—,upon my word I can't think of your name at this moment; but what matter? My dear sir, I'm delight-

ed to see you, and to find you so far on the way to recovery. And what's this I hear? I declare, sir, I give you joy from

the bottom of my heart on every ground I'm afraid," he added a little doubtfully

was not over civil the last time we met

"Another time," said Mr. Chalmers "To-night I must act the host myself, and I beg all here, and you, sir, and as many of

But how can I leave-" I hesitated,

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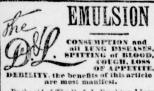


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#### GLENCOONOGE.

By RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

CHAPTER XXVII.-CONTINUED.

At his words of scanty praise, a glow of pleasure rushed warmly through her frame. "You will say so when you hear all, when you learn what a dark and solitary place the world was to me. You do not know, and if you are satisfied, Eustace, you need never know, what difficulties I had to face. I had not been trained to fight the battle of life. What the balmy air and warm sun of early summer are, after the long blowing of east winds, that is my husband's love to me. After all I had gone through, I was still After all I had gone through, I was still so proud, I spurned and flung him back his love. And what a prize I was throwhis love. And what a prize I was throwing away! Why he is a man spart, his
character is unique. How brave and
gentle, generous and strong, open and
free of soul he is! For my sake never
despise him, but treat him as a brother."
"And do you feel no pang, poor gir! to
think that your marriage has cut you off
for ever from the social rank in which
was ware born?"!

for ever from the social rank in which you were born?"

"It was not my marriage cut me off. Poverty had done it long before. Oh, that dreary time when my mother and I were trying to live up to a position, and to keep up an appearance we could no longer maintain! And through it all to find our friends dropping away one by one! When my mother died, her small annuity died with her, and I had no power, even if I had had the heart, to continue the struggle. I fled away from it all, and at last found a hiding-place here. The position in which you see me has never been so full of humiliation as my former one had grown to be; I have cares and responsibilities, but how different from the ignoble cares which filled my life before! Oh, yes, I have found peace here, and happiness."

"Listen, Janet! I have not come home a beggar. The tide of fortune had turned in my favor before I left Australia. I shall go back there with new life, fired once more with an ambition—the ambition to restore you to that position in

once more with an ambition—the amb tion to restore you to that position in which but for my reglect you would now be. Was it powerly deprived you of it? then wealth shall give it back; and this then weath shall give to back, and this husband of yours after all will not, I think, be so great a hindrance as I thought. This is a secluded place hardly heard of in the outer world; not known even by the birds of passage that fly through it in the summer-time. No one need ever legra that you are married to a need ever learn that you are married to a

peasant's son. And for the rest—I have been jealously watching this alert, active, bright-eyed and well-tempered youth, and I believe he won you by virtue of fine traits in his character. His intelli gence is quick, he has a natural good taste, and these will tell him what to do and what to avoid. His sympathetic and what to avoid. His sympathetic temperament will make him friends. His physique, too, and his bearing are in his favor—tall, upright, fearless, having an ease and grace besides. He is so young, I do not see why these advantages, with the addition of a little veneer, should not make him canable after some should not make him capable after some time of holding his own in society. I re-

have since both heard and read that, given wealth and the power that springs from it, the demands of society are not exorbitant. Conn, with his quick ear, would soon, under good cuition, lose the roughness of his brogue, and bring those cadences of voice under the discipline of monotony. With a little experience he would learn not to startle in company by monotony. With a little experience ne would learn not to startle in company by

expressing opinions not generally accept ed, or by being too much in earnest. I am told he is a first-rate dancer. Why the fashionable dances would be child's play to him! and depend upon it, he would make himself an agreeable partner: wait, wait—he should join some clubs. Irishmen are born politicians, and he might talk politics; it does not require much knowledge. He expresses himself

much knowledge. He expresses himsel fluently enough; he would soon be com-petent to chat about the last new play and the private lives of the performers. I have no doubt whatever but that he will acquit himself well in all manly games and pastimes." No man with a

games and pastimes." No man with a a figure like that, continued Eastace Chalmers meditatively, "could play billiards otherwise than well—in time. With his knowledge of horses, the chances are ten to one he would shine upon the turf. Yes, Janet, would it not be a plezsure to you, would it not be a noble reward to him who, when he was poor and knew that you were poor too, loved you for yourself alone; that he, I say, through you, should be lifted to your level; that he should be rich, courted, admired, flattered in the great worlded.

your level; that he should be lied, courted, admired, flattered in the great world—loved, perhaps, by others not less than by yourself? But this is an ideal to be riven for and to be realized in th ure; for the present we can only—"
'It shall never be realized," she inter rupted almost fiercely; and then sudden-y checking herself and looking at her brother steadfastly, she added, "perhaps you are warning me; there is no need

lieve me."
"Warning you!" he repeated, aston-ned. "Has the prospect I hold out no

The book-keeper only shook her head.

"Have you no ambition, Janet?"
"Only to keep what I have got. Experience has made me a coward. Having so much to lose. I cannot risk it."

"You would be content to go on living here as book-keeper in this inn!" "I ask nothing better. I would be sat "I ask nothing better. I would be salested with even a poorer and a harder life so that it might be passed in Glencoonoge, where my happiness has taken such deep root."

"Thank Heaven! still of the same

mind!" muttered Eustace Chalme's beneath his breath, turning away and beat ing his foot upon the ground. "Now will fate still be against me? Will my plans at last cease to miscarry?"

Looking up just at that moment he saw a boat glide out from behind the point of Bruff Island. Gradually its head was turned in the direction of the inn. "What boat is that out yonder?" he asked.

'It must be Conn and the rest return ing from Lisheen. Yes, it is Conn!

# BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES of Boston

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how surprised and how glad he will be when he hears! Eustace, remember you and he are brothers. Once more, for my sake, do do not patronize him, but be

"There must be two parties to a friendship, Janet."
"I will answer for him. Who is that

in the boat with them?"
"It looks like Mr. Jardine."

"Or one of the firm of Goble and Who are they ?"

"People who bear us ill will, which we shall be made to feel if they have bought the inn as we expect. I will tell you about them later on. Oh, you have much to hear! No, you are right. It is Mr. Jardine. What brings him, I won-

They watched the boat approaching; it was making straight for the pier; no need now to creep along the winding channel, for the tide was full. A newer and more pressing interest had suddenly succeeded the one which had possesses the book-keeper's mind for many weeks past, down even to an hour ago; and st past, down even to an hour ago; and she was less eager now to learn the news of which they in the boat must be the bearers, than to catch her husband's eye, draw him quickly apart, and tell him at once her strange intelligence. Their eyes soon met, and without waiting to consider what his cheerful waving of his cap might mean, she bekoned him to folcap might mean, she beckoned him to fol low, and hurried up to the doorstep of the

#### CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE FATE OF "THE HARP." Eustace Chalmers, on the other hand, annered down to the pier's end, which e reached just as Mr. Jardine landed. "Well?" he said, confronting the law-

yer, somewhat to the latter's surprise. Those who had accompanied Mr. Jardine stopped in what they were doing to regard the questioner and hear what passed—their curiosity, which had been whetted by Mr. Jardine's obscurity all whetted by Mr. Jardine's obscurity all the way from Lisheen, being more than

"Ha! my dear sir!" cried Mr. Jardine, shaking hands cordially with "No. 7"
"You see I am as good as my word. But, bless my soul! what's the matter?
You're looking out of health altogether."
"Never mind my looks. What have you to tell me?" you to tell me?"

The lawyer shook his head. "The whole way across I've been moaning and groaning to myself; you never heard of such a price in all your life."

"And have you let the thing alic?" "And have you let the thing slip?" cried—almost screamed, Eustace Chalm-

The lawver took a step backwards. astonished at this outburst; but a glance or two at the darkness in the stranger's face reassured him, "I am safe," he hought; and he drew himself up and

ttoned his coat.
"When Jeremiah Jardine undertakes a task," he said, slapping his chest, " he is not the man to fail—cost what it may. Sir, I give you joy. The inn is yours. Boys! three cheers for the new master of

Boys: three cheers for the new master of 'The Harp.''
But the pacified stranger placing his hand over the lawyer's mouth, led him away, talking in rapid undertones. As for those appealed to, they were too much surprised to respond to the lawyer's invitation, even if the stranger had waited for their applause; and they could only for their applause; and they could only look speechlesely at one another, and after the retreating pair. Conn's eye was once more attracted by

the impatient signs his wife was making to him from the doorstep. He at any rate would be beforehand with the lawyer in giving his wife this piece of informa-tion, which had taken away his breath and upset anew all his calculations, Conn followed his wife into the little par

"Oh. Conn!" she said, going up to him and drawing his face down and kissing it, "I have such a strange thing to tell

Surely she does not know! was the disappointed thought which flashed through Conn's mind. She could not through Conn's mind. She could not know—he only heard it himself a minute ago. But perhaps "No. 7" himself had told her while they were sitting there together.

"The stranger, Conn-'No. 7'-?" "Yes," said Conn.
"Who took such a fancy to my grand-

father's portrait and wanted to buy t—?" " Well ?"

"Who do you think he is?" "Upon my soul, I can't guess," said Conn, as soon as a few seconds' reflection had completely mystified him. "Think!" said his wife. "One of

"Think!" said his wife. "One of whom I have often talked to you. Oh! you are not accustomed to be so slow." "For the life of me I can't think. Who is he at all? "My brother, Conn. my brother, whom

I have never seen since I was a little gir and had long ago given up as dead. Oh if my mother had only lived to see him once more!" and she burst into tears. "Your brother!" said Conn, in quiet tones and with a new intelligence, and

speaking as if he were working something out in his mind. 'No. 7!' Sure 'tis he has bought the inn!" "Good gracious!" gasped the book-

keeper; but before either could say another word, the door had opened and closed behind Mr. Coalmers himself. "Janet!" he said, coming up to his sister and taking her by the hand. "Is it true that it is you who have bought the inn?"

bought the inn?"
At her question he darted a look from her to her husband.
"Ah!" he said, "you have been beforehand with me again," but with a kind look he held out his other hand to Conn.
"Yes it is true," he continued—thus united with them both and looking from one to the other, "and if you are willing to stay, there is no reason now why you to stay, there is no reason now why you should ever leave Glencoonoge."

The book-keeper could only heave great sigh of relief.

"That is, of course," he added, "if you are both willing to fall in with my conditions—and you will not find them hard ones. We will talk of those by and by, not now—here is Mr. Jardine looking for

"I was not over civil the last time we met? Och! sure it was all a mistake."
"Say no more, sir," said Mr. Chalmers, "it was nothing."
"Sir, my judgment was rash," broke out The O'Doherty emphatically. "It was worse, sir, it was wrong. It is at once a regret and a pleasure to me to find that I was mistaken. You will do Madame O'Doherty and myself equal honor and pleasure, sir, by dining with us this evening at the Castle with my friend here and Mr. Jardine."
"Another time," said Mr. Chalmers. The little lawyer came bustling into the room, not in the least conscious that the trio would gladly have spared his pres-ence for awhile.

"This is where I find you all! My dear young lady, allow me to congratulate you, and to congratulate myself in having a hand in the most remarkable and the a hand in the most remarkable and the most romantic set of circumstances it has ever been my good fortune to unravel.

And much assistance I had from any of wish me and my newly-found brother and leaves the manufacture of the most remarkable and the most remarkable and

sister here, long life and happiness."

"The man would have a heart of stone who could refuse," said The O'Doherty, energetically. "What do you say, Egad, ma'am, you kept yours close enough in all conscience; and if it had not been in the first place that I got a clue else-where "—looking at Mr. Chalmers—"and Well, no matter what I said. Father where "--looking at Mr. Chalmers—"and that the impressions derived from the quickness of my own perception were con-firmed by what, without his being at all aware of it. I was able to extract from

Well, no matter what I said. Father John re-entered at this moment, and The O'Doherty and I hurried home to bid the ladies get ready. But Madame O'Doherty was prostrate with a bad headache, and The O'Doherty refused to leave her. So it was arranged that Bell should accompany Alicia and me to spend the evening at "The Harp." It was a very quiet party. Of the dinner itself I will only note that Mrs. Costello, when complimented afterwards, exwhen complimented afterwards, explained that the sight of the new master had put her on her metal; and that she thought he would be willing to admit that he had learnt something in Ireland, travelled though he might be in foreign parts and no doubt a indee of good cookparts, and no doubt a judge of good cookparts, and no doubt a judge of good cook-ing. Father John sat in the centre, on his right Mr. Chalmers, and on his left the book-keeper; and next to the book-keeper her husband, uneasy for a time, and anxious to run away and take part with his brothers in bringing in the dishes; and on our side Alicia was next may thank your husbane, mean, your discovery."

"Listen!" exclaimed the book-keeper, "What is all that uproar in the hall? And look! the road is full of people!"

It was only that more boats had returned, and the people were flocking in from the village and the hills and the cabins in the immediate neighborhood, and in their eagerness to learn the fate of "The Harp," were invading the precincts of that venerable hostelry itself. When dishes; and on our side Alicia was next Mr. Chalmers, and I next Alicia, and next me Bell, and next Bell Mr. Jardine, who had Conn for his neighbor completing the circle. Mr. Jardine was the life and soul of the party, drank wine with everybody, and was particularly attentive to Bell, whose straight answers, and unhesitating expression of her wishes and opinions, filled him from time to time with a startled admiration. The rest of us, if the truth must be told, were by no means merry, but I think we were all happy enough. We talked in couples for the most part—Bell and Mr. Jardine, as I

have said already, Alicia and I, the priest and the stranger, and Conn and his wife. If the rest were as interested in their conversation as Alicia and I, they were not to be pited. When the three ladies left us after dinner, I found myself sitting next Mr. Chal mers for the last time. Naturally on such an occasion we sot once more the topic which had been the stap our intercourse whenever we had met. I told him again how glad I was that things had turned out so fortunately, and I told him again now giad I was that things had turned out so fortunately, and I asked him point-black what he was going to do with his purchase. Was he going to settle down in Glencoonoge, and give up his Australian career?

"No, that would never do," was his

Begor! Dunn, the beggarman's brother, was nothin' to it, nothin' at all."

Father John apparently had arrived just before us. We found him in the crowded hall, where his bewilderment at the extraordinary state of affairs was increased by the contradictory information. answer; "my success there is only in its infancy; with development it will be worth fifty things like this. No, I have another plan. For good or for evil, for better or worse, my sister and that rustic yonder are man and wife. They might have accompanied me across the seas, and shared in the prosperity of the stars. which a perfect Babel of voices was pour-ing into his ears. Learning at last where the book-keeper was to be found, he made for the bar parlor, where The O'Doherty and I followed in his wake. His appearance was a God-send to those assembled there, who were consulting anxiously as to how they could clear the and shared in the prosperity of the store but such a move would have been risky. Neither of them might have taken kind the house and shut the doors, without hurting the feelings of the people. But Father John was equal to the occasion, and bidding Conn follow and shut the ly to the new life. And besides I have a partner, and am not omnipotent out there. I propose that these two shall be come the proprietors of this inn. My sis-ter's half I shall give her absolutely; the hall door upon him as soon as he should be outside, he drove the people in the hall before him, and emerging himself last of all, stood upon the doorstep facing the other half shall be the young man's if will work for it, and buy it from my you think he will fall in with that "My friends," said he, "you've heard

My eye had rested upon Coun Hoola-han several times as he sat alone taking no heed of the conversation of the priest now all that is to be heard for the present about the events of this day; and I as-sure you, you know a great deal more about them than I do myself. So now and the lawyer, and oppressed with a moodiness that sat strangely upon him. I thought I divined the can I thought I divines the cause, and when ye quently heard Mr. Chalmers' "plan" with a sense of relief. "Ask him," I said to Mr. Chalmers, nodding in Conn's direcwill begin to morrow. Sure what else have I come for here to-day, but to hold the same. And let every man, woman, Conn looked up at the same moment and boy, girl, and child amongst you that's

found the stranger's eye upon him. The latter smilingly beckened him across, and o'clock. And for goodness' sake, don't be putting off your confessions till the end of Conn came round and sat with us.

"I have been airing my plan to Mr. Shipley; but as you are the interested person, you ought, I think, to be taken into our counsels. What am I to do with 'The Harn', this white also have 1. Harp'—this white elephant I have got on my hands? It will have cost me nearly we were all at the window within, listender of the many factor of the

"Oh, sir !" said Conn, "why did you ever come? We were unequal enough be-ore, but at least our fortunes did not differ much. But now owing everything to her, ever come? I shall be no longer a man in her eyes— nor in my own for that matter. She was content with me before, but what can she do in a little while but be sorry that she isn't married to some man who could take her out into the world and offer her other things—as well as honest love?"

other things—as well as honest love?"

Conn's words alarmed me. But the displeasure I anticipated did not overspread Mr. Chalmers' face. He listened keenly, and there was a glistening in his eyes when Conn had said his say. He had touched a chord in the young husband's nature to which his own respondant of the his work of the the did and his sympathy went out to the ed, and his sympathy went out to the poor peasant's pride. He let a moment pass without answering, and then. "Don't think it Hoolahan," he said.

"Janet will never again care for any one as she does for you, who guarded her when she had no friend in all the world. You will always stand first in her eyes. But there is something, too, in your objection. Could we not arrange it in this way? Here is the inn. The half of it I bestow as a free gift upon my sister. The other half shall be yours to buy from me—if you will. You shall nay me by instalments arread over what pay me by instalments spread over what number of years we may agree upon. Ten years hence, let us say, with care, prudence, steadiness, economy, 'The Harp' may be yours and Janets to hand on to your children and your children's children.'

"Let me buy the whole of it, sir," said Conn eagerly, stretching out his hands. "It would only take a longer time." "Well," said Mr. Chalmers, "I see we

shall somehow come to an agreement. But you had better consult your wife. She has heard nothing of this as yet. Janet may not let you hat a it all your own way. Perhaps she won't be willing to owe everything to you, any more than you are willing to be completely beholden

"Tisn't quite that, sir, either."
"Well, settle it between you. We will talk of this again. For to-night let us remember our guests, and don't be less happy than the rest of us—brother," and Eustace Chalmers held out his hand.

Eustace Chalmers neid out his nand.

"Oh, sir!" was all that Conn could say as their hands closed together; but he understood. The flush that overspread his face, the bright soft look in his eyes his face, the bright solt look in his eyes as they met the stranger's, conveyed, more unmistakeably than words, the response of his Irish heart to this covert appeal for friendship.

Conn did brighten up considerably; it could be told by the cleared expression of

FEBRUARY 24, 1900;

is face and his renewed interest in every. thing that was said and done. We presently left Father John and Mr. Jardine over their punch (they had got deep into politics, and arguing chiefly with a view to confuting each other, had already without knowing it changed sides more than once), and went in search of the pook-keaper and her companions. These than once), and went in search of the book-keeper and her companions. These we found together in the old parlor which seemed to me on that last night of my stay in Glencoonoge to be so full of recol-lections. Alicia and Bell, under the guidlections. Alicia and Bell, under the guid-ance of the book-keeper, had been inspect-ing the deserted bar and its mysteries; and Bell had handled pewters and glasses, had turned taps, pulied bandles, served imaginary customers, held imaginary parleys with them, all in a tone and with a dash that made the book-keeper love her, and had the effect of shocking Alicia ner, and had the effect of shocking Alicia unspeakably. And afterwards seated in all sorts of attitudes around the fire—it was chilly still there May evenings—the book-keeper had told them that customers were not always pleasant, and of the row there had been that night when Conn had get the sear noon big forspeak. And the got the scar upon his forehead. And she told them, too, silent and wondering at her story, much about herself, and how her brother, long thought to be dead, had ner brother, ling thought to be dead, had sought her for many months, and in the most wonderful and unheard-of way had found her at last. Many were the sighs and exclamations of sympathy and sur-prise that filled up the pauses, and many and exclamations of sympathy and sur-prise that filled up the pauses, and many the inquiries as to what her feelings were in this or that dilemma, and great Alicia's wonderment that the book keeper had never guessed who "No. 7" was. When at last we came in, the two girls said little, and did nothing but steal shy glances at Conn and at the mysterious stranger who on his side was utterly silenced by their presence.

their presence.

The evening had worn rapidly away.

It was now past 9 o'clock, and my charges
warned me it was time to be going home.

"And look outside!" cried Alicia; "it is a lovely moonlight night. Why should we not all stroll together as far as the castle gates?

Castle gates ?"

The book-keeper in the best of spirits jumped up and said she would come, and she brought her hooded cloak. Mr. Chalmers excused himself, saying he must not desert his good friend Mr. Jardine and

Father John.

"They don't want you," said I; "they are having a pitched battle, and if you go back you will stop their enjoyment."

"I'll wait for them here, then," and he shook hands with the girls and with me, wishing me a pleasant journey on the "There are roses somewhere not far

off." cried Bell, sniffing as we emerged

cit; cried isel, shiming as we emerged into the open air.

"Have you forgotten our famous tree?" said the book-keeper. "It is laden down this year with buds. Some are just opening, and you shall have some to take It was thoughtless indeed of Bell not to

It was thoughtless indeed of 1341 not to have remembered the old white rose tree that for many years had been the pride of "The Harp." Conn had trimmel it year by year till now it grew over the whole of the west wall, and over half the front of the inn. The flowers were most accessible at the side, the book-keeper said, and we followed her along the garantees were the first windows of den pathway past the front windows of the inn. Then there ensued a series of cries and laughter as the womenkind in the dark pricked themselves in trying to fingers bleed. But Conn came to the rescue, and, with his horny hands and high reach, saved every one a world of trouble. We were returning laden with treasure—Bell leading this time—when just as she was crossing again before the window of the room we had just left, she stopped, and motioning us to make no noise, stood looking in. We all gathered noise, stood looking in. We all gathered round, following her example. There was no one in the room but Mr. Chalmers. He had thrown himself into Mrs. Eanis'

and quiet.
"Come away, don't waken him," whis-

pered some one; and we all moved noise-lessly on.
"Won't you come, Conn?" I called to "Won't you come, come, can't can't to him, as he remained upon the door-step, looking after us when we began to walk homewards.
"That I will, sir," he cried, when he saw I had fallen behind the rest, and he

joined me just as he was, bere-headed.

The moon high over the lake shone down upon its waters, and on the islands and on the forested hills, and on the distant mountains distinct in the clear air many miles away. It was an idyllic scene, so calm, so unearthly beautiful, it semed a desecration to talk in ordinary parlance, and Conn and I for a time were silent, while the book-keeper, and the two girls in their white dresses, glided on before, like spirits luring and mocking us with their bright voices and soft laugh-

TO BE CONTINUED.

#### THINGS CATHOLICS DO NOT BE-LIEVE.

Catholics do not believe that any man can obtain salvation by his own good deets, incependently of the merits and passion of Jesus Christ and His grace, or that he can make any satisfaction for the guilt of his suns, or acquire any merits except through the Saviour. Catholics do not believe that it sallowable to break a lawful oath or tell a lie, even for the conversion of a kingdom, or to do anything whatever of a sinful nature to promote the supposed interests of their Church. The false and pernicious principle that the "end justifies the means" or that one may do evil that good may come, is utterly condemned by the Catholic Church. Catholics do not believe that Protestants who are baptized, who leaf a good life, love God and their neighbor, who avoid evil and do good, who are blamelessly ignorant of Catholic truth, and of the just claims of the Catholic Church to be the only true religion, are excluded from heaven, provided they believe there is one God in three divine persons (or unity in trinity and trinity in unity); that God will reward the good and punish the bad hereafter; that Jesus is the Son of God, made man who redeemed us, and in Whom we must trust for our salvation, and provided they thoroughly repeat of having ever by their sins offended God.—Carmelite Review.

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A VOICE FROM AFRICA.

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FEBRUARY 24, 1900.

Bishop Augonard, C. S. Fp. Letter From the Centre of the "Dark Con-tinent." — III. — Our "SS. Leo XIII" Reaches Banghi — Pastoral Visita-

IV.

Dublin Irish Catholic.

And so, through all sorts of difficulties and perils, our steamer "Leo III." reached at last Banghi—that is, the gates of the rapids, which now barred our passage. Our Mission sta-tion of St. Paul's is three miles beyond this spot, higher up the river. The small pirogues can manage to pass the rapids, and so Father Gourdy was not ng coming up with his tiny boat. On meeting me he told me of the nar-row escape he had from getting too near the gridiron of his ferocious par-Still, would you believe it. shioners. notwithstanding the dangers he had notwithstanding the dangers he had narrowly escaped, and the continual fears of which his very existence is made up, the good missionary was cheerful and happy, and spoke only of doing the journey over again. He was simply sublime, or sublimely simple, did not suspect it. My first visit was to the little ceme

tery where our beloved martyred

brother is awaiting his glorious re ur-I was inclined to pray to him rather than for him; for we love to think that he is in Heaven with the holy martyrs praying for the conversion of those savages for whom he laid down his life so courageously. Whilst I was praying there, another grave was being opened for a little orphan who had died the previous night. Now, whilst the grave-diggers were at their work, other men, watchmen armed with guns, were beating the wood all round the Mission in order to prevent a nocturnal attack from the Bondjos, always ready to seize human flesh, dead or alive. It was a truly mournful sight. These precautions are necessary. An armed patrol all round the Mission house and premises must put the cannibals off the scent that a burial is going to take place. They seize every opportunity to get a human prey. Not long ago a boy was fetching water at the spring close by the house. As he filled his pitcher he heard some Bondjos whispering to one nother : "Gnama !" (meat) And looking around he saw the fellows aim ing at him with their assigays. He gave the alarm, fired off his gun, and put the aggressors to flight. other occasion one of the poor orphans of the Mission was killed at twenty yards from the house, but the Bondjo hadano time to carry away his body Isn't this a fearful life of ours? Bu do you not think that Almighty God has reserved special seats in Paradise for the Missionaries of the Bondjos? I think so, at all events. Such are our difficulties ; yet, withal, the good work is progressing, and there is not a week when we cannot save some little crea ture or other from the flesh pot of those horrible connibals. What a consola tion for us to rescue these little ones

from the horrible fate always impending over them! But alas ! our resources are not commensurate with the work to be done or with the desire of our hearts. For this reason do I hope that every charitable and humane soul who comes to know of our work and wants will try to assist us in this most humanitarian enterprise. Yes, Christian charity will enable us to rescue the bodies of the little children, whilst we shall rescue their souls from sin and hell, and make them become children of God by holy baptism. our united efforts, we shall deliver them from the double slavery of man

In the course of my last pastora visitation I had the happiness to ad minister the sacrament of confirma-tion to one hundred and fifty children, and at present a good many more are preparing for the same blessing. Since 1890 we have snatched over thousand children from slavery and, therefore, from the butcher's block. Of this number about one half died after receiving baptism. Those poor children had had to undergo such sufferings, and had been so awfully ill-treated before they came to us, that they were mere walking tkele-tons. In this case we can get the children for very little, as the price of a slave depends on his physical condition; 'tis flesh that's wanted in the market, not bones. Now, when these children see the care we bestow upon them in our orphanage, they are simply non plussed. They cannot understand low a free man can take such an interest in miserable slaves as they are When once at home with the older or phans they show a charming simplic We speak to them of God, or the

soul, of a heaven for the good, of a place of punishment for the wicked By little and little they come to under stand us; their hearts open to hope, they believe. Then, we tell them that to go to God in heaven after death we must be marked with the Preciou Blood of Our Saviour who sends us to them. Soon they desire to "becom friends of God "-they ask for baptism especially after seeing a baptism of orphans, and their happiness is the truly great. Now, those who die after been regenerated in the hol waters of baptism go straight the aven, where they are our patron and intercessors. They surely pray especially for the kind benefactors of the Mission, to whom they are main indebted for salvation. They pra-for their companions, for us the fathers in God, and for the conversion of the poor blacks. Those, on th

contrary, who continue to live, than

to the care which is bestowed on ther ome, or are destined to become the