TWO

## AILEY MOORE

PALE OF THE TIMES SHOWING HOW SVICTIONS, MUBDER AND SUCH-LIKE PASTIMES ARE MANAGED AND JUSTICE ADMINISTERED IN IRE-LAND TOGETHEE WITH MANY TIBBING INCIDENTS IN OTHER CANDS

BY RICHARD B. O BRIEN, D. D. DEAN OF NEWCASTLE WEST CHAPTER XXII.-CONTINUED

" Villian !" she cried, seizing him "I thought I had reared you honestly Oh, my God-my God !"

She held the lash in her hand. "Mamma, don't beat me! Mamma don't beat me !" cried the boy.

"Where have you obtained this

"Oh! mamma! mamma! I have eaten my bread dry every day, and saved the half-pennies to give them to the poor on the day of my First Communion!"

Bravo ! good mother ! you have "reared your boy honestly," because you have taught him to love ! Some nothers teach their boys to hate, and then they wonder if, when their hair grow gray, they—the mothers—get their own share of the hatred.

We must return to the parlor.

When Gerald's adventures had bee discussed, and Frank had expressed some apprehensions of " his sister's heart," and, as far as he dared, spoke a few words of preoccupations " of that kind," and proved himself a novice quite clearly, he spoke of the case of poor Emma Crane. In fact, he had had Emma Crane's case in his mind " all the time he was travelling from Cork to Limerick," he said ; and he laid great stress upon the in-fluence which it exercised in bringing him to the "Treaty Stone,"-for, of found there by Mr. M'Cann; and when he turned upon that topic, he spoke of it quite ardently.

What an ambrosial atmosphere of security hangs around the child of high virtue! Frank feared to say he had searched the "world round Ailey : had measured every yard of the ground which he had been told she trod at Kinmacarra ; had gone to visit her little oratory, and absolutely knelt down where she loved and worshipped, because he said "an angel knelt there." He had found where she lived only from Father Mick, and had nearly killed the horses in driving to Limerick ; yet when he looked at that transparent browthat mild, firm, full lustrous eyethat ethereal something truly called angelic," that seemed to separate her from all he had ever known, and even from his own passion ate devoted-ness-the finest, frankest and handsomest young man that a long year's search could discover would not dare to say he had travelled and labored "to see Alley Moore ?" If she were distant, one could account for it; or if she had forbidden such conversa tion, one would feel no surprise ; but there was nothing of all this. Ailey was candid, easy, confiding, and simple as childhood—it was that she looked like one whom we saw in a vision, and whom, on the subject of being attached to us, it would be abif not profane, to approach. surd, I should like so much to see this

young lady," said Frank. I am going to make her a visit.' said Ailey, in reply, " and I shall feel happy to introduce you." The young woman spoke calmly and sweetlyhow he blest her for the offer !

It is a singularly great kindness, Miss-" "Nay, I shall not keep you many minutes while I prepare to go out. Tell Cecily," she said in a whispertell Cecily I love her, and accept ter charming present with joy. Poor

endeavoring to be so; that is, to say what we think, it was the patience of tolerance, because it should be borne, more than the resignation of of more than Father Bearne. that opened its arms for the OVB, You are not better, poor Emma!

cried Ailey, stooping down to kiss her blotted brow. "Think of Him?" she whispered. "He is here," she added, in a lower voice still; and Ailey looked like one who felt He was holy name. there. The tears flowed down the cheeks

"Yerhaps you wish to speak to Miss Moore alone?" said Frank. "So like your sister, sir!" she said, "considerate and kind—but no, sir," she continued: "I am very glad

to see you." You have been attacked again ?'

asked Ailey. "Alas !" she replied, uncovering

her neck, and exhibiting some fright ful gashes; " alas! three times this day and a half." day and a half." "Is Kate, the servant any use ?"

"Oh, a fine courageous girl," said

poor Emma. I heard it, Miss Ailey, these two nights, and I made a blow at it, and I flung the holy water after it." "A good child," said Ailey.

"But I thought," Ailey continued, that since the little tabernacle was placed in your room, you had perfect reedom

There is my despair!" cried Emma — "there is my despair Never had the demon dared to present himself in the presence of the Adorable; and after great trouble Adorable; and after great trouble and many refusals, my confessor obtained leave to place Him in my room, keeping the key himself. For a week I was in heaven ! I lay down at night with a soul so happy—and i could not sleep—and I needed not -and ] for I felt fresh in the dear presence

of my Saviour-my dear Saviour that came to dwell with me! I could not and I would not sleep; I thought it hard to sleep and He, my Saviour, watching; and if I slept for a mo-ment, His face was just before me, smiling, and so assuring—He used to say, 'Fear not !' Oh, Miss Moore!— Miss Moore! I am a sinner! I am a sinner!—the night before last!— Oh God !"

'Do not exhaust yourself, Miss Crane," said Frank, in the kindest and most friendly tone.

"No, sir, I cannot now stand long, my heart is breaking ! I feel it ! ] had not seen it since I was in London; my God had protected me! And the night before last I was lying as usual in my little bed, and thinking on my God, and looking at the little lamp, and watching its shadow as it move on the altar cloth ; and I was saying, I am happy—happy at last. Oh! my heart began to beat; and I felt as if the place was closing in around me, and the awful shadow of some giant had filled my little room! Oh God! I looked on the floor, it stood-stood there, there !" she said, pointing to a certain spot on the floor. gnashed its teeth, and the fire flashed red. red. from its murderous eyes and it crouched for the bound, and O Saviour! I called upon Jesus and Mary in vain ! and Jesus so near me! I am deserted! I am deserted, because I am a sinner, oh God !"

The scene was impressive, no matter what might have been the reality or unreality; and Frank con-fessed to himself he did not see why the two young persons should be accused or suspected of imposture. Emma had left her situation; she bore the marks of violence; she was vidently sick and miserable, and the young servant authenticated the adness of her condition. The clergyman believed her; Ailey believed her; it brought him to the presence of the supernatural more directly than he anticipated, or maybe, wished; but Frank, on leaving the room, at once said to Ailey, "I believe her.'

## THE CATHOLIC RECORD " I do not well understand." "Well, really, Mr. Tyrrell, perhaps it is that they do not value the world's goods sufficiently. The

whole case was explained to the suf-ferer, and her security was once more restored. The reverend gentle-You think they place the spiritus man then turned to Ailey and Frank, who had followed him back to the oo supremely over that of the temporal ?"

give.

great evil.'

we did."

Money.'

"Better than be like Italy."

Why-Mr. Tyrrell !"

money on the same terms.'

'Italy ?"

How ?"

murder for money."

'Oh, certainly."

ar, we do not go too far ?"

What do you mean ?'

"In a fortnight, Ailey," he said, Well, I think so. We shall exorcise Emma in God's

"Well, I think so. "And you are a clergymen?" "Certainly; I am a clergyman of the Church of England, and I believe the destiny of men is to progress; and How is that ?" said Frank. Ailey looked at him earnestly and repeated the words, "In My name they shall cast out devils." that which opposes men's progress is not a true view of religion."

CHAPTER XXIV HOWING HOW MEN WILL INSIST UPON MAKING OTHER MEN EAT THEIL FARE THOUGH IT HAS NEARLY POISONED THEMSELVES ; AND HOW FRANK TYRELL TELLS THE TALE OF EMMA CRANE'S " EXORCISM

Late ?" Late, sir."

'How do you account for that ?" 'Simply bekase the coach came in fther the train went out, sir." " Where is the proprietor ?" " O' the coach, sir ?" " Of the hotel ?"

"He's dead, sir." "Counfound you !--Where am I to --I say, sir," said the gentleman who had thus been holding a dialogue

with the butler of an inn at Mary. borough, when he saw a well-dress man coming out of the hotel, "will you be kind enough to inform me

whether there be any train from this place to Dublin to night ?" "No," replied the party addressed I suspect there's a misunderstand ing between the companies, for their

time tables do not harmonize." "Or an 'understanding ! said an other, who had just popped out of the vehicle. "'Tis pleasanter to suppose the

other," answered the person who had given occasion to the remark, "Good morning, gentlemen," continued the same individual; "you'll find John an excellent butler, though not the

and a pastime.' readiest at giving information re garding the trains." "God bless you, Father Tom!" an

has come to that ?" swered the servant.

A decidedly uncomfortable thing Three insides, and outsides in such number as to give the appearance of are selling them for it. a monster travelling cauliflower, ar "You are a Puseyite, Mr. Tyrrell." "By no means—I am an English rived at Maryborough from Limerick -quite satisfied that they should nan. rest in metropolitan comfort on that ciently to bewail her demoralization evening ; and here they find them All the exertion which should be selves at the door of a 'country inn, made to.watch over the young-to at a complete standstill. Now, a cherish the old, to educate, country inn is an admirable place; and would be-that is, the writer we would be-inclined to back a country employed to attain one object : that inn against any town inn of the same s, the time, energy, and work dimensions, if a man seek only romance or philosophy, and if a man do not want money-" but there is the rub,"-for it is not exhilerating to find yourself outside on a couch on a snowy day in December, with just enough of cash to pay your fare to town, and then to find the "train gone;" and it is not astonishing that men look rather stupidly down from the root of such a vehicle, as if they

did not know very well what to do. It was the 19th day of December, 844. The three "insides" - one 1844. The three

lady and two gentlemen-entered the hotel ; one " outside " did the same, with an air and a clatter that showed he was "somebody." This last had a fur cap, and all the rest of him was oilcloth and shawls. Of the remain ing "outsides" one walked away briskly, as if he knew what he was about, and the remainder at various paces; but though covered with snow, all of them walked slowly; some of them, in fact, kept looking back every now and then, as

thing " would happen to change the very miserable aspect of affairs. if they had a lurking hope that "some-

nsisting upon giving them our state of felicity in exchange for their own "Well, and you think-" "I think that it is an English sin

to think our state safe or Christian, and that, with the instinct of iniquity. we want to share our misery. I think the devil is sagacious enough to know, that if *Mammon* reign, Christ will be dethroned, even if he had not Eng-

land and America as 'experience ;' and hence that he will urge this country to produce in every other the same effects by the 'money spirit' which the 'money spirit' has produced at "Oh, we shall not much disagree on that; and if I discuss at all, it is

nome 'In your opinion ?"

to take advantage of your informa-tion," said Frank, modestly. "Mr. Tyrrell, permit me to say this day has proved to me that you need very little information which I can give " "In your opinion?" "In my opinion, churches without belief, people without principle, a government depending for existence upon checks and balances, which may become impossible in a year---" "Beg pardon," said a gentleman, who had just entered the room in mintake Frank bowed in acknowledgment, but immediately renewed the conver-

"I think we shall agree," said mistake. Walk in, sir !" said the parson.

Frank, that the development of a love of 'progress,' which is 'money' in the sense understood by us, may be a " Pray walk in, sir !" said Frank walk in.'

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen,' said Father Tom-for it was he-ad "Suppose it be developed at the expense of morals; for example, if vancing a pace or two—" I have had a call to a man who got suddenly ill men be encouraged to rob, cheat, and in this house, and I turned into the coffee room to await the servant; but Surely we do not encourage robwas not aware that it was occu

"On the contrary we punish it by pied." "You are, most welcome !" crist both.

transportation and imprisonment; but you agree with me that it would be a very wretched state of affairs if "And," Frank added, "you will do us a favor if, when you have per-formed your function upstairs, you will join us for half an hour. We "Well, the next question is whether, although we do not go so are Englishmen, and strangers, so

that your company will be an hospi tality, and an advantage." Father Tom hesitated, but the kind

"I mean that although we do not looks of the travellers prevailed, and he promised to return. Father Tom was about fifty—musncourage people to rob and murder

for mouey, we may talk of 'progress, tified-looking, but gentle. He was a reader, moreover, and a "hard-worker," as the people said. He had a light gray eye and compressed lips, and write of 'progress' and dream of progress,' until practically 'progress, pecomes the religion of the nation and its Christianity becomes a form and Father Tom was very sallow. In about a quarter of an hour he re-'You do not think, your country turned, saying that the affair was nothing ; "but," added Father Tom, "I do; or at least, we are far on

the way towards that goal. It is no wonder we are rich, then, for we the priest before the doctor ' is hence I get many unnecessary calls.'" my good parishioners' principle ; and have sold our souls for gold-or we

" I suppose they believe you can cure them ?" demanded the parson, looking sharply at the priest. and I love my country suffi-

"They really do believe that my ministry can," said Father Tom. "In which I am inclined to think

they are not wrong," said Frank. The Protestant clergyman smiled love God and one another, to live in the hope of eternity,-are all of them and the process of settling chairs and

persons have been gone through, which Why, St. James is a sound theo logian, and he tells us, ' The prayer of faith will save the sick-man, and belong to heaven and earth, we give to the earth alone, and we have the Lord will raise him up.'" said the priest, continuing the conversa-

"Why, so a highwayman might say after robbing a carriage, if he on. "But, surely, reverend sir," said the parson, "the people are filled with superstition. Come, draw nearer the fire. Mr. Tyrrell, will you look after the lights? very good. saw virtuous poverty on the other side of the road—'better than be like "Really, sir, yes! We have money; the question is about the way we got But surely, I was about to say, there is much of their religion, I do not say taught by you, but inherited, much of it, I say, in 'wells,' and 'spirits.' and 'devils ' and so on." it. If having the money be a proof we are right, it should also prove for the highwayman. For my own part, I think we obtain it nearly as im-

"' Wells,' and 'spirits ' and 'devils,' have always had to do with Revelamorally; for we obtain it by for-getting and violating every law of tion." said Frank.

nature and reason. Italy might have " The spirit of the age is the only spirit recognized in these times," said the priest. "Yes, any country has only to do what we do, mind nothing but

"Unless in Rome," answered the what we do, mind nothing but money, and they will have our 'pro gress' and our infidelity." Protestant clergyman with his usual Harry ?" she said. laugh.

No Sister. I never was. I never "Well," the priest replied, very calmly, "I know Rome very well. I have for twelve years received pro-You do not believe in 'progress ?' had a chance to know much about "I do, indeed. I believe 'progress religion, although I was fairly eduto mean an advancement in the virtues which open the gates of tection from the 'lone mother of cated in other things. But I have dead nations.' Will you allow me t say that you do not act philosophically in your conduct toward Rome You come to a state hoary with the experience of 1,500 years, and you insist upon its taking your views of

"Well," answered Mr. Korner, after a pause, "I believe in no manifestation of them at any rate." "Will you allow me to tell you tory ?" A most delightful thing a story will be-draw another bottle of wine. I am sorry the reverend parish is a testotaller."

TO BE CONTINUED OUT OF THE MINNESOTA WOODS

A TRUE STORY By Rev. Richard W. Alexander in The Mi

They found him prone on the earth, entirely unconscious, the great forest trees of the Minnesota woods bending over him. The rough lumber men said one to another: "This work was too hard for poor Harry."

and as tenderly as a woman would do it, they raised him up and bore him to the nearest shack. They laid him on the humble cot, and with their genuine, but rough kindness, restored him to consciousness. The man opened his eyes and looked around with a frightened stare. Then, seeing only the faces of friends, the fright ened look passed away, and a deadly paleness spread over his features.

The lumber men, his comrades stood around the bed ; one of them said :

"You seem to be a sick man, Harry hadn't we better take you home?" Another said: "The work was too hard for you, Harry. You've got to lay off for a spell."

Harry tried to sit up, and, with s great effort, succeeded. Then with a thick voice he said : "Yes, boys, I am a sick man. Don't take me home but get me to the nearest Sisters Hospital as quick as you can." And he laid back wearily on the rough

pillow. Ere long these kind-hearte comrades, under their "boss." had Harry in the Franciscan Hospital in a pleasant room, with a sympathetic kindly - faced Sister bending over

him Harry was not of the same class a the usual "lumber jacks," as they are called in the Minnesota woods. He was refined and educated : a man forced to earn a living in this manner by disappointment in other things

He had a wife and two young children to support, and it was supposed the atmosphere of the woods, and the free life in the open air would restore the health that had been failing of late. He was not a Catholic, nor was any one belonging to him a Catholic.

to it was strange that he insisted on being brought to the Sisters' Hospital. since he had never met a Sister. The good Sisters soon realized that a special Providence was hovering over their patient. The physicians, after treating him

for some days, saw that his case was hopeless, and they left the breaking of the news to the Sisters who watched over him. But it was no news. Harry felt long before that his days were numbered. He only thirty years old, and with a pang he thought of his wife and two babies. Still he had not yet asked for them, although the Sisters gently

begged to know their whereabouts. He always said, "Wait." Finally one of the Sisters spoke to him about his soul. Instantly his interest was aroused. She spoke of the goodness of God, of the necessity of sorrow for sin, the need of baptism and he seemed to hang on her words. "Have you ever been baptized,

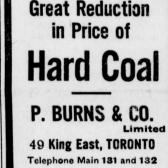
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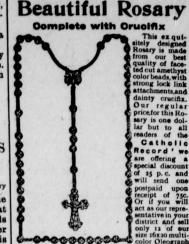
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John T. Kelly MONUMENTAL and HEADSTONE

father likes harp music so much; but of course we could never have afforded to purchase a harp. I hope Gerald has said everything for me." And she vanished through the

parlor door. Frank thought all the time she re-

mained away that he should have a walk all alone with Ailey, and he thought of the wonderful truth of soul which manifested itself in her last few words.

infinitely more respectable How Ailey Moore was than Ailey Moore would have been had she hired a harp and called it her own, or spoiled her beautiful form with Brummagem

jewellery. The day was not wet, nor boisterous, and the companions soon arrived at the house of Emma Crane. The nuns, she informed Frank, had sent a little servant to take care of Emma, and Aunt Benn endeavored to give her a little room, and a little sup-

They ascended one pair of stairs, and entered on the left-hand a back room, off which there was a closet. Frank followed Ailey Moore, who was received with an exclamation of joy. He was instantly recognized by Emma,

for the brother of Cecily. The little room was like a chapel. A altar occcupied one corner, on which there was a small tabernacle. Behind the tabernacle, and on a raised platform, was a statuette of Our Lady; and on the wall was nailed a heavy figure of the Crucifixion. A lamp burned before the tabernacle ; on the pure white altar-cloth it stood, and was of cut glass, festooned around the side with drops of the same material. A little cushion lay before the altar on the floor, and beside the cushion a low small chair—as if the time were divided between sitting and kneeling by some one of the in-mates. The walls of the little dwelling-place were covered with prints

sofa-her neck covered, and her cheeks torn and her eyes bloodshot.

Ailey gave him a sweet, sweet look for it grieved her to hear Emma doubted.

"Why, yes," said Frank; "if God allowed the evil one to strike Job, and to take Himself to the pinnacle of the temple. He surely may permit this; and all I can want is proof of the fact. What more proof do 1

need?" "Beg pardon, miss," said the little servant Kate, who had followed them out of the room; "I want to speak one word, miss." "Well, Katey," answered Ailey

"Things ain't so bad as Miss Crane says, miss," said Kate. Ailey blushed crimson, and her

heart beat.

Sure you won't tell on me, miss? "Oh, no, Katey; speak the truth." "And you won't tell Miss Crane, miss ?"

No, child; but take care to tell

the truth." "Well, miss," she said, while Frank than devoured her words no less than well, miss, Father Bearne, Ailey, miss, came two days ago, when Miss

Grane was out, an'he said, miss, it was all fancy, so it was; an'he took out a bunch of keys, miss, an'he opened the tabernacle, an'he took away Our Lord in the Blessed Sacra-ment, miss; an' then that night Miss Crane was attacked, miss, again." Oh, Kate! why did you not tell

poor Emma? I was afraid o' Father Bearne,

miss; but I went to look for him, an' he was out." "And why not tell the confessor ?"

"Oh, Miss Ailey, he'd be so angry -he'd be so angry-hush, miss! Oh my ! oh my ! but here he is ! Sure you won't tell him," whispered Kate.

but the spirit."

Two of the "insides" and the outside" found their way into the virtue." coffee room, the lady having gone to

make acquaintance with the hostese; and all agreed, when dinner came on the table, that fate could have been

less propitious than she appeared, with a ham, chickens, cutlets, and laughing potatoes, hauled in by her thread—not to speak of a peculiar whiskey, of which John spoke with an enthusiasm nearly superstitious. The young gentleman in the oilcloth and shawls was demurring a little, and inclined to "damn;" but having put his fingers into his waistcoat pocket to draw out a toothpick, he brought out a scissors in mistake, which he perceived had been observed and one of the "insides" having

sent for a small leather trunk, from which he took forth a bottle or two of expensive wines, it was perceived the gentleman belonging to the fur shawls, and oil cloth was very cap, much more inclined to listen than to

converse. After dinner the conversation of

the "insides" became less restrained, in consequence of the fur cap's departure for a "look about the village, and in consequence of the improve circulation resulting from the oper ations in which they had been en

gaged. "I confess," said the elder of th two-for one was of middle age and stature, and the other was Frank Tyrrell-"I confess," he said, " that my views of the country are much changed. My notions of the ignorance of the population were simply absurd, and my opinion of their ac-

countability, as regards the poverty of the nation, has been seriously modified." "You are not inclined to think

them idle ?" No-but I am inclined to think

them unambitious. I think their religion subdues them." What principle of it ?"

Frank. Why-not any written principle,

heaven, and such an advancement in wealth as will help the nation to

"Money enough to make people pious! Such is your national wealth i Oh, 'pon my honor! Oh, really! Oh !"

"Yes. in truth, I believe that all this world is given to prepare for the other ; and wealth employed for any other purpose is abused; wealth opposing such purpose is man's enemy as well as God's." enemy as well as

"So the Pope thinks." "For which I honor him."

'You like the Pope's government?' "I like his principle of keeping the 'money spirit' subject to Faith ; for if there be another world at all, that principle is 'common reason.' The 'money spirit' with us rules everything; and hence we have given religion for it first, and national happiness secondly.'

"So we are not so happy as the ubjects of Gregory XVI.! We have subjects of Gregory XVI.! not the pleasure of rags and maccaroni and assassination."

'You will pardon me for passing over the calendar of crime; the com-parison will not be creditable to us, believe me. As for the rags and mac-caroni, we have tens of thousands in a state of destitution ; but we have ships and great factories;-the Pope

has no one starving ; but he has not the ships and factories to show ' progress.' The Pope has no subjects dying of want, though he has none gress.' living at the rate of one hundred thousand a year. The Pope has no subjects buried in mines and poor nouses, although he has no 'great proprietors' and 'poor-law inspec-tors' travelling in their carriages

In a word, reverend sir, the few in Italy do not show 'progress ' at the

Italy do not show progress at the expense of the many, as they do with us; the resources of the Italian states are divided among the many; it is not so with us ;—and religion, the next world, is in Italy put forth as the ruling with us the states where the states where principle of life; not so with us. Now

government, while your government is scarcely a century and a half old. Who can tell how long your ' constitution' will last yourselves! By what process of reasoning have you come to the conclusion that your system does not 'progress' to dis-ruption ; or what right have you to insist upon other people believing that it is infallible? You will par-don me, but really I can see no reason why France, Russia, or Austria, if they found themselves in a posi-tion to be insolent, should not dictate to you their system of govern ment for your own—just as you take it upon yourself to dictate to the Holy Father."

"Oh, 'pon my honor, that is too bad," said the parson ; "France, and Austria, and Russia dictate to us! Oh, nonsense, my dear friend ! Par-don me !" he said, quite red in the face, " pardon me !"

fortunes of nations are very variable, and it may come to that sad con juncture. France may even permit you to go along in a career of insult, for the very purpose of 'making a case 'against you when you are least able to defend yourselves! France has a traditional glory to maintain, and its light is Rome; every occasion of standing outside the gates of the Vatican, and surrounding the papal tiara with the swords of France, will be seized as a French historical necessity.

"You will pardon me," said Frank "but I was a little while ago about to ask my friend Mr. Korner, whether he disbelieved in 'devils,' 'spirits.' and things of that kind ? In fact, to say truth, reverend sir," he contin-ued, turning towards the Catholic clergyman. "we have been discusthe Italian governments believe that they are right; but we are every day hour before your arrival."

clean, honest wanted to learn something about the next world, and how I could get to heaven. I used to wonder who would tell me about these things. I never met any one who knew much about them.'

Then the Sister instructed him in the mysteries of our faith, and unfastening her crucifix, spoke of the death and passion of our Redeemer. He took the crucifix reverently in his hand, and, as she spoke of our Lord's sufferings, riveted his eyes upon it with deep awe and reverence. He

begged her to leave it with him, when she went about her duties. She taught him several aspirations and ejaculations, which he began to repeat whenever he was alone. After two or three days the Sister

suggested gently, that as his illness was increasing, it would be better to send for his wife. "Sister," he said, "I would like to

be baptised a Catholic, and be a true member of the Faith before I see

"Do you wish to be baptised a Catholic," said the Sister ; " are you sure ?" Yes !" he replied, "as soon as

possible.'

"I will bring you the Chaplain, then," said the Sister, " and he will do everything for you."

The poor man, having listened to all the instructions of the Sisters, now welcomed the Chaplain, who was amazed at his humble faith, and the eagerness with which he received the explanation of every point of doctrine. He held fast to the crucifix, which seemed to comfort him greatly, and he begged to be bap

tised. That very evening he received the Sacrament. He seemed so full of holy joy that he brought tears to the eyes of the Sister who waited on him. Then he prepared for his first Holy Communion, which was also his last. Afterwards he asked that his wife and family be sent for. He was very restless and, suffered in-tensely. Once he became unconsci-

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