

God will confound the traitors. Live Scotland and James the Fifth!"

"What does it mean?" asked the King.

"That at last your Majesty's friends are holding up their heads. I will go to the Black Gorge, even if I get out of the castle I have to throw myself from this window into the Tweed."

"But suppose it is a snare planned by Angus?" said the King quickly.

"I never thought of that," replied Francis gravely. "But what does that matter, Sir? If it is a snare, it will only endanger my life. They will find out that I am devoted to you, and will punish me—perhaps kill me; but for fear that it may be a snare shall I renounce the chance of procuring your liberty? Oh, no, no! To-morrow I will invent some pretext. I will ask leave of absence for a few days, and, please God, I shall return with good news for you, Sir."

That very evening Francis asked to speak with Angus, and begged leave to go to Edinburgh for a change, as he said he was weary of the castle.

Angus, who saw no reason to distrust him, and, who, besides, needed a messenger to carry some secret despatches to the capital, readily acceded to the young man's request, and bade him be ready at break of day, following morning at the latest.

Francis obtained permission to take Harry with him, who under the name of Moseus, always attended on him, and had never left him since his arrival at the Court.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE DERELICTS.

Dr. Ogden Moore leaned back in his official chair and let his clear gray eyes rest critically upon the rows of pathetic faces before him.

The clinical hour was almost up, the day sweetering hot and the patients, victims for the most part of the persistent sutrinous agent, a little bright gleam in their dreary lives, must soon make their way through the furnace-like streets to the suffocating kennels where they had their wretched beings.

His eyes picked out several of his old "chronics"—a little broken down officer of the French army; a pretty woman of not more than twenty-two, who gave her name as "Mrs. Morell," and was recovering from a rather suspicious case of gas poisoning; two little shop-girls, with pale, pathetically cheerful faces; a tough old adventurer and gold seeker rickled from dissipation; a poor but handsome Armenian student with a pleasant voice and wonderful eyes. The fine brow of the doctor corrugated.

Personally, he was in striking contrast to his patients; strong, handsome, elegant, a product of the best in the land. Immaculate from the top of his aristocratic head to the tip of his polished boot, he seemed as impregnable to the assault of vulgar germs as aught a crystal globe.

A thought flashed through his alert mind, was dismissed with a frown, crawled back, then was gathered up and put in a safe place.

The following patients will please remember. His voice was as cool as the whir of the fan above his head. He called a dozen names; the other patients trooped out.

"I have asked you to remain," he said, "because I feel that you all need a little outing to assist my treatment, and I wish to ask you if you will be my guests to-morrow on a trip down the Sound."

There was an astonished silence. "I should like to have you meet me to-morrow morning at 8 o'clock on the pier at the foot of East Twenty-sixth street. I will make all the arrangements, and if any of you wish to bring a member of your family or some friend I shall be glad to have you do so. To-morrow is Sunday, you know."

There was a pause, then the little Frenchman, M. Lajoux, stepped forward with a bow.

"M. le Docteur honors us. Me, it will give me great pleasure to accept the invitation."

"Good," replied Ogden heartily. "How about the rest of you? We will have the boat all to ourselves. The astonished patients, having by that time recovered, there was a unanimous acceptance.

"That's first rate," said Ogden. "I'll look for you all to-morrow morning. Mind you, don't disappoint me. It's part of your treatment, you know," he added with a kindly smile.

The Japanese lanterns that fringed the veranda of the club house at Sachem Harbor were burning a pale yellow in the white blaze of a great mid-summer moon. In the intermissions of the dances there were wafted across the still water the tinklings of mandolin and guitar, musical laughter and deeper voices, mellowed by the amplitude of space, from the fleet of little yachts at anchor in the basin.

Miss Gladys Harste rested her round elbow on the rail of the rustic summer house on the point of rocks and gazed long and thoughtfully at the great moon whose consols are so fraught with danger.

"That is right," observed Dr. Moore, who was standing at her shoulder. "Look at the moon!"

"Why?" she demanded, glancing around at him with a defiance out of keeping with the gloom of the night.

the background. I must look quickly—before the shadow falls." She turned from him until he could see only the contour of brow and cheek and firm little chin.

"But that is natural, dear—" he began. She looked up swiftly.

"You must not call me that, Ogden. I have not said that I would marry you."

"But you will, won't you, dear?" he pleaded.

"No!"

"Why not?" he asked quietly.

"Because I don't love you. Nor do I think," she pursued relentlessly, "that you love me."

"Then you don't know anything about it," he replied calmly, "because I do."

"Words are so easy," she observed coldly.

"I don't believe that I quite understand you, Gladys," he answered rather formally.

She turned to him in sudden anger. "Can you blame me, Ogden?" she asked swiftly. "Last week I wanted you especially for a sailing party which Jack Reddington was getting up, but no, you had an engagement."

"But that was one of my clinic days," he interrupted, a slight change in his voice.

"Yes, and you were unwilling to give it up for just one afternoon for me—"

Again he interrupted her coldly. "Do you realize, Gladys, that there are about fifty sick and destitute people dependent upon me?"

"You could have got some one else to take your place for that one day—"

"But you see, I understand their cases, and they want me."

"And of course you can sympathize with them in that—"

"No, Ogden, you were right in that, of course. But, then, when I wanted you the next day for a bridge party at the Bantleys—"

"I want to see one of my dispensary patients who could not get to the clinic, a poor little actress who got pneumonia, poisoned at a table d'hôte—"

"Spare me the details. Surely there were plenty of doctors closer at hand!"

"Gladys," he said sternly, "one would think to hear you talk that you were as cold blooded as a snapping-turtle, whereas you are, actually as kind hearted a woman as—"

"Thanks," she interjected dryly.

"The trouble is that you have been brought up in the lap of luxury and gold absolutely nothing about poverty and suffering. If you would only come with me some afternoon—"

"That is all very interesting," she interposed, "but permit me to remind you that you are interrupting the thread of my argument. Yesterday I took advantage of your insistently repeated requests to use the Lotus and made up a little party for to-morrow afternoon. Now you tell me that you have made other plans for Sunday?"

grew" type "I took advantage of your liberal invitation to catch an old friend of mine—old Major Harris. I ran into him the other day down to the Mills Hotel."

"Glad of it," said Ogden heartily. He glanced up to see a daintily-gowned woman carefully picking her way between the piles of red proofing with which the wharf was strewn. Not for several seconds did he recognize in the flushed and pretty face that was upturned by him the unfortunate victim of the illuminating gas.

"I'm very glad that you could come Mrs. Morell," he said cordially, then turned to the others.

"Those of us here might as well be getting aboard. The boat will have to make another trip. We'll leave the Colonel as chairman of the reception committee."

The sun was about two hours from the clear western horizon as the fleet Lotus ripped her way through the calm waters of the Sound.

The day had been one of unalloyed delights. Thanks to the candid hospitality of their host, the guests were entirely at ease with their novel surroundings before Hell Gate was reached.

From the first their delight in the swift motion claimed all of their attention. They overhauled waddling excursion steamers, skimming past them with aristocratic ease, the target for scores of admiring eyes. They had seen the big cup defenders out for practice sails, and listened with deep interest to the skilful but despondent comments of their host on these marvels. Later they had landed at Lobster Bay, where a delicious "shore dinner" had been served them at the Casino.

Ogden, from the bridge where he had gone to speak to the captain, contemplated his guests thoughtfully. His eyes rested upon them successively. The Armenian student, a handsome fellow naturally and becomingly dressed in a suit of clothes given him by one of the clubmen for whom he rendered valet duty, might easily have passed for an aristocrat. The same was true of M. Lajoux, with his little ribbon of the Legion d'Honneur. Martin, the grizzled miner, and his loquacious old friend, Major Harris, were the typical specimens of the Southwest. As for the woman, Ogden thought that he had been often presented to those of far less charm of manner and appearance than several among his guests. Yet all these people represented a class as far removed from his set as if they had belonged to a different race. They were the "other half," the herd; the indigents; the objects of charity. He felt that he was drawing closer than ever in his life to the deep truths of humanity. His firm lips came together with a new decision.

"Every Sunday hereafter," he said to himself. "These or others like them. Hereafter the clinic gets a seventh share in this packet, Gladys or no Gladys!"

He walked aft and a moment later was pointing out various places of interest on either shore to Mrs. Morell and the little shop-girls. While so occupied the captain approached.

"Dr. Moore," he said, "the Aurora is becalmed on our port bow and is signaling that she would like to speak to you, Sir."

Ogden glanced up in vexation. The Aurora recalled an episode of the evening before which he had been trying all day to put from his mind. Had he slighted her in time he would have instructed the captain to give her a wide berth. As it was, there seemed to be no way of avoiding her, especially as she was the flagship of his home club and owned by his uncle.

"Very well," he replied, "run over and see what she wants."

The fleet Lotus was soon abreast of the stately schooner, which lay motionless, a leet tower of tall canvas, creamy pink against the late sun. In the shadow of the mainsail was a bright little group of people, and as they slowed down alongside a handsome, middle-aged man in ducks and serge walked to the rail and hailed them through a megaphone.

"Can you take aboard and drop us at the Yacht Club? The tide is turned and this calm is likely to last until midnight."

Ogden's face hardened a trifle. Just for the instant it struck him as a shame that these rich pleasure-seekers could not leave his poor little party of patients to enjoy their day in peace. Still, it was impossible to refuse the request, especially as the Sachem Harbor Yacht Club was only ten miles to the westward and directly in his course.

"Very well," he replied, a bit stiffly. "Shall I send a boat?"

"No, we'll take one of ours." He wheeled about. "Call away the cutter."

"A-y-y, cutter!" sang the mate, and the smart sailors sprang to the boxfall net moments later the party had just boarded his yacht was the one arranged by Gladys Harste, and for the entertainment of which she had asked him for the Lotus. He could easily guess that the girl herself had vehemently opposed the transshipping, but had doubtless been overruled by the others.

She flushed angrily as her eyes fell upon Ogden, who was standing by the head of the ladder to receive his self-invited guests.

"I am sorry that we were obliged to

inconvenience you," she said coldly, at the same time unable to avoid a curious glance toward the people aft.

"I am sorry that you should feel so about it," he replied evenly, stepping aside to let her pass.

"Great luck, Ogden—catching you just as we did!" exclaimed a hearty voice, and he turned to face the commode. "Might have drifted around here all night." He glanced aft.

"Who are your friends? Anybody I know?"

"I fancy not, uncle," replied Ogden, dryly. "They are patients of mine whom I have asked for a day's sail."

"By George, that's clever of you! Eh, commode?" commented a rather adipsous man standing by the rail.

"Nothing like a steam yacht to drum up practice! I wonder that more struggling young practitioners don't use them."

"Why, you see, Bentley," replied Ogden, "pills don't bring as big a profit as soap. Besides," he pursued thoughtfully, "drumming isn't included in the early stages of a medical education."

Mr. Bentley laughed with a slight effort and walked forward. The commode whistled softly under his breath.

"By the—I say, you got him with both barrels that time, Ogden. Don't you think you have it in a little solid?"

"Oh, no, he's fairly thick in the peck! Besides, why can't he mind his own business? Hello, Van Beuren!" he called menially to a pleasant-faced young fellow who was walking past.

"Hello, doctor! I say, doctor, who's that pretty woman talking to the little Frenchman? Introduce me, will you?"

"Certainly," Ogden led him aft.

"Mrs. Morell, let me present Mr. Van Beuren," he said quietly, adding, "M. Lajoux, Mr. Bentley."

Ogden saw the color stealing into the woman's face, as did also Van Beuren, who, a trifle puzzled, opened the conversation casually. Ogden paused to speak to the little shop-girls, who were stealing admiring glances at the woman from the schooner. As he strolled forward again he observed that the genial commode had entered into conversation with the miner and Major Harris.

"Dr. Moore!" called a pretty woman with kind eyes and a wide, generous mouth. Ogden recognized her as a young widow who was rather celebrated about the Yacht Club for her harmless gaieties.

"Who is that stunning looking young man with the eyes?" she whispered.

"He is an Armenian, Mrs. Townsend. He is studying law in New York."

"Oh, do bring him here. I want to talk to him."

Ogden walked over to the Armenian and told him his mission. The young man was delighted.

Leaving them, Ogden walked forward and lit a cigarette. Before he had been there long Gladys swept past him, her face crimson. He caught the angry flash from her eyes and at the same time noticed that her youthful escort wore an expression of horror and amazement.

"I say, Dr. Moore," exclaimed the young man, "can I speak to you a moment? Do you know what that Armenian chap talking to Mrs. Townsend really is?"

"I think so," said Ogden.

shoulder, and, turning sharply, saw Van Beuren. There was an expression in the young man's frank eyes that brought the blood to Ogden's face.

"Before I go ashore, doctor," he said, "I want to tell you that I think you are a brick! Lajoux has given you dead away. I am going to find something for that little chap. We can always use an alert Frenchman in our exporting business." He held out his hand, which Ogden took, blushing furiously and hopelessly embarrassed for the first time in the whole day.

Van Beuren laughed and turned away. They had by this time entered the basin of the Yacht Club, and presently the engines stopped, then went astern and the yacht's momentum ceased. At the same time the Yacht Club launch swept alongside in answer to their signal, and the party from the schooner prepared to disembark.

Mrs. Townsend paused for an instant as she was about to descend and held out her hand to Ogden, who was standing by the rail.

"Mr. Yarosian has told me all about himself—"

"she paused, and, at the softening of her voice and eyes, Gladys, whom she was delaying, gazed at her in surprise—"

"and about you," she added. "I am going to do something for him this winter. He is too bright to press clothes—and I think that you are a dear!" she added impulsively and hurried down the steps, a suspicious moisture in her swollen eyes.

Gladys' face looked mystified as she followed her into the waiting launch.

One side of the midsummer moon had softened like a luscious peach which has hung too long upon the bough. That evening it had risen blood-red, flashed from its haste to mount guard upon the destinies of men and maidens but it cooled as it lifted higher and now shed downward a soft and mellow radiance.

Dr. Ogden Moore, from his seat upon the broad rail of the veranda, had watched its upward course unmoved, ignoring the potent summons even as he had ignored those of a pair of big blue eyes which many times that evening had sent his pleading message.

"Ogden," said a soft voice at his shoulder, a voice that held the faintest suspicion of a quaver. He arose quickly to his feet.

"Yes, Gladys."

"Ogden, I wish to have a talk with you. A certain pleading accent of the voice belied its dignity. "Come down to the summer house, where we will not be disturbed."

Side by side, yet separated by an infinite distance, they passed across the dewy lawn. At the entrance to the lower the girl turned to him suddenly and raised her wistful face.

"Ogden, can you forgive me?" Her voice contained a passionate appeal. He looked at her thoughtfully.

"I'm afraid not, Gladys," he answered in a tone of deep regret.

"Why not?" she demanded, almost fiercely.

"Because—you see, you insulted my guests: not openly, to be sure, but through me. I would not have blamed you—in fact, did not blame you for what applied to me personally—but, you see, one's guests are sacred, especially when they are so unfortunate as to be unable to defend themselves."

"But I did not know that, Ogden. I did not understand. It never occurred to me that they were your clinical, charity patients. I do not know much about people outside of my own caste, as you said the other day; but I thought that your clinic people were very poor, destitute."

"They are. I doubt if the dozen people that you saw would be able to raise \$50 all together."

"Then you won't—forgive me—Ogden?" It was the faintest whisper. "I am very sorry—" he began coldly, then paused, finding the words difficult.

Gladys turned slowly from him and started to walk toward the club house. The mellow moon rays rested lovingly on the fair, thoughtful head, now wiser than a week ago; wiser for the knowledge of some of the exquisite paths of humanity. Ogden saw her round shoulders lift suddenly and caught a low, heart-rending sound.

"Gladys!" he reached her in one swift stride. His strong arms drew her to him; her own crest softly around his neck. Her tear-stained face was close against his chest.



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