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laws which Burke so well described in a sentence that is immortal:—"A machine of wise and elaborate contrivance; as well "It is not the landlords that are too LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD of wise and elaborate contrivance; as well fitted for oppression, impoverish ment and degradation of a people, and the debasement, in them, of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man."

What amazed him most of all was to find so much vitality, so much virtue. An Historical Romance. BY M. M'D. BODKIN, Q. C.

What amazed him most of all was to find so much vitality, so much virtue, survive amid such abject misery. He grew daily prouder of his race as he fondly pictured to himself what freedom might do for a people whom slavery was powerless to degrade. A word or two he dropped here and there of hope. He told them of the wild outburst of liberty in France—of the breaking of chains and - of the breaking of chains and

them of the wild outburst of hierty in France — of the breaking of chains and the lifting up of peoples.

He was listened to by young and old with bated breath and kindling eyes. But the chorus of "Glory be to God." "The Lord be thanked," "Praise be to the Vargin," showed how closely the thought of freedom and the old faith were blended in the Irish heart.

Secret hints he got of old muskets carefully preserved in thatch or chimney, and of pike heads and handles that would come together, with strong arms and stout.

come together, with strong arms and stout hearts behind them, whenever "the boys" were called out to strike a blow for the old land.

He had wandered during the last day a

good deal from the main route, and had spent the last night by himself in the chief inn in Ballinasloe, not unwilling that Sir Miles should be untroubled by the care of a guest on the first day of his

arrival at his ancestral home.

That night, as Maurice Blake sat in his That night, as Maurice Blake sat in his room alone, sipping his claret thoughtfully before the fire of peat and bog deal that roared and blazed cheerily in the huge grate, there was a clatter of horses hooves up the street, and a resounding rattle of the knocker at the door. It wanted but a few days of the great October feit in the town and the house was ber fair in the town, and the house was full of visitors. Half-a-dozen were drawn out into the hall by the clamorous knock-

Some stirring news was on foot. The hotel was instantly in a commotion. Maurice Blake could hear the surprised and excited exclamations as the tidings

call "Come in," a waiter entered, eager, t was plain, to have the first chance to tell the news.

He had a basket of turf in his hand,

and he made an elaborate pretence of mending the fire, which needed no mend-

he said quite carelessly, but his quick eye and pale face belied his carelessness. "No," said Blake with some impatience. "But I heard the messenger who brought it. He seems to have set the whole hotel humming like a hive of bees. What is the news? Out with it, like a good fel-"Yer honor knows Lord Clearaus-

Yer heard tell of him, anyhow," per-

Speak out, man.

Speak out, man."

The waiter had got his cue. He wanted a hint how his tale should be told, and how it was like y to be received.

"Lord Clearanstown is shot," he said,

dropping his words out slowly. "He was shot dead last night at his own hall-door as he stood smoking his cigar, with a sodger on one side of him and a bailiff on the other, planning out a great clear-ance. Shot dead, and no one caught for it. He'll clear no more. He's cleared himself now, and it was time." The hittle man grew hotter and hotter as he spoke. "Saving yer honor's presence," he said to Blake, who listened to the outburst with amazement, "the bloody tyrant put me sister and her childer out with the rest of the naidhbors in the win.

It gave him, too, a chance of a hundred diversions to the right hand and the left, with the rest of the neighbors in the win-and of seeing the country and people in ter time, and her husband only wan short week in his grave. I have no call to be well in the generally managed to catch up with an eparty at the inn where they stopped or the night. Christy Culkin had a seat the deed. Troth, it's many a dacent girl

right itself," said Blake," though the sys-tem," he added, half to himself, " is the more accursed that makes murder look so like a virtue.

it's murdered intirely we'd all be."

He left the room and closed the door with a deep sigh, but there was no trace f sorrow on his face as he went down the

stairs two at a time to talk over the de-

agents with whom the hotel was crowded for the fair. 'It's the fault of the Government, sir,' said a thin, angular-faced man, with a nervous twitching of the mouth, and a hunted look on his face. "They should put their foot down and keep the people under it. This talk about toleration has done the mischief. I'd hang anybody that mentioned it. A tolerated Papist is

mg but bars and bons can residant them—not those always."

"Don't you think the landlords are a bit hard sometimes—just a little bit?" said a chubby little man, who stood with his back to the fire, and smiled in a deprecatory way as he spoke. "Lord Glenracket comes over to Ireland once a year for a week for the partridge shooting.

ed. "Well, I have served the notices to quits and there has been a cross-fire of threatening letters from the village. I believe the fellows mean mischief. I wrote to Lord Glenracket about it; and the only reply was, 'If the blackguards think they can intimidate me with threatening to shoot my agent, they will find themselves much mistaken. I would sooner give up my partridge shooting

hard," broke in another, "but the agents are too soft. That's where the mischief It was a stout, middle-aged man that

It was a stout, middle-aged man that spoke this time, a man with watery eye, a large, laughing mouth, and a face that told at once of good living and good humor. His voice, too, was rich and husky. "The only way," he went on, "is to keep the Irish tenant's nose to the grinding-stone, if you want to keep him out of mischief. There are not a dozen men on our estate in Connemara that out of mischief. There are not a dozen men on our estate in Connemara that have not been evicted a couple of times, at least. My plan is to keep their back-sides always to the bog. I push them back as they reclaim. It keeps them out

"Were you never fired at yourself?" said Joyce, in a tone that suggested such an immunity was little less than a of harm's way.

miracle.

"Just once," replied the other, with a good-humored laugh, as if he were telling the best story in the world. "It was a close shave, too. The driver on the car was shot dead; but I do not think the test of the control of the car was shot dead; but I do not think the outrage is likely to be repeated. I turned out the village nearest the spot where that shot was fired, and forbad the tenants to give shelter to man, woman, ochild. I heard three of the children died on the road that night. I don't think they were particularly obliged to the bad shots that brought the trouble on them."

"But they may hit you next time," said Joyce, a little maliciously, "as they hit Lord Clearanstown, and then they are all safe. "Aye, but they may miss me," said the other, still laughing; "and if they miss they know I won't. A notice to

miss they know I would be a country," and sir possible in the man that spoke first, fret felly; "and Sir Miles Blake is largely responsible. It is whispered there is a Popish priest at Cloonlara, and it is even Popish priest at Cloomara, and it is even rumored that he sometimes says Mass for the tenants. How can law and order prosper when such things are allowed?

"Make your mind easy. They won't be allowed long," said the jovial man cheerily. "Haven't you heard that Lord belivish; compine down with a big de-

Dulwich is coming down with a big de tachment of Yeos to put his part of the country in order? He has a fine reputa-tion for pitch-caps and half-hauging This business of Clearanstown will be signal to begin."
"But isn't he a friend of young Mark

"But isn't he a friend of young Mark Blake, of Cloonlara?" asked Joyce.

"As thick as pickpockets," said the other. "But neither of them are a bit the worse for that. Young Mark is a fine young fellow, and will be a credit to the country when he comes by his own. He keeps the tenants in rare order even now, since his father has given him up the box-seat and the ribbons. He'll go the pace, and no mistake, when he owns the coach." when he owns the coach."

By this time Maurice Blake's horse

was at the door, and he was glad to get out of the room. He gave "Phooka" his head, and they went clattering at a quick canter through the town.

The talk he had just heard still rang in

his ears, and angered him. In another moment he should have broken out and moment he should have broken out and told these "masters" of the Irish people what he thought of them, and the system of which they were the ornaments. He was glad to be carried away from that temptation. Yet he still felt sore, and temptation. Yet he still felt sore, and suffered from the malady of suppressed anger. The thoughts to which words were refused struck in on his own heart and hurt it. But soon the rapid motion and the sunshine and the fresh breeze of the morning, unconsciously to himself, soothed and cheered him. It was impossible to be sad or angry amid scenes so placid and so beautiful. Watching the yellow corn cut and stacked in the fields on either hand, Blake forgot for a mement that it was not for their own or their children's food that those ragged laborers, cheerful even in hopeless toil. gathered in the bounteous harvest, which they had sown and they must not share.

The broad white road was edged with green turf and bordered with great trees. Through the breaks in the high wall of living verdure the rich country gleamed green or yellow in the sunlight away down to the far horizon's rim, where only a chance glint or sparkle to a keen eye marked the broad course of the smoothlowing Shannon.

It was no wouder that the traveller's thoughts took brighter colors from the Youth and hope forbade him to believe that land so rich and a people so brave could be given over for ever to want and slavery. His heart throbbed with the thought of their quick-coming deliver-ance, in which he, too, please God, would act man's part. Busied with such thoughts he rode oblivious of the time. thoughts he fold obvious the same than the was surprised to learn from a passing farmer that he was but a couple of miles from the demesne gate of Cloonlara. He touched his horse with the spur

and cantered smoothly along the broad selvage of turf at the road's edge, but at the next turn he drew rein again, surprised and amused at a group that was gathered close in under the trees at the further side of the road.

The most conspicuous figure of the roup was an officer in the uniform of the yeomen—so tall and broad that he might almost be called a giant. His face was haudsome, but evil looking. With him were two of his men, gallows birds dressed in regimentals, to whom the convict garb would have appeared far more apropr

Facing the three, quite fearlessly, was a still stranger figure, whom Maurice Blake had seen once and heard of more than once before. It was Thady O'Flynn a licensed fool and vagrant, known to the whole country side. He was the ani-mated newspaper of the district. He was here, there, and everywhere, always on the run. He never yet was seen to walk. His speed and endurance bordered on the miraculous. Sometimes when stories were told of the distance he had accomplished in a day and night, travelling without rest or food, the old folk crossed themselves as they sat round the fire, and whispered that "Thady was not right; the good people had some hand in him, surely.

Amongst the Castle authorities, too,

a good twelve Irish miles away from his

beech, seemed to Blake so curious that almost instinctively he reined his horse o a walk.

"You expected the news, then," said the other, leading him on.
"Begad! it's tired expecting it I was

for many a long year, but sure it's an old sayin' an' a true wan, What's everybody's business is nobody's business."
"You wouldn't be sorry, Thady, if he

was sent to heaven a few years ago?"
"Lord Clearanstown in heaven," said
Thady, with a comical look on his face.
"Well, if the likes of him's let in the place 'll be crowded."

The two soldiers laughed, and the

"The mercy of God is too good to be wasted on the likes of him. It's kept for dacent sinners, who have a touch of good left. What's the use of keeping a divil at all if he doesn't git old Clearanstown."

pen the decent boy."
"Don't trouble yerself," retorted Thady,

"Don't trouble yerseil,' reforted I nady, with a cunning look. "He would'nt come to you for a karackter, anyhow. It's a pity now I can't give you his name and his address. It's himself that would be proud to see you knocking at his hall door. Faith, with the hurry that was on him he forgot to lave his visitin' eard him he forgot to lave his visitin' card after him when he was done with Lord Clearanstown." " But you saw him, Thady ? You saw

"But you saw him, Thady? I fol saw him? Tell us what he was like? He was a brave boy, anyhow."

"Faith, I never laid eyes on him,"
Thady said sorrowfully. "I was late for the fair—the baste was sould and delivered to the devil before I came up."

"The fellow knows more than he'll tell, and the sequency it out of him." mut-

unless I can squeeze it out of him," mut-tered the giant, drawing a strong cord from his pocket and fiddling with the running noose at the end of it.

"I suppose, Thady," he went on, "you wouldn't care to pay his lordship a visit

No fear of that," retorted the foo

"Perhaps I would be able to give you a lift on your road," said the other, still playing with the rope.

"I'd be sorry to take your honor out of the yo

the way," replied Thady with a simple look that set the soldiers laughing again. Maurice Blake did not hear the reply He had passed out of earshot and rode forward smiling to himself, not a little amused, at the dialogue he had listened

shrill vell of agony and terror cut the still air like a knife. He glanced back over his shoulder.

legs as on a pivot, and clapped the spurs to his side. A dozen bounds brought him back to

the group by the roadside. Not one moment too soon. The giant had converted himself into a living gal-

One end of the rope was drawn tight over his shoulder; from the other end his victim dangled at his back. His follow ers roared with laughter at the gruesom sight. The struggles of the poor fool had almost ceased — his face was livid, his tougue and eye-balls horribly protrud-

niform and scored the great brute' The sharp sting was his first warning of the rescue. As he wheeled sharply ound his broad face was almost on a

level with the horseman's.

and unready. He could not strike a help-less foe. More than once afterwards Blake regretted the blow had not failen, and the brutal Hempenstal gone down under his sword.

nder his sword.

The giant stood stock still, half dazed y the sudden attack.

The rescued victum was quicker of wit

and limb. He bounded from the ground like a bal' seized the hilt of his enemy's huge sword, plucked it from the scabbard, and lifting it with both hands, stood beside his preserver on the road, quivering with an excitement that was not fear. At the first onslaught the two yeomen had fled howling down the road. With a face in which fear and rage were blended, the disarmed and discom-fited giant skulked slowly after them.

In a moment Thady was absorbed in admiration of the captured sword.
"It will make an illegant scythe," muttered he, " when a nate handle it put to

Amongst the Castle authorities, too, there was a vague suspicion that Thady was "not right" in another sense, and it was hinted that though he told muchfor his tongue was as active as his legs—still he knew more than he told.

Maurice Blake had seen him in the yard of the hotel an hour before he started, and was amazed to find him now

words were foolish, but there were tears in the wild blue eyes as he spoke.

"Are ye going my way?" he asked abruptly, after a pause.

"I must know what your way is first," said Blake, willing to humor him. "You have turned back on your way to heaven."

heaven."
"I have been through purgatory," retorted Thady promptly, " but I came out

the wrong door."
"Cloonlara is my road," said Blake, "if

"Cloonlara is my road," said Blake, "if you know the place."
"Know it?" said Thady; "aye, begad, as well as the fox knows his earth. Straight for it I was going when they made me turn off on the cross road to heaven. Hurry on, now, and I'll wait and show you the way."
Giving the reins to his horse, Blake sat forward at a brisk trot. Without are

Giving the reins to his horse, blake sat forward at a brisk trot. Without an apparent effort Thady kept close beside him, leaping forward as lightly as a hound, the end of the halter, which still dangled from his neck, flying back in the

wind.
Ten minutes' run brought them to the Ten minutes run brought them to the entrance of the avenue of Cloonlara. On huge pillars of gray stone, over whose tops the tall trees could just peep, were hung two great gates, so finely worked that they looked like gigantic spider's webs spun in wrought iron. Surmounting the pillars two monster tiger cats, each with forepaw raised threateningly, guarded the entrance. On the arch that spanned the gates from pillar to pillar, cut deep in the stone, was engraved the proud motto of the family, Virtus sola nobilitas.

The ball that hung at the antrange reasons.

the family, Virtus sola nobilitas.

The bell that hung at the entrance was The bell that hung at the entrance was set dangling by Thady, and an old dame, with smooth, gray hair, and dress of decorous black, issuing from the Gothic ivy-clad gate-house close at hand, gave them entrance to the demesne.

Before they had gone a hundred yards a rabbit suddenly dashed across the avenue. With a cry of childish delight Thady was after it in an instant, breaking through the thick underwood in his easystness.

Blake saw or heard no more of him for

Biake saw or heard no indee of min for the day. Next morning he found him at last, apparently quite at home among the horses and stable boys, in the great yard at Cloonlara. Another hundred yards, at the top of a

rentle ascent, Blake pulled his horse to a walk, and flung the reins on his neck, ab-sorbed by the peaceful beauty of the What folly it is to try to paint light,

and shade, and color, trees, and sky, and water, all that makes the world lovely, with mere poor, colorless words. It is like Olivia's dry catalogue of her own recolors charms. "Hem two lins indifpeerless charms. "Item two lips indifferent red, item two gray eyes with lids to them, item one neck, one chin, and s forth." So Maurice Blake felt, as his eye ranged

delightedly over the vast expanse of slop-ing lawn and waving wood that stretched away to where the Shannon, broadening into a lake, shone in the sunshine. The fair expanse was full of life. The burnexpanse was full of life. The burn-l pheasants fluttered up from the glossy laurels or the thick glossy laurels or the thick ferns, just-touched with autumnal brown, that skirted the avenue. The rabbits spotted the green sward as thick as daisies, and flashed white and gray almost under his horse's feet. Through the vistas of the woods he saw the deer trouping in file the shade of some huge old tree that grew by itself in the open, as if disdaining

meaner companionship.

Twenty minutes' walking, and suddenly a turn in the avenue gave him a full
view of the old mansion house, which view of the old mansion house, which stood on a gentle rise; the vivid green lawn in front stretching in terraces to the wood's edge, through which a bright salmon stream plunged boldly, leaping and flashing down to the lake.

A broad and stately pile was this ancient mansion house, built for the most ancient mansion house, built for the most stately have because the with Lorie process.

part in the Roman style, with Ionic porch and pillars, but with turret and balcony and bow windows to boot, of which the Romans had never dreamed. The inevitable tiger cats guarded the orners of the building, their stone limbs

corners of the building, their stone limbs and tails cut clean out against the blue of the sky.

As his horse's hoofs crunched the

Then with a quick wrench of the reins he gravelled sweep in front of the entrance, turned his horse right round on his hind Christy Culkin walked down the broad stone steps, as demurely as if he had lived his life in the place, held the reins for him to dismount, and led his horse Mark Blake met him half way down

the steps, and Sir Miles welcomed him at the door.

ne door.
So he passed over the threshold into the great square hall, panelled rich with prown oak, and full of trophies of war and chase, and found himself for the first time in his wild, wandering life under the roof of his father's home. TO BE CONTINUED.

The Suffering Souls, beloved spouses of Christ, writhing in excruciating torments, are unable as yet to attend the wedding feast already prepared for them, because the infinite justice and holiness of God demand a ransom. In the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass our Divine Saviour offers Himself in ransom, and hence the holy Fathers teach that "many souls go forth from Purgatory every time that Mass is cele brated." - Rev. John A. Nageleisen. Cardinal Gibbons estimates the num-

ber of converts from Protestant ranks received into the Catholic Church in this country last year to approximate 30,000. Considerably over a thousand of these are credited to the archdiocese of Baltimore alone. The figure is probably under rather than above the exact number of such conversions.

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No family living in a bilious country should No family living in a billous country should be without Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. A few doses taken now and then will keep the Liver active, cleanse the stomach and bowels from all billous matter and prevent Ague. Mr. J. L. Price, Shoals, Martin Co., Ind., writes: "I have tried a box of Parmelee's Pills and find them the best medicine for Fever and Ague I have ever used."

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PAT'S REFORMATION.

The Heroic Virtue of a French Canadian

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

It was on the shore of the Lac a la co sha Belle Riviere, in Canada, that I came into this story and found myself somewhere about the middle of the plot; but Patrique Moullarque, descendant and namesake of some far back Irish ances-tor, Patrick Mullarkey, whose name alone had come down to him through

ready a brace of partridges for supper; the Patrick and I were unpacking the provisions, arranging them conveniently for present use and future transporta-

you?"

He had been rolling up a piece of salt pork in a cloth as I spoke, and courteously wiped his fingers on the outsike of the bundle before he stretched out his hand to take the lifting the stretched out his hand to take the stretched out his hand to take the lifting the lifti package of tobacco. Then he answered, with his unfailing politeness,

The reply was so unexpected that it as invariable as the precession of th

"But no, m'sieu'," he replied; "it is not that, most assuredly. It is something entirely different — something very serious. It is a reformation that I commence. Does m'sieu' permit that I should inform him of it?"

sible unfolding of the tale. ' Does m'sieu' remember Mees Mee young? It was this demoiselle who changed my mind about the smoking.

But not in a moment, you understand it was a work of four days, and she spoke much.

at the stern of the canoe, and she said that the tobacco was a filthy weedune herbe sale-that it grew in the devil's garden, and that it smelled bad, terribly bad, and that it made the air sick, and that even the pig would not eat it.

his way he was as sensitive as a woman, and he would rather have been upset in his canoe than have expesed himself to the reproach of offending any one of his patrons by unpleasant or unseemly conduct.
"What did you do then, Pat?"

asked.

"Certainly I put out the pipe-what could I do otherwise? But thought that what the demoiselle Mee lair has said was very strange, and not true-exactly; for I have often seen the tobacco grow, and it springs up out of the ground like the wheat or the beans, and it has beautiful leaves, broad and green, with sometimes a red flower at the top. Does the good God cause the filthy weeds to grow like that? Are they not all clean that He has made? The potato—it is not And the onion. It has a strong smell; but the demoiselle Meelair she ate much of the onion-when we were not at the Island House, but in the camp. And the smell of the tobaccothis is an affair of the taste. For me I love it much; it is like a spice When I come home at night to the camp fire, where the boys are smoking, the smell of the pipes runs far out into the woods to salute me. It says, 'Here we are, Patrique; come in near to the fire.' The smell of the tobacco is more sweet than the smell of the fish. The pig loves it not, assu

I had to confess that in the affair of taste I sided with Patrick rather than with the pig. "Continue," I saidcontinue, my boy. Miss Miller must have said more than that to reform

second day we were making the lunch at midday on the island below the first rapids. I smoked the pipe on a rock apart, after the collation. Mees Meelair comes to me, and says: 'Patrique my man, do you comprehend that the bacco is a poison? You are committing the murder of yourself, Then she

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CHAPTER XII. " PERFECT GALLOWES."
—The Tempest · A murker which I thought a sacrifice. -Othello

"He uses his folly like a stalking horse, and oder the presentation of that shoots his wit." -As You Like It. But see, his face is black and full of blood, His eye halls further out than when he lived Staring full ghastly like a strangled man."

Close up to the dawn, Lord Edward and Maurice Blake sat in earnest talk. The shock of the explosion of the French Revolution had been felt, and the flame

Revolution had been felt, and the flame seen as far as Dublin. Lord Edward was eager to be away to Paris.

"It is Liberty's school," he said to Blake. "I will learn the lesson there and teach my countrymen on my return."

"Pray God you learn and teach no other lesson," said Blake. "For me there is a limit even to liberty. I draw the line at rebellion against God.

"Look to your heart," he went on in a lighter tone. "The French girls, I hear, have bright eyes."

have bright eyes."
"I have had the fever and am safe,"
"I have had the fever and am safe,"
retorted Lord Edward, laughing, for he
could now jest about a wound that was

could now jest about a would that was agony a year before.

"You have only had the blue-eye epi-demic,"said Blake, with a smile. "Dark-eye, they say, is the more fatal form of the fever. You may bury your bachelorhood in Paris unless you have a care. Heads and hearts are in jeopardy in that gay capital, if rumor runs right."
"I warrant I will keep my head on my

shoulders and my heart in my bosom till we meet again," cried Lord Edward, as he clasped his friend's hand heartily in he clasped his filed.

A couple of hours later found Maurice Blake, blythe and gay as if an all night's sitting refreshed, not wearied him, true to his appointment at the door of Sir Valentine Blake's house in Dominick street. He was mounted on the famous black horse which Lord Edward had so ad-

Sir Valentine's spacious travelling coach was at the door, with four horses harnessed to it, and the postillions already in their saddles. The old man welcomed him cordially,

and his son was, in outward manner, at least, scarcely less cordial. Sir Miles Blake looked pale and wan in the searching morning light, and his breath came short and his son helped him a little carelessly into his great coat, lined with the velvety skins of the otter, which then infested the rivers and lakes of Ireland. Something of the pained sur-prise which Maurice lelt must have been written on his face, for Sir Miles replied

about with me here." He touched the region of the heart as he spoke. "Not a pleasant travelling companion, but I must humor the fellow, or he may strike at any moment. Last night's excitement has made him restive." made him restive.

"Heart disease," whispered Mark
Blake, in an aside whisper, a little callously Mark thought, as he helped his
father into the spacious carriage, and

"An old man, sir," he said, "and

weak. The doctors tell me I carry death about with me here." He touched the

took his place beside him.

The plan of the journey had been arranged the previous night. It was needful that Sir Miles should travel in short stages with long rests. Maurice Blake, to whom experience had made the saddle as comfortable as an arm chair, preferred to make the journey on horse-

for the night. Christy Culkin had a seat on the box. For Maurice Blake the week's journey For Maurice Blake the week's jointey was full of strange and sad experiences. It was lovely weather in the early autumn, which is the very tit-bit of the Irish climate. The bright sky and fair green land made the contrast sharp and

ad with the misery of the people.

At first the country folk were a little with Maurice Blake, but his frank, shy with Maurice Blake, but his frank, kindly manner, and his quick sympathy, speedily won their hearts. They told him the story of their lives. It was still the same story, though told with many tongues — told with a simplicity that vouched its truth—told, too, with touches of quaint humor that made the pathos of it more pathetic. There was scarcely a life that had not some tragedy in it. Now it was a home destroyed by a landlord's whim: now it was some dear ord's whim; now it was some dear me maimed or slain for devotion to the old faith. These incidents stood out in harper pain from lives of blank, hopeess ignorance, and misery enforced by

> SYRUP OF ~LINSEED O TURPENTINE

DRCHASES

OBSTINATE COUGHS.

"My daughter being afflicted with "My daughter being amotect was an obstinate cough which resisted the curative effects of almost all the ad-vertised cough remedies, and having placed an order for 3 doz. of Chase's Linscod and Turpentine in W. W. Linseed and Turpentine in W. W. Carter's Drug Store, of which I am manager, I was induced to try bottle. A few doses gave relief and the one bottle effected a cure. I can highly recommend it as being pleas ant to take and efficaci E. PRINGLE,

Price, 25 Cents.

assed from lip to lip.

A moment after there was a knock at is own door, and, almost before he could mired in the old days in America, and which he had carried with him to Ire-

"Yer honor heard the news, of course?

most of his intelligence.

"No," answered Blake again shortly.

"Well?"

sisted the other,
"I heard nothing good of him," said
Blake. "I have heard many curse him
and none bless. But what of him now?

he brought to ruin, more shame to the fathers and brothers that listened to him "It is not by murder the country will

"True for you, yer honor," said the waiter, with a look of penitence. "That's waiter, with a look of penitence. "That's the mischief of it, intirely. But if there was not someone killed now and again,

stairs two at a time to talk over the de-tails with "morose delectation" among his fellows in the kitchen.

When Maurice Blake breakfasted in the public sitting-room of the hotel next morning, the talk still ran on the murder, and highly edifying were the comments he heard amongst the landlords and land

that mentioned it. A tolerated Papist is a murderer. I'd as soon open a wild beasts' cage and call that toleration. The instinct of these fellows is blood. Nothing but bars and bolts can restrain them

This year the shooting was not up to the This year the shooting was not if the average bag, and he ordered me to clear out the village of Mulawaddy. 'It will be a lesson to those damn poachers, Joyee,' he said to me quite carelessly as we part-

starting point.

The poor fool was draped in rags from his bare head to his bare feet—" a thing of shreds and patches." Yet, as with careless ease he confronted the officer and

careless ease he confronted the officer and yoemen, even the rags could not hide the graceful figure, lithe, slender, and active as a greyhound's. If it were not that the light blue eye wandered and flashed so wildly, the pale, thin face might almost have been counted handsome.

The group thus gathered into a recess where the road bulged into the wood under the broad shade of a spreading beech, seemed to Blake so curious that

to a walk.

They were so engrossed in their talk, and the horse's feet fell so soitly on the turf, they noticed nothing.

They talked loudly, and their talk turned on the murder of Lord Clearanstown. The officer was plainly pumping the "foel."

town. The officer was plainly pumping the "fool."

"You heard tell of this business about

Lord Clearanstown, Thady," he said coaxingly.
"Clearanstown enagh! Is it of the corpse you name?" asked Thady, abruptly. "Troth an' I did that so. I was ruptly. "Troth an' I death set I might say. in very near at the death, as I might say. I seen him before his body was well could

officer looked a bit vexed. The fool was getting the best of it.

"Where is your religion, Thady?" he said, a little tardy. "What about the mercy of God, and all that kind of thing?"

There is another laugh, and the officer thought it safer to let theology slide.
"Ye have no notion who took this job
in hand in the long run, Thady?" he said.
"It would be a pity anything would hap-

in his new quarters quickly, "it's to heaven I'm going, no

g. Blake's sword was out in an instant With a quick back stroke he cut the tau rope in two and the keen edge bit throug

Standing in his stirrups, Blake raise his sword again for one downright stroke that must cleave the huge head like pumpkin. But the giant was unarme

it, and the blacksmith gives it a bit of a Then, the end of the rope that still

well, your p tinue Meela volun

tells m tine, I

goes in

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generations that his Canadian forebears had purged of all else Irish, Patrique readily made me acquainted with what had gone before. We had hauled our canoes and camp stuff over the terrible road that leads stuff over the terrible road that leads to the lake, with much creaking and groaning of wagens, and complaining bad c of men, who declared that the mud grew deeper and the hills steeper every year, and vowed their customary vow never to come that way again. At last our tents were pitched on a green point of balsams, close beside the water. The delightful sense of peace and freedom descended upon our souls. Prosper and Ovide were cutting wood for loud the campfire; Francois was getting

"Here, Pat," said I, as my hand fell on a large square parcel—"here is some superfine tobacco that I got in Onebec for you and the other men on this trip. Not like the damp stuff you had last year-a little bad smoke and too many bad words. This is tobacco to burn-something quite particular, you understand. How does that please

but more solemnly than usual:
"A thousand thanks to m'sieu'. But this year I shall not have need of the good tobacco. It shall be for the

almost took my breath away. For Pat, the steady smoker, whose pipes were equinoxes, to refuse his regular rations of the soothing weed was a thing un-heard of. Could he be growing proud in his old age? Had he some secret supply of cigars concealed in his kit, which made him scorn the golden Vir ginia leaf? I demanded an explana

Of course I permitted, or rather warmly encouraged, the fullest pislair, a demoiselle tall and not too

"The first day it was at the Island House; we were trolling for ouananiche, and she was not pleased for she lost many of the fish. I was smoking

I could imagine Patrick's dismay as he listened to this dissertation; for in

redly; but what then? I am not To me it is good, good, good pig. To me it is good, g

"Truly," replied Pat. "On the