

[For the Casket.]  
The War-Spirit.

From the innermost, undermost depths of the deep,  
Where the battle-dogs leashed gnaw their chains  
In their sleep,  
From their outermost, farthest confines of hell,  
Where the demons of discord and strife-furies dwell,  
Amid blazing of homesteads and shrieking of shells,  
Amid wailing of women and clamor of bells,  
Amongst eyes dark with passion and faces aflame,  
In hatred, in terror, in madness, in shame,  
At the lowest ebb-tide man's nobility knows,  
The Spirit of War in wild riot arose.  
She is queen by dread right of the base in the soul,  
For the needle of character swerves from its pole,  
When passion and pride are combined to deflect.  
In a whirlwind of hate she rides proudly erect,  
A heart is her footstool; the sob and the moan  
Of the soldier, her music; her sceptre a bone.  
She feasts like a ghoul on the bodies of men.  
When the spirit grows faint she can fire it again,  
For she brews an elixir for veins that are dull,  
The potion is blood, and the beaker, a skull.

—Mary Agnes O'Connor.

IN THE GARDEN OF THE CHATEAU.

Continued from last issue.

'Ah, Gabrielle! I know what I should do. I should be true to my lover.'  
'Yolande, dear, you never had a father who loved and commanded you. And it seems I must do wrong in robbing Colonel de St. Valorie of what my father left him in trust with me.'  
'Then give it to him!' said Yolande, with a royal wave of her hand; 'or share it with him. Buy him off. When you get to heaven you can explain it all to your father, cousin Gabrielle; and it is my firm belief that he and his old friend, De St. Valorie's father, will have both gained in the meantime light on several subjects, seeing that they have been a long time putting their heads together about things in general in a wiser world.'  
Gabrielle shook her head.  
'You have no sense of responsibility or you could not talk so lightly of awful things,' she said. 'But hasten now, Yolande, or De St. Valorie will be into the chateau to look for me.'  
Gabrielle then retreated and Yolande continued her dressing.  
'A pretty situation!' she said. 'I wonder how I am to conduct such an affair? I must rely on inspiration, for poor Gabrielle is not in a state of mind to enlighten me.'  
Yolande twisted her golden hair into a picturesque knot on top of her head and gowned herself in the pure white which suited her personality. Her face had the fair freshness of a newly opened rose or lily; and the supple of a humorous smile which now touched it was very familiar to it. A saucy, charming, yet dignified maiden she looked as she passed down the garden walk, between the tall scarlet snapdragons and the white lilies nearly as tall as herself. The garden was delicious in its early morning freshness; fruit trees glittering with dew, birds twittering matins, air full of perfume of musk and lavender, roses burning ruby red on the arch midway down toward the arbor in the high yew screen. A peacock stood on the yew hedge and spread out his incomparable tail and screamed.  
'Colonel de St. Valorie, you are keeping your betrothed waiting,' said Yolande aloud to herself, with a little laugh, as she gathered a sprig of lavender and sniffed its scent.  
'No; on my word, I have been here for a quarter of an hour!' cried a man's voice behind her; and Yolande turned quickly, with another irrepressible slight laugh, making a musical note on the air.  
'Really! Excuse my reproach, which was only soliloquy. But pray, Monsieur Valorie, why have you made choice of this very untimely hour? Suppose I had been a sleepy-headed person?'  
'You don't look it,' answered De St. Valorie. 'What he thought she did look was visible in his eyes. He did not say 'You look adorable,' but the words are a literal translation of what his countenance involuntarily conveyed.  
'I had to rub my eyes, I assure you,' said Yolande; 'and the dew and the birds wake one up.'  
So rapidly had she dropped upon an amusing false position that she found herself running on its lines without stopping to think what was to come of it. At least, she was gaining time for Gabrielle, as she had been bidden to do.  
'It is I who need to rub my eyes,' said De St. Valorie, amazed. 'I thought I had a quite vivid recollection of your eyes, hair and complexion. I imagined my little sweetheart was brunette—a rich dark rose rather than a lily.'  
'What!' exclaimed the girl. 'You expect a brune imp of seven to appear a brunette at twenty-five?'  
'You cannot be twenty-five years old!' said De Valorie.  
'You are a bad timekeeper, Monsieur. Seven and eighteen are twenty-five. And you are thirty-five.'  
'Alas, yes!'

'Oh, do not be so sad about it!' said Yolande, and she looked critically at the striking figure before her. Here was a very distinguished looking soldier, with bronzed skin and bright eyes, shining with almost boyish gaiety, causing him to look younger than his age.  
'Ten years make a difference, don't they?' he said, sighing. But sighs did not seem to suit him. He smiled again as he observed Yolande's critical looks.  
'Nay, nor twelve,' she said, reflecting that she herself was younger than Gabrielle, and that if this lover had been hers she would not have thought him too old. Alas! why had one maiden a double share of affection for her disturbance, and another none at all for her happiness?  
'How rejoiced I am to hear you say so!' said De St. Valorie. 'I feared you might think me too old. For you—you look so divinely young, such a very flower of a woman—a girl and yet a woman! Ah, Gabrielle, what a happy man I am this morning! Until I might hear you, understand from you that I was not quite displeasing to you—betrothals arranged by others are not always satisfactory—until reassured by you I felt restless.'  
'But I have assured you of nothing,' she replied, startled at hearing herself called Gabrielle, and feeling a qualm of conscience at carrying a jest too far.  
At this moment another figure turned a corner of the yew hedges and was seen approaching them. It was Antoine!  
'Good morning, Monsieur Antoine!' said Yolande, turning to him quickly to recover from her embarrassment and holding out a white hand. 'Allow me to introduce you to Monsieur le Colonel de St. Valorie. Gentlemen, I hope you will be friends. Allow me to present you each with a flower.'  
The two men bowed to each other; Antoine scowling and St. Valorie with a slight shade on his face, the result of Yolande's last word to him.  
She divided the sprigs of lavender in her hand into two sheaves, reserving a single spike, for herself, and presented each man with a sheaf.  
'Smell!' said the young girl. 'Is it not good? Now, gentlemen, in return for my present, I shall ask each of you to lend me his sword.'  
Both looked at her in astonishment, De St. Valorie with the shade deepening on his face as he observed the frowning aspect of the other man. Was this girl a coquette, after all? How little he knew of her, though she had seized on his heart at the first moment of their meeting! Nevertheless, she was his huge mistress and she should have her will. He slowly drew his sword from the scabbard and presented it to her, saying:  
'Be careful of it, fair lady. Mine is a sword that is prepared for use, and is dangerous in unaccustomed hands.'  
She took it carefully, turned the point to the ground, and so held it.  
'Your sword, Monsieur Antoine?'  
'I cannot imagine your intention,' said Antoine, bitterly; 'but my sword is fully as prepared for use as that of Monsieur le Colonel. Allow me—' and he placed the sword in position like the other one, and

Yolande's left hand rested on the hilt. So she stood, with a hand on each sword, and looked from one to the other of the men who were so puzzled by her.  
'Gentlemen, you are good beyond all praise for so humoring me. I want you now to swear that, whatever betide, you two will be friends.'  
Neither spoke, while the glances exchanged between them did not augur well for the fulfilment of her desire.  
'What, for instance, would you do—either or both of you—if the Marquise de Rossignol should elect to remain a solitary woman all her lifetime?'  
'But she will not do so!' exclaimed Antoine, fiercely.  
De St. Valorie did not speak, only glanced quickly from Yolande to Antoine and from Antoine to Yolande. His heart was sinking, his bronzed cheek paled. Was this a cast off lover for whom he might or might not be substituted? O woman, woman!  
'Monsieur de St. Valorie,' observed Antoine, 'this trifling may be very pretty, it means nothing. I hope neither of us is so bloodthirsty as the play of a fanciful lady would suggest; but it is well you should know that, whatever your pretensions may be, the Marquise de Rossignol has pledged her troth to me of her own free-will and desire, and not as the result of unnatural interference from any other person.'  
'Is this true?' asked De St. Valorie, looking at Yolande.  
'Ah, here she comes!' cried Yolande, with an air of relief.  
'Who?' asked De St. Valorie.  
The eyes of all three turned to the far end of the garden walk and rested on a woman approaching.  
'Gabrielle!' repeated De St. Valorie, removing her eyes from the slowly advancing Marquise.  
'Gabrielle!' repeated De St. Valorie, in amazement. 'Then, lady, who are you, pray?'  
'A cousin, a temporary substitute,' returned Yolande, with her sweet, irrepressible laugh. 'Je ne suis pas la rose, Monsieur, mais j'ai vecu pres d'elle!'  
Gabrielle drew near. Her face was pale under the shadow of her hair, her eyes darker with distress than nature had made them. She looked like a beautiful figure of tragedy, in the black dress over which she had thrown a white kerchief. Yolande and the two men looked at her questioningly as she stood among them.  
Gabrielle turned first to her lover.  
'Antoine,' she said, 'I have thought it out. Monsieur de St. Valorie, I am sorry I cannot say you are welcome. Believing you dead, I gave my promise to another man. My father forbids me to marry another than your father's son. My only course now is to remain unmarried and to resign my inheritance to you—'  
'Heaven!' cried Yolande. 'What a guess I made by chance! With your nature, Gabrielle, I suppose you have no alternative.'  
There was a breathless pause. The Colonel turned his eyes on Yolande, then on Gabrielle.  
'Madame la Marquise,' he said, 'be at

rest on the subject of your father's will. There is I believe, no clause in it to compel my wishes. I here solemnly renounce all claim to your hand and fortune. In truth, if it is necessary to speak forcibly, I reject them. I have affections to bestow as well as you. I only pray that I may be as fortunate in placing them as Monsieur Antoine has been. Let us be friends. Fair lady, whose name I do not know, will you return me my sword?'  
'Willingly,' responded Yolande. 'And yours? Can I trust you with it?' she added, with an arch smile at Antoine.  
'Colonel,' replied Antoine, 'you are magnanimous; but your generosity must not be taken advantage of too literally. I and my future wife will pledge ourselves to that.'  
'If you allude to worldly fortune,' answered De St. Valorie, 'I have enough of it. More would but embarrass me. Would you be more thoroughly satisfied I will confess that since arriving at Bois-de-Merle I have lost my heart ere ever I set eyes on the Marquise Gabrielle. I should have been unhappy indeed had the daughter of my father's friend been willing to fulfil the conditions of a betrothal made in childhood.'  
Gabrielle and Antoine glanced at Yolande who, however, did not appear to notice their observation. Her part 'being played out, she stood sniffing her sprig of lavender, with her saucy little nose in the air, and an appearance of remaining quite unconcerned by the explanations which were being exchanged among the others.  
'Yolande,' said Gabrielle presently, 'you have been very good to me already this morning. Will you further oblige me by showing the Colonel the way into the chateau for breakfast?'  
Yolande made her cousin a playful little courtesy, sweeping backward and allowing Gabrielle and Antoine to walk on together; then, with an air of mock duty and obedience, she pointed out to De St. Valorie the way alone by the yew hedges round toward the entrance to the chateau of the De Rossignols.  
'Mademoiselle Yolande,' said De St. Valorie, 'pray do not hasten so quickly. It is hardly breakfast time yet. Will you pardon me for having just now addressed you by a name that is not your own?'  
'Certainly,' said Yolande; 'if you will also forgive me for questioning the fidelity of your memory, and the ways of Nature in holding true to her original idea in the coloring of a human being.'  
'Will you give me a flower, please, Mademoiselle? Your sprig of lavender is sweet, but hardly a flower.'  
'You shall have a whole bouquet, Monsieur. The Marquise is generous with her flowers.'  
'I want only a lily, and from you.'  
'I do not see one, Monsieur; but I hear the bell for breakfast.'  
'Ah! were you laughing at me when you said that ten years of difference were not too much—'nay, nor twelve?' Those were your words. Answer me, Yolande. Are you two years younger than your cousin Gabrielle?'  
'It is not polite to ask a lady's age, Monsieur,' said Yolande.  
'Be in earnest for a moment. Do not heed the bell. I cannot wait till after breakfast. I am a soldier. I have had a hard, loveless life. I am rapid in my movements, perhaps; but, Yolande, I love you!'  
Yolande's fair face took a rosy tinge, but she laughed again with a hint of delicate mockery in the laughter.  
'You are rapid, Monsieur. A woman cannot keep pace with you soldierly strides. Your imagination is, perhaps, affected by long fasting. Breakfast will be useful in

the way of steadying your mind. My cousin Gabrielle's cook makes excellent coffee and the De Rossignol grapes are perfect.'  
De St. Valorie, snubbed but happy, followed her along through the flowers, asking no more questions till he reached the chateau. Then he said:  
'You will walk with me in the garden another time, Mademoiselle Yolande?'  
'Probably,' returned Yolande. 'But the coffee is getting cold.'  
It was June then. Two distinguished weddings took place at Bois-de-Merle before the roses were out of bloom in the garden of the chateau.—Lady Rosa Gilbert in the Ave Maria.  
[Concluded.]

**DIGESTION, ASSIMILATION, NUTRITION.**  
In catarrhal diseases which wastes greatly the bodily vigor, the stomach gets out of order, food passes on undigested into the intestines, clogging up and constipating. Indigestion runs into dyspepsia, constipation and malnutrition. The patient loses strength and flesh. A chronic cough sets in. Rest is impossible.  
**Park's Perfect Emulsion**  
contains the necessary elements of animal organization, in the form of a pleasant liquid food, easily borne by delicate stomachs. It stimulates the secretions of the digestive organs, thereby aiding digestion in the natural method. It is easily assimilated and very nutritious. The Guaiacol in it destroys microbe life common in consumption, bronchitis, asthma and chronic coughs. This combination is endorsed and prescribed by the leading physicians throughout the Dominion. It puts on flesh, makes rich blood.  
Price 50 Cents per Bottle, of all Druggists.  
—Manufactured by—  
**HATTIE & MYLIUS, HALIFAX, N. S.**

**FUR RUFF FREE**  
Earn this handsome rufflet by selling only 2 doz. large packages of delicious perfume at 10 cts. a package. It is so fragrant and lasting that a single package placed in a handkerchief box or cardigan sweater will perfume the entire contents for years. It is in the popular colors: Rose, Violet and Heliotrope, and is put up in packages bearing lovely designs of flowers and leaves in all the delicate and varied colors of nature. Nothing sells like it. Everybody loves it. One hour's easy work will earn this magnificent ruff. It is made of selected skins and is a perfect imitation of the finest sable. It is 22 inches long, has a real head and tail and makes a comfortable and fashionable addition to the winter dress. Write and we will send the perfume. Sell it, return the money, and your ruff will be sent the same day postpaid. This offer is good for 30 days. THE ROSE PERFUME CO. BOX 317 TORONTO.

**THE 1901 SESSION**  
OF THE  
**Maritime Business College,**  
HALIFAX, N. S.  
COMMENCES ON  
**Wednesday, Jan. 2nd.**  
Students are admitted at any time, but better come first day.  
**KAULBACK & SCHURMAN,**  
Proprietors.  
CATHOLIC PRAYER BOOKS, Rosaries Crucifixes Scapulars, Religious pictures, Statuary and Church ornaments, Educational works Mail orders receive prompt attention. D. & J. SADLER & CO., Montreal.

**FURNACES, RANGES, STOVES,**  
— AT —  
**D. G. KIRK'S.**  
THE LEADING **HARDWARE FIRM** IN EASTERN NOVA SCOTIA  
**ROYAL GRAND RANGES. MAYFLOWER RANGES. PRIZE RANGES. CHARTER OAK STOVES. MARITIME STOVES. NIAGARA'S. STARS and WATER-LOO'S.** Also all the best makes of PARLOUR, HALL and BOX STOVES, suited for coal or wood.



**SLEIGH ROBES** STILL LEAD ALL OTHERS  
Do not lose sight of the fact that the...  
**SASKATCHEWAN BUFFALO ROBE and COAT**  
Still Lead.  
Do not be deceived by taking anything else called just as good. There are no Robes that give the satisfaction that Saskatchewan Buffalo Robes do. Look out for the Trade Mark every time.

**D. GRANT KIRK.**

**SALESMEN WANTED.**  
TO SELL  
**FRUIT TREES, ORNAMENTAL SHRUBS, ROSES, ETC.**  
The Finest Range of Goods in Canada.  
**STEADY EMPLOYMENT. GOOD PAY.**  
Will sell direct to purchaser where we have no agent. Stock guaranteed. Delivery in healthy condition. Write  
**PELHAM NURSERY CO.,**  
Toronto, Canada.

**CAPITAL. EQUIPMENT. EXPERIENCE.**  
Every advantage that these three yield in  
**BOOTS AND SHOES**  
will be found in the product of the  
Amherst Boot and Shoe Mfg. Co.  
**Amherst Boot and Shoe Co.,**  
Amherst, N. S.  
Branches: Halifax and Charlottetown.