

THE END OF THE STORY.

(Catholic File-aid.)

The wind sighed gently through the cypress and magnolia trees, sending little showers of starchy orange blossoms like snowflakes to the ground. The moon was rising solemnly in the dark blue sky, and in the distance the soft lapping of the lazy Mediterranean against the shore sounded musingly. It was an evening for love, grace, and beauty—on an evening when every heart-pulse is stirred by the exquisite joy of living for the young. But for those whose youth was but a memory of the past it must hold sad thoughts—perhaps bitter ones. Perhaps it is to them the mirage of lovely evenings long ago, when they lived in the happy future and had no bitter-sweet past to haunt them. To the two standing on the moonlit path there was no past, no future—only a glorious, joyful present. The girl's face was like a lovely blossom. The large Spanish eyes under their drooping lids, were like stars; the black lace mantilla threw up the white skin which she had inherited from a Northern mother; the slim figure, in its pink dress, had all the undulatory grace of a Spanish senorita. He was of the usual type of a handsome young Englishman—sunny brown hair, blue eyes, and tall, broad-shouldered figure. Presently he unclasped his arms and looked down earnestly into her dark eyes. "Lucia," he said, gravely, "we are very happy, are we not?" She gazed at him half-startled. "Yes, Hugh, of course we are."

They travelled about all over France. One day he got a telegram at which he looked very upset. He told his wife that it was from his father, who was dying, and who had sent for him. "Hiding her a hurried good-bye, he started off. An hour later he was brought back to her dying. The horse which was taking him to the station had taken fright and thrown him out. He opened his eyes as his wife bent over him. "Lucia," he said, faintly, "forgive—I received you." "Then he died. She at once telegraphed to the address on the telegram. She was then in Paris. The next day a gentleman was shown into the room at the hotel she was staying at. "He introduced himself as the family lawyer, and told her that her husband's father had died the day before. He then asked to see the certificate of marriage, as it appeared that her husband had kept his father in ignorance of his marriage—for reasons best known to himself. "After the funeral was over the widow was prevailed upon to return to England and live at her husband's home, as she was expecting a child to be born to her, who would be the heir to the family estates. "She was very kindly treated by her husband's aunt, who had been housekeeper there for many years. One day, when the young widow was sitting in her bedroom, she heard her name mentioned by someone in the next room, which was her dressing-room. She recognized the voice of her maid and that of one of the parlourmaids. "Yes, Jane," one of them was saying, "I must say as the missis is very good, though she do follow all that Popery."

"Well," replied the other, "I shouldn't care if she were a Mohammedan as long as she acted fair by me. Besides, I dare say as 'ow she will turn Protestant some day." "I dare say—but do you know what Darton told me this morning?"—in a mysterious whisper. "Why, that when the missis's child is born it would have to be brought up a Protestant, as no Catholic could inherit the estate of it." "I suppose the missis knows." "In course she does. I don't fancy she will like it, though." "Then the two servants went down stairs, and the silent listener stood as if stunned by the news. A few minutes after the aunt came in to see if the young widow were comfortable, and the latter asked her point blank if the story she had just heard were true. "The old lady appeared very surprised, and said that certainly it was. Thereupon Lucia made up her mind as to what she would do. The child should not be born at Rexford Chase, heartbroken at her dead husband's death, she packed up a few necessities and took the next train to a village a good many miles away, where an old nurse of hers lived. She knew they would never find her there. There the child was born—a boy. After some time she heard that her grandmother had died and left her just enough to live upon. She returned with the child to Spain, and for some time lived quietly at Madrid. Then, as the boy grew older, she felt that he must be educated in England. He must have a sound Catholic education. When he came of age she would tell him all and he should choose between his faith and worldly estate. With the aid and influence of a priest she knew, the boy was sent to Stonyhurst College, and she took rooms near there that he might spend his holidays with her. "Night and day she prayed that he might grow strong for the coming battle. She would never influence him, Hugh—he must look to someone higher for that. My part of the story is finished. Hugh—my own Hugh!" "There was a long silence. Then the hero of the story looked up. "I am not Hugh Zamora, then?" he said, in a dazed voice. "No, Zamora is my maiden name. Your name is Sir Hugh Rexford, of Rexford Chase, and possessor of an income of six thousand a year." Hugh leaped to his feet. "Six thousand a year!" he exclaimed, "and an estate. Oh, mother, you and I are dreaming! Six thousand a year!" "Six thousand a year or your faith, Hugh," was the grave reply. "The happy light died out of his eyes. "My God!" he said, "I had forgotten. Oh, why did you tell me, mother? Do you know what that money means to me?"—almost fiercely. "It means the fulfilment of my greatest hopes and desires. It means that Margaret would be my wife. I can't—I won't give her up!" Suddenly the silence around was broken by the sound of a bell—it was the midnight Mass bell. Mrs. Zamora—or, to give her her proper title, Lady Rexford—took up a long cloak from the chair beside her. "Come with me, Hugh," she said. "Pray and think over what you will do." Together they walked across the hard, crisp roads to the little Catholic chapel near by. All inside spoke of the Christ child. Some rays from the Divine Babe seemed to be shining on the faces of those assembled. The "Gloria" rose higher and higher along the nave in one long succession of exultant strains. Lady Rexford watched the conflicting emotions passing across her son's face, and she prayed on. Presently a boy's sweet treble began the "Agnus Dei." Sir Hugh clasped his

hands in a agony of prayer—a prayer for mercy on his weakness in the strength of his temptation. At length the Mass was over and the choir sang the carols—carols old as the faith which had given them birth. The walk home was silent. Then, as they regained the sitting-room they had left, Hugh knelt at his mother's feet. "Where are the papers which prove my right to the property?" he said, quietly. "I will get them, Hugh." He took them up the light as she returned with them. "They are all there," she said, softly: "the certificate of your birth and all. They belong to you now." For some moments their new owner stood undecided, the papers which were the proof of his birthright held tightly in his hand. Then he quietly walked to the fire, and, throwing them in the midst of the glowing coals, watched them slowly burn. A neighbouring clock betokened the birth of another day and roused him from his reverie. "Mother," he said, huskily, "I have finished my story. Have I given it the right ending?"

Two Facts worthy of attention



Is sold in Sealed Lead Packets only. THIS IS ONE FACT. Here's another Full net weight guaranteed. Lead packets only. 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c, 80c. By 1 Grocers.

growing. "Are they the front legs?" asked Bob. "No the hind legs appear first," said Aunt Polle, "and then, after a time, the front legs." "They must look queer with legs and a long tail," said Bee. "They gradually begin to look more like little frogs," said Aunt Polle, "the shape of the head changes, and very soon the long legs begin to get shorter. As soon as the four legs have grown, it is as well to move them into shallow water, and put small pieces of pumstone into the water." "For the tadpole to eat?" said Bee. They all laughed. "No, to sit upon," said Aunt Polle. "for as soon as the tadpole becomes a frog he cannot live entirely in the water—he has to come up to breathe."

AN AUDACIOUS WEASEL.

John Burroughs has some trouble in selecting his chickens from the wren sets that lurk in the woods around his stabled cabin near West Park, on the Hudson. In the August Century, in "Glimpses of Wild Life About My Cabin," he thus describes an encounter with an especially pertinacious robber. "I was standing in my porch with my dog, talking with my neighbour and his wife, who, with their dog, were standing in the road a few yards in front of me. A chicken suddenly screamed in the bushes up behind the rocks just beyond my friends. Then it came rushing down over the rocks past them, flying and screaming, closely pursued by a long, slim red animal, that seemed to slide over the rocks like a serpent. Its legs were so short that one saw only the swift, gliding motion of its body. Across the road into the garden, within a yard of my friends, went the pursued and the pursuer, and into the garden rushed I and my dog. The weasel seized the chicken by the wing, and was being dragged along by the latter in its effort to escape, when I arrived upon the scene. With a savage glee I had my foot upon many a day I planted my foot upon the weasel. I held him underneath yielded, and I held him without hurting him. He let go his hold upon the chicken and seized the sole of my shoe in his teeth. Then I reached down and gripped him with my thumb and forefinger just back of the ears, and lifted him up, and looked his impotent rage in the face. What gleaming eyes, what an array of threatening teeth, what reaching of vicious claws, what a wriggling and convulsed body! But I had him firmly. He could only scratch my hand and bare his fangs from his electric, bug-like eyes. In the meantime my dog was bounding up, begging to be allowed to have his way with the weasel. But I knew what he did not; I knew that in anything like a fair encounter the weasel would get the first hold, would draw the first blood, and hence probably effect his escape. So I carried him, writhing and scratching, to a place in the road removed from any near cover, and threw him violently upon the ground, hoping thereby to stun and bewilder him that the ferrier could rush in and crush him before he recovered his wits. But I had miscalculated; the blow did indeed stun and confuse him, but he was still too quick for the dog, and had him by the lip like an electric trap. Nip lifted up his head and swung the weasel violently about in the air, trying to shake him off, uttering a cry of rage and pain, but did not succeed in loosening the animal's hold for some moments. When he had done so, and attempted to seize him a second time, the weasel was first again, but quickly released his hold and darted about this way and that, seeking cover. Three or four times the dog was upon him, but found him each time too hot to be held. Seeing that the creature was likely to escape, I set my foot upon him again, and made a dash for it.

THE CORONATION OATH.

The following resolution has been put on record by St. Mary's branch of the Toronto Catholic Truth Society. Moved by Rev. Wm. McCann, seconded by W. E. Blake—it is hereby resolved that this society place on record its entire approval of the resolution passed by the St. Joseph's branch of the "Catholic Truth Society" of Ottawa, on the 15th day of February last past, in regard to the Coronation Oath, and its accompanying objectionable declaration against several fundamental Catholic doctrines. And, furthermore, that this society is of the opinion that the movement thus begun by the Ottawa society should be taken up by all the Catholic societies throughout the British Empire, and an agitation carried on in a legal manner until such Coronation Oath and Declaration are amended so as to do away with the objectionable features referred to in the said resolution of the Ottawa society, believing as we do that the fair-mindedness of the members of both Houses of the Imperial Parliament of Great Britain will cause them to see that it is in the interests of the Empire, and in accordance with British justice and fair play that the Coronation Oath and Declaration aforesaid should be so amended, and that the same will be accomplished at an early date. This society pledges itself to do all in its power by legal means to accomplish that most desired object. And it is further resolved that the recording secretary do forward a copy of these resolutions to the St. Joseph's branch of the "Catholic Truth Society" of Ottawa, and to the "Catholic Register," and "Catholic Record" for publication. There are cases of consumption so far advanced that Bickie's Anti-Consumptive Syrup will not give relief. For coughs, colds and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest, it is a specific which has never been known to fail. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, thereby removing the phlegm, and gives the diseased parts a chance to heal.

HUGH JOHN AND THE SCHOOL QUESTION.

Winnipeg, Man., July 28.—Hon. Hugh John Macdonald's Opposition leader, opened the Manitoba election campaign at Minnedosa last night. In the course of his speech, Mr. Macdonald stated that he took straight issue with the reformers. He held himself free to attack the policy of the Greenway Government. That was the reason he was present and also because an election was now in sight. On this occasion the Government would be forced to appeal to the people on its policy. The question of disallowance is now settled and a dead issue, Mr. Greenway and Sir Wilfrid Laurier have it in their power to dispose of the school question as a political issue. They have settled it. The settlement arrived at was not one which he would have made, because he considered it senseless and not satisfying to any one. However, he was willing to accept it as a settlement and allow that matter to remain as it is, though if their opponents choose to drag the question forward again he would be willing to meet them. Otherwise he was prepared to allow this question to be a dead issue. The boast had been made by at least three members of the Greenway Government that they had been returned by Conservative votes. The boast would not be made again.

HOW TADPOLES GROW.

"Aunt Polle" (in the person of Miss Maggie Browne) commences a fascinating series of articles in the August number of Cassell's Little Folks on the management of pets. Tadpoles are first dealt with. "Does the water have to be changed?" Does the water have to be changed? "Does the water have to be changed?" said Bessie. "I thought frogs lived in dirty water." "The water in a pond gets changed by the rain, doesn't it, Aunt Polle?" said Bessie. "Very often there is a stream running into the pond," said Bob. "And there is only a little water in the bowl," said Bee. "It has to be changed to give the tadpoles fresh air," said Aunt Polle, "and for that reason it must be changed every few days." "But don't the tadpoles get away whilst the water is being changed?" asked Bessie. "We used to ladle out our tadpoles with the soup-ladle into a small basin," said Aunt Polle, "so that the tadpoles see. I should love to do that." "Of course it must be done carefully," said Aunt Polle, "so that the tadpoles have always a little water to swim in." "One day," whispered Granlie, "Uncle Will chopped off a tadpole's tail when he was changing the water." "Did it mind?" asked Bessie. "I expect it thought it was a help," said Bee, "because it has to get rid of its tail." "I don't think it quite thought it was a help," said Aunt Polle; "but you remember to change the water carefully when you have tadpoles." "Well, they grow and grow, and what happens next?" said Bessie. "Two small legs appear," said Aunt Polle, "and you can see them gradually

POINT OF RESEMBLANCE.

"Don't you think baby is like mamma, George?" asked Mrs. Hornton. "Very. He talks all the time and never says anything."

THE BEST PILL.—Mr. Wm. Vandervoort, Sydney, Ontario, writes: "We have been using Parloee's Pills, and find them by far the best pills we ever used." For Delicate and Debilitated Constitutions these pills are like a charm. Taken in small doses, the effect is both a tonic and a stimulant, mildly exciting the secretions of the body, giving tone and vigor.

THE ANGLICAN CHURCH CRISIS.

The Weekly Register observes that the joint meeting of the Anglican Convocations to consider the question of Ecclesiastical Courts has had—as might have been anticipated—no practical result. Though the proceedings were private it has leaked out that the discussion on the resolutions submitted to the meeting was very warm and revealed serious differences in principle. Ultimately it was unanimously agreed to shelve the question for the present and leave it to be brought before the Convocations next year. The difficulty is, of course, the Final Court of Appeal. The Bishops propose to give the Final Court of Appeal a real power to revise the decisions of the Ecclesiastical Courts, and in this they are supported by all Broad and Low Churchmen, and some of the "Moderate High School." But the Lower House of Convocation, in which High Churchmen predominate, would only give the Court of Appeal power to remit the case to the Provincial Court, and would make the decision of the Bishops final on a point of ritual or doctrine. In other words the Lower House proposes to do away with the Royal Supremacy.

MGR. CLOUTIER'S CONSECRATION.

Three Rivers, Que., July 26.—After a short rest at the palace yesterday, following the consecration ceremonies, Mgr. Cloutier, accompanied by his distinguished visitors, proceeded to the City Hall and partook of a superb banquet prepared by the ladies of the city. His Lordship made a courteous after-dinner speech, and then visited the Sisters of Providence. A Te Deum was