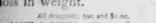
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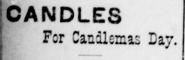


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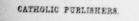
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BT M. M'D. BODKIN, Q. C. CHAPTER XI. COSTINUED. Lord Edward was scarcely less excited han his friend. In the handsome face of sir Miles the young man's eye and mem-

ory were quick to trace a resemblance to the grave, gaunt hermit of the woods, whose words had helped to mould his own life. Trait after trait came out of own life. Trait after trait came out of leature and expression as he looked. The roice, too, though modulated to gentlest courtesy, had at times a touch of that solemn earnestness he remembered so well. Resemblance carried his soul away

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD

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from this reverie. im from this reverie. " Lord Edward Fitzgerald is my anth-rity," cried a tilded young Republican-Viscount Neterville. "Those Americans vere neither cowards nor boors. Hesays hey were as brave in battle and as gen-tons in victory as the best of our fel-ws."

lows." "Lord Edward is no jndge of boorish-ness or cowardice," retorted Mark Blake, for it was he who had entered upon this new controversy. "He shared his own 178.8.

for it was he who had entered upon this new controversy. "He shared his own good qualities with the enemy." He spoke softly and smoothly, but there was a touch of irony in his tone that nettled Lord Edward. The whole company looked to him for an answer. "I ask no one to accept my opinion," he said very quietly, "but I hope no one will dispute my word." Then very briefly and modestly (naming no names) he told the story of his first and second encounter with Maurice Blake—his de-feat, his reacue, his careful tending, and his unconditional release.

s unconditional release.

A mutmur of applause ran around the table, in which all joined except Maurice Blake, who inwardly chafed at his own praise, and Mark Blake, who was coolly incredulona Mark's look ruffled Lord Edward.

"The man that finds meanness or cow-ardice in the American ranks," he said, quickly, "must bring with him what he finds."

The other flushed at the words, but re-

The other flushed at the words, but re-plied more gently than before: "I accept your statement, of course, my lord," he said "but you will be kind enough to allow me my liberty of jndg-ment. You have not shaken my belief that these rebels are little better than while Indiana as company but white Indians, as cruel, as cowardly, bu more cunning. The fellow you steak o ad doubtless some end of his own in isw when he spared your lordship

You forget, sir," retorted Lord Ed-"You lorget, sir," retorted Lord Ed-ward, angrily, " that he conquered before he spared me. I do not love boasting, but if Mark Blake thinks this an easy task for a coward he is at liberty to try. The man of whom I spoke," he went on, still more hotly, " is my friend, whose honor is as dear to me as my own, and " he had cannot night of a malicions -he had caught sight of a malicious mile on Lord Dulwich's face—"I al east number no cowards amongst my

There was a low buzz of applause as he There was a low buzz of applause as he spoke. It was felt the retort was de-srved. Lord Dulwich turned pale, and was silent, and Mark Blake flushed angrily, and for a moment seemed struggling with some angry retort. It was but for one moment. To dohim jus-tice, he at least was no coward; but he was no fool. He felt the social verdict was against him, and hastened to get right.

was no fool. He feit the social verdict
was against him, and hastened to get
" Forgive me, Lord Edward," he said :
" Forgive me, Lord Edward," he said :
" I spoke hastly and without thought. I
will confess that your friend and congueror "—there was the faint suspicion of a sneer in his smooth rich voice—"was a hero of ancient chivalry, the peerless knight of the tomahawk and scalping knife. Your praise shall be his passport to my most respectful admiration. But you will permit me to wonder how such a paragon found place amongst this rabble rout of rebels and assassins."
This time it was Maurice Blake that

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

brother's cane broken across the face of Dulwish a little. He assented with a took part with the whisperers against his

the target. If the part way have it is pointed to be target if the barker is pointed to be trained and brother-in-arms of the brave men you have calumniated," retorted Maurice Elake, sternly. There was a cold light in the other's eyes, but the smile was still on his liga. "I have much pleasure," he said, "in repeating my opinion, but I beg to with draw the exception which only respect for Lord Edward induced me to make. If I have failed to make myself quite clear, my friend, Lord Dulwich will exploke, and whipered a word or two in his lordship's ear. "Lord Edward," said Manrice, " may I trespass on your kindness?"

his lordship's ear.
"Lord Edward," said Maurice, "may I trespass on your kindness?"
Lord Dulwich had already risen from his place, and was moving towards the door, cold as an icicle. Finshed and ex-cited, Lord Edward leaped up, flinging his chair back with a crash on the floor.
He caught his friend's hand and pressed it for a moment, then hurried sfter Lord Dulwich, who paused atthe door and held it open for him to pass.
With a nod, 80 short that it was more an insult than a salute, Lord Edward ack-nowledged his courtey; and the two enemies walked side by side, but silently, down the marble stairs, on their mission iently kill each other.
In the dining-room there was a thrill of excitement as they left, an excitement not altogether painful. A duel was one of the institutions. There was scarcely one
the statitutions. There was scarcely one

excitement as they left, an excitement not altogether painful. A duel was one of the institutions of the time, jealous of of the institutions of the time, jealous of its institutions. There was scarcely one at the table who had not been on the ground. The older men were connois-sens in affairs of honor, and were critically satisfied with the scarce of the state of the scarce of the set of the state of the scarce o sects in an are of honor, and were critically satisfied with the progress of the quarrel. So far the game had been played accord-ing to the rules. The prologue had been fairly spoken, the exciting drama was fairly spoken, the exciting drama was

fairly spoken, the exciting drama was about to begin, to the accompaniment of sword clash or pistol shot. But no trace of the subdued excitement that prevailed was visible. Fashion for-bade. Wine and wit flowed freely as ever. Laughter was louder than before, while death made ready to join their company.

brother's cane broken across the face of her traducer but they never took definite shape, and the public heard only of a falling-out at cards.
When Mark Blake returned from the short trip abroad, which was the formal atonement the outraged law demanded, there was no more trace of violence than of remores on that handsome, smiling evil face of his.
He was smiling now, as amid the sudden since that had fallen on the company he spoke with easy and almost careless politeness across the table to Maurice Blake.
"By whom," he said, " if I may venture to inquire, have I the honor to be called a calcumniator."
"By the friend and brother-in-arms of

The longer gave precedence. Lord Dulwich drew. Lord Edward with a sinking heart found the shorter slip remaining in his

hand His friend must stand the helpless tar-

His friend must stand the helpless tar-get of the deadly aim of a man who knew neither fear nor pity. Lord Dulwich smiled, delighted as he noted how pale his former opponent was, and how his hand shook and spilt the powder as he loaded the pistol for his friend. Then the ground was placed and the men set.

Then the ground was placed and the men set. Each held in his left hand, level with his face, a massive silver candlestick, with a wax light in it. His right hand grasped the pistol butt. Their seconds stood close by, but out of the range of fire. All other lights were extinguished, and out of the darkness the mob of gentle-men, quivering with excitement, watched the strange game played for lives.

friend. At this moment Manrice Blake approached with the pistol still smoking in his hand. He, too, heard the whisper, "How came the candle quenched ?" and

divined its meaning. It was Lord Dulwich spoke the ominous under his breath. Maurice Blake tapped him on the arm

sharply with the pistol stock. "Look at the candle," he said in a ice that was heard by every one on the ound, " Look at the candle itself, and

ground. d will see. Lord Edward Fitzgerald was the first that caught his meaning. He snatched the quenched candle from Mark Blake's hand, and lowered the top to the lights which half-a-dozen eager hands held to

here was no more mystery about it. The bullet had cut a furrow through the wax and chipped the top of the wick off like a knife. There was a low murmur of applause at

There was allow intrinor or appraise as shot that seemed a miracle. Then Mark Biake spoke out impetatus, y, " I have to thank you for life and ionor," he said, " and to ask pardon for

ords that cast a slight on courage like He flung down his pistol as he spoke, ed caught his late foe's hand in his an

proached, his handsome old face all low with pleasure at his son's safety, s eyes kindled with affectionate pride

old kinsman's kindness. But Lord Mountjoy's mellow voice cut short all interchange of compliments. "Your pardon, Miles," he said, clap-ping his old friend affectionately on the shoulder. "We will drown old angers and christen new friendships in a bowl of nunch."

"Gentlemen," he cried to his guests, The fireworks are over. Let us return

His words sent the company trooping ally back to the dining room, where a huge silver bowl, with elbowed handles, smoked like a furnace, filling the room

with rich vapor. It was liquor richly and curiously com-pounded, of which the receipt is lost as completely as the ambrosia which the jolly gods drank on Olympus. A rich amber it shone against the white metal of the boxl, which was smothered and

matche Wine and wit dreef franker.
 matche Wine and with a wax light in t. His right is that a scale of the same and with a wax light in t. His right watcher and the same and with a wax light in the same and with a wax light in

JANUARY 22, 1898.

"THE STORY RUNNETH THUS." Ι.

It is the hour of Benediction, and the venerable, gray haired priest is slowly ascending the steps of the altar. As he opens the door of the tabernacle, a stillness most profound falls on the vast multitude assembled in that grand old cathedral, whose richly frescoed walls and quaintly carved pillars had looked down for centuries on many a

bridal pageant, royal coronation and illustrious funeral cortege. In the front seat of the centre aisle

knelt a young man, who seemed ab-sorbed in the earnestness of his devotion. His features were exquisitely moulded, and showed in their every lineament, culture and refinement. His complexion, naturally pale, took on a more ghastly hue as he knelt under the dim, flickering flame of the gas jet in silent adoration. Great drops of perspiration stood out on his broad, high forehead and showed what a ierce struggle was raging in his breast. That day he had decided to evote his life to the service of God. Yet he wavered. He had everything one could hope for ; he was the pet of

society, his father's only son, the heir to the earldom of Buyon ; all the know- ¹¹ Shook it heartly,
 ¹² Lord Edward Fitzgerald tells me you, too, are a Blake," he said, "I was always proud of the old name, but never prouder than now."
 ¹³ Maurice murmured something in return, for he was deeply touched by his
 ¹⁴ Bit Lord Mountjoy's mellow ing dowagers considered him a "fine returned to England he would study up the history of the Catholic faith. He had done so, and suddenly, to the surprise of his friends, had embraced that religion. Now, when he was in an agony of doubt, he thought of the service that had in the greatest degree influenced him to make the change. So he wended his way to the cathedral to pray for strength and perseverance to follow out his vocation. As he knelt there, in the awful presence of his Saviour, his doubts and fears returned and his mind seemed more clouded than before, when a man's voice singing the "O Salutaris" broke the oppressive silence. The tones were rich, deep and resonant : strong, yet full of ineffable tenderness.

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srung it heartily. At the same moment Sir Miles Blake

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This time it was Maurice Blake that spoke, very slowly, very quietly: "The man of whom you speak, sir, though his good fortune gained him the friendship of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, was least amongst the bard

was least amongst the brave American citizen soldiers whom you are pleased to calumniate. calumniate." A pistol shot fired at the table would not have startled the company more than those few words, so coldly spoken. They meant a duel, and a duel to the death.

Mark Blake was not the man to twice

Mark blake was not the man to twice withdraw his words the same evening. Ie was a noted pistol shot—cool and rule on the ground. He had been out brice, two of his antagonists had been isabled, and the third—a handsome oung Trinity student—shot through the teart. There were ugly stories afloat of sister's name spoken slightingly and

THE DEAF HEAR. DR. CHASE'S GATARRH GURE Working Wonders in Toronto.

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remedy, so confident was she of ultimate cure, and by the time 12 boxes had been used her hearing was completely restored. For 3 months now she has been free fro deafness, and no emancipated sufferer was ever more delighted than Mrs. Bindon. On Sunday she goes to church and enjoys the service, a thing she was unable to do before Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure gave her back her hearing.



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Ling the fatal formalities in the library. Lord Dulwich had dropped into a great chair, cushioned in crimson velvet, and stretched his thin, white hands to the blaze of the fire, which shone through with a pink tinge. Lord Edward paced the room with hasty steps. In a moment or two he came up to where the other was seated listless and silent.

"Well," he said abruptly, "when?" "The sooner the better," drawled Lord

"The sooner the better, drawled Lord Dulwich, who had a keen relish for the work in which he was engaged. "To-morrow morning, then,' said Lord Edward. "Will 8 in the Park suit?" With a touch of malice he fixed the same hour and place as their own meeting. But Lord Dulwich gave not the faintest gn that he remembered they had ever

sign that he remembered they had ever met, except as casual acquaintances. "Impossible," he said coolly. "Mark Blake starts with his father for Cloonlara an hour earlier in the morning. He bade me insist that they should fight to-nicht." "Be it as you will," returned Lord Ed-

ward, " my friend asks no truce." " The weapons pistols," said Lord Dul-vich. " We claim the right to choose."

ich. "We claim the right to choose." Lord Edward, knowing his friend's qual and consummate skill with both reapons, nodded assent. "And the dishe said.

tance?" he said." "I should please my principal best, if I said the span of pocket handkerchief," responded Lord Dalwich. "But it is a duel we arrange, not a murder. You know his skill. For humanity's sake I am anxious the distance should be a long or a."

Lord Edward guessed what was in his mind. He knewtby repute Mark Blake's skill as a pistol shot. Lord Dulwich's hoped to give his friend a long, safe pot shot at his opponent. " I fully appreciate Lord Dulwich's humanity," said Lord Edward, with a scornful smile twitching the corners of his mouth. "Thave already had some reason to admire the constitutional antipathy to

to admire the constitutional antipathy to bloodshed, which does him such infinite

credit." The shot told this time. Lord Dulwich flushed a little and bit his lip hard, but there was no change in his voice. Twenty paces, then ?

"Twenty five, if you will-" The ready acquiescence startled Lord

the weapon stiffened itself like steel. Then there was an awful pause-the si-lence of death. All eyes were fixed on the levelled weapon held so steadily, and the calm pale face of the man who looked death straight in the face. The waiting was agony. It seemed as if the shot would never come. was agony. It seemed as if the shot would never come. Out sprang the flash through the dark-ness, out rang the report through the still air.

air. Maurice Blake heard the sharp hiss of

the bullet as it cut through the thick curls close to his ear. He was on his feet still — he was safe. His heart, which had stopped beating for a moment, with one great throb sent the

a moment, with one great throb sent the blood rushing through his veins. His energy had done his deadly best and failed. It was his turn now. "Ready !" cried the seconds. There was no pausing for aim. In an instant the pistol was raised, levelled and lischarged. But just at that instant the taper that Mark Blake held went out.

But just at that instant the taper that Mark Blake held went out. There was a smothered cry from the onlookers, for it was thought he was hit and down. The seconds, hastening to the spot, through the dim light could see him standing produits with the im standing steadily with the quenched

candle fast in his hand. A second cry, this time of surprise, from Lord Edward, brought the spectators

around them.

around them. The quickest-witted amongst the com-pany relit the wax candles they had brought from the drawing-room, and half-a-dozen points of light now danced about

Mark Blake said not one word to ex-plain. He stood silent and stock still, like one dazed. His manifest confusion increased suspicion. The thoughts in the men's minds began to shape themselves on their lips in whispers. They fell away from Blake as timid people from a fever patient, with elaborate show of careless-ness. Lord Dulwich made no attempt at defence. He believed Mark capable of

anectionate respect due to the father he had never seen. It was hard to resist a cordial invita-tion from Sir Miles that he should join them next morning in their journey to Cloonlara. He longed to visit the old home of his area the did which for

needed help more, than amongst the poor and oppressed peasants of Connaught. So he closed hands with Sir Miles on

is kindly invitation. Mark Blake, indeed, professed himself biark blake, indeed, professed himself delighted at the news, but his delight seemed a little aff-cted and overdone. His friendship for Maurice appeared to have evaporated in the first frank outurst of gratitude.

burst of gratitude. A whisper from Lord Dulwich knitted his for-head in a quick frown, but his face cleared in a moment, and, clinking glasses with Maurice Blake, he drank his safe arrival and long stay in Cloonlara. With a strange, bitter feeling Mark Blake remembered that toast in later days.

days.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE ONLY True Blood Purifiar prominent-ly in the public eye to day is Hood's Sarsa-parilla. Therefore get Hood's and ONLY HOOD'S. How to Cure Headache.-Some people -----

sulfar untold misery day after day with Head ache. There is rest neither day or night until the nerves are all unstrung. The cause is generally a disordered stomach, and

achoe points of light now danced about restlessly in the darkness. Mark Blake was unburt. So much he confessed, a little sullenly, in reply to eager questioning. Then there was an awkward pause, and a strange look on all faces. The question was in every mind, how came the light quenched, with not a breath of just as the shot was fired? Mark Blake said not one word to ex-plain. He stood silent and stock still, like one dazed. His manifest confusion increased suspicion. The thoughts in the ener is minds began to shape themselves on their lips in whispers. They fell away from Blake as timid people from a fever-nation, with elaborate show of careles-ness. Lord Dulwich made no altempt at defence. He believed Mark capable of the cowardice of which he knew himself capable. So he fell off with the rest, and

thought he raised the limp form in his arms and bore it quickiy to the library. He laid it tenderly on a couch and then forced a glass of cordial through the man's lips.

As the warm, invigorating fluid trickled down the stranger's parched throat, it infused new life into him, and he opened his eyes with a gasp. He was an awful object to look upon The ragged garments, which covered his emaciated frame were soaked with rain. His hair and beard were long and unkempt, and his eyes shone with a glassy, vacant stare. Yet, in spite of all this, there was something of bygone refinement and beauty in that bloated face which years of dissipation and debauchery had failed to totally eradicate.

"A priest ! a priest !" he hoarsely gasped. "In the name of God get me a priest." "I am a priest, my good man. Can

I do anything for you ?" As he heard these words a look of joy

overspread the wan features.

" Thank God for that ; I prayed that wouldn't die before I saw a priest, but still I guess it is too late to mend now

With tears in his kindly eyes the priest told him the old, old story of God's love for sinners. He talked of the penitent thief and how Carist had forgiven him even in the throes of The dying outcast drauk in death. every word, and when the priest had finished, two large tears rolled slowly down his wrinkled cheeks and los themselves in the tangled masses of his beard. He tried to speak, but a dark red stream welled up in his throat and choked his utterance. After the spasm of pain had passed, he spoke slowly and with pauses.

"Years ago, I used to sing in the cathedral of Marden, but I was discharged for drunkenness. I went from bad to worse-singing in bar-rooms and low concert halls for a few paltry drinks. At last my voice failed me, and to-night, when I could get