

If you cannot get beef, mutton will answer. You may choose between milk, water, coffee or tea. But there is no second choice for Scott's Emulsion.

It is Scott's Emulsion or nothing. When you need the best cod-liver oil, the best hypophosphites, and the best glycerine, all combined in the best possible manner, you have only one choice.

It brings prompt results in all cases of wasting, or loss in weight.

All druggists, 50c and \$1.00. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

A VALUABLE WORK.

Life Mde. D'Youville, Foundress of the Grey Nuns. By Mgr. Harnsey.

Cloth Illustrated, 75c. In Art Cloth, (Without Ill.) 50c.

CANDLES For Candlemas Day.

Please send your orders as early as possible so as to enable us to send your supply in time for February 2nd.

Our SANCTUARY OIL is the Best in the Market.

D. & J. SADLER & CO. CATHOLIC PUBLISHERS.

123 Church St., MONTREAL, QUE. 1609 Notre Dame St., MONTREAL, QUE.

Advertisement for 'DON'T BE FOOLED BY USING CHEAP INFERIOR DRESS STAYS' featuring an illustration of a woman.

Advertisement for 'High-Class Church Windows' by Hobbs Mfg. Co., London, Ont.

Advertisement for 'KEEFE BREWERY CO. OF TORONTO' featuring an illustration of a brewery.

Advertisement for 'MBING WORK' with contact information for a Toronto address.

Advertisement for 'ITH BROS.' plumbers and heating engineers.

Advertisement for 'BORDEAUX CLARETS' with contact information for a Toronto address.

Advertisement for 'WILSON, London, Ont.' with contact information.

Advertisement for 'FERGUSON & SONS' undertakers and embalmers.

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD

An Historical Romance. BY M. M'D. BOKER, Q. C. CHAPTER XI. CONTINUED.

Lord Edward was scarcely less excited than his friend. In the handsome face of Sir Miles the young man's eye and memory were quick to trace a resemblance to the grave, gaunt hermit of the woods, whose words had helped to mould his own life.

Resemblance carried his soul away with it, leaving his body still seated at the hospitable table of Lord Mountjoy. He was again alone in the wide woods, over whose tops the white moon shone, and dark forest and bright stream mingled their murmur in his ears.

His own name spoken loudly startled him from this reverie. "Lord Edward Fitzgerald is my authority," cried a titled young Republican—Viscount Neterville. "Those Americans were neither towards nor from. He was there as he was in battle and as general in victory as the best of our fellows."

"Lord Edward is no judge of boorishness or cowardice," retorted Mark Blake, for it was he who had entered upon this new controversy. He shared his own good qualities with the enemy.

"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 defeat, his rescue, his careful tending, and his unconditional release.

A murmur 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 incredulous.

Mark's look ruffled Lord Edward. "The man that finds meanness or cowardice in the American ranks," he said, quickly, "must bring with him what he finds."

brother's came broken across the face of her trainer 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 statement the outraged lady demanded, there was no more trace of violence than of remorse on that handsome, smiling, evil face of his.

He was smiling now, and amid the sudden silence 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 calumniator?"

"By the friend and brother-in-arms of the brave men you have calumniated," retorted Maurice Blake, sternly.

There was a cold light in the other's eyes, but the smile still on his lips. "I have much pleasure," he said, "in repeating my opinion, but I beg to withdraw the exception which only respect for Lord Edward induced me to make."

"I have failed to make myself quite clear, my friend," Lord Dulwich will explain my meaning." He turned as he spoke, and whispered a word or two in his lordship's ear.

"Lord Edward," said Maurice, "may I trespass on your kindness?"

Dulwich a little. He assented with a gesture.

"But how about light?" asked Lord Edward. "The dining-hall is scarcely twenty paces in length, and out there—" he drew back the silken curtain as he spoke, and looked into the garden, "out there the stars are no more than pin-points in the darkness. A man might safely play blind-man's bluff with pistol-bullets to the door."

"I have thought of that, too," replied Lord Dulwich, calmly. "Let each man carry a lighted taper in his hand. He need only see his own pistol sight and the target. If the pistol barrel is pointed straight, the bullet will find its way home in the dark."

He spoke so coolly—touching his breast with a white forefinger as he spoke—that Lord Edward's gorge rose.

"By all means," he said, and turned to the door.

Re-entering the dining-hall, each of the seconds spoke a word or two to his principal, telling him of the arrangements that were made.

The novelty of the fight gave it keener enjoyment for the general company. Half a dozen silver candlesticks were brought up from the dining-tables and the bearers, their gay silks and bright jewels gleaming in the light, headed the brilliant mob that streamed in procession down the broad staircase into the cool garden night.

The final arrangements were quickly made. Duelling pistols for self or friends were part of the furniture of an Irish mansion in those days. A splendid pair of the half-trigger variety, were kindly placed by Lord Mountjoy at the disposal of his guests to kill or be killed.

look part with the whisperers against his friend.

At this moment Maurice 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 who spoke the ominous words under his breath.

Maurice Blake tapped him on the arm sharply with the pistol stock.

"Look at the candle," he said in a voice that was heard by every one on the ground. "Look at the candle itself, and you will see."

Lord Edward Fitzgerald was the first to catch his meaning. He snatched the quenched candle from Mark Blake's hand, and lowered the top to the light which half-a-dozen eager hands held to him.

There 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 nut.

Then Mark Blake spoke out impetuously. "I have to thank you for life and honor," he said, "and to ask pardon for words that cast a slight on courage like yours."

"THE STORY RUNNETH THUS."

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 absorbed 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, fair forehead and gazing what a fierce struggle was raging in his breast. That day he had decided to devote 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 Byron; all the knowing dowagers considered him a "fine catch." His prospects were certainly alluring, and everything seemed to presage for him an honorable and successful career.

A few years before, while travelling in France, he had gone with a friend, out of mere curiosity, to a little church to attend Benediction. Something appealed to his poetic nature, and he resolved that when he 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.

neith end river brigo cruel seem servi gleam censu I cou could geredo Wi brest priest sob, of a raisin taris. amaz final the so and n Him v its reo "tek, THE An which tests a belief nectio by exist to call from debat comb solitio bono in the stant tion a good have win a peculiar phras sessor lately saults sion, questi you do you Ev ting t and it Colon soothl should caper prop phers charic philoso wond allego writin of the profa stance Madon San? letters winn the p where grand Wisser ces v pelled and a low, a to the church or of a tache Redee such ary l merell ing, l lightn the s Apost Mars man floc h holy Cardie been Charl profes form in re Donb could belie were All in his myste a Cr church he su survive scape "the Tow busin may in have than is the a cati self, of A "—v to ple Or v prom way suffer Heri What "Pie faith toward side quest pled no g