When the condi-When the condi-tions are right the light leap of a Chamois may start an avalanche which will bury a village alive. It takes but a little thing when the conditions are

S. S. 15 the conditions are fight to prostrate a healthy looking man. Hastily eaten meals, ill digested food, means a body ill nourished, a nerv-

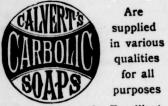
food, means a body ill nourished, a nerv-ous system on starvation rations and the blood sluggish and corrupt. There is no protection against the **ava-**lanche. There is protection against dis-ease. When the nerves are unstrung, the mind is irritable, the stomach weak and distressed after eating, the brain dull and sturies the conditions are time for and distressed after eating, the brain dull and stupid, the conditions are ripe for serious illness. This may be averted and the system restored to sound health by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discourse. It denotes the block bicovery. It cleaness the blood, strengthens the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition, nourishes the nerves, and produces sound and vigorous health.

health. "Six years ago last August," writes Mr. Daniel A. Carter, of Yost, Rowan Co., N. C., "I was statacked with malarial fever; was in bed nus-days, and then taken with chills. Had, this six months. My spleen became enlarged, and I was in bed off and on for four years. I went to the doctors and some of them said I had dys-pepsia, others said I had liver trouble. So I paid out money and nothing did me any good. Last August two years ago. I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's medicines, and used ten bottles, and now I can do as big a day's work as any man. I am 32 years old. I now weigh iso pounds."

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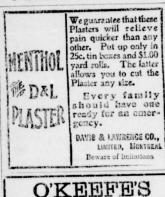


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GLENCOONOGE. By RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

CHAPTER XXVL-CONTINUED.

CHAPTER XXVL-continues. "Only that you may come back the sconer," answered my sweet girl. Where-upon we sealed an agreement, which was enbacquently ratified in family conclave, that I should start for home in a week's time; and on our way to the inn we set-tled other important things—that Alicia should have an invitation to Liverpool before very long; that each of our letters was to be answered on the very day it was received; and that I was to be kept well posted up in every item of news con-cerning those whom I knew at Glen-conoge. Alicia said she had never be-fore had the least idea there was so much that was interesting in the place; and that she supposed if you could only know all about people, you would learn a good deal that was new and exciting. But just at that moment we were too deeply engrossed in our own prospects to push outside speculations very far. We pres-ently recognized Mr. Chalmers in the solitary figure passing a gap in the bran-wood on the margin of the lake; but we could concern ourselves no more about him at that moment than casually to wonder that we never met him now by not share; and when we got to the inn, would we made a pretence of inquiring what was the outlook there, I believe that neither of us heard the answer. Conn and the book keeper, on the contrary. what was the outlook there, I believe that neither of us heard the answer. Conn and the book keeper, on the contrary. gave us severally most interested hear-ings-Conn following me into this room ings—Conn following me into this room and that, as I gathered together my stray belongings. He couldn't believe his ears when I told him that there was to be a when 1 told him that there was to be a year's waiting. It seemed to him a life-time, and a desperate matter entirely; and agreed with me that it was a condi-tion not to be endured. As we were about to go downstairs again, I inquired after "No. 7."

"No. 7." "'Gad, he's the queerest man," said Conn, "I ever came across. I can't make him out at all. Both of us have done all we could to make him a bit cheerful, and he's better than he was: but still he mopes, wanders about, and keeps by him-self for the most part, doing nothing. 'Gad, I believe there's ascrew loose some-where. He's taken a violent fancy now to that painting in there belonging to my wife. I declare he has off-red her twenty pounds for it. I always said it was a pounds for it. I always said it was a grand picture entirely, and indeed, taking all things into consideration, I don't know whether it wouldn't be better-however, she won't, and that ends it. But can you understand a man in his senses doing

about "No, 7" were similar to those of her husband—only perhaps rather more sympathetic. It was trouble, the book-keeper thought, which had unhinged the poor man; but still she thought his con-dition not so serious now, and that he was already on the mend. "But we did not talk much of him," added Alicia. "Next Wednesday is cast-ing its shadow over Mrs. Hoolahan. She says she hopes papa will be the purchaser,

that Conn has grown altogether too ind

"I know he does. Oh, Horace! it was throw he does. On riorace it was so hard to keep the secret. Only to think of her being in the same house with her own brother, and not to know it! Sarely he might do something for them, if he would only be same house.

"What can he do? Would you have him take them on his shoulders and support them?"

Liquid Extract of Malt

THE CATHOLIO RECORD

conscious. Not only has this young mountaineer the well-developed physi-que, the lissomness and strength, the clear quick eyes, and the health which might be expected from the hardiness of his rough bringing-up, but he has also the spiritual qualities — instinctive refine-ment, genercity of sentiment, self-abnegation-qualities which one regards as the fruit of generations of culture. But what am I asying? Perhaps in this instance, too, it is the effect of culture, the culture of former generations. Are you descended from the Irish Kings, Alicia?"

you descended from the Irish Kings, Alicia?" "We are. But that is all so long ago, there is no use talking about it. Besides, so many say the same that have no claim." "Yes, of course; it is a common joke. But seriously, Alicia, some of this peasantry must be descended from those who stood high in the social scale of their day. The history of the country has been brought low; and the same fate has so often followed the descendants of those who deposed them. I am thinking just now of Edmund Spenser, the poet who wrote the Faerie Queene—in Elizabeth's """"

"Yes."

"Yee." "He wrote an account of the methods by which the Elizabethan subjugation of Munater was effected, in order that the horrors he described might be repeated in other parts. Starvation was the most effective of the weapons. Have yon ever read his terribly vivid picture of the creeping forth, out of the mountain fast-nesses in which the Irish had been penned, 'anatomies of death,' as he called them, crawing on their hands and knees because their legs would not bear them, them, crawling on their hands and knees because their legs would not bear them, flocking to a plot of watercresses as to a feast, eating dead carrion, happy when they could find it, and scraping the very carcases out of the graves? For his share in this Irish war, Spenser was rewarded with some estates confiscated from the Fitzgeralds, earlier English settlers. And then a generation or so after, these same with some estates connected norm that and Fitzgeralds, earlier English settlers. And then a generation or so after, these same estates, having descended to Spenser's grandeon, William Speneer, are again con-fiscated under Cromwell's rule; and William Spenser, is among the mixed crowd of tiled and landed families, and men, women, and children of poor de-gree, who were ordered to transplant themselves to Connaught. What Crom-well did to the native and Catholic popu-lation in the South, had already been done in the North by James the First; and wholesale reversals of position took place afterwards under Orange William, and in the succeeding years when the lowe - compelling, piety-teaching penal laws, bribed sons to oust their Catholic fathers from their possessions by professfathers from their possessions by profess-ing Protestantism. A few, a very few native families have recovered from each native failings have recovered from each reverse, and have risen again after the desolating wave had passed: but the great majority who remained in the country have become fused with the tillers of the soil. We think the marriage of Cong and the body become investigation contry have been been been well with a solution of the soil. We think the marriage of Conn and the book-keeper extraordinary, but there must have been many such mesalliances in this country. If the truth were known, perhaps his blood is as blue or how ".

"Oh! what matter if it is-or if it is not. Conn is a good fellow, and she is fond of him. I have been thinking, while you were speaking. Horace, that perhaps that brother of hers might help them to

emigrate." "Alicia, you are a hard-hearted little

monster. But what else is there for it?" "But what else is there for 11?" "I confess I don't perceive what else there is for it. But it is a melancholy thing to see old times and old faces glid ing away, and to know that in a little which our will he in tench with them to Ing away, and to know that in a fittle while you will be in touch with them no more. Poor Glencoonoge ! my best-loved home! I shall not know it soon, the hand of Change is so savagely at work upon it. It used to be a constant place, always the home! I shall not know it soon, the hand of Change is so savagely at work upon it, It used to be a constant place, always the same, whatever changes there might be elsewhere. But I begin to feel as if henceforth it will be a sad place, fill of in Glencoonoge." I have wondered more than once at that disfigurement!" be said. And I told bim of their present difficult-ies, a full account of which, as of the previous matters, he heard now for the its time. Nor did I let the opportunity pass without saying a word in praise of conn's talents, of his courage and pati-

here too long, and must go to work and make up for lost time." "Strange!" he said, "that very thought has been in my mind all day. But you are happier than I; to you home is a reality. To me it is only a Will o' the Wisp. It lured me all the way from Australia, drew me capering over Europe, and having led me here, it disappeared and left me in darkness. I thought its light was quenched, but all this time it has been flitting back across the seas, light was quenched, but all this time it has been flitting back across the seas, and now, stationed in Polycarry, is shin-ing to me from there." "I don't understand you." "When I passed through London, after been form there months ago. I found at

"When I passed through London, after leaving here four months ago, I found at my agent's a letter from my partner. He urged me to hasten my return, and said the business was too much for his old hands, and was languishing for want of me. I was then on my sister's track, as I thought, and paid no attention to what he said. But now-well, now, his words are returning on my mind, are becoming every day more attractive. More and more my thoughts travel out towards Polycarrya. There, at least, I am wanted and can be of use."

There, at least, I am wanted and can be of use." "I am heartily glad," said I, "to hear you speak like this. It is a sign of return-ing health. You are better in every way, I see it in your face. Yee, I hope you will go; movement, action, they are what you want. They will bring forgetfulness and a new life." "If it is a delusion," he resumed, san-guninely "which makes me think, as I do now, that once more on the other side of the world, I shall be able to accept the inevitable and settle steadily to the work which lies to my hand, without turning hungry eyes hitherwards, shall at least always be able to remind myself that life was nowhere more empty for me than here."

"What had happened now? I wondered "What had happened now? I said and sitting down beside him, I said, "Have you spoken to your sister ?"

"Have you spoken to your sister ?" "Yes, many times. She is as kind as she would be to any other stranger whom she thought sick in body and mind. But can I value that—I?" "She does not suspect—you have not

"She does not suspect—you have not told her who you are ?" "No, I dare not-that is the plain rea-

"No, I dare not-that is the plain rea-son. I cannot run the risk." "Surely it would make her happier to know that her brother still lives ?" He laughed scornfally. "Much she thinks about her brother! The most distant thought of him never crosses her mind. No, her happiness is complete. All her heart's desires are satisfied. She All her heart's desires are satisfied. She is infatuated with her pessant-husband, and there are times when I can almost understand it. There is some pleasing quality about the fellow which I myself cannot quite resist; and if in so short a time it has overcome my ill-will, it is not wonderful, considering all things, that he

wonderful, considering all things, that he should have gained her affections. It is strange! there is not the faintest reference to him here," and he took up the letter lying at his side and scanned it again. It was the book-keeper's letter to Miss Walsingham, which he had shown me that day on the old martello tower, and in my rendering of which I had erred so egregiously. So he was brooding over egregiously. So he was brooding over that still, and all the bygone time, not

withstanding his new-born desire to ge into harness again ! Well, I told him that so far as I could indge, that letter was written long before the book keeper was conscious of her at-tachment to Conn Hoolahan, and that I

tachment to Conn Hoolahan, and that I was satisfied that up till quite recently she had not acknowledged in herself any idea of marrying him. And I gave him reasons which led me into a detailed ac-count of all I knew of Conn's courtship. and of the accident which had brought it to a climax. Mr. Chalmers listened intently to every word. "I have wondered more than once a

"Fifty points!" gappen conn, "do you think the man has gone clean out of his senses?" "It is by a very famous painter.-Sir Thomas Lawrence," said the book-keeper, quietly. "He painted the portraits of everybody of note in England in his day from the royal family downwards. Just think! He was only a country inn-keep-er's son. He was very fond of drawing when a child-taught himself-meed to draw on doors with a bit of chelk, map out faces, and hills, and cows, and I don't know what else with stones on the ground, and everybody around came to him to paint signboards. And then he went to London and studied art, and ended by becoming the greatest painter of his day." " "Ahl" said Conn, shaking his head, "if he had stuck in his native village he'd never have been the man he was, I declare 'tis a pity for people to bury themselves alive when there are such chances in the world." "Then on the other hand," continued the book-keener. "a portrait, except in

his silence that if he was acquiescing in her wishes, it was not because he was satisfied with her reasoning. In truth she was not altogether satisfied with herself for hesi-tating to adopt so easy a way of escape from their present dilemma; a dilemma of her own making, since it was caused entirely by her doubtings and dreads and shrinking sensitiveness. Was she not inconsistent or inconsiderate? Well, no. Once more she decided in her own mind that she was not. But at least she felt that poor Conn must be more than human if he did not think her so. "Conn" she said at length," you have talked to me sometimes of your mother. I

themselves alive when there are such themselves alive when there are such chances in the world."
"Then on the other hand," continued the book-keeper, "a portrait, except in rare instances, is valued by no one out of a man's own family—which makes this offer so strauge. But 'No. 7, as we have remarked so many times, is a very pecaliar man. Good gracions! What's that!" What startled her was the apparition of "No. 7" himself standing in the docrway holding the handle of the open door. "Pardon me," said he, "I heard voices and thought I might have a chance of finding you both here. May I come in?" He looked from one to the other, letting his eyes fall, after his inquiry, on Conn. "Surely, sir," said Conn, "if you will. I'd have asked you in if I had thought you cared to come," and as he spoke he placed a chair for "No. 7." "The days are three hours longer now, sir," said the book-keeper, recovering from her confusion, "than when you were here before. I suppose it was the long evenings that drove you away so suddenly." "Yes, sir," said "No. 7," " many changes r since then—for me—and for you; and more to come I hear?" "Yes, sir," said Conn, "this day week the sale comes off." "You don't much care I should think

the sale comes off." "You don't much care I should think

how it goes?" Conn laughed carelessly. "Faith I don't know, sir; for myself I don't much care. My wife there would prefer we should remain where we are. But if we must go, we may do better out in the world beyond. That's what I tell her when she does be fratting." "Well, well," said the book-keeper, who did not out a relish a third narty's being

did not quite relish a third party's being taken into confidence, "we need not disciss that now.

"You have not seen the world," said "No. 7," after a pause. "It is a brighter place than you think. Fortunes are to be won and positions to be made there; while here you are likely to stay for ever at the same level." "Just what I say!" cried Conn,

triumphanily. "No. 7" turned his eyes slowly upon Conn. "You have seen the world.

Conn. then?" "I know of men," retorted Conn, "who have gone out from these parts, men of my own name and blood, men by whose side I have stood in the village school side I have stood in the viriage school when we were children together, and who thought me a lucky fellow when I got employment in this inn: who, less fortunate as they thought than I, have had to turn their backs upon their native place, and going to Dablin, England, America, are to-day writers, lawyers, and members of Parliament. Not a man or members of Parliament. Not a man or

vears? " No, not one."

Graphic Reports of the Non-Cathol

contains the usual instalment of inte esting reports from the priests who a aducting the missions to non Ca conducting the missions to hon Ca olics. In every case the reports sh progress and success. A number incidents are cited which show perha-more graphically than any statist could, how hungry many non Catho

From the state of Connecticut R From the state of Connecticut R Edward Flannery and Rev. Poter I Clean report that they were convin "we are struggling with infide rather than with sectarian Christi

mission was given. One of the Fat had conducted a Catholic miss after which the pastor, Rev. The Danne, kindly consented to send a invitations to the non-Catholics of own to attend our series of lectu The postmaster of the place, the being asked to write a list of pr nent non-Catholics, begged the p to desist from his purpose and not h late the Catholics of his charge 'not one of the bigoted towns-pe he said, 'will deign to notice the Much to his surprise and to the derment of all the Catholics, or opening night the church was cro o the doors, and it seemed as if

OUT OF THE MOUTH OF BABES

drawing to a close, and you used to sit be-side her bed, and she would talk fufully of all kinds of things—of her girlhood, of the all kinds of things of the girmood, of the people passed away whom she had known, of the infancy of her children, and of your wayward brother Tim : she loved him the best of all her sons—I suppose because he was so wild, and gave her so much trouble, was been added for the count has across was so wild, and gave her so much trouble. She longed for him to come back across the sea, that she might touch his face again before she died." "You mind everything I tell you, Jane," and the young man, thrilled to find his stray unconscious words treasured in her heart, rose impetnously, and knealing at her side, passed his arm around her wrist locked into her areas and hung upon waist, looked into hereyes, and hung upon

her words. "You needn't wonder at it, Conn. What is there so interesting to me as you Her hand was resting on his head, and she looked him full in the face as she con-tinued: "Many a letter you wrote to Tim tinued: "Many a letter you wrote to 11m at her dictation, and many a message you were to give him. You know you have not forgotten nor omit-ted one of them. You have her prayer-book—it was her father's before her—an old and worn and soiled as it is, you have it bound up in many wraps and locked away out of harm's reach, because she wished it kept for him, and made you promise you would one day give it into his promise you would one day give it into his ands. If some one coming by were to see that book—some antiquary, perhaps, who found it was of an old date or of a binding quite gone out of fashion, or had old prayers in longer used, and looking on it as a curi-city were to tempt you with some fancy price, would you forget that it belongs to Tim? would you forget that your m made you promise, and trusted you to give it him in memory of her ?" "Don't Jane; don't !" said Conn, "you

"Don't Jane ; don't !" said Conn, "you make ashamed of myself. I didn't think of what I said. Of course you must not sell the picture. You haven't a right to." He said no more, but fell into a train of thought which his wife, happy in his manifest affection and in this new proof of her influence. was in no harry to bring of her influence, was in no hurry to bring to an end. The untended lamp had to an end. The untended lamp burnt itself out. The ruddy glow o burnt itself out. The fuddy glow it the fire filled the room, making warm shad-ows, and fell on the faces of the young husband and wife. "Did he never write a line in all those

"Tim hasn't done that, anyhow. Whatever else he may be, he's warm-

FEBRUARY 3, 1900.

TALES FROM THE MISSIONS.

Propagan

The current issue of the Missiona

people are for the truth. Conn was silent, and drooping his head, looked into the fire. After a long time he said, in a low voice : "But if he is dead,

FEBRUARY 3. 1500

Jane ?" "And if he is not?" she answered, quick-

ly. Conn said no more. But the bookkeeper knew well enough by the tone of his silence that if he was acquiescing in her

talked to me sometimes of your mother. I know how fond of her memory you are.

know how fond of her memory you are, You never let a Sanday pass without going to her grave before or after Mass. I think, sometimes, of those long hours you have told me of, when her last illness was

"This was borne in upon us," "This was borne in upon us," tinue the missionaries, "at B Brock, where our first non Catl

non-Catholic neighbor was in at

"An incident, not devot pathetic coloring, deserves a me in connection with the Broad mission. A woman of the p pleading poverty as an excus away from the church in ord obtain employment offered by Catholic circles. The priest ex lated with the pervert, but all advantage, for she was determi sacrifice herself and family fo wordidly benefits that might a The oldest of her children was girl eight years of age, who had entered the portals of the C church. She was forced by her to attend services in a se temple, and the child knew not the faith which her mother abar One day, during the non (mission, the tot returned from and stamping her tiny foot u floor to give emphasis to her as vowed that never more would prevailed upon to sit in a nonchapel. 'I am a Catholic, I and so are you ; everybody is about that church now, and w to go there every Sunday.' T child listened to the conve occasioned by the lectures, an her Catholic schoolmates chi for descrling the Church wh topic of discussion, she redo away with the source of and succeeded in reverti

mother. "After leaving Broad B fathers returned for a non mission to New Milford, where olic mission had been given the season. Episcopalianism ates this section of the state votaries appear to be thoug earnest believers. Through friendship for Rev. Thoma pastor of New Milford, the

MINISTERS LENT THEIR EN to make the mission a succ as numbers render a missic ful. The Baptist preacher a the series of non Catholics from his pulpit, advising

Alicia told me, as we walked home-wards, that the book-keeper's views about "No. 7" were similar to those of

ing its shadow over Aris. Houshall, Sue says she hopes papa will be the purchaser, and asks us to use our influence that she and Conn may not have to go away." "For goodness' sake, don't raise her hopes in that direction. Your father can t endure the book-keeper, and he says that Com has grown altow thet to indelent since his marriage.

He told you he was rich !"

(tract of Malt Is made from the best Canadian Barley Malt and English Hops; and is nut on in 16 outputs of the business, and all his is nut on in 16 outputs of the business, and all his is nut on in 16 outputs of the business, and all his business and all his blow.

