Ireland! My Ireland.

ob. Ireland : centre of my long ongs, Country of my fathers, home of my heart therseas you call me . Why an exile from

wherefore sea-severed, long league anart? to the shining salmen, homeless in the se-

depths
tears the river call him, scents out the
land,
land,
land,
land,
land weir and forrent, nests him in
the sand

Lives there and loves; yet with a year

returning, asting in the river, pines for the sea, seps back again to the ripple of the tideway, Rosmer of the waters, vagabond and free

Wanderer am I like the salmon of the

deep,
Tossing and vast; yet through the rear of Lombon ondon nes to me thy summons, calls me in sleep.

Pearly are the skies in the country of my fathers,
Purple are the mountains, home of my

fathers,
Purple are the mountains, nome and
heart.
Mother of my yearning, love of my longings,
Keop in remombrance, long leagues apart.
—Stephicu Gwynn, in The Spectator.

BY AN UNSEEN HAND

Who poisoned Georgo Dane-court?" was the question that people were eagerly asking themselves in the winter of 18—. The Danecourt cases was the criminal cause celebre of the day. Public interest had not been so roused since the murder of Mrs. Pilkington, sixteen years before.

day. Public interest had not been so roused since the murder of Mrs. Pilkington, sixteen years before.

To make clear the details of the strange affair we must go back to that chill October day when Dr. Ewing's suspicions were first aroused. For weeks he had been puzzled by the lassitude, the sickness, the slow but steady decay of his patient's bodily strength and mental faculties. For all these alarming symptoms he could find no cause—not a trace of organic disease; nothing, in fact, to account for the rapid breakdown of a sound man such as George Danecourt had been until he contracted the silght disorder which had led to such unusual complications. At length he could not ignore the truth— his patient was being poisoned.

Dr. Ewing's face was very grave as he sat opposite Mrs. Danecourt in the big library of that gloomy mansion which lay on the borders of Clapham Common. It was an old house. In order to modernize it, a plaster face overed its honest red brick walls, and plate glass had taken the place of the tiny panes which originally had filled the windows. Yet a modern house it refused to be. Its old fashioned rooms spoke of a vanished past, the dead faces of its former tomating period or the single face was very grave as the dead faces of its former tomating period the single panes which originally had filled the windows. Yet a modern house it refused to be. Its old fashioned rooms spoke of a vanished past, the dead faces of its former tomating period the such a man as he who was

—irague, ianoniu creature!

Too young, too beautiful to be the wife of such a man as he who was lying upstairs—too young, too beautiful, surely, to be guilty of such a crime as that which, even now, darkly shadowed the old house!

crime as that which, even now, darkly shadowed the old house!

She lay back in the wide-armed chair listening intently while Dr. Ewing told her the real cause of her husband's illness. All the color fled from her softly rounded cheek, and her great grey eyes dilated with horror, yet she was making violent efforts to be self-possessed.

"It is too terrible to be true," she said at last in a voice so changed from its usual flexible richness that ho doctor started. "Who would do such a thing? There is no one in the house but the maids. Surely you cannot—no one would dare harber good heavens!" she cried, her voice rising almost to a shriek; "you suspect me! I see it in your face."

He was only just in time to catch he cheede gruze in his arms and

rising almost to a shriek; "you suspect me! I see it in your face."

He was only just in time to catch the slender figure in his arms and save her from falling. The rich hrown head lay against his shoulder—the fair pale face looked purt as an angel's. Yot from faces just as sweet have looked out the soul of a murderes, and Alice Danecourt had led a bitter life since they had tied her, a girl of twenty, to that wealthy, coarso minded bully, George Danecourt.

An hour later Dr. Ewing drove home. A chill, autum mist had gathered over the Common, and the great house which stood on its horder was wrapped in droary grey. The doctor thought of two hearts that beat beneath that roof—the man in whom life was fast obbing; the woman, in whom youth and love and life were so strong.

"Can he be doing it himself? What reason can he have? He was a healthy roan in the prime of life. Ilis buniness, so I understand, is prosperous; he has no anxieties."

"You are mistaken," Alice Danecourt said, quietly." My husband's

prosperous; he has no anxieties."

"You are mistaken," Allee Danccourt said, quietly. "My husband's
affairs are in great disorder. A shret
time ago he was on the verge of
bankruptey. And—I tell you in great
confidence—he tried to commit suicide. I went suddenly into his dress
ing room one night and found a loaded
revolver on the table. I took it away.
Then he went into one of his wild fits
—you know them well; and cursed

me for a meddling fool. He said he meant to blow his brains out

"Is that all?"

"No. Only yesterday, when I begged lim to take some tea, he turned away and said he had no wish to recover. he was a runed man"

"Well, Mrs. Danecourt, we must watch him carefully. It is absolutely necessary that we get to the bottom of the affair, as much for your seke as for his. To be candid with you, un less this systematic poisoning cease, he must in a very short time die, and your position—"

"I understand," she said calmly, "and realine my danger. I have thought over the matter, and want you to recommend a trained nurse to take my place in the sick room."

"A very sensible suggestion. I know a trust-worthy woman who is free and shall come round this evening. She is most vigilant, and will soon find out if Mr. Danecourt is, aw we fear, himself the poisoner."

Nurse Dawkins was a tall, bony, capable woman, whose sharp brown cyes missed no detail. Yet at the end of a week she was bound to confess herself at fault. The poisoning still wont on, and the solution of the my-spate women, whose sharp brown cyne missed no detail. Yet at the end of another week, the poisoning still continuing, both women declared emphatically that Mr. Danecourt could not possibly have administered it to himself; day and night the eyes on of them had rested on him.

In their own minds the nurses had fixed with certainty on Alice Danecourt as the guilty person. Whatever reasons the dector might have for believing her innocent, these women, with their cat like vigilance, had none. She was propared by the nurses; some was dressed by the cook. The bable? They made her life hard enough. She was not even allowed to kiss her husband; her back was hardly turned before they bathed in simfectants the skinny, emaciated hand that she had held. So great were the precautions they took and all to no avail.

They could not even find out how the fatal drug was given. Some of the food the sick man took—such as beef tea—was prepared by the nurses; some was dressed by the cook. The latter, Dr. Ewing repeatedly and langgard, he thought, a

Danecourt told the servants her decision.

Next morning Dr. Ewing called again. There was a strange, solemn hush about the great house. Alice Danecourt met him in the hali. She had been weeping.

"He is dead," she said, in an awed whisper; 'he died in the night, and they never called me to say 'good bye' to my husband."

So George Danecourt was dead, and it looked as if the chastly secret of how he came by his death would be buried with him.

An inquest, was held, and there

how he came by his death would be buried with him.

An inquest, was held, and there was a postmortem examination, at which clear traces of the poison were discovered. It had been given in such small doese that the decay of the victim had been very gradual. Everything pointed to the theory that the poisoner was no ignorant person, unskilled in drugs, but one who had alabolically minute knowledge of the deadly weapon he wielded. An open verdict was returned, and the police diligently followed the few faint clues which offered, but without success. Meanwhile, Alice Danecourt spent those first terrible weeks of her widow-hood in the dreary home on the Common.

One of the nurses still remained with One of the nurses still remained with her. Plans for the future she had none; she was thoroughly broken in spirit. She had no intimate woman friend, and felt that even the companionable of this stranger, who half thought her guilty, was preferable to solitude—solitude in that great, dark home which held the secrets of her wretched married life.

Nurse Dawkins came to her one morning with an empty medicine bottle in her hand—empty, that is, save for a thick white-sediment at the

bottom.

"That sediment," said the woman, triumphantly, "is arsedic, the poison which killed your husband. We are on the track of the murderer. What a world it is! To think that he should be the last person we should have thought of—Dr. Ewing!

With a wild scream Alice Dane-court half rose from her chair; then fell back swooning.

Public interest was at its highest, t was the day on which Dr. Ewing

It was the day on which Dr. Ewing was to take his trail for the murder of George Danecourt.

The principal witness against the prisoner was the day nurse, Dawkins, who had found the medicine bettle in which was the poisonous sediment. She gave in detail the precautions which were observed in the sick room during her stay in the Danecourt household, and said that, in order to prevent all possibility of the medicine being tampered will. Dr. Ewing was in the habit of bringing it with him when he visited the patient. He gave in the habit of bringing it with him whose possession the bottles romained till empty. They were then taken down to a cupboard in the basement and packed away in company with others. Still, there seemed such an utter lack of motive. Surely were he the gulty person, the dooter would not have been so zealous in trying to trace the criminal. The case had been loft entirely in his hands. How much easier it would have been for him to complete his crime, to have given the death certificate, to have given the death certificate, to have given the solutely unsuspected.

This was a trong point in his

complete his crime, to have given the death certificate, to have lived on absolutely unsuspected.

This was a strong point in his favour. But on the second day of the trial the fact leaked out that, before her marriage, Dr. Ewing had been in love with Mrs. Danesourt—that nothing but his poverty, and the consequent rotusal of her friends to consent to the match, had parted them. Here was an all sufficient motive, and the case against the prisoner looked black indeed.

In defence he simply said that all medicenes were made by his dispenser—that he could in no way account for the presence of the poison.

The dispenser swore that this was not so. True, he was in the habit of making up all medicines. But in the Danesourt case, with its suspicious features, Dr. Ewing had allowed no not to touch the drugs prescribed save himself.

At the close of this second day,

one to touch the drugs prescribed save himself.
At the close of this second day, Alico Danecourt went back, sad at heart, to her lonely home. Her heart was breaking, she thought. George was dead; she had never loved him; he had treated her brutally; still how was her husband, and his end had been terrible. On her first love lay the shadow of crime, the prospect of a shameful death.

She walked up and down the great, dimly lit room; her heavy black skirte trailing behind her; fever in her wild seys and on her sunken cheeks; her little hands clenched till the nails tore the soft palms.

the soft palms.

Oh! what can I do to save him?"

the soft palms.

'Oh! what can I do to save him?''
she cried.

She went up the wide staircase into the room where her husband had died. It was tonantless now, but the gas was burning dimly. She wandered about the room, taking up trifles and putting them down again absently. Her mind was full of Harold Ewing and his peril. She opened a cupboard, and there on the top shelf was a bottle of medicine unopened, still in its white paper wrapping. It was labelled.' G. Danecourt. Eaq.'' in the handwriting of Dr. Ewing's desponser.

The nurse identified it at once. Her evidence ran thus: Three days before Mr. Danecourts death, the doctor, on paying his customary visit had neglected to bring the medicine. He wrote a perscription and sent her to his surgery to have it made up, the staying with the patient meanwhille.

It was made up by the dispenser;

her to his surgery to have it made up, estaying with the patient meanwhile.

It was made up by the dispenser; the prescription was enclosed in the wrapper, and the nurse returned home. When she reached the sick room, the doctor, in examining the patient, medicine, and had instructed her to put it aside, which she did without breaking the seal.

The contents of the bottle were analysed and found to contain a proportion of the same poison that had silled George Danecourt. In every other respect the ingredients composing it tallied with those mentioned in the prescription. So now the Danecourt mystery was solved and the crime had seen brought home to the disposer. He was tried convicted, and sentenced to death. The day before the date of execution he was found strangled in his cell, and on the table was his confession. It ran thus:—

It is ten years times I first met Goorge Danecourt. It was at the chambers of a common friend—a backelor—that we were introduced.

Danecourt was then a rising young stock broker, and I was a medical

Danecourt was then a rising young stock broker, and I was a medical student at St. Botolph's Hospital.

student at St. Botolph's Hospital.

At the time I was leading a wild, irregular life. I was but nominally a student. The greater part of the day I rested, to recover from the dissipation of the previous night. There must be a mad strain in me, an hereditary taint, with the gloomy, morbid surroundings of my boyhood strengthened. So that when at last I found myself froe and in London I lost my head, and plunged into overy available gaiety. I was a confirmed gambler.

plunged into overy available gaiety.

I was a confirmed gambler.

One night at F—'s rooms the play rau high, and I won a large sum of Danecourt. His brow lowered; his eyes flashed; ho denounced me as a card sharper. This was false. Heaven is my witness that, deeply as the passion of play had seized me, I was ocheat. But the others would not believe me. I could tell, by the ominous silence which greeted my indignant denial, that the others

sided with Danecourt. In a frenzy o rage I threw down the carde, struck

From that day I was socially ostraoized. None of my former friends would associate with me. I sank lower and lower. Play I must, so I sought companions in a grade beneath

sought companions in a gime concurrence.

About this time my father died. On investigation his affairs were found to be hopelessly involved. I was a boggar. I had not taken my degree, and had small chance of success in my profession. This blow sobored me. Since the day of my father's death I have not touched a card, I have tried hard to keep my head above water, but it has been a bitter struggle the odds ware against me.

have not touched a card. I have tried hard to keep my head above water, but it has been a bitter struggle the odds were against me.

One splendid thance I had, and once again George Dancourts evil influence seatched it from me.

A physician, an old friend of my father's, and one who knew well our sad family history, promised, not only to aid me in taking a degree, but getting me a practice when I was fully quelified.

One day as I left this good Samaritan's house, a man crossed from the other side of the street and entered it. It was George Danccourt. He was a raan who could never forgive, the sting of my ingers across his face would never be forgotten. So my leart sank.

Ity lears were not groundless. Next morning came a letter from my benefactor. He simply said that, owing information he had received concerning my past earcer, he must withdraw his offer of help. He must also decline to communicate with me in any way turther.

Then I swore to be revenged. I could see in it now the hand of Fate. My father's destiny would be mine. But his prey had escaped; mine should not.

My father's destiny would be mine But his proy had oscaped; mine should not.

As a child I knew no mother. She was dead, they said. But the strange looks which accompanied this information roused suspicion in my childish heart. Once I remember asking my stern father about her. He flow into such a furious rage that I was awed and terrified. He soothed and comforted me, bidding me never to speak of my mother again. She was dead.

As I grew older I understood all. My father lived but for one object—to be revenged on a false friend. For years he waited patiently. At last the opportunity came but before he could strike, death forestalled him—his enemy was dead.

Goorge Danecourt should not oscape me thus. Once more I was thrown on my own resources, I saw Dr. Ewing's advertisement in a news paper, requiring a dispenser, and I was foctunate enough to obtain the situation.

tion.

Hardly had I been six weeks in my new employment when I found that George Danecourt, was one of the doctor's patients. Here was my apportunity. All the world knows now how well I availed myself of it. I saw him as he drove in his carriage, the mud from whose wheels splashed my shabby clothes. I maked his hollow cheek and sunken eye, and gloated. The poison was doing its work.

At last he died. Then I shyralk

At last he died. Then I shrank from the consequences. I would have let his fair wife to bear the punishment I would have allowed Dr. Ewing to suffer in my stead—for the gallows is

That was the Danecourt case. Far away in a sunnier cline than ours, two of the principal figures, Dr. Ewing and his wife—she who was once unhappy Alice Danecourt—are doing their best to forget the dark tragedy which so nearly ruined both their lives.

THE MOST WONDERFUL CURE.

Randreds Know the Case:

Samuel Duffin, farmer, West Missouri,
county of Middlesox, was subject to
epileptic fits since 1888, and during the
past two years these fits visited him
overy week. He had the best medical
advice that money could command, and
spent hundreds of dollars trying to get
relief, but all was of no avail. It had
to be constantly watched, his nights
were sleepless, and he felt that his life
was gradually obbing away. His condition could not possibly have been
worse.

was a could not possibly have been with the day on which he began taking promise its feet of the day on which he began taking promise it keeteng turning point in his life, and with deep gratitude he now adds his testimony, under eath, to the wonderful power of the medicine. The fits have ceased, his appetite has returned and he sleep well. Once or twice only since he commonced the medicine he has felt a sight dizziness, but this has soon passed off. His entire appearance has undergone a noticeable change, and hundreds of people in his vicinty can testify to the new lease of life given him.

The above facts are given in a sworn declaration made before C. G. Jarvis, Notary Public, and dated London, Unt., April 15th, 1896.

An amnesty meeting was hold at Tipperary on Sunday last, which was notable from the fact that Messrs. Redmond, Dillon and Daly all spoke. This is the first cocasion since by the death of Mr. Parnell that the death of Mr. Parnell that the leaders have addressed an audit others from the same platform.

Drs. Maybe and Mustbe.

You choose the old doctor before the young one. Why? Because you don't want to entrust your life in inexperienced hands. True, the young doctor may be experienced. But the old doctor minst be. You take no chances with Dr. Maybe, when Dr. Mustbe'ts in reach. Same with medicines as with medicine makers—the long-tried remedy has your confidence. You prefer experience to experience the when you are concerned. The new remedy may be good—but let somebody else prove it. The old remedy must be good—budged on its record of cures. Just one more reason for choosing AVER'S Sarsaparilla in preference to any other. It has been the standard household sarsaparille for half a century. Its record inspires confidence—BO years of cures. If others may be good, Ayer's Sarsaparilla must be. You take no chances when you take AVER'S Sarsaparilla. take AVER'S Sarsoparilla.

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IN HASTE FOR THE GLORY OF GOD.

IFOR THE CATHOLIC REGISTER !

Do you see that pedestrian, who a moment ago was walking leisurely up the street? He has seen that dark clouds were obscuring the rays of the sun, an' from those clouds small drops of rain were beginning to fall,

arops or rain were beginning to fall, as the presses of a coming tempest. He makes haste to arrive home, where he will find a shelter from the fury of the wind and rain. The fishermen, who went out in the morning also make haste to regain the port, before heaven and sea confounded in one engulf them forever. Here, in the field, the farmers also burry to load in their hay, and to look after their vegetables and fruit, so as to protect them against the violence of the storm. Moreover, no matter where you cast your eyes, north or south, east or west, everywhere, you will see the same activity; everywhere the songs of joy has ceased at the approach of dauger at the first peal of thunder. And we—what are we doing? Are we not strangers and pedestrians on this earth? Do we not long to enter the paternal domain? Who can say with certainty that he has nothing to fear from the divine wrath? No one. We are nothing but human beings, and if we had been outraged, as we have outraged. God every day, our wrath would know no bounds. God is more patient than we, but He does not tolerate the revolt of His creatures indefinitely. Let us consider what will be the tempest destined by Him for the punishment of so many blasphomies, murders and other grievous sins. You are the father of a family, and robbers have carried away by stealth your beloved child. What efforts will you not make to recover it, and to avenge yourself? More terrible will be the vengeance of our Heavenly Father, at the loss of so many souls caused by the scandals of His creatures. Remember the maledictions and the anethemse pronounced against those who dare to persout et sinse who are consecrated to Him. Consider the excerable insolence of all those apostates who openly affect the most profound diedain for the binning. How the subject of the binning of the sea of the se

only save our soul, but our country as well. To work then for the glory of God and we will ultimately triumply, and our reward will be a crown of glory in heaven forever. We are soldiers of the cross, let us be in haste to answer the call of the chief. In haste, in haste, for the glory of God!

ANNER.

Salmon River, Digby Co., N.S., Sept. 18th, 1896

DIOCESE OF KINGSTON.

orner Stone of a New Church Latd at

The members and friends of St. Vincent de Paul Oluveh of Deseronto looked expectantly forward to Sunday last. 20th inst., that being the date set for the laying of the corner stone of their new church. Great proparations were made for the entertainment of a large number of visitors expected from adjoining villages and towns. Nor were they dissappointed, as the town was fairly filled with occursionists by boat and train. The str. Varuna ran from Trenton and bay ports. The Bay of Quinte Railway ran a special train from Tweed and points along the line of that Railway.

Mass was celebrated by the pastor of the congregation, Rev. Father Hogan, at 10.30 a. m., in the Hall on St. George st.. which has been used temporarily for worship since the destruction of the old dutent by fire in May last. This service was largely attended. At its conclusion the pastor and congreation proceeded to the site of the new building, where a large audience had alroady assembled. His Grace Archiested Older, of Kingston, who was to officiate at the coremony, arrived shortly after, accompanied by Rev. Monsignor Farrelly, of Belleville, and Vicar-General Kelly, secretary to His Grace, they having driven from Napanee. A suitable platform had been erected, upon which the officiating elergy took their places. The pastor presented His Grace with a silver trowel, the coremony was at a once proceeded with, the corner stone being laid with appropriate ceremonies as prescribed by the Ritual of the duurch. The stone having been well and truly laid an adjournment was made to the hall where His Grace addressed the congregation in the subscription list was then opened. His Grace heading the list with \$200. An unbor of members of the congregation of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. A subscription list was then opened. His Grace heading the list with \$200. An unbor of members of the congregation in the past of the good feeling existing with the corner stone heading the list with \$200. An unbor of members of the congregation, and their loyalty to him as Ar

The inscription on the corner stone

The inscription on the corner stone reads thus:

Hane S. Vincentii Ecelma Novam, Diro Inceadio Consumpta Veteri, Runus Dom. Jac. Vinc. Cleary, Archiopus Kingston. Jun T. Hogan Aliisq. Presb. Multoq Popula Comitatus, Solemniter Inchoavit XII INsl. Octob. Anno MPCCOIVC, which translated is: The Most Rev. Jas. Vincent Cleary, Archbishop of Kington, attonded by Jun. T. Hogan and other priests, with a large number of the faithful, solemnly laid the Goundation stone of this new church of St. Vincent de Paul, on the 20th day of September, in the year 1896, the old one having been destroyed by a disastrous fire.