

Ireland! My Ireland, Ireland, oh, Ireland, centre of my longings... Country of my fathers, home of my heart...

BY AN UNSHOWN HAND.

Who poisoned George Danecourt? was the question that people were eagerly asking themselves in the winter of 18—.

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.

She lay back in the wide-armed chair, looking intently while Dr. Ewing told her the real cause of her husband's illness.

"It is too terrible to be true," she said at last in a voice so changed from its usual flexible richness that the doctor started.

"Can he be doing it himself? What reason can he have? He was a healthy man in the prime of life."

mo for a meddling fool. He said he wanted to blow his brains out "Is that all?"

"No. Only yesterday, when I begged him to take some tea, he turned away and said he had no wish to recover. He was a ruined 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 sake as for his."

"I understand," she said calmly, "and realize 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 small come round this evening. She is most vigilant, and will soon find out if Mr. Danecourt is, as you fear, himself the poisoner."

Nurse Dawkins was a tall, bony, capable woman, whose sharp brown eyes missed no detail. Yet at the end of a week she was bound to confess herself at fault.

"Yet I cannot help doubting Ellen," said Mrs. Danecourt. "She and the doctor were again in the library. She was looking old and haggard, he thought, as the setting sun streamed through the windows and glowed on her pinched, white face."

"The doctor had gone, Mrs. 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 hall. She had been weeping."

"He is dead," she said, in an awed whisper. "He died in the night, and when I heard he had died, I said 'good bye' to my husband."

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

Public interest was at its highest. It was the day on which Dr. Ewing was to take his trial for the murder of George Danecourt.

The principal witness against the prisoner was the day nurse, Dawkins, who had found the medicine bottle 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 with, Dr. Ewing was in the habit of bringing it with him when he visited the patient.

"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. Danecourt—that nothing but his poverty, and the consequent refusal 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 medicines 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 Danecourt case, with its suspicious features, Dr. Ewing had allowed no one to touch the drugs prescribed save himself.

At the close of this second day, Alice 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 he 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 skirts trailing behind her; fever in her wild eyes and on her sunken cheeks; her little hands clenched till the nails tore 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 dimly lighted, 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, Esq." in the handwriting of Dr. Ewing's dispenser.

The nurse identified it at once. Her evidence ran thus: Three days before Mr. Danecourt's death, the doctor, on paying his customary visit had neglected to bring the medicine. He wrote a prescription and sent her to his surgery to have it made up, he staying 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, on examining the patient, he decided not to give that particular medicine, and had instructed her to put it aside, which she did without breaking the seal.

side with Danecourt. In a frenzy of rage I threw down the cards, struck him heavily across the face, and left the room.

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

About this time my father died. On investigation his affairs were found to be hopelessly involved. I was a beggar. I had not taken my degree, and had small chance of success in my profession. This blow sobered 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 were against me.

One splendid chance I had, and one again George Danecourt's evil influence snatched 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 qualified.

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 Danecourt. He was a man who could never forgive, the sting of my fingers across his face would never be forgotten. So my heart sank.

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

When I swore to be revenged, I could see it in the hand of Fate. My father's destiny would be mine. But his prey had escaped; 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 flew 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 far better than she had been dead! 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.

George Danecourt should not escape me thus. Once more I was thrown on my own resources. I saw Dr. Ewing's advertisement in a new paper, retiring a dispenser, and I was fortunate enough to obtain the situation.

Advertisement for Dr. 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.

IN HASTE FOR THE GLORY OF GOD.

FOR 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, and from those clouds small drops of rain were beginning to fall, as the presage 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 fisherman, who went out in the morning also make haste to regain the port, before heaven and sea confounded in one engulf them forever.

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

THE MOST WONDERFUL CURE.

Of Epileptic Fits Ever Told of is Related in the Following True Testimony—Readers Know the Case! Samuel Duffin, farmer, West Missouri, county of Middlesex, was subject to epileptic fits since 1838, and during the past two years these fits visited him every week.

only save our soul, but our country as well. To work then for the glory of God and we will ultimately triumph, and our reward will be a crown of glory in heaven forever.

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

DIOCESE OF KINGSTON.

Corner Stone of a New Church Laid at Deseronto.

The members and friends of St. Vincent de Paul Church 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.

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 church by fire in May last.

At its conclusion the pastor and congregation proceeded to the site of the new building, where a large audience had already assembled. His Grace Archbishop Cleary, of Kingston, who was to officiate at the ceremony, 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 clergy took their places.

The pastor presented His Grace with a silver trowel, the ceremony was at once proceeded with, the corner stone being laid with appropriate ceremonies as prescribed by the Ritual of the church. The stone having been well and truly laid an adjournment was made to the hall where His Grace addressed the congregation in his usual pleasing manner, and commended them highly for the good work they were doing in erecting such a handsome edifice for the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

A subscription list was then opened. His Grace heading the list with \$200. A number of members of the congregation contributed very liberally, and about \$1,700 was subscribed in a very short time. This amount will no doubt be increased, as some prominent citizens were unable to be present on Sunday, and are only waiting for an opportunity to subscribe to this cause. The liberal subscription of His Grace was much appreciated, as it was not intended that he should be solicited to contribute, and this voluntary act of His Grace is but another of the many evidences which have been shown in the past of his Grace and this congregation, and their loyalty to him as Archbishop of the Diocese. After a very interesting session, during which His Grace tendered some good advice to the committee and congregation, the meeting was closed. His Grace returned to Napanee, after a short call upon His Worship Mayor Rathbun.

THE NEW CHURCH.

The inscription on the corner stone reads thus: Hanc S. Vincentii Ecclesiam Novam, Diro Incendio Consumpta Veteri, Rmus. Dom. Jac. Vinc. Cleary, Archiepiscopus Kingston. Jno T. Hogan Aliiq. Presb. Multiq. Popula Comitatus, Solemniter Inchoavit XII Kal. Octob. Anno MCMCVIII, which translated is: The Most Rev. Jas. Vincent Cleary, Archbishop of Kingston, attended by Jno. T. Hogan and other priests, with a large number of the faithful, solemnly laid the foundation 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.