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LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD

An Historical Romance

BY M. M'D. BODKIN, Q. C.

CHAPTER IX. THE AIR BITES SHREWDLY; IT IS

VERY COLD." -Hamlet. Myself must hunt this deer to death."

-Henry VI. Part ii. "Return with me And push distraction and perpetual shame Out of the weak door of our fainting land."

-- King John. To tell of Lord Edward's life in the bar-To tell of Lord Edward's life in the barracks at New Brunswick would be foreign to the purpose of our story. The all-pervading military discipline, which made the very atmosphere of the place imparted the powers of self-restraint, which served him well in later life. It taught him, if he could not check at least to him, if he could not check, at least to hide from careless eyes the fiery enthusiasm of his nature. The responsibility which, in that lonely station, was thrown on the officer, and the readiness of resource of situation in command called for fitted him for the perilement of the command called for, fitted him for the perilous part he was hereafter to play as leader of an oppressed people, to whom fortune alone denied vic-tory.

His letters at this time, written with sweet, playful humor to those at home, show how lightly his emancipated spirit now sported with the fancy which so seriously enthralled him a little time before. He wrote:—

"I ought to have been a savage, and if

it were not that the people I love and wish to live with are civilized people, and like houses, I really would join the

There would be then no cases there of looking forward to the fortune of children, of thinking how you are to live; no separations in families, one in Ireland, one in England; no devilish politics, no fashions, customs, duties, or appearances to the world, to interfere with one's hap to the world, to interfere with one anappiness. Instead of being served and supported by servants, everything here is done by the people one loves, and the mutual obligations you must be under increase your love for each other. To be sure, the poor ladies are obliged to cut a little water of the people of the Sure, the poor lattes are obliged to cut with the wood and bring a little water. Now, the dear Ci ss and Mimi, instead of being with Mrs. Lynch, would be carrying wood and fetching water, while Ladies Lucy and Sophia were cooking or drying fish. As for you, dear mother, you would be smoking you, ping. Collyie and us be smoking you pipe. Ogilvie and us boys, after having brought in our game, would be lying about the fire, while our squaws were helping the ladies to cook or taking care of our papouses. All this in a fine wood, beside some beautiful lake, which when you were tried of, you would, in ten minutes, without any baggage, get into your canoes and off with

One would like to linger over this busy, and not unhappy, period of his life, of which many details remain to us, but the chief action of his career cries "Forthe chief action of his career cries

ward."
The military genius of Lord Edward was stimulated by a military life. Daily and daily he mastered more and more completely the details of his fascinating profession. Daily his active and page. profession. Daily his active and pene-trating mind showed him more clearly how these details could be combined for

stupendous results.

More and more his old brilliant dream More and more his old orbitant dreams of victory and conquest beset him. He pictured himself at the head of a nation's armaments, wielding its powers as Jove's arm wields the thunderbolt. The clash, the struggle, and the triumphs of the battle-field delighted him. He dreamed of great armies beaten, and yast territores overrun, his name on all men's lips, in all men's ears, at once the glory of his country and the terror of her foes. His cheek flushed and his heart beat

faster at these glorious visions. The cost of victory — the plains strewn with mangled corpses, the myriad happy homes made desolate, were quite forgotten.
The young soldier's eyes could only see
the glories of war, not its horrors.
But there were times, too, when the

nobler instincts of his nature rebelled against the dull routine of the life he led, and the hard, hurtful splendor of the scar of his old love wound would rankle at his heart. Then he would start on long expeditions in the unknown land, alone or with little company. The soli-tary communion with Nature soothed his troubled soul for a time. But the rest-lessness increased upon him and grew

daily harder to appease.

He longed for adventure with a spice of danger in it, and fortune threw what he

longed for in his way.

He volunteered for the command of a wild and dangerous expedition — from Frederickstown, where his troops lay, to Quebec, and was accepted. Forthwith he embarked on the strangest piece of inland navigation ever attempted. navigation ever attempted.

One hundred and seventy miles he must pass through the primæval forest. To miss the way (where no way was visible) was to meet death. Lord Edward ible) was to meet death. Lord Edward commanded the little troop, which con-

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sisted of an officer, younger than himself, and two men of the rank and file. Tony, of course, was of the party. Their food supply was coarse and scanty, for the double question had to be determined, what was the least that could sustain them through the journey, and what was the most that they could carry. For guide through the illimitable waste they trusted to a pocket compass. On the trusted to a pocket compass. On the delicate quivering of the little morsel of magnetised iron the lives of these four men were staked with perfect confidence.

Boldly they plunged into the still depth of that illimitable tangle — more blood-chilling than the fierce ocean at its wildest—in whose recesses death lurked, with hunger and cold for his attendants.

It was mid-winter when the expedition started. The snow lay thick upon the ground—soft, dry, and powdery as white sugar. The sky was of clear, distinct blue in the daytime, with vivid flushings at sunrise and sunset. At night a myriad stars burned cold and bright in the great

In Indian file the party marched, their broad snow-shoes sinking half a foot or so in the soft drift, where a man without such support would have gone down to his waist. Lord Edward walked first for his waist. Lord Edward walked first for the most part. The others followed, stepping carefully in his track. The pressure of each man's foot made the track firmer for him that followed. The ast man walked almost on solid ground.

olack vault.

At night they cleared a narrow circle the snow, and spread the ground thickly with soft, sweet-smelling spruce leaves. A huge fire was kindled in the centre irewood, at least, was abundant in those

Within the radiant and glowing circle, hemmed around by the cold, they ate their frugal meal, of which steaming hot coffee was the chief luxury. Pipes were smoked and story and song interchanged, Then, with a pleasant chorus of "good nights," they turned on their soft, sweet-smelling couches to taste that perfect reoose which only hard work can buy.

They were up with the first ray of morning, to rekindle the smouldering fire with armfuls of wood, just as the re kindled sun, peering over the globe's rim threw a red glow across the white world Snow and frost! frost and snow grew very monotonous at last; trudging along, all day, and every day, as it seemed over the same white ground through the same interminable woods. At times the very air appeared to freeze into clear fluid ice, chill and motionless. At times there was a thin, cutting breeze that blew out of the trees and sky a cloud of frozen dust, powdered them all over white, and made them glitter in the sunshine like the figures that delight chil-dren at Christmas time.

They had been twenty-one days on the

expedition—each day as like another as the miles of white forest. Their food supply was running out, and it was thought necessary to shorten the rations to make sure of their holding on to the last. They had at first grown a bit tired of corn and grease, which were the chief staple of their repast. But the first hint of scarcity converted both into luxuries— not the quality but the quantity of the food was henceforth considered.

Of game they saw little and got none. The tracks of wild animals were indeed, abundant, but the animals themselves were missing. There had now been a hard frost and no snow-fall for a fortnight. They could not tell if the tracks they met were fresh or old, and they dared not start from their line of march in pursuit of game that had perhaps vanished from the place a forthight ago.

Lord Edward, as chief of the expedi-

tion, felt the food dearth most keenly, for his comrades' sake rather than his own. The thought of their peril often broke his rest at night when a hard day's march enjoined sleep.
One such night be lay with eyes wide

open, and senses alive to the sweet smell of the spruce bed and the quiet beauty of the night, while his comrades, soothed by the "kindly ministrations of "nature's soft nurse" were as still as the earth's

bosom where they lay, and as insensible.

Lord Edward's troubled thoughts yielded to the magic of the night's beauty.

The moon shone placidly from a clear far But there were times, too, when the nobles instincts of his nature rebelled against the dull routine of the life he led, and the hard, hurtful splendor of the dreams he dreamt. Ever and sgain the scar of his old love wound would rankle them, making no sound. His thoughts have the more down the vast still sky were as he gazed on the vast still sky were away from earth. In one of those supreme trances when the soul seems for a moment to pierce a little way to the mystery of the invisible world which surrounds it, and to which some instinct tells

us the road leads skywards.

His quick ear, which kept sentinel while his thoughts wandered, caught the white his thoughts wandered, caught the sound of a light rustle in the woods. Instantly he was down on earth again with all his bodily senses keenly on the alert. Very quietly he drew his rifle to him, and slowly and gently cocked it. The moon shone coldly on the barrel as he stretched it in the direction whence the could earn the direction whence the

stretched it in the direction whence the sound came.
Suddenly out of the darkness of the thick wood the huge black quivering shadow of a deer's head was projected flat on the white ground. The body followed, the long legs striking back right into the shadow of the trees.

It was a waird and chastly sight to

into the shadow of the trees.

It was a weird and ghastly sight, to send a thrill through the heart of a watcher in the still meonlight, but Lord Edward felt no such thrill. He knew there was a substance behind that shadow. As he steadied his rifle across his arm where he lay and waited for the substance to follow the shadow into the light. the savor of hot grilled venison steak was the homely anticipation that absorbed

him.

But there is many a slip between the game and the bullet. The high-piled camp fire at this instant fell in with a The black shadow vanished suddenly as ghosts vanish, and only the keenest ear could detect the rustle through the snow as the frightened moose

through the snow as the rightened mose deer field away into the night.

Lord Edward called up his sleeping comrades. Here was a chance of fresh meat not to be neglected. But the meat was alive on four swift, strong legs, and must be caught before it was cooked.

They recognified the snot where the

They reconnoitered the spot where the shadow vanished, and at the covert's edge found a deep track stretching away through the woods. Very quickly their simple belongings were bundled up, their

by no means easy to follow. The snowshoes of the party sunk deeper than ever
from the quick motion. The front man
who laboriously beat down the track for
the others, had to be constantly relieved.
Every half hour or so there was a change
along the whole line, so that the labor
might be more equally divided. But
Lord Edward, light and active, insisted
on more than his share of the toil as the
leader's right.

on more than his share of the ton as the leader's right.

So they plodded rapidly and doggedly forward along that white furrow from red sunrise to redder sunset. But the stout deer ploughed his way still faster; and from sunset to sunrise their strained eyes caught no glimpse of moving thing in the still white forest.

caught no glimpse of moving thing in the still white forest.

By endurance, plainly, not speed, the brave prize was to be captured.

Wearied, but hopeful, they camped round their huge fire that night, and ate more freely of their scanty store, and drank success to their strange chase in cups of scalding coffee.

Before dawn they were up and away again. By sunrise they had come where the wood was more open, and a broad expanse of white ground flushed pure red in the morning light.

Young Lieutenant Langley, who headed the party at the moment, peering out into the crimson haze, thought he saw two black branches stuck up from the white, bare ground, and quiver and wave in the dead calm.

in the dead calm.

At the same instant he felt Lord Edward's hand heavy on his shoulder.

"Down, Artie, down!" the leader cried, in an excited whisper. "It is he—only three rifle shots away. With caution we may creep on him."

Crouching and cautious, the party moved stealthily as spectres over the white ground.

white ground.

It was no use. The quick ear of the deer caught the faint rustle in the snow; the keen eye marked the string of dark figures sharply outlined on the white. Before half the distance was over-passed the slender branches that stuck up out of the snow were violently shaking. one moment they caught the full outline of the great deer as he leaped from his rehe snow like a swift ship through th water, throwing up as he went a cloud of frozen foam, that glistened and sparkled with myriad colors in the glancing sun-

pressed forward, as the trail of foam lengthened out before their eyes. But the moving cloud distanced them, despite their utmost efforts.

Stepping carelessly, in his haste, young Langley's snow-shoes interlocked. He fell forward on his hands and face in the deep, soft drift, and the whole party came tumbling after and over him. They gathered themselves up, laughing, from the frozen bath, shaking off the

clinging white dust, like so many water-dogs fresh from a plunge. But the useful lesson was learned once again that by steadiness, not speed, the moose deer was to be captured, if at all. On they went, steadily, with eyes straining through the forest, for yet an-

other peep at their quarry.

About noon Lord Edward noted a thin dark line leading down through the wood on the right hand towards the deer's trail.

As he came up he discovered with dismay the distinct impression of snow shoes like their own, following the deer's trail like themselves. The party stock still for a moment in surprise and disgust. The sharp breeze which they had scarcely felt in their excitement seemed now to warp their flesh with cold It was wonderful how tired and hungry other competitor for their live venison. and he had got the start of them.

Lord Edward bent down and examined

the track carefully.

"More than one man has passed here," he said; "the weight of two at least was needed to press the snow so hard. Come along, my boys," he cried out with sudden cheeriness. "They have kindly made a path for us. We will catch them and the deer yet if we make haste, and at least share the venison we started."

His words put new life into his party. They reckoned confidently that the great advantage of a ready-made path would soon bring them level with the men and deer they pursued. An hour later they noted (at first with

An nour later they noted (at list with joy) that the snow lay less thickly on the ground, and they moved forward more easily and more rapidly than ever.

But very quickly they realized that what was good for them was better for those in front.

The deer's track was no longer an even continuous furrow, ploughed breast deep

continuous furrow, ploughed breast deep in the snow. His deep footprints clear apart showed where he had leaped more ightly forward. Soon their snow shoes began to be a hindrance, not a help.

The men in front must have found the same, for the tracks of their snow shoes

suddenly changed to Indian mocassins.

Quickly taking the hint Lord Edward and his party discumbered their feet and

pressed forward with an energy born of despair.
Shallower and shallower the snow grew.

Shallower and shallower the snow grew.
The frozen earth began to show through
it in patches. Then the snow began to
show in patches on the frozen earth, then
in specks, then it vanished.
The deer's trail was now hard to find.

They could only creep forward cautiously, with their eyes on the ground, seeking here and there some slight mark to guide them. They had noted before the trail was lost that his strides had grown short-er. Their last hope was that, wearied out (as they were) with the long day's chase,

as they were) with the long day's chase, he might take cover and rest.

They no longer moved in Indian file, but spread, fan-like, to miss no chance of catching the faint trail, which grew fainter and fainter as they advanced. An arched tree root caught young Langley's careless foot. He fell forward with a careless foot. crash, his rifle discharging itself into the offending tree.

At the sound, right out from the cover

beside him, not fifteen yards off, sprang the persecuted deer. It was a last chance—a rare chance for the deer. Young Langley had stumbled to his feet, and the man behind him dared not fire.

For one long moment the line of the deer's flight was covered by the body of

shadow vanished, and at the covert's edge found a deep track stretching away through the woods. Very quickly their simple belongings were bundled up, their snow-shees strapped on, and they were away in pursuit.

The trail was easy to find. There was a broad, deep furrow where the resolute deer had ploughed his way, belly deep, in the loose snow dust.

The trail was easy to find, but it was the longest. The deer still bounded swiftly forward—the swifter for the sounds. In despair they watched him itash along the clear space from great tree trunk to tree trunk. He was just vanish-

ing out of range, when Lord Edward, with something that sounded like a curse, flung his rifle on the ground. At that moment a tongue of flame flashed out so close beside that it startled him, a sharp report rang through the crisp air, the distant deer leaped five feet sheer into the air, and fell on his side dead.

With a cheery laugh, Maurice Blake broke from the thick cover, his smarifle in his left hand, his right stre cordially to greet Lord Edward, who thick cover, his smoking hand, his right stretched a cry of glad surprise, sprang forward to

Christy Culken followed, as imperturbable and sedate as if they had only parted yesterday, yet with a twinkle of

humor in his eye.
"An old friend," said Lord Edward, to his astonished comrades. "I may ven-ture to invite you all to this supper of his providing. It is not the first time his rifle has fed me."

Soon a huge fire was blazing cheerily flashing its fierce light into the dim re-cesses of the wood, and killing the stingcesses of the wood, and kinding the stage-ing cold within the wide circle of its gen-ial influence. Very speedily, for hunger makes haste, the venison steaks were hissing on the live embers, and the warmed air was redolent with the grate-

ful savor.

It was a Homeric banquet, and they
and they appetite. "When fed with Homeric appetite. "When hunger was appeased and strength restored," they sat or lay amid the soft sprace within the ambit of the fire's glow, sprice within the simo of the respective springs and told wild tales or sang gay songs, waking the echoes of the woods and flouting the pale moon and solemn stars with uproarious merriment. For the full meal of venison after the long fast exhibitation when the wilds with a star like with a star like with a star like wing. them like wine.

Then sleep claimed her due from fatigue. One after another the party fell into deep slumber. But Lord Edward and Maurice Blake, who lay close beside and Maurice blake, who lay close beside each other in the thick, sweet-smelling leaves, their blankets wrapping them warmly, were too excited by their meet-ing for sleep to come easily or soon. As silence settled around they dropped into more serious talk of what had chance since they met. Maurice Blake's story was short. His life had run in the old groove. When peace came, he resumed his wanderings in the woods, but the life palled on him. Though he hate war, he was fain to confess he missed th excitement of the war out of his life.

Lord Edward, in whose soul the young dreams of military glory were re-awaken-

ing, smiled, pleased at the confession. seemed as if Blake guessed his thoughts.

"It was not war but work I wanted," he added, hastily. "Work and human sympathy. I feel my life was not meant to be wasted killing venison and eating it. Even the grandeur of the forest palls

on an empty or discontented soul."

"How strange," cried Lord Edward.

"I have heard that gospel ably preached to me in the very heart of the wilderness, and I have much to tell you of that same preacher. Then he ran shortly through the invidents that had chequered his life. the incidents that had chequered his life since he and Blake had grasped hands at parting. Shyly and slightly, he touched on his own love sorrow, but he dealt at length with Dr. Denver's story and his own startling experiences amongst the Indians. He made no secret of his belief that his strange monitor, the gloomy hermit of the woods, was the lost Sir Valen-tine Blake, the father whom Maurice had

Blake listened with breathless interest There was a long silence when Lord Edward's voice ceased.

"I feel quite sure it is so," said Blake, at last, speaking very low and earnestly.
"Some instinct tells me you are right, but I have no claim to break in upon his lonely life until he calls or comes to me. Still the words he has spoken are for me as well as you—for me more than for you - they are spoken from a father to his They are the echo of the voice of my own heart.'

There was another spause. This time Lord Edward broke it.
"Whither are you bound?" he asked

Blake. " For Ireland," the other replied with a curious tremor in his voice as it dwelt lovingly on the name. "Let me confess," he added impetuously. "I had some o me reproachfully by the silent camp fire in the lonely woods, and has set me pacing restlessly all through the night. You have been in Ireland since we last

"I have," said Lord Edward, sadly, "I "I have, said Lord Edward, sadly. "I have seen her misery without the power to help it. I have felt weak and bewildered, and ended by swimming with the current, with eyes and ears close shut."

"I will not believe," Blake broke in,

that you saw misery without trying to

"Twill not believe, Blake broke in,
"that you saw misery without trying to right it."
"I felt helpless—that is a'l. There was no point where I could set the lever—no power I could apply to raise the people. There was no use, I thought, trieving over what I could not remedy. I tried to forget, and I did forget. I grew absorbed in my own life, and I paid the penalty of selfishness. I drifted, and my drifting has landed me here. Our life's course is fashioned before our lives begin," he went on gloomily, with a touch of that dreary philosophy, old as the hills and false as the seas, which youth borrows from disappointed love, and thinks new and true: "Our lives are made for us like our minds and bodies. We can change none of the three. We revolve in a narrow self-conscious circle from day to day, but the great orbit of our existence is shaped by great orbit of our existence is shaped by mysterious powers which we neither know nor can control. We are what we are, and will be what we must be."

A half-conscious admiration of his own cynical wisdom mingled with the bitter-ness with which he spoke. "I deny it," cried Blake in earnest pro-

test, "God has made us masters of our-selves for good or evil. He has given us own heads are the folly, crime, and punishment if we mis-shape them.

The earnestness in his voice touched Lord Edward, more than he cares to

show.
"Give fate her due," he cried lightly. "At any rate she has tied your life and mine together. For the third time we have met by the strangest chance in the heart of this lonely forest, far from all the

beaten tracks of human footsteps."
"The thought that our lives are fated to run together," Blake replied, "has often been in my own heart, and has been very pleasant to me, but our meeting here has not been chance. I knew of your expedition and came to seek you. When I reliable, easy to take, easy to operate.

rossed the trail of the moose I knew he was hunted, and guessed who the hunters were. I knew, too, that where the snow ceased there was danger of losing him. I followed the deer and you followed me,

and so we met." "Not soon to part, I trust," said Lord Edward, with something of his old boy-

ish enthusiasm.
"Most sincerely, I hope so," Blake re-"I had the offer of long leave," the impetuous young soldier continued, "as I started on this expedition. I have a great mind to take it. I have caught home sickness from you. I am tired of the loneliness of barrack and forest alike I want familiar places and faces. Will you have my company to Ireland?"

"It is of all things what I most longed for "the light of the light of the

for," replied Blake.
"It is a bargain then?"
"A bargain," exclaimed Maurice.
Half rising from their rough couch, the
two men clasped hands once more.
Then, with a murmured good-night, they
nestled snugly down amongst the spruce, nestled snugly down amongst the spruce, drew their blankets closer, and dropped into a dreamless sleep that lasted to the

dawn.

The trouble of the expedition was over. Blake knew the forest as a cabman kr

a city.

His rifle and woodcraft combined provided them with food, dainty and abunant, as regularly and assuredly as the most careful housewife that ever haunted the meat marked for city epicure. Their right was the region ward juried. painful march was thenceforward turned into a holiday expedition.

TO BE CONTINUED.

CAN'T HELP IT AND DIDN'T MEAN TO

These twin disturbers, Can't Help It and Didn't Mean To, have wrought a great deal of misery in this world. They are the defences of the flabbily weak, the wicked and the shiftless And what poor defenders they are They are cowardly subterfuges behind which skulk many a fellow who might have been a reputable citizen if he had not constantly yielded to his temptations, and then cowered under the brittle shield, "I can't help it"; as if he, as an intelligent being, had not free will and understanding and powers of resistance like the rest of numan creation.

The habitual drunkard, who has weakened his will by his excesses, at-ways puts forward the plea, "I can't help it," and he obtains from many excessively sentimental people sympathy, on this excuse. This makes him even worse than he was before, and he goes on sinking lower and lower every day under the weight of "I can't help it Then, if he commits a crime when he is intoxicated, which is likely to bring him to life imprisonment or the gallows, the equally absurd plea, "I didn't mean to, "is brought out. Tais is a. bout what heredity amounts to when it is advanced as an apology for crime. That we are nearly all born with an inclination to commit some especial sin may be readily acknowledged, but we are also given the power to overcome it, and by exercising this power we win heaven. We are not saved by faith alone, however strong that may be. So, to yield to any temptation. whether it be in the direction of intoxication, sensuality or anything that is vile, is to commit an act that can not be covered in the sight of God or man with the excuses, "I can't help it, and "I didn't mean to."

It is cowardly to try to dodge responsibility by the employment of these terms. If you have unfortun-ately committed offences that should you outside the pale of decent society, manfully acknowledge your errors, and say, "Yes, I did so, with my eyes open. I am sorry for it, and he added impetuously. "I had some hope of your company. Do you ever think at all of that talk of ours on the night before we last parted, when, as it seems to me, we swore fidelity to the old land? Often the remembrance has come land? Often the remembrance has come to me representably by the silent camp. which he is likely to be eventually

What I would ask of the bright, young, healthy, well-intentioned, brave fellows whose friendship I hope I have made in these papers, is to be honest with themselves and with these who appreciate their good qualities and are sorry for any tendencies which may lead to the acquirement of bad habits. The Church in which most of you were born offers you plenty of assistance in your endeavors to lead a manly life, and by this I do not mean the brutality which some people mistake for manliness. I do not wish to preach to you. There are trained minds that are better able to do this than I am, and I would ask you to listen to them attentively when they speak from the pulpit or the altar. My mission is to give you a little friendly advice from an everyday point of view, as if we were sitting and smoking our evening pipes together.

I know that young men are apt to think that youth is to last for a long time, for, in the happy saying of the day, "I have been there myself," and they put off the correction of their faults on that account. But youth, as the poet asserts, passes as quickly as the opening flower. Therefore, do not form habits that will pursue you into middle life or perhaps into old age, for virtue is not always an accompani ment of the latter, and, to do this, banish your exclamatory phrases, "I Can,t Help It!" and "I Didn't Mean To!" Hell is paved with them. -Benedict Bell in Sacred Heart Review.

Catarrh is a Disease Catarrh is a Disease
Which requires a constitutional remedy. It cannot be cured by local-applications. Hood's Sarsaparilla is wonderfully successful in curing catarrh because it eradicates from the blood the scrofulous taints which cause it. Sufferers with catarrh find a cure in Hood's Sarsaparilla, even after other remedies utterly fail.

REMARKABLE INST. FAITH AND PERSEV

JANUARY 8, 1898,

Sometimes a striking ex power of prayer and the goodness of Almighty God our faith more than man So we will relate to day Sacred Heart Review, a ren cident that occurred on th setts seacoast in the mont put on record for the gre God, as an act of thanksgi and also to give us more cry to Him out of any dept no matter how dark an A boy of sixteen, nam

son of one of our well ki a raft on Wednesday, Aug St. Joseph's day of the we afterwards remarked. merry, bright, active boy perfect health, and was his sister Mary old family none of them were able to a little fellow not strong of any use. A young lad of the place and an exp came to the aid of the He had already sunk thr without waiting to remo ing at least to bring the to the shore. Her noble in vain.

Meanwhile, the chil screams had reached to far across the water. gathering in crowds, and was a man named Con already received a me Humane Society for say the risk of his own. He reaching the boy, but be out of breath with runn not retain his hold and again below the sea. Joe's sister, instead of

fainting, was praying ea God who is indeed ou strength. And in her in the true communion began to say her resary the great St. Anthony, things," that he would pl A fisherman named Flyn the cliff in his boat, put tra sprit into the water, help, put it beneath the be as Mary began the third that her brother might man drew him to the su He had been, at the lo eight minutes under the

say ten or fifteen. His weight, lay across the swollen, lifeless. Then Conroy's direction, at morning, what seemed less task. Still Joe's sister pra afterwards that she sup how to pray to God befo found that she never then. It was a heartre but a beautiful one that have been glad to pa

men working over the i the faithful sister on t hoping against hope a the very face of death : circle of earnest won offering up the rosary near by a little comrad hands and innocent eye en, all praying that . again. But in half an men came to Mary an "I am sorry to say i done all that is in ou Your brother is dead."

She did not cry. The seemed to herself to be She could only pray. man, "I don't believe on with her praying ought to be clearly absolute faith in God grant her prayer. No long experience of st and death had they like this. There cam life, and at length the carried him to his frie heavy had the slender become that it took the terrible weight of been ten minutes unde began a desperate struggle with death, t

santly till midnight ha was something marve What gave the mer struggle on and keep breath alive, that seen flicker of a candle? kept it there at all?

The men were five remained by the bo The physician of th Catholic, came and again, and he said to she arrived the follo startling words: " I than that your son jaws and limbs were there was any breath smallest amount th The water poured i if out of a pitcher.

of brain fever or o lungs. By and by l piteous moans, yet th ers rejoice, for they Terrible delirium en him. But if his fa hostess spoke to him her voice and with of courtesy and obed ply. His friend sa of restoration was ant and severe that it carried on could co men put their phy powers to an unp But beside and above

efforts were aided prayers and faith