APRIL 17, 1909.

ied ? that I became s and passed my days s of carnage? Vener-and valiant Graham! summation for which at moment Bothwell, Soulis, would have o call up his men, but d the horn from his ng upon the war-car-Le de Spencer had pros embassy, he diew nd exclaimed, "Peace! d, and for the last voice of William ead silence ensued, edd, "If ye have ses within ye; if a de-than witchcraft, have ir senses, look beyond pror, and behold your dward, in these demands ands Did we not drive his sea? And, were we er could cross our bor-at is it then you do, put your necks under he not seek to bribe me and yet, when I refused and the world's rewards s, you-you forget that he the vanquished ; and sell, your birthright to of a tyrant! You yield is extortions, his oppresge! Think not that he e people he would have se his bitterest enemy; to live unmanacled, who to live unmanacled, who ower of resistance. On eh you are in his hands, hat you have exchanged race, liberty for bondsge, i Me, you abhor; and ur extremest heur, forget and nardon the block you and pardon the blood y day! I draw this sword re; but there yet lives a endant of the royal heroes hom Providence may conr preserver."

n threw the sword he had dward into the hands of d departed, unmolested, t of the throng.

Bothwell followed him; and Scrymgeour remained e of the remains of Ker. the Lanard men, now sty, remained faithful to a Scrymgeour, placing him-head, marched to Bothwell's he found Wallace, with Murray. After some time sultation, Wallace was left night. He wrote letters to Ruthven, and Bothwell. ne to Edwin, but his nanu nd he could not proceed. from the tent, and struck Rosslyn woods. Having r thickets, and crossed the their extremity, he was the sound of his name. sound of tended by a youth, stood betended by a youth, stoot of the veteran expressed amaze-eeting his master alone at narmed, and in so dangerous "The road," said he, "be-

and Stirling, is beset with es." Wallace inquired what rought from Huntingtower. t," said he. "By this time ruce is no more !" Wallace vulsively, and fell against a nsby narrated the particulars illness, and ended by saying, elen has sent me, with this nplore you to go to Huntingd there embattle yourself our own and your prince's

by, Walter, my faituful eried Wallace, "I do not cotland : she drives me from ld she have allowed me, I e borne her in my arms until gasp; but it must not be so. r into the Almighty hands to ommit myself: they will also he Lady Helen from violence. with her. If he lives he will er for my sake; and should he weil and Ruthven will cherish in comp. Whither Loo Lungton irown. Whither I go I must go d as a proof of your love, grant bedience. Rest amongst these

ill morning. At sunrise you r to our camp : then you will destination : but till Bruce destination but himself at the head of his

APRIL 17, 1909.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The little cottage of Brian Driscoll ond on the side of the hill of Raheen.

stood on

country's armies, never reveal that he who lies at Huntingtower is other than Sir Thomas de Longueville." "Rest we cannot," replied Grimsby, "but still Brian looked alarmed.

"What have you done now?" he asked. "Why should you be afraid !" "I broke jail last week, Brian-I broke away from it. God sees what I have en-dured the days since. Lying in the we will obey our master. You command me to adhere to Bruce, to serve him till the hour of death ; I will, but, should he heather by day, wandering across the moors by night, till I came here. Wance I would have perished of hunger only that a woman over there in the Leitrim glans toke main."

the hour of death; I will, but, should he die, then may I seek you out and again be your faithful servant?" "You will find me before the cross of Christ," re-turned Wallace, "with saints my fellow-soldiers, and God my only King! Till then, Grimsby, farewell. Walter, carry my fidelity to your mistress. She will share my thoughts with the Blessed Virgin of Heaven; for, in all my pravglens took me in." He paused as if exhausted ; sunk into a seat by the fire, and buried his face in his hands. He looked thin and worn and haggard. share my thoughts with the Blessed Virgin of Heaven; for, in all my pray-ers shall her name be remembered." Walter

Brian stood watching him, fearing to say anything. What could he say? Presently the other turned to him.

ers shall her hane be remembered." Grimsby sank on the earth. Walter hid his weeping face in the folds of his master's mantle, which had fallen to the Presently the other turned to him. "Brian, I want you to help me. It's the last chance, the very last. If I go back yonder"—pointing his hand out of the door—" it'll be the end of me." ground. Lost in grief, no thought seemed to exist in the young man's heart but the resolution to live only for his "How can I help you ?" queried

but the resolution to live only for his benefactor; and to express this vow with all the energy of determined de-votedness, he looked up to seek the face of Wallace, but Wallace had disappeared. Brian. "They'll be comin' after me, maybe to-morrow." He rose to his feet, and stretched out his hand supplicatingly:

Brian shook his head. "The boat sails from the cove here to-night," the other went on ; " and she BRIAN DRISCOLL'S SACRIFICE.

leaves Derry Quay in the morning. Get me some decent clothing; give me the price of my passage, and I swear to you that I will begin a new life all over

A bare hill ; it was bad for crops. The grass that grew on it was copper-colored for five months in the year. Truly a bad enough place to make a living on. again His brother glared at him. What was he asking—the price of his happiness, his life? Up the little boreen, whin-bordered,

came Brian with a rod creel on his back. The wind blew strongly but hotly from "Seventeen pounds would do it," he continued in the same pleading strain. "You must have saved seventeen pounds the shore below. As he trudged up the hill under his burden, the sweat poured down his face. It was a long way he in all these years, you that was always so careful !" He looked into his brother's ves with a searching gaze.

had to carry his firing. He put the creel on the top of the sod-fence to rest, and with the sleeve of his woollen wrap-Brian turned away his head. The seventeen pounds locked away in the brown box at the head of bed—could he per wiped away the sweat. A young man, perhaps not more than thirty ; he touch it for any living? It was all his life's savings. It was all he had, with

man, pernaps not more than thirty; he looked ten years older. It was a weary life of drudgery he led. No child's play at all making a living on the hill of Raheen, working late and early, working all the time. Baien sighted as he graved hear wear which to prepare a home for Maggie Brown. If he lost that money, he lost her. It was all his hope, all his life. Her people would never consent to her coming into four bare walls. A man

Brian sighed as he gazed back upon the laneway leading down to the edge of the water. Out beyond the rim of the was wealthy who had seventeen pounds in that part. "I cannot, Roddy ; God knows I can-

sea his eyes travelled. Half-yearningly he looked, as he had looked many a time not." Nearer the poor fugitive came. His face was close to that of Brian. His eyes were glowing with that desire. And such a look as his face wore! Never did anyone see the likes before. All the sorrow of the world was in it; all the unuttered was during the past seven years if or in the man's heart there was unrest. The stories he heard of life out beyond the the unuttered woe.

stories he heard of the out beyond the hills had haunted him many a day as he toiled and struggled to win something more than a pittance out of the black land. Sometimes he was ready to des-pair. From the sea line his eyes travel-led over the ridge of the hills rising up one after another until they rested upon the unuttered woe. "Ah, surely, surely, Brian, you won't fail me. What would our mother think up in heaven? How could you ever think to look in her eyes after the days? For me, it's either life or death; the be-ginnic, or the out_ To more they'll one after another until they rested upon a snow-white farm house set round with young trees. The hard light died out of his face. He was thinking of the girl in ginnin' or the end. To morrow they'll be after me. But back there I'll never the farmhouse who had promised to come to the Raheen hills by Lammas time. The daughter of comfortable parents go, except it is that they carry my dead body." "I have no money." Brian replied, "I have no money the thought of

"Then you refuse ?" Somehow he had

The daughter of comfortable parents was Maggie Brown; the best-off they were in all the barony. Indeed it was this worldly gear which had stood be-tween Brian and his heart's desire for so many years, for the Brown folk did not want their daughter tied down to a life of noverty and toil they had bet telling the lie. It was the thought of losing the woman of his heart that made him do it.

"You have, Brian—you have. Your eyes gave the lie to your words. Wait! I'll search the house from top to bottom. not want their daughter tied down to a life of poverty and toil—they had bet-ter hopes for her. Thus it was that Brian toiled night and day, and toiled again. It was the dream of his life that Oh, man, you can't deny me ?" For a moment the other stood silent. All his loneliness and toil in these years

All his lonetimess and toll in these years rose up before him; all the drudging and slaving, and all his hopes culminat-ing in the day when Maggie Brown should come across the hill to him. Were they to be all for nought? For day he might have the place worthy of Maggie Brown. The old folks had at last given their The old forts had has given take equest. Grudgingly they gave it too. But had not Brian seventeen pounds saved up to buy things? He would come in for their farm too, when he married Maggie. A smile flitted across the first time he turned to his brother the first time he tarked to more," he angrily: "You'll have none of my money," he said. "You can go when you please to whatever you like. It's only what we all warned you against years ago. You ought to have seen it yourself. Do you think I'm going to slave and weary through wet and dry like a beast of burden only to throw it away in a min-

his face. There was a rift in the clouds for him at last. Life had promised something after all the years of toil and waiting. Even now he felt utterly ex-hausted. From early morning — from daybreak—he had been trudging backburden only to throw it away in a min-ute now ?" wards and forwards in that boreen, the heavy creel of peat upon his shoulders.

somehow he had
< Brian woke up with a start. It was all a dream. Weariness had overcome him; he had fallen asleep. He looked up. The creel was resting on the fence. In from the sea the breeze blew fresh with the damp of the salt spray on it. He rose to his feet and gazed around him. Coming up to the horsen he say the By the door of the little cottage he stood in the mystic hours of the dusk. Only a week, and Maggie Brown would be with him. Coming up to the boreen he saw the figure of the local letter carrier. He Suddenly out of the shadows below, his eyes detected a figure coming up the hills. He started forward. Who could stood his ground till the carrier came up. The latter handed him a letter. He pulled it open with a feverish eagerness. That terrible dream had shattered his t be coming to see him at that hour of the evening ? He bethought him of the seventeen pound notes, the saving of a lifetime, hidden away in the little oak box at the nerves The letter was dated from an English seaport, and ran : seaport, and ran : "Dear Brother,—You will be surprised to get a letter from me after these years of silence. Heaven above knows what I've suffered since I left you. Dearly and very dearly have I paid for all my follies. Bad company led me down to the lowest depths. I could have gone on like that to the end. All holy and good influences had left me. Only one had of the bed, and, thinking, he pulled the door, shut it, and turned the key. Slowly the figure approached until it stood almost beside him. "Good evening, Brian," the new-comer said. Brian started back, surprised. Some-thing in the voice struck him as familiar. "Do you not know me?" He came on like that to the end. All holy and good influences had left me. Only one day I met with some one who pitied me in her heart. An angel she was. I got ashamed of my life that instant. I made a resolve that I would break with all my forward and grasped him tightly by the "My God !" he exclaimed. "Roddy !" "Ay, Roddy. But come inside ; I'm tired out." He almost dragged Brian a resolve that I would break with all my evil companions, to begin a new and better life. But it is impossible here— these people haunt me like ghouls. If you make an effort to rise they pull you down. They are everywhere, "Last night I had a dream. I thought you had seventeen pounds in a little brown box at the head of the bed. You gave it to me, and it was the means of making a man of me. I would go abroad —away from these human fiends. Brian, I swear to you, as I hope to meet our tred out." He almost dragged Brian towards the door. Inside they went, Brian leading the way. He poked up the fire into a blaze, and put a light to the little oil lamp that hung above the window. Roddy cautiously shut the door, and laid the bar across it. bar across it. Brian stood on the hearthstone and surveyed his brother from top to toe. --away from these human flends. Brian, I swear to you, as I hope to meet our father and mother in heaven one day, that I'm in earnest now. Will you help me, Brian? For the sake of our mother, for the sake of our father, for the sake of the days when we were children, and when I only knew innocence and truth. Your loying brother. He was almost too amazed to speak. Ragged, unkempt, with a stubby beard overing his face, a miserable type of tramp, Roddy's feet protruded from dila-pidated boots. Altogether he looked a std spectral. sad spectacle. What has come to you at all ?" what has come over you ?" The other raised his hand, as if to en-join silence. "Hush!" he said, "some-body might hear us. No wan must know that I'm here." Your loving brother, "Roppy." Brian crushed the letter into the inner pocket of his 12 1.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

CANADIAN HOMESEEKERS EXCURSIONS

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"Poor Roddy," he soliloquized ; the tears starting out of his eyes. "It's to be his happiness or mine. It must be Maggie Brown or that other woman out

here"—looking across the bay. He raised the creel upon his shoulders

"Dear Roddy,—I send you the seven-teen pounds. I believe you. I know that woman will be a blessing to you. "BRIAN." That was all. He said nothing about

his hopes and blighted and spoiled. Maggie Brown could never marry him now; he could never come into her fortune or her father's farm. Worse than all else, he could never

possess his heart's desire. Nobody—only God alone—knew what a sacrifice the man on the Raheen hill nade that day.

Three years had gone by since Brian Three years had gone by since Brian made his great sacrifice during which life dragged on for him in slow misery; for the parents of Maggie Brown not only broke off the match, but for-bade their daughter to even speak to him. Poor Maggie loved Brian only the more dearly, honored him the more for his noble and unselfish action to-reards bis master a brother, and declared wards his wastrel brother, and declared stoutly to her parents, when they began t) busy themselves matchmaking for her that no man save Brian should ever call

that no man save Brian should ever can her wife. Dutiful in all else to her parents, on this point thair plans for "setting her in life" met with a stub-born resistance, with the result that

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much. He had hoped that Roddy was in earnest in his promises to turn over a new leaf; now he feared that the letter which contained them was only a dodge to work upon his sympathies and that his money had been squandered among the bad companions who had dragged him down. As Brian mused one morning over these things, seated at a lonely meal, he

heard his name sharply called, and at the same moment the figure of the post-man appeared with a letter in his hand. "I have here a registered letter that you must sign for, Brian," he said. "I hope there is something good in it."

Brian turned pale, then red, for the letter bore a Canadian stamp, and was addressed in Roddy's well-known hand. "I think it's from my brother, Roddy." he said simply as he signed the docket and gave it to the postman. "It's a long time since I heard from

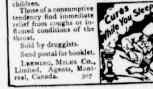
When the postman had gone Brian opened the envelope and drew from it a letter, within which there was enclosed a crisp blue paper.

Haragie Dioking across the bay. He raised the creel upon his shoulders again, and began the steep climb up to the little cottage. He went inside. To the little brown box he passed, and took the notes. He counted them over; fingering them tenderly, as if they were things of life. Then he sat down at the table and wrote with lead pencil: "Dear Roddy,—I send you the seven-that woman will be a blessing to you. that woman will be a blessing to you. that I would turn over a new leaf. I worked hard early and late, well assisted by the wife who, with you, has proved my salvation. I managed to save a bit, and during the past year have been doing so well that I can now return you not only the seventeen pounds you seat me, but thirty-three more at the back of it as interest. You will find in this a draft for fifty pounds, as proof that I have mended and as a mark of our love for you and our gratitude for all that you have done for me. I am joined in this not only by my wife : I think I can also speak for



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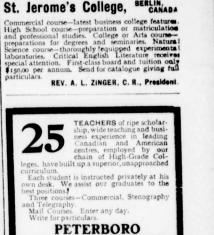
and when he left again for home the day of the wedding was fixed. As to his interview with Maggie, it is too sacred to set down here what they said to each other.—John McGovern in

The Irish Emerald.

AN UNEXPECTED TRIBUTE.

One of the Judges at the famous witchcraft trials in Massachusetts in 1692 was the English-born Samuel Se well, who became Chief Justice of the State in 1718 and died in 1730. A Puritan of the Puritans, his views on dis tinctly Catholic doctrines could hardly be expected to be especially tolerant or be expected to be especially observed with the partial, and there is, accordingly, exceptional interest attaching to this excerpt from a MS, of the seventeenth century American jurist published in the current American Catholic Histori-

cal Researches: "As for the Blessed Mary, the Mother of Our Lord, for my part, I had rather, with the Roman Catholics, believe that she is in heaven already than imagine that she shall never be there. Never that she shall never be there. Never was there so great and honorable a wooing as Mary had—whether we con-sider the immensity and greatness of the Person, the Holy Spirit, or the superiority of the ambassador, the Angel Gabriel. Well might the Blessed Vir-gin property and the start of after The second secon Your loving, grateful brother, "RoDX," The tears were coursing down Brian's checks as he finished Roddy's letter, Again hope pushed through his bosom: tor his dreams—could he believe it ? parents, on this point thair plans for "setting her in life" met with a stub-born resistance, with the result that there was little happiness in her life either. Not a word had been heard from Roddy beyond a brief note of thanks for the money, scribbled, he said, ere starting on an emigrant steamer. Brian felt acutely the ingratitude of the brother for whom he had sacrificed so



Educational.

8

1

BUSINESS COLLEGE

of Catholic teaching relative to God's Blessed Mother have appealed to devout and logical minds even in the most anti-Catholic periods and environments .-Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

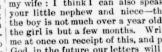
READING THE BIBLE.

Our separated brethren are very fond of talking about the Bible and parading the Bible on all occasions. But there is one place where, in most Protestant denominations, the Bible plays very little part, and that is in the public services. Modern hymns, extemporan-eous prayers, a sermon, constitute nearly all. Even the sermons give very little Bible.

Take the reported sermons which ap-Take the reported serions which appear in the papers, and how much Scripture can you find in them? A grain of Scripture to a bushel of poli-tics or news. The Catholic Mass begins with a psalm ; the Introit is gener-ally a passage of Scripture ; the Gloria in Excelsis is a Bible passage swelling In Excessis is a Bible passage swelling into the grandest sublimity of prayer. The gospel of the day is taken from one of the four Evangelists; the Epistle is a selection from some other part of Scripture; the Offertory is from the Bible. The Lavabo is another of the Psalms; the words of consecration are tablen from the Gospels; the Our Father is from the Bible, and the service closes with the opening of the Gos-pel according to St. John. From the beginning to end the Mass is a Scriptural service.

Vespers is a series of psalms. The Breviary, containing the daily office, is mainly composed of psalms and other extracts from Scripture. There is not of the fourth of the light of the an office of the Church for the living or the dead, which does not contain large extracts from the Bible. From this constant use of Scripture, as may be naturally supposed, Catholic sermons show far more Bible than those of our separated brethren. - Intermountain





Your loving, grateful brother,

Again hope pushed through his bosom : for his dreams—could he believe it ?—

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s of dizziness and weakness.

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