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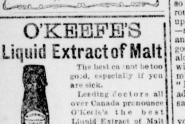
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mide. If you are run down and need a tonic

GLENCOONOGE. By RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN KNOWLES. CHAPTER XXVI.-CONTINUED.

"Only in the faintest way. I was so young when I saw him last, and he seemed to my eyes very old, and tall, and distant. I remember I did not like him. But children have strange fancies. My mother idolized the very thought of her son, and gave me as I grew up an ideal of our bredher which has never out her left son, and gave me as I grew up an interic fi my brother which has never quite left me; as it were of some one great and powerfal, a magician almost, a touch of whose wand could set all things straight. 'If only my boy were here !' was her cry in all our misfortunes. She would never admit the thought that he had died ; and died ; and admit the thought that he had died, and so fully possessed was she by the idea that he would return, that I became that he would return, that he because affected by the superstition, too. Often in my straits I have invoked his appear-ance, but every time with lessening faith. And now that I have a living husband always near me, my poor phantom brother becomes every day more shad-owy. How is it possible that he can be owy. How is it possible that he can be still alive? How, even if he were living, is it possible that we could ever meet, buried here as I am, out of the world, buried here as I am so. But my and wishing to remain so. But my and wighing to remain solution of the map promise to my mother weighs upon me, Conn. I promised faithfully I'd keep her father's portrait for my brother Eustace till he might return. Who could have thought the picture would turn out to be so precious, and that the promise would be so hard to keep "."

would be so hard to keep !" "Never, Jane, while I am by your side "Never, Jane, while I am by your side to persuade you, never, after this, will I consent to its being sold. No matter if your brother will never come to claim it, and how should he after so many years? and how should be after to many years . Some day we'll have a house of our own, and we'll hang it up agin the wall, and every time you look at it you'll proudly remember that at all events you didn't break your word."

" Oh, Conn how good you are !"

Conn was about as happy as a man can be all that evening, excited and elated and hopeful out of all bounds. It was only when, as he was about to lock the doors, he looked out and saw the solemn beauty of the night that a calm fell on him. He went out into the cool air, and hereing the read he stood excitent the him. He went out into the cool air, and crossing the road, he stood against the low wall looking out over the lake. Conn low wall looking out over the lake. Conn locked on his dreamy native hills with affection begotten of the likelihood of a mear parting. The inn, too, when he faced it, turning his back upon the lake and sitting on the low wall, had never locked to him such a home-like place be-fore. Its shadowy outline and dimly-lighted windows awoke a train of old memories leading with ladder-like ascent lighted windows awoke a than of our memories leading with ladder-like ascent to the bliesful present time when his wife was eitting there within, awaiting him. "Was ever a man so happy before!" thought this son of the sea-girt monn-tains, this child of privation and hard fare, who from boyhood had clambered the wild eliffa, and met with a reckless wild cliffs, and met with a reckless the stormy dangers of a fisherman's life, and into whose experience and am-bition the idea of comfort did not yet enter : and it filled him anew with wonder and joy to think that his wife should be so fond of him, and should love the sur-roundings amongst which he had grown up, as much, perhaps more, than he did -she who had known the outer world and the grand people in it. "She is too -she who had known the outer world and the grand people in it. "She is too good for me!" said poor Conn, almost alond, and shaking his head; and he wished with all his heart that everything might turn out as she would like it. "But what's the good of wishing," he added alond, "we may have to go all the range whether we will or no."

same whether we will or no." "Have you decided ?" said a low voice that made him start. Turning couple of yards, leaning, like himself, try a few bottles, it will against the low wall facing the inn.

same time half afraid of himself. Mr. Chalmers' hands were trembling as they drew together and became clasped. "I am not forgotten! She is keeping it for me!" was the thought that stag-gered him; and his eyes hangrily fol-lowed the young peasant, and remained long fixed upon the empty doorway of "The Harp" after Conn had passed through.

Conn's words unwittingly completed a Conn's words unwittingly completed a great change in his hearer. They finally effected what many forces lately had combined to bring about; they made a breach in the blank wall of deepair con-ferences the lonely atranger, before breach in the blank wan of deepair con-fronting the lonely stranger, before whom, astonished, there now spread a vista, green and sunny with hope, the sight of which made his breast swell with deametion term to rail up in his with glad emotion, tears to well up in his eves, and gratitude in his heart; mingled with awe and wonder. Could it be true that his child-sister, right from her infancy, through her growing years, and through ber troubled life, and preserved the thought of him whom she had never the thought of him whom she had never known? and against all possibility of hope, had clung to an idea that she might one day see him? clung to its very shad-ow-not for his sake, indeed, but for a love having its root in their common mother, and thus embracing him? Won-derfal! Incredible! Yet hardly so derful! Incredible! Yet hardly so strange as that this young man, her husstrange as that this young man, her hus-band, this illiterate peasant, against his own wish, against both their interests, should yet, for love of his wife, encourage her to make what seemed to him a useless sacrifice, and sympathize with the cause for which she was refusing this money. What, though it was for his wife's sake, and not for her brother's, that Conn Hool-ahan did this? To a famished man and not for her brother's, that Conn Hool-ahan did this? To a famished man there is a keen relisb in the commonest food; and Mr. Chalmers, out of whose life had passed the hope of the affection he most coveted, thrilled at and magni-fied these distant indications of regard. We in cold blood may consider he was thankful for small mercies; but in him, seen in their present light, they produced

seen in their present light, they produced a great peace and elevation of soul. There beneath the stars he felt it a sublime thing that he should have retained any place in his sister's thoughts; he marvelled at and thanked the Providence which in her friendlessness had given her so honest a protector; and the longer hi so houghts d welt on the despised Conn, the more abashed he grew. "This is a nobl more abashed he grew. "This is a noble man!" he confessed with humbled head, "a brave and simple-hearted man!"

> CHAPTER XXVI. AT LISHEEN.

The roads were alive from before dawn on that memorable day so long waited for, when the fate of "The Harp" was to be decided; for it happened to be market-day at Lisheen, and though this fort are of memorane to the fact was of nearer importance to those who tradged along the roads in the early morning, still even the poorest cottier who had got up in the dark, and was now urging the ox, or man cenvring the pig, or whipping the little donkey that drew the barrow filled with live stock and vegebarrow filled with live stock and vege-tables, gave a thought between whiles to the event which was to come off, and wondered who the winner of the prize wondered who the winner of the prize was likely to be. Do not think that in-terest in what was going to happen to "The Harp" was confined to Glen-"The Harp" was confined to Glen-soonoge. At Dramriff people had nearly as much to say on the subject; and at arriff also, and many another wild outying district a day's tramp away from the market town. There was hardly one of these places in which some secret ambitions had not been stirred. This morn-ing more than one well-mounted farmer rode to Lisheen anxious to get his business done betimes, undismayed by the current reports that The O'Doherty had

nd to be the buyer of the Dablin determined not to let it be knocked down to any one but themselves; well-to-do farmers, I tell you, shrewd fellows who, notwithstanding all that was said, had still their doubts and had conceived theories—so it was generally runnowed which their doubles and had conceived theories—so it was generally rumoured— which they broached only to a neighbor or two on whom they could rely, that "The Harp" would go for a song; in which case what better investment could there he for a weigh heat the source of there be for a man's hard-earned sav

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

and towards the swarms of boats stream-ing thither from all quarters. We could see how animated the bay was that morning from the Castle win-dows, and at breakfast some one proposed that The O'Doherty and I should also go by water. But The O'Doherty was too restless and to eager, to be able to en-dure so tame a mode of journeying. He must ride, he said, though it would take longer. Alternately irritable and san-guine, he was impatient to be off, and gnine, he was impatient to be off, and long before the hour of departure he was off, and cursing and swearing to know why the hores had not been brought round.

as if the matter was not going to download any further. No one answered the anc-tioneer's invitation for biddings, until at length the honest farmers, whose faith in their modest powers of purchase had been dwindling as the hour of trial ap-been dwindling as the hour of trial ap-At last we were ready to set cff. Madame O'Doherty, Alicia, and Bell, and been dwinding as the hour of trial approached, gained courage in the long in-terval of silence: and when at last one of their number ventured to name a sum, the ball began to roll. His bid was behe youngest girls came out on the staps o see us go, and The O'Doherty was about to mount when his wife called him. He joined her, and some whispered conversation ensued; but her tones were andible as she said in conclusiou: "Above all things, don't be carried away, James; emember the limit we have agreed upon, and that the best of things may be bought

at too dear a price." The O'Doherty raised his hand impa-tiently. "My dear, you needn't be afraid. D'ye take me for an impatanous boy?" "I do hope papa will gain the day," whispered Alicia. Bot

But what, at such a moment, was the sale of the inn to me? I could only sigh out, "Oh, Alicia! this time to morrow!" "Now, Mr. Shipley! if yon re going to during which no one can say what vis-ions of comfort, spiendor, and prosperity did not flash before his imagination. And then his castle in the air withered "Now, Mr. Shipley! If you regoing to come, let's be going," cried The O'Do-herty, already in the saddle. I was not long behind him. The ladies waved us as, at a nod from The O'Doherty, t amount advanced another stage. Gol amount advanced another stage. Goble and Lend presently entered the lists, and the competitors settled down steadily to adieux, and with parting salutes we rode

away, A brisk canter through the morning air did comething to lighten The O'Doherty's spirits. His color became heightened, he brouched more freely as we slackened spirits. His color became neightened, no breathed more freely as we slackened pace to mount the long ascent which carries the road over the lowest part of the mountain called the Hog's Back, and said he felt better already. "A morning like this," said he in a more softened tone "brings back someherty.

more softened tone, "brings back some thing of one's youth a fealings. Happy reckless days when nothing could trouble! Would this thing that has sat on me like a to move a little faster? would this thing that has shown have given nightmare these past weeks have given me a minute's uneasiness then? It would not have counied a feather's weight with me. Eheal eheal why is fine; the fun is just going to the fair ; it's very hot and stuffy in this

cannot we always be young ?" My mind ran off at once to the couple little room, and I'm sure you must be anxious for a whiff of fresh air. I know I at the inn who were young enough, and whose destiny hung on the upshot of this sale to day, which they had awaited with am myself. Come, come now, gentle-men, be reasonable ; let's settle this little matter out of hand." an anxiety more keen, perhaps, than The O'Doherty's; and I said, answering him

"Every age has its troubles." "I believe it has in these times," said he, looking me over. "It seems to me as if the young men of to-day were not like

The the young men of my time are old too soon. They talk too wisely for their years. They carry themselves for their years. They carry themselves before their time as if they had the cares before their time as it deey had the cares of life upon their shoulders. I would not care to be young, as men are young now-a-days. What they will be like when they get to be fifty, I wonder. For the matter of that I shouldalready. D'ye take us for a pack of chil-dren, that you keep us here standing still n't like to tell you what sort of a place I think the world will be to live in, twenty years hence. 'Tis bad enough now in nscience. Imagine for one moment the impodence of a pair of money-lending villains daring to harbor the idea of buyng up my own property under my very

"I hope you won't think me too wise, udience, much to the chagrin of sir, if I remind you not to cross a bridge before you come to it. After what you O'Doherty, to whom the general laugh before you come to it. After what you have told me of the lengths you are pre-pared to go, I can't help thinking that if terference. But the old fellow stuck to his guns bravely, went the full length of those Dublin fellows are so foolhardy his tether, aye, and beyond it, five hun-dred pounds beyond, and still Goble and Lend outran him. "Hang the fellows" enter the lists against you, they will find out before the day is ended that they out before the day is ended that they would have made more money by stop be said, in an audible whisper, as he " We shall soon know," said The O'Do.

ed the perspiration from his face, and left them in possession of the field ; " they must be made of money !" Tho poor old man! He was opposite me, not far off, and I knew well from the expression of his face what must be his stables, and turning away from the mar-ket, which had no attractions for us to-day, made in the direction of the auction room, which was at the extrem auction room, which was at the extrem-ity of the town opposite the landing-stage. We were not the first arrivals. The boats from Giencoonoge had long ago dis-charged their loads. Conn's was the first familiar face I saw. He was answering some question of Mr. Jardine's, who flitted about from one person to another, and managed to let his eye fall anywhere with out from one part mult The O Day rather than upon us; until The O Do-herty, who didn't understand being avoided, made up to him and noisily gave him good-morning. There was an un-easiness in Mr. Jardine's manner, I thought, alike in the excessive geni which he agreed with The O'D. with erty's commonplaces about the weather, in the concern with which he inquired after the health of Madame O'Doberty and the "dear young ladies," in the ex-aggerated relief with which he received the intelligence that they were any the intelligence that they were any brobably be well. He said there would probably be a stiff contest. There were several men here he did not know, who he was told dressed in their best. Their greetings and were going to bid. The tall lean man and the short fat man, standing together and talking made a buoyant and casting furtive glances in our direction, were none other than the Messrs Goble and Lend. The O'Doherty hear ing this, regarded the Dablin firm stead-ily and with a fixedness of look which had a good deal of fight in it; bat Goble and Lend only turned their backs on us Mr. Montagu Hopkins, Lord Lisheen's agent, came up presently. Mr. Jardine had already left us to speak to a built-headed man, who Mr. Hopkins said was the auctioneer; and in collequy with him the lawyer walked towards the auction But room. "Come, boy !" said The O'Doherty " let us choose our positions. The place is small, and will fill up before we car say ' Jack Robinson.' Already several people, some of them, perhaps, intending bidders, had taken their seats; and the general movement in the direction of the sale-room that followed in our wake made the small room insufferably full in a very few minutes. I looked about for the Giencoonoge faces, and after a little was able to detect some of the men here and there; the wives and the girls were gone away to the market. Conn Hoolaban, towering a head at

FEBRUARY 10, 1900

Any advance upon three thousand and

fifty ?" "What the devil!" muttered Goble, as he looked sharply hither and thither to see who was bidding now. "Not fifty! Twenty-five!" called out

the auctioneer laugh as he tried to

ravel it. These simple strugglers were,

By slow stages, and by managemen

d-hnmored confidence with which he

"You've said all that, sir, fifty times

"Hope I know my business, sir !" re-"I hope I know my business, sir !"

torted the auctioneer, with a coolness in very marked contrast to The O'Doherty's

best. You remind me-," and he tol some story that did not falfil its promis

ounded like a vote of censure on his in-

"I shall follow the course I think

and he tole

speeches with :

An ominous stillness fell on the as-sembly as the auctioneer took his seat and opened the papers in front of him; and not a word of the remarks with, which he explained the nature of the business about to be transacted was suf-fered to escape. For a long time it looked as if the matter was not going to advance any further. No one answered the anc Lend. "Three thousand and fifty! Any ad-

"Seventy-five," shouted Goble. "Seventy - five, seventy - five. Three thousand and thank you, sir one hundred, dred. Three thousand one hundred, Going at three thousand one hundred."

"Whose is the bid?" demanded Goble in a rage, for no voice was heard. "Three thousand one hundred," con-

tinned the auctioneer, imperturbably. "Twenty-five," cried Goble, making

another effort. "Twenty-five. Three thousand one hundred and-fifty, fifty. Three thou-sand one hundred and fifty." "It's a plant!" whispered Lend, ex. citedly. "Hes running us up! There's

fore very long overtopped by a second, which a third presently capped; and these were followed up with an earnest-ness which developed into personal ani-mosity, until there was a scramble and a minimum as a scramble and a scramble and a citedly. "Hes running us up! There's no one bidding!" "Lookee, sir," said Goble, in a very determined way. "I like things fair and scrimmage, so to speak, of small ad-vances, the confusion of which made even

aboveboard-"Oh! Listen to that!" cried somebody

in the room. "Ugh!" groaned the crowd in a

however, soon exhausted. They fell away one by one, beaten by each other. The last of their number triumphed unchallenged for a few proud moments,

chores. "And I ineist on knowing who it is that bidding—or whether any one is bid-ding at all." "You may insist as much as you like," said the auctioneer. "It is not my busi-nees to give you information. Three thousand one hundred and fifty. Going

glances were repeatedly directed towards the corner of the table on his left, which was hidden from our end of the room by the encroachment of the crowd.

er, during one of these pauses, in which The O'Doherty was leading, "at this rate we shall never finish. Can't we manage to move a little faster? You know the matter cannot stop here. The price is-well, it's a good joke, I admit. Come now, why hang fire? A neat little inn going for a song! Why waste time? The day conted a small figure with brown hair carefully brushed up from both sides of

carefully brushed up from both sic carefully brushed up from both sic the head towards the centre. "Mr. Jardine!" exclaimed Goble. "Mr. Jardine " ejaculated "God bless my soul!" ejaculated The O'Doherty, while from the rest an approving buzz, mixed with some laughter, hailed the apparition; and there were cries of "Long life to you, Mr. Jardine! Success to you, sir!" and similar greet-ings. The little man's star had shot up; cries of he would have much power in his hands

by slow stages, and by management and encouragement, the auctioneer had brought the price up to £1850. The O'Donertv I knew did not intend to go beyond £2,000. For some time past the read-hymotred coeffdance with which ha should he win. "Gentlemen," said the auctioneer, after awaiting silence for several minutes, "I beg of you to keep quiet. For the last time, three thousand one hundred and for " good-humored connector wing less appar-had started had been growing less appar-ent, and an angry fire was beginning to light in his eye. At last he interrupted fifty." "Your title will be bad!" shoute 1 Mr. one of the auctioneer's stimulating little

Goble to the Lisheen lawyer. The latter

vouchsafed no reply. "I shall take any bid that's offered," remarked the auctioneer, unconcernedly. "Ran him up, Henry," whispered Lend. "It'll serve our purpose just as well. Thay's your tack now, old man. "Bas higher the heart and the serve our purpose in the serve our purpose i The higher the better!'

The higher the better i "Szventy-five!" called out Goble. Mr. Jardine only nodded, as he had done formerly unseen, and the auctioneer sang out calmly, "Three thousand two hundred."

of bearing upon the point at issue, but had nevertheless the effect of tickling his Twenty-five," shouted Goble. Jardine. "Ahem!" coughed Mr. Jardine. "Fifty." At which there was a delighted burst of laughter and cheers from the

rowd.

"Silence, gentlemen, if you please." "Goon, Henry," whispered Lend. "It's Il right. I've been watching him. He Il right. eans to have it." "We mustn't let ourselves in," mut-

tered his partner. "What d'ye mean?" returned the other. "You know how to prevent that,

remembered that the and down. She did not attempt push it out. Up it went, and up I should think, by now, eh !" TO BE CONTINUED.

FEBRUARY 10, 1900

"BAD BREAKS'

Being a Story of Recent Happenings in Which we go "From Grave to Gay", and Back Again.

cis

Under the heading, "A Chapter of Errors," there appeared in a recent issue of the The Catholic Standard and Times an article dealing with mistakes made by writers for the secular press in discussing Catholic subjects, especi-ally in describing Catholic ceremonies. The errors were of various kinds, most of them being due to the writers' ignor-ance of Catholic terminology rather than to erroneous notions of Catholic practices or doctrines. To the latter ase, however, are ascribed other incidents of a peculiar character, which are best described by a slang phrase of

the day-"Bad Breaks," and which might be fittingly collated under the heading, "A Chapter of Bad Breaks." That there are so many persons who give credence to false and ridiculous

statements concerning Catholic doc trines, practices and institutions is but an evidence of the amount of misrepresentation that has found lodgment in otherwise well-balanced minds. Most of these beliefs or opinions have passed as an inheritance from generation to generation, many of them having been first circulated during the period when English literature was, to use the words of a distinguished writer, "one vast conspiracy against the Church." These erroneous views are great stumb-ling blocks which prevent many con-

versions from the sects. A "BREAK" FOR LIBERTY. The "escaped nun" has been the

heroine of many works of fistion, some

of which, even to this day, find place on the shelves of "Sabbath school"

libraries. In a recent notice of a book

by a belated and benighted author in

England, the Spectator, one of the

London, remarked that " when nuns want to leave a nineteenth century

convent a far more convenient method

of escape is to walk out of the from

door, and not (as represented in the

catchpenny illustration on the cover of

this book) to take to an open window

and a ladder." But the Spectator does not circulate among children nor

among old women (of either sex), and the "escaped nun's" career as a first

class bugaboo has still many years to

trated by a recent occurrence at out

of the noblest of all the noble conven

tual institutions in this archdiocese

A certain non-Catholic lady, having some business with the Mother Superio

of the institution in question, sought personal interview with the good num

personal interview with the good huf-It was the lady's first visit to a con-vent. She was admitted to the insu-tution by the humble lay Sister wh acted as portress, and, on stating the acted as portress, and, on stating the

purpose of her call, was ushered in

the parlor. After quietly (they o

everything quietly in a convent) clo ing the sliding door the portress we

to summon the mother superior Alone in the parlor, the first object

attract the gaze of the visitor was t

grill work through which the nuns

cloistered order) communicate with t outer world. The sight moved her

more ways than one. In a trice a recalled gru some tales of the "Man

Monk" variety. And the aw silence! Seconds seemed minut

and minutes hours. She rushed to door. Locked! Push as she mis

(in her excitement she overlooked

fact that it was a sliding door)

Ab, there was liberty. Happily

went her shrill voice in wild app

who had been detained for a few i

utes (not hours), approached the g

It was an amazing spectacle greeted her view, and one that

was thoroughly at a loss to understa

She raised her voice in expostulat

The sounds had by this time attra

the attention of the pertress,

without further parley, darted by into the hall and to the street of Oace outside the portal the visit

gained her self-control and trans

In an apology for getting so ex the woman is alleged to have to

friend that the delay of the moth

coming was the cause of her fi

and that this was necessary be

the superioress had to be spri

with holy water before speaking

tunately nervous lady who thin

the convents are recruited by gol

There are others besides this

opened the sliding door.

her business.

one in the world.

At that instant the mother super

could not budge it.

for help.

But the winde

nd out upon th

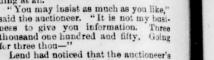
window slid

The vis

The truth of this statement is illus

run-in some quarters.

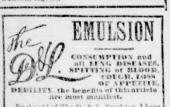
st influential secular publications in



work. Occasionally there came a halt, during which the auctioneer would look round, appealing now to this side and now to that, to go on, which had an ex-tremely irritating effect upon The O'Do-herty.

"Stand back there!" cried Goble, "Let's see who's behind." 'Am I master here-or you?" should " Really, gentlemen," said the auctionthe anctioncer. Nevertheless, Mr. Goble's command had produced a backward movement of the crowd, now thinned by the partial exodus—only a slight move-ment, but sufficient to lay bare the full length of the auctioneer's stabla, behind which, at its furthest extremity, was en-

urely do you good. Price 25c. per bottle Superior State c. p r dozen allowed for the empty bottl when returned. Refuse all subst intes said to be just w. LLOYD WOOD, Wholesale Druggist General Agent, TORONTO



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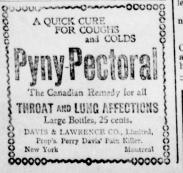
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" I beg your pardon, sir ?" " Have you decided about my cffer ?" " Oh, sir!" laughed Conn; " it dcean't rest with me to take or leave. The picture, as I told you before, isn't mine." "Well, it is your wife's. Will she sell

" No, sir, she won't."

"Not !" "Not !" "No, sir. The truth is, it doesn't be "No, sir. The truth is, it doesn't be long to her either. She's keeping it for a brother of hers that she hardly remembers - a wild young fellow who ran away years ago when she was a child, and has never been heard of since, Sure, he' lead, sir, long ago, there can be no doub

bout that." "Of-of course not. But why then loes she consider him ? She will neve

does she consider him ? She will never get from any one else a tenth part of what I am offering for that picture." "No, sir, very likely not. I've no doubt you're quite right. But you see ahe made a promise to her mother, since dead, she'd never lave it go, but she'd keep it and give it to her brother when he'd come back."

" Does she expect him ?" " Does she expect him ?" " No, sir 1 Don't I tell you he has been lead these years, or he'd have come beore now It is a large sum to refuse for a mere

" It is a large sum to refase for a mere fancy," mused the stranger; his voice quavered and his teeth chattered; the air was chilly, perhaps, and he not strong; "especially for a pair of people just about to seek their fortune." "Egad, you're right, sir," laughed Conn. "The money would be welcome as flowers in May, welcome enough to both of us. But the promise to her mother, sir, she doesn't feel happy about it and there's no setting over that."

"Why, it is a mere whim! You should persuade her out of it." Conn looked " No. 7 " full in the face. " Certainly nct, sir. Why should I persuade her? I wouldn't do it. persuade her? I wouldn't do it. Twould be a shame." Conn could not see the expression of

the stranger's face in the dark. He only head him say, after an interval: "Well, leave the question open for a time." "No, sir," said Conn, fiercely, "I will

not. "I will even make it more-" "No, sir, no." And with flashing eyes Conn turned and hurried away, angry at a stranger's interference in what he and his wife had agreed upon, and at the

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ings? and what an opening it would be in time for one or two if not for three of the boys away from the ungrateful and everlasting slavery of the land! everlasting slavery of the land! The people of the inn itself and of the ecttages in its vicinity, where the boat-men lived, and the drivers and others dependent on it, were the latest to show igns of movement; but about 9 o'clock hey and their families began to make he neighborhood of the landing-place ively both on lake and road. Conn and

lively both on lake and road. Conn and Dan, and Jan Harrington, and Jan's wife, and William, and Patsy Hoolahan were going, and a number of other boys and girls; and every boat that the village could boast of began to approach the landing-place from all directions prepara-tory to making the journey across the bay; both or correspondent patients of these paced

nighter and talking made a but horus. If there was anxiety in breast, no word, not a glance betrayed it. breast, no word, not a gladee beirayed it. All was bostle, excitement, and high spirits, such as you would find in any party of young people about to start on a May morning for a rare holiday. Coun, te whom every one looked instinctively on such occasions as leader and organizer, had never been more equal to his work, more collected or more ready of resource.

more collected or more ready of resource The book-keeper was not going, nor did Conn press her to: he did not care for his wife to mix in the rough crowd.

even she successfully strove to be infected by the prevailing hilarity, and to hide her anxiety, multiplied occasions to run backwards and forwards between the inn backwards and forwards between the inn and the landing-place, where she stood as the procession of boats started at last, following cantiously at first the narrow channel of deeper water by which boats move in and away from the shore when the tide is low. "Come back scon and bring me the para" she called to Conn as he passed.

news," she called to Conn as he passed. "As soon as ever 'tis over, I'll start," was Conn's rejoinder. He was steering in the first boat, and other boats to the number of at least a dezen followed at short intervals. From time to time one or other of the party looked back and saw he book-keeper on the sea-wall; some-

times she was walking to and fro, some-times she was standing and looking after them, shading her eyes; and then the point of Bruff Island shut her out, and the inn, and everything behind; and they looked forward thenceforth to Lisheen,

least above his fellows, there was no diffi culty in discovering. Some one behind me said, "Do you

see your friend the lamp-post ?" "Aye," answered another voice. "By Jove, Goble, you left your mark

rtification at that moment, when his cherished ambition melted into thin air before his eyes. His pain would be preater by and bye; just now it was counterbalanced by anxiety that his com-petitors should themselves be outbid. Lord Lisheen would be a million times

Lord Lisneen would be a minion times preferable to such neighbors. His agent had bid once or twice already—why was he silent now? Would no one come for-ward? Why did the auctioneer say nothing now but mechanically repeat, "Two thousand five hundred and twenty-five, two thousand five hundred and five hundred and five, two thousand five hundred and twenty-five. A nice little thing going for two thousand five hundred and twenty-five pounds. Will any one advance upon two thousand five hundred and twenty-

We pounds for this eligible property ?" Ah, thank goodness! The O'Doherty vas kept so long on tenter-hooks at this igure, that he sighed with relief when Mr. Hopkins took up the bidding, and almost laughed to see how the money-londers' faces fell. Mr. Hopkins had put in his voice once or twice before, when The O'Doherty had seemed to hesitate The O'Doherty had seemed to hesitate and there appeared to be a possibility that the firm would gain the day. Bu now, when it was past a doubt that The O'Doherty had given up, the agent stepped into the breach, and pressed stepped into the offect, and pressed upon the adventurers with a promptness which af first stargered them. They soon recovered themselves, however, and kept ahead of Hopkins so perseveringly, though by slow and tantalizing steps, that the latter began to slacken speed, and at length, when £3,000 had been passed, he withdrew from the contest.

Now, at last, finding themselves un-challenged masters of the field, did the money-lenders begin to breathe freely, and to look round the room with an and to look round the room with an assured air. They did not perceive, and would have made small account of it if they had, how much their success was deprecated. What had been seen and heard of Goble and Lead was quite enough to set popular feeling against them. Even The O'Doherty was grind-ing his teth and voring ingradig they

ing his teeth, and vowing inwardly they should receive no civility from him; yet feeling instinctively at the same time that, with their money and their knowledge of the law, they would have it in their power to annoy him in manifold ways. The crowd for the most part took the matter after the fashion in this quarter of the globe, with a resigned indifference. It was all over now, and some of those nearthe globe, with a resigned indiffer est the door, made good their escape into the open air, out of the stifling heat of the room. Count was thinking of the bad news he had to take home to his wife.

"By Jove, Goble, you left your mark on him !" "I haven't done with him yet. Never mind him now. Keep your wits about you, sir-fifty, three thousand and fifty.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

In the whole universal record there s no institution so mighty, so exalted, so durable as the Church of Rome. Issuing nearly two thousand years ago, from a remote eastern town, and entering a state of society divided by language, race and custom, in three short centuries, despite the most sanguinary persecution that ever raged, without sword or military implement, the Catholic Church ascended the throne of the world and commenced the most glorious reign in human history. thousand years the Catholic Church with giant-like vigor swayed the destinies of mankind, founding nations, building empires, moulding peoples, diffusing civilization and re constituting the whole force of humanity. Under the shadow of this mighty dynasty sprang up a race of intellects before whose searching eyes the whole form of Christian truth stood revealed and who built up the most splendid system of philosophy ever presented to From the ruins created by the world. the tremendous eruption of the sixteenth century the Catholic Church arose in new splendor, her crown of temporal sovereignty replaced by a truly spiritual one, her dominion extended, her subjects multiplied, and her whole organization arrayed for a To that

new conquest of the world. and mighty unseen forces concur, and in the accomplishment of that design the Divine mission of the Catholic Church will be clearly visible, and the splendor of her ancient glory totally

clipsed. -- Western Watchman. To Be Prepared

To Be Prepared For war is the surest way for this nation to maintain peace. That is the opinion of the wisest statesmen. It is equally true that to be prepared for spring is the best way to avoid the peculiar dangers of the season. This is a lesson multitudes are learning, and at this time, when the blood is sure to be loaded with impurities and to be weak and sluggish, the millions begin to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, which purifies, enriches and vitalizes the blood, expels all disease germs, creates a good applite, gives strength and energy and puts the whole system in a fevers, and other dangerous diseases which are liable to attack a weakened system. From all over Canada come letters telling

From all over Canada come letters telling us of the great benefits derived from the use of The D. & L. Menthol Plasters in cases of neuralgis, rheumatism, lame back, etc. Davis & Lawrence Co, Ltd., manufacturers.

up anybody they can get, but candidates for the sisterhoods wh been sent home because of ap lack of vocation might be able them a different story. A JUDICAL "BREAK" The next " break " was made man and relates to Papai infall Strange to say, the one to who dogma seems inexplicable is a The law, unlike Protestantism, nizes necessity of an infallible ity, and when the Supreme Co cides what the law of the land that settlers it for each loyal He must abide by it until th amended. The Church has a

lible authority to interpret the God. As God's laws are not able, all good Catholics must ac decision of the infallible au espectally since Christ promi-the Holy Spirit should guide preme Court of His Church thority is infallible in matters ion and morals, but not in geo mathematics or astronomy, an