ALL FOR THE FAITH.

suffering; and this fiery evangel, God's message to our immortality, prepares and perfects the soul for the long hereafter.

In a humble room sat Sir Ralph .de Mohun and the Lady Beatrice. The soft synlight of Provence was fading,

and athwart the rose leaves the dying flush rested on this fairest type of girlish loveliness. Absorbed in her rosary, she sat at the open window; while, bending near, Sir Ralph watched the gorgeous heavens, gazing with no thought of the surroundings, and thinking—thinking as we so often do in the hours that fate allows us for

Glimpses of his proud English home stole upon the old man's vision; of the shadowy oak-lined halls and stately corridors where, as a boy, he had looked with childish pride upon portraits of a brave line that had passed their own childhood there; the cross of the old chapel glittered in his dreams, for beneath it the mother of his children slept. But now, homeless and an alien, he would never again see the white cliffs of the land his heart loved best.

The battle of the Boyne had crushed the lingering hopes of the Cavaliers who had forsaken home and the young man.
kindred to follow the last Stuart "This, certainly, is not my former kindred to follow the last Stuart king. If James had only possessed average tact, he might have retained the affection of his subjects; but strong-willed without discrimination, zealous without wisdom, his whole reign was a succession of errors which could not but alienate the middle classes, always practical and struggling against the encroachments of the aristocracy. Nobly did the Cavaliers rally to the rescue of this last Catholic king, when, forsaken even by those of his blood, he stood alone. held at bay by the same subjects who had sworn him fealty. All through the darkness of his mistaken flight, through the changeful, disastrous campaign, and, so trying to their haughty spirit, even unto the court of Louis, where sneering courtiers dared to greet them with slights and pardon, if you will accept the new contumely, they neither swerved nor "regime," with England's faith." varied. All this had tested their loyalty, tried their faith; yet they neithan gallant Sir Ralph de Mohun. A very pleasant life was that of the

Catholic gentry in England; they hunted, they were jovial at their false! For the rest, my daughter has meetings, but devout in the chapel: and no class of the English subjects were more orderly and refined. But when the old crown rested on other the broad moors and sunny downs, and fled with the monarch who re- could not span the chasm through presented not only their government. but their faith, in old England.

Stripped of the wealth that had blesse oblige!" spoke in every phase of his stormy life; he would suffer, ay, die, as a gentleman, with no murmur to the world of the sorrow and strife within. But an uncontrolled, unsubdued feeling warred with the iron resolve which supported him, and this was his devotion to the last bairn left him by his fair Scottish

Twenty summers had deepened her girlhood into that rare womanhood, refined through suffering, strengthened by discipline; and the sweet eyes shone with a softer light, a more earnest loveliness, as they gazed from under the long, dark lashes; while the gentle, low voice owned a subdued tone, very different from the lightsome carol that had gladdened bluff Sir Ralph at the gay meet in old Suffolk. But times were different now, and the table was becoming scantier, while the silver grew very low; and the soldier who had rallied | face, and the sweet eyes turned, restthe dragoons at the Boyne, had stood unmoved when advancing squadrons of the English, his own blood in the front ranks, swept on to attack him, felt his eyes dim as he watched his frail, last blossom, and knew that soon the would be in a strange land the heart's and struggling, she spoke all alone.

The afternoon faded into night, and the scanty fire could not warm the chill and bare chamber in which the old man lay. He was dozing in the great arm-chair, and Beatrice was crouched on a low cushion near. when softly the door opened. Was the young girl dreaming, as with her large eyes larger still, she rose instinctively, rose as though swayed by an unseen spirit, and walked out upon the terrace?

"Beatrice, I have risked life, almost honor for this."

"Philip Stratherne, life belongs to honor and honor should never be risked.

The speech cost her an effort, for her voice was faint and very low. "I have come to offer peace and forfort, my darling, and-dare I whisper the story which you used to

listen to, under the elms at home?" "Sir Philip Stratherne, you forget the past; you will not remember the blood that lies between us."

"My darling! my darling! we have no past save what you gave to me. Life belongs to honor, your own sweet voice has told me, and we are commanded to fove without dissimulation: therefore the logic of courts and battle-fields shall claim no

power here. "Philip! Philip!" was all the maiden could find speech to answer, uttered in a tone meant to be reproachful.

Two years of sorrow had passed since the fatal battle of the Boyne. and the hart of the maiden was very sore, very lonely, very hungry for

the one love that made her life.
"Bestrice!" called from the room,
and she entered. "Come and sing to me, little one:

There is a mystery, an evangel, in | for I have been dreaming sad dreams of the old home." And so she sat on her cushion at his feet, and sang in her soft alto:

> "It was a' for our rightful king, We left fair Scotia's strand; It was a' for our rightful king, We e'er saw Irish land, We e'er saw Irish land!

The sodger frae the war returns,
The sailor frae the main; But I hae' parted frae my Never to meet again, Never to meet again.

"When day is done, and night is come,

And a' things wrapt in sleep; I think o' one who's far away, The lee lang night, an' weep, The lee lang night, an' weep.'

"Will Sir Ralph Mohun welcome the son of an old friend?"

The old man turned hastily, and Philip Stratherne stood before him. "The time was, Sir Philip, when I should have grasped your hand with all the feeling which my love for the boy inspired. Now, you are under the roof of what is left me, and therefore I am silent."

There was a stately courtesy in all this which embarrassed and wounded

welcome, but the times have changed the manners, Sir Ralph, and we must accept the change.

"True, Sir Philip. There is little that I can offer you now; yet me-thinks there is a seat for you." The young man hesitated, and then

sat down.
"I have not learned diplomacy on battle-fields, Sir Ralph, therefore I will without preamble tell you what is heavy on my heart. First, to be selfishly eager, I have come to ask you for what you promised years ago - your daughter. Sir Ralph de Mohun, you were once young, and blood coursed as fiery then as now. Can you find it in your heart to separate us? Then, secondly, your old friends at court offer entire restitution and

"If I have been true to my country, then must I still be true to my ther changed nor forsook him; and of God! Philip Stratherne, If I had not this band none had suffered more loved you from your boyhood, the words that would come to my lips would tell you what my heart wills to speak to 'all' who have proved the Mohun blood, and she knows what her church teaches."

And Beatrice sat silent, crushed as a lily powerless from the storm. She than the brow of a Stuart, they left knew her duty, she left her love. Reason-honor told her that even love which the blood of her gallant brothers flowed. They, too, had followed the fortunes of the Stuart ther Paolo. Now, O God! my eyes, given him comfort, despoiled of all king, and one lay dead before the darkened with the mist of death, fix that makes a man's position a bless- bastions of Londonderry, while an- their last dying looks on thy cruciing, the brave knight steadily, deding, the brave knight steadily, dedinary met an adverse fate. "No-war-shout on his fearless lips, in the cy on me!" van of his father's regiment at Newtown-butler.

own-butler.

It was Philip Stratherne who led knight lay dying.

the detachment of Enniskillen horse "Kyrie Fleison!" said the clear the detachment of Enniskillen horse that rode down the mere handful of voice of the holy father, and, clasp-Irish dragoons, inspired by Guy Mo- ing closer the blessed crucifix, the old lum's ringing cry; and Sir Ralph had man's voice was steady as he relistened to Philip Stratherne's voice, sponded, "Christe eleison!" And as, clear and steady, it rallied the alone in her agony the young girl Enniskilleners to the charge that had knelt. snatched that last son from him. Not only for the Stuart had he yielded for the Mohuns, not only in bonnie tered. England, but on every battle-field in Christendom.

man; but the girl, the woman was your own shall be hers. suffering; honor commanded, duty pleaded, but a wilder, stronger, strength came back to them, and a stormier feeling fought within her sweet smile illumed his face, with a ed for one moment, on the young man woman's passion-a mute appeal, a her father. dying cry for help; then with the delicate hands clasped tightly over her breast, as though to keep down God has given you as my legacy." so low that the words seemed almost inarticulate, yet to the man listening heard. with such painful eagerness each sound knelled the death which knows only saw the prostrate girl, and lis-no "resurgam!" Only the simple tened to her sobs of agony. words came faltering forth, came sobbing as the wind soughs the prelude to destruction, ere the light-ning scathes its fiery death; and so

in this whisper he heard. "Were I a false Mohun, I could not be a true Stratherne."

Then without a word she left them; and when the old man sought her, he found her lying as one dead before

is thin blood. It causes pale faces, white lips, weak nerves and lack of vitality. Abloodenriching, fat producing food-medicine is needed.

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goes to the root of the trouble, strengthens and enriches the blood, and builds up the entire system.

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her crucifix. Tenderly he raised her, and from his lips sounded the pray-

"May the Lord receive the sacrifice from thy hands, to the praise and glory of his name, and to the benefit both of us and of his holy church." "Amen!" whispered a low voice, and the soft eyes unclosed all dim

with tears.

No murmur escaped her lips, no regret was ever spoken, but fairer and he cried in the bitterness of his ing within his heart was the stormy, agony, "Save me, O God! for the waters

are come in even unto my soul." It was Holy-week, the most solemn the Lenten season, and Beatrice Mohun knelt in the old cathedral during the impressive "Tenebrae," and as the fourteen candles were extinguished, and the solemn 'Miserere' rose from the depths of her heart came

drown me, nor the deep swallow me

owned no brightness, and the one tie left her seemed fast wearing away. Trouble had weakened the iron constitution of Sir Ralph; for more exhausting than mere physical pain is the ceaseless care that preys upon the vitals, claiming life as its tribute.

He felt that he could buy back ease and comfort for his darling, and he knew that for him earth held but a very few years; but to obtain all this, he must barter his honor, yield his creed, and the old blood still owned the fierceness of a changeless fidelity. No Mohun had ever swerved. not even in the dark days of the last Tudor, nor after, when his graceless daughter held the sceptre. And now, though bereft of home, with his gallant sons lying far from their kindred, his fair young daughter lifewrecked, his own existence a burden. when even starvation mocked them, the loyal spirit knew no change; but staunchly by the old faith, true to the weak king, the brave knight still fought his adverse destiny. And Beatrice came back through

the darkness, and leaned against the couch on which her father lay. "Come to me, little one; for I fear that you are not as strong as in the days when wild Bess bore you to the hunt. Have you any regrets for the past, my darling?"

"Duty gives us discipline, papa, and it would not be right to question Providence."

"Brayely spoken, my daughter; you nerve a courage which was growing too human to be strong. But you grieve at the choice which has kept you the slave of an old man's ca-

"O papa!" and a low quick sob stopped her; then with more control she quietly said, "You forget that it was not only to be with you, but to remain firm and loyal to holy church; and papa, I often think that earth is only the high road to a better world: therefore I only pray that the end may be very near."

"Little one, bring the light nearer -let me look upon your face; hold it nearer, darling. Ah God! this is the dimness which brings my warning. Quick, daughter mine, send for Fa-

Father Paolo did come, and in the

A clattering of hoofs sounded in the court-yard, and a quick step, that his glorious life, but for the cross, startled her even then, broke the sol-for the faith, in the defence of which can stillness; then the door was centuries had borne brave testimony flung open, and Philip Stratherne en-"Not too late, thank God! Hold

her not away from me. Say now that A storn self-control subdued the old you die William's subject, and all The closing eyes opened, the old

sweet smile illumed his face, with a now. The color crimsoned the fair long low sigh the spirit passed away to God. With a sob that rent her heart in

with all the girl's tenderness, all the twain. Beatrice threw herself beside "My darling, come with me; the

last obstacle has passed away, and tion, though many of them, to their She made no answer. The solemn monotone of the priest alone was

But to all the man was deaf; he

"My waif has drifted to her haven. and I will guard her with my life." His strong arms were around her, and the voice that thrilled her soul was sounding in her ears. How could she send him from her? "Ah! God help me!" she cried.

"Son, leave her to us," urged the priest, but he would not go till she opened her sweet eyes.

"Daughter!"—and she caught the realise how the change has come so hand of Father Paolo, as in the desperation of agonized despair. A shadow darkened Philip Stratherne's brow.

"The cursed priest again!" he muttered between his closed teeth. "Tell me when I may see you again, Beatrice, free from these fearful surroundings.''

"The Monday of Easter-week," was all she replied, and he left her.

And when the Monday dawned, bright with the carol of birds, he sought her; but the old chateau by the valley was silent, the shutters barred, and the flowers drooping and dead. An aged woman came hob-bling to him, who said, with the tears dimming her old eyes, "Ah! the sweet bird has flown, master, and St. Ursula guards her from behind the bars.'

"God of heaven, save me! Here is gold if you will prove this false.' "Keep your gold for charity, master; for the truth is strong; and our holy Mother keeps her safe from all

Wild with the horror of losing her, thing else to help me to get rid of he strode across the valley to the plaster."

convent near. The angelus was sounding, and over the hills, up the broad river, the holy prayer-call echoed, for the Easter season rejoiced the earth; her "jubilate" for the blessed link connecting the God-man with human-

Blade, and leaf, and blossom gloried in the new life, and the spring sun spread over the natural world the same light with which the resurrection gladdened the soul; but to all frailer in her rare loveliness, the old this was the young man blind and man trembled as he watched her, and deaf and dumb—for surging and beato'er-mastering human feeling. He only knew that the woman to whom he bent the knee in this mad, idolatrous love was lost to him, he only felt that fate had snatched her from him for ever! The sister started, as his deathly face presented itself. With scarcely human utterance he asked for the Lady Beatrice, and after a few moments, the messenger returned, and a folded paper was put in the prayer:

"Let not the tempest of water his hand. He read:

evil | may the Lord keep thy soul !" the pervading gloom correst And sha with her intenser passion, safe in her haven, the dave of peace ponded with her own spirit; her life clinging steadily, loving unselfishly, rested upon her heart; for the "felas only a woman can, gave him up: lowship of the Holy Chost" had yielded her costly tribute to the faith which taught her that loyalty of God demands, if need be, all that life and love can give. Then, faint and weary, bruised and suffering, yet staunch and true to her faith as she was, the holy church opened its arms to her, comforting the broken spirit, healing the bleeding heart, and blessing her with the precious benediction that brings its calm to those who seek the life that dieth not. In deeds of pray that all who are thus tempted unselfish love and sacrifice, she passed her days; all the strength within for the faith.

HOW PERLEY MISSER, OF WEL-

LANDPORT, RECOVERED

HEALTH,

He Suffered from Hip Joint Discase

From The Journal, St. Catharines.

A reporter of the St. Catharines "Journal" vising Wellandport not long ago, heard of one of those re-

markable cures that have made Dr.

Williams' Pink Pills famous as life

savers the world over. The case is

that of Perley Misner, son of Mr.

Mathias Misner, who had suffered

from hip joint disease and abscesses,

and who had been under the care of

four doctors without beneficial re-

sults. Mr. Misner gave the particu-

lars of the case as follows: - "In

the spring of 1892 my son, Perley,

who was then in his thirteenth year,

began to complain of an aching in

his hips, and later my attention was

directed to a peculiar shamble in his was able to work and could walk for

gait. As the trouble gradually grew miles. I attribute the good health

upon him I took him to a physician which my son enjoys to-day to the in Dunville, who examined him and use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. This

said the trouble arose from a weak-i medicine achieved such a marvellous

ness of the nerves of the hip. This success in my son's case as to set

doctor treated Perley for weeks, dur- the whole community talking about ing which time a large abscess formit. I consider no pen expressive ed on his leg, and he was obliged to enough to do Dr. Williams' Pink Pills

get about on crutches. As he conti-justice, as I believe my son would

other doctor, who diagnosed the case this medicine." as hip joint disease. He treated Per- Dr. Wi'liams' Pink Pills cure by

ley for six months. The lad slightly going to the root of the disease, improved at first, but later was tak-

en worse again. He would startle in and strengthen the nerves, thus driv

his sleep and was continually in dis- ing disease from the system. If your

tress as he could neither sit nor re- dealer does not keep them, they will

cline with case, and was weak, be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box,

faint and confused. During this time or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the abscess had broken and was dis- the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brock-

charging in three places, but would ville, Ont.

SERMONS IN IRISH.

The preaching of a sermon in Irish

is a rare occurrence nowadays in any

of our city churches, says "The

Weekly Herald," Cork, and it is only

gatural that when the opportunity

is given of hearing one, our Catholic

people deeply appreciate it. So it happened on Sunday in Cork, when

the Very Rev. Canon Lyons, of

Monkstown, delivered an eloquent

discourse to an overflowing congre-

gation, every member of which fol-

lowed the sermon with rapt atten-

own regret, did not understand all

that was said. A touching incident

that took place at the close of the

sermon will, however, illustrate how

deeply it was appreciated by those

who did. An old man in the body of

the church, unable to restrain his

feelings, gave vent to his pleasure by

remarking aloud: "May God's blessing be with you." That old man,

in the evening of his days, had his

memory carried back to the time

when Irish was the spoken language

of his district and when his religion

was taught him in the tongue which

St. Patrick used in preaching the

Faith to our Fathers. It is hard to

THE SMELL OF PAINT .-- A good

way to get rid of the unpleasant

smell of paint from a room is to put a handful of hay into a pail full of

water, and let it stand in the middle

of the room all night at least. An-

other good plan is to slice a few

onions and put them in a pail of

water, which should be left in the

room for some hours. It is said this

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saddle bags. It cures cuts and

wounds with wonderful quickness.

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Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and

Lady: "Some weeks ago I bought

a plaster here to help me get rid of my rheumatism." Chemist: "Well,

ma'am, I hope it did its work?"
Lady: "Yes; but now I want some-

is a very efficacious remedy.

quickly.

Ont.

and Abscesses—His Friends Feared

He Would Bea Permanent Invalid.

"The Lord keepeth thee from all

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is the name of the Soap. You can buy it at any grocers for 5 cents a cake.

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her clinging to the cross, all the human passion purified, glorified into the worship of the Lamb whose blood had made her whiter than snow, And sanctified her; and this, when her Summers were yet in their flush, she No. S Savings Bank Chambers passed away to God.

But he forgot her in the years that came after, and found happiness in the fair English Protestant, whose children heired the broad lands of the brave Mohums. Verily man's love is fleeting, but in God is eternal life; and while we pay our tribute to one who was so strong in resisting, we may likewise prove ready to yield all

not heal. A third doctor advised a

surgical operation, which he objected

to, and a fourth medical man then

took the case in hand. This doctor

confined Perley to the bed, and be-

sides giving medicine, he ordered a

mechanical appliance to which was

attached a 15-pound weight, to be

placed in a position by a pulley system so as to constantly draw down-

wards on the limb. This treatment

was continued six weeks, causing

much pain, but nothing in the way

of benefit was noticed. The abscess

was dressed twice and thrice a day

for months, and frequently, despite

the aid of crutches, it was necessary

for me to carry him in my arms

from the house to the vehicle when

taking him out. In October of 1893

I decided, other treatments having

failed, to try Dr. Williams' Pink

Pills. I told the doctor of this deci-

sion, and he said that Dr. Williams'

Pink Pills would quite likely be of

much benefit. After using four boxes

I could see some improvements. After

this Perley continued the use of the

pills for several months with con-

stant improvement and new vigor.

and after taking about 18 boxes the

abscess was nicely healed, the crutches were dispensed with, and he

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nued to decline, I resolved to try an- still be a hopeless invalid but for GRAY'S PECTORAL SYRUP.

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