

# A TALE OF THE OLD DAYS IN IRELAND.

Bright the lamps and tapers shone, shedding their light on the crowded ball room of Ireland's Viceroy, one evening in the memorable year that saw the crown of England change hands, when the "Dutch Adventurer" landed in England, and James II. fled with a celerity which proved the trust he placed in his "dear English subjects."

The beauty and fast-fading chivalry of Ireland had gathered there, and in the enjoyment of the hour, and following no light but the starry eyes of the belles of the viceregal court, forgot the dark clouds that were hovering over the land, nor thought in those few, fleeting, blissful moments, that some that met that eve with smiling lips might part to meet no more.

Of all the gay cavaliers that adorned that festive scene, none had attracted more attention than Sir Richard Laughlin, Knight of Garra-buil. Young, talented, wealthy, having just taken possession of his deceased father's estate, bearing about with him in look, work and deed, the promise of a great and good manhood, few would not predict but what he would leave his mark on the world's page. Tall and eloquent of form, handsome in face, with wonderful dark eyes, that showed the upright, unfaltering soul, with beautiful hair of raven hue, he found it an easy task to win his way to the admiration of the ladies. Descended from an ancient and noble family, who could trace their descent from William of the Wine Hostages, he bore in his every movement the pride of his race. A devoted subject of James II., his sword was ready to spring from its scabbard in the defence of his then threatened sovereign.

An English nobleman, the Earl of Kennarddale, had, a short time before our story opens, taken up his residence in Dublin. A man of stern character, hard and implacable, who it was whispered had arrived in the Irish capital for the sole reason of conspiring for the dethronement of his rightful sovereign, he yet had, for a daughter, one of the most charming girls in Ireland. Her appearance created a furore; and from the very first none were more devoted in their admiration of the English fair one than Sir Richard Laughlin, at that time on a visit to the capital. He prolonged his stay, becoming more and more pronounced in his attentions every day, till he was looked upon as an accepted suitor. Her father was passive; he did not oppose; but many wondered if the ambitious father would allow his daughter to be captured by a simple Irish Knight. And on this evening, in the crowded ball room of Ireland's vice-regal court, the handsome Irish Knight danced with the Earl's daughter; and when the dance being over, he asked her to walk with him on the terrace, she did not refuse.

But her eyes were fixed on the ground, and the soft blushes came and went in her rounded cheek. Slowly they passed along the terrace for a turn or two. The moon looked down without a frown, her calm beams resting on the handsome features of the youthful pair. One, young, buoyant, his heart full of the first, warm love of youth, ere the heart is scarred and seared by earth's woes, ready at that moment to lay it all at the feet of another, who, woman though she was, could not fully appreciate the value of that which lay at her disposal.

"Lady Louise," began Sir Richard, quietly, "I have brought you here to-night that I might declare that of which you are no doubt long aware, my deep and lasting love for you."

She hung her head and sighed gently. "Tell me," he went on, becoming warm, "if I may have any hope. I love you, may I expect a return of that love?" His cheeks were burning, his heart beating.

"Sir Richard"—hesitating a moment—"have you, have you spoken to my father of this?"

"No, dearest, not directly; but that will be settled soon. Tell me if you love me; that I may not lose all hope."

"Sir Richard," and her face suddenly became cool and hard, "I do not care for you. You know a great social difference divides us, and even if not, I could not ally my family with any Irish."

"Hold!" cried Sir Richard, wildly, for never was man so stunned as he to find that the creature he adored had played him false; he had seen her always cold; but thought it due to her modesty, and she had lured him on to throw him off. He, of a princely line, to be jilted by an English girl. His face grew purple; she shrank slightly, and the very moon

hid her face for the nonce. Then Sir Richard cooled, and all he said: "It is well. We had better go in." She touched his arm slightly till they entered the mansion, and then with a sarcastic little laugh she hurried over to a group, that included the viceroy himself.

The Knight of Garra-buil stamped his heel in impotent rage as his English loved one left him, and it was many minutes ere he recovered his equanimity sufficient to enter the ball room with a calm, impassive countenance. Just as he entered a slight buzz arose at the entering, and the next instant a soldier, attired in the uniform of the King's Household Guards, and bearing a packet with the Royal seal, appeared and placed it in the hands of the Lord Lieutenant. A murmur ran through the throng, the soldier bowed and departed. The packet was marked "Immediate." At the same time the Earl of Kennarddale glanced hurriedly around, and beckoning to his daughter, quietly left the room. One eye only saw their egress; it was Sir Richard Laughlin. The next moment he was at the side of the viceroy, who had opened the packet and was perusing its contents with a half wondering, half angry frown. But when he had finished, a new light came into his eyes. Glancing around with quick, disclosing eye, he spoke:

"Friends and loyal subjects, the news, in faith, is good. This now will show the loyal hearts. But yesterday, William, Prince of Orange, invited by the rebel Whigs, the cut-throat descendants of the usurping Cromwell, landed on the shores of England and has been declared king. King James has fled from London, and writes me this in urgent speed. Now, noble gentlemen, speak your minds. While I live, I hold this kingdom of Ireland for James Stuart."

Some seemed too dazed to speak, others began deliberating which side was likely to win in the forthcoming war. Not so Sir Richard. Drawing his blade from the scabbard, he cried: "And I am with you, my lord, while I can wield this good blade, King James will never want a defender."

"My sword is yours also," cried a sonorous voice a few paces off, and the next moment Patrick Sarsfield, the future Earl of Lucan, stood by the side of Sir Richard. The greater number there expressed their loyalty; yet the viceroy looked searchingly around as though in search of someone else.

"My Lord of Kennarddale," he said at length, bitterly, "is absent. Right well, I knew, when first I saw him, the Puritan backbone he possessed; but we will do without him. Come, gentlemen, let us break up this festive assemblage. We have changed from Peace to War to-night, and on you all King James depends for the defence of his rights."

The last great struggle for Ireland had become a thing of the past, the gallant Sarsfield had sailed away, and William reigned on the throne of the Plantagenets and Stuarts.

In an unapproachable glen in the Galtees a band of Rapparees had taken up their position, and, for many months after the treaty of Limerick, had held their own against the enemy. Made up of those hearts who loved to see the Green Flag flying still, and commanded by no less a person than the Knight of Garra-buil, they unfalteringly met the repeated assaults of the troops sent against them, and though not always victorious, they kept their retreat intact, and from thence occasionally descended on the English garrisons, and worked revenge for their country's wrongs.

Sir Richard Laughlin, whom we have seen so prosperous and admired,

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had by his adhesion to the royal Stuart, lost his all. Refusing to accept the terms of the "Broken Treaty," his estate was confiscated, and was given over to a devoted follower of William, Sir Duncan Searle by name. The joyous young heart was hardened now; and in the care worn brow and compressed lips of the hunted Rapparee leader one could see no likeness to the fair youth that offered his love you blissful night to an Earl's daughter.

He had not since his outlawry ever attempted to do any injury to the man who had stolen his estate, but one day, even as he was brooding over his wrongs, news was brought that Sir Duncan Searle had left his estate to go to a distant portion of the country, and had left his mansion unguarded, save by a few servants. The Knight of Garra-buil sprang to his feet.

"Then by my faith," he cried, "once more I'll tread the halls of my ancestors. We'll drive some of this Sassanach's fat heaves from out his fields, and teach him how to steal. Come, comrades, to-night we mount and once more the roof of Garra-buil shall shelter a Laughlin, an' it be but for a passing hour."

That night as the moon rose slowly from behind the hills, and the waves of the murmuring streams of Erin were bathing in its dreamy light, with many a jest and song, the Rapparees set out.

Their hearts were steel, their eyes were fire, the truest souls, the most self-sacrificing spirits amongst Ireland's sons, were numbered among the outlaws of the forest shade. They fought, they lived, they died for Ireland, and what greater love can man show than to die for an object.

The gray of the early dawn had just appeared in the sky, as the Rapparees rode unimpeded up to the very gate of the mansion. Their leader showered a number of resounding knocks on the entrance, and the next instant a servant appeared at the gate. Scarcely, however, did he perceive who his early visitors were, than, uttering a shout of alarm he rushed into the house, forgetting in his terror to close the hall door behind him. It was but a moment for the Rapparees to vault over the gate, and the next instant Sir Richard Laughlin entered the hall. There was a wild stir in the household.

"How is this," cried the Knight, "and why such stir when the master of the house returns to his ancestral home?"

A light step sounded on the stairs and looking up the outlaw beheld a lady of surpassing beauty, staring at them with undisguised surprise and terror. Sir Richard stared at her and full back a pace. His trusty blade slipped from his hands. The lady gazed wildly at him, she clutched for support and leant heavily against the wall. The memory of the past rushed over her like a dream: she saw the terrace, the moon, she heard the passionate tones of the lover pleading, and, for the first time, her heart was touched, and a ray of pity and regret stole into her soul.

With frowning brow, Sir Richard regarded her. He too remembered all—all! "And so," he said at length, "we meet again—we meet again!"

For him the wound had healed. "You are then," he went on, "the wife of the man who rules over this estate—mine by every God-given right?"

No answer.

"Await me outside," he said to his men, "and you," to the servants, "become from here."

They were alone. He looked upon her, and the old love that had slumbered long, began to revive. "Girl," he began solemnly, "since last we met, there has been many a change in this unhappy land. Had you not spurned my love on that dark night, it might have turned out differently for both of us. As it is I find now that insult has been added to injury. You, the wife of the man who holds by the rule of the robber his inheritance. But girl—girl!" and the loud, stern tones broke down utterly, the wronged and hunted outlaw disappeared; with a great rush the memory of the glad days of old came upon him, and in pleading tones he continued:

"I loved you then, I love you now; during all the bitter years I could not stamp your image from my heart; tell me, for it will be a comfort to me, tell me, if even now you look on my love in a different light, that you do not scorn me, that you regret having uttered those hard, hard words."

His broken-hearted manner moved her, falteringly she murmured:

"Sir Richard, if I gave you pain that night to which you refer, truly am I sorry now; I was giddy then; and I am afraid heartless; and I did not know your worth. Forgive me, and believe it is not with my knowledge and consent that Sir Duncan has possession of your lands."

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She advanced and held out her hand.

"Let us be friends; I, too, have suffered since last we met."

Sir Richard took the proffered hand gently and spoke:

"Lady Louise, you have given me great comfort! God bless you! You can never be mine; yet while I know you can never love me, still you do not despise me! I came this morning to work destruction in these fields, but all is changed now."

"And you are then the dreaded Rapparee, of whom they tell such tales; ah! me, even now, my husband is plotting against your safety. He left me solely that he might join in an expedition against you. From their conversation, I picked up that they were going to attack you in your stronghold. Oh! Sir Richard, for the sake of the old times give up this lawless life!"

A wondrous change had come over the Rapparee; he was now buoyant, reckless and defiant.

"Ha, ha!" he cried; "so they like to come to close quarters again. So be it. No, Lady Searle, while one trusty blade remains with me, I will never lower my standard. But, by my faith as belted knight, it were well that I were in the saddle. The miscreants may arrive before me. Farewell, Lady Searle, my heart is tight with joy. God! an' I had but such as thee to bless my warriors, not all the cursed troops of the phlegmatic Dutchman could stand before me."

He turned to go with the graceful courtesy she knew so well.

"Stay!" she murmured. "My husband—you will meet him in battle—oh! grant me this one favor; do not make me a widow. He may be your enemy, yet he is my loving husband; and oh! if in the hour of battle thou seest the sword of death descending upon him, for the sake of your love for me, stay—slay the blade."

A moment's hesitation.

"Be it so; I pledge my word to shield, with my own life if necessary, Sir Duncan from harm."

Without another word, he sheathed his sword, and joining the troop outside, hastily mounted, and giving orders for them to follow as fast as possible, he plunged the spurs deep and rode away like the spirit of the breeze.

During the ride Sir Richard communicated to his men the information he had received, and it were worth a brave man's life, to see the stern pleasure that illumined their countenances at the prospect of an encounter with the foe.

When they reached the foot of the Galtees mountains, the sun was bidding adieu to the world, and tipping with a dreamy light, brae, crag and scame. When they mounted the first

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elevation in the rugged ascent to their mountain home, they turned and scanned with practised eyes the plain beneath.

Far off in the west a cloud arose, and gradually the outlines of a body of men became visible.

"They come," cried the outlaw leader, "and we will give them a merry welcome. Follow me, my lads!"

So saying he sprang rapidly up the steep ascent, and in a short time they found themselves before a narrow pass, enclosed between walls of rock more than fifty feet in height, the entrance on the right skirted by a dense bit of wood, the exit to the pass ending in the darkness of a thicket. It was a pass in which a thousand might well be stopped by three.

Hastily placing a number of his best men under cover of the wood, and stationing himself with the remainder at the exit, he awaited the approach of the enemy. Gradually they neared his position, and the rumbling of wheels told him they had brought cannon with them.

Presently the foremost trooper reached the plateau that nature had formed before the entrance to the pass. Realizing the danger of attempting to force the death trap in front of them, yet being aware that through it only could they hope to reach the Rapparees, the English officers ere proceeding gathered their forces together and proceeded to hold a council.

Warlike advice evidently prevailed, for soon the line was formed, and the troop advanced into the pass, the cannon bringing up the rear, to protect them from foes behind. The foremost of the band was Sir Duncan Searle, and he animated the men to press forward rapidly. No sound disturbed the dusky stillness of the place, as the Saxons struggled through the dense overgrowth of ferns from which the pass took its name.

As the foremost trooper emerged from the pass, his comrades raised their voices in a shout of defiance and encouragement; yet scarce had the sounds struck the air, than they were mingled with the sonorous blast of a bugle-horn, breathing defiance in every note that found an echo in the freedom-loving crags that rose about them. Hurling themselves with terrific force on the enemy, the Rapparees began the work of death. Front and rear the troopers found themselves attacked, their cannon captured at the first onslaught, and now about to be turned with deadly intent upon themselves.

Desperately, recklessly they fought; but to what avail? In the first of the attack, Sir Duncan selected Searle as an opponent, designing to disarm him, and thus save his life.

Ere, however, he could reach him, a gigantic member of his band had aimed his battle-axe at Sir Duncan. Quick as lightning, Sir Richard sprang forward, and hurling his too zealous clansman to the ground, with wonderful dexterity struck the sword from Searle's hand, and made him prisoner. Quarter was offered and the remaining troopers, ten in number, surrendered.

When the turmoil of battle was over, Sir Richard, seated on the fragment of a rock, ordered the prisoners to be brought before him. Turning to Searle, and preventing him as he was about to speak, the outlaw leader thus addressed him:

"Peace, Sir Knight, have no fear for thy head. You know me as the one from whom you have taken lands and titles, and such I might avenge, but I scorn it. I pledged you your safety, and you are safe. Yet I would say that it would be a favor if whenever some poor devil of a Rapparee is brought before you, that you remember the Pass of Ferns, and be merciful as you have received mercy. You are free. And as for your half-score of vagabonds, I'll let them keep you company. I have done."

Crestfallen and bewildered the English knight and the surviving troopers took their departure, and the Rapparees, after seeing them well out of sight, retreated to their fastnesses.

A year had elapsed from the time of that fierce combat in the pass, and on a summer's eve, an aged man

the Galtees. Reaching the scene of the conflict, he started at the sight of the whitening bones, and paused and gazed around. Naught could be heard but the roar of a torrent as it sprang over a precipice, far beneath him.

"And this," he murmured at length, "is the fatal spot so much talked of; a death trap indeed."

He proceeded onward, ascending still higher, until at length, suddenly turning the corner of a rock, he came face to face with a sentinel armed cap-a-pie.

"Hold there, old man," cried that worthy, presenting his pike in a warlike attitude, "whence come you?"

(Continued on page seven.)

Woman is often referred to by man as "doubling his joys and halving his sorrows." That may be complimentary, but it would seem to be rather hard on the woman. For in plain terms it means that where things are going well with the man his wife makes them go better. But when things are going ill with him, she expects the wife to share half his burden. And there's more truth than poetry in this presentation of masculine selfishness. Men don't appreciate the fact that the strain of motherhood alone is a burden bigger than all the loads that rest upon male shoulders. They see the wife grow thin, pale, nervous and worn without a thought that she is overburdened. Among the pleasant letters received by Dr. Pierce are those from husbands who have waked up before it was too late to the crushing burdens laid upon the wife, and in the search for help have found in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription a restorative which has given back to the mother the health of the maiden and the maiden's happiness. "Favorite Prescription" always helps, and almost always cures. It has perfectly cured ninety-eight out of every hundred women who have used it when afflicted with diseases peculiar to women.

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