PRIL 10, 1900.

ght with the spirit bing now a body of usand men against ots, the conflict be-In several points, ed so greatly the adively into those parts ost prevailed, and by example, turned the Segrave was taken, knights with Southhe men were on all uarter, when the cry st. George !"/ issued g hill. At the same rom Midlothian (who under had stolen into eserted English camp e rear of the height) ing troops of a third enemy, rushed down mrades, echoing the and, and exclaiming, host reaching to the

to many a Scottish hrons who lately cried upon their feet. The d with redoubled fury. le, at the head of the nt, charged into the charged into the w themselves into the impetuous valor had art of their line, and en Neville, had not a nobleman, wielding a e, struck Bruce so s to fracture his helmet the ground. The fall eader excited as much Scots as it encouraged pirits of the enemy, himself to preserve his-sing trampled on; and for that purpose, and the senseless body to Neville retook Segrave s. Lord Ruthven now a feeble arm. Fatigued wounds, and perceiving upon them on all sides of Segrave's original thousand men, excepting fallen in the preceding vere now collected to the cots gave ground; some their arms to fly the ed the confusion, and general a havoc, that the ended in the destruction n the field, had not Wallthe crisis, and that, as neville, he shed his blood ain ' is terrified countryrush into the thickest of a vain he called to them, s sacred to man, to stand He was a foreigner, and confidence in his exhortawas before them and they The fate of his country stant. He took his resolu-tring his steed up the stood on the summit where seen by the whole army, ff his helmet, waved it in the ord having drawn shout, and, having drawn him, suddenly exclaimed bu have vanquished the vice! If you be men, re-nbuskenneth, and follow lace to a third victory!" ch issued from the amazed at of a people who beheld their deliverance. "Wallthe charge-word of every hero's courage seemed inwith braced arms and deirits, forming at once into his thundering voice Southrons again felt the he Scottish steel; and a d, which made the Esk run

e sea, and covered the glades aden with the bodies of its Segrave and Neville were and ere night closed in upon e, Wallace granted quarter o sued for it, and, receiving eft them to repose in their pulated camp.

O BE CONTINUED.

IN THE SKIRT O' THE WIND. findin' fault with Him. an' isn't it as wel

Una Morrin was sighing as she tidied up the kitchen for the evening after the meal. She sighed as she piled high the turf on the fire. She sighed as she raked the embers under the Dutch oven which held the cake for the mornoven which neid the cake for the morn-ing; she sighed again as she brushed back the ashes of the hearth, and she heaved a mouraful "Mhuire a's truagh!" as she drew out the stooleen and sat down to card some wool. And it was a bad sign for Una Morrin to be sighing like that, because she was always the

APRIL 10, 1909.

silent.

bad sign for Una Morrin to be sighing like that, because she was always the light-hearted girl, was Una Morrin. Though she possessed the thrift—and all the need of it that often drives the inhabitants of Ireland's coast country from their homes —to-night the "cards" lay idle in her hands, while she gazed, wide-eyed and long, through the chinks of red glow which the lossely heaped turf made upon the coals beneath. Faith, there was a weary look on the face of ranny ?'

there was a weary look on the face of Seon Ban's daughter, as if she were thinking long for the voice of some one. And it was not her prayers that kept

Outside the wind blew hard, as the winds of Connacht do, when they whip in from the sea on stormy nights. Its wail rose and fell between the booming of the surf that beats against the rocks at the foot of Maeve's Cliff. Now and then an alien noise would pierce the thundering of the sea and wind—a sound of falling boards, a slamming of a neighof failing boards, a sk of hinges straining bor's door, the creak of hinges straining to be loose. Aye, and through the wildto be loose. Aye, and through the wild-ness of the night there came the sorrowness of the night there came the sorrow-ful note that is heard only along the Erse coast, when the women of the fish-ing folk sit within their cottages, hug-ging memories of nights long past, bit-ter recollections of this night or of that

ter recollections of this night or of that day, when their lad or himself went out to sea—and did not return. Was it the wild ery of poor souls drowned, that eame through the twilight of storm and drifting winds to those of the lonely hearths? God knows! Starting from her revery, Una Morrin arose to light the candle. The noise of the stopleon grating upon the earthen floor aroused old Moira from her doze. "What's keepin' Null Murtagh these

"What's keepin' Null Murtagh these

nights, alanna ?" "How should I know, Granny ?" the girl exclaimed impatiently. But her cheek and neck showed red, and it was not the glow of the candle's light that "He has not been here since the Sun-

day that brought Jamsie McElin in Had ye any words ?"

here. Had ye any words? "For what should we have words?" "I d'know, I d'know, at all. Only I thought be the gleam of his eyes that day that he was vexed wid the actin' ye had wid Jamsie McElin." "An' what was it Niall Murtagh's

business, if I talked civil wid my neigh-Granny offered no argument against

Granny offered no argument against this; but there was a shrewd look in her old eyes as she studied the face of her grand-daughter. The girl had turned from the window where she had placed the candle, and was pushing back the rush-seated arm-chair into the shadowy rush-seated arm-chair into the shadowy opner, where it might offer comfortable seating to the spirits of its former pos-sessors, the various patriarchs of her clan. Una Morrin was not thinking of hem. More probably were her thoughts oncerned with Niall Murtagh who was them. wont to occupy this chair, when with bashful excuse he "stepped in to light Granny said a "Hail Mary" or two

and then she ventured : "Niall Mary" or two, tagh is the fine, handsome lad." Una crossed over to the dresser and rattled the blue formered presser and rattled the blue-flowered cups against

'He's the dead spit o' his father." Una was still searching for something

on the dresser. 'I mind the time when his father-"

"I mind the time when his lattict"—" "Granny, I'm going to America," in-terrupted the girl, now coming down to the fire with a letter in her hand. "Ned says in his letter that I'd be better off in New York, or with Nora in Chicago, than livin' have in wart—" han livin' here in want-'

"An' who says that we're livin' in want?" screamed Granny, no longer bent over the beads in all humility, but bent over the beads in all humility, but sitting bolt upright with queenly rage. "Arrab, will you hear the girl !" she apostrophized the rafters. "Sure, when was a Morrin ever lookin' for charity ?" " Well, is it not charity to be takin' fish that Niall Murtagh leaves at our door ?"

go to America ?"

that you are here wid your ould grand-mother as bein' over there among strangers as Nora is, wid not a soul near her from the village? Sure it's not lonely you are for them that writes to you only to throuble you with longin' when they know you cannot leave your old Granny." "Ay, it's lonely I am, Granny, an' wishful for the ones beyant. An' why shouldn't I be, wid all belongin' to me

should til be, wid all belong in to me over there save you, Granny? Whin I sit on the beach of an evenin, an' the little waves come creepin' in an' breakin' themselves against the rockeens below, themselves against the rockeens below, my heart is breakin' wid them, an' I can hear the whisperin' o' voices in them, their voices, Ned's an' Dominic's an' Moira's, and the liltin's voice of Noreen. D'ye mind the voice of our Noreen

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knew that it was the gold watch which

her brother Dominic has sent from New

have the chance to give it back to him

She placed the watch in her bosom,

She placed the watch in her bosom, and litting her eyes looked wistfully to-ward the sea. A solid wall of darkness seemed to lie between those on shore and the waters that beleked and reared

beyond the rocks. Only the white foam and salt spray came in to beat upon their faces as they stood there, waiting

for they knew not what. Nothing could

for they knew not what. Nothing could live in those tearing seas. The wet wind rushing viciously in upon her told her that. Yet she asked: "Do you think, Michael — is — there

anny chance at all ?" The young fisherman shook his head,

but with the faith of an Irish heart an-

swered: "Who knows but God will bring them both back safe?"

anxious movement and demanded : "Did you hear that?"

"I hear nothin' but the roar of the

sense of her words she was fleeing along

The girl took a few steps nearer to the

Jna agradh."

Early applicat

must be made

JULY 13, 27

The girl had been playing idly with the tongs, but now she dropped them absently, and with hands hanging list-lessly before her, she sat and stared

with tear-wet eyes into the fire. There was silence broken only by the clicking of the old woman's beads against Una looked up from the fire at her

grandmother's face. There were tears, too, in Granny's eyes. "'Tis the will o' God, and He knows

best, acushla, an' sure, agradh, I'll soon be goin' home an' then—" Una arose abruptly and kissed her.

York to Niall Murtagh. It was a sou-your of another evening such as this, when young Murtagh had saved her brother's life. "Orra, Granny, dear, don't be talkin' that way. Sure I would not be leavin' you at all. Doesn't Neddeen want me brother's life. "He tould me to give this to you, if he did not come back," Michael O'Gal-lagher whispered in her ear, as if they could be heard on the storm-swept beach, "but God send that you may have the chance to give it head to him o bring you out-"

"God forgive the poor lad, an' give him sense, an' what would I be doin' out there?" Una went over to open the half-door

for she knew they had come to a point where argument was useless. "Tis a wild night on the water," she "I wondher if he's in wid nurmured.

the curragh yet ?' "What's that you say, alanna ?" in-

quired Granny. "I said 'twas a bad night for them

"I said twas a bad hight for them that's out at the fishin." "Faith it is then—an' for the poor wives that's waitin.' God send they'll come back safe and sound, all o' them." A gust of sea-wind swept in, scatter-ing the ashes over the newly brushed hearth and whirling a cloud of smoke hearth, and whirling a cloud of smoke

hearth, and whiring a cloud of smoke out into the kitchen to suck it back again up the chimney. The candle sputtered and died out. At that moment a man sped by in the

At that moment a man spee by in the dark. He was shouting between the sobs of his breath as he mounted the street leading up towards the priest's house. But all that Una could distin-guish were the words, "Drowned,

drowned.' "Somebody's drowned !" she called to old Moira.

" God have mercy on their sowls, an "God nave mercy of them sound, and on us all "prayed the mother and grandmother of many souls gone out in the same manner. "Who is it, he said ?" But Una was straining her ears to catch some sound from the beach. Only

the lap-lap of the broken waves came to her through the roar of the storm. to her through the roar of the storm. Nor could she see the landing, for down the road a bit, the house of Pau-dheen Gill cut it off from her view. All she saw were the clouds that rolled darkly in and hung low over the fields, and this daughter of fishermen shivered with any house.

with aprehension. "Come, avourneen, and we'll say the rosary for him whoever it be. But there was none to kneel with the old woman, for Una Morrin, with a pre-

monitory fear clutching her heart, was fleeing like a wild thing down towards the landing. On the glistening rocks of the Black

Steps, the landing place of the fishers of Inisaill, a number of men were huddled together in groups, standing close, as men do, when discussing a recent calam-

"Tis Seon Ban's daughter!" Una heard the anxious note in their tagh and the man whom he went out to voices; as they passed her name from one to the other, and she knew that the for the drowned would be grief

Morrin was on their lips with a "God comfort her, the crayture," for Una Morrin was beloved of the woman folk hers. "Whose boat was it went down ?" she asked.

asked. There was a pause of hesitancy. Then one tall young fellow answered. "Twas Jamsie McElin's. But faith, we do not know whether or no he's

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

before you build. Tells why fire proof metal material is cheape Get this from first to last-kind is the cheap buy. No matter CANADIAN FREE Book erect or re HOMESEEKERS **PEDLAR** People of Oshawa EXCURSIONS Gap wid Ould Paudheen, and they are goin' out after the drowned min !" Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta With a bound Michael was speeding over the rocks towards the little out-lot below the house of Paudheen Gill. MAY 4, 18 JUNE 1, 15, 29 AUG. 10, 24 SEPT. 7, 21 The other men followed him, but one pausing before he went with the rest, called to the girl who had brought the news: "Run Kathie, and bring Father ed class tickets from Ontarie stations to pr LOW ROUND-TRIP RATES

Joyce. For the love of God, hurry, col-We'll hold her until he comes. leen ! We'll hold her until he comes." But Kathie O'Gallagher had no need to run all the distance to the priest's house, for she met the man who had house, for she met the man who have first carried the news to the village, re-turning, not with Father Joyce, for that good man was back in the country somewhere on a sick call, but with a solution of the second vhite-robed Dominican, Father Edward

white-robed Dominican, Fander harving McHugh, who had come straight from the chapel where he had been reciting his office. Lithe and agile as any of the fishermen, this tall young priest, with rapid steps was hastening toward above the noise of the storm, which was now abating. "I hear singin' out there," said a little boy, whom his father had not been

the Gap in a moment, careless of slip-pery rocks or driving wind. able to drive home. "Pray for us at the hour of our death "I tell ye, I hear singin' ! Can't ye

pery rocks or driving wind. Down at the Gap a fierce struggle was taking place. Through the mist the young priest could discern a dark mass of men swaying back and forth, hould yer whist?" "Send that child home," Father Edward ordered. And with a "clout" their arms and legs tossing back and forth, now nearing the boat at the Edward ordered. And with a "clout over the head as an inducement, the boy's father was obeying. But Kathie O'Gallagher had run down to the water's edge and was listening. Suddenly she threw her arms up in the water's edge, now crushing back the gigantic form of a rugged old fisherman. When Father Edward drew closer he could only hear the labored beart be could only hear the labored breath of the men who were striving with the old man, Paudheen Gill, who with oars ir, and falling on her knees she cried; "May God and His Holy Mother be in hand was trying to break the little phalanx before him. Una Morrin, with praised. I hear the voice of Niall Og. A hush fell on the kneeling crowd. Yes, with the drifting wind and mist nother pair of oars was guarding the

poat from a possible attack. Even as the priest came upon them a ry arose : "Hold her, hold her ! even as the priest came upon other a cry arose: "Hold her, hold her ! She's gone without him !" And she was. For, giving up all hope of going out to the rescue when she saw the white habit of the Domini-can rising out of the mist, she made one descrete leap into the boat, and

one desperate leap into the boat, and pushing out from the shore was threading her way through the small rocks when they saw her. With the thundering voice of author

room "up" from the fire. And Granny with the weariness of saddened years, was sleeping soundly, while her grand-With the thundering voice of author-ity the priest called out: "Una Morrin, Una Morrin, in the name of God I com-mand you to come back!" A hush of awe fell upon the men on the shore. Old Paudheen, nerveless now with fear, had dropped his oars, of with the other was standing his laughter wept alone.

water, where she stood in silence for a moment. Suddenly she leaned forward and with her hand to her ear she listened intently. Micheal called to her to come back, but she did not heed him. and with the others was standing, his arms hanging lifeless by his side. He, too, went down to the water's edge ne, too, went down to the waters edge and taking her arm urged her to go home. She pushed him from her and continued to listen. At last she turned to him with a quick The girl was still slowly finding her

way out through the Gap. "Una Morrin, in the name of our Bles sed Mother, to whom you are consecrated, come back !" Paudheen Gill and some of the others

fell upon their knees. "Can you hear me, Una Morrin?"

"Whisht !" she cried, "there it is shouted the priest, this time through a trumpet formed by his hands. Out of the darkness and the moaning wind came the answer: "I do, Father, again ! God and His angels be wid us ! It's his voice, his voice I tell you !" And before her companion caught the

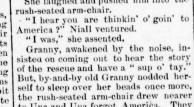
with outstretched arms. an' I'm coming back." In a little while the priest was hand-

the wet rocks to the house of Paudheen In a little while the priest was hand-ing her out of the boat, and saying, in as gentle a voice as it had been harsh before: "Go home, child, and put your faith in God and His holy mother. Sure, do you not know that, if it is His holy will that the men will be saved, it will be done without your help, and if it is not His will, how ridiculous would be your efforts?" When they came back to the landing Michael O'Gallagher stood staring By this time most of the inhabitants of Inisaill had assembled on the Black Steps. Women with bare feet glisten-ing white on the flat, shiny rocks that forward, a patural only and gave the ing white on the lat, shiny rocks that formed a natural quay and gave the landing place its name, their shawls tightly drawn around their shoulders, stood around and spoke with tearful When they came back to the landing the priest drew out his rosary, saying "Come, my people, and let us say the beads for their deliverance, or," he oices of the two men out on the water. There was that in their sad tones which added, after a pause, "for the eternal rest of their souls. Kneel down, lads, kneel down. You may be wanting this suggested or was even a prelude to the caoine which, they believed, they would soon have need to chant for Niall Mur-

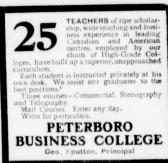
some day yourselves." And there upon the hard, wet rocks, with the wind and the water beating upon them, the people knelt about their priest, who careless about the elements of Inisaill, since who was it but the daughter of Seon Ban that nursed them who neuld make the fine broth out of sea-weed when the famine was meen ishermen, began the prayer for the two men out in the storm. Kneeling there within the circle of dark forms the young Dominican in his white habit looked as if he were some pure white spirit of hope sent down from heaven to

towards the fire, which she had replen-ished with sods while Una was away. "'Tis Naill Murtagh that's gone

from her beads. "It is." Una's tone did not encour-age a discussion and the old woman



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CATHOLIC CONVERTS.

We have heard much of Catholic converts in recent years here in America, and can scarcely fail to appreciate the courage and unselfishness required to make the transfer of allegiance from one of the Protestant sects to Catholicity. It is such sacrifices, however, that mus be made for the sake of conscience Those who might be prone to think that this was a new phase in the history of conversions will find in a series of articles now appearing in the Catholic World the stories of some English converts which show how much more severe was the trial of conversion in England at the middle of the nineteenth century. The articles contain the stories of Henry Edward Manning, Wilberforce, George Dudley Ryder, and one other still to come, which may be in the Feb-ruary number, each of whom married one the Ocean Star," and the voice was that of Niall Murtagh. He sang as cheerily as if it were on the calmest of seas. It was a way that Niall Murtagh had in moments of danger. Granny had gone to bed "up" in the room, for, since Dominic had gone to America and "made his way" there, the cottage of the Morrins boasted of a room "up" from the fire. And Granny ruary number, each of whom married one of the four Sargent girls, daughters of Rev. John Sargent. These Stories of "Four Celebrities, Brothers by Mar-riage," written by Wilfrid Wilberforce are, perhaps, the most edifying and in-structive magazine articles that have appeared in recent years. They con-tain the stories of simple hearted men and women, of great souls and beautiful minds who arguit every human motive minds who, against every human motive and every earthly consideration, worked their way into the Catholic Church and then obtained that peace which is only to be found in her bosom. She had closed the door, lest any of

the villagers would intrude on her in her grief, for she had the pride of the The stories are a magnificent exem plification of the fact that the Catholio pure blooded Erse, had Una Morrin; and now she scarcely heard the shout which arose at the so ind of Niall Mur-Church has its principal attraction for beautiful souls who have lived lives of unselfishness, who are interested in doing everything for the best, who are tagh's voice. Nor did she move when the crowd went surging past. A feel-ing of resentment had on y half formed deeply educated and highly cultured. There is a prevalent impression in America that the Church has its atwithin her heart at their quick forget-fulness of the tragedy when suddenly traction only for the poor and the unthe door was thrown open and Niall Murtagh's form entered. educated and the uncultured. These educated and the uncutored. These stories from the Oxford Movement show that just the opposite is true and that it was the very best people in every sense of the word who were attracted to the Catholic Church. It makes one proud to have Oxthelic to and these stories For a moment superstitious fear cam over her, but she arose and, with her brain whirling, she reeled towards him with outstretched arms. Then came the cherry laugh of Niall Murtagh in the flesh. "Orra, colleen, but you are my brave girl," he said, as he caught her to him for a moment. Then holding her out at arm's length to be a Catholic to read these stories. It makes one ashamed to be a Catholic, however, and to have all the lights and the grace that these people were strug-gling for and not to have taken advanhe asked mischievously. "Was it Jamsie McElin or me that you were tage of them better than most of us have done. As soon as they found themselves in the Church all was peace and conso-lation, in spite of the fact that there were severe human trials and hardships the barrow. They turned to the proper Una Morris had found her coquetry once more, and she drew away from him

and answered with a glance out of the to be borne. They turned to the proper corner of my eye; "Are ye thinkin' that I'd let you leave Jamsie behird?" source of consolation, while we who have been close to it all our lives sometimes neglect it or have become so familiar with its means of grace as to not Then she grew grave. "But he's aved too?" she asked. "Troth he is. Are you wantin' him?" She laughed and pushed him into the

These stories have another signifi-cance, for they are types of what is happening in our own time. People are still struggling toward the light against the most difficult trials and are finding their home in the Church. The rest of us are still living close to this precious treasure that others are striving for with so much effort, and we have become so familiar with that that we do not appre-ciate it at its true value. It is for this reason that the stories of converts are

apo- resolene

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voice of the priest rose, firm and strong,

there came through the ocean's roar the clear tones of "Hail, Queen of Heaven,

the Ocean Star," and the voice was that

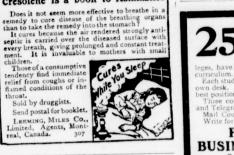
children. Those of a con

Educational.

3



Whooping Cough, Croup, Bronchitis Cough, Grip, Asthma, Diphtheria Cresolene is a boon to Asthmatics



's the Matter h the Blood

d watery, the lips and gums the whole system is weak

ails to supply the necessary and to get well you must treatment as Dr. Chase's ood.

cror shows you that the lips

eror shows you that the hps are pale and the inner eye-it color. In be the matter? You are There is a deficiency in the quantity of blood in your e food you eat fails to make shortage. You must use paration that will supply in form the elements from d is made. d is made.

r. Chase's Nerve Food is ext is required in ailments of e for it is above all else an and builder of the blood.

and girls are particularly to anaemia. The feminine mands an immense amount of carrying on its functions and e system is strong and well there is likely to follow a cy in the blood supply.

of appetite. ymptoms as loss of appetite, interest in the affairs of life, of langour and fatigue impaired , shortness of breath, dizziness ing, cold hands and feet, heart on and weaknesses and ies are an indication or bloodlessness.

or bloodlessness. delay treatment thinking that get all right for anaemia in its as form is often incurable. as form is often incurable. I the sunlight and fresh air you add to the richness of the using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. will soon note improvement is treatment and can prove fit derived by leaving a proord

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drowned at all. We did not miss him until we turned Eilly's Rock, an' into the bay, for the darkness was upon us in the bay, for the darkness was upon usin a jiffy, an' 'twas all we cud do to save our curraghs from the rocks." The gaze of the girl went searching from one group to another. Then she asked, "Did anny o' ye go out after door ?' Granny subsided. For well she knew

Granny subsided. For well she knew that it was not charity which brought Niall Murtagh and his fish to their door. There was even lurking about the cor-ners of her mouth a smile that said, "We'll see, we'll see." After awhile Granny roused herself to ask: "What's put it in your head to go to America ?"

him?" The men were silent for a moment. Then one spoke, the same who had an-swered her before. "Una girl, you'd betther be goin'home. The storm—"

Una did not answer immediately, but "For what would I be goin' home, "For what would I be goin' home, Michael O'Gallagher? One'd think I never say a storm before wid your talk. Where's Niall Murtagh this night ?"

taking the tongs, occupied herself in re-placing a smouldering sed that had fallen away from the fire. Then she spoke. "What's the use o' sittin' here, think-in' an' prayin' for the good times to come to Ireland, when there's a grand coun The young fisherman was silent. Una to Ireland, when there's a grant coun-thry like that beyant to go to? What's the good o' scrubbin' the dresser and the noggins, day in an' day out, an' dhry-in' the scaweed along the rocks an' cleanin' the fish until you die of old age looked from one to the other of the men about her. They, too, were silent. "He wint out afther him, thin? Tell me, Michael O'Gallagher ?' "He did." with nothin' for it, or nothin' o' change, but the same old footin' o' turf, and the The other men moved uneasily away, The other men moved uneasily away, one by one, leaving Michael O'Gallagher to talk to the girl. Their inherent de-licacy forbade these Irish fishermen to intrude upon another's grief where there

diggin' o' poheens. Sure, what use is there in all o' that ?" "An' what are we put here for, alanna, if it is not for that ?" Una poked the tongs into the fire with

a viciousness that suggested her resent-

"Maybe it's not for the likes o' me to be wishin,' but I cannot stop the cryin' o' my heart after what I cannot find in Inisaill nor in the other villages nigh. There be's times when I look beyant the empty sea that I have a notion o' how t'would be to clear out an' leave it all. Over there it would not matter a ha'porth

Over there it would not matter a ha porth if the weather is bad or the storm is on "I offered to go with this model, of my he wouldn't have it, on account o' my mother and Kathie. He said that he was the only man to do it, since there was no wan to be left to mourn for him, "When bet of the Murtarhs." the sea, for there's no need of the men to go out for the fish an' there's other work to be had over there. Oh, then, it must be grand not to be frettin' an' botherin' about the weather !"

indust de grand not to be frettin' an' botherin' about the weather!" "Orra, what's come over you, colleen?" old Moira remonstrated, blessing her-self the while against the consequences of this blasphemy. "Isn't it God that sends the weather, an' why should we be

them and the gales too strong for the men to go out to the fishing? With all

her wild ways and her teasing of the lads. Una Morrin was the sensible girl. And none could tell it better than they. A young girl, with hair flying, came running down the path to the house of

Now and then the name of Una

rescue.

And she obeyed, though which hag mag steps and repeated glances into the misty darkness of the sea. At home she found her grandmother kneeling in prayer, her arms resting on a chair before her, and her back Paudheen Gill. "Michael, Michael O'Gallagher!" she called, "Una Morrin is down at the

----WHY ECZEMA PATIENTS SUFFER

afther Jamsie McElin. So Owen Costi-gan told me," said Granny, looking up No Wonder They Despair—But Cure Has Now Been Found.

It is a strange thing about eczema. After wasting money on nostrums dosing the stomach or smearing of greasy salves for years, many a skin sufferer gives up in despair. He says : "What is the use, some may be cured,

age a discussion and the off whome went back to her prayers. After a while Granny roused herself again to say: "You'd better light the candle, avourneen. It's a cowld wel-come to have the house darkened for the man in the same in or for them but my case is hopeless." But a trial of the simplest remedythem that would come in, or for them that would come in, or for them that pass by an' the house widout a stim o' light to see by." Una obediently lighted the candle, sighing drearily as she did so. For what was the use? Though it smiled But a triat of the simplest remedy— just a little oil of wintergreen properly compounded (as in D. D. D. Prescription) will wash away that itch. In fact, it will take away the itch IMMEDIATELY, the instant D. D. D. is applied. Read this letter from Mrs. G. J. Hut-ten of Roufrew Ont. a thousand welcomes now there was one who would never again accept its

was no means of comforting the stricken one. It was their way. But Una Morrin came of a proud race, ton, of Renfrew, Ont .:

invitation, one who would never enter with his cheery "Dia dhuit," or "God save all here." Yea, though her heart " Jan. 15, 1909 "Since I was a child nine years old (and I am to-day hirty years old) I have suffered with Eczema in my ands. I have spent money on all kinds of medicines ind ointments, but I find nothing equal to D. D. have used five bottles and to-day my hands are refectly healed. I shall never be without it in my iouse and will always recommend it to my many rends and neighbors who suffer from this awful tor-

save all here." Yea, though her heart would call to him through all the storms of tossing waters and unweary waves, he would not hear in his ocean grave. From her eyes the tears at last burst forth from the depths of her soul: "Mo bhron! mo bhron! how can it be!" she cried, as she knelt beside her grandmother to nray for his soul. "An' it was surely Now, if there is anyone in your town Now, if there is anyone in your town suffering with eczema, ringworm, tetter, psoriasis or poison ivy, tell this sufferer not to sit back and say, "I have tried not to sit back and say, "I have tried his voice I heard. Oh! Father Edward why did you not let me go?"

these poor Irish in return for the faith they held so loyally. After the first decade, Father Me-Hugh paused long enough to insist on Una's returning to her grandmother. And she obeyed, though with lagging

wantin' to save ?'

Love that is not pure and noble is seldom so blind that it cannot distin-guish the dollar mark.

OUR FAMILY DOCTOR FOR SIX YEARS High Bluff, Man., Jan. 22, 1909

Dr. H. Sanche & Co. Dear Sirs,-

It is now six years since we bought our Oxydonor, and I never could tell you half the troubles I have used it for.

I have nine children, and Oxydonor has been our family doctor for six years. Among other things, I have used Oxydonor successfully for pleurisy, pneumonia, rheumatism, heart trouble Herenles Danche, coughs, colds, bronchitis, catarrh, grippe, measles, sore eyes, sore throat, croup, etc., etc. It has also been found very helpful for chronic headaches.

I consider Oxydonor worth its weight in gold. Believe me, Yours very sincerely, Mrs. Cox Smith

OYYDONOR is a wonderful little instrument that cures at home, while you sleep. It can be applied properly by anyone and causes no sensation, neither of pain or anything else. All diseases are alike to Oxydonor. It cures by creating in the body a powerful affinity for Oxygen, so that it is absorbed freely by the whole system. This abundance of Oxygen gives such abound-ing vitality to the body that it is able to throw off the disease (unless some vital organ has been destroyed) and regain perfect health. Write at once for our Free Illustrated Booklet that tells about the OXY-DONOR and its wonderful cures

Dr. H. SANCHE & CO. Down on the Black Steps the priest and people were still at prayer. It was the last decade of the rosary, and some of the women were weeping. But the 380 St. Catherine St. West Montreal

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to Una and Una forgot America. They forget their grief easily in Ireland, since it is all in the will of God.—Anna M. Nolan in The Magnificat. They particularly interesting and particular-ly valuable. What is history in the Catholic world is reality in the life around us, and there are real stories of around us, and there are real stories of life that will be just as interesting in the telling as those which now figure almost as romances of the struggle for religious truth.—Buffal J Union and Times.

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