medicine has ever been discovered which can take the divil's wurrk that is going on up in day he was found dead in Stryker' place of Cod-liver Oil in all these mountains. I haven't drawn conditions of wasting. New remedies come, live their little day and die, but Codliver Oil remains the rock on which all hope for recovery must rest. When it is scien- that was beginning to blaze royally tifically prepared, as in Scott's under Tim's skilful touch. Emulsion, it checks the progress of the disease, the conside and the process of healing riverince, and there's thim that say There is the whole Dan was head and master of thim truth. Book about it free.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville, Ont.

GETHSAMNE. (Caroline D. Swan, in Sacred Heart; Review)

A golden chain, O Lord. A chain of woe, Ever in sweet accord Swings to and fro. One end is our's, to eling Tearful, thereto;-

Through our heart's quivering, Lord, hold us true ! Welded the other end Straight to Thy throne; Softly Thy love doth bend

Ever Thy cup they drink, Eager to be
Tightening each shining link
Leading to Thee.

Sharing Thine inner bliss Softly increase. Deeper thy plummet goes

Closer our clinging grows, Life-line, to thee. Up to Thy bleeding heart Draw us thereby ! Through every sting and smar Say, "It is I!" Jesu, we beg of Thee,

Grieving alone, In our Gethsamne Comfort Thine own Show us our sorrow-chain Fastened secure!

Each tiny spirit-gain Gently made sure Love, hold us every hour, Love, all aglow! Thee and Thy touch of power, Jesu, we know!

## Tortured and Helpless.

Rheumatism has Hordes of Victims. is no Respecter of Persons—Sc

for what South American Rheumatic Cure has done for me. As a result of exposure he iver thought of coming to American Rheumatic fever which affected both my knees. I suffered pain almost beyond human endurance. Having heard of marvelloms by South American Rheumatic Cure, I gave it a trial. After taking three doses the pain entirely left me, and in three days the pain entirely left me, and in three days rheumatism has disappeared."

As it swang open, the black unlucky day for him, that storm. As it swang open, the black unlucky day for him, that storm. As it swang open, the black unlucky day for him, that storm. As it swang open, the black unlucky day for him, that storm. As it swang open, the black unlucky day for him, that storm. As it swang open, the black unlucky day for him, that storm. As it swang open, the black unlucky day for him, that storm. As it swang open, the black unlucky day for him, that storm. As it swang open, the black unlucky day for him, that storm. As it swang open, the black unlucky day for him, that storm. As it swang open, the black unlucky day for him, that storm. As it swang open, the black unlucky day for him, that storm. As it swang open, the black unlucky day for him, that storm. As it swang open, the black unlucky day for him, that storm. As it swang open, the black unlucky day for him, that swang open, the black unlucky day for him, that swang open, the black unlucky day for him, that swang open, the black unlucky day for him, that swang open, the black unlucky day for him, that swang open, the black unlucky day for him, that swang open, the black unlucky day for him, that swang open, the black unlucky day for him, that swang open, the black unlucky day for him, that swang open, the black unlucky day for him, that swang open, the black unlucky day for him, that swang open, the black unlucky day for him, that swang open, the black unlucky day for him, that swang open, the black unlucky day for him, that swang open, the black unlucky day for him, that swang open, the black unlucky

## THE BLACK FINGER

BY M. T. WAGGAMAN.

CHAPTER III,—(Continued.) "The Eight Beatitudes, and the Corporal's Works of Mercy, and the Sivin Sins against the Holy Ghost, and all of thim, sur. Shure there was not a sinsibler gurl in the whole Allegheny Ridge than the same Norsh Kelly, and now her mother if she hez to so much as pass the hand on her I'd make her trimble in whin, by the Lord's, marcy, he was church door. Faith, if I got me

ing at the handsome, high-bred face the church wan night. revealed by the leaping fire-light. "Shure I'd niver be calling yer riverince sich names as that. I've niver beerd thim say that of ye, sur, or mebbe it was the ould mother he shuffled off and returned in a more shuffled off and returned in a more shuffled off and returned in a more "What do they say, sur? Shure, was, he came out of the church that

I wouldn't like to come over the night a changed man. He cut with half of it to ye. It's thim bloody the 'Hushers' intirely; he came heretics of Welshmen that have back and tuk a place as foreman in brought their divil's lies from across the forge, and settled down to a sober the says. That ye whisk around by respectable Christian life. He knew night on bats' wings; that ye bile that he was in danger from the divilchilder down for the holy iles, and that he was in danger from the carry he had quit, poor lad, but as he said the saving effort.

Tim, whose kind heart, stirred by his spachifying and his blatherskit his paster's example, was warming to his paster's example, was warmin into a black dungeon below."

"Poor children," said Father Paul, if he could, by setting another sort ence of the Black Finger, rubbed the laughing. "I don't wonder they of example now. But he wasn't left icy feet and hands vigorously.

scamper away from me. We must to do it long. Not two months after "Another dhrop, yer riverince, only have patience, Tim, and teach his convarsion, he come to me one another, bedad, but he's taking

"I'm shure ye've had patience. "'It's all up wid me, Tim,' he to beautifully, sur. Faix, as I tell thim, when yer river-ince gits outdone and puts the ban I'll go off to Richardville and make closed and he was staring in bewilder. on thim in airnest they'll see what ready to meet me God. I'll niver ment at the shadowy chapel, the

priest, shaking his head, "that is not 'don't ye talk like that. Can't ye crimson light upon the altar and a the way to talk. Tell them I am blow all their bloody saycrete to the form divine seemed to smile down

ot here to ban, but to bless."

wind, if ye plaze, and give the murin tender pity upon the poor little

"To bless!" repeated Tim, "you'll thering divils to the hangman.'

waif cast by the storm at his feet. get small chance at that, yer riverince. If ye'd so much as lift yer hand to make the howly sign, they'd think ye were casting some divil's spell. Shure, sur,—and the speaker ould countbry sayoretly and silently. Waif cast by the storm at his feet.

"'No,' he said, shaking his head "It's the place," gasped Eric, busk-sorrowfully, 'I can', Tim; and it ily. "I give me word and me grip to Dan that I'd come, and we've done it, me and Boar, though it was spell. Shure, sur,—and the speaker ould countbry sayoretly and silently.

ALLES OF THE STATE OF THE STATE

east a cautious glance around him But I'll niver rache the ould sod and lowered his voice to a whisper: alive." "Ye don't know the helf of the

an aisy breath for yer riverince since —since that ould riprobate (the of these murders Lord forgive me for calling him such Paul, indignantly. hard names) Dan Rourke-died." "Why?" asked Father Paul, his

eyes fixed thoughtfully on the fire "Shure, he was one of the boys, sur, the 'Husbers,' as they call thim,

on anybody from say to say." "The 'Black Finger,' what is that?" asked Father Paul.

"Their mark, sir." answered Tim, in a low voice, ivery wan o thim hez it on the left bresst, and there's thim that say the Lord be between us and harrum, that the divil himself signs it there.

"Nonsense," said Father Paul, lightly, "I hope you have too much good sense, Tim, to believe any such foolish stories. The devil does not need a finger mark to show him the bearts that are his own.

"Mebbe he doesn't, sur," answered Tim, uneasily, "but for all that, the same mark brings the black curse wid it. Thim that find it en doorpost or door-stone niver see the year

"Why! Does the evil one carry them off?" asked Father Paul, smiling, "or," and his voice grew grave, "is the Black Finger a threat of

wicked lawless men ?" "Shure, I can't say, yer riverince," Tim shook his bead impressively, "all I know is they're 'hushed' so they will niver shpake agin. There was Hugh Conley, the mark was on his door-stone one morning. It was neither God nor man that Hugh

feared, wid his pistol each side of his belt, and him sich a shot as 'ud take the eyeball out of a wild cat at forty yards, and niver turn a hair of the craythur; poor Hugh that laughed yer riverance, to let the craythur in," at the mark whin he saw it, and said cried Tim in terror, as Father Paul reluctantly away with Father be'd like to see man or divil that 'ud took one of the tapers from his oralay finger on him; wasn't he found tory and proceeded to light it. The six weeks after wid his neck broke chapel is barred and bolted for the at the foot of Bear Cap Cliff ! Mick night."

McGraw, shure you must have heard "Then we must unbar it," said of Mick McGraw, yer riverince."

"Poor Mick, he came of holy God. He passed into the chapel as he fearing people in the ould counthry, spoke, followed reluctantly by the ter-shure and there wasn't a foiner, rified sexton, and unfastened the straighter, or daointer lad that iver heavy door that had been closed earlthrod ould Ireland's turf. It was ier than usual on account of the the black unlucky day for him, that storm. As it swung open, the thinking much of you lately and of the he iver thought of coming to Am-cry rose again, shrill and piercing post to which I, perhaps, too hastily

spachifying and the drinking, the

Christian boy as ye'd want to find. But p-whiff," Tim's whiff and head shake conveyed volumes of significance, "it was not long before the breast, from which the wretched scaffer wint one way and the bades the other, and Mick was roystering

hear if the boy's heart still beat. ound wid thim barebacked riprobates at the forge beyant, his head turned wid the free ways and the free speech, and the free divilment around him intirely, until he didn't know what or where he was at all, at all. He had a foine voice, thrained in the Brothers' School in the ould

countbry, and he could sing a song and give a speech sich as few could blankly at the unconscious boy. "A your present sphere. make, and what wid the crowd little of the altar wine; you will find gathering around to hear him talk it in the closet in my room." and sing, and the hurrabing and the

"It's that young divil Eric Dorne," all! Look there your riverince!"

tirely. He went from bad to worse, Father Paul looked, and despite jined the Hushers, and was in a fair way to be head divil among thim, himself, a momentary thrill of repulsion passed through his frame, for on titude, I don't propose to let a Welsh sint to Wheeling on some of their the boy's bare breast, lit by the trembhaythin wurrk. It happened to be ling ray of the sanctuary lamp, was a to the martyrology, so I write to offer am not—not such an ogre as I Lent, yer riverince, and a mission long black mark like the print of an you the post of Secretary at the Cawas going on there, and from ould inky finger upon the firm white flesh. thedral. Father James is far from

> ly, "fling him out, sur; what 'ud a divil's whelp like that be doing here?" "It's the Mission Fathers can prache, as ye know, sur, and Micky "Be still," said the priest sternly, Awed by the imperative tone, Tim ent with the wine, which Father Paul poured between the livid lips.

> > frozen boy, but there was life, and young life still. Eric gasped, gurgled, then swallowed painfully. Again the dose was repeated, and again nature struggled to respond to

Life was at a low ebb, in the half-

"Patience, sur!" exclaimed Tim. night, his face white as the sheeted down like a sucking baby. Oh, bad

priest bending over him, then up "Ab. Tim. Tim," said the young "'Whisht, man, whisht, sez I, where the sanctuary lamp flung its

of these murders?" asked Father

"There's no one dares call thin that name, yer riverince," said Tim, in a lower tone. "Mick might have tumbled into

the wather, and Hughy broke his neck off Bear Cap, through his own misstep. But when they do this, gestion and inflammation sub-side and the process of healing selor-at-law to tell us what it manes. And, I'm thinking, sur, if Dan all and could lift the Black Finger Rourke had lived, it 'ud be the same wid him. As it i , yer riverince,' Tim blurted out at last, the real core of his trouble, "I'm afeerd for ye."

CHAPTER IV.

A WAIF FROM THE STORM " For me!" said Father Paul, quietly. "Ah, I understand, Tim You mean these poor, misguided wretches think I have learned too much. Ab, well! don't worry about me. A priest, like a soldier, must do picket duty and take con esences. Hark! is that the wind, or do I hear something crying at the church door.

Tim opened the little door leading nto the chapel. The wind swept into the narrow entrance with a rush that made the lamp flare; with the gust came a long piercing cry.

"Howly mother," muttered Tim, letting the door shut with a slam. "It's the Banshee, your riverince. The Banshee at the door of the

"Nonsense," said Father Paul sternly. Have I not talked enough about these silly superstitions, Tim? That was the cry of some creature in pain. Hark! there it comes again,' as the sound arose once more piteous and piercing over the storm.

"It's at the church, indade," said Tim, trembling, "och musha it's your funeral or mine, this betokens, I don't know which. Y're niver goin,'

"No," answered Father Paul, a foolish coward, Tim, I must see six days.

> the helpless form into the little chap- donable preference, begged that you el, under the red glow of the sanctu- might have charge of the memorial ary lamp. He bent his ear to the chapel of her son.

> The hound followed and stood by the wisdom of my decision. I underbivering. Strange intruders indeed stand that the whole region about in this holy place, but the Master who you is in a most lawless condition, dwelt there holds sweet charity highest that the very few Catholics, who, in reverance, and no spot in His fold is the inclement season attend your too sacred to shelter the lambs of His chapel, could easily seek spiritual "Wine, quick," said Father Paul ville; that, in short, to human eyes to Tim, who was standing staring your time and talents seem wasted in

divil got his claws on poor Mick in- gasped Tim, "And the Lord save us your personal safety is by no means

and prudence take precedence of forbabit Micky somehow drifted into "Fling him out," said Tim, excited- well this autumn; indeed I think his cough will necessitate a winter at the South. As for me, well I am turned of Seventy now, and at three score and ten the Shepherd's crook begins to grow heavy and his voice weak. I think a clarion call, such as you could sound from my pulpit, would wake some of the sleepers in our cushioned pews effectively. But understand me. dear boy, this is not an official summons home. It is your father who writes you frankly, leaving you free to

> know dwells in you. "Come back to me and you will be welcomed with outstretched arms: remain at your post if you feel God's call is there, and you will have, as always, my tender and paternal bene-

" Ever, my beloved son, your friend nd Father in Christ.

(To be continued.)





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dark. We found the way, and now-

now what are we to do next?" "Poor boy," said Father Paul, pityingly. "Let us see if he can Tim; there now lean on us, don't be afraid, we won't let you fall, come;" and gently and slowly the boy was supported into the priest's little

"This is next," said Father Paul, turning down the blankets of his own spotless cot. "Tumble in there and go to sleep."

"You can leave us now, Tim," said his young pastor, about half an hour "Thank you for your help, my good fellow, but I won't need you any more tonight. The boy is sleepin comfortably and will be all right, or nearly so, in the morning. The poor little chap is both starved and frozen. He has been hiding, I judge, even since Dan's death."

"An' where's your riverince sleep?" asked Tim, casting an ill-

"Oh, on the sofa, on the bear skin anywhere," said Father Paul, indifferently. " Most likely I won't sleep at all, as I have some writing to do tonight. Don't worry about me, Tim, but go home to your good wife, who, I am sure, must be anxious about you." And as Tim turned Paul's kindly "good night and God bless you," echoing in his ear, the young priest threw himself into the arm-chair before the fire and drew out the letter be was to answer to the priest calmly. "come, don't be a foolish coward. Tim, I must see had been gravely debating for the past

"My DEAR Boy, - I have been

"But since her return to the city clothes were hanging in tatters, to her account of affairs in the mountains has caused me grave doubts as to ministrations at the town of Richards-

> "And, strongest reason of all, have heard that among the ignorant, prejudiced and reckless people about

follow the dictates of your own heart, or rather of the Holy spirit, which I

† "JOHN BERNARD."



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