The hearty looking man who thumps his chest and says he's sound as a dollar, ation the ca not take into cons tarrh which bothers him occasional

Oh! every-

taken.

and for



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EMULSION

GLENCOONOGE.

By RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN KNOWLES

CHAPTER XXII.-CONTINUED.

CHAPTER XXII.-CONTINUED. The energy which had but now pcs-seesed him had departed, and he anflered me to force him upstairs. The spring air blew freshly into the room into which the sun shone trightly; and, remembering his demand for darkness, I went to the window to pull down the blind. He flang himself upon the bed and lay there motionless and silent, answering nothing to my questions. I hurried downstairs to tell Dan what had become of the visit-or-that he was asleep, and on no account What in caarrh may in con-It at its to tell Dan what had become of the visit-or—that he was asleep, and on no account to be disturbed; and to find out also whether by any chance it was Dr. O'Leary's day to be at the dispensary. olves the ig tissues. O'Leary's day to be at the dispensivy. It was not, and, worse still, Dan had heard that the doctor would be away from home for some days. However, re-turning in the course of half an hour to room No. 7, I found Mr. Chalmers had grown calmer and less indisposed to con-versation. He asked whether "they" catarrh eases of the throat and versation. He asked whether " they " had returned, and, hearing they had not, said he would stay at " The Harp" that

said he would stay at the harp that night. "And to-merrow too, I hope," said I. "Take time, man; rest and be quiet. You are ill; do nothing rashly. I know both your sister and her husband, and when you know as much, I think you will agree with me that she has not been

unf rtunate. He shook his head and made an im

nd riunate. He shook his head and made an im-patient gesture with his hand, as if my suggestion was too preposterons to be lis-tenad to. So I preesed it no further. Soon after there was the sound of a vehicle of some kind approaching at a quick rate. I went to the window and pulled up the blind, and presently the f gig, containing Conn Hoolaban and his wife, dashed into view. Dan ran out to hold the horse's head; Conn shored his whip, and throwing the cloth off his knees jumped down and ran round to the other side to help his wife to alight. He looked well dreesed in his suit of navy blue. Already I found myself regarding Conn with a new interest, and with an effort to realize the kind of effect he was likely to have on the citcal eyes which

effort to realize the kind of effect he was likely to have on the critical eyes which were looking down on the group from be-side me. " Are there many visitors stopping in the house?" asked Mr. Chalmers. " No one but yourself." " Who are these?"

" Who are the Young Lord Blarney and his sister,"

said J, with sudden inspiration; "stop-ping for luncheon, perhaps." His eager look relaxed to carelessness, and then turning away with a sigh: "Have you any idea when the-the others will return ?"

others will return ?" "These are they," I answered. "I purposely misled you. Lord Blarney would look a poor creature beside this

Much loss in prountaineer." Mr. Chalmers came hurriedly to the window again. The book keeper's face was all aglow with healthy color after the was all aglow with healthy color after the rapid drive, and she smiled on her hus-band as with strong grasp he lifted and set her lightly on the ground. Then she disappeared into the inn, and Conn after

meddled too much. "I will leave you," I said. "I am long overdue at the Castle. If at any time you think I can be of service—" But he interrupted me with a shake of his head.

"Thanks," he said, coldly. "No one can do anything for me now."

CHAPTER XXIII. WHAT NEXT ?

" And you never guessed ?" cried Alicia, with a mixture of astonishment and indignation when I had told her the and English Hops; and whole story. "Then you think it is all true ?" I

THE CATHOLIG RECORD

able between husband and wife, it will not often occur to her that she had been rash in accepting her rustic lover?" "Inevitable fallings-out! Oh, dear! I hope we are not going to have any fall-ingsout!"

"Will you be quiet and let me speak?

"On, dear, how cross you are !" "On, dear, how cross you are !" "There, now!" I cried, exasperated, "you have put it all out of my head." "I am so glad ! Because, do you know, Horace, I don't agree at all with you are "You don't !"

" No. Believe me everything will tarn

"You are very young, Alicia. But I "You are very young, Alicia. But I hope you are right. In that case Mr. Coalmers will keep his promise; he will conceal his identity, and take himself off

conceal his identity, and take himself cff to the place he came from. And yet that seems rather hard, too." "And then," I resumed, "poor Conn--brave, trus-hearted, quick enough to learn, but only moderately ambitious--just picture him, chilled and grown sus-picious on account of the change in his wife's regard, and cursing, in the bitter-ness of his heart, the intruding brother wife's regard, and cursing, in the bitter-ness of his heart, the intruding brother who has turned his happiness to gall ! No, I am not at all sure, all things con-sidered, that it would not be the best thing that could happen if Mr. Chalmers were to go back to Australia, and spend the rest of his days—anywhere, rather

the rest of his days—anywhere, rather than mar the happiness of that young couple who are poor now only in one sense." "Surely he will never, never do that! It would be so cruel, when he can do shart much good. He would never be happy-never forgive himself. And as for her, only imagine her feelings when she learnt-"

"She need never learn," "Oh, dear! Am I to keep this secret for ever? Oh, dear! how unkind you are to

wieh such things !" "What things, my love ?"

"That he may go away without telling her

"It may be the lesser of two evils."

"It may be the lesser of two evils." "Are you very old, Horace?" "Thirty next birthday." "Oh, dear! I should not at all like to be so old." "It is nothing, wonderfal. You will be as old yourself if you live long enough. "I shall not like it at all. Old peopl

"I shall not like it at all. Out people are so unpleasant, they are always spoil-ing sport, they are always warning you, and telling you not to do things. It would be so much nicer for your friend to the write his sister, and he sum forthole " stay with his sister and be comfortable." "We will hope that the best may hap-

"We will hope that the cest may hap pan." "Oh yes! let us hope for that. What you suggest is very sad. Let us talk of something else." The being privy to this affair was a cause more of impatience than of enjoy-ment to Alicia, so little was there to be heard of Mr. Chalmers, and that little at such rare intervals. He received me the next morning with an evident disinclina-tion to revert to the subject, and I did not go near him again for some time. Bat he shunned all intercourse so palpably, that people shrank from giving him even "Good morning," or from making so much as a casual remark about the weather. As a rule no one knew wheth-er he was in the house or not; or what became of him when he went out. Unbecame of him when new went of his time doubtedly he spent much of his time abroad; but it seemed as if he must watch for opportunities when he might descend the stairs and pass out unob-served, so little was known of his move-ments, and on the area occasions when he ments; and on the rare occasions when he was seen, his coming and going was like what the flitting of a shalow might be what the fitting of a shalow might os, which hants a place, hearing, seeing, and saying nothing. His jarvev, whom he did not remember for some days, and then dismissed, remarked before he left Glencoonoge that the "gintleman" seemed to have lost all interest in the centre of the neighborhood, about whom gentry of the neighborhood, about whom he had been very inquisitive up to this: also that he had been "mighty thick en-tirely" with Mr. Jardine of Lisheen; statements which, while they gave riss to many surmises about "No. 7," only gerved to make his present isolation more difficult to understand.

shut him out from notice.

"And why not, sir, pray?" retorted Father John, sharply. "There are farmers and farmers, and gentlemen and gentlemen; aye, and gentlemen; aye, and gentlemen is after gentleman than the gentleman! and the gentleman than the gentleman! and the gentleman than the farmer may easily be the better man of the two. I'm a bit of a farmer myself, you must know, and the son of one, like

you must know, and the son of one, like the young man you're turning up your nose at. May I ask in what way you are interested in these what nose at. May I ask in what way you are interested in these people?" But Father John's rough impulse, suit-

Bat Father John's rough impulse, suit-able enough perhaps to his parishioners, who, under certain friendly conditions rather like than otherwise to be ruled with a high hand, was calculated only to lock more stubbornly the door of Mr. Chalmers' reserve. "I want an extract of this," he ans-wered sharply. "Will you be good enough to make it out, and tell me what your fee is ?"

your fee is ?" Father John's curiosity was aroused,

ing more difficult to obtain in that part of the country than a building lease, and of all the schemes that flitted through Com's brain, there was not another so unlikely ever to take shape. To have an inn of his own! it was the latest, the boldest, the most favored idea which had yet occurred to him. His mind hovered about it, basy to discover a way by which Father John's curiosity was atoused, and as he made the extract the percep-tion grew upon him that he had gone the wrong way to work to satisfy it. Signing the copy he handed it to his visitor, say-ing more coolly: "Farmer's son or no, Conn Hoolahan is as worthy a young man as there is in my parish. And there yet occurred to him. His mind hovered about it, busy to discover a way by which the initial difficulty might be overcome. After that all would be easy. One evening, as they sat talking things over by the fire in the room ciff the office or bar, which from old usage continued to be called the book-keeper's parlor, Conn brought his hand down upon his knee with a bounding slap as if he was sudden-ly inspired. man as there is in my parish. And there are not many, let me tell you, who would take a penniless girl for a wife, when as more than one stout farmer's

take a penniless girl for a wife, when there was more than one stout farmer's daughter to choose from, with perhaps a hundred pounds, aye, and more than that, to ber fortune." Long before the next Sunday came round Father John had forgotten the in-cident; but Mr. Chalmers had not ceased to revert to his words, or to unfold and read anew the record of his sister's mar-riage. How charged it was with bitter reflections! Only four months before ! And he had reached Glencoonoge on that same day, and slept in the house on the very night! A little sconer-but no! the old fatality which had opposed him throughout his life, had thwaried him then, and dogged him still. Did he hope there might have been some flaw in the caremony ? the paper in his hand gave a quietus to that hope. Did he find a com-fort in imagining that his sister might be already tired of, and would welcome escape from the toils in which she was now antangled? the comfart died in its

ly inspired. "What is it?" said the book-keeper,

"What is it? Said the book hopes, "Nothing," said Conn, with assumed carelessness. "But it is something; tell me. I want to be cheered up. You have got an idea? I should like to know. Come, come now, Conn! I am not going to be put cff." At last, after much fencing, Conn ex-plained : "I was thinking there's one "Oh! what is it ?" "The wishing-stone," said Conn.

"The-?' "The wishing stone; at St. Kieran's

already tired of, and would welcome escape from the toils in which she was now entangled? the comfort died in its birth. He could not often see those two, he could not often listen to their voices and overhear occasional scraps of their conversation, without perceiving that the young husband was a lover still, and that the backet backet and not at all the sir or "The wishing-slobe; at St. Rietan's well. Do you mean to say you don't re-member? Sure didn't we stand on it on our wedding-day? Wasn't ithrough the wishing-stone I ever got you at all? Wait now. The first fine day that comes, with the wetter Kiesenkil and Pll oo on I'll walk out to Kierankil, and I'll go on the stone. It never failed me yet, and it'll go hard if it doesn't stand by me now." the book keeper had not at all the air on tone of one who is the victim of regrets Her husband was everything to her; as for her brother i he had died long ago and

The book keeper burst out laughing, for her brother he had died long ago and been forgotten—had no place even in her mind, much less in her heart. Let those who will, draw out for themselves the mental pangs which Mr. Chalmers en-dured during those solitary speechless days, when he wrestled in the vain struggle with accomplished facts; cursing his luck, inwardly railing at his sister, at himself, at every one he had ever known. This for many a day was his round cf wearing anguish, and even after his sul-len grief and rage had begun to spend themselves, and to lose their exclusive hold upon his thoughts, even when reand Consistent too; but only because he was pleased to see laughter chase away the look of care which sometimes, away the look of care which sometimes, without her knowing it, settled upon his wife's face, not by any means because he thought his notion was a thing to be laughed at. "Very well," was all he said. "Not another word now; wait till you see.

But the book-keeper's face soon com posed itself. In presence of Conn's sim-plicity she felt as people feel before the innocence of a chi'd, that it is a beautiful innocence of a chi'd, that it is a beantiful thing, and one to be jealously guarded, both from baneful knowledge and des-tructive self-consciousness; and presently with a sigh she gravely encouraged his intention, and when the time came, wished him God-speed on his journey, and told him to be sure to be home be-fore dark. And so it came to pass that, unseen by any human eye, Conn Hool-ahan stood once more bareheaded upon the stone, under the drifting clouds, with the boisterous sea on the one hand not hold upon his thoughts, even when re-turning health had somewhat strength-ened his mind and caused it at intervals to hunger for food other than that it had fed upon too how a new mean suffer to hunger for food other than that it had fed upon too long, even when self-re-proach had partially convinced him that he was indebted chiefly to himself for the irretrievable humiliation which had blasted what remained of his ambition, biasted what remained of his amound, there were still times when the old rebel-lion against the spits of fortune boiled as hotly as ever in his blood, and nearly maddened him. the boisterous sea on the one ha far off, and the wild and rugged hills on the other: and he said his prayers, and finally, in all good faith, he turned slowly round three times and took his wish. Meanwhile the rapidly approaching Conn and his wife concern themselves very Then gaily quitting the stone he scudded with a light heart up the hill to see his

> But Jeb was away, out haing, his whe said; and after resting awhie in the cabin, drinking a basin of milk, hearing all the good woman had to say, and tell-ing his own news, Conn started home-wards, not retarning direct to the road, but striking across country to cut off an angle, intending to meet the road at a point nearer home, where it bent inland going towards Glencoonoge. One advan-tage of taking this cut was that he could prolong the down-hill part of the journey, and by trotting it, get home at a quicker but striking across country to cut off an angle, intending to meet the road at a point nearer home, where it bent inland going towards Gleacoonoge. One advan-tage of taking this cut was that he could prolong the down hill cost of the inden tage of taking this cut was that he could prolong the down-hill part of the journey, and by trotting it, get home at a quicker rate. He had gone a mile or so thus ob-liquely, skipping from hillock to lower ledge, and occasionally splashing with a shout into spongy ground, when, being nearly out of breath, he slackened pace, and began to proceed more leisurely, looking about him the while, for till now his eves had been fixed upon the ground his eyes had been fixed upon the ground immediately in front of him. And thus it happened that he saw, just as he was passing it, an object lving in a hollow a little to the right, on a level slightly lower than where he was walking. He pulled ip short and looked at it an instant, and the he leaped down to the lower ground and hurriedly advanced, approaching more slowly and with lighter tread as he got nearer. It was a man lying quite motionless on his face, with arms out-streichel: he lay as if he had not moved since he had fallen. A coldness ran through Conn as he stood over him. Was the man dead? Conn looked round to see if there was any one he could call to for help, but no one was in sight. Conn thought he knew who it was, and he thought he knew who it was, and he stooped over the prostrate figure and touched it on the shoulder; but there was no responsive sign. Then he shook him calling out: "Sirl sirl is there anything, the matter? Bless us an' save us!" he cried, after a pause, "what's happened to the man?" Lifting him up sideways, Conn rolled him over softly on his back. It was "No. 7." His eyes and mouth were closed; but while Conn was still

JANUARY 20, 1900.

trying presently to rise. "Could you not have left me alone ?" "What happened to you at all ?" cried Conn, making to help him. "There—leave me alone," was the un-gracious answer. "I'm only stiff :" and as he stood upon his legs and looked around, seeing the glory of the sunset, "Evening !" he exclaimed, "I came here, before mid-day ; have I been asleep all day ?"

day ?" "Is that all?" said Conn, alding, half Thought, they wondested, undisturbed; and therefore happy. Com would encourage her by saying that McGrath when he found no one would give him what he asked, might come down in his demands. Then there was many a spot along the coast, many an unknown bay, or shel-tered creek, or bracing height, where Com's imagination would perch an inn, with tourists flocking from all parts, when once it should be known. He and his wife had some money saved. He could build a rough shanty himself with a little help, a piace good enough to be-gin with, if only they could get a bit of land on lease—if only! There was noth-ing more difficult to obtain in that part of the country than a building lease, and of "Is that all?" said Conn, a lding, half alond, "'Gad, strangers are queer things entirely for getting into crass places." Then enddenly bethinking himself, "Tis time we were moving, sir. Wo're a long way from home; the light will be gone in no time, and there's many a ditch and stream, and pools and sloshy swamps that we'll have to pass down there below, into which 'twould be the easiest thing in the world to tumble in the

thing in the world to tumble in the "Are they deep enough to drown in? So much the better."

TO BE CONTINUED.

NEW BOOKS.

Marie Marie Pere Monnier's Ward, by Walter Lecky. The College Boy, by Anthony Yorke. Pickle and Peoper, by Ella Loraine Dorsey A Woman of Fortune, by Christian Reid. Connor D'Arcy's Struggles, by Mrs. W. M. Taggart Dion and the Sibyls, by Miles Gerald Keon The Monk's Pardon, by Raoul de Navery... Linked Lives, by Lady Gertrude Douglas. The World Well Lost, by Esther Robert. A Round Table of the Representative American Catholic Novelists The Romance of a Playwright, by Vie-Henride Bornier. Fabioia's Sisters, adapted by A. C. Diarke The Prodigal's Daughter, by Leila Hardin Bugg The Circus Mitchell

Bugg Marcella Grace, by Rosa Mulholland Idols, by Kaoul de Navery Three Girls and Especially One, by Marion Ames Taggart. That Football Game, by Francis J. Finn, S. J. That Football Game, by Francis J. Fill. S. J. Claude Lightfoot, by Francis J. Finn, S. J. Mostly Boys, by Francis J. Finn, S. J. Harry Dee, by Francis J. Finn, S. J. A Round Table of the Representative I rish and English Catholic Noveliats. Loyal Blue and Royal Scarlet, by Marion Ames Taggart. Dorothy Close: by Mary T. Robertson. What is Liberatism, by Condé B. Pallen, Ph. D., LL D.... Questions of Honor in the Christian Life; by Katherine E. Conway. "The Blue Lady's Knight." by Mary F. Nixon Studies in Literature, by Maurice Fran-

Studies in Literature, by Maurice Fran-

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JANUARY 20, 1900.

A POPULAR DISEASE.

Absence of Religion in the Civic Life Americans.

The Rev. John Talbot Smith, New York, the well known Cathe writer, delivered a lecture before Azarias Reading Circle, of Brid port, Conn., last Wednesday even upon "A Popular Disease." lecture was a lucid and masterly raignment of "Nothingarianism. term used by the late Father Hec term used by the late rather life to express the absence of religi-sentiment in our public life. little hall was overcrowded. Fat O'Brien, who entertained the lectu

made a neat introduction. Father Smith said the work of s culture was an audacious enterp nowadays. He said Brother Aza was a man of much culture an great writer, whom few equaled none excelled, and it was we pattern after him. No disease pattern after him. No disease popular—at least, no physicai dise The pain was too great and the comforts too many. But there some diseases of the mind w spread with the rapidity of the pl and become popular. The fir these popular diseases was when J proclaimed his doctrine, denvire proclaimed his doctrine, denyin

divinity of Christ, which diseas called Arianism. The second popular disease was Luther inoculated the germs of Pr Men took it to mean fre antiem. and the liberty-loving imagine it breke the fetters of the tyran Rome. The disease became po and spread with rapidity of the bup plague. We cannot explain plague. We cannot explain Arianism became so popular. gards Protestantism, we are to the world was ripe for the govern that the Church had retrograde that priests had become corrupt speaker did not believe these n ware truthful. There is dirt i York to day, but people live i city with comfort and do not ca bubonie affection.

Sixiy years ago the now i disease of "Nothingarianism not known. The disease spret it was tacitly agreed that all re to religion be eliminated in or life. And so we have come to all reference to religi religious subjects in cur in the department of our ment, in art and letters, in social intercourse. Americ sentially a Christian land, bu in all its breadth will you find of Christ or Peter, or Paul, cut portals of a church ? Yet Chr keystone of our civilization. "Nothingarianism" has be

ingrained in public system t attempt toward the cultive Christian art in this country ure by discouragement. We forget the attempts to erect a Father Marquette on the steps hall in a Western city in com tion of his discovery of the M River. We remember, too, howl raised by the A. P. A men who were back of that o tion. We recall the hue and went up when the attempt wa erect his statue in a new libra ing in Washington, and the o the outery was that the st the garments of a priest. The painted on the walls of the building the portrait of any who had done eminent serv country, but if he was a clea of Christ he would be denie tinction, because, forsooth, 1 fend some who do not believe Let us look further into t

ment of our public art. T

a single example of Christ

Central Park, New York.

is put up in 16 ounce bottles to retail at 25c. asked. per bottle, while other at the same price con

asked. " Of course it is true." " I confees I began to think so myself when I learned from Conn—though it was very difficult to get him to talk on the where thet the originary is really a portain only 13 and 14 ounces. 30c. per dozer is allowed for O'Keefe' empty bottles when r

subject-that the picture is really a por-trait of his wife's grandfather, and that his turned, thus makin; wife came, as he said, 'of great people en-tirely, over in England.'" "Oh, Horace! Who would have O'Keefe's" the most conomical Malt Ex-

"Oh, Horace! Who would have thought you could have been so stupid ! What possibility of doubt can there be ? And to keep it all to yourself too ! It was Refuse all subst tutes said to be jus W. LLOYD WOOD, Wholesale Druggist General Agent, TORONTO not fair to have secrets " My dear girl, I never had the least

"But if you had only told me, I should

have known directly." "It is all very well for you to say that so confidently, but I don't believe you would have been wiser than I was." " And you believed," she went on, be-gioning to laugh at the idea, "that your

iend was the brother of my stepmother How amused papa and the others will be when they hear

schoolmaster's house to breakfast, a man he had never seen before, climbel over the stone wall of the woody churchyard, " Alicia, they must not hear," said I in great alarm; and I proceeded to explain to Alicia very seriously how disastrous any interference whatever, on her part or and hurrying towards him, asked if he might look at the marriage register be-longing to the chapel. What thought in-spirel him? Was it the hope that permight prove to the siender on mine, might prove to the siender chance which existed of a reconciliation between the brother and sister. Alicia like the good and generous girl she is ps he might discover some oop hole by which the fatal compact Table by which the fatal compact might be evaded? Father John, though a little surprised, made no difficulty. The register was at the schoolmasters, be said; he was on his way there now. The stranger accom-tant in the in submer hrew aside her slight vexation and the

cleasing prospect of creating a sensation thome, and declared that under those procumstances she would be content like We have now in stock some really nice colored crayons of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and of the Sacred Heart of Mary-size, 12x 22. Price, 50 cents each. Good value at that figure. Same size, steel engravings, 75 cents each. Extra large size, (steel engravto await the course of events ; but she me to await the course of events; but she stipulated at the same time that she was not to be denied in her curiosity, nor kept in the dark any more. I promised faith-fully, and Alicia became quiet joyoas. "It will be so exciting," she said, " and oh! how delightfai to be mixed up in a romance!" at the volume. "Four months ago," was the answer.

ing), \$1.50 each. ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA Colored pictures of St. Anthony of Padua - cize, 12%164-at 25 cents each. Cash to accompany orders. Address: Thes. Coffey, CATHOLIO ARECORD Office, London, Ontario Canada omance!

"I wish I was sure," I answered

"I wish I was sure," I answered, "that it is a romance we are witnessing and not beginning of something very like this man's turning up should lead to the sundering of two hearte. Imagine the recepting in between Conn Hoolahan and his wile, of regret on one hand and of palousy on the other! Only think for a moment. This Mr. Chalmers has al.

jealousy on the other! Only think for a moment. This Mr. Chalmers has al-ready 'strack oil.' Some day before very long, if he lives, he may be a rich man, and it would have been in his power to have lifted his sister above the reach of all pecuniary anxieties—" "How mer for her, poor thing! I how

"How nice for her, poor thing ! I hope he will.

he will." "Supposing he should : do you think the book-keeper would then be content with her present station; or that in the occasional fallings out which are inevit. he had duly married them. "Farmer' and gentleman," said the stranger, looking the priest steadily in the face. "This was not a well-assorted match." Cocceccecceccecceccecce

difficult to understand.

sionment outside of the charmed circle of these mountains There was fulness of light and warmth and happiness in her life now, because every day Conn was more dear to her. More dear ! nay, he was an ideal which in the secret depths of her heart and in the silence of her thoughts she worshipped. What sound As the days passed, he was sometimes seen by one or other of the country people here or there among the moun-tains, always far away from any house or home. He askel no questions, nor did he ever speak to those whom he met. He walked with his eves on the ground and did strange things-breaking out

was there so musical to her ears as the sad cadence of his voice? That fairy lake and the hills which it reflected were uddenly into excited talk, or beating his breast, or striking his hand against his forehead. And if he looked up and saw ake and the mins which it renacted were quite baauful in her eyes only when he was somewhere in view, Oaly to see him cross the road coming towards the inn was enough to make her heart beat many lightly. But avaid the meth beat imself observed, he would start and be

crisis in their own affairs m

some all at once silent and composed; or would turn aside and let some hillock inn was enough to that hit the rush and more lightly. Bat amid the rush and din and smoke of town life, what lot awaited them? In London, years ago, she had been wont to do lay-visiting in poor, ill-smelling districts; and there It was in fact alone out in the mount ains, wandering aimlessly among the trackless hills, that Mr. Chalmers spent most of his days; out there alone with rose up before her mind's eye the squalor and the manifold miseries of which she had gathered some idea; and the recolhis weary, joylest, hopeless thoughts. But once at least he compelled himself to face the bitter present. One Sunday, after Mass, as Father John was passing lection made her tramble for them both. Poor Conn might take his color in her mind from low surroundings; he might rom the chapel across the green to the be contaminated and become no more the She would feel for the first time same. She would feel for the first time what it was to have descended in the social scale. Her happy dream would wither and die. Oh! how could such shipwreck of their happiness be escaped ? The more this problem presented itself to her mind the less was she able to meet it in one way but one . till at last when

to not narrow way but one : till at last, when Conn talked of advertising, and of Eng-land, and of America, his wife told him she would rather live on breal and water in these wilds than go again into the outer world. panied him in silence. "About what date?" asked Father John, unlocking the cupboard and taking

the outer world. To stay in Glencoonoge, or within hail of it, would be no penance to him, Conn thought. To leave his father and his brothers, his mother's grave and his ear-ly homs—it would be a wrench only to be endured for the sake of the fortune he would surger with somehow. For elever "Four months ago!" repeated Father ohn, remembering there had been only as marriage anywhere about that time.

would surely win somehow. For always in the background of his imaginings there was the luring brightness of returning was the further originates of returning some day before very long, to take up again, under securer and more prosperous conditions, the old pleasant life, with his fresh youthful hopefalness still green, and no vacant places of old friends gone, to

no vacant places of old friends gone, to make the heart ache of evenings in the twilight. Bat if his wife made such a point of it, he was ready to forego his chance of a prize. What would he do with it when he got it, only give it to her? And he might not get it, and what then ? So Conn threw himself with ardour into every suggestion that his wife made, and cudgelled his brains to find out how she might have her wish. Bat it was no

and the marks of their witnesses, and the attestation of John Moriarty, P. P., that he hai daly married them. ""Farmer' and gentleman," said the chargefied his brains to find out how she might have her wish. But it was no easy task. At the inn at Slaney, twenty miles off, there was an opening, but only for a single man. Terence McGrath was

bending over him, eagerly watching to see if he breathed, the eyes opened and met Conn's. "The Lord be praised!" cried Conn. You gave me such a fright, sir, as I never had before. I've been trying to rouse you, and not being able to, I thought you must be-are you hurt, sir i

thought you must be—are you hurt, sir ? The anxiety in Conn's face, the ming-led roughness and kindness in his words and tones perplexed the stranger. "You!" muttered "No. 7," recognizing him; and withdrawing his eyes, he looked sideways at the grass on which he lay, and upwards at the sky over his head. Gradually he remembered that he had presidentiated thurg himself there proshad passionately fing himself there pros-trate in a paroxysm of despair and rage, calling on Heaven to take his life. Was it only sleep then, and not death, that had been so calm !

quise". By Branscome River; by M. A. Tazgart... The Poetical Works of Eliza Cook Do, of Whittier Apples Ripe and Rosy, Sir; by Mary C.

Ill fitting boots and shoes cause corns. Holloway's Corn Care is the article to use. Get a bottle at once and cure your corns.

A Sound Stomach Means a Clear Head. The high pressure of a nervous life which The high pressure of a hervoits hie which basiness mea of the present day are con-strained to live makes draughts upon their vitality highly detrimental to their health. It is oally by the most careful treatment that they are able to keep themselves alert and rative in their metions callings active in their various callings, many of it only sleep then, and not death, that had been so calm ! "Why did you waken me?" he growled, ner there is a statue to M viled by one set of Italians, a as a hero by another and the now tell us he was a traitor cause he espoused. In a ner is a statue of Heine, t materialist, and statues eve Voltaire, the reviler of refor the Christian himself And all because we have agreement to leave religio that no man might be off saw the signs of any rel than the one he professed. Father Smith also spoke He paid his respects to painting by a French "The Story of the The picture represents sionary telling the story There are holes in his ha where he has suffered mar is surrounded by elegant ous clerics and prelates, w notice of his sad story. styled the picture a lie, should not be in any Ca He told the story of the logues, who was maitre Indians in this country, a turn to France had to be p

hero-worship ; how Ann and princes of the blood him. The prevalence of "

ism " was also treated of ment of literature. In a of William Dean How American man of letter trace of the religious set people of the United State est approach we have of of the average American the mere mention of There was no demand fo We have been so in "Nothingarianism" t want to read about re subjects. Marion Craw make his salt if he wrote olic book. The same journalism.

The lecturer said th disease had attacked ev ities, and for a long