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O'KEEFE'S Liquid Extract of Malt

GLENCOONOGE. By RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

## KNOWLES.

CHAPTER XXII.- CONTINUED. "You need be under no apprehension, ma'am," he said, when she had finished. "You needn't even trouble to remove it. Twill be nowhere so safe as under your own eyes. There will be no difficulty;

own eyes. There will be no difficulty; dismiss that from your mind. And even if there should be, I, as executor, could pot it straight for you in a twinkling. But there will be none; rest perfectly easy bet it straight for you in a twinking. Bat there will be none; rest perfectly easy on that score." The book keeper thanked him heartily. Her sigh of relief was not lost on Mr. Jar-

Her sigh of relief was not lost on Mr. Jar-dine. "Egad," he said, stopping in the door-way on his way out, " 'is as handsome a head as I ever saw, and with a likeness to yourcelf, ma'am, unless I'm mistaken?" he added, inquiringly, unable to restrain his curiosity in regard even to a matter altogether foreign to the business he had in hand. The book-keeper colored and laughed, but replied readily enough, " Thank you for the compliment, Mr. Jardine; though I talk of the painting as mine, in reality it is only in my charge for somebody else" " I see, I see. Just so, just so," he re-peated as they got to the end of the pas-saze, and he stopped to think in what order he would take the rooms. It was decided to begin with the coffee-room and and to take the other rooms seriatim. One by one, with patient slowness, were the contents of each noted down. Pas-ing the bar, they found the book keeper there turning over her books and looking back over her accounts. Mr. Jardine stopped in passing to explain precisely what it was he wanted to know, and then continued his work. Conn accompanied

what it was he wanted to know, and then continued his work. Conn accompanied him, leading the way into each room. The last on the ground floor was that in which the trio had so lately stood-the linen-room. What it contained besides the portrait was of little value, lamber chiefly-old boxes, disabled furniture, and the great linen chest. Mr. Jardine's support was scale arrowed by the porttention was again arrested by the por-

"Don't you see yourself the likeness to your wife?" he said, turning to his guide. Somehow or another Conn was rather dis-posed to resent the lawyer's curiosity, and would have done so, unmistakeably, had not Mr. Jardine been too important a person just then to lightly run the risk of person just then to lightly run the risk of cflanding. Bat there was that in Conn's tone which discouraged further question-

"Twould be no wonder if there were, "Twould be no wonder if there were, sir, "Tis my wife's grandfather." sir, "Tis " Do you must

st have been, "Do you tell me It must h so!" that he was going to say; no other phrase could adequately have expressed the astonishment on his face. But he checked the words, and instantly recovering his countenance, quietly observed : "I see, I see. Just so. As handsome a head as ever I saw !" he murmured,

a head as ever I saw !" he murmured, abstractedly, after some reflection. But there was a look in his eye as if he was considering how he could most skilfully extract more information from Conn un-awares. He thought bettar of it, how-ever, and quitted the subject, scared from it perhaps by the decision with which Conn, who had no intention of being further "drawn," taised the heavy lid, and letting it fall to, closed up the case.



Mr. Jardine on his way home called a **(tract of Malt** Is made from the best Canadian Barley Malt and English Hops; and is put up in 16 connee bottles to retail at 25c. per bottle, while others at he same price con-tain only 13 and 14 connee tain only 13 and 14 Mr. Jardine was hardly gone, before lawyer, whom he, nevertheless, abused dine?" roundly, walking in a fume up and down "Get something ready. Anything. 30c. per dozen terms to have anything to do with the overtures to buy up his share which had been made through Mr. Jardine by Goble and Lend, the representatives of his brother's interest. "Indeed," said Mr. Jardine, "their off'r was so niggardly that Justin can be deale is the sale is "I hope you have not offended the httle man," said Madame O'Doherty, empty bottles when re-"Indeed," said Mr. Jardine, "their cff:r was so niggardly that Justin can hardly suffer by comparison if the sale is by auction. And with that proposal of mine Justin has fallen in. Listen to what he says: 'Your advice in this mat-ter tallies entirely with my own opinion, and I feel that my interests can be in no safer hands than those of the wise and long-trated adviser of my family.' A most estimable young man," added Mr. Jardine, as he folded up the letter, "whose high natural endowments have been carefully fostered by cultivation, im-proved by application, and enhanced by unvarying uprightness of conduct. They are the conduct that the state of the conduct of the wise and the says: 'Your advice in this mat-ter tallies entirely with my own opinion, and I feel that my interests can be in no safer hands than those of the wise and long-trated adviser of my family.' A most estimable young man," added Mr. (Obherty, after a further pause. "His has overy, very ridicalous with his grotes-que importance." There is no doubt that the the the state is no doubt the the the state is no doubt the the state is no doubt the the state is no doubt the state been carefully lostered by childvalion, int-proved by application, and enhanced by unvarying uprightness of conduct. Egad, you never saw two men so touched up by the refosal I sent them as my friends Goble and Lend. The place is half theirs already for a song, and they've got a hungry eye on the whole of it. I had hardly written them 'no' when down There is no doubt that Madame O'Doherty has the knack in quite an eff ortless way of subduing her husband's humours, of guiding his wrong-headed-ness, of showing him how to make dexterous advances towards reconciliation. If she continues to exercise this faculty as successfully as hitherto, the day may not be far off when he will not be at hardly written them 'no,' when down they travel'ed here the other day all the way from Dublin; and after going over the place and seeing everything with their own eyes, what did my gentlemen loggerbeade with any of his acquaintance. Already under the influence be had called some time before on his consin old Lord Lisheen at Killany, whom he had quite do, but come over to me and privately double their bid! Did y'ever hear of such a pair of swindlers ? "What might they have offered, if 't's

Mr. Jardine. "Our most likely custom-ers, unless I am mistaken"—with a glance at The O'Doherty—"live in the neighborhood; and as for those at a dis-tance, they will in any case be obliged to travel down here to look at the property, so that if they time their visit well, they need not be put to any additional trouble by our having the sale on the spot." "D) you expect many from a dis-tance? Goble and Lend, perhaps?" indifference. soon they would belong only to the Past. Already was gathering over them the re-trospective light, sweet yet full of pain, that rests upon the far-off days, all links with which are broken. The poor old inn! The lackless "Harp!" Yet there, unconscious what a melaocho'y ownerless thing it was, there it stod headlessly sbining in the morning sun. The soul-less plants, too, climbing about its walls were throwing out fresh shocts and buds.

THE CATHOLIO RECORD

"Well, Dan, what cheer?"

We had entered the house and turned

"And where is Conn?" "The two of them have driven over to

into the little room called the library.

tance? Goble and Lend, perhaps?" asked The O.Doherty, with a show of "Those to a certainty," answered Mr. Jardine, " and others in all likelihood. "Tis quite on the cards there may be a sharp competition for the old inn. Only yesterday I cent off a very attractive ad-vertisement, de alling the advantages of the place and its many beanties, to be in-metred in the Cork and Limerick and Dublin papers, too." " Yood heavens!" cried The O'Do-herty, " you'll swallow up the estate in costs!" " You'll have all the speculators in the three kingdoms buzzing about the place

three kingdoms buzzing about the place

like flies !" "Sura, isn't that the very thing I want?" said the lawyer, triumphantly. "You don't suppose for my own credit I'd like a hole and corner sa'e? I must sell to the best advantage for the sake of

sell to the best advantage for the sake of my client." The O'D herty muttered impatiently, "Hang your client!" or at least so it sounded to the ears of the nervous lawyer, who stared half alarmed, half-astonished, at his vexed host. The latter's temper had not, however, got quite so far beyond his control as to prevent him from seeing that he was going on a wrong tack, and he almost im-mediately caught himself up.

mediately caught himself up. "The fact is," he said, forcing himself to laugh, "well-you know I've never made it any secret with you, that I have my eye on the place myself; so you may imagine I look askance at competitors."

"Ingine I look askance at competitors." "Holding the position I do in this mat-ter," rep.ied Mr. Jardine with cantious dignity, "I am bound to s'and unbiassed between all parties. As soon as the battle has been fought, then I shall be free once more to follow my own prelilec tions; and personally, sir, I would be the fact mean to concurrentiate wou on your first man to congratulate you on your success, if you were the winner. I will even go farther, and say that if you will

tell me beforehand what price you are willing to go up to, I will undertake that it shall not be knocked down to any one "Sure I can go up to my own figure without any one's help!" cried The O'Doherty, his irritation rising again. "Do you think I don't know B from a bull's foot?"

"I merely say that, to show I am no in any sense antagonistic—" "D'ye think I've lived all my life on the land without knowing what 'tis worth? Egad, I ought to know as much about that, as any lawyer within a hundred miles can tell me!"

miles can tell me?" "No offence, sir, I hope?" "Not in the least, sir. None is taken where none is meant." where none is meant." Madame O'Doherty, who had sat hitherto mostly silent—she rarely spoke much when the inn was the topic—here struck in; and I seconded her as well as I could in trying to laugh the matter cfl, and turn the conversation into other channels; but there was an angry light in The O'Doheriy's eye which neutralized our (fforts, and made Mr. Jardine rememter, sooner than his wont, that he had business waiting for him at home.

business waiting for him at home. "Egad," he muttered when he was well out of the grounds, and having re gained something of his composure was driving more securely along the road to Lisheen, "twill be a month in Sandays before I'll put my head in there again— not till the sale's well over, anyhow." Ms. Larding, was hardly, some hefere

The O'D berty began to have an uncom-fortable feeling that he had ill treated the

"Pat up your horse for the present," "Pat up your horse for the present," said a voice out in the road, "and come to me for orders later on "And then there were footsteps in the hall. "Will you want a room, sir?" asked Dan. "I don't know. I'll tell you bye and

bye." "Do you want luncheon, sir, or to

more canguine every day—they have rrown to certainty "—his voice had risen a excitement as he said these words, but it broke as he added, "what if the certainty should take a shape more terri-ble than despair?" What he said made me run cold. I feared to speak; I thought that he was mad.

"You know Mr. Jardine?" he resumed,

quietly. "The lawyer at Lisheen? To be sure I

"The lawyer at Lisheen? To be sure I do. Very well indeed." "Hearing him spoken of at Lisheen as the best informed man in the neighbor-hood, I consulted him professionally, not expecting to be listened to without im-patience by a hard-headed lawyer. To my surprise he heard all I had to say with the greatest attention; and encour-aged by his sympathetic hearing, I was drawn from one detail to another, and did not finish until I had put him into possession of the facts from beginning to end. The strangeness of the story seemed to take his fancy; and he was disposed to ad heightening touches of his own which would have lifted it at once into the was the thought that, hitted through my mind, "with beauty which tells you plainly it will be as joyous and as bright when your pulse has failed, and your eyes look fondly on it no more?" Dan, coming out of the doorway, stood shading his eyes with his hand, peering into the glare and looking up and down the read.

"Well, Dan, what cheer?" "Ah, sir, is that you? I thought I heard a footstep some where near." "You were not far wrong, as you see. And so the fiat has gone forth and The Harp' is to go out of the family !" "Yea, sir, so it seems. Mr. Jardine was here a few days ago making prepara-

end. The strangeness of the bory seconds to take bis fancy; and he was disposed to add heightening touches of his own which would have lifted it at once into the region of the marvellous. I hope-fervently I hope, that his imagination has run away with him in suggesting the idea that has brought me here." "Nothing more likely," I said. "I know his tendency. He is constantly telling extraordinary stories which cannot possibly have any but the slightest foundation in fact." "Thank God if it is so! Come, perhaps you can help me. My head has been in a whirl with doubts and half recollections. Was there a wedding here that whire's night you found me in this room, or is it only fancy on my part?" "Your memory is better than you think. It was a bona file wedding, and a pleasanter one I never remember."

"Who were married?" "The boots and the book-keeper."

Ballyford to see a bit of land they've heard of, that might do for a building site "Don't you remember my telling you so at the time, and how much I pressed you to join us? Ah! the place is sadly changed since then. I was only think-ing when you came, how desolate the old in her backens? " My God!" But that's a secret, sir." "Hallo!" I cried; "this is looking abead with a vengeance. What wild scheme is in the wind now?" scneme is in the wind now?" "Well," said Dan, shrugging his shoul-ders and evading the question, "there's no telling, sir, what may happen." "It must not be," I said. "Conn can

"" "What has become." "What has happened?" "The kind old landiady who smoothed the way to make two lovers happy, is dead." "The Harp' without him." "Och ! it doesn't rest with him to say "And the poung couple have they

gone?" "As good as gone; they will hardly be

here much longer." "They are still here, then — in the

"Och i it doesn't rest with him to say whether he'il go or stay," at swered Dan, hurriedly, as catching sound of wheels in the roadway, he dashed from the room making for the hall-door. Of course Dan was right; his words flooded the current of my interrupied thoughts. "Poor Conn, thou harmless peasant! they say you are the swiftest swimmer and can take the highest jump, and as a dancer as a lasst without your house ?" "Not at this moment. They have gond "Not at this moment. will come back in a to Ballyford ; but they will come back in a

The young man wrung his hands. "It is impossible!" he cried out, "It can't be!" and then while I looked at him much and as a dancer are at least without your better in the village. Alas! you may have to leave Arcadia and go out into the puzz'ed, he turnel again to me and said, Do you know the room they call the cheerless world! Your freshness of feel linen-room ?"

ing unsullied with a thought of evil, your kindly spirit untainted by greed, your soul free of sordid ambition—how will "The linen-room ? Let me see. Yes to be sure—the room where the linen is kept. I saw women there folding it one they endure contact with the wear and

"It is in your power to do me a great service." "Only name it-"

"Take me to the linen-room-now

once." "Good gracious—why?" "Don't ask me. Come, they are away-quick—now, while the coast is clear."

they endure contact with the wear and tear and sharp competition of the lower life in the great world? I wish for your sake and for the cause of fresh simplicity your old mistress had not died. The inn will remain, likely enough. The O'Doherty, for all his declarations, will e never pull it down should he become the owner. But its old life will be swept away, and it is certain you will go. Some , Swiss, some Dane, some anybody but a sapling of the soil like you, will take ty your place; and everything will be as 1 monotonously regular, as precise, metho-dical, and uninteresting, as like establish-1 ments are in countries where they are The linen-room was much as I had Ine innen-room was much as 1 had seen it on the only other occasion that I can remember to have been there. The linen-chest stood in its accustomed corner, the various pieces of lumber re-mained in their places much more the store of the ments are in countries where they are managed on ordinary commercial prinmained in their places unchanged, and nothing seemed to have been movel ex-cept the case which I had on that day heard the book-keeper refer to as her

"This is the room," I said, and pro-

ceeded as cicerone to point out those ob-ects I have mentioned. reat heavens, it is a picture-case !" Mr. Chalmers as I referred to the

said Mr. Chalmers as I referred to the property of the book-keeper. "They have been moving it lately, whatever it is, and ses—it is open." I raised the lid an inch or two and saw the gilding of a frame and the dark surface of a canvas. "It is a picture-case," said I, " and the picture is inside." Banidly, and without a word. Mr. said Mr.

JANUARY 13, 1900.

of my name? Will you be noble, brave and true, generous and self sacriticing?' and still the look flickers between doubt

and etill the look flickers between doubt and certainty—it did that when I was a child—it has been doing the same shut up there all these years." Ha ! I knew now. Our first meeting roshed back upon my mind, bringing with it disjointed fragments of that part of his story in which he had described his childish companionship with a por-

trait. Was his story true then after all, and not the delusion of a cracked brain? He turned away at length with a miser-

able sigh. "It is my grandfather's portrait. My

"Your grandfather's portrait! I thought it was your sister you were seek-

"In finding this I find her. Unhappy girl ! Much better for her to have died!" "Found her? Where?"

died!"
"Found her? Where?"
"Here, in this house. That girl—the
—the book-keeper."
"She your sister!"
"Have you not told me yourself that
that picture is her property? Have I not
learnt from the Lisheen lawyer that it is
the portrait of her grandfather? I tell
you that is my grandfather's portrait,
mine—and hers—my sister's—married to
that\_O God! What came over her, what
did she go through before she came to
this?"
It was of the book-keeper and of Conn-

It was of the book-keeper and of Conn, It was of the book keeper and of Conn, that happy pair, that he was raving! of the book keeper, whose devotion to her husband was so beautiful to see! of Conn, that breath of fresh air, blithesome and kindly, as true and tender of heart as he was sound of wind and limb—of Conn, Conclose of donver free as the wind happy was sound of wind and limb-of Conn, fearless of danger, free as the wind, happy of spirit-whose love had brought back joy to the youth of a drooping giri! Div-ided between alarm and curiosity to know what Mr. Chalmers would say next, I watched him anxiously as he now paced to and fro, beating his breast and talking to binneaf.

to himself. "It is my fault! I am accursed! What a retribution! If I had been near to guard her! Deserted, unprotected, driven, it must have been, by want-or by force, ch heavens! to think of it! Bound for life to a ploughman's son, a barman in a wayside publichouse! On it why did she die? How could she do it, she who was so prond that she would be to himself.

she who was so proud that she would be beholden to none of her own rank, how could she sink so low ?

could she sink so low ?" Asindignation succeeded to compassion and self-reproach he paced backwards and forwards with fierce energy. His teeth were clencned, his lips compressed. He clasped his hands in front of him, balance there demonded as a two length holding them downwards at arm's length as he presently stood once more regard-ing the portrait, that discovered relic of his youth, which brought the Past and bitter Present face to face, sharpening the

hits yout, which brought the rast and bits Present face to face, sharpening the wretchedness of to-day by contact with early dreams, and bridging the interven-ing gilfout of which, like phantoms, rose the dreary years of hardship, of ill-starred endeavor, and of deceifful success. How cruelly this last had mocked him! It had kindled hopes doomed to violent death—all of them but one; and that to a sickly life long drawn out and withered t when at last attained. 'So this is the end! I may go back now into exile, and work for the sake of killing thoughts—thoughts that will not die, God help me! There is nothing but shame for me here. I will go back to the country in which I have no pride—go back, I and speak no word to her. No, nothing— nothing shall induce me to own her now.''

now." He put out his hands repellently, and spoke with a fierceness as if an unwelcome suggestion was being pressed upon him-as if the features of the old man there de-

picted were working still, and the lips still forming the words: "Will you, my child, be noble, brave, and true, generous and self confidence" and self sacrificing? Abruptly turning away, he clasped his head between his hands, and held it as if it

were bursting. " I don't know what I am doing or say-

**JANUARY** 13, 1900

IRELAND'S HOLY WELLS.

Bishop Healy on the Health Givin Fountains-Faith vs. Superstition.

Bishop Healy, writing in St. Peter Magazine, London, says: As a rule, all the Irish saints hav

one or more blessed wells dedicated their memory in the immediate neig borhood of the churches which the founded. Indeed, the church w never founded except near a we Pure water was necessary, not only f baptism and for the Holy Sacrifice, b also for the daily needs of the holy m and women whose lives were give there to the service of God. Pu water was for them an urgent nee for they led lives of extreme rig for they led hves of extreme rig hardly ever tasting animal food, e cept a little fish from time to tim Bread, herbs and water was th daily fare; they drank neither wi nor beer nor spirits nothing but crystal spring. What wonder the became holy wells-blessed for be tism, used at mass, giving daily dri to generations of saints, whose p and grateful hearts blessed God them these crystal springs, blessed again and again the fount

quench their thirst at every fru meal ! For a somewhat similar reason find constant reterence to the "bleat trout," or the "enchanted trout

that frequented the holy wells. doubt some of the saints sought to b fish for their own use in some of t wells and streams, as the religiou med aval times certainly did in larger rivers, nigh to which they ways built monasteries. Then Christian would touch those l fishes which the saint or hermit in the stream or well near his cha It would be almost a sacrilege to the holy man of the little he claime his own, so that the fish, like stream, would be holy things in estimation of the people, and cam enjoy a kind of immortal life.

We have a remarkable instan this at Aghagower, in the co Mayo. St Patrick founded that ch for his disciple Senach, who, ou count of his spotless innocence, called the Lamb of God. The cl was built on the bank of a li river, which still flows as full and as in ancient days, although c and round tower are now in r Patrick himself loved the place for its sweet retirement, and minded to stay there, as he "weary faring round so "weary faring round so churches, and cressing so many fi But the angel said "No"-it w God's will. Whereupon Patric God's will. Senach there, and placed in these for him two salmon, as the "T tite" tells us, that always ke gether, and could not be ha through the blessing of Patrick, left angels to watch over them.

are told in this book, written than one thousand years ago; a wondrous tale has come down th the ages, and, for aught we kno blessed salmon are still at Aghan as they are said to be in so man;

the holy wells in Ireland. After St. Patrick, the greater sionary saints of Ireland were H and Columcille. St. Bridget, Mary of the Gael, was a woma only of great holiness, but also o zeal and energy in doing the w God. She made missionary jo throughout various parts of I She founded many churches, an to her churches we find the hol that still bear her name, and a held in great reverence by the

Bridget was venerated at Cam,

Athlone, quite as much as she

were entitled to collect the ba

penny from all the men of Hy

and the holy well close to her

in which they were baptized clerics is still one of the mo

brated of those bayond the S

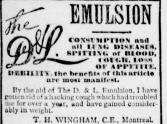
It is yearly frequented by grea of pious pilgrims, who perfections there on the saint's fe

and leave many votive offer

Kildare.

Her comards, or suc

turned, thus making AV-STEN "O'Keefe's" the mor economical Malt Ex-tract made. Refuse all substrfutes said to be just as good. W. LLOYD WOOD, Wholesale Druggist, General Agent, TORONTO.

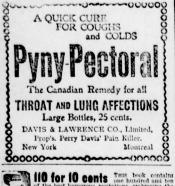


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Lisheen at Killany, whom he had quite roused with his spirits and flow of anec-dote, and on whose gouty old toes he had not once trodden during their interview. "No one can be more agreeable than you, James, when you like," his wife had said to him as he was starting on that journey. A few mornings after this ebulliton with the lawyer, The O'D.herty rode over to be how more the owner. "What might they have cflored, if 't's a fair question?" "They thought to take away my breath, which between ourselves they fairly did," continued Mr. Jardine, who was sometimes hard of hearing, "but I needn't tell you I have declined that cflor also. Indeed, armed as I was with these instructions"—and he held up Jus-tin Ennis's letter and wagged it—" there was nothing else for me to do; and I gave Goble and Lend distinctly to under-stand that I could not entertain any priv-Lisheen on business; he was not to come home without having dropped in on Mr. Jardine and done all he could—and that meant, said Madame O'Doherty in a half-

but had gone home without calling at the

gave Goble and Lend distinctly to under-stand that I could not entertain any priv-ate proposals whatever. 'Everything,' said I, 'must be done openly and above-board.' But the thing's a worry to me, an unceasing worry! Now for the next month or two I shall hardly have a mo-ment I can call my own. The sale must be hurried on as fast as possible, for the season will begin in six or seven weeks, and 'would never do not to have every-thing settled by then.'' The O'Doherty acquiesced, but doubt-The O'Doberty walked his horse to suit The O'Doberty walked his horse to suit my pace as far as the park gates, and then preking its sides he set off in a canter marest—don't stare at me—you could for Lisheen. Left behind, I strolled down the road in the opposite direction towards "The Harp," thinking how well I knew the road and its turns, and the great trees springing from its bedges. There was the gap through which Conn had led us one that gone The tarp, was the bridge on which it was a second nature with me to beg rushing below; and now circled into thing settled by then." The O'Doherty acquiesced, but doubt-folly, as if he was balancing in his mind whether the hurrying on or the delaying of the business would increase or dimin-ish his abune of actions the place a business

ish his chance of getting the place a bar stand, and look over at the basis Diffin gain. "So I have fixed the sale for to-morrow four weeks at Lieheen." "Ah !" responded The O'Doherty, "Tm very glad it will be so close at hand." More convenient in every way," said

Don't bother me about it. Anything you like.

The tones sounded familiarly to me. The tones sounded familiarly to me. But standing in the open doorway I was regarding the face of the new-comer for some seconds before I recognizad, in the haggard man in front of me, the stranger of the wedding night, so gaunt had his figure become, so pallid were his cheeks, so much brighter was the light in his dilated eyes. He came towards me with a suppressed excitement in his dameanor and held out

excitament in his demeanor and held out his hand : "I am glad, but did not hope to see you," he said.

Welcome once more to Glencoonoge. rapid and contased transitions. Follow-ing his eyes as soon as I could withdraw mine from his face, I saw for the first time the snowy head, the black eyebrows, the grey eyes, and the florid face which Conn Hoolahan a few days previously had disentombed. The massive figure seated, the two hands resting, one on the other, on the handle of a walking-stick, and the grey ages loging out at you had There was, as I have said, a suppressed excitement about Mr. Chalmers, and I for my part was taken very much by sur-

Prise. "You are the very last person I ex-pected to see," I said, when I had shut the door and we were alone. "I calcul-ated you were hy this time well on your journey to Australia. It is a pity you are net?"

"" "Do you too take me to be more dead than alive? Miss Walsingham, when I went to see her, did not know me." " Neither did I—at first. Have you any news? What a strange mistake we made: It all seemed so likely. Has Miss Walsingham been able to help you?" "No. She had heard nothing, could do nothing. But without knowing it she affected me. While I was in the act of talking with her, the conviction awoke again within me stronger than ever, that my sister is to be found." "And is it a mere feeling of that kind that has brought you back here?" As I

Jardine and done all he could—and that meant, said Madame O'Doherty in a half-and is, a great deal—to efface the unpleas-ant impression he must have produced, for Mr. Jardine had since been at the inp, with here a brought you back here?" As I spoke I noted again his suppressed agita-tion, his trembling hands, his pale and sunken cheeks, and the wildness of his eyes. "It is not 'a mere feeling.' It is some

parting cloud.

"Where else should I come but to the district in which there is clear evidence of her having been." He tapped his breast-pocket sharply as there—that worn-out piece of evidence! I had no faith in it. But I did not dare either to question or to answer. "We jumped too soon to a conclusion," he added, waving me away, and looking eagerly around the room and at the objects on the walls. "I had not half scoured this country. Without my knowing why, my hopes have grown

"Come away," I said; " your old room empty. Rest there a little. Don't look is empty. rest there a little. Don't look at that again "—his eyes were wandering back in the direction of the painting— "don't let the people of the house see you in this state, it will be misunderstood. Should you really here made the direct. " and the picture is inside." Rapidly, and without a word, Mr. Chalmers lifted the lid I had dropped and threw it back upon its hinges. It struck against the wall and floor with a loud bang. I thought it was the noise that made him rush away with his hands to his head, uttering a sharp cry. But he stopped short and turning quickly round forced himself to look upon the picture; while pain, amazement, inv. grief, and Should you really have made the discov-

ery you think—" "Should I really have made it !" he re-peated bitterly; " can you suggest the shadow of a doubt ?"

"Well, well! you will be better fit to de-cide what to do when you have had time to think quietly. Come !" while pain, amazement, joy, grief, and despair coursed over his countenance in rapid and confused transitions. Follow-

TO BE CONTINUED.

## PROTESTANTS AND THE CATH-OLIC PRESS.

A Protestant reader of the London Catholic Times writes to that journal

as followe : "I find great help to truth in readand the grey eyes looking out at you, had the natural ease and almost the reality of life. I had never seen the portrait being Catholic papers because (1) I get life. I had never seen the portrait be-fore, yet it struck me familiarly, recalling in an indefinite way something I had seen, or heard or read of. I turned in-quiringly to Mr. Chalmers. He was clutching the back of a chair, his chest was heaving, his head was turned away; and suddenly covering his face with his hands he fell a-crying. More than ever puzzled, I stood for a moment looking from him to the picture and from the pic-ture to him; and then remembering that it was hardly fair to watch a man in the moment of his weakness. I went over to the Catholic position first hand ; (2) the news and statements are reliable regarding Catholicism, and (3) not garbled or 'faked up 'to humbug the readers ; (4) it smooths difficulties and removes prejudice ; (5) I can read the other side of the questions that concern us; (6) I am helping a good cause by (7) helping to spread light and increase knowledge.

" I certainly think that every Cath-It was hardly fair to watch a man in the moment of his weakness, I went over to the window and stood there looking out, waiting until the fit should have passed off; wondering at the same time what it all meant, and trying to recall the associ-ation that was linked in my mind with that portrait. Outside a shower had just olic ought to have a standing order with his news agent to supply weekly and monthly at least one Catholic newspaper or magazine, and when read post or send it to some Protestant friend for perusal. On a recent occasion I astonished a Protestant friend passed over lake and mountain : the sunby sending him a paper containing the Pope's letter on the Sacred Heart; for he admitted after reading it that he had no idea the Pope had such shine was streaming out again, and a rainbow bloomed into life against the de-There was a sound behind me, and looking round, I saw that Mr. Chalmers had moved forward a step or two in the direction of the portrait. He stood look-ing at it for some minute minute for a step of the source o liberal views, and he added : 'After that I shall always put a good word in for the Pope."

TOTALLY DEAF.-Mr. S. E. Crandell, Port Perry, writes: "I contracted a severe cold last winter, which resulted in my be-coming totally deaf in one ear and partially so in the other. After trying various remed-ies, and consulting several doctors, without obtaining any relief. I was advised to try DR. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL. I warmed the Oil and poured a little of it into my ear, and before one-half the bottle was used my hearing was completely restored. I have heard of other cases of deafness being cured by the use of this medicine."

hind them to testify to the el her prayers on their behal called Bride's well, and has b frequented from time immem all the men and women of H So it was, likewise, with Co He founded, before setting lons, many churches and mo in the northern half of Ireland ally in Donegal, Darry, S Meath, and at all these found find some reference to the h blessed by the prayers and use of the saint and of his con Like St. Patrick, he was a gre ler, and on his missionary went mostly on foot. Hence to pass that, often tired and sat down by the wayside to r fresh himself with a draugh pure waters of the cooling Then he preached there, and those who flocked to hear h the place were otherwise su chose it as the site of a church mitage, or monastery, for, most of the monks lived in co others preferred a solitary sought to serve Gcd in s mountain valley, or lonely pathless wood, where they alone with Him far remove distractions of the world. mountain valley is Glen Col the base of Slieve Leagu county Donegal, cut off, as from the world and lookin

wild western sea. But

loved it for its very loneline boly well on Sileve Leag

greatly venerated by the conneil, who confide in t

their special patron and pro Then every diocesan par most parochial saint had h