are too many unhappy-too many un hy women in the world. At every where women meet alone, the eard of sickness and nervousness

nd despondency. The woman who suffers in this way makes

and despondency.

The woman who suffers in this way makes a mistake to consult the average obscure physician. If she does so, the chances are that she is told that her trouble is nervousness or insomnia or indigestion or heart trouble. It does not happen very often that this diagnosis is correct. When by some fortunate chance she is told the truth, that she is suffering from weakness and disease of the distinctly feminine organism, she is told at the same time that she must submit to the obnoxions examinations and local treatment so embarrassing to a sensitive woman. All this is unnecessary.

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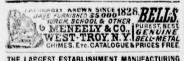


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## LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD

An Historical Romance.

BY M. M'D. BODKIN, Q. C.

CHAPTER I.—CONTINUED.

"Lord Edward Fitzgerald," the senior "Lord Edward Fitzgerald," the senior officer said, sternly, when he had come so close that he could address him without others hearing, "you must consider your self under arrest. I should have your sword, but the enemy has been beforehand with me. But I am bound to send you with a file of soldiers back to the camp to report yourself to Lord Moira. "I admire your pluck," he added more gently, softened in spite of himself by the shamefaced penitence of the young fel-

shamefaced penitence of the young fel-low, who sat silent before him, blushing like a school-girl caught in some frolic.
"I admire your pluck, but pluck is not "I admire your pluck, but pluck is not everything in an officer. Piscipline would be impossible if every young fellow with a taste for adventure were allowed to go patrolling on his own account. We waited a good hour for you before we started. Now you have warned the enemy of our coming."

"Lucky for me you did not wait longer," replied Lord Edward. "One minute more would have done for me. The rebel captain had me at his mercy as you arrived. I have to thank you for my life, Major Doyle — for my liberty at least—"

"And for your arrest," replied the

"And for your arrest," replied the

"You will forgive me," pleaded the other earnestly. "Even if you cannot forgive me, do not send me back to the camp like a schoolboy in disgrace. I was ble emoulded with idleness. I could not resist the temptation of a ride through the woods, and I hoped to be forgiven if I brought in a prisoner. As I was to have come with you let me stay with you. I will myself report to Lord Moira when we return."

It was not in human nature to resist

the pleading voice and eyes. Major Doyle's stern face melted like ice in the sunshine. There was a twinkle in his grey eye and a smile under his heavy moustache as he replied—
"There is no limit to your audacity. I

suppose you will next ask me for a sword, and leave to ride at the head of the

"The very two favors I had in my mind," returned Lord Edward, embold-ened by the other's smile. "But I had "Then have them without asking, as a reward for your cowardice," retorted the major. "It is a virtue I am most anx-

major. "It is a virtue I am most anxious to encourage in you."
"Tomkins," he called, to a burly noncommissioned officer, "give your sword
to Lord Edward Fitzgerald. Your pistols

to Lord Edward Fitzgerald. Your pistols must serve you for this bout."

The sword was surrendered with a smiling alacrity, which showed that the high-spirited young lord was a prime favorite with the men.

"Keep a sharp look-out in front, Lord Edward," sa'd Major Doyle, assuming the commanding officer as the men approached. "Instantly report to me the first trace of the rebels. Do not charge them," he added, in a lower tone, "as a bulldog charges a bull. Let your caution atone for your rashness, and Lord Moira shall know of it."

But Lord Edward had exhausted his

shall know of it."

But Lord Edward had exhausted his adventures for that day. The scarlet uniform of the troopers flamed like fire in the darkening woods, and was as a beacon seen afar off to warn the enemy. Now and again the young officer at their head theorem that he caught sight of moving thought that he caught sight of moving figures in the distance. But they van-ished in an instant, and in the darkening twilight he could not even be sure if they

were men or deer.

With an uneasy feeling in his mind With an uneasy leering in 18 limits that he was not the watcher but the watched, Major Doyle, as the night fell, marched his men back to the camp from their bootless expedition, as ignorant of the enemy's whereabouts as they had marched out in the morning.

CHAPTER II.

" THIS MOST WISE REBELLION."

"The dangers of the days but newly gone
Have put us in those ill beseeming arms
Not to break peace or any branch of it,
But to establish here a peace indeed
Concurring both in name and quality." -King Henry IV. Part II Lord Edward Fitzgerald slept late into

the following morning, overcome at once by fatigue and by the reaction that follows excitement. It was the first time he had stricken a blow in anger, and the events of the previous day mingled inco-herently in his dreams. He found himherently in his dreams. He found him-self charging the British troops with the American captain by his side. He was struck from his horse amid the trampling hoofs. He lay helpless on the ground. His comrade leaped down and strove to save him, for a dozen weapons were aimed at his life. He saw a man, whose face he did not know, point a pistol straight at his head. He tried to shift himself out of the line of fire, but he seemed glued to the ground. The turmoil of the conflict ceased suddenly. All eyes were turned

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on the man with the pistol. He waited in an agony of suspense for the flash and the bullet. The strain grew too great to be borne, and he awoke.

He was lying half out of his camp bed and the morning sun was streaming through an opening in the canvas. Yesthrough an opening in the canvas. 1esterday's adventures came trooping back at once to his memory, and with them the unpleasant thought that he had got to report his breach of duty to Lord Moira, and take his chance of reprimand or pun-

ishment.

It was his nature to face trouble and get it over. Lord Moira received him with a kindliness that was only in a very slight degree due to the fact that he was son of a duke, for the gallant young officer was a favorite for his own sake with everyone, from the drummer boy to com-manding officer.

Though there was a good-humored

twinkle in the general's eye, as he listened to Lord Edward's penitent recital, he managed to speak seriously.

"My lad," he said, "if you cannot cure yourself of this longing to get killed at any cost you will never be a credit to your profession—the noblest in the world. Reshness is not courage. Is it not quite Rashness is not courage. Is it not quite sufficient that you should be ready to die whenever His Most Gracious Majesty re-quires the sacrifice? You must not an-

ticipate."
Lord Moira spoke of "His Most Gra-cious Majesty" in a voice only one tone less reverent than he spoke of the Creator.

less reverent than he spoke of the Creator. It was amusing to note how the reverence was reflected on the face of the young soldier who heard him.

"It is impossible I can let you off scot free for your frolic," he added. "It would be a bad example to every young scapgrace in the camp who has got more courage than common sense. We engage the rebels, I trust, within a week. They are encamped under General Steward at Eutaw Springs, and must be driven out. Eutaw Springs, and must be driven out. Your punishment shall be that you shall

take up your position "—
"He spoke slowly, and made a long pause. His listener's countenance fell, pause. His listener's countenance length for his fears supplied the word's " in the

But as Lord Moira repeated, "You shall take up your position in the van, his whole face brightened with delight. He looked up quickly, and for the first time caught the good-humored, amused smile on the veteran's face. With voice and eyes and every motion of his body he thanked him.

"Why, this is wages," he cried, "and not punishment. I thank you a thousand times, my lord. Indeed, indeed, you may rely on my real."

rely on my zeal."
"And discretion," put in Lord Moira.

"And discretion," put in Lord Moira.

"And my discretion, too," he replied, laughing and blushing. "No maiden aunt was ever more discreet than I will be for the future."

"Then," said the general, clapping him kindly on the shoulder, "I will scold you no more. Your worst punishment shall be that you will breakfast with me this morning. I hear you have a keen eye for a map or the lie of a country. There is some nasty ground for ambushes between this and the Springs, and I want your help. Lord Edward," he went on, more kindly than ever, but more seriously, "you will be a great general yet, if ly, "you will be a great general yet, if you will only lock enthusiasm up in the guard-room and put a sentry at the door. A perfect soldier is a bit of military mechanism that nothing can put out of

But a nobler fame than his commander promised was in store for him, though he knew it not-to live in the loving remem brance of a suffering nation as one who died to serve her—to be the one Irish nobleman who proved himself truly noble who, for wealth, rank, and what the world calls renown, took suffering and glorious shame in the service of a

and glorious shame in the service of a sorely-oppressed people.

The Americans held a strong position at Eutaw Springs, but the English troops, who slightly out-numbered them, advanced to the attack with absolute confidence of victory. There was not a man amongst them, from the commanding officer to the full private, that had the slightest doubt of the result.

It is, indeed, strange how completely Experience seemed to have lost her authorized.

Experience seemed to have lost her authority during the war of American Inde-pendence. No matter how often the British troops were beaten by the "rebels," they always felt quite sure of vic-tory—next time. Their defeat was always the result of some unlucky accident, which could not be repeated. They believed firmly as an article of faith that it was impossible that British troops—the bravest, the best disciplined, and the best-accounted in the world—could be beaten by the rebel riff-raff—except by accident.

It did not matter in the least that the accident was always happening. They forgot the deadly aim of the long brown rifle, and the fierce stab of the heavy hunting knife the instant the rifle was silent and blade unsheathed.

Least of all had Lord Edward Fitzger-ald, as a proudly marghal before right.

Least of all had Lord Edward Fitzger-ald, as he proudly marched before his men in the front of the battle, the faint-est shadow of misgiving of the result. He looked forward eagerly to a gallant fight and a glorious victory. His whole soul was aflame with the fierce war fever, and he longed only to be within striking and he longed only to be within striking

distance of the foe.

The American leader,—General Steward—had chosen his position with consummate skill. His forces were ranged on a promontory of open prairie jutting back into the great ocean of forest, and so guarded at the rear and side by a line of high close wood. A stream, rapid but shallow, crossed the open ground in front, well within musket shot of his advance guard, and lost itself in the wood to the

The English forces, as they advanced, were under a galling flank fire from the woods, which dropped man after man in their lines with a bullet through his head or heart. To reply would be to waste ammunition on the tree trunks, and, what

was worse still, to waste time.
"Double quick!" was the word all along the British line, and they advanced at a run into the stream in front. The deadly patter of the musket bullets grew thicker and thicker as they came on within the closing arms of the wood. The main body of Americans in front stood steadily to their weapons and made no sign. no sign.

The attacking party reached the bank and plunged waist deep into the stream; still not a movement in the American

In wild confusion the British scrambled out on to the near bank, which was higher and steeper than the far. All order was lost. Their guns cumbered them in wading and climbing. For a moment they were a mob, not an army. But d's-

cipline quickly reasserted itself. They were rapidly forming for a bayonet charge when the word "Fire!" rang out at last like a rifle crack from the American line.

The withering volley at close quarters made lanes through the confused mass of made lanes through the comused mass of men huddled on the river's bank. The dead and wounded tumbled into the water over their comrades, who were scrambling out. The confusion was changing to panic. Lord Edward Fitz-gerald saw the danger. He was in com-mand of the front column, and was amongst the first across the stream. He amongst the first across the stream. He heard the storm of bullets hiss about his ears. He saw men struck down to his right and left. Yet the thought of danger never touched him for a moment. He was as cool as when breakfasting with Lord Moira—eye and mind equally

on the aler:

His quick glance caught a slight hollow on the ground to the left.

"Down, men, and follow me," he cried, and, falling on his hands and knees, he

crept rapidly towards the shelter. His men trailed after him. I ment they were under cover from the rifles of the Americans in front. Push-ing their guns over the ridge that shel-

tered them, the English were in turn en abled to pour a deliberate and effective fire upon the enemy. Under cover of this well-directed discharge, the main body of the English crossed the stream, and formed, though not without loss, on the near bank. Meanwhile, however, the riflemen in the

Meanwhile, however, the riflemen in the wood to the left, had got the range of Lord Edward's little band, whose flank was completely ungnarded, and now played upon them with terrible effect.

The crouching English soldiers were shot through the side or head by these terrible marksmen. So deadly was the aim, the victims never moved after they were hit, but lay dead, with their muskets at their shoulders pointing at the enemy in front.

nemy in front. The young officer saw that his whole party would be quietly killed off in a few minutes more. There was but one desparate chance left—a bolt for the woods. The main bodies on both sides were by the time hely exceed and an university.

this time hotly engaged, and an uninter-mittent fire flashed from their ranks. The rattle of musket shots never ceased

for a moment.

"Steady, my lads," cried Lord Fitzgerald, in a voice that was heard through the din. "Steady and ready! Watch and follow me. We must drive those skulking rebels out of the shelter of the woods." woods."

He rose to his knees as he spoke. His men's eyes were on him. He leaped suddenly to his feet. "Now!" he shouted, waving his sword over his head, and raced across the belt of land for the wood.

from which the deadly fire came. In an instant his men were up and after him. It was a race for life or death. Every muscle was strained to the utmost point of tension. Lord Edward kept his lead. The distance was not a hundred yards in all. A dozen seconds would cover it at the pace they went

The Americans seemed to be taken off their guard by the sudden rush. More than half the ground was passed and not a shot come.

Lord Edward and his men were scarce

thirty yards from the edge of the wood—only a few seconds off—when suddenly fifty tongues of fire, with fifty spitting puffs of smoke, darted out from among the tree trunks, followed by a roar of rifle shots, and a hurricane of bullets broke right into the thick of them.

Full half the advancing party were swept off their feet by this terrible fusil-ade. The men in the rear tripped over the falling corpses of their comrades in front, but the headlong fury of the charge was not checked even for a moment.

The smoke had not cleared when the

The smoke had not cleared when the survivors, with Lord Edward still unhurt, at their head, broke furiously into the

The parties were equally matched. The struggle was desperate and to the death. The passion for blood absorbed them. To strike and kill was all they thought of. They fought like wild beasts—the same fierce instinct of slaughter, the same insensibility to wound or danger.
The Americans had clubbed their guns

after their last deadly discharge. It was rifle butt against bayonet point. Cruel stab and crushing blow were interchanged with terrible rapidity.

Lord Edward, active as a deer, dodged

the blows aimed at him, and made tremendous play with his sword. Three of the enemy he slew with his own hand. His followers seconded him bravely. But in that hand-to-hand struggle, the advantages of drill and discipline were lost and man to man they were no match. lost, and man to man they were no match for the stalwart backwoodsmen, whose muscles were of wrought steel. The Brit-ish were slowly and sullenly beaten back.

Foremost amongst the Americans a tall, strong figure fought, swinging his rifle like a flail.

"Strike, boys!" he shouted, "for America and Freedom! Freedom! Freedom! Freedom! Freedom! of the down a man at each prestition of the down a man at each repetition of the

word.
The voice caught Lord Edward's ear Even in that wild hurley-burley he knew the man. It was the same who had foiled him in single fight a week before. The sight sent a hot thrill through his

For England and the king," he "For England and the king," he shouted back, and made at him through the press. An American soldier barred his way. He passed his sword through his body and leaped over the corpse. But two paces on, a dying man, with a bayonet wound through his breast caught him by the leg as he passed, and raising his right hand with a long knife in it dealt him a phastly flesh-wound in

in it dealt him a ghastly flesh-wound in the thigh, from which the blood spouted as from a fountain.

He staggered forward and fell on his face. His dying enemy crawled after him: the red knife in his hand was raised for the fatal blow, when it was sent spinning through the air by a stroke from a rifle butt, and he fell on the body of his intended victim, dead. It was Maurice Blake who had leaped forward to answer Lord Edward's challenge, and

eached in time to save him.

When their leader fell the few surviv ing English soldiers fled in all directions ing English soldiers fied in all directions, and, crossing the stream, rejoined the main body, which was now sullenly retreating after a desperate hand-to-hand encounter with the Americans.

Blake held his men back from pursuit, and forbade firing on the fugitives.

"There has been slaughter enough and more than enough," he said. "Thank God the victory is ours."

wound, through which the blood was oozing at a spring through the moss, draining his life away in its red current.

He started as he saw the face of the wounded man, and recognized it at a

"Strange," he muttered. "Twice we have met as enemies, and each time it has been my fortune to save his life. What link has fate fastened between our

His hands were meantime as busy a His hands were meantine as tusy as his thoughts. He uncovered the wound, and staunched and bound it rapidly and firmly with a practiced hand. Lord Edward lap limp, motionless, and sense-less as a corpse. His brown hair looked less as a corpse. His brown hair looked black by contrast with the deadly pallor of his face, whose ghastly hue was made more ghastly by a disfiguring streak of

Blake caught his wrist tightly, and

pulse.
"There is a chance for him yet," he said softly to himself, "and he must not lose it. A gallant young fellow. How bravely he faced us a fortnight ago, and how fiercely he fought to-day. What a bravely he faced us a forthight ago, and how fiercely he fought to-day. What a noble face it is, and I doubt not a noble nature to match. Pity such a bright young life should be cut off in an obscure scrimmage, fighting against freedom. It shall not be if I can help it."

shall not be if I can help it."

"Christy," he called out, and in an instant his inseparable companion stood before him without a word.

"Can you carry him?" Blake asked.

"Can you carry him? Blake asset."
Christy, for answer, took the wounded
man in his arms.

"Where?" he said, laconically.
"To Tony's hut," responded the other.
"Fortunately it is pretty close at hand.
If anyone living can nurse him back to
life. Tony is the man." life. Tony is the man.

Christy said never a word in reply, but carrying his burden as tenderly and almost as easily as a mother carried her atmost as easily as a moner carried rier year-old baby, moved off with long, swift strides, and disappeared. Blake mean-time gathered his men together, and care-fully tended the wounded before he re-joined the main body of the Americans, who had encamped victoriously on the battle-field, from which the enemy had

battle-field, from which the enemy had been driven.

The space between stream and wood was thickly strewn with corpses. The scarlet uniforms sprinked thickly over the green sward showed how terrible had been the slaughter of the English. The fair blue sky smiled down placidly on the grim battle-field. But the frightened stream which saw this great murder done. grim battle-field. But the frightened stream which saw this great murder done, rushed away with a red tinge in its clear waters to tell the quiet woods the old, old story of man's inhumanity to man.

CHAPTER III. WHO IS HERE SO BASE AS NOT LOVE HIS COUNTRY. "Here I clip
The anvil of my swo d, and do contest
As hot y and as nobly with thy love
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valor."

-Coriolanus "But if the cause be not good, the king him self bath a heavy reckoning to make, when al those legs and arms and heads chopped off it battle, shall join together at the latter day."

—Henry V.

The scramble through the stream under the pelting shower of bullets, the rush for the woods, the fierce struggle, the sudden blow, all came floating back through the mind of Lord Edward, dimly and vaguely, like the incidents of a story heard long ago, with which he had no personal con-cern. Was it a dream, he wondered vaguely, or had it all happened? Where,

then, and to whom?

He had a faint remembrance that he had been wounded in the wood. What had come to him since? Was he still lying on the ground, under the shadow of

He opened his eyes in languid curiosity. He found himself on a bed of beaver skins in a log hut full of fresh air and sunshine. Even then he was not sur-prised. He had not strength left to won-der strongly. He had a curious feeling of sunshine. der strongly. He had a curious feeling of familiarity with the place, as if he had dreamed of it or seen it through his closed eyelids as he lay insensible. His bed faced the door, which looked down towards the woods, from which the soft morning breeze stole up and fanned his face deliciously.

He lay onite still at first with headle.

He lay quite still at first, with hardly strength or wish to turn his eyes from where they first chanced to fall. Half unconsciously he began to count the logs from floor to ceiling. Then he counted them from wall to wall. So his eye travelled lazily round till it lit on a black man, with his back to him, reading at a small table, on which were bottles and bandages. It was his first sight of "the faithful Tony," thenceforward to the hour of his death his devoted friend and fol-

lower.
With fresh air and sunshine, and simple wholesome food, and Tony's un-tiring attendance, Lord Edward's recov-ery surely, if slowly progressed. The pure air and the soft murmur of the wilpure air and the soft murmur of the wil-derness were soothing ministers to his weakness. Through every sense, health visited his frame. His wound was soon completely healed. A little red began to show in his pale cheek, and his bright grey eye grew quicker in its glance. He grey eye grew quicker in its giance. He was still very weak, when he managed to hobble to the door, to sit on the bench at the porch and gaze out over the top of the interminable expanse of forest at his feet, with here and there a stapendous tree shooting up above its companions like a green tower high into the clear sky. But after a little he was able to carry a ride after a little he was able to carry a rifle down to the woods, which swarmed with

game.

This lazy life came suddenly to an end. He was sitting outside the door one evening reading and smoking after a long day in the woods, enjoying that state of delicious langour which honest physical exertion alone has the power to bestow. The sudden crack of a rifle brought his

thoughts back to real life in a moment. thoughts back to real life in a moment. From the top of the green wood, through which the setting sun was now shooting his level rays of red light, he saw a little thread of blue smoke rise, curling in the thin air. The boughs parted at the wood's edge, and two men stepped into the open. One carried a long rifle, the other bent under the body of a dead deer. Needless to say it was Maurice Blake and his inseparable attendant, who in a few minutes more were tendant, who in a few minutes more were at the hut door.

Maurice Blake had good news and bad

for Lord Edward. The war was over— the English troops were being recalled. Here were sad tidings for the ambitious young soldier and the devoted Loyalist. But, on the other hand, he was glad to learn that he would be able to rejoin his more than enough," he said. "Thank God the victory is ours."

He knelt as he spoke beside the body of Lord Edward, and examined the regiment, which was again encamped in the neighborhood. In a week's time,

Blake told him, they were under orders

or the coast.
"Best stay here," he urged, "until "Best stay nere, he urged, until they are actually moving. You are more comfortable here than in the camp," "I fear I must return," replied the "I fear I must sadly. "I am com. other, somewhat sadly. I am com-pletely recovered, and have no excuse for

further absence from my duty."

Blake looked disappointed. Then a bright thought struck him.

bright thought struck him.

"You forgot you are my prisoner," he said, a little sharply.

"In truth, I had forgotten it," responded Lord Edward, somewhat dismayed at

the reminder.
"Well," responded Blake, with a smile

"Well," responded Blake, with a smile at his dismay, "you must give me your parole not to attempt to escape for a week. After that—well, it does not much matter what happens after that."

Lord Edward's parole was heartily given, and the two men sat chatting cheerily far into the placid night. Meanwhile Christy and Tony enjoyed themselves after their own fashion, on the principle of Jack Sprat and his wife. Tony did all the talking and Christy all the silence. the silence. the silence.

Betimes next morning Blake and his prisoner were entering the forest with the after-breakfast pipes between their lips,

and their guns on their shoulders. Christy followed with long, silent strides. Never had Lord Edward Fitzerall a more delightful day. His companion was charmed with his eagerness, and taught him a hundred secrets of woodcraft. A life spent chiefly in the forest had significant. life spent chiefly in the forest had gifted Blake with a kind of sylvan second sight. No animal that put foot to earth could conceal from him its identity or where-abouts. But what Lord Edward chiefly marvelled at was the unerring accuracy of his aim. It seemed rather an effort of of his aim. It seemed ranger an enort of the will than of steady nerve and quick eye. Standing, running, or flying, it made no difference. Whatever he could see he could hit. Within rifle range he

never missed.

Friendship is sometimes like love — a plant of quick growth. In less than a week these two foes were fast friends. They lay in the woods at night, and talked together under the quiet stars that peeped in through crevices in the leaves the forest was fast asleep, and breathing heavily. Nor was it mere words they in-terchanged, but thought and feeling. It was a hard wrench to both when the time came that they must part, probably

for ever. Their friendship grew closer as the time for parting came near. As they sat together the last evening at the hut's entrance, with the fair scene spread out be-fore them in the glow of rosy sun-set, Lord Edward's talk ran all on war and glory. Blake smiled at his eager-

"Glory or murder," he said at last, musingly. "Is there really any real dif-ference between them? Were the British murderers when they marched their disciplined troops against our raw recruits? Were we murderers when we shot them down from the cover of the trees without

giving them a chance."
"Surely, you must feel the difference,"
cried out Lord Edward, earnestly;
"though you cannot put it in words.
War has been ever the delight of the
noblest men. Through war and victory
their names are held in honor for all time.
There is no resture in the world to equal There is no rapture in the world to equal the wild excitement of the battlefield." "Have you ever been on that same battlefield when the fight was over? No?

Well, I have; more than once. There is no delight, no excitement, then. I helped to fling the dead into their shallow graves after our late fight down yonder at Eutaw Springs. There was little thought of glory amongst us as we filled the great pit with the mingled corpses of thousands of brave and honest men, to whom God gave life and from whom man had taken it. They might have done it. They might have done good work in the world if they had not been sent out of it by this short cut. Close to the wood's edge I found the dead body of my oldest and dearest friend—Bill Saunders was his name. The bayonet of one of your fellows was driven up to the shoulder in his side. He was a great broad-chested fel-low, blythe as a boy, affectionate as a woman. He had a pleasant little home away down in Kentucky. I was there when he bade his wife — a bright, brave

brown-eyed little woman — and his two prattling young ones good-bye. 'I will be a soldier, too,' said his three-year-old boy, 'when I grow big. When dad comes home he'll teach me soldiering.' Alas! he will never come home. The light of that pleasant home is gone out for ever. "Are you sorry,' he said, turning abruptly to his companion, "that you had not the glory of that death? Do you grieve that it was not your sword instead of a bayonet point that bored the hole through which that brave and gentle spirit fled?"

Lord Edward started as if he had been Lord Edward started as if he had been

Lord Edward started as if he had been accused of murder.

"Thank God, I had no hand in it," he said. "I trembled while you spoke to think that I might have made the widow and orphans desolate. But I may have made others that I know not of. Yet, surely war is not murder. I feel you are wrong, though I cannot well answer you. The voice and the history of the whole world are against you. All mankind are agreed that there is honor and glory to be reaped in righteous war." reaped in righteous war."
"What is a righteous war?" asked

"What is a righteous war a Blake quietly.
"Ours was, if there ever was one," cried Lord Edward. "We were fighting for King and Constitution against the rebels. Of course, I do not mean," he added, remembering the ranks in which the other fought, "that all were conscious rebels. Many, doubtless, deemed their cause inst." the other lought, rebels. Many, doubtless, deems. cause just."

"And ought, therefore, to be slaughtered?" asked Blake, a little bitterly. But was there no danger that you Loyalists, as you call yourselves, were in the wrong? Who is the king for whose the wrong? Who is the king for whose willing to slaughter men myself?

the wrong? Who is the king for whose sake you are willing to slaughter men like my friend Saunders and myself? Did you ever so much as see him?"

"Never," said Lord Edward.

"Or know anything specially good or had about him?"

bad about him?"
"Nothing good or bad."
Lord Edward looked a little foolish as he answered.

Yet were you willing for this man's whim that a great country should be en-slaved; tens of thousands of honest men slain; tens of thousands of humble homes made desolate."
"Surely," said Lord Edward, dismayed

at the way his moral moorings were being pulled up, and his conscience turned adrift; "surely you will admit that re-bellion in itself is a bad thing and must be put down." TO BE CONTINUED.

NOVEMBER 27, 1

For the CATHOLIC MENT An Unreporte

BY PHILIP A. "Argument is like an a bow, which Has equal force though

"More copy want

tum. "What's the matter must be in a hurry to ding," laughingly r den, the proof-reader, around his chair in my "I guess the boys it after planting a consp at the head of the last Tell old Leadsplit column and a half on

He will find cities. fresh batch of boiler ; religious editor to o was at that moment di paper basket in qu postage stamps.
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typed miscellanea. But what of the cor there no reason for on this particular day Printers are body was anxious to In a word, everyone the ball game. Some fast setters and, in usually the lucky on takes" hove in sig quence these latter cor up a one "em " qued uld work or not. in the quod showed throw down their "st and hand over their poor hungry "sub." cinnot act in this way the letters into the b minded of the little r No wonder at home. are glad at times to hours on the bleach home team "knock over the field." You

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"Look here!" b "This affair cannot

grudge them that lit

enjoyment.

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does not amount to a

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other place," was ceived. Would I be too quired for the nan clergyman?" I a "Is it the preach murcher! I never It's a thundering Wait and I'll call knows more than

workin', praise Go

The functionary wards me. "Sprechen sie He replied with

and a smile of equ was my man.
"What is the n enquired. 'Grosmaul, was I was satisfied. from this obligir over the Rhine, th

over the laundry Bridget Houlihan was told in a whis necessary bit of in I had enough m to spin out a good mostly depended t gramme. Therew well fed and ros

left to speak of "immaculate pillo tidyness," " perfection. The annua

was full of such phelp me out wond