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LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD

An Historical Romance. BY M. M'D. MOYKIN, Q. C. CHAPTER I.—CONTINUED.

"Lord Edward Fitzgerald," the senior officer said, sternly, when he had come so close that he could address him without those hearing...

"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."

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

With an uneasy feeling in his mind, that he was not the watcher but the watched, Major Doyle, as the night fell, turned his men back to the camp...

"THIS MOST WISE REBELLION!" Coriolanus. "The dangers of the days but newly gone have put us in those ill-becoming arms..."

DR CHASE'S SOOTHES THE THROAT. QUIETS THE COUGH. ALLAYS INFLAMMATION OF THE LUNGS AND BRONCHIAL TUBES.

on the man with the pistol. He waited in an agony of suspense for the flash and the bullet.

He was lying half out of his camp bed, and the morning sun was streaming through an opening in the canvas.

"My lad," he said, "in a voice only one tone removed from that 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 soot free for your frolic," he added. "It would be a bad example to every young scamp in the camp who has got more courage than common sense."

"And discretion," put in Lord Moira. "And my discretion, too," he replied, laughing and blushing.

"Then," said the general, clapping him kindly on the shoulder, "I will scold you no more. Your punishment shall be that you will breakfast with me this morning."

"The Americans held a strong position at Entwax Springs, but the English troops, who slightly outnumbered them, advanced to the attack with absolute confidence of victory."

"Least of all had Lord Edward Fitzgerald, as he proudly marched before his men in the front of the battle, the faintest trace of misgiving of their aim."

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

discipline 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 men huddled on the river's bank.

"Down, men, and follow me," he cried, and falling on his hands and knees, he crept rapidly towards the shelter.

"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."

"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."

"The struggle was desperate and to the death. The nation 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."

"Strike, boys!" he shouted, "for America and Freedom! Freedom! Freedom!"

"The voice caught Lord Edward's ear. Even in that wild hurly-burly he knew the man. It was the same who had foiled him in single fight a week before."

"For England and the king," he shouted again, and made at him through the press. An American soldier barred his way.

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

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

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

"The space between stream and wood was thickly strewn with corpses. The scarlet uniforms sprinkled thickly over the green sward showed how terrible had been the slaughter of the English."

"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 concern."

"He lay quite still at first, with hardly strength left to turn his eyes from where he first chanced to fall. If unconsciously he began to count the loaves from floor to ceiling. Then he counted them from wall to wall."

"With fresh air and sunshine, and simple wholesome food, and Tony's untiring attendance, Lord Edward's recovery surely, if slowly, progressed. The pure air and the soft murmur of the wilderness were soothing ministers to his weakness."

"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 languor which honest physical exertion alone has the power to bestow."

"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."

Blake told him, they were under orders for the coast.

"Best stay here," he urged, "until they are actually moving. You are more comfortable here than in the camp."

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

"Friendship is sometimes like love—a plant of quick growth. In less than a week these two foes were fast friends."

"Clory or murder," he said at last, musingly. "Is there really any real difference 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."

"Are you sorry," he said, turning abruptly to his companion, "that you do not die of the glory of that death? Do you regret that it was not your sword instead of a bayonet point that bored the hole through which that brave and gentle spirit fled?"

"Thank God, I had no hand in it," he said. "I trembled while you spoke to me, thinking that I might have made the widow and orphans desolate."

"What is a righteous war?" asked 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 just."

For the CATHOLIC THE THREAD OF MENT.

An Unreported BY PHILIP A. Argument is like an arrow, which has equal force though it be bound.

"More copy wanted," he said. "I am impatient for the copy after planting a copy at the head of the last column and a half on fresh batch of boiler paper."

"That day, padding news was mighty scanty, less, a three-column Harris on 'A B. Pranks' covered a most typical miscellanea."

"The presses were full and every body was full of his shirt sleeves attended to the editor's now checked off. One had almost escaped editor."

"I was the last to leave for going, I searched for Madame Parvost's could find none. Her good fortune to discover programme lying on the 'dead' matter careless 'devil' had line into 'pi.' I proof of what there it read 'closing day. Then it stopped. Trouble in finding a name."

"Excuse me, ma connected with the asked politely. 'Faith and I don't plain, decent woman live, and it works like them folks workin', praise God other place,' was ceived."

"Would I be too quired for the name clergyman?" I asked. "Is it the preacher murderer? I never it's a thundering Wait and I'll call knows more than bage."

"The functionary was him. 'Sprechen sie him. He replied with and a smile of equ was my man. 'What is the in enquired. 'Grosman, was I was satisfied. From this obliging over the Rhine, the Bridget Houlihan was told in a whis necessary bit of in I had enough m to spin out a good mostly depended t gramine. There w left to speak of 'well fed and pos 'immaculate pillo tidiness,' 'perfec that. The annua was full of such p help me out wond