### H 7, 1903.

## r remained, and

would never, rl, faintly. "Oh, nd from his pro-

asp, and cov over her, putting nderly. But she her emotion even

rn of Raeburn !" elf with a pitiful ne-and a g !" whispered her ess that surprised le Cecile ! Dear Dear

yond your reach she returned, sob. lo, I do, Norbert. m so few and son I think of himand so

trusted me, Nor-ild try to do right s help, dear, you

" she echoed sob-

herished dream of encer and Raebury cile Raeburn and hould marry. Not plantations ere one in faith, of olic families in Viribject had not be ne day shortly be-leath, he hinted at

er, perhaps with a blow that was so s little girl's head. , who was present, on his way from a g at Cecile with hi asant face lit up by the girl, blushing, out a word. Littl dream that his next to the genial master loyal friend he was! rever, Lawyer Mars-narriage to Norbert onel's wish, and Dr. ing allusion to the big plantations. settled thing that, n which the outherner had never of showing his affect ile had grown up to not discovered how

was linked to hers affering, and realized , she had no ties in oughts were in con-ever known the lack

er's tenderness had if it were a garment. in all to others that her mar-Spencer had been his she could not think at dear, familiar face a dear, laminat accordingularly, almost mor-n the first tumult of ne world of love she bled to pieces before from her, the very ngle endearing word encer's lips seemed a lithful affection which

ween her father and untrue to his memory. and worried-restles She missed him at and more as the days the duties of her new her down. The rs did indeed com The gos-

fast

apes. She knew that he plantation awaited h a certain amount thought, for Norbert reat favorite. , severe on the surface , he might bo, but his kindness endeared him his dependents. This

new master, almost be-e was laid away, hurt It appeared as if cirdriving her - al ucceeded in driving a unusually harsh re-pople had been the out-bellious feelings. She ed, and tenacious of the should be paid to her nemory. Though she t and volatile disposi-ed to compel them, by h of will, as it were, to st rather than anticipate

#### MARCH 7, 1903

miles above Raeburn, and on his way back he meant to stop at Raeburn Hall. At any rate he was fully resolved Hall. At any rate news fully resolved that when the Sheik put his bools on Spencer ground again Cecile should be its promised mistress. He vaulted lightly into the saddle, turning to give

lightly into the saddle, turning to give some direction to the overseer who stood beside him. The man listened attentively, and as Norbert ended touched his cap. "Beg your pardon, sir, for changing the subject," he said. "But are you going to the Raeburn place ?" "I intend stopping there on my way, yes," answered his employer, in Aunt Name obeyed. Norbert was much amused at the look of patient resignation on her face — evidently Scipio was a sore point with her. Ce-cile did not speak again. She stood at the window, her blue eyes very thoughtful, and Norbert Spencer leaned against the mantel, flicking his boot with riding-whip. He did not speak, either, for he was pondering over this sudden

peared.

s," answered his employer, in tonishment. Before he could say anyves,' thing further Jornis continued I've heard nasty rumors this week,

notion of hers. A soft tap at the door made both look toward it. "Enter !" called Ceeile gently. sir, about Raeburn, and it might be well to give Miss Cecile a word of warn The man who came in in answer to her word was over six feet in height, with a great head set on massive shoulders. Norbert acknowledged to ing. Her man Sampson brought a new lot of blacks up the river about a fortlot of blacks up the river about a fort-night since, and I happen to know that there's one nigger among them bound to make trouble for anybody gits him. General Fortescue—the old General, shoulders. Norbert acknowledged to himself, looking at him critically, that he was as finely built and set up as any he knew-white or black. His dusky skin betrayed his humble origin, but General Fortescue—the old General, sir—bought him back about five years ago—he was born on the Fortescue plantation—and had almost to give him away. Couldn't do a thing with him. his face had only the merest shading o the African characteristics. His man-ner, too, was all that could be desired. say he can stand more punish-He did not glance at the stately ney say ne can stand more paintsh-nent than ten ornery niggers ; there sn't a squ' strip of skin on his body..." They aristocrat lounging against the mantel. His gaze sought Cecile, rested on her, and Norbert Spencer, at that moment, was touched, despite his attitude of Jornis was apt to be somewhat longwinded, and the Sheik, with the fresh cool unconcern. devotion of the Raeburn slaves—that had passed into proverb. But he had

morning air in his big nostrils, was restless. Spencer waved his hand. "His name, Jornis—what do they call him ?'

never seen on any face the expression that rested on this one now. It was humble, meek, adoring, intermingled Scipio they called the nigger, sir, when the Fortescues had him." "All right. Thank you. I'll see how matters stand." with a dignity that seemed to make it all the more pathetic. "Do you think you will get the broad acre finished before sundown, Scipio?" asked his mistress.

He gave the Sheik his head then, and leared the gate before the small stableboy could open it. He was very much hurt. He had seen Cecile three times last two weeks and she had said nothing concerning new slaves. A feeling of resentment entered his heart. Cecile buying slaves without ever a word to him ! Having trouble with them, too, and not asking his assistance Surely his long friendship, if no dearer sentiment, entitled him to that much consideration ! The dead master Raeburn, ever wise and cool-headed, had not disdained to ask Norbert

Spencer's advice when need arose. He cut short his affairs at General Fortescue's, and reached Raeburn about 9.30. Cecile was still at breakabout 9.30. Cecile was sold at oreas fast when he entered the morning-room. Her head was aching, and she had pushed away from her in disgust the food Aunt Nance took so much care to nder tempting. But she motioned him to a seat nevertheless, and was busy filling him out a cup of coffee eve before he sat down. He looked at her critically, blaming himself mentally for not noticing before how ill she seemed. Where had the laughing, joyous child fairy-girl of the gone, the dancing fairy-girl of the Colonel's time? This reserved young woman was not she; this girl with the shadows under her blue eyes was un

known to him. Mechanically he took the cup she handed him and put it down, its contents untasted. " Are you not well ?" he asked, more

sharply than he knew. She looked at him in astonishmentrather at the quick, curt tone than at

the question. "Well? Why, of course. What put the notion that I wasn't into your

"I-I- refuse to believe it! ] von't believe it! A fellow like that : He pointed to the untasted break-Girl, are you crazy ?" Two red spots glowed on her cheeks "That." He got up from the table,

and her eyes blazed fire; no one had ever spoken to her in that tone, and the Raeburn temper was inflammable as and coming, leaned over her chair. "What's the matter, little girl? Won't you tell me and let me help

want to hear any avowal of love—she shrank from it—she dreaded it—it would not do. And yet, with true that very moment to have it settled— longed to known her own it more than to have it settled.

# THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

anger drank, the lees tasted bitter in show you the man first, please. Ring the bell, won't you ?" He complied, and Aunt Nance apher mouth.

A strange thing had happened. For the first time within the memory of the "Send one of the boys for Scipio. oldest inhabitant, there was coolness Tell him Miss Cecile wishes to see him in the morning-room." between the two great houses of Spencer and Raeburn. Never before in annals of Virginia had such a thing occurred.

Lawyer Marsden, getting wind of it, mistress of Raeburn Hall, disapproving, not so much of the action, as of its conse quences in regard to her marriage with Norbert Spencer—which, for the good of the Raeburn plantation, he felt ought to take place as soon as might he, since, in his opinion, no woman was any kind of a manager, and Cecile least of all. Her reception nonplused treated him courteously him. She enough, but plainly showed she did not intend to open the subject, let alone liscuss it. He visited Spencer Manor, then. Norbert, bitterly hurt and avgry, poured out the whole story.

Dr. Dayton was next to call on Cecile, strongly prepared to esponse the cause of Spencer. She could talk to this dear old friend more freely, and to him she gave her version of the affair. He immediately approved it. though his Southern feelings stoutly, if inwardly, asserted that Norbert Spencer had but acted according to the tra-ditions of their kind. When next he and Marsden met, however, they en-tered upon a heated discussion of the case. Dr. Dayton, in spite of his con-trary belief, found himself taking up Cecile's side of the question. Lawyer Marsden, hard-headed and stubborn, firmly convinced of Cecile's right to do exactly as she pleased, no matter what the consequences, took the Spencer view. Thus partisanship made raging, fuming opponents of two who had form-erly been held up as the best friends in the county. After that there was chilliness in the air when the Daytons and

He was used to the

with a dignity that seemed to make it

" I'm gwine try ha'd, missy," he re

smiled at him, and he withdrew. "That's Scipio, Norbert," she said,

turning to the young man eagerly. "What do you think now ?" "Think ?" He shrugged his shoul-

ders contemptuously. Once the fellow was out of the room he resented the momentary interest he had compelled.

"Has one time to waste thinking on-on such ?" He was nettled. "Able

earn his salt, I reckon, from the look

She was silent a moment. "I wish you could see his body,

" Well ?" He raised his eyebrows

sonal feeling begins to rule you i

" Cecile !'

" Well ?'

But what about a nigger, Ce-Why bother ourselves ?"

That's all, then-thank you." She

sponded.

on such

of him.

cile ?

Marsdens came in contact. Father Vincent, who understood Cecile's half-disciplined nature better than any one else, listened to her patiently, and looked at her with his grave eyes. That look hurt. He knew, as soon as her anger cooled, that her warm heart would bring its own punishment. She talked to him, too, bitterly, eagerly, more vehement in her expressions

 anger than she was aware.
"Dear child," he answered, gravely,
when she had finished "1 do not question your right to do as you please she said then. In a disappointed tone. "Norbert, it's awful. He's cut up so that there isn't an inch of him that isn't with your personal property. yours. And we will admit that Nor-bert was more violent than-than he had a right to be. But, my dear would your father have let the sun go down upon his wrath? Even were he indifferently, looking at her in some surprise, determined to show no inter-Even were he in the right, he was the most noble and most generous man I ever knew-and est in this queer freak of the mistress of Raeburn's. "He's evidently one of those cross-grained brutes, Cecile-if his nobility and generosity were never shown to greater advantage than when dealing with those who had injured he hadn't deserved punishment he would'nt have got it. Look here, child — don't let false sentiment run

himself

teeth.

him-" "Don't, Father," said Cecile, catch-ing her breath sharply. Don't, away with you. It's bad. Once pering don't.

sonal feeling begins to rate you in the gard to these people, you won't know where to stop," a little hotly now. But the words had found a lodgment But the words had bond a long with self in her breast, and the battle with self began then—a battle that would have ended in her defeat, if the innocent cause of the trouble had not justified wars "You may not like it, then," she said in a dangerously quiet tone, "when I tell you I have given Scipio emancipation papers and hired him to work for me?" his existence in the most noble of ways, and settled all disputes and difficulties orever.

> It had been oppressively warm. The cattle drowsed, knee-deep in clover, cattle drowsed, kneedeep in cloth, the negroes at work in the cotton-fields had excuse for laziness. The earth was parched, the grass wilted, the flowers drooping languidly on their

stalks. There was scarce a tremor among the leaves of the big oak-trees you ?" "You can not help me, Norbert. I am getting along finely." She spoke stilly. The tenderness in his voice put her on her guard. She did not want to know a started in the spoke put her on her guard. She did not white father, and that blood made him as the sun set, and long shadows fell as the sun set, and long shadows fell as the sun set, and that shift here as a meaning wind arose as the twind at first with no relief

"Heah, sir," he says, in a thick, anting voice, "Heah, sah — heah, And for the first time - the last time in her life, Cecile Raeburn knew panting voice, "I Massa No'be't, sah.' what fear was. She covered her eyes with her hands to shut out the terrifyhis arms the burden he has brought. The blanket, sizzled and smouldering at ing glare. Her brain reeled, grew dizzy. Noises sounded in her ears. she felt herself slipping, slipping downward. Then all was darkness.

In the main mansion a moment later everything was in confusion. One of the servants saw the sudden flame that shot up against the dark sky, and a mo ment later all knew that lightning had struck the east wing. In a second, apparently, the whole upper part was in blaze. Some one sprang to the bell blaze. Some one sprang to the bell, sending out wild peals of alarm, and the negroes, swarning from all sides, formed a fire brigade to save the "great house." Suddenly a scream went up. Annt Nance, beating her breast with both hands, came running along the hall, her voice sounding above the din. "Missy Cecile's in de turret-room Lawd-Gawd-a-massy, Missy Cecile's in

de turiet-room!" A sudden horrified blankness shut down over each dark face. Involuntar ily all eyes turned to the east wing. A groan went up. Still the bell rang out its warning

notes. Over at Spencer Manor some one discovered the red glare in the sky some one heard the pealing of the bel A moment later, all thoughts of his petty grievance forgotten, the master of Spencer was tearing along the great Raeburn road. In all his after-life he never forgot that ride. His little love, his Cecile God only knew how she fared that night! What if— But no, no, no! That was impossible — nothing like that could happen, he thought, setting his teeth into his and but the theore she kielt the

And then the Sheik felt the under lip. dig of the dig of the spur, and rose on his haunches at the unaccustomed touch of pain, and spread himself right gallantly to his task.

might have known she was not here

clothing. He drags it toward him-

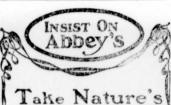
bing blanket to which he had

allments coming from some derange-ment of the stomach or bowels which the mother's watchful eye may not detect, which nevertheless make themselves manifest in irritability or sleeplessness. A dose of Baby's Own Tab-lets given at such a time will speedily put the little one right and will give healthy, natural sleep, and you have a positive guarantee that there is not a particle of opiate or harmful drug in the medicine. Thousands of mothers give their children no other medicine they had been mistaken-And then his hand touches a heap of and all mothers who have used tablets praise them. Mrs. A. McDonwords die on his lips, and he grits his teeth. From his arm he takes the dripald, Merton. Ont., says :--" Baby's Own Tablets are the best medicine for clung. little ones I have ever used, and I always keep them in the house in case and which he would not use for his own protection because it was to touch the form of his beloved mistress. He wraps cents a box by medicine dealers or sent post paid by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville,

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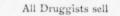
Proveros "When the butter won't come put a penny in the

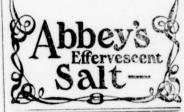


3

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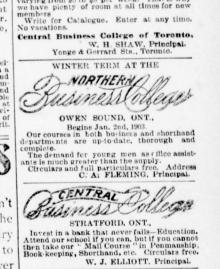
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its edges, falls away, and the light shines on the ghastly face, the golden hair of his beloved. Shouting he

he class her to him and holding her thus, he looks down at her savior. "Scipio!" he cries. "God in heaven, Scipio!" Ay, massa-Scipio."

With a cry of horror Norbert lifts in

"Scipio—" he begins again—and that was all. The tears choke him. He puts the senseless form of the girl loves into the willing hands out stretched to receive her, and kneels beside the man who has given his life for hers. Kneeling thus, Norber Spencer tasted remorse to the full. It made all his after years the tenderer " My poor fellow !" he said pitifully. " How did you ever do it ?"

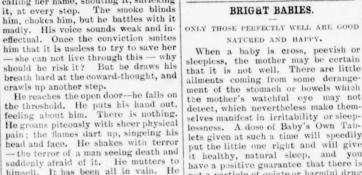
"Got a black body, massa-but a white heart. Ah saved her—ah swore by God to, Massa No'be't—"

Scinic "God help us, Missy Cecile-God help us! On'y Scipio, massa. Got a black-

It was fully three months before Cecile Raeburn recovered from the effects of that awful night-months of patient waiting and dread anxiety to he man who loved her. Her first wish was to see Scipio's grave. Norbert Spencer went with her, and she leaned eavily on his arm as she bent to read the inscription engraved on the splendid monument. Nor could she decipher the words, but stood, sobbing, while he read them to her, his voice grave and olemn and gentle:

" Erected by Cecile Raeburn in memory of The Man Who Gave His Life for Hers SCIPIO.

In Whose Black Body dwelt the Soul of a Martyr and the Heart of a Hero. Requiescat in Pace." -GRACE KEON, in Benziger's Magazine



of emergencies." Good for children of all ages from birth upward. Sold at 25

it about her. His strength is super-human. He looks down at the stairsa seething mass. Will they hold? It is death—death for him, surely—death for her, perhaps. But is not death Ont. And he may be able to save her.

She is untouched, unharmed — safe for the time being. He raises her in his the time being. He raises ner had in the time being. He has never prayed in the time arms. He has never a God, or his life-he has never known a felt the need of one. But he has heard her pray; he has watched her, when, her pray; he has watched her, when, with sweet face bent, and hands joined, she recited the "Memorare" with such touching pathos that every one present felt the words were real to her. And even he knelt with bowed head when she began the "De Parofandic" for the soul of the departed Profundis" for the soul of the departed master of Raeburn. And that was as near heaven or God as Scipio has ever

But one there was who thought for But one there was who chought for Cecile before Norbert Spencer knew she needed help. Up the narrow turret-stairs a massive figure fights its way, calling her name, shouting it, shrieking it at reconstruct. The smalle blinds calling her name, shouting it, shreaking it, at every step. The smoke blinds him, chokes him, but he battles with it madly. His voice sounds weak and in-effectual. Once the conviction smites him that it is useless to try to save her - she can not live through this should he risk it? But he draws his

th went by, in silence Norbert Spencer felt at restraint on himself othing of coming years etulance and ill-temper y, though he attributed eat grief-their rightful imes, indeed, his voice note of tenderness, the which he could not keep the proud coolness of her ked all advances. Her f rage had been rather well as enjoyed by her tock them as evidences ding-knowing how soon nile would flash from be-But this Miss Cecile . But this Miss Cecile rave, pale face that she he looked at them stern. eyes, and spoke to them all the time her lonely as aching with its new adapt itself to changed was well that her father r, so far as lay in his rate amount of self-conr judgment. Both we Her responsibilities She had never known e had to settle, the decis make, the many perplexthat arose daily, continmanagement of dependent

bert Spencer made up his nust end-that it was his k to her, to take her is own strong shoulders, matter for good and all. the Sheik, his big gray an hour earlier than orning. He had business scue plantation, some six

"I hear you've made additions to pur stock," he said. "And Jornis tells your stock.' in the air. Are you having trouble, You must remember, child, Cecile ? that even the Colonel wasn't too proud

to ask my advice on occasion. She looked at him with moist eves

Thank you, Norbert, for reminding You see, the tobacco fields me of that. were ready for the planting and we were short-handed. Father spoke of spoke of buying a new lot before—before—he took sick that time." She shivered a little when she mentioned her bereave-"Sampson told me these were ment

going very cheap, and there were only five of them—all they needed was fat-tening up, and a few weeks' rest, he said. I gave him carte blanche—father always did.'

The swift, almost appealing glance from under the dark lashes did much to ollify his wounded feelings. He nodded.

'Besides there was one selling I wanted badly. Scipio, his name is. General Fortescue had him once-he was born on the For-"

"Now, that's queer ! Jornis told me a story about him only this mern-General-Well, he gives him a fine reputation. Pretty dangerous, Cecile. Better ship him

Ship him off !" opening her eyes in astonishment. "Wby, I just told you I bought the lot on purpose to get him. know his story, Norbert-heard it a long time ago, and sad enough it made me, I can assure you. At first Samp-son wouldn't have him-"

"Sampson was right, dear," interrupted Norbert for the second time. You know as well as I that there's no crime equal to insubordination-it's infectious. And from what I have heard-"

Wait, Norbert - now do wait." This was more like the impulsive girl he remembered, and he smiled. "Don't speak so harshly. Let me

that very moment to have it settled— longed to know her own mind. The cool tone in which she answered him hurt the impetuous young Southerner, wounded to the quick once before that morning. He changed the conversation somewhat abruptly. ness. As I would not drive my horse Micah, or you your Shelk. Oh, my blood chilled when I heard it! I treat-

ed him like a human being. He acted like one. I wish you could have seen his face when I told him he was free. May God spare me to do many such

May God phase deeds! "But the precedent !" cried Nor-bert Spencer, in a voice choked with rage. "Can any one accuse me of being mikind to my people? Am I not a good master ? But to do a thing like that—so uncalled for, so— Have you no regard for the demoralizing

against all the teachings of our school 1 Of course ! I knew it—and you a Cath-olic ! You are inhuman. You are worse—worse than General Fortescue himself. As to that," her voice rose in a very torrent of wrath now, "aren't my slaves my own ? Can't I free every

one one of them, if I please? How dare you question my actions? Yo have no right—you shall not do i There is the door, Norbert Spencer !

"If I go, Cecile, I shall never come back.". One could hardly recognize the usually pleasant voice in that strained tone

She laughed. "So? I am not aware of the fact that I have asked you to come.

"Ceeile, I—" "Will you go, or shall I ask Aunt Nance to show you—" He was gone then, quickly, banging the door behind him. His footsteps echoed heavily from the hall, and a moment later she heard the clatter of hors. She nut her hands up to her force " Cecile, I-"

She put her hands up to her face with a little cry. This was the ending. Her cup of under her feet. hoo's.

a flash of light, forked and vivid and terrifying; the patter of raindrops on the leaves—then a mighty roar and a crash, as the thunderbolts of heaven's

artillery echoed from the hills. The east wing of Raeburn Hall, almost wholly detached from the main portion of the mansion, contained the turret-room, so called, built by some dead and rage. "Can any one accuse me of being unkind to my people? Am I not a good master? But to do a thing like that—so uncalled for, so— Have you no regard for the demoralizing effect this will have on the other plan-tations as well as on your own? Genyou no regard for the other plan-effect this will have on the other plan-tations as well as on your own? Gen-eral Fortescue—" "Is a brutal man, who sold the child "Is a brutal man, who sold the child from his mother's side when he was but two years old," she cut in. "Don't two years old," she cut in. "Don't two years old," she cut in. "Don't two general Fortescue to me. A enote General Fortescue to me. A conte General Fort cleaner heart beats in this black slave s sky. Ceche Racourt's eyes had rested body than in that white tyrant's—oh, I know all you would say. It's treason, isn't it? It's against my caste ! It's against all the teachings of our school : had viewed it with strangely mixed The first of her anger had feelings. The first of her anger had been soothed away by the priest's words been soothed and a sorry. She knew to her-and she was sorry. She knew her own mind more fully. She acknowl-edged to herself that she missed him very much — but her pride, the bitter Raeburn pride, still refused to unbar

the path that led to reconciliation. You The rising storm found her seated there, watching the wonderful scene. The tall trees beneath her shivered and twisted in the blast; the lowering clouds seemed so near that she felt she had but to put forth her hand to touch them; the crash and the rumble of thunder, the vivid forks of light, the first few drops of rain, and then the first tew drops of rail, and then one breaking of the torrent — all was awe-inspiring, frightening in its dread majesty to the spirit of a sorrowful girl, alone and away from all the world. She aught her breath, and stood up to close the window. The rain stopped. A loud explosion close to her almost deafened her. A blinding light set the turret-room ablaze. The floor rocked

with kindly eyes, spoke to him with kindly lips, gave him—oh, moment for which he had been willing to die!—his freedom from bondage! And at the thought of what she had done for him, he straightens up. He is a free manfree man, and is doing this of his own ree will. And if he dies, he dies a ree man.

The flames are creeping nearer, The names are creeping beact, nearer. "God help us, Missy Cecile— Gcd help us, God help us!" he mutters thickly. His eyes are smarting with pain, he can not see. No; not even for her! It is impossible, he can not o it, he will not-it is awful, horrible;

to it, he will not—it is awful, horrible; t is torture, martyrdom— Some one is plunging through that sea of fire. He is delirious, dreaming —he must be! It is not he—surely not he! No one could dare it— "God help us, Missy Cecile, God help us!" His voice is a shriek of

help us !" error now. There is a creaking and a waying behind him—a mighty crash. The roof has fallen in. It is now, now, now—or never! He has reached the pottom platform. "Yes, Missy Cecile -I'm a-coming, missy,' he says, hrough shut teeth. The helpless gure in his arms may have tasted death r all he knows, but every bit of life maining in his powerful frame holds to emaining in its power arrange house to but one idea—he must get her through anscathed. Dead or living, the fire shall never claim her. Dead or living,

he shall rest in Raeburn Hall that ight.

Norbert Spencer, with the light of adness in his eyes, stands at the foot f the burning pile as the roof falls, eld back by a dozen restraining hands held back by a dozen restraining hards. He calls on God in his agony, throwing his arms up in air to hide his face from view. And just then—so long has it taken to tell it, so quickly has it tranment. spired-a semblance of humanity, bleed ng and burned and disfigured, issues forth from the smoking creature no longer human in appear-ance. The fire has followed him, fighting for every inch of the way he gained. past now. He totters, stumbles, falls prostrate, at Norbert Spen-cer's feet. But it is

churn," is an old time dairy proverb. It often seems to vork though no one has ever told why.

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