

back or abdomen, ay be certain that some may

side," pains in the back of abounder, and headaches, she may be certain that some-thing is radically wrong. A local doctor, with a limited field of ob-servation and experience, will probably say that the fault is in the stomach, liver or heart. Generally he is wrong. The fault is probably in the delicate and important organs that really constitute womanhood. They are weak or diseased. If such is the case, only a doctor of known reputation and wide experience should be consulted. A letter to Dr. R. V. Pierce, for thirty years chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y., will secure the free advice of prob-ably the most eminent specialist in these diseases in the world. Dr. Pierce's Favor-ite Prescription has been used with success by tens of thousands of invalid women. Over 90,000 have acknowledged its merits over their signatures. It promptly cures all weakness and disease of the organs dis-tinctly feminine. All medicine dealers. " I have been a great sufferer from female dis-cases " wires Mrs. C. C. Clark, of New Rome.

tinctly feminine. All medicine dealers. "I have been a great sufferer from female dis-eases," writes Mrs. C. C. Clark, of New Rome, Floyd Co. Ga. "I was confined to my bed three years, and not able to sit, in my chair but very little. I got one of your pamphilets and read it and sent and got three bottles of Dr. Pierce's Fa-vorite Prescription. I took the medicine and re-ceived so much benefit from those three bottles that I was induced to take more. I therefore sent and got nine bottles. A took them and they commilete veryed me."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure bil-iousness and constipation. One a dose, They never gripe. in her teens — for the word had touched the thought that was in his heart. "Yes love!" he answered shyly, yet

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THE CATHOLIC RECORD

men together, and quaffed a bumper of the bright, red wine, and tossed the tink-ling glasses over their shoulders, so that no meaner toast might ever more dis-honor them. "She must have a heart of ice if she resist you," thought O'Connor, as he glanced admiringly at the figure be-fore him in its full court suit of right year LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD fore him, in its full court suit of rich vel-vet and brocaded silk, the handsome young face radiant with happiness and

An Historical Romance

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

CHAPTER V.-CONTINUED.

Neither spoke for a little, though the companionship was inexpressibly pleas-to both. Arthur O'Connor was habitu-ally silent. The delight that throbbed in the delight that throbbed in

Lord Edward's heart could find no words

"There go death and grief," he said, as he watched them — "welcome life and

happiness." "And love ?" said O'Connor, with a

note of interrogation in his voice. Lord Edward blusbed like a school gırl

"Yes love !" he answered shyly, yet defiantly. "There is no shame in loving

her. "Oh! Arthur, that that coward"—with

an emphasis on the word coward as if he would spurn it—"should dare to take her

name in vain.

what was his relief.

out my company in the drawing-room or garden of Henrietta street."

CHAPTER VI.

go," said O'Connor - they had dined to

WHETHER

THE SORE

ARM, LEG.

Alter

WE MALL WAS

5) ***

DR CHASES

OINTMENT

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BE ON THE

OF

THE

BODY.

eyes ? You cannot call it love."—Hamlet.

yoing is a fanan win nappliers and love. He clasped Lord Edward's hand warm-ly and bade him God speed and good fortune, and the other went down the steps three at a time to the sedan chair thatstood at the door, with, close at hand, the linkboy with torck alight, to guide it through the darkness. Arthur O'Connor, left alone, filled him-self another bumper of the rare, ripe claret, of flavor smooth as liquid velvet. "It will wound him sorely if she refuse," he murmured, " and yet I almost hope she may refuse. Better one hot, sharp pang of grief and anger than have that warm, loving heart of his slowly frozen in his breast, wasting its warmth on ice unthawable." to utter itself. His passion had passed away, as the sword-hit dropped from his hand. There was nothing of anger in the contempt with which Lord Dulwich was now regarded. The wild re-action from the dismal forbodings of an hour before, was full upon him. The young life which he had given over as lost, thrilled deli-ciously through his frame, even to his finger-tips. Never before had the beautiful world appeared so beautiful. The sun breaking its way through the mist dissolved it in pure blue. The green sward, vivid from the recent rain, unthawable No such thought was in Lord Edward's

No such thought was in Lord Edward's heart, as his chair lumbered and swayed along through the dark thoroughfares towards Lord Mountjoy's stately man-sion in Henrietta street. He, went to woe the most peerless woman that ever breathed on Gód's earth, and Hope prom-ised him the perfect happiness of suc-cess. green sward, vivid from the recent rain, stretched away in wide stopes or in long vistas through the darker green of the trees. Across the valley the Dublin mountains began to outline themselves clear against the soft blue of the morning sky. Lord Edward's eyes drank in the scene delightedly, until he sighed in that vague pain — that excess of rapture — which all lovers of nature have felt in the vossession of its beauty.

cess. Henrietta street's broad slope was filled with stately equipages and all ablaze with flaming torches. The light and motion converged towards the door of the stately mansion at the head of the possession of its beauty. O'Connor heard the half sigh, and with-out a word he handed Lord Edward the street, where in the great hall, marble paved in squares black and white, like a huge chessboard, Lord Mountjoy received two letters written the night before. Without a word Lord Edward tore them to little pieces and scattered the bits in the light wind, where they went flut-tering away behind him like a small his guests.

Here Lord Edward was cordially met and welcomed, and with the gay crowd passed up the broad staircase to the drawing-room. It was a scene to stir his young blood. Never a nation in the world understood better than the Irish

the art of magnificent hospitality. The spacious chamber was one great glow of color and light, for in those days the gentlemen vied with the ladies in brilloant tints and flashing jewels. There was a nurmur of feminine admiration as Lord Edward entered. The chairas Lord Edward entered. The chair-men's tongues had been busy from early morning, and the whisper of that duel of his in the Pheenix with the most skilful swordsman in Dublin, had crept on and up until it reached the brilliant assembly at Lord Mountjoy's. Bright eyes, blue and black, glanced admiringly at the slight, graceful figure of the lordly young hero who had risked life so gallantly for the smiles—so ran the rumour—of a woman.

name in vain. "Yet, do you know," he continued, after a pause, "I was a coward myself last night. I was a coward again this morning. But it was not life I feared to lose, but her love." "You did not strike me as being so degnerately frightened when your swords rumour-of a woman.

desperately frightened when your swords crossed," said the other, smiling. " Oh ! I was all right when I got hold of the sword. All the old fighting spirit "Welcome, my lord," said a deep, pleas-ant voice close beside. "Accept my con-gratulations on a danger met and conquered. Courage is the first quality Ire-land expects from Irishmen."

"Oh! I was all right when I got hold of the sword. All the old fighting spirit came back with a rush, but never in my life have I thought of death as I thought of it last night." "No wonder," responded O'Connor gravely. "I thought of it, too. If Dul-wich's nerve was equal to his skill and his malice, I would be carrying home a corpse with a, sword-thrust through its bosom, instead of walking by your side." He laid his hand affectionately on the other's shoulder as he spoke, with a ges-ture that told more eloquently than words could, what had been his anxiety, and what was his relief. It was a grave, middle-aged man, in sombre-hued velvet, that spoke; a man with a clean-cut acquiline face, and eyes that blazed like an eagle's, but with a winning smile for all that, and a pleasant action in his action. softness in his voice. Lord Edward blushed with pleasure,

and bowed in silence, for a kind word from Henry Grattan was something to be proud of. The little man with the brilliant, ugly

what was his relief. "Thank you, Arthur," said Lord Ed-ward, simply replying in words to the brief, kindly pressure of his hand. "But let up drop dismal thoughts and topics. I feel as if I had got a new lease of life, and mean to enjoy it. We will dine to-gether to-day, wherever you will. I am bidden to a reception at Mountjoy's in the evening. Will you be there?" "Will Lady Gertrude be there?" Again the light blush came. "I see," continued O'Connor, drily. "I fancy you will be able to get along with-out my company in the drawing-room or The little man with the oriliant, agiy face, and eyes like sparkling jewels, to whom Grattan had just been talking, broke in abruptly— "If his tongue proves as sharp as his sword's point," he said, " and he wield it as dexterously, he will be a valuable ally, Henry. or a dangerous energy, as the case Henry, or a dangerous enemy, as the case

"I fear the sword is more my weapon "I fear the sword is more my weapon than the tongue," said Lord Edward, modestly. "But sword or tongue, for modestly. "But sword or tongue, ba whatever they may be worth, will even be at Henry Grattan's service in Ireland's cause.

"A new volunteer movement," cried Curran, smiling. "Lord Edward is your first recruit." " Pray God Ireland may not soon need

to claim her sons' services again with voice and sword," said Grattan, very

and his life-blood was warm with that delicious certainty. Her greeting was calm and common-place, so far as words wont, but there was a gentleness in her tones that seemed to to give it a special meaning. Her beauty spoke for her with wondrous eloquence. Then the music struck up again a lan-guishing strain, and they rose and took

guishing strain, and they rose and took their places in the minuet—the sweet decorous graceful minuet, so far removed from the swinging waltzes and jigging polkas of modern times—so befitting the timid sanctity of first love, which is less passion than worship. As they danced, lending the poetry of motion to the next of misc, which is next

As they danced, lending the poetry of motion to the poetry of music, whispers buzzed about the room that Lady Ger-trude had found a heart to lose at last, and that Lord Edward had conquered in more than a duel. The girls felt, per-haps, a little twinge of disappointment that he "was lost," and matrons a little thill of delight that Lord Dulwich "was sete."

After the dance Lord Edward and his partner left the ball-room, and walked lown the broad marble staircase together Her small hand resting lightly on his arm made the blood course hotly through his veins. But he had recovered from the first de

lirium of delight, and was able to flin back light answer and jest to her careles to fling gossip about the doings of their little world. Never a hint was there on ei her side of the morning's duel, of which all

While light talk and laughter played about the surface of Lord Edward's mind, in its depths was formed the resolve that the surface of Lord Edward's form. This this evening should decide his fate. This evening, so he fondly hoped, would as sure him of the love for which his soul s thirsted.

They sat and chatted in the panelled reception room, a little apart from the other guests, but still within range o other guests, but still within range of curious eyes. He could not ask her there to be his wife. The question seemed too solemn, too removed from the common-places of the world. He longed

for the open air and solitude. So they passed out into the garden, and paced together down the moonlit walk Lady Gertrude moved with him, docide as a child. They still talked lightly on gay topics that stirred the gay capital. But Lord Edward's voice at times faltered a little, and his laughter was broken by

Halfway down the garden they came upon an arbor over which the bushy woodbine clambered, filling the space vithin with sweetness.

There was silence for a little as they sat close together on the rustic seat. Lady Gertrude, who had heretofore kept the conversation moving, made no effort to sustain it. Lord Edward could not speak. He was weak and trembling. speak. He was weak and trembling. He had often thought how eloquently he would plead his passion if such chance offered him. Now, he sat dumb. The silence grew painful. At last, with a great effort, he broke it in the old words great enort, he broke it in the old words that have been spoken so many million times and will be spoken so many more. "Gertrude," he faltered out appealing-ly, "I love you. Oh! you must know how dearly I love you. Will you be my wife?" vife

He caught her hand and 'clasped it in

The caught her hand and clasped it in both his own as he spoke. Very gently she withdrew it. "Oh! Gertrude," he went on, for he found words now. "I know I am not worthy of you. But my love is worthy of your way deding. "There is no worthy of you, my darling. There is no such love n the world as mine." She was still silent, and fear struck col

to his heart. "Gertrude ! Gertrude !" he cried in a

pitiful voice, like one begging for life, "answer me, at least. Teil me my fate.

took the arm of her affianced husband, and moved with him down the moon-lit walk with face impassive as his own. Only a faint quiver of his thin lips, and a touch of color in his pale cheek, showed how keenly the coward enjoyed his cow-ardly revence. ardly revenge. TO BE CONTINUED.

PROTESTANTISM AND BLESSED VIRGIN. THE

Boston Pilot

The Rev. Alexander Whyte, D. D. has been giving a series of lectures on "Bible Characters," in the Free St. George's Church, Edinburgh, Scotland. nese have been later reprinted in the British Weekly. On a recent Sunday evening he came, in his course, to "Joseph and Mary." That he should express and that his people should hear or read approvingly his semi Catholic treatment of the Virgin Mother of God and her holy spouse is one of the most remarkable indications of the religious change that is slowly but surely com-ing over the face of Protestant Scotland.

"The pendulum is swinging the other way now !" writes the Protestant friend who sends to the Pilot this

Joseph, not yet understanding the di vine mystery of the Incarnation, was troubled about his wife; but being "a just man," and gentle hearted be yond his fellows, "was minded to put

"No sooner was Mary left alone of the angel than she began to realize omething of what had been appointed her, and what she must now prepare herself to pass through. The sharp sword that the aged Simeon afterwards spoke of with such passion was already whetted, and was fast approaching her devoted and exposed heart. On a thousand sacred canvasses throughout Christendom we are shown the Angel of the Annunciation presenting Mary with a branch of lily as an emblem of her beauty and as a seal of her purity. But why has no spiritual artist stained the whiteness of the lilv with the red blood of a broken heart? For no sooner had the transfiguring light of the angel's presence faded from her sight than a deep and awful darkness began to fall around Joseph's espoused wife. Surely if ever a suffering sou had to seek all its righteousness and all its strength in God alone it was the soul of the Virgin Mary in those terri ble days that followed the Annuncia tion. Blessed among women as all the time she was ; unblemished in soul and in body as the paschal lamb : yet, like the paschal lamb she was set apart to be a supreme sacrifice, and to have a

sword thrust through her heart." He indulges in speculation as to how long a time elapsed before St. Joseph's doubts were cleared up by the visit of the angel, and seems to as sume that the Blessed Virgin was away on her visit to St. Elizabeth during this sad time. There are in these passages some things not quite accord ing to Catholic sentiment, much as the writer extols the sanctity of Joseph. But here is a passage which one can

"answer me, at least. Teil me my fate. Do not kill me by despair." His voice seemed to touch her a little. Very gently she answered : "It cannot be, my lord. It grieves me to say it, but it cannot be. I feel proud of your love. I will feel glad of your friendship, but I can never be your wife." "Do not speak so hastily, Gertrude," he entreated, with love's inconsistency. "I only ask hope—faint and distant though it be; and hope I will have until I hear from your own lips you love another." must give Mary her promised due. We must not allow ourselves to entertain a grudge against the Mother of Our Lord because some enthusiasts for her have given her more than her due There is no fear of our thinking too much either of Mary's maidenly vir tues, or of her motherly duties and ex periences. The Holy Ghost in guid-ing the researches of Luke, and in superintending the composition of the Third Gospel, especially signalizes the depth and the piety and the peace of Mary's mind. At the angel's salutation she did not swoon or cry out. She did not rush either into terror on the one hand or into transport on the other. But like the heavenly minded maiden she was, she cast in her mind what manner of salutation this should be. And later on, when all who heard it were wondering at the testimony of the shepherds, it is instructively added, that Mary kept all those things, and pondered them in her heart. And yet again, when an other twelve years have passed by, we find the same Evangelist still pointing out the same distinguishing feature of Mary's saintly character, 'They under-stood not the sayings which Jesus spake unto them ; only His mother kept all these sayings in her heart.' "But again, if we are to apply this sure principle to Mary's case, 'accord-ing to your faith so be it unto you,' then Mary must surely wear the crown as the mother of all them who believe in her Son. If Abraham's faith has made him the father of all them who believe, surely Mary's faith entitles her to be called their mother. If the converse of our Lord's words holds true that no mighty work is done where there is unbelief; if we may safely reason that where there has been a mighty work done there must have been a corresponding and a co operat faith; then I do not think we can easily over-estimate the measure of Mary's faith. If this was the greatest work ever wrought by the power and the grace of Almighty God among the children of men, and if Mary's faith entered into it at all, then how great her faith must have been !"

DECEMBER 18. 1897.

cies of Protestantism is its long stand. ing idea that one could possibly render acceptable adoration and service to Incarnate while ignoring or God disparaging her of whom He deigned to take flesh. The heart of every good Protestant

mother in the world must have instinetively rebelled at the attempt of her creed to find in the words of Christ Himself some slight to the Mother who bore Him.

The Heavenly Peace.

The practice of religion demands a free mind. Therefore it was that our ord promised His disciples peace He gave them the peace the world could not give so that they might seek the things which pertain to Him. This peace was not on outward peace, for the world warred on the Church from the beginning ... It was the peace of the spirit and reigned as really in the soul of the martyr who lay upon the rack as in the soul of the hermet who sought God in the stillness of the everlasting hills.

If we would serve God, we, too, must seek for that peace. It is not rest, or laziness, or inaction. There is nothing so peaceful as a broad and mighty river sweeping without a ripple on its surface to the sea. Peace means that all our desires tend in the one direction. That there are no cross purposes, no contradictions in When the full current of our souls. our being sets towards God then we shall have peace.

Such a peace is not gained in a day. In the first place only God can give it, and in the second place He seldom if ever gives it at once. It comes to us by little as the reward of long little struggling and cheerful suffering. It is the conscious dwelling under the wings of the Almighty. It is the be-ginning of the rest eternal which is in

This peace does not mean that we nust not busy ourselves in temporal affairs. It is given to those who do their work in the world as well as to those who do their work in the cloister. It is found among those whose occupations are the most menial as well as among those to whom fortune gives leisure and education. It consists in doing God's will, come what may. "Thy will be done" is the expression of its presence, and it has always a blessing for the Providence of God even when that Providence appears to treat us ill. The Monitor.

Agnosticism.

Agnosticism has done its work, and the followers of this fad-doctrine it can not be called-are rapidly passing into the last stage of irreligion-total unbelief. A so called intelligent audi ence listened to Felix Adler, president of the Society of Ethical Culture in New York, this week, when he said : "Let politics take the place of religion. If we care nothing for kings let us devote ourselves to the State. In the State let us find the personal deity which is passing out of men's lives. Let the state be the object of our worship. Let us make it sacred, and when we have done so the State will have taken the place of the personification. Let the state be that personification." This was the absurd peroration of a dis-course entitled, "What has Religion done for Civilization?" If the man really meant what he said his sanity might be questioned. Patriotism is one thing, but making a deity of the State is quite another. Would Mr.

DECEMBER 18, 18

CHRISTMAS AT ST.

MARION AMES TAGGA CATHOLIC WOR

Times were hard in th Dunstan's. Perhaps the superfluous, for times we there, and the very m parish was enough to cal of sympathy for its pr brothers in the diocese. not a place much sought dates for vacant parish the Bishop sent young I there, just after his ordin

plenty of pity but none St. Dunstan's lav at th of a small town made up tories and their workme cept the few better place town where the su and owners' families live never quite enough to eachouses huddled together an average of at least fi each of them. and mon and saloons plenty were dull men found the only knew in forgetting the help of fiery adulter whisky. They were brawny, hopeless lot, b iron and the smoke of made up of various nat a prepondenance of the native fun was nearly the conditions of their was into such a paris Francis came, a slende twenty three, with de eyes, and such an exp and life as a guarde study in the seminary

to give him. The women listened clasping pale babies t and looking up at hi eyes, whose sadness h from the gaunt breasts before them, and they words, although not es able to the needs of th in themselves, and felt desire to help him, born instinct of their woma vouth, and a dim per had much to learn.

But the men gave so the boyish priest, and w them to keep away from cussed his advice arou wards, smiling grimly ticability of offering I hope of heaven in ex present bliss of the fier gnawing stomachs.

But as time went on took on a dignity in t from, and far more eff mere fact of his ordin quick to learn, and o tragic needs of their li to exhort them for very ference between his stung with the bittern had made them what their cradle, and farth worked for them and ing every penny of they gave him for the himself barely enough poorly, and going ab with coat and shoes al of the first year, get and white about the s and cracked in the va

And with such gan heineeded less to exho coat preached for him went in shoes yawnin beg the men to help coffee house, where th substitute honest hot to which they were selves, many respond house was a success predicted failure. Tender sympathy.

notable discourse of Dr. Whyte. He dwells first on those sad days fol-lowing the Annunciation, when her away privately." We quote from Dr. Whyte :

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-Cymbeline. "Look here, upon this picture and on this, Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed, And batten on this moor? Ha! have yo gravely. His words, though quietly spoken, rang out with ominous clearness through the room, for a sudden silence had for a moment fallen on the assembly. All the pretty murmur of the ball-room was hushed. The day succeeding the morning of the

The day succeeding the morning of the duel dawned the brightest of Lord Ed-ward's life. Every simple pleasure had a new zest for him. The happy escape of the morning, the anticipated rapture of the evening, pervaded with delight the day that lay between the two. It is from hope or memory, mainly, that happiness shines upon our lives, and his was radi-ant then with that reflected light. "One more glass of claret before you go," said O'Connor — they had dined to-Turning sharp around to find the cause, Lord Edward saw his late opponent at the door at which he himself just entered, and on his arm hung the proud and beau

and on his arm hung he proud and beat-tiful Lady Gertrude. Their entrance had startled the assembly into silence. Lord Dalwich was, perhaps, a shade paler than usual, but faultlessly dressed and icily cold. He glanced with languid apathy around the room, and the looks of scorn that the proud-spirited Dublin girls flung at him were ourenched in his cold

go, 'said O connor — they had dined to-gether at his cosy quarters; " its color is more rosy than your lady's lips, and its breath more delicately sweet. Aye," he added beneath his breath, " and the glow in its heart is warmer and more pure." I will drink to hear standing," acid scorn that the prodespirate Database flung at him were quenched in his cold unconsciousness. Yet it seemed as if a tinge of red crept into his pale cheek, as one sancy blue-eyed beauty of sixteen murmured under her breath, as he passed, the words of a gay new song much in vogue at the time— " I will drink to her standing," cried Lord Edward. " Drink, O'Connor, to Lady Gertrude, and wish me success, old tread for L try forther to night. of a gay new song friend, for I try my fortune to-night." "Lady Gertrude," cried both the young

For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war, Is to wed the fair Gertrade of our young Lochinvar."

Lord Edward's heart gave a great leap and stood still, as he saw those two cross the room together-the woman whom he so loved, the man whom he scorned too much to hate. But he was comforted to see that Lady Gertrude's lovely face wore a look of cold contempt, and that she scarcely spoke at all to her companion. When the delicate music of the viol.ns

swelled softly through the great room and she swept by in the stately minuet, she flashed upon Lord Edward for a moment a glance and smile warmer and more an pealing than she had ever granted him before, and his heart was flooded in a moment almost to overflowing with vagne wild hopes and longings. He waited his opportunity. It came soon. It almost seemed she made it for him. She snoke a few words quietly to

him. She spoke a few words quietly to Lord Dalwich, who bowed with that cold, impassive face of his, and left her side bound, doubtless, on some errand, real or

feigned, for the imperious beauty. A look and a gesture so slight that it could be noticed only by love's keen eyes called Lord Edward to the vacant place.

Lady Gertrude gathered up her rust-ling tabinet skirts of deep crimson to make room on the sofa beside her, and greated him with a welcoming smile.

greeted him with a welcoming smile. He was very pale. It was his way when intensely moved. His heart beat so quick and hard that he could hear nothing but its beating. He was dizzy with delight. He felt through every pul-sation of his veins that she loved him, as the moonbeam, he offered his arm to Lady Gertrude. She paused a moment, half stretched how pale and rigid he stood, she dropped it to her side, and, with a gracious, state-ly inclination of her beautiful head, she

from your own lips you love another." "That you will never hear," she said— He caught her hand again and she left it in his clasp—but she went on steadily, " I love no other ; but hope for you there is none. Edward," she said more softly, is none. Edward," she said more softly, " if I could love, I believe, I would have loved you; if I could have married for love I would have married you." At this he would have raised the white hand he held to his lips, but she plucked it more.

it away. "Hear me out. I speak frankly, be

cause it is not likely that you and I will speak much together for the future. I am glad of the chance of a parting word. I have searched my heart. There is no love in it for you — for anyona — there never will be. To me the word is mean-ingless. You talk to me in a strange language when you talk to me of love. I have weighed this love of yours against wealth, power and ambition; I found it wanting. In a way, I am proud of the passion my beauty inspires. I am glad you have spoken of love. Now we must part till you have learned to forget it." "No (Certurde 'he cried the more

"No, Gertrude,' he cried to lorgett. "No, Gertrude,' he cried, the more passionately for her calmness. "We must not part. You wrong yourself—you wrong your own heart. I will not give up the hope that you may yet learn to ove me." They had risen, and were standing at

the entrance of the arbor. She would have passed out. He made au effort to detain her.

detain her. "This is folly," she said, "and worse than folly. For both our sakes it must end. I take you at your word then. I am the promised wife of another." "His name! his name!" Lord Ed-

ward cried, with fierce anger in his tones, yet not without hope that it was but a stratagem of Lady Gertrude to escape.

A voice answered that killed all hope. "Gertrude!" it said, speaking out of the shadow of the summer-house. "I think the next dance is ours. I have waited to the last moment before dis-

turbing you." It was Lord Dulwich spoke. There was a cool tone of insolent authority and possession in his voice that stung Lord Edward with a sudden pang. It was the answer to his question. The next instant answer to his question. The next instant Lord Dulwich stepped into the circle of light, and, ignoring the other's presence, with a glance as cold and as unconscious the moonbeam, he offered his arm to

Verily, one of the worst inconsisten-

Adler enthrone a representative of the Goddess of Reason in a Christian temple as the infidels did during the first French Revolution? That is what irreligion did for civilization.-Sacred Heart Review.

The Pope's Handwriting.

The Pope suffers much from weakness in the hands, and is obliged when writing to hold the right wrist firmly with his left hand to steady the pen in his fingers. This weakness is said to be the result of an attack of ague more than twenty five years ago. An amus ing story is told of His Holiness apropos of this. It is related of a certain Cardinal that he looked aghast when receiving from His Holiness some written instructions which he was to repeat to a foreign prelate at a distance.

Smiling gently at his subordinate's evident denseness of comprehension, Leo XIII. began again to advise him as to the best route to take, time of departure, deportment to be observed, etc. The Cardinal, interrupting him, remarked bluntly: "I can remember all that, your Holiness, but how can I possibly explain to a foreigner instructions that I can't read myself? Your secretary must be about the worst in existence. He writes like a spider in a fit !"

Now courtesy is one of the Pope's principal characteristics ; therefore, instead of humiliating the Cardinal by telling him whose writing he had characterized, he took back the paper. looked at it closely, laughed, admitted that the objection made was a just one and promised to have the instructions rewritten.

Medical men say rheumatism is the fore-runner of heart disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures rheumatism by its action on the blood. cures rheumatism by its action on the blood. So rapidly does lung irritation spread and deepen, that often in a few weeks a simple cough culminates in tubercular consumption. Give heed to a cough, there is always danger in delay, get a bottle of Bickle's Anti Con-sumptive Syrup, and cure yourself. It is a medicine unsurpassed for all throat and lung troubles. It is compounded from several herbs, each one of which stands at the head of the list as exerting a wonderful influence in curing consumption and all lung diseases. Ill fitting boots and shoes cause corus. Ill fitting boots and shoes cause corns. Holloway's Corn Cure is the article to use. Get a bottle at once and cure your corns. for their souls that realize dimly for the God might ba-this showed to his flock, a delicate frame made them, calling out a rough men and coa that supplemented th perfected the relation "Father Francis"

to conjure by, even lishmen and Welshm Catholics and the cas stan's who never ent and since his family familiar Christian n child he baptized aft the parish a year w with only the vari syllable required by "And Father Fran

man born,"the peop ly, till the oldest wo gave a more spirit pride in him by sayi he is, of the rale not of the saints of God.

The chief mill of owned by a man whose splendid hous of the town was bui men, and cemented There were many h ers in the district ther with such a bl hard's whose name s and obvious profa the lips of his men.

It was Father Fra mer at St. Dunstan hard one, although nature's provision the expenses of ea the mill had been ru and with a heavy But the amount of the mill was turni could possibly be re who thought shook ing one of " Denha No warnings could the men to provide times thus predicte they went; no best was there