

AN IRISH ROMANCE

A Bit of Advice and the Wealth and Joy That Followed.

BRIGHT as a dream, warm as reality, glowed over the North Irish coast an afternoon of mid-September.

The tide was going out. Long, low breakers were followed joyfully in their splendid backward sweep by the beautiful girl on the skittish pony.

The scene changed. Ruby and the pony made a madcap dash far forward, and suddenly the pony threw the girl.

He lingered long enough to learn that the doctor, who was staying in the house, had said Miss Ruby would do, then he lounged home.

He had some acquaintanceship with Miss Ruby Merritt. Her uncle, a rich city man, had taken Seaview for three months. Ruby coming down to the port with her old nurse one day desirous of a row, and finding all the fishermen out with their nets, Constantine put his boat and himself at her service.

On this memorable day, as on most others, Constantine, having just brought his boat in, was dressed in his dark-blue cap and knitted jersey, lank, shapeless blue trousers and water-proof boots, which constituted the regular "wear" of the Port Bairy fishermen.

Early in the afternoon of the following day the Seaview house-party, ladies and men, were grouped on the small, levelled bit of green in front of the house, waiting for the carriages to come round.

"My dear," said Mr. Merritt to her husband, "it's the young fisherman who rescued Ruby. He has put on his Sunday clothes," she added.

"I should be very glad," he said, addressing Mr. Merritt, "to know how Miss Merritt is."

"Certainly, certainly," said Mr. Merritt, with an affable air. "Miss Merritt is progressing most favorably. The doctor's orders are that Miss Merritt is to be kept quiet and see no one but her nurse; but that is a precautionary measure. I'm sure—hum—sure—your conduct—was most creditable to you. I'm sure—I—hadn't time to speak to you yesterday, and myself and Mrs. Merritt would like—"

He handed Constantine a sovereign. The young man looked at it curiously. Then his eye darted over the pursy figure and pasty face of Mr. Merritt, who was arrayed in the spick-and-span, buff-and-brown, strapped-and-buttoned habiliments deemed fitting by a Bond Street tailor for a gentleman about to take his pleasures at sea.

"I wonder now," said Constantine quietly, "what your forefathers were doing while mine were feasting kings and marrying kings' daughters in this island?"

Mr. Merritt started back and almost choked. Constantine glanced towards two fishermen who were standing a good way off with a big crab in a basket. The gold coin was spun in the air, and was caught by Andy Neil.

"There, boys!" said Constantine. "You'll drink the health of the English gentleman."

He smiled, again saluted the ladies, turned and with slow, sauntering step, walked away.

"Who is he?" exclaimed Mr. Merritt. A little man, the parson of the nearest church, stepped forward.

"That is Malcolm Constantine," he said. "It's quite true he's the last of a very old family. But they were totally ruined in his great grandfather's time, and the young man hasn't a penny."

"Impudent beggar!" said Mr. Merritt fuming. "Supposing he had been a fisherman, my dear," said Mrs. Merritt, meekly. "I thought you would have made it five pounds!"

Mr. Merritt turned on her. "I know what I'm about, I hope. If I gave such a sum as that to any one of these wretched fellows, he'd chuck work. B' sides, after all, you know, it was only low tide."

fire, which the creeping chill in the air made necessary, when there came a knock. The old woman who looked after the house for him was out. Constantine went to the door, and there stood Ruby Merritt.

"The dirtiness and dimness of the little parlor struck him painfully as he showed her into it. There did not seem to be one chair fit for her to sit on. But Ruby had no thoughts to spare for such matters."

"I didn't believe I'd see you," she said, impetuously, "and I'm going back to school to-morrow. But they've all driven you to church at Coleraine, and here I am. You saved my life. I want to thank you."

Constantine frowned. "I wish you wouldn't mention that, Miss Ruby. You're none the worse for it; that's all that signifies," he said.

"I want to speak to you," said Ruby, abruptly. She looked straight at him. "That clergyman, Mr. Saunders, was talking of you yesterday. He said, 'The young man has first-rate abilities, but he'd rather starve and mope his life away in this corner, where the common people hold him in honor as a Constantine, than try and make his way among a crowd. It's a thousand pities.' I said, 'Why don't you tell him so?' He answered, 'Oh, my dear Miss Ruby, it's no affair of mine.' And I thought and thought all night. In the morning I was decided. It is an affair of mine. Why? Because I owe you my life, and because I like you so much—so much—you don't know. And when I hear things—when they say things—it hurts me. There, now you're vexed."

"No," said Constantine. He had turned away. Tears were in his eyes. "No, Miss Ruby. It's only that when a man has lived alone some while, it's rather curious to have anyone come and talk as if they cared."

"Oh, I care a lot, Mr. Malcolm Constantine," cried Ruby. "Look! Why don't you try business? No matter how low you begin, the top's always there."

"Buying and selling?"

"Why not, if it's honest? I'll tell you. I've made blood, though I haven't half a drop," said outspoken Ruby.

"But, after all, did your ancestors do anything better than help make the world? That's what business is. And now I must go, or else I shall get in a simply awful scrape. Will you think it over?"

"Yes, I will," said Constantine. "And, however it is, God will bless you, Miss Ruby."

He watched the nymph-like figure with the red cloak and the white lace bonnet, falling barely to the tops of the kid button boots and sauntering trousers. When Ruby had disappeared, he gave a long look round at the farm-outage, field, pigsty, and bit of purple bog, which were all that remained to him of the domain of the Constantines.

The next week he raised a few pounds on this promising property, and took ship for the States.

Twelve years passed. Malcolm Constantine, junior partner in the great Pittsburg Ironworks, came over to take a hard-earned holiday, buy land in Antrim, and see London.

A dowager Countess, who had crossed in the same boat with him, undertook to make his stay in town agreeable to the rich bachelor of thirty-six. She had seven portionless daughters, only one of whom was married.

On a fine May afternoon Constantine found himself seated between two of these young ladies and their mother at a little tea-table in a Bond street pastry-cook's. They had been seeing pictures. The girls were pretty and lively, and the coffee was first rate, but Constantine felt restless. Something in the coloring of an obscure portrait he had seen had brought strongly to his mind the handsome, spirited, red-cheeked, warm-hearted school-girl, Ruby Merritt.

He had not made any inquiries about her yet. The semi-childlike figure in his memory had for him a very tender value. He half feared to see Ruby the woman; she might spoil his treasured image of Ruby the girl.

Lady Susan, the elder of the sisters, was talking to him. He tried to listen, but his eyes were on the open door. What if, among the gay flower-bonneted heads which whirled by ceaselessly in carriages, hers was to appear!

Should he know her? Did the generous heart look as fearlessly as ever from the bright brown eyes?

The voice of the Countess speaking sharply startled him out of his reverie. "Really," she was saying, "one doesn't expect such awkwardness in a place like this."

Constantine looked round. One of the waitresses passing with full teapot had been run against by another. Some drops were spurted on the silk skirt of the Countess.

The young woman had stood still to make her apology. Constantine sprang up. The face had changed—the roses were pale, the shining chestnut locks were brushed close to the head with quakerish neatness. But the honest, magnificent brown eyes, the tender mouth, the resolute set of the head. "Ruby! Ruby!" he exclaimed, in a voice which made every creature present turn round and stare.

It was a little awkward for all parties at the moment, and the ever-practical Ruby informed him afterwards that he really should have waited to speak to her till she was off duty.

"My story's quite simple," she said, "I was worked by her side. A few years ago poor uncle took to speculating largely. He lost everything. My little fortune went too. Poor uncle! He'd

not live long after the crash came. Well! Having come out a sixteen and a half and done nothing since then but amuse myself, I did not think I was fit to be a governor, and I did not feel inclined to live on friends. I was very lucky to get my present situation—it's an excellent one. Don't look tragic, please—a gay smile broke over her face—"you know I'm not noble. There's my bus. Will you put me in it? Auntie and I have a nice little lodging out towards Hammer-smith. Come and see us? Yes, of course you can."

The same year, September again, Malcolm and Ruby Constantine stood together on the turf headland in front of the house of Seaview, where they were spending their honeymoon.

Ruby pointed to a spot upon the shore. "There's where you saved my life," Constantine pointed further. "See that little house? There's where you created mine."—Catholic Columbian.

A DUBLIN CONVENTION.

Friends of Ireland from Every Land to Meet in May—Justin McCarthy's Notable Address.

The Irish leaders have decided to adopt the suggestion of Archbishop Walsh of Toronto in regard to the national, or rather international, conference in Dublin. The date has been fixed for next May, and it is expected that delegates will attend from America, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa.

In a recent address Justin McCarthy, M.P., the chairman of the Irish party, outlined the work that this conference would probably perform. He spoke of the difficulties which confronted the party—the dissensions in the ranks. He then continued as follows:

"I may say that we are making a final effort, not a forlorn effort, but a hopeful effort, to settle the whole question by a new and great movement in Irish national affairs. We hope to call together a great convention—I may call it a great international convention—of the Irish race at home and abroad in Dublin within a few months. We hope to have there representatives of Irishmen in Ireland, of Irishmen in England, in Scotland and in Wales, representatives of Irishmen in the United States, in Australia, in New Zealand, in the Cape of Good Hope, in South America. From wherever the Irish race has planted its feet we hope to have representatives in the great international convention, and to that great international convention we shall submit the cause and the hopes of this country for our generation."

That international convention will be charged with the duty of expressing its opinion and announcing its authority with regard to the constitution of the Irish party and the dissensions which may have occurred, and may yet occur. Whatever it decides to do, our hope and belief is that once that declaration has been made the Irish member or the Irishman who dissents from it shall be bottled out of politics by the enthusiastic proclamation of the Irish people from all lands in the world. [Renewed applause and a cry of "Never!"] A gentleman interrupts. [A voice—"He misunderstands me, but it is that decision of that convention goes for example against me, I shall accept that decision and shall consider myself bottled out of Irish politics. All we want is to get the opinion of the great majority of the Irish race, and by that opinion we will stand or fall."

What has been the trouble in the Irish party of late? You all know that recently in Dublin we had to take some steps which were really compelled by the force of events to take. We had to remove from prominent positions in the council of the party and the council of the Irish National Federation, to which we all belong, certain members who seemed to have made it the work

and the business of their lives to prevent anything like united action in the party. I was deeply grieved myself that that had to be done, but I am satisfied that that step had to be taken unless we gave up the whole struggle and the whole cause.

I hope, then, when we get our great convention that the chosen representatives of the Irish race all over the world will lay down a policy and strict rules for us, will tell us what constitutes the breach of faith and the breach of pledges which makes a man no longer fit to be a member of the Irish National Party. When we get that declaration then we shall, I hope, start in a new way and with new vital power. No other thing that we could devise could be more hopeful or have a greater effect than the gathering together of representatives of the whole Irish race at home and abroad into one assembly to say what is to be done for and with Ireland.

Home Rule, as I have said, is certain to come in the end, but the decision and the proclamation of that convention may hasten its coming, and its coming under the happiest auspices, by years and years, and enable even those of us who cannot count ourselves any longer young to have some hope of seeing that consummation attained, and of beholding the meeting of an Irish Parliament in College Green, in Dublin.

the doctors

approve of Scott's Emulsion. For whom? For men and women who are weak, when they should be strong; for babies and children who are thin, when they should be fat; for all who get no nourishment from their food. Poor blood is starved blood. Consumption and Scrofula never come without this starvation. And nothing is better for starved blood than cod-liver oil. Scott's Emulsion is cod-liver oil with the fish-fat taste taken out.

Two sizes, 50 cents and \$1.00 SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville, Ont.

FREEMASONRY.

Something for "Patriots" to Investigate. Mr. Manlove N. Butler of Darlington, Mo., writing about the ridiculous charges brought against Catholics by the secret society agitators, throws out the following suggestions in regard to the biggest of all secret societies:

"The Protestant population of this country is in an uproar and humiliating dire charges against the Roman Catholics of the nation. Whether those wholesale charges are true or false is not the purpose of this writing to determine. As a born citizen of the United States, of Protestant parentage, yet not a member of any religious organization or denomination, it occurred to me that some words to the general public might not be amiss. Let us have fair play, and when both sides are heard the reading millions can easily determine whether the "most immediate danger" is from Roman Catholicism or misguided Protestantism. Let us see the trend and drift of this Protestantism, and then ask if fifty millions of Protestants should not do a big job of house cleaning at home before jumping five to one onto the Roman Catholic community? People who live in glass houses should not go into the stone throwing business. And as the Protestants have started in to correct and renovate Roman Catholicism and "sift it to the bottom," would it not be a noble and patriotic return for ten millions of Catholics to do a little investigation of so-called Protestantism?"

It has been stated that nine-tenths of the Catholics are in the cities, and that a majority of the Protestants reside in the rural and smaller towns. It is asserted that municipal offices and emoluments are in the hands of Catholics in disproportionate to their numerical strength in cities. But when it comes to the general, federal, state and county governments, how is it? It is no use to go into long preliminaries, beat the devil about the bush, or talk all over the world of politics and theology; the simple and well known fact is, there is a religious political organization throughout the Union much more powerful than Roman Catholicism. Its affiliation embraces only about seven hundred thousand, yet it rules American Protestantism with a rod of iron. It is an absolute hierarchical despotism in which the mitre governs the crown. It is an organized empire in our republic. Protestants fairly rave about Catholic priests and the reverence paid them by "ignorant foreigners," women and children, yet Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, Congregational and Episcopalian ministers in every county seat are bowing to and hailing men as "high-priests" and "most excellent grand high priests." Protestants are horror struck at the veneration and supreme loyalty of Catholics to the Pope, yet they and their ministers in every community are kneeling to "worshipful masters" and "most worshipful masters." Men who go into spasms at the mention of "cardinal" are swearing their very lives and eternal allegiance to "kings" and "grand kings." Citizens who howl themselves hoarse about an "unmarred priesthood" and "articular confession," bind themselves to this despotism of able-bodied men (no women can ever join the order) for time and eternity. This ecclesiastical imperialism, now firmly set up and planted in America, (not by Catholics) actually and openly centers almost every title of royalty and nobility known to "hated monarchies" of the Old World. No one will question for a

Doctors' Mistakes.

TREATING THE WRONG DISEASE.

How large bills are run up without benefit to the sufferer.

Many times women call on their family physicians, ascribing, as they imagine, their troubles to dyspepsia, another from nervous disease, another from liver or kidney disease, another with pain here and there, and in this way they all present alike to themselves and their easy-going, indifferent, or over-busy doctors, separate and distinct diseases for which they prescribe their pills and potions, assuming them to be such, when, in reality, they are all only symptoms caused by some womb disease. The physician ignorant of the cause of suffering, encourages his practice until large bills are made. The suffering patient gets no better, but probably worse, by reason of the delay, wrong treatment and consequent complications. A proper medicine, like Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, directed to the cause would have entirely removed the disease, thereby dispelling all those distressing symptoms, and instituting comfort instead of prolonged misery. It has been well said, that "a disease known is half cured." Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a scientific medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It cures all derangements, irregularities and weaknesses of the woman's organs. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system. For morning sickness, or nausea, due to pregnancy, weak stomach, and kindred symptoms, its use will prove very beneficial. It also makes childbirth easy by preparing the system for parturition, thus assisting Nature and shortening labor. The period of confinement is also greatly shortened, the mother strengthened and built up, and an abundant secretion of nourishment for the child promoted. Sold by all dealers.

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moment that a little over half a million of these avowed (non-Catholic) imperialists do hold a vast majority of the offices outside of the larger cities. Why don't the Protestant secular and religious press so much as whisper this tremendous fact? Why do the American Protective Association papers condone all this imperialism and entirely overlook its "sublime prince" and "most eminent grand commanders"? These wide awake and "intensely American" papers would no more dare to print its extra judicial oaths and unlawful blood curdling death penalties than they would its anti-republican principles and un-American doctrines.

It is not necessary to go back into the dark ages and ancient history to dig up thunder on this line; not even to the time when Quakers and witches were burned, or free Americans fought four long years for negro slavery. Evidences of disloyalty and plotting conspiracy are mountain high. The "strong grip of the lion's paw" has American Protestantism by the throat. Its clutch is on the popular denunciations and politics of the land. The "grip and sign" rules courts, judges and juries. Behind tiled doors and blinded windows nightly lessons are given in intimidation and subjugation. Thousands of these Protestant "slaves" are making faces at the Pope across the Big Pond when every State and territory has a "most worshipful grand master" or pagan pontiff. Instead of one king the United States has forty-eight or more "grand kings" and hundreds of little kings duly installed under Protestant supremacy. And the blighting system that is officially laying the cornerstone to our State houses, court-houses and church edifices hangs like a pall of night over the entire Protestant Commonwealth.

The question, then, is not, Shall America Romanize and Catholicize, but shall it despotize and paganize?

To Become Nuns.

A despatch from Leavenworth, Kansas, says: Last summer Sister Anacleta, assistant mother superior of the Sisters of Charity of this city, and Sister M. Bridget went to Ireland for the purpose of securing members of their community. They returned last week having in charge 44 young candidates for the novitiate. There are amongst them many talented musicians and finely educated young women.

In the Beginning

Of a new year, when the winter season of close confinement is only half gone, many find their health begins to break down, that the least exposure threatens sickness. It is then as well as at all other times, and with people even in good health, that the following facts should be remembered, namely: that Hood's Sarsaparilla leads everything in the way of medicines; that it accomplishes the greatest cures in the world; has the largest sale in the world, and requires the largest building in the world devoted exclusively to the preparation of the proprietary medicine. Does not this conclusively prove, if you are sick, that Hood's Sarsaparilla is the medicine for you to take?

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The Quick Cure for COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, BRONCHITIS, HOARSENESS, etc.

Mrs. Joseph Kowick, of 500 St. Louis Ave., Toronto, writes: "I have never felt so well since I was a child. I have been suffering from a cold for several weeks, and I have tried every remedy I could get, but nothing has done me any good. I have heard of Pny-Pectoral, and I have bought it, and I have used it, and I feel so much better now. I can breathe freely, and I have no cough, and I feel so much better now. I have never felt so well since I was a child."

Large Bottle, 25 Cts.

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10,250,000 CATHOLICS In the British Empire, According to the Latest Returns.

The new issue of "The Catholic Directory" for 1896, published by Messrs. Burns & Oates, under the sanction of Cardinal Vaughan and his Suffragan Bishops, contains some interesting particulars as to the present condition of the Roman Catholic Church at home and abroad.

The number of Cardinals, when the Sacred College is complete, is 70, but at present there are six hats vacant. Among the list appear the following English-speaking Cardinals:—Moran, Archbishop of Sydney; Vaughan, of Westminster; Logue, of Armagh, and Gibbons, of Baltimore. Seven of the Cardinals now living were created by Pope Pius IX., and 87 by Leo XIII., and no fewer than 106 members of the College have died since his accession. In England and Wales there are 17 Bishops, including the "Vicar Apostolic" of Wales, and in Scotland seven more; the total of priests in Great Britain is 3,014, and they serve 1,789 churches, chapels, and missions. Of these priests, 2,000 are of the secular and 924 of the regular clergy.

Besides the above, there are resident in England one Archbishop and two Bishops of titular sees (in partibus) who are not included in the above summary. The Roman Catholic faith is professed by 41 Peers of England, Scotland and Ireland, by 83 Barons, by 15 Privy Counsellors, by 3 English and 67 Irish members of Parliament.

The estimated Roman Catholic population of the United Kingdom is nearly five millions and a half—namely, England and Wales, 1,500,000; Scotland, 365,000; Ireland (according to the census of 1891), 3,550,000. Inclusive of British North America, Australia, India, and our colonies and other possessions, the total Catholic population of the British Empire is estimated at about ten millions and a quarter.

HOOD'S IS HELPING HER.

"I was completely run down and had a bad cough which the doctor pronounced to be due to bronchitis. I was very nervous, but since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I have more appetite and feel a great deal better. I have also used Hood's Pills and find them very excellent." Mrs. M. GARLAND, 675 Crawford Street, Toronto, Canada.

Hood's Pills cure sick headache, indigestion.

"Did you know that I passed your door last evening?" said the young man tenderly. "Of course," replied the beautiful girl with a gleam in her listening eyes. "Do you think I would not know your step?" "Certainly," said the happy young man, as he directed the conversation away from the subject, and avoided remarking that he had passed the door in a cab.