

er and a little of a veterinary surgeon as well as a farmer. It is the same with the must have a handy hand at many things. It is possibly many miles to the first physi-cian, and the farmer's wife should be able to see that every member of the family is kept in good health. If the young farmer's wife is wise, when he is suffering from biliousness or torpidity of the liver or indigestion, she will not permit him to neglect these disor-ders, but will have at hand Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This wonder-ful medicine is not a cure-all, but as most diseases have their inception in a torpid liver or a disordered digestion, it is a cure for a great many of them. It makes the appetite keen, the digestion and assimila-tion perfect, the liver active, the blood pure and the nerves steady. It cures all malar-ial troubles and reheumatism. Medicine dealers sell it, and keep nothing else "just as good." The farmer's wife may frequently save the life of her husband or that of one of her children by owning a copy of Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. It tells how to tare for serious accident cases while awaiting the arrival of a physician. It con-tains too8 pages. It used to cost \$1.50 a copy ; now it is free. For a paper-covered copy send 31 one-cent stamps to *cover* customs and mailing only, to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y. Cloth binding, so stamps. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure consti-pation and biliousness. They regulate and invigorate, stomach, liver and bowels. Honest druggists do not recommend some-thing else as "just as good."

## UNEXCELLED UNEQUALLED !! UNAPPROACHED ! !

OUR HAND-MADE BEES WAX

# CANDLES

Moulded Bees Wax Candles, Stearic Wax Candles.

GIVE BETTER SATISFACTION THAN ALL OTHER MAKES.

Unsolicited testimonials received from all parts of Canada, for the unquestioned super-iority of our nigh grade candles. Many new and beautiful designs added to our decorated candles.

Please write us before placing your orders you will find it to your advantage.

The conditional to your advantage. The conditional so long placed in our candles by our customers, forces us to com-pletely ignore and refuse to carry in stock candies that are not up to the standard, containing little or no sees wax, and which are temptingly offered as cheap goods.

True, there was no special expression in his face, unless extreme caution can be called an expression. His languid pursuit of the dowerless Lady Gertrude, had been gradually cooling off when Lord Edward came so suddenly on the scene, and at once eagerly and openly monopolized the brilliant young beauty. The sight of Eord Edward's triumph, the flashing scales that were showered upon him, seemed to stir Lord Dulwich's dull blood to something like passion. Jeal-Our hand-made wax candle is in keeping with the standard quantily of wax (in each candle) exacted by the Church. If you want the best candles in the market. at prices as low as the superior grade of our goods will allow, please communicate with is.

We solicit your orders for Church Orna-ments, Stationery and Vestments.

D. & J. SADLIER & CO. CATHOLIC PUBLISHERS.

123 Church St., 1669 Notre Dame St TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL. QUE.



## THE CATHOLIC RECORD

turned from the theatre in a delicious reverie—half joy, half sadness — that made him all unconscious of the squalour of his surroundings. So he splashed unconcernedly through the dark and dirty streets, where the few dun oil lamps smoked and sputtered, his soul a myriad miles away (so great the distance of bright fancy from sordid truth), till the lights and noise of revelry

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD

An Historical Romance.

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

CHAPTER V.-CONTINUED.

He lived and moved in the bright do-main of love. He dreamt fair dreams of

main of love. He dreamt fair dreams of high enterprise and world-wide glory, rounded off by the perfect happiness of home. Every aspiration of his young soul took brighter tints from his love, as a lovely landscape from the golden sunrise. In that brief period of ardent hope he tasted such happiness as never twice falls

tasted such happiness as never twice falls to mortal's share amid the cold realities of life.

Norah Denver was the chief confidant

Norah Denver was the chief confidant of his love. Their friendship was not lost in the bright, full tide of passion that flooded his soul. He talked to her of Lady Gertrude by the hour, and she lis-tened patiently, a little amused at first by

tened patiently, a little amused at first by his love raptures, till her amusement vanished in his earnestness. But he found her somewhat cold in her respons-es to his ecstasies. She never could be brought to see the celestial wings that sprouted from his angel's shoulders, nor the halo of heavenly light about her head. In Norsh's curs the foir fortuned

the halo of heavenly light about her head. In Norah's eyes the fair Gertrade was a beautiful woman—very bright, very proud, very cold. She read her character with that keen instinct that women have, which shows in a moment, as with a lightning flash, what reason's slow search still fails to find.

other fault with graceful form or clearly-

True, there was no special expression

blood to something like passion. Jeal-ousy warmed him when love failed. He renewed his abandoned half pursuit

with something as much like ardor as his nature allowed. Lady Gertrade showed not the slightest change of manner, whether he advanced or retired. She

chiselled features.

bursting from the open doors of Lucas's famous coffee house recalled him to him elf. It brought to his mind at the same moment a midnight appointment there with his friend Arthur O'Connor, afterwards a prime mover in the rebellion of

though he did not at first notice them were seated, tippling claret, Lord Dulwich and a couple of the gaudily dressed bucks, "rough to common men but hon-

solar and solicity as vacant space. Inis, solar was away at Gertrude Glennire's feet, pouring ont the full torrent of his love. He had neither eye nor ear for anything around him. Suddenly, however, the name of his beloved, uttered in an arrogant voice that rang through the whole room startled

rang through the whole room, startled

rang through the whole room, startied him from his reverie, as if a pistol-shot were fired off close to his head. He listened, scarcely believing his ears. The voice was Lord Dulwich's. Lord Edward only just caught the name with which the sentence closed. An-other voice, londer and coarser than the first took up the theme in world that bet

biner voice, ionder and coarser than the first, took up the theme, in words that cut him like a sword's edge. "Be cautious, she's a tricksy jade with all her fine airs. She will come up to heel when you choose to whistle for her right enough, still —-" still-

Here Lord Dulwich's voice broke in again, more angry and arrogant from the wine and flattery he had swallowed dur-

"Silence, Roche," he shouted. "Sil-ence! I will not have you speak in that tone of a lady whom I admire. It is no fault in her, a merit rather, that she should aspire to the honor of my hand. Lord Edward's right hand shook, so

By his lordship's side lay a newspaper

he thought the young lord was drunk, and on that hint he spoke :

real motive of the deliberate insult sud-deutly flashed upon him, and he broke off abashed in the middle of a sentence. But he had said quite enough for the other's purpose. Very deliberately Lord Edward drew off his glove, and, holding it by one inger, struck him twice across the face with it.

famous brawlers, were up with him, their ready swords half out of their scabbards. A fight seemed imminent — three to one —but behind Lord Edward, Arthur O'Con-

mist had cheated him out of his last hour of sunshine. At the street door two sedan chairs

streets.

uggestive.

encounter.

Captain Baker laughed out loud at his

nor, sharply, yet not without an inward thrill at the thought of the almost certain death which Lord Edward was about to

Even at that moment he felt a

some face. For the rest, he could rattle a

exulted in his discomfiture. The narrow, restless strip of flexible steel covered Lord Dulwich as securely as a shield. Clearly O'Connor had it in his mind that his friend would have but a poor chance for his life against this man, piti-less and malignant as he was disploited. whited, the bearers smoking short pipes and speculating in an undertone about the "jewel" for which some instinct told less and malignant, as he was diabolically skiful with his weapon. His cold, dull nature, raised to a white heat of passion by the public insult, could be appeased only by the life-blood of the man who inthem their services were required. Without a word, Lord Edward and his second slipped into the chairs, and the bearers, who had been already apprised of their destination, set off at a sling trot for the Phœnix Park, their heavy boots

sulted him. So O'Connor thought, and the thought filled him with fear and sorrow, for he loved Lord Edward Fitzgerald like a

brother. After a few abortive efforts to hide his

After a lew abortive efforts to hide mis fears, O'Connor left abruptly, with a promise to be punctual in the morning. Lord Edward was glad to be alone. Yet, it is no disparagement to his courage to say that his thoughts were dismal company. He had faced death often on the battlefield not merely without fear company. He had faced death often on the battlefield, not merely without fear but with delight. But this was different but with delight. But this was different —quite different. There was no fierce excitement to sustain him now. No wonder the warm blood of youth ran cold in his veins as he paced the silent room alone, waiting for the dawn and, with the dawn, death. He had little hope of escape. It would need a miracle to save him. He had tried his best in the fenc-ing school against Lord Dulwich quite in vain. The other's deadly sword point had slipped past his guard again and again, impalpable as a hightning flash. With the button off the foils, each thrust meant death. Right well he knew that Dulwich would not spare him, yet if that Dulwich would not spare him, yet if one word of regret would have averted the duel, it would not have been spoken. Nay, the humblest apology from the lips of the man who had biasphemed the name of Gertrude Glenmire would have been spurned with scorn. But the thought of death was very bitter. He was so young and happy, and the world stretched out fair and bright before him, lit up with

glorious hopes. Love and glory mingled in his thoughts. Love and giory mingled in his mongham. His whole soul rebelled against the dull oblivion of death. The bitter thought to which the greatest of poets has given words ached at his heart.

" To die : to go we know not where : To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot. This sensible warm motion to become A kneaded clod."

He strove to pierce the mystery of death into which he was about to enter, but his mind shrank back appalled from the thick darkness.

At length, late in the silent night, he grew weary with restless pacing and more restless thought, and sat down to a writing table in the corner of the room. His ing table in the corner of the room. His first letter was to his mother. Curiously enough, it was to her, not to the fair girl he so passionately loved, that his thoughts turned. He felt, in a vague way, that he was wronging her most by this duel, making her an ill return for her infinite tenderness. Har create pleading force falling back, with his left hand pressed to his side in a way that was horribly own pleasant conceit, but Lord Dulwich frowned, and jerking his arm from his, tenderness. Her gentle, pleading face was before him. The lines of an old poem he had read and forgotten refashioned stepped back a pace, without any re-sponse by word or motion to the formal salute of Lord Edward and his friend. stepped back themselves into words in his mind-"Impaired Edward and his friend. "Impairent to get his grip on the sword-hilt," said the captain in a confidential undertone to O'Connor, nodding his head sideways towards his principal. "Your friend had best look out. He is in a

As a fair pictured face whose eyes appear, With watchful love, to follow everywhere, So tenderly, so patiently, your care, Followed my life through every changing

year. Now for the love of another woman, he

was about to break the close tie be-tween them, and break the close tie be-tween them, and break her loving heart. With self-torturing fancy, he pictured his mother's agony when she gazed on his body, with a sword thrust through its boson, while he, the cause of all her sor-row law there dull and cill with the row, lay there dull and still, with no

encounter. "All right," replied the beaming Cap-tain Baker, with undiminished good humor. "I have got the toothpicks con-venient," and he took two rapiers in their scabbards from under his arm and pre-sented them to O'Connor. "As the weap-ons are ours, the choice is yours." O'L'onnor draw and ayamined the two row, hay there duil and shill, with no power to utter a word of comfort. His letter was an almost incoherent outpouring of protestations of love, and a passionate pleading for pardon. His last thought, he told her, would be hers, if it were doomed, as he feared, they should meet no more meet no more. The letter to Lady Gertrude was

O'Connor drew and examined the two splendid swords from Lord Dulwich's The letter to Lady Gertrude was shorter, yet far more difficult. It was not until he began to write to her for the first time in his life that he realized how formal after all had been their inter-course, and how far aloof it had been kept armory. transient touch of admiration at the exquisite finish of the bright, the state plades, whose points were as fine as a blades, whose points were as fine as a wasn's sting. He weighed them in his from any word of love. He felt it impos-sible to break out suddenly in hot pro-testations of passion. His letter in spite of himself ran at first into formal phrases hand, and bent and measured them carefully. There was not a feather's weight or a hat seemed so dull and coid in such an hour. But as he wrote the passion that was burning in his heart forced itself to the surface. He stood so near death that be could write with all freedom. His very despair gave power and pathos to his words. Standing by the grave's brink he told her simply and honestly of his great love. The letters were directed and sealed ready for delivery by O'Connor, if the worst chanced. The dismal thoughts that the writing The dismal thoughts that the writing had broken for a time — the vague, cold shrinking from death, which even the bravest feel when death is faced without excitement — returned upon him. But, strange as it may seem, merciful sleep came and checked these dreary thoughts, even in full tide. Overfaxed nature cave even in full tide. Overtaxed nature gave way. His head drooped back upon the way. His head drooped back upon the chair, his nerveless arms fell by his side; his weary eyes closed; the restless brain was at rest; his whole being passed into an oblivion as complete, while it lasted, as the death which he anticipated with

DECEMBER 11. 1997.

could not kill the coward at his mercy. He played with him for a while, and tor-tured him with terror. A dozen times the faltering guard left the craven breast open to a fatal thrust, but Lord Edward

forewent his advantage. At length he dexterously caught his foeman's blade in his own, and with a quick twist wrenched it from his feeble quick twist wrenched it from his feeble grasp, and sent it flying straight into the air. The sword feil on the sharp point, and buried itself halfway to the hilt in the sodden earth. Lord Edward drew it the modernic the modernic heads splashing dismally through the muddy through his cambric handkerchief, pre-sented the hilt to Lord Dulwich, and in-They were first in the field, but they had hardy alighted on the spongy sod, and their chair-men withdrawn into the stautly stood again on guard. But Lord Dulwich dropped his point to the earth, and steepped out of reach of Lord Ed-ward's threatening steel. But Lord cover of the trees, when the splash o hurrying feet was heard at a little dis splash of tance, and two other chairs came lumber-

The whole incident passed like a flash. Now the seconds closed in on either side. Before they could interprose Lord Eding along through the murky fog. The occupants alighted hastily, and walked towards Lord Edward and his companion, looming preternaturally large

Before they could interpose total ward spoke sternly. "Sir," he said, addressing his shamb-ling foe, and forgetting or ignoring his title, "this is no pleasant passage of arms between us two. It is a duel to the death. in the grey mist. With Lord Dulwich was Captain Baker, one of his boon companions of the pre-vious evening. Baker's pretensions to the title of captain (if he had any at all) were in the past tense. Nor was there any definite information forthcoming as

between us two. It is a duel to the death. You must apologize or fight on." The seconds, now near at hand, heard Lord Edward's words. Arthur O'Connor smiled that grim smile of his. The hand of Captain Baker, who, whatever his faults were was no coward want down on any definite information forthcoming as to what regiment he had belonged to, or how he left it. But he was a well set-up, military looking man. His strong figure was a little fleshy, and his light blue eyes a little watery, and a brighter red than health generally gives flushed his hand-some face. For the rest he could ratife a faults were, was no coward, went down on sword hilt. He turned fiercely to his sword hilt. He turned hereely to his principal waiting his indignant defiance. But no defiance came. Lord Dalwich was silent for a full minute. His pale face was distorted with passion. Fear and rage were stringding for mastery. some face. For the rest, he could rathe a dice-box, crack a bottle, or use sword or pistol with the best. Lord Dulwich had found him useful. Captain Baker flat-tered and fought for him before his face, and abused him as a cold-blooded skin-flint behind his back, after the customary manner of the lad captain and rage were struggling for mastery. Fear won.

"I humbly apologize," he said, and held out his hand scarcely knowing what he did.

manner of the led captain. Captain Baker was beaming all over with good humor. His rubicund face shone like the sun through the mist. The LordEdward looked at him for a moment with contemptuous wonder-ignoring the offered hand. Then, dropping the sword on the ground, he turned from the place. O'Connor, still smiling, nodded to Cap-tain Baker. "Our work is over," he said, and followed Lord Edward to his obait chair.

shone like the sun through the mist. The meeting was entirely to his liking. To be engaged in a duel with two lords as principals, and a man of the high position of Arthur O'Connor as second, was to him a rare social distinction. He had no fear for his patron, for he knew his nurivalled skill as a swordsman, and if he killed his man the captain hoped to make their companionship in trouble profitable. He beamed all round as he came up with his arm tucked into Lord Dalwich's, who on ordinary occasions would never The unfortunate Captain was quite dumbfounded, all his fine swagger was gone. He shared the disgrace of his principal, and felt it the more acutely of the two. He turned his back upon the coward, who stood stock-still, dangling his sword. But the spark of honorable shame went out in a moment, finding no with his arm tucked into Lord Dulwich's, who on ordinary occasions would never have tolerated such familiarity. "We are well up to time," he said, ad-dressing O'Connor, who coldly nodded in return to his elaborate salute, "but, by G-, you are before us. Impatient to get to work, I suppose. Well, the sooner we begin the sooner we will get done." He made a half-pass with his walking cane as he spoke, and then a motion of falling back, with his left hand pressed fuel in a heart sodden by a long life of meanness and vice. The Captain saw that the incident which proved his patron a coward had made him his master.

Turning sharp around, he clapped him on the shoulder boisterously, as he had never dared to do before, and bade him remember the raw mist was as dangerous as a sword thrust. "A drop of brandy is what you need, my lord, to take the chill off," he said, with no attempt to dis-

guise the sarcasm in his voice. Looking back, Arthur O'Connor noticed that Lord Dulwich carried both swords to the sedan chair, and that Captain Baker swaggered by his side with the air of a

By this time the morning had begun to clear. A warm white spot showed itself in the east, where the sun ought to be. The veil of mist lifted slowly from the green wooded slopes of the Park, and patches of faint blue were seen in the pale dangerous humor. Means mischief if ever a man did." "My friend is quite ready," said O'Con-

"We will walk, Arthur, if you do not object, ' said Lord Edward, who tingled all over with restless excitement. The chairmen, who had watched the

combat with the keenest interest, were dismissed with a handsome gratuity, and went trotting into town to spread the news of the "jewel," with what embell-ishments seemed good to them, and the two friends strode rapidly along the broad road that runs through the beautifal park.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Reform in the Organ Loft.

"Sometimes, in the afternoon," says the well-known writer, James R. Randall, in the Catholic Columbian, "I go to church when the chcir is practicing. Praying, under such circumstances, without distraction of unusual proportions, is difficult, and, to most impossible. Of course, the choir must prepare for Sunday service, but I have sometimes thought that practicing in church is not quite reverent. There is a deal of chatting, giggling and fussing, at such times, in the organ loft. Is not a choir member under as much obligation to respect the Blessed Sacrament as an ordinary mortal in the pews? Is this the common behavior of choir folks, or am I too rigid in criticism? If it be difficult for singers to practice without laughing and conversing loudly, as if in the vestibule of a theatre, would it not be well to have some other place assigned for that purpose? I have known Protestant visitors to our churches who were scandalized by such conduct. They cannot understand how anyone believ ing in the Real Presence should act as if It were a myth. I am aware that some of the choir members are very sensitive to such reproaches, but, if such a person could make valid defense of this matter, I would like to hear it. One would suppose that they who sing the solemn church music would shrink from flippancy in the temple of the Lord of Glory. Possibly I am too severe in mentioning what may be pardonable levity; but without additional light on the subject, 1 plead for reform in the organ loft."

### DECEMBER 11, 1897

#### BIBLE STUDY.

Its Importance for Children Day and Sunday Schools Monsignor Dupanloup speak

the catechetical form of inst says: "No preaching h eloquent, no ministry however ing, equals this one; the good done, both to one's self and to is so very great, that no other zeal is to be compared to it."

As the Sacred Scripture is th tain head from which we are t the material for catechetical tion, so it is necessary first to thorough knowledge of the Writings, and secondly to comm this knowledge to others in our tions.

EXCELLENCE AND CHARM OF ST THE BIBLE.

But if this is true in regar instructions to adults, with he more truth can it be said of structions to children, who lambs of Christ's flock? An study of the Bible brings to teachers of the Word, an incon good, and possesses a certain so in proportion will the st knowledge of the Sacred Book in the minds and hearts of th an impression that will bear good in more mature years, carry with it an attraction for and the true. For j the painter or the must copying closely the masters, familiarizing himself with th liar characteristics, becomes in his art and produces a fai excellent copy of the origina little ones by becoming fai their tender years with the tory and events of the Sacred V will, the grace of God assisti ion their lives after the Div as portrayed in the Holy Bool

Another and excellent adv be derived by children from of Sacred Scripture is the necessary especially in our competing with non-Catholic knowledge of Holy Writ.

As Holy Church is the in and custodian of the Holy B but proper that her children imbued, particularly in the years, with a deep knowledg profound respect for the insp So that this genuine knowled this sincere veneration for th Word, like a two edged sw be instrumental, even in the the young, in destroying th icusness of false interpretati one hand, and, on the other, spect with which these not of faith are wont nowadays to Secred Book.

But this much desired en attained only by early and training in the study of the THE MANNER OF THE STUI BIBLE

It is a custom in many of day schools to defer the st Bible until the child reach called the Bible class, which the highest class. The uti system might be questioned for two reasons : first, many dren, through necessity, or other cause, leave school b reach the highest class, and feit the study of the Bible ; the study of the Sacred Sc thereby confined to one or which is insufficient for so i task. Hence the necessity the utility of undertaking t the Sacred Book in the low and among the younger c be continued as the pupi from class to class. And accomplished by plain and struction and examination red Book. Catholic children when gr have at times to meet in our country with two classes v to speak much about the Catholics are generally 1 being more deeply imbued ion than others, they sho least a good idea of the con two Testaments. The firs those who hold to their den creed and reverence the second class are those wh the partially inspired W but uphold and study it masterpiece of literature. Catholic can always fly t of the subbrity of the should also show familiar Written Word, and for t this knowledge will only his catechism classes, an need of an extended stu history.

as with a lightning flash, what reason's slow search still fails to find. The stately Gertrude, on the other hand, professed a great affection for "the doctor's daughter," as she called her. "She was so wonderfully well-bred," Lady Glenmire was pleased to say; "quite wonderful, considering—and then her eccentric notions about the poor and the Papists, and all that sort of thing, lent a certain charm of originality to a char-acter that otherwise, perhaps, ill-natured people might think a little insipid." Just at this time, when Lord Edward burst like a comet on Dublin society, the Most Noble the Marquisof Dulwich shone there with steady light. Young, hand-some, noble (in the sense in which the world uses the word), and of immense wealth, he was the centre around which the matrimonial system of the metropolis —marriageable maidens and match-mak-ing matrons—revolved. Lord Edward's right hand shook, so that the glass that he held to his lips sprinkled the red drops on the cloth. His face was pale as the white damask. His eyes blazed with passion, but he mastered himself by a tremendous effort. He put the glass down softly, and walked very quietly to the table where Lord Dul-wich sat. ing matrons-revolved. Before Lord Edward Fitzgerald had flashed into society, Lord Dulwich had for a time bestowed his well-bred, coldly amorous patronage on Lady Gertrude Glenmire, who for her part held him on and off with half tolerant disdain. He was a young man with no touch of youth's folly or youth's enthusiasm—in-dolent, graceful, imperturbably dull, and then much patronized by the Castle. His elbow rested on it. Without a word of request or apology Lord Edward laid hold of a corner of the paper and jerked supremely handsome. The smooth, white forehead was, perhaps, a shade too narrow, the bright eyes a shade too close-ly set, the red lips a shade too thin; but the most hostile criticism could find no

itroughly away. Lord Dulwick felt the rude jerk, and turning sharply around, caught sight of Lord Edward's pale face. For a moment

on that hint he spoke : "How dare you," he broke out furious-ly, forgetting his drawl in his fury. "You insolent young—" Here he met Lord Edward's eyes. The

the face with it. In an instant Lord Dulwich sprang to his feet and clapped his hand on his sword-hilt. The brace of bucks, both

nor appeared, with his customary quiet smile on his resolute face.

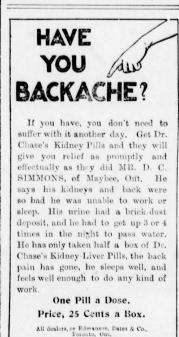
"You require satisfaction, my lord," he said gently, in reply to a hoarse mut-tering of his enemy, whose face was con-vulsed with passion. "You shall have it. My friend, Mr. Arthur O'Connor, will are now with or solve the order."

At the sight the swaggerers swords clattered back into their scabbards. Lord Edward was quite cool, now that his object was obtained. He bowed with stern courtesy to Lord Dulwich.

At a table close beside Lord Edward's, eying at the whisper of a lord," who re-volved perpetually around the wealthy nobleman, and plied him with coarse flattery, which his soul loved. To Lord Edward, in his present mood, the crowded and noisy coffee-room was silent and solitary as vacant space. His

ation of a man whom he despised. But atterwards, when alone with Lord Edward, Lady Gertrude would speak of the insult of this lofty patronage with such bitter scorn, and would flash to her ardent young lover bright eyes eloquent of love, and then all thought of pique and jealousy were burned up in the consum-ing ardor of his passion. He had little doubt—indeed, he had been given no cause to doubt—that his been given no cause to doubt-that his been given no cause to doubt-that his love was returned. Half-a-dozen times he resolved to beg the full assurance from her lips. But somehow her "sweet unher hps. But somehow her "sweet un-consciousness" of his meaning — her sprightly sallies that sent the talk wan-dering off in gay channels, while the earnest words of love were just trembling into utterance—always balked his pur-pose until the opportunity was gone by. One night Lord Edward had been to see Namble at the theater. The reav see Kemble at the theatre. The play was Romeo and Juliet, which is so warmed and illumined throughout with the fire of love. The great actor seemed to give eloquent voice and words to the young lover's own thoughts. In Juliet he saw his own love per-

be saw his own thoughts. In Juliet he saw his own love per-sonified. Through the changing scenes he knelt in spirit at her feet and worshipped her. The tragic close filled him with a strange grief, as if the traged wars his own the tragedy were his own. With a heart full of love thoughts he



arrange with any friend of yours." "Arthur," he continued to O'Connor, in a lower tone, "no accommodation is pos-sible; let the meeting be to-morrow. I will tell you all later on. I know you will say I could not do otherwise than I have done. You will find me at my lodg-ing in Lawis streat." have done. You will find me at my lodg-ings in Jarvis street." With another bow, deeper than the last, to the astounded Lord Dulwich, he slipped

away. An hour later, O'Connor found Lord Edward pacing his sitting-room in Jarvis street in a fever of excitement. All the solf-restraint which he had shown in the

Presence of the enemy had disappeared. Youth, and hot blood, and outraged love, and a feverish thirst for vengeance quite mastered him. "Well, well, O'Connor," he cried, im-patiently, as his friend entered. "The meeting is to be to morrow morn-

ing, O Comoor replied, still impertur-able; "at sunrise, in the park, the weap-ons swords. Now, tell me why you fight. Surely not on account of that wretched newspaper you tore in pieces between

In a few words, Lord Edward told him

"A duel to the death," said O'Connor, "A duel to the death," said O'Connor, shortly. "I am sorry for it. His second insisted on swords. Of course you, as the challenged, had the choice of weapons. But he urged that your insult was so gross it was itself a challenge, and I could not gainsay him." While he spoke he strode up and down

the room impatiently, his coolness gone Right well Lord Edward knew what was

so much awe. He was awakened by a light touch on

He was awakened by a light touch on his shoulder, as he fancied, a moment afterwards. In reality he had slept for somehours. ArthurO'Connor was bend-ing over him with a grave face. There were lights on the breakfast table, for the early morning was misty and cheerless. "I have let you sleep to the last mo-ment," O Connor said, with an attempt at cheerfulness. "You will want all your nerve and strength, and please God they will yet carry yon safe tbrough."

Will yet carry yon safe through." He glanced at the letters on the writing table, and broke off abruptly— "You will deliver them if need be," said Lord Edward.

hair's breadth between them. Courteously he held the hilts out to Captain Baker, who laid his hand carelessly on the nearest, and presented it with a bow and flourish to Lord Dulwich O'Connor handed the other to Lord Edward. "Caution," he whispered.—" I need not say courage - and all will go

There was a tremor in his usually calm

voice as he spoke. But there was no tremor in the strong, resolute young hand that grasped the sword-hilt. As Lord Edward's fingers closed on the weapons, and he saw his foe in front of him, the fierce passion of battle at once took complete possession of his head, and left no room for other teeling

The two men faced each other warily, and steel rasped on steel as their swords met, and they felt each other's deadly purpose along the quivering blades. For a second or so they stood as motionles death, scarce half a foot from either breast, and the deadly will behind each sword to drive it home.

Even in that brief space Lord Edward, while he read in his enemy's eves his fell intent, noted that his face was deadly pale, and that his thin, tight lips twitched convulsively as with concentrated rage. Lord Dulwich, he was assured, meant death.

He grew more than ever on his guard. Making his sword point spin in a half circle back and forward, like lightning, he feinted cautiously, in tierce, ready for a deadly thrust in return, which would test

deadly thrust in return, which would test all his skill and outchness to parry. But no return thrust came. Lord Dul-wich gave ground a step, feebly parried Lord Edward's pass, and stood on the de-

Do You Tire Quickly?

Bight well Lord Edward knew what was in his mind. As a awordsman Lord Dai-wich And no equal, even in Dabin, where the fencing school and the pistol gallery were the chief fashionable resorts. It was generally runored that his valet was not merely the amusement but the occupation of his lordship's life. His reputation had hitherto saved him form many a challenge, which his dull arrogance might have provoked. There was no fencing master in Dublin that could save himself had tried a bott vith the foils more than once. But, thongh timself a brilliant swordsman, let dual with the foils more than once at the cold struct. He would not the raw, misty though timself a brilliant swordsman, let dual with clean sharp, prod, while he could never once touch his gene more the fair earth's face before dual was the thonght this mind. He longed to the see once more the fair earth's face before.
But ho return thrust came. Lord Daltar is sword was heled so loosel; but Lord Edward, whose spirits that it rattled against his opponent's about to attend.
As they passed out into the raw, misty more than once. But, thongh timself a brilliant swordsman, let dual weight and tried a bot with the foils more than once. But, thongh timself a brilliant swordsman, let dual weight and three dual with clean sharp prod, while he could never once touch his mind. He longed to the fair earth's face before.
But the return the could never once the fair earth's face before.
But the return the could never once the fair earth's face before.
But the return the could never once the fair earth's face before.
But the return the took its place. He will be could never clook its place. He will be could never clook its place. He will be could never once the solly are stimulated and had hare experimed. Maltine with Coca Wine is sold by all druggists.

There is extant a system isms of the Bible used in s ant Sunday schools which the idea for a Catholic system is the division int books, about twenty-five in catechetical form, of al we were wont to learn as S in our parochial schools.

The first and second c bined in giving the life and a view of Church l third and fourth give t mankind and of the Jews Testament. The fitth is notions on natural and re ion, and the Christian et on Scripture »nd tra-course could thus be made or four years, beginn most necessary part of B edge.

Learning in some such thus drinking at the sa in their tender years, will also derive more be sermons and instructio later years they will be better capable of giving the faith that is in them F. Guinevan, in organ tolic Union of Secular Pr