"Doctors failed to reach my case and advised me to try a higher air."

There is no greater irony than a recom-mendation of change of climate to those whose circumstances make change of climate impossible. How many a sufwhose circumstances make change of climate impossible. How many a suf-ferer in such a case has wistfully watched the flight of the south-seeking birds, and cried with the Psalmist, "Oh that I had wings." But suppose you can fit the lungs to the climate instead of fitting the lungs to the climate instead of atting the climate to the lungs. That is what has been found possible by those who have used Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It so purifies the blood, removing the clogged and poisonous conditions favorable to disease, that the whole body is strengthened. With new strength comes new power, and disease is resisted and theory off

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GLENCOONOGE.

By RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

CHAPTER XXII.-CONTINUED. Conn expounded his views with much colubility, and had the pros and cons of

conn exponence to the volubility, and had the pros and cons of every conceivable contingency at his fingers' ends. Evidently the activity of speculation with which the neighborhood was rife concerning the fate of "The Harp" had not been lost upon him. Hardly anything else was talked of. Nor was this to be wondered at, considering how many people were materially interested in the conduct and prosperity of the inn. Its stores were drawn from many a small farm round about Glenconoge; and instinctively; it was felt that it would be in the power of a new-comer to drive harder bargains than its late mistress had ever cared to profit by. The custom might even go altogether, The custom might even go altogether, suggested some alarmists, for a hard man

suggested some alarmists, for a hard man could buy, and buy cheaper, in the Cork or Limerick market. But the theme was a many-sided one. When speculation on the future of the inn was for the nonce exhausted, there was the past to fall back upon. The elegy of "The Harp" was sung by voices young and old; but the sing by voices young and old; but the old with their longer memories had here naturally the advantage. Old Matt Dwyer, head stableman and patriarch of the village, who had known Gienconoge man and boy for over seventy years, was nearly past work now, and could not remember things infallibly when they had also heavened westerday or the day heavened westerday or the day be

only happened yesterday or the day be-fore, became on this subject the oracle, the referee in disputes, and the only voice hetened to when he was by. How many times and with what a zest did he not tell off on his fingers the names, dispositions, and peculiarities of the owners of the inn whom he had known, and of the others farther back that he had heard his father, and his gradifather, ave, and his great-grandfather talk of! What devils of fel-lows some of them were! Och! the dar-ing things they did! And the sharp ton-gues they had! It was all very well to talk of Conn's luck, or to make out that Parsy Hoolahan could say the witty

Paisy Hoolahan could say the witty bright thing, or that it was Jerome that hold dance, or Jan sing the good song; ut you felt when Matt Dwyer told of the ogs of those times, that there had been OINTMENT grandfather and his father, and for the matter of that, in the time when he him-self was young. Yes, Matt Dwyer would admit, the inn might be a larger place

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side for a sign.

This very morning Matt Dayer toddled up from the stables, drawn by the rumor about two gentlemen who were coming t see the inn and to look at the books; and when Conn was returning from the Castle he found the old man stationed within a few yards of the inn-door, surrounded by market. A k your doctor if this is not so.

Try a few bottles Michael the herd, and Terence Mahony, contradictory, unsteady fellow, whom

it was never possible to identify with any occupation or place in particular. "What's the news from the Castle?" sings out old Matt Dwyer to Conn, as the

rown. Date by date he could knock c

or you the wing and each of the two side locks as they had been added, leaving efore you the plain white-washed one-

storied inn as he had known it as a bo

—the door in the centre, the window on each side of the door, the three plain windows in a row above. With a breath he could puff off the slate roof and rein-

s are the yellow moss-grown thatch he remembered, and which two generations before him had looked on; while, crown-

ing triumphs! he could trace with trem!

ing hand in air the faint shale, beneath the clematis and the great rose-tree, o

the clematis and the great rose-tree, o

ame, which had in the course of year

reappea ed under the daub of white pain

passed over it long ago; and he could poin to the spot, where if you were to feel about

beneath the climbing rose-tree, you would find the hole in which the beam was fixed

from which swung, in days gone by, the board with an Irish harp painted on each

"No news at all," says Conn, "excepting what's old. The O'Doherty and old Lord Lisheen are cuttin' each other's throats to see who'll buy the inn." "To think of th' old 'Harp' changin' hands!" said Matt Dwyer, shaking his

"To think it'll be no more kep by an Ennis! I declare 'tis enoug to make a man glad he hasn't long t live. There'll be nothin' any more like what it was. Four generations of them 've known; a grand race o' min intirely laster George he's o' the same stoo here's no denying, but not in the direct line, d'ye see. Tell me again the name of the man that robbed him?" "Sure 'tis a firm of money-linding swindlers," said Dan. "What's this their

name is Conn ? "Goble and Lend," answered Conn

"Goble and Lend," answered Conn.
"Two on 'em'' exclaimed old Matt
Dwyer, casting up his eyes and slightly
raising his hands. "Two to one was
never fair play in my time. I never
heard tell on 'em. Are they from these

parts' "No. sir. they're from Dublin. Dublin solicitors

"Big cities is bad places." said old Matt, "and lawyers are the divil an' all." "George Eanis was a fool," said Terence Mahony — Terence Mahony of all people! a man thirty years of age if he was a day, and not yet married! A pretty sort of fellow to be putting in his word!

word!

"An' if he was a fool, what then?"
asked old Matt Dwyer, getting very angry.
"Would an honest man take advantage
of a fool? Is that the way you larnt your

Why did he have anything to do with them when he knew he was no match for them?" persisted Terence Mahony. "If he had known he was no match for

them, would he have been a fool, tell me that? If you knew ye were no match for me, wouldn't ye be a wiser man than

What's the good o' talking!" said Terence Mahony, turning away and going and sitting by himself on the parapet of the stone wal

"Nevermind him!" cried Matt Dwyer: "but tell me, Conn, about them two gin-tlemen coming to-day, who are they at all and what are they coming for?"

shouldn't wonder at all as they're coming to look over the place and the books, if they're not thinking of buying, too. Listen! Don't you hear the sound of carriage wheels?"

riage wheels?"

Matt Dwyer said he heard nothing, and that it was all Conn's imagination; but sure enough within less than a minute the sound was unmistakeable, and presently a car, curving into view, approached at a spanking rate. Conn made for the inn, followed more leisurely by Dan, and seizing the bell, according to rule, swung it vigorously, making its peals go ringing through the house. The book-keeper ran out of her room, the servants flocked ran out of ner room, the servaine mocked hurriedly into the hall, the car pulled up and its two occupants jumped off. Why did old Matt Dwyer and his satellites open their mouths wide and stare hard? Why did Conn look astonished and the book keeper turn pale? "Murdher!" exclaimed Dan Hoolahan under his breath, as he too recognized the actors in the wellas he too recognized the actors in the well-remembered fray of several months be-

fore "them schoundbrels again!"
"Here!" cried the foremost and taller
of the two, known to history as "Henry," of the two, known to insury as its insury, addressing no one in particular, "look alive some of you! Just lift those bags out and put them where they'!! be safe. And you" (to the driver) "take out and bait the horse, and be ready to start at 2 colocks barn."

Then he strode into the hall followed

"Where is the book keeper?"
"Here, sir," said Mrs. Hoolahan.
"Well! you know, I suppose, what
we've come for? Mr. Jardine has sent you

Yes, sir. "Yes, sir."
"Very well. This," motioning to the short comfortable figure of the rosy-faced man beside him, "is Mr. Lend. My name is Goble. We've got no time to lose, so as soon as you like we'll start on our tour of inspection; then we'll have a look at the books, and by that time per-haps you can have some luncheon ready,

While he spoke Mr. Goble kept his eve markedly fixed on the scar on Conn's forehead, and his face brightened with a gleam of satisfaction which he made no attempt to conceal. Conn's blood began to rise. The book-keeper took in the sit-

"Certainly, sir," she said, with alacrity. "Conn, my keys are on the table in that room. Bring them me." But Conn would not hear his wife, and

steadily returned his antagonist's look with a fierce meaning which grew each instant plainer to Mr. Goble; with the effect that the latter's exultant smile faded, his mouth contracted, and he sud now than it was in those days; but it wasn't at all the cozy place it had been it was duller, stupider, grander as it had denly turned away on his heel.

Conn looked after him an instant
with mocking inward laughter, and a

scoff was rising to his lips when his wife ran up to him.
"For my sake, Conn, you must neither

see these men nor speak to them. Dan has done all the showing round, and he " Is it let these scoundrels go over the

"What can we do to prevent them? We have no right to interfere." "Good-bye to the inn for me, if they

become its masters. I would not serve Nor I neither; but that is for here

after. Nay, nay, Conn, for my sake avoid any chance of a quarrel." The book-keeper was almost crying— how much softer she had grown! and at sight of her tears Conn's anger all fled

sight of her tears Conn's auger all fied away.

"For you, my dear," he chimed, "I'll do anything. I'll even seem to be a coward." And the book-keeper, without more words, calling Dan, told him to show "those gentlemen" over the house.

Conn was as good as his word and kept out of the way. But the encounter in which there had been neither words nor blows was not without its fruit. The demeanor of the firm was less aggressive:

demeanor of the firm was less aggressive no further allusion either direct or indi rect was made to the memorable fracas and everything passed off peaceably The house was gone over, the book-keeper's accounts were examined, and the visitors, when they had had luncheon, drove away.

As soon as they were gone, Dan had long account to give to Conn and the book-keeper of how the gentlemen had looked and spoken; and the trio dwelt long and speculatively on what the meaning might be of such expressions as "radical alterations," "a clean sweep," unnecessary expense." ioned," "a general smartening up all round,"—phrases which Dan reported to have fallen from the visitors at every

" How was it they used to address each other when they were here before?

asked the book-keeper.
"'Gad, I forget," answered Conn.
"There were three of them that time,
but we never knew they were Goble and

"The villians!" cried Dan, "to call themselves by names not their own And they were very eager to know wha was in that case of yours, Jane, in the linen-room. I said I didn't know, and they looked at me very hard as if they thought I was telling lies. And when I said it belonged to the book-keeper, 'On,' said it belonged to the book-keeper, ou, says the tall one, 'I dare say. How many more things in the house belong to her?' and then he whispered to his friend, 'Mr. Jardine must keep his eyes

open. He isn't sharp enough,"
"Any one would think the place belonged to them already," said Conn,

The book-keeper answered nothing, and Conn feit that the whole affair was unsatisfactory.

Conn was more chaffed by his friends outside than usual that afternoon, on the score of his clouded prosperity. Hard-ness of life, the habit of living from hand to mouth, and of enduring privation, develope a comparative indifference to misortune; and no one was particularly heart-broken because Conn. who had been lucky all his life, was not after all superior to the fickleness of chance. Neither was Conn himself cast down. But his readiness to join in the laugh against himself in presence of a change to his disadvantage which now more than ever seemed imminent, his half-risen exultancy even, born of the spirit of recklessness and love of advenspirit of reckiessness and love of adven-ture of which he had his share, were checked when he thought of his wife. He did not care much whither he might tlemen coming to-day, who are they at all and what are they coming for?"

If of 10 cents Time book contains the first the was a barque all and what are they coming for?"

If you know as much about them as I was ever so, as well as humorous compositions freely shift and character. Set I was step some of them do, if I was ever so and daracter. Set I was the portrait of set I was ever so and a make they coming for?"

If we me the cloth, she answered, be anywing in the world by our often said that they were built for summer seas, not fit for the windless hand, she went forward, and taking it from his power-based; but she! she was a barque less hand, she went forward, and wiping the surface of the picture, dies money? I'd be long sorry to bear my closed it to view. It was the portrait of set as some of them do, if I was ever so an eld man fresh and ruddy of face; with book-keeper had said once in a fond mo- white hair and black eyebrows and a ing and swearing as some of them do.

Maria.

ment when he had told her the meaning of its name, "I did, indeed, find a haven here, and you are my rocky island like that one there; it rises ruggedly and steep, but it shelters the creek making its waters always calm"—words like music to his peasant ears, filling his soul with joyful pride. They had only to recur to him, and his sanguineness was dashed at thought of their leaving Glencoonoge, of going forth out of their para-

dashed at thought of their leaving Glen-coonoge, of going forth out of their para-dise like the primeval pair to brave the unknown cheerless world together. How would it fare with her there by his side? thought he. Here she was in a way a queen, her life was primitive. There she would be only his wife, sunk to his level; and how long would her love sur-vive contest with the sordid cares and vulgar strife of the rude surroundings in which his lot must be cast? how would vulgar strife of the rude surroundings in which his lot must be cast? how would he stand in her eyes when she should find that he was not the all-powerful guardian her glowing fancy painted him. He knew she had already come to regard the future with dread; she had told him why; these thoughts of his were partly the reflection of her own. So that when how his wife was affected.

"What do you think, Conn?" she said at last, with a well controlled voice.

"I think I never saw so living a thing why; these thoughts of his were partly the reflection of her own. So that when on the evening of the day on which Goble and Lend had paid their flying visit, Conn perceived that his wife was unusually preoccupied, he thought he could guess the reason. But in fact her mind was filled with a much slighter teached expressed by somesting which

trouble, suggested by something which Dan reported to have fallen from these men; and the following morning she broached the matter to her husband, say-

organical the matter to the ratiosate, saying, "Conn. I am uneasy about that case of mine. Do you think your father could find room for it in his cottage?"
"Tis very large," said Conn, doubtingly. "Anyhow, there'd be no harm in trying."
"It is worrying me so much," said she,
"It is worrying me so much," to be thank-"that I am almost inclined to be thankful it is the only piece of property I have got. But having it, I will run no risk of

losing it. You remember what those men said yesterday to Dan? We must try and get it out of the way at once."
"I'll just step across now," said Conn, promptly, "and have a talk with my father about it."

You had better measure it first, and not not oction measure it first, and then you will be better able to judge how much room it will take up," saying which, the book-keeper led the way along the passage to the furthermost room with at in which she had been all. -that in which she had been folding up linen with the girls on the first occasion of my seeing her. The case stood against the wall untouched since that day. Conn

messured its height and width. "'Tis very big," said Conn, considering,

"The picture is not as large as the case that might make a difference perhaps.'
"'Twill be easier to carry, anyway,'
said Conn. "I'll open the box and
measure the picture."

"Can you open it?"
"Och! easily enough," said Conn carelessly, after glancing at the fastenings

'they're only screws."

Conn went for his bag of tools, and the book-keeper sighed as she looked again at the case. "It must be five years since

it was closed," she said to herself. "I wish it could remain so." Conn returned immediately, and tak ing up a driver, without a word deftly loosened the screws. This done he raised the lid, and turning it back on its hinges, displayed to view something enveloped in a wrap, which, when removed, discovered a framed picture; the workmanship of the frame, however, and the subject of the picture being quite indistinguishable.

"Dust!" said Conn, touching the thick both

white coating which was upon both "Where in the world did it all com from?"
"The case has travelled a good deal

since it was fastened up," said the book-keeper, "and you know it has stood against the wall there for over two

ment's pause dropped on one knee to wip From the frame first, please, please!' "Why from the frame first?" thought

Conn: but he did not ask the question nor even look round inquiringly. He wiped the dust from the frame, not noticthe intricacy of its mouldings, be-se the question kept repeating itself in mind, "Why from the frame first?"

his mind, "Why from the frame hist."
"Shall I do the picture, now?" he asked, quietly, for the frame was soon finished. Its gilding shone with a faded splendor surrounding an oblong blankness of white dust that covered the picture like a veil. "Shall I do the picture ture like a veil. now?" he repeated, without rising and without looking round.
"Not yet. I cannot bear to look at it."

Conn turned suddenly. His wife was very pale, and starting to his feet he ran towards her, thinking she was going to

fall.
"It is nothing, Conn, nothing," she said, putting out her hand. He took it in both his, and looked into her face anxi-

"Was it the picture gave you the turn?" he said, with an angry glance towards it. "Sure I know well enough it was. Bother it for a picture! is what I say. 'Tis the divil and all for being un say. 'Tis the divil and all for being pleasant. Do you mind the day I you because I wanted to open it and you wouldn't let me? And you were right, i it makes you unhappy—as if you haven't enough to trouble you already! I'm enough to trouble you already! I'm mad with it, I am. It has been like a

ghost all along, haunting you between whiles. But now just lave it to me, and I'll get Patsy to bring his cart along, and we'll bundle it across, case and all, and we'll cart it away and make a bonfire of it out on the hills. And when you see it blazing up, you'll be able to say to yourself, 'There goes my trouble into smoke!' For I won't have you annoyed again, my dear—more than I can help,' he added, less confiduntly, remembering his recent

reflections.

As Conn finished, the book-keeper's listening face broke suddenly into a smile before with Conn's wrathful determination failed. He could no more help being vanquished by a smile from her, whatever his mood might be, than raindress can refuse to gisten or grass keeper and the second might be the same of the second might be the sec drops can refuse to g.isten, or grass keep from looking bright, when after a shower the sunshine streams again over field and

coat, and a heavy neckcloth, above which the corners of a linen collar appeared.

The book-keeper had fallen back a few paces to where her husband stood, and she looked long and intently at the por-trait, which one instant was there before her, and the next was quite blurred out, as tears alternately filled her eyes and, brimming over, coursed silently down her cheeks—for after all she had not under-estimated the strength of the associations which were linked with that long concealed face.

For Conn. too, the portrait had a fascination, and he was held so fixedly by its inquisitive eyes, that he did not notice

in all my life. There are not two of us in the room at all, but three. And look in the room at all, but three. And look! he's opening his mouth to speak! I declare he looks me through and through! What do I think? Gad, I'm wondering what does he think. But," continued Conn, shaking off the illusion, "what am Leaning." I saying? Sure 'tis only a picture after

"And you never knew him?" he con-

tinued the next minute.

"Never. He died long before I was born. But he is like a living person to me, so entwined with my earliest recollections are his face as painted there, and "He was a grand man, entirely. He'd be fit to dine with The O'Doherty at the

Castle any day."

"He ranked much higher," said the book-keeper. "The O'Doherty is only a country gentleman. My grandfather would have taken precedence of him." lastle any day.

"He looks a sailor, every inch of him," said Conn, approvingly. "And d'ye mean to say that he, sitting there so staid and dignified, that he ran away from school for love of the sea?"
"So I have often and often heard from

my poor mother's lips. But this portrait of him was taken in his old age, when he Conn grew rather thoughtful.
"'Twas well he died when he die! If e had been alive how, I suppose you would never have come to this place, and I never would have seen you, and you would have been the wife of some other man? And yet that couldn't be," he added, with decision, "because we were destined for one another. The first time I ever saw

me. Didn't you feel the same? Why will you nevertell me that, Jane? Sare I have no secrets from you!"

But the book-keeper either did not, or would not, bear what he was saying. She was looking at the portrait, and missed the expression, at once critical and approving which was on her husband's face, as for a moment he eyed her pensive attitude and pretty figure, her dress plain and neat, he hair and face and neck, and proudly felt that she belonged to him. His eyes fol-lowed hers once more to the portrait of the old sailor, who seemed so eager to speak and who bent his searching look not un-favorably upon him also. Presently the book-keeper turned towards her husband

you, something told me that you were for ne. Didn't you feel the same? Why

"He lived his life." said Conn, softly seeing her wet cheeks and that she did not speak, "and we have to live ours, my own, and do the best we can. It won't own, and do the best we can. It won't be leng in going, so don't cry, my dear There's old Matt Dwyer, now; he's the oldest man in the place, and he says the way life flies is the wonderfullest thing he ever knew in the world. And there's not a man or woman of them all that has grown old but says the same; and the were once as young as ourselves. Faith, time might stand still with me and welcome, but for one thing.

And that is-"If you were not happy, too, Jane; and 'm not sure that you are

"Why do you doubt it, Conn?"

"Ah, yes, I am right! There is a cloud on you—of course there is. Have we not ost our best friend? May to go forth upon the world and leave this quiet place? Sure I know all that well enough. What matter if there were nothing else!"
"Isn't that enough?"

"Isn't that enough?"
"If that were but all! Tell me, Jane,
do you fret because you are married to
one who—who isn't half good enough for

"Hush!" she said, putting her hand upon his mouth, and her eyes rising to his face, and resting on the scar upon his forehead, she burst afresh into tears

Oh, Conn! who cares for me but you And you braved danger for my sake, you And you braved danger for my sake, you the best of friends, my dear, my hus band!"
"There now, there!" he said, smooth

"There now, there!" he said, smooth ing her hair with his big hands and kiss ing her forehead. "I've sometime thought when I've seen you downcastbut, thank God! it was a lying fancy Do you think there's anything I can't do is you believe in me? Cheer up, cheer up. We may not have to go away at all and if we do, who knows but it may be better for us. It grows on me more and more lately that 'tis a poor look out, in a manner speaking, staying here: for if no' now, another times changes may come and turn us adrift when we are older, less active, and—and less free, perhaps, than we are now. I don't know what there is for us to do in this place, except farm. And not that even, for the land is full: and in this country, with the poor soi and the rents there are, it would never do. But out beyond in the great work across the seas—oh, what chances! what
—what possibilities! Only do you stand
by me, Jane, and there is nothing I will
not do to keep all annoyance and all harm not do to keep all annoyance and all harm from you, as far as I am able. I declare there's nothing I'd like so much as that you should be restored to your proper station through me. Why do you shake you head? Itisn't a wild dream! Didn't he," pointing to the portrait, "begin at the lowest rung in the ladder and mount to the top of it? Sure I've known myself those from about here who've gone away those from about here who've gone awa as poor as poor could be, and who are ro drops can refuse to g.isten, or grass keep from looking bright, when after a shower the sunshine streams again over field and tree and bush.

"You forget the picture does not belong to me."

"Twill never be claimed," said Conn, shaking his head.

"Give me the cloth," she answered, looking and taking it from his rowers.

But just notice this: in spite of it all, we're their obedient servants, and what we're their obedient servants, and what is it but their money makes us so—showing what money will do. If we were rich, 'tisn't like those people we'd behave ourselves, but we'd travel about and see things; and we'd go and see the friends who knew you in better days and lost sight of you, to let them know how prosperous you were one more, and all withperous you were once more, and all with-out them."

At this the book-keeper broke into a At this the book-keeper broke into a peal of joyous laughter, 'crying out: "What a funny climax! Struggles, success, affluence, independence,—all steps to the crowning joy of trumphing over my old faiends. Heigho!" she continued, wiping her eyes after her laughter, "you bring clearly home to me, Conn, the truth of what Father John sometimes says in his sermons about the emptiness of gratified ambition, and the hollowness of wealth. How happy we are here

"Do you say so? You make me happy Jane, when you say that. I declare I wouldn't give a snap of the fingers for more than we've got, except for your

At this moment sundry sounds in the house recalled them both to the work-aday world. Opening the door to see what the matter might be, Conn perceived Mr. Jardine making his way along the passage, battering doors with his stick, slamming them to aed talking angrily te himning them to, aed talking angrily te him-

"The place is not deserted, then," cried Mr. Jardine, testily, when he saw Conn.
"I could make no one hear, and thought
mayhap you had all run away." "I'm very sorry, sir, we have kept you

waiting—"
"I have just run over," said Mr. Jardine, with a wave of the hand by way of dismissing excuses, "as I told you I would, to make out an inventor; and now, as I haven't much time to spare, perhaps you'—to Conn—"will take me into every room without exception in the

"Yes, sir." "And you. ma'am, might kindly have your books ready for me by the time I have finished. You know, of ceurse, that 'tis all settled that the inn and its contents are to be sold?

"No, sir!" cried Conn; "settled!"
"Aye, indeed, 'Tis a sad necessity, a sad business, indeed, altogether. And so now, if you please—hallo! what have we got here?"

His eye had fallen on the newlyopened case and its treasure. The book-keeper in a few words explained that it was her property, and that certain ex-pressions which had fallen yesterday from the Dublin lawyers had alarmed her. While she did so, Mr. Jardine's eyes turned frequently from the portrait to her, and from her back to the por-

TO BE CONTINUED.

A MINISTER'S OPEN CONFESSION.

Genesis of the So-Called Reformation

in England. The Rev. Mr. Aked, of Liverpool, is known as one of the foremost Protestant ministers on Mersey's side. He is prominent citizen of Liverpool and a well-known public speaker, distin guished by the fearless courage of an outspoken, yet temperate and respon-sible man. He has just been lecturing at Great Harwood, near Blackburn, on The Story of the Pilgrim Fathers,' and in the course of his lecture he traced the genesis of the Protestant

Reformation in England. These are

Mr. Aked's words, as reported in a Protestant paper printed in the locality where he lectured: In this country the Protestant Reformation in its outward and official acts grew out of the adulterous passion of a king for a pretty girl, and the whole course of the early stages of the movement, with its schims, subterfuges, compromises and controversies might be traced to the fact that the was Henry VIII., the girl, Anne Bo-leyn; and because the Pope declined to annul Henry's marriage with Catherine, the monarch broke the power of

the Pope in this land." Speaking on Queen Mary, Mr. Aked said "it was perfectly certain that justice had not been done to her by English or Protestant historians. Queen Etizabeth, Mr. Aked had also

something to say. He declared : "She was the greatest liar in Europe. A lie to her was a mere intellectual means of escaping from a difficulty. She always lied, and the rags and tatters of her reputation as a woman were torn in pieces when Hume was allowed access to original documents, letters written by her to lovers and to other people."

So much for the founder of Protest-

Speaking of the religious change itself. Mr. Aked said : "In the matter of religion, it was

not the nation that had swung from Protestantism to Roman Catholicism, and then back to Protestantism; it was a matter of kings and queens, courts and statesmen and statecraft."

Mr. Aked is by no means a pro Catholic; on the contrary, his attitude is militantly Evangelical, and he is a thorough "No-Popery" man, a fact which makes these prouncements the more significant. Catholic controversiglists should store them by : such confessions by a Protestant minister

are sure to prove useful. GENEROUS IMPULSE.

Very pleasant things sometimes happen to Catholics in lands which do not boast of their liberality toward all creeds. In Aberdeen, Scotland, it be-came known that the County Council purposed withholding from the Sisters of Nazareth the annual grant made to them on account of their schools. Immediately a number of Protestants came forward, unsolicited, with generous donations to make good the deficit. The County Council experienced a change of heart: the grant was allowed, and the Sisters returned the money to their Protestant friends with a gracious note of thanks. Honor to the Protestants of Aberdeen! - Ave

EXTRACT FROM DISCOURSE PRO NOUNCED AT THE FUNERAL OF A CARMELITE NUN.

St. Louis Western Watchman. On Saturday last Sister Mary Fran cis, of the Carmelites, was buried from the Convent on Victor Street. She was only twenty eight years of age and had been in the community nine years. The obsequies were performed in the chapter room, where the young nun was laid out in a plain pine coffin, bare-footed and holding in her clasped hand a copy of her vows. There was a large attendance of friends. The priest who presided at the obsequies "I am sure that neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor might, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus. 'In these words St. Paul tells the

Romans of the power and efficacy of the

love of God. Nothing can check it nothing can withstand it. From th beginning men have known the tre mendous force of electricity. The de structive power of the lightning, the awful force of the thunderbolt, have a all times filled men's minds with terror It was the emblem of all that was mos terrible in nature and the synonym of boundless destruction. The sha that shot from the clouds, riving mour tains and cleaving the granite hill was the visible sign of an anger en throned on high. But men discovere that there was a double force in electricity, and that this awful energy was only the power of affinity. They die covered two electrical currents and se currents found that subtle affiin ty that generated a dynamic force opposite currents would be one : at neither height, nor depth, nor distance nor time could hold them apar Though separated by only a few in passable inches they would encircle t earth to effect a union. That was t secret which has developed into ele trical science; and that new bo energy, no longer terrible or destru tive, has been harnessed to men's use and its application in the arts and i dustries has revolutionized physic life and labors of men. "From the beginning men ha

known human love. The history the race can be summarized in a f

words: Men on earth have lived, a

loved and died. Begotten of love th

grew with their love; and when loceased they died. This love was ceased they died. mighty ever-present force. It was main-spring of all the energies a activities of mankind. It created hearth stone, built the cities and l the foundations of empires. Eve human life is an epic poem, beginni with the development of thought; the unfolding into desire and ending last in disappointment and sorrow the grave. Life was full of loving hoping hearts; the graves full of d hearts, killed by disappointment a awful force in human history, its st is told in ruins. The earth is cove with dead Troys, as society is ful Helens, and hell full of loves' victi But men discovered another love to had affinity to theirs. They discove a love coming down from beyond skies, awakening a counter curren love long storaged in human hear and the discovery was simultane with the birth of the mightiest force the universe of God: divine love force that not only binds all crea together in the bonds of charity, nning the chasm that spans and eternity, makes heaven and ea and humanity and divinity, twair one infinite and indevisable love. is the force that ha made our civil tion, revolutionized mens' thou and motives, and absolutely rene the entire face of the earth. force is in the moral world what harnessed lightnings of heaven ar the physical. "I am sure," says Apostle, "that neither life nor de nor angels, nor principalities, powers, nor things present, nor thi to come, nor might, nor height, depth, nor any other creature, wi able to separate us from the low God which is in Christ Jesus." magnetic force was discovered by power to attract. All smaller ob were by the loadstone drawn to it So precisely was the presence of new force made manifest among t The pagan world saw the Chris with one heart and one mind, and claimed; "how these people love another!" The love of God in ht

life has always been a magnet known on this earth. Its infit reached all time and embraced whole earth. "When I shall be up I shall draw all things to my And men animated with His s and carrying the Cross after Him, been centres of a mighty attra that overcame all obstacles and mounting all difficulties, to compunion of hearts and lives. A Anthony and St. Paul and a St. Fr of Assisi might try to hide the they had found; they might to bury the jewel by bi ing themselves in deserts wildernesses. But men have lowed whithersoever they led the deserts were peopled and the dernesses made to blossom as the What was the law that regulate in the desert? It was the lawles of limitless love. The whole loves a lover. The tourist who Verona is first brought to the of Juliet." She is the fair creat love who under the languid sk the South exemplified the force witchery of perfect human love. whole world most loves a divine If you would understand a sain