THE RETURN OF MARY O'MURROUGH

BY BOSA MULHOLLAND hor of "The Tragedy of Chris," "Nanno,"

CHAPTER XIV

" IT WASN'T DONE WHEN THE MESSAGE WAS SENT "

It was Saturday evening in Killelagh chapel. Night shadows already darkened the white washed walls, but an occasional sacred emblem was revealed by the rays of the sanctuary lamp, and by a pale golden gleam from the sky beyond the narrow windows. The Father was in his usual seat, with a little curtain dropped before him, and groups of and women kneeling around awaited a hearing of their tale of faultiness or trouble, to be rewarded

by unfailing sympathy and counsel. The open door revealed a picture of magical beauty, dusky, yet glowing, the eternal hills, sombre and solemn, yielding slowly and sullenly to the consuming fire smoulder under gathering night - clouds. Suddenly the glamour was obscured as a belated figure crossed the thresthe chapel. One or two heads were turned for a moment, but the new-comer had immediately buried him self in the shadows near the sanctu-

Notwithstanding the dusk and his haste, he might have been recognized by his tall figure and the natural swagger which his bent head and restrained footsteps could nor altogether do away with. It was the oung man called Jakes, to whom han Sullivan had given a lift one day on his way home from Ballyorglin.

He remained a long time in his dark corner, and by his frequent abrupt movements and occasional hard sighs it might have been sup posed that he was passing through some struggle, was finding more that usual difficulty in preparing himself to render an account of his conscience. When at last he ap vere seated or kneeling waiting their turn, a woman who was acquainted with his mother glanced at him from under the hood of her cloak and interrupted her prayers to whisper to

' can go before me, Jakes, if y' like, I'm not in a hurry, and y' have a long way to get home before

Jakes nodded his thanks and took her place, and the good woman was further distracted at her devotions by the question presenting itself to

What on airth brings Jakes Finucane up here, so far from his own place, to go to confession to Father

She was punished for her distractions and her curiosity on finding that, when Jakes entered the confessional, he seemed to have forgotter Half an hour passed, and there was no movement from behind the curtain. No reminding coughs, no sound of shifting of the positions of the weary, rattling of ofttold rosary beads produced any effect. An hour went by the splendor had vanished from the doorway, the yellow gleam from the windows, the sanctuary lamp ne enhanced in lustre as the beecon in the darkness, and still. except for an occasional almost inaudible murmur from behind the veil, priest and penitent within that tribunal might as well have been asleep. Mothers began to bethink them of tasks awaiting them at home, and to ask themselves what hour it would be at all at all when the childher got their Saturday night wash and were in bed? At last the unmistakable sounds announcing the set her hurriedly recalling the details of her own little story which had now to be told with an added selfaccusation of uncharitable impatience; and Jakes, with his head down, stumbled from behind the curtain, and retreating fast, buried himself again in the chapel's darkest corner.

The delayed confessions were all at last made, and one comforted nitent after another had departed in peace through the darkened doorway into the night. When the final words had been said, the last backslider admonished, the last troubled soul comforted, the Father at last came out from behind his curtain and made for the sanctuary, going in at a little gate which separated it from the rest of the chapel, and

kneeling on the altar steps. Still wearing his purple stole, frayed and threadbare, removing his old biretta, white at the corners, and placing it on the step beside him, the old man remained alone after the flock had departed, unusually moved in his prayer by some peculiar excite-

After a long time he raised his venerable head, arose from his knees, and took his way from the chapel: and locking the door behind him. and with the key in hand, he turned into the darkness and proceeded towards his own dwelling. For a minute he stoppod, and gazed around at the tragic grandeur of the night landscape, the black abyss of the bog; a sable scarf of cloud stretched Sullivan was your friend, was he try to

around his knees, and to quicken his steps toward his house.

Passing in at the wicket he heard a slight cough, and looking round saw a tall figure which had been lurking there awaiting him "It's me, Father. It's Jakes Finu-

"You, Jakes!' Yes, I know you. How is your respectable father?"

"He's middlin' well, thank yer reverence, if the times wouldn't be

"Well, Jakes, you'd better be get ting on your way home. It'll be pretty far into Sunday before you're at Ballyorglin.'

It isn't about that I'm carin', Father. There's a word I want to say to y'. I was at confession wid Father, an' y' remanded me."
' Did I, Jakes? I'm sorry to hear

that. There must have been a reasen. You must understand it yourself. I don't know anything about it." Don't y' remember the thing I

was teilin' y' about, Father, that was throublin' me? Y' bid me do some-thin', an' I couldn't make up my mind to it. Then you must work it out for

yourself, Jakes, between yourself and God. You know very well that I cannot remember anything afterwards that is told me in confession. If I gave you an advice, it was likely to be a good one."

"I've made up my mind since, Father, that I'll follow your advice. I'll tell what you said I ought to tell. That's a good resolve, Jakes; but if you want me to talk to you about it, you will have to tell me the story here outside confession, as freshly as if my ears had never heard it be

fore. That will give me ordinary information, which I can discuss with you openly like anybody else." I know that. Father, an' it's the reason why I waited for y', the late

hour that it is." 'I'm giad of it. A good resolve can't be put into execution too quickly. But if it's going to be a long story we had better get into the house, and have it there,"

They turned into the cottage, where the priest's old housekeeper looked disapprovingly at his companion, grumbling to herself that they wouldn't let him alone, night or day. But she raked up the fire in his little room, and served the coffee she had been keeping hot for him, remarking that it was going on for 12 o'clo and his reverence had better look

sharp if he was going to drink it.

The Father drank it, helping the visitor first, and then settled himself Y' see, it's about the thing that happened to Rorke's cattle that night -what Shan Sullivan's in prison

"What do you know about it?"
"I'll tell you overy word of it.
Myself was thinkin' of joinin' the
force, an' the polis down in Ballyorglin was keepin' me up to it, savin done in the counthry round here, an that new men 'd be wantin'. An' I'm just the highth. I was in an' out in the barracks, an' Serjeant Hourigan was learnin' me a lot o' things before I'd start to Dublin to

go through the course.
"An' that is how I come to be in the barracks that night, an' by accident to know all that wint on Jakes paused, and shifted his feet on the floor, and changed the knee on which he rested an elbow, sup-

porting his head on his hand. "I understand so far," said the Father; "now tell me what it was that went on." Well, yer reverence," said Jakes,

lowering his voice as he proceeded. "Serjeant Hourigan went out that evening about 7 o'clock, an' he left a coming forth of one who is shriven, startled the good matron who had startled the good matron who had to Dublin Castle. I chanced into the to Dublin Castle. I chanced into the barrack an' it lyin' on the desk, an' I read without thinkin' about it.' Jakes' voice had dropped to a

whisper, and he made another pause.
"What was the message?" asked the priest.
"It said that there was an out-

rage on Rorke's cattle at Killelagh, said Jakes, getting out the words with difficulty.

"At 7 o'clock in the evening?" said the priest. "But the thing wasn't done, or at least discovered

until 11 or 12 o'clock at night." "It wasn't done when the message

ould woman seen the cratures, an' they all right, only an hour before Shan was got in the field."

Father Faby was silent. After a minute he spoke again.
"This is a serious charge against Serjeant Hourigan. How do you account for his conduct?"

I think he done it, Father. He left the telegram an' went out walkin' to Killelagh by himself, an' walkin' to Killelagh by himself, an tould another man of the force to follow him in an hour, and meet him up at Rorke's lonan. He done it before he joined the other polisit before he joined the other polisits ould woman seen them ten minutes aftherwards when she was lossed up the door."

"I know I ought; but, to my shame

and my sin, I didn't.
"Why were you silent? Shan

than be cursed wid it any longer. Still an' all, when your reverence tould me in confession that God wouldn't forgive me if I didn't tell polis? the truth, I balked at it, back again."

"Well, Jakes, you've done it now. You've deliberately put it in my power to give information of the true state of the case. But I hope release Shan Sullivan from prison." "If they take my word for it,

"The thing will be easily proved by the telegraph clerk, and the people up at Rorke's."

So it would Father, if the thing was gone into. But it's more likely that it'll be all hushed up."

"They'll have to release Shan even if they screen the police," said the priest, after a minute's reflec-tion. "It will be their only means of preventing a widespread scandal.' "They won't punish the polis,' said Jakes, "but maybe a lot o

things that was going to happen won't come off, leastways not for another while. But myself 'il have to go to America, an' I'm sorry for mother."
Well, Jakes it's Sunday morning

but maybe a

now, and you'd better take a shake-down on the kitchen settle, and we'll have another talk about this before you go back to Ballyorglin.'

CHAPTER XV " SHE HASN'T COME BACK !"

On the Monday following, Father Fahy, his old coat and hat newly brushed up for the occasion, accompanied Jakes Finucane to Ballyorglin. trate in the neighborhood.

The youth's story was told to the nan of authority, listened to first with astonishment, afterwards with growing incredulity, which changed suddenly to indignation, and finally denounced as an audacious inven-tion to injure the police in the discharge of their duty, and to encourage a nefarious practice of outrage as well as a general spirit of defiance of the law. Pain and surprise were expressed that a clergyman of high character should lend his counten ance to a ruffianly conspiracy designed to frustrate justice, and to deprive an unfortunate country of any kind of safety and tranquility.

After the storm had passed, the priest pressed for an examination into facts as supported by dates. This was, however, refused, as only tending to encourage lying stories concocted by criminal accomplices. Having failed in this

Father Fahy retired, resolved to test further the accuracy of Jakes' story. The exact hour of the sending out of the telegram announcing the outrage on Rorke's cattle was satisfactorily, before public attention was called to the matter, and having secured this piece of evidence, the old priest went back to Killelagh to some possible further course of action.

He returned without Jakes, and allowed a day to pass before he dropped in to have a talk with old Rorke about the prospects of the year as to cattle and farming. After a time the conversation turned, as often be-fore, on the memorable maining of the cattle, an event of now nearly a

I never will believe it was Shan Sullivan did it," said Rorke. "Owny an me had many a word about the bit o'land not much bigger nor the tail o' yer coat, axin' yer reverence's pardon. But Shan did nothing but laugh at the pair of us.
"'I suppose yez wants to build a

grand house on it,' he would say, with plenty of bathrooms and panthries, and such convayniences, same, though Owny and me would be sparrin' about it win his heifer or mine would go threspassin' this side on the the same that like the Quality's houses, says he. 'An' yez could let it to some lord in the summer-time, says he. All the be sparrin' about it whin his heiter or mine would go threspassin' this side or that, an' would ate up the little hit o' grass still collection. little bit o' grass, still an' all we were good enough friends other times, an' would have give more value nor that to each other if the pinch came. An' to tell me that Shan would come into my field in the dark an hough my cattle, sure, Father, it's a d——d lie on the face of

"We're agreed on that," said the priest, "have you any kind of suspicion of who might have done priest.

Not the ghost of it. Father. I don't know wan that is my enemy, thank God. There's a mysterious ness about the whole of it that baffles

cogitation." "Have you any certainty about the hour of the occurrence? I know it was only discovered about eleven o'clock at night. Are you sure of the moment when it was done?

the place was to have the act put down to him. To my sorra, Shan Sullivan was the man."

"You ought to have made this public before."

"Are you prepared to swear to that, Rorke?" said Father Fahy.

"As sure as God made me, I will, any day," said Rorke. "But sure, any day," said Rorke. "But sure, what's the use o' swearin' what won't be listened to?"

"It is not so you, the snock of disappointment, coming so unexpectedly upon his joyful anticipation of meeting her, seemed to have deprived by

It may be of some use. We must the power of thinking reasonably find a way of getting it upon any subject.

The sharp air caused him to draw that terrible, I would rather be dead knowed how to lie in wait for Shan recognize, that you talk such nonwhin he was comin' home to his own place by the footpad through my An' who'll dar' to accuse the Wouldn't it only be another reward for them, an' a black mark going' up to Dublin again' the man that intherfared wid them?"

"It's true you can't take an action against the Crown, Rorke. The law you will take it in your own hands can do no wrong. We must ask and inform the authorities. You can help of the God who hates injustice and iniquity."

"Well, Father, it's yourself knows how to intherfare in that quarter, anyhow," said Rorke. "An' it's a quarther where polis and magisthrates doesn't count. The Lord doesn't want juries to give Him a verdic'

packed or unpacked!" 'You mentioned a knife, Rorke, Shan maintains that the police picked up a knife with blood on it, and said it was the instrument with which the deed was done. But no such knife was produced at the trial. How do you account for that?

"Now, Father you're not a babby. God forgive me for always forgettin my manners to the priest, but this thing would take manners from a saint or an angel. Don't you know it was the Serjeant's own knife, an' would they be for bringin' it forrard to tell tales on thimselves, I will They swore they found the knife, an that it was stole from them afterwards. So it was, yer reverence stole by wan villian from another, for the benefit of the whole o' them !

For some time after that Father Fahy was very busy in his little room, reviewing notes and making out a statement which he sent away accompanied by a long letter to accompanied by a long letter to somebody at a great distance from Killelagh. The letter opened a correspondence which lasted a consirerable time, and as the spring days waxed longer and brighter the care of the old pastor for the most suffering sheep of his flock seemed likely to be awarded. A visit to Shan, bringing comfortable hope, appeared to be now justifiable, and the Father started one morning early, saying merely to his housekeeper that he was going to the town

His former visits to the prison had been announced beforehand, not only to Mary but to all the neighbourhood, and he had departed laden with the messages of sym-pathisers and well-wishers. The reserve which he practised on the present occasion was part of a certain mystery in which he had wrapped his movements in this affair since the moment when he had entered into contest with the sentatives of the law in Bally

the worse in health and spirits, with the look of a desperate man, a look which his visitor had not seen in him hitherto.
"Now, Shan, I think I've brought

you a little comfort. We've discovered the rascals that did the deed you're suffering for, and were going to expose them, too."
"Does it mean that I'm going to

get out of this ?" asked Shan sullenly I hope it does. I think it does I've got friends to take the matter in hand, and the world is going to hear about it," said the old priest; and then he hastened to relate his efforts in the matter, including an account of the evidence of Jakes, and of the owner of the maltreated

Shan now listened incredulously. Shan now listened increamously. "I don't believe the polis will ever be put in the wrong," he said. "They can do what they like; and Jakes had better run before worse

happens him."
"Now, now, Shan, I didn't think you would have been so downhearted. Where's your plack, man, you that used to be such a soldier? Think of

come back. That wasn't Mary that was here.'

Aye, it was Mary, Shan, and I fear you had little welcome for her. Poor Mary that worked for you and waited for you. What has hardened your heart, man, that you wouldn't be glad to see her, even if she's changed in her looks?"

I would have been glad to see her, but I didn't see her, persisted Shan. Change isn't the word for it. I couldn't find her. She wasn't the Mary I was lookin' at in my mind all these lonesome years without her.'

"Are you not changed too, my poor fellow and Mary says nothing about that?'

a hole like this," groaned Shan.
Mary doesn't mind, because her heart is true."

for another ?" The priest was disheartened. He began to fear that Shan's brain was affected by his misfortunes. The prospect of release did not seem to cheer him. The loss of the Mary he had loved, the shock of disappoint-

ense to me?"
"I don't deny that I'm goin' on like a madman. I will say to y that I for fame nor for mon I heard her voice, but, if I did, it only brought the face that I love the "The priest had a plainer before me, an' I had to shut my eyes to keep lookin' at it. I see it every day still for my company. I wasn't lookin' long enough at the sthrange woman that come to see me, to get used to the notion that she was Mary. They hustled her away before I had many words wid her. I don't even remember what the face of her were like the face of her was like, only that it was a new one that had come to put Mary out of my memory.'

Now listen to me. Shan. You and Mary parted when you were very young. You had both good looks and the freshness of youth about you. Each of you kept a glorified with the contract the contract of the con ified picture of the other vividly before the mind, loved it, worshipped it, made a companion of it. It may be that that kind of worship ought only to be given to God. You first Commandment, but I am not rebuking you for the fidelity of those long hard years. It was a blessed thing, and I believe God was pleased with it. But now that you find the glorified picture of youth marred by time and toil, is your heart to become hard and faithless? Will God not be angry if you now

cast this faithful woman off?"
Shan started and pulled himself together. "Don't be mistakin' me, your reverence," he said, "I am not going to cast her off. I'm meanin' to marry her, if she's willin' to take a man out of prison that has been wearin' a felon's clothes. God! if Mary that day in Killarney could ha' seen the sight I'd be this day, an'

her comin' home to me!"

The man began to tremble, suddenly he bent down his head and then carefully put it back.

Oh my poor fellow, my poor son!

comforter, and Shan listened meekly enough to words of sustaining promise and hope, muttering some response to the prayers that were prayed over him.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE LIGHT IN ST. JACQUES

By J. C. Plummer in Rosary Magazine It was that delightful hour when, supper over, the children awaited the magic touch of the sandman on their eyelids. Then according to custom each dragged a stool along-side of Louise, their French nurse-

maid, and looked wistfully into her

cheery face.
Well she knew the meaning of land she would tell them tales of the long ago, as they were told by the villagers around their hearths; by villagers who, though plain in speech and manner, yet clung devotedly to the Holy Church and believed in God and His saints as did their fore-

fathers. "I wish." began Louise. "that we three had wings and could fly to the old town in which I once lived. street, she whispered in an agitated Such a quaint old town; such a dear old town, built, they say, in the time of the Romans! How odd it would ok to you!—narrow streets leading into another street by archways, wood across their front walls, with days.'

queer steps entering at the side and days.'

"The light yet rested on the face "The light yet rested on the ligh

In one of the narrow streets of from the market square, lived my Madame Lerouge, was a widow who eyes riveted on the shining made her living by fine sewing. Once she had been ladies' maid in a great chateau and her needlework a cigarette factory, but her brother, little Louis, did nothing-for he was

"The blindness had come upon him when he was less than a year old. The village doctors could do nothing but advise his mother to send him to the great ocultists of Paris, and this of course was beyond the slender means of Madame Lerouge.

"I often went to Madame Lerouge's house, for I was very fond of both Marget and Louis. One afternoon I met there a Madame L'Epine, a rela tive of Madame Lerouge, who had come to pay her a visit. She was a "Oh, God knows I'm a bad sight for any woman, in a thief's clothes, and and could tell the most delightful stories. One of them pleased us very much. It was of an old man who dwelt like a hermit in a small hut "An' isn't my heart thrue? What's thrue, if it isn't that I can't forget one woman an' turn around an care to the store for a few supplies, but as he went regularly to church and was gentle and kindly in his manners, every one liked him. He did not care to talk, though evidently an educated, refined man, and his only associate was the priest, with whom he would take long walks. The good father would, however, give no information about him.

"One black November night the hut burned down, and when in the behind the naked peak of Mangerton, a grey river welling in the upper sky like a world's tears about to fall in deluge, a few palpitating stars as if hurrying to escape the onsweep of a tumultuous mass of cloud-rack moving towards them on the suddenly rising wind.

"He was, Father, an' I'm a miser able man ever since. What choked me was, that if I split on the Seriatum to the fall in deluge, a few palpitating stars as if hurrying to escape the onsweep of a tumultuous mass of cloud-rack moving towards them on the suddenly rising wind.

"Och, God pity y', Father.

"Och, God pity y' oure this, and you do nothing but grum this, and you do n morning the villagers visited the

'My children, you see before you the work of a wonderful artist, made not for fame nor for money, but in honor

"The priest had a pedestal built and on it he placed the statue, burying at its foot the charred remains of the old man. It soon became favorite shrine where the peop would gather to pray. Nothing un-usual happened, however, until the anniversary of the burning of the s wid hut, when it was noticed that a strange glow rested upon the face of the figure. This lasted for seven days, causing much excitement in the village. As it happened that several afflicted people who prayed at this time were cured, the fame of the statue of Notre Dame de Colette spread far over the land and many sick people came to pray before it when the light was on its face. Later, during the wars which dis-tracted France, the statue was de stroyed.

"'I wish,' said Louis, softly, after the old lady had finished telling about the miraculous statue, 'that I had lived in that village. I should have asked the Holy Mother to give

"The old woman laid her hand ten derly on the little boy's head 'Courage, mon fils,' she said, 'the Holy Mother is here as well as Colette. Patience, and pray to her.

"In a narrow street hard by the Lerouge house was the Church of St. Jacques. It was not a large building and what with the tall houses on each side and over the way the sur never managed to shine into it. In side it was ever dark, and many times have I seen old Mere Pigault take a bit of candle from her pocket, light it and read her prayers, and think of St. Jacques when I am in "Oh my poor fellow, my poor murmured Father Fahy. "God knows it's all hard on you. But out of trials come blessings."

Then, for a time, the mere human weather was none of the cleanest. your mother's pew, with its cush-ioned seat and padded kneeling.

"One day some workmen began repairing a house alongside of the church. They removed a portion of the roof and made a hole in the wall, so that when the sun reached the mid heavens, a stray beam wandered through the roof, and then through the hole in the wall and into the church. It must have felt strange for never before had a sunbeam en tered St. Jacques. After looking around it settled on the face of the statue of the Blessed Mother.

'The cigarette factory in which Marget worked gave its operatives the noon hour for dinner, and as she lived near the factory she always had a half-hour to spare. During this time she would often run into the church and say some prayers be-

fore returning to work.
"On a certain day she had begun her prayer when her eyes fell upon the illuminated face of the statue. For a moment she sat spellbound, movement and look. From her won-derful store of legends of her native staring at the soft light which glowed on the benign countenance, then, ariing, she fled from the church.

"Bursting like a whirlwind into her house, she grasped Louis by the hand, and without waiting to find his cap dragged him out of the door, crying: 'Come, Louis-come with me to the church-we must not lose

a moment! "As she hurried him along the

voice: 'A miracle Louis! The face of the Holy Mother in St. Jacques is lighted, as was the face of the Virgin in the story of Madame L'Epine! houses of stone, with huge beams of wood across their front walls, with and we will go each of the seven

of the Virgin when they entered the church, and prostrated themselves this old town, a street running out before the statue. The little boy, lifting up his sightless eyes, prayed dear friend Marget. Her mother, that he might see, while Marget, her plored the aid of the Holy Mother for

her blind brother. great chateau and her needlework "When they told their mother was remarkable. Marget worked in about what had happened she was much excited and went around to see good Pere Leo, the priest. But when he explained just how the light came into the church, Madame

Lerouge's countenance fell. "'What a disappointment for the little ones," she sighed. 'I must undeceive them.'

"'Let them be,' returned the priest,
'The light will not bring about a miracle, but true faith may, possibly. Let the little ones pray and await the result.

For five days Marget faithfully accompanied her brother to St. Jacques and each day the light rested on the face. Madame Lerouge looked after them and sighed.
"'How long will the light remain
on the face?' asked Louis, as they

walked to the church. "'Don't you remember in the story?—seven days,' replied Marget. "'I will see,' cried Louis, joyfully,

'I will see la mere, and thee, Marget, and the flowers and the birds, and, oh, so many things !' "Yes, thou wilt see,' returned Marget, firmly; but Madame Lerouge only smiled sadly when they talked

in this way.
"When on the sixth day they entered the church, Marget's heart seemed to stop beating. The light had vanished, for the repairs had en completed and the holes filled

"When the priest arrived he said, Phone Main 6249. After Hours: Hillcrest 881 Society of St. Vincent de Paul Bureau of Information

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