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These blots are actually blood blots To

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GLENCOONOGE. By RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

CHAPTER XX - CONTINUED. Somehow The O'Doherty as we left the "Who is she at all?" he exclaimed, with a look back as soon as we were out

earshot. "Who? Conn's wife? She has been

"Who? Conn's wile' is buy the set of the set of several years. You must have seen her before?" " Yery likely. But who and what was she before she came here? She is from England, I can see, as if it wouldn't have been casy to have got any one from round about capable of keeping accounts. 'Tis the dickens and all bringing strangers into a place to spoil the people with for eign ideas. Look at that fellow Conn eign ideas. Look at that fellow Conn : He's not the grand, simple, young man he was at all. I tell you 've known him since he was a child. There wasn't a firmly held, she should happen to be seized with sudden giddiness—you could not fail to be delighted, soothed, mesmer-ized I had almost said, by the long stretches of the several falls as they poured from ledge to ledge, by the eddy-ing pools and the headlong rushing of the waters as they foamed over uneven beds Without any doubt from the other bank the torrent in its entire length is incom-parably finer. There is a noble wildness, a grander, a sublimity, an exquisite boy in the Glen more open-hearted or reboy in the Gien more open-hearted or re-spectfal. But this young woman !--egad she has seen something of the world, or 1'm mistakan-she gets hold of him, I say, and s raight way he comes to have an idea of himself, standing there looking at me and listening to me with a critical air ! 1'll tell you what it is, and 1'm not saying it now for the first time. I wish to saying it now for the first time, I wish to Heaven that same inn was burnt down, for 'is nothing better than a focus for the a grandeur, a sublimity, an exquisite happiness, ch! a je ne sais quoi about it spirit of disturbance and discontent. Only for it we might live here as our fathers did before us, unchanged by the altogether that-"Yes," said The O'Doherty, awakening

from his reverie, and breaking in upon my retrospects with stentorian tones: "I would die happy if I could once more get what do no an interminable lease. What did he care what might happen in a hundred and fifty years' time? "Tis I that have to reap the whirlwind."

that have to reap the winnwher. "How, sir?" "God blees me! isn't it as plain as a pikestaff? D'ye think if the land had remained in my hands, I would ever have allowed that miserable little pol-house, "The Harp," to grow to be the thing it has? And with what result? Why that it has come to be a resting? Why that it has come to be a resting? der whether Madame O Donerty wohld have immediately appeared so important and interesting parson in my eyes, if "No. 7" had never told me his story. As the quondam governess and I conversed tospot for people of all kinds and condi-tions, and from all parts of the world to perch upon ; people who get talking to a man's tenantry about their rents, and the geiher, I grew more confident every min geiner, I grew more confident very mile ute as to who she was, and more full of wonder that I, without the slightest effort, should be face to face with her whom he, ill-omened man! had travelled far and wide to mest, and all in vain. It was not very difficult to reconcile Madame Olohertic concertance, voice, manner, terms of their holding, whether they do the repairs, whether their rents are ever raised or lowered; exclaim at everything raised of lowered ; exclaim at everything they hear, put notions in the people's heads—as decent people as ever lived if only let alone, but too ignorant to be able to see through the tempting doctrines they are asked to swallow. And the conwas not very difficult to reconcile Madame O'Doherty's appearance, voice, manner, speech — cheerful, I had almost said ordinary, though these were—with all that I had heard regarding the missing sister of my friend. A few months of contentment and ease of mind must have made her more comfortable in appear-ance, more assured in manner, than when she was the sad-souled writer of the letter which had betrayed her whereabonts. I they are asked to swallow. And the con-sequence is, they become diseatisfied with the conditions under which they are living, and put us to a confounded deal of trouble. I'm not the only one affected by it. Lord Lisheen has precisely the same complaint. 'Tisn't often we agree, but egad we do agree in voting that inn to be an infernal misance, and in wishing it

she was the sad-soulid writer of the latter which had betrayed her whereaborts. I could detect in the lady's face traces of the hard times and mettal strain through which she had passed, though ease and tracquil days had well-nigh obliterated them; but I could understand that they which sheakly only strike one who was egad we do agree in young that in do so an infernal nuisance, and in wishing it away. 'Why don't you buy up the place,' gays Lisheen to me one day,' and pull it down?' For the place is held from me, d'ye see? On, yes, I'm the ground landlord. Faith, then, I only wish heat the chance to get it into my own them; but I could understand that they would probably only strike one who was behind the scenes like myself. "Yes, we are all continually changing," I said, inwardly. "A few years hence Madame O'Dohorty's tall, handsome, somewhat charact mbysique will have become I had the chance to get it into my own hands altogether. I'd serve it as I did the house that stood where there is now only that quadrangular wall. Well, well, O'Dohorty's tall, handsome, somewhat stalwart physique will have become over-sized, and how difficult it will then be for any one to associate her with the romance of her early history !" Bat if Madame O'Doherty had few traces of suffering left, she still retained the spher tast which must formatic have how the ivy has grown over it, to be sure legal, before long, seen from the water, 'twill be as praity a thing in the way of a picturecque bit of ruin as any one could wish to see."

We had struck away from the road shortly after leaving the inn, and follow-ing the margin of the lake, stood now the sober tact which must formerly have

By-and-bye we went into the drawing-room, which was full of cheerful light and warmth and music. I sat down near Madame O'Doherty, and made some re-mark about the duet which Alicia and Beil were playing at the moment. This led to an account from Madame O'Doherty of the pairs she had bestowed upon the taken. Our surmise had been too well justified by every probability, and we had arrived at our conclusion so independent-ly each of the other. Madame O'Doherty's neighbor at the table d'hote had been some casual visitor, his conversation had been conventional in the extreme. Not in such a way would the cautious man I had met have gone about his business; he never would have risked a public scene. taken. Our surmise had been too well any means so impressive as on the other side whence Alicia and I had once n viewed it, as we mounted homewards, re-turning from her favorite walk. Besides, the river presented itself from the Castle ground in so many different aspects, which on this side were nearly all shut out by the young oak and birch and ash trees which overhung and grew out of the side of the chasm, adding much to the charm of the view from opposite. There was the lowest level of the stream, for in-stance, where it rolled swiftly past the ground in so many different aspects, which on this side were nearly all shut out by the young oak and birch and ash trees which overhung and grew out of the side of the chasm, adding much to the charm of the view from opposite. There was the lowest level of the stream, for in-stance, where it rolied swiftly past the mossy green bank, soon to become merged in the unuttered calmness of the sea. And though proceeding inland, the pathway by which you followed its course on the Castle side was so rugged, afraid to mount it by herself, still it was wondrously beautiful; and there were heights whence—provided your footing were scenre, and you took precautions, as I did, against your companion's falling, which she would certainly do if, not being irmly held, she should happen to be seized with sudden giddiness—you could not fail to be delighted, soothed, mesmer-ized I had almost said, by the long stretches of the several falls as they poursed from ledge to ledge, by the eddy-ing pools and the headlong rushing of the waters as they foamed over uneven beds Without any doubt from the other bank had met have gone about his business; he never would have risked a public scene. And yet, and yet:-Madame O Doherty's acquaintance had mentioned names and places; the answers he had received might have been sufficient to show him he was once more wrong. I wavered a good deal, and in the end came to the conclusion that it was incumbent on me

he had been privately removed to the hospital, very, very il. It was too sad, and I was quite thankful when we left the place.

"As if the place had anything to do "As if the place had anything to do with it!" cried The O'Doherty. The man had only reached there the day before, and the poison must have been in his

and the poison must have been in his system before he came." "So they said. People will say any-thing to explain away. But imagine what my sensations would have been sit-ting next him, if I had had had the faint-

CHAPTER XXI. A BOLT FROM THE BLUE. What a bappiness it was to meet Allicia after this painfal interval! She had been so nearly lost and was now so surely to be mine! Yet Allicia had almost at once a rival in my attentions in the person of her stepmother, to whom I was introduced a few minutes later by my host. I won-der whether Madame O'Doherty would have inmediately appeared so important man became quite silent and moody Ob, dear! what I suffered when we heard They assured us it was not catching, but what gave it to him might give it to us, what gave it to him might give it to be you know, and I did not feel comfortable for a week after we had started home." "The worst thing any one can do in such cases." said The O'Doherty, " is to give way to alarm."

My dear, you were brave enough, and " My dear, you were prave enough, and did not share my fears in the least; and," added Madame O'Doberty, turning to me, "I cannot tell you, Mr. Shipley, how much that reassured me." "Show me a man," said The O'Doherty,

came close up to the French windows of the breakfastroom, and stretchel un-dulating right down to the tree-tops of the valley wood, above which sparkled the dancing waters of the bay. The weather-cock on the stable turnet pointed from the north, but the wind had fallen, and there was buoyant strength in the still air. It was a merry breakfast table, made bright by the worthful faces around, and iovors "Show me a man, said the o bonery, "with a sound constitution and a healthy state of the blood, and I will show you one who may securely defy contagion. Thank God! I never felt better in my like. Years sit lightly on a man, sir, the vigour and elasticity of whose spirits are unimpaired, and I have all the recupera-tive energy of a young man. My dear was a merry oreanize taking and joyous by the youthful faces around, and joyous with happy voices full of the cheerfulness of the day. The O'Doherty's disposition itive energy of a young man. My dear sir," cried The O Doherty, warming to his subject, and giving himself a very hearty blow upon the chest, "I feel myself of the day. The O Doherty's disposition as a rule at this hour was to grumble, and to-day he was, as usual, the foil to the high spirits of everybody else. "What a pity," he said, "that the post doesn't come till the afternoon! 'The one of the disadvantages of living so far be-yond the hounds of civilization. Break. olow upon the chest, "I feel myself ounger than most of the young men I younger than most of the young men 1 see. The young men nowadays-saving your presence-are old fogies. They have no stamina; they creep about, and they drawh, and they stretch, and they yawn! Will you believe me when I tell you that we went one evening in London to a dance-an afdir auddenly you up by way

of the disadvantages of hving or the disadvantages of hving by the bounds of civilization. Break-fast isn't the same thing at all without letters and newspapers. Do you remem-ber, my love, how pleasant it used to be in the London hote! to find one's letters we went one evening in London by a dance—an affair suddenly got up by way of farewell to a friend of my own bound for India; and to see the young men dancing! I declare it was enough to make any man sick so look on at such lackadaisical meandering. It wasn't so we used to dance, I can tell you, when I make any twentie." and the crisp morning papers lying unopened on the table?" "I had no objection to the letters," said Madame O Doherty, "because I was in-terested in the news they contained; but

DECEMBER 23, 1899.

echoed, "'sure they know us!"" "'Sure they know us," repeated her husband. "What's the matter? what's

husband. "What's the matter? what's wrong, my dear?" "It is dreadful! dreadful !" sighed Ma-dame O'Doherty. "However, do as you like. Only, when any one is going again to make use of such an expression, pay let them give me warning, that I may put my hands up to my ears. What do you think of such language, Mr. Shipley?" "It charms me," I answered. "Aha!" shaking her head, and with a plance at Alicia, "you are diplomatic, I see."

"I like characteristic peculiarities of "I like characteristic peculiarities of speech preserved, I must confess. A uniformity of language all over the three kingdoms would be excessively stupid." "Exactly my own feeling," said The O'Doherty. "I hope I may not live to see the day when local idiosyncrasies about he event sway. But I fear they are conclusion that it was incumbent on me concision that it was investigated in the first to continue to hold my torgue in the first place, and, in the second, that it could do no harm to send a letter addressed to Mr. Chalmers at Cannes, where, if he had not see the day when local idiosyncrasies shall be sweet away. But I fear they are doomed. The press, the rail say, one cause and another, are all tending to facil-itate intercourse, and in that way to inalready arrived, his perseverance would assuredly carry him, sooner or later, in the footsteps of The O'Dohertys. Event the footsteps of The O'Dohertys. Event nally I carried this plan into execution; made two copies of my letter, sent one to the hotel, and the other to the hospital, marking them 'to be forwarded,' and left the rest to chance. It was all I could do. I told Mr. Chalmers of my doubts, of what I had heard, and of the position of affairs at Glanconnext: offered my ter ocula's the country with the revolutionary doctrines of the towns. The result must in the end be fatal to old ideas, and customs, and manners, and speech. We shall all be flattened to a dead level of

what I had heard, and of the position of affairs at Glancoonoge; offered my zer-vices in several ways which I specified, and in any other way in which he might con-sider them likely to be useful. In urging him to write quickly, I referred to the happiness which had befallen me, and to approaching departure from Glencoonoge, which I must now quit in the course of a few weeks at latest. uniformity." "Well, thank goodness!" said I, "we here are more than thirty miles from here is not a town any railway, and there is not a town within fifty miles where a newspaper is published "Ah! How innocent you are! Is'nt

there the post that brings all the pesti-ential outpourings of the press into our $v_{\rm e} ry$ houses. Do you think there are which I must now quit in the course of a few weeks at latest. This done, I was able with a freer mind to attend to my own affairs. Alas! to the chief of these I might no longer de-vote myself exclosively. The delightful tete-a-tetes with Alicia were now short, and few and far between. The ot ject of my hosts appeared to be to fill up every minute of the day. There were rides and walks over the estate with The O Doherty, and afternoon drives, and water parties, and searches for picturecque points of view of the surrounding country with the whole family. At table all made it their business to be very lively and full of con-versation, and poor Ahicia, not less than werk the Nation is not read? And as for the railway!-bless me, what is thirty miles? Nothing more than an for the railway i-bless me, what is thirty miles? Nothing more than an easy car-drive, when there is that con-founded inn yonder for a resting-place at the end of the journey. 'It is in that way things tell in with one another. If only 'The Harp' were away, or it had con-tinued to be the poorlittle shebeen it was at first, there would be a missing link in the chain. With no inn, and the rail so far cff, hardly a soul would ever think of coming to Giencoonge atall. Just think business to be very lively and full of con-versation, and poor Alicia, not less than I, pined for the quieter times when sil-ence was elequent if we were but together, and we were sufficiently employed, and if only we might hok into each other's for we may how the scenes around, if only we might hok into each other's worse, 'tis a dream that might have been realized easily, if only the bit of land 'tis built on had never been let to go out of our hands. Bat what's the use of talking if only we might look into each other' Meanwhile the days lengthened into

weeks and still I could not bring myself to move in the matter of my departure for Liverpool, of which I had spoken in when there are so many 'ifs' in the way," added The O'Doherty, as he stirred his

andeu file of balance). I suppose the children had heard their father's lamentations on this subject be-fore, for they kept up a subdued under-current of conversation all the while he was talking. "Oh, look !" cried Fluffy, the youngest,

for Liverpool, of which I had spoken in my letter to Mr. Chalmers, and which every day I felt ought not to be delayed for more than two or three days longer. We were all gathered together at break-fast one morning when I had fully deter-mined to broach the subject. It was a particularly exhilarating day. The sun-light streamed upon the lawn, which came close up to the French windows of the breakfast-room, and stretchel unsuddenly, just as he finished, " there is Mrs. Mackenzie! what a hurry she is

"She is returning from the lodge," whispered Alicia. "How white and "Sne is returned Alicia. "How white and scared she looks!" "Something gone wrong," said Bell. "Egad," resumed The O D.herty, "if Egad," resumed The O D.herty, "if

'The Harp' were mine to morrow 'The Harp' were mine to morrow, I de-ciare to goodness I'd not leave a stone of it standing. 'The the rain of the neigh-borhood, and I've alwayssaid so. Huile! what's this? little girls leaving the table before breakfast is half over? Where pefore breakfast is half over?

are you going, children ?" "To the kitchen, papa, to see Mrs. Mac-

"To the kitchen, papa, to see Mrs. Mac-kerz e," said one. "My dear Flossy! my dear Fluffv," said Madame O'Doherty, with quiet siernness, "I am dreadfully shocket! If you were three or four years younger than you are, I should not have been scrprised to see you unable to repress your curiosity. But you are getting on for eleven and thirteen respectively, and will very soon be women, both of you. Really, my children, you cannot begin too early to try and acquire the habit of not taking so children, you cannot begin too early to try and acquire the habit of not taking so impetuous an interest in the affairs of persons in the kitchen. Bakind to them, indeed. If you early a solution to them, would certainly set my face against indeed, if you can be so without loss of dignity, and they ask your assistance; but more than that is neither necessary not becoming." nor becoming.

newspapers at breakfast as a regular in-stitution. I cannot understand, Mr. Shipley, how they can monopolize men's attention so completely, but it is certain Flossy and Fluffy returned to their **DECEMBER** 23, 1899.

OUISE.

A French Canadian Christmas Story. be

BY DR. L FRECHETTE.

the

to]

A few years ago, some pecul'ar circumstances had led to Nicolet - a pleasant httle cfty situated on the nli banks of the Nicolet river-a family of five person, neither rich nor poor, of neither humble nor brilliant condition, but in whose home the angel of happiness had always his corner at the hearth and his place at the table.

At the time of my story, the young est of the three children-a delicate fair haired little maid, with dark eyes -was just four years ; but her pretty face and her winning ways had al ready made her friends with the

whole neighborhood. Most of the time she spoke of herself in the third person, and this peculiar-ity contributed to make her name of Louise - which she pronounced Ouise "- familiar to every one, from old Boivert's ferry to the Bishop's Palace.

When she leaned over the railing of the balcony, or when, light as : lark, she wandered in the alleys of the garden, her provoking little head emerging here and there among the rose bushes and honey-suckle, the old priests who passed by on their way to the Bishop's, the students who turned the corner of the college avenue, the gentleman and the ladies who followed the sidewalk of the main street, never

failed to say. "B pjour, Louise."

To which a fresh and laughing baby voice invariably answered : "Bon zour !"

The carters, the lumbermen who returned from the sawmills after their days work, smiled to her with a pleasant word :

"Bonsoir, Mamzelle Louise !"

And the little one answered in her clear ringing voice like a bird's call : " Bonsoir monsieur." Often she stopped the coachmen with

a sign of her dimpled finger, and when they came nearer to ask what she wanted :

'A drive!" she whispered with a whole regiment of lurking smiles nestling at the corners of her eyes and mouth

Sometimes they would object :

"I am in a hurry, Miss Louise." But then, she would put the index

of her right hand on the index of her left, and with an accent of irresistible coaxing:

"A lit-lit-iittle one !" she would pray, varying her gentle intonations n the most exquisite manner.

That was all. The coachmen would stop, look at her a moment, and then

yielding to a fit of surly kindness, would grumble : "What a child ! Impossible to refuse

her anything.' And seizing the little one in his

two sturdy hands, he would place her on the seat of his vehicle, jump to her side, give a crack of his whip, and start at random while the child shook her fair curls in the wind, and her peals of laughter rang in the ears of the passerby, who looked at her with a smile.

In short, Louise was a favorite.

D.d she love any one in return ? D.d she love any one? Why, she loved everybody. Oh, yes! Bat after her father, mother, brother and sister, the one she lived best was he dog.

For Mademoiselle Louise had a dog a fine French "griffon " very queer i his heavy fleece, which completel covered his eyes, a good doggy wh had been named Corbeau, on accourt of his being a jet black. And on h part, the dog had taken a fancy to the child, and never left her the of his sole, if this expression be pe

mitted when talking of dogs. than anoth

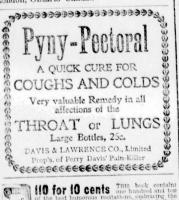
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that I had expected to find the ivy grown in greater profusion. "Ivy is a slow-growing thing," The O'Doherty rejoined; "it doesn't make so much of a show as all that in four years." "Is it four years since its owner died? Hillier, I think his name was?" "It is, and more. It must be nearer to seven since he left the place—waan't able to stand the loreliness. Is it likely he could? Imagine a man up to his eyes in business all his life in a thriving town, taking it into his head to end his days in taking it into his head to end his days in the country! How he stood it as long as he did is a mystery; but he was very eccentric. I suppose he had worked so hard that he never cultivated the sociable faculties, and when he came to have his time on his hands, didn't know what to do with it. Not that he gave me cause do with it. Not that he gave me cause for complaint—far from it. But for the sum which he offered Emis of "The Harp," Ennis would never have sold his interest in those two acres, and I would-n't have had the chance of buying them for a song a few years after. Egad, I wish it had been the whole two hundred

wish it had been the whole two hundred of what was ours long ago, instead of two. This that we are passing now belongs to the inn still. If it weren't that Mrs. En-nis has no power to cell, I'd have made her an offer before now. I think I could die happy if I knew that I was leaving the estate to my son in its origical en-tirety. Is there anything now more cal-whet do make a man's heat ache than the two tirety. Is there any thing now more cal-culated to make a man's beart acbe than to look at that waterfall from where we are. The stream at this part and a little answered.

way up forms the boundary line ; the opposite side of this gorge is my land, and I declare the fall looks ten times better from this side than from mine." We had latterly been following a path

way which ascended through a wood ronning by the side of the descending river which leaped downwards in more than one noisy fall before it reached the level of the inland sea. The O Doherty now stood for a moment on a board ledge from which the first cascade can be seen from which the first cascade can be see

to advantage. He shock his head, and there was a wistful expression in his face as he contemplated its impetnous down-pour. For my part I could not but think that he was much mistaken in preferring Mrs. Ennis's side of the watercourse to bis own on the score of greater pictures-

110 for 10 cents This box contains the contained of the box humbers of

te angry with Madame O'Doherty's only in her absence. In her presence all ac-knowledged her supremacy. Her hus-band, with scarcely an effort on her part to make him so, was her willing slave. Before the end of the day I was myself at her feet, having learnt, partly from her and partly from Alicia, how much we at her fest, having learnt, partly from her and partly from Alicia, how much we were her debtors. Clearly success of this kind, displayed in so many instances, was attributable to the training she had received in the school of society, which circumstances had compelled her to quit for a time, but which in her changed for-

unes the was so capable of again adorn-It would have been strange if The O'Doherty had not been proud of his wife, and I did not wonder at his being sensitive to any suggestion that she had made a sacrifice in uniting herself to him. After dinner, when the ladies had left us and he had commenced to sing Madame O'Doherty's praises, he suddenly pulled up and asked rather simply. "D'ye think I look much the older of

"Only what is natural and proper," I

"That's what I say. Boy and girl mar "That's what I say. Boy and girl mar-riages are well enough in their way, but you may take my word for it a certain disparity of years is, if anything, an ai-vantage. And why? Because a man is slower in his development than a woman, and as cfien as not he isn't at his best putil he has reached a certain aga. "Only

We had struck away from the road shortly after leaving the inn, and follow-ing the margin of the lake, stood nucle-wood, in which was the ivied wall The O'Doherty was contemplating with so 'Doherty was contemplating with so 'Doherty was contemplating pretiter to look at "' he asked. In truth I had never ceased to miss the pretty gabled cottage of which only the mode at or egret The O'Doherty's vandalism in pulling it down. But I was not going to risk a further quarreljust now by find-ling fault with him for doing what he liked with his own. So I only remarked that I had expected to find the ivy grown in greater profusion. " I ty is a slow-growing thing," The O'Doherty rejoined; " it doesn't makes on much of a show as all that in four years." " It is, and more. It must be nearer fo seven since he left the place-waan't abe to stand the loreliness. Is it likely be to stand the loreliness. Is it likely be stone cold.

"But you must sing, papa," said Ali-"But you must sing, papa," said Ali-"But you must sing, pap, saw and cia, and then, with a sudden remem-brance, "Oh, papa! do you know what we bought for you at Leamington after you left? Get it out, Bell-we saw it in a those days, somehow or another I put on more flesh than I have done for many a year. It was the idle life, I think always sitting or driving. So that after all, perhaps there are advantages in being shop window—a song—and thought from its title it was just what you would like. back among one's nat ve mountains ; and

And it is quite new, only just come out," "New is it? I don't think it can be good for much. What's it called ?" "The Soldier's Tear,' papa." "The Soldier's what?" roared The

O'Doherty. "'The Soldier's Tear,' papa.' "The Soldier's Tear,' papa." "The 'Soldier's flogging' it ought to be. If he was under me, he should have something to cry for. No, no, I'll sing, 'A Hunting we will go.' But there's no use, my dear, your trying to play with me while I'm singing, it only puts me out. I don't know why it is, but the tum-ti-tum and I never manage to hit it off together."

riages are well enough in their way, but you may take my word for it a certain disparity of years is, if anything, an ai-vantage. And why? Because a man is slower in his development than a woman, and as often as not he isn't at his best until he has reached a certain age. 'Only what is natural and proper'-my own sentiments exactly. And yet we meet people out abread there, at some of those hotels, who pretended to take us for father and daughter!' "No. 'Twas said to annoy me. I see it now. And faith I'm rather glad I didn't know of it then. I might have been angry instead of being hurt, and I might have said things to these parties that would not have been altogether Grad old fallow! He had given me said I. dame O'Doherty. "I sent word him brought round last night."

to think the matter over. It seemed likely and improbable by turns. If it was Mr. Chalmers, then he had gone on a false scent, and Madame O'Doherty after all was not—! but that could not be. I put

cry, hanging their heads and blushing The O'Doherey listened to the lecture,

attention so completely, but it is certain 1 that they do. Once The O Doherty had got behind his paper there was no getting 4 another word out of him for an hour at least. It was an arrangement by which both of us suffered—I was left sitting there unnoticed and neglected, allowed to amuse myself as best I might, while The O'D here to force to eat his breakfast. and watched his little daughters with a and watched his fittle dangutes half-comical expression of face; and it was on the tip of his tongue to pooh-pooh was on the tip of his tongue to pooh-pooh The O'Doberty forgot to eat his breakfast, and would wake up at last to find his tea his wife's seriousness, when the door opened, and Mrs. Mackenzie herself appeared, in a half fainting condition. She

" And a pretty method you adopted of had not strength enough at first to come into the room, but leaned against the dooramusing yourself, my love! Faith, it went badly with me altogether. If I lost my breakfast I certainly didn't get much

"Bless my soul! what's the matter?" "Bless my soul! what's the matter?" exclaimed The O'Dherty, and jumping up he seized a chair, and was moving hurriedly with it towards Mrs. Mackenenjoyment out of the paper-not a min-nic's peace was I let have from the time I took it up. However, there's nothing of tte's peace was I let have from the time I took it up. However, there's nothing of the kind here, my love, to give me pleas-ure, so you needn't call up disagreeable reminiscences¹, ""

admission and the latter spoke. "Don't mind me, sir, it doesn't matter aboutme, alas-the-day for what I have to tell! Never in my life did I get such a turn. So sudden, too! I don't think-" I call up-" " Egad, if I didn't eat much breakfast ever get my breath - properly

again. "Sit down, ma'am, till your breath comes back. Don't excite yourself, now, and don't be in a hurry."

TO BE CONTINUED.

WOMEN GET RICH AS WELL AS MEN.

How One Woman Makes \$18.00 to

\$40.00 a Week.

an, perdags chere are advantages in being back among one's nat ve mountains; and I think a few such shooting tramps as Mr. Horace and I had yesterday, will bring me back to my natural proportions. What do you say, sir, to scouring the 'Hog's Back' to-day?" " No," interposed Madame O'Doherty, promptly. "That's not fair. You are not going to have Mr. Shipley for two days together. The girls and I were all yesterday arranging for an excursion to Longh Doneraile to-day. The weather is just what we hoped it would be. We will take luncheon with us, you shall drive me, and two of the girls, Alicia and Isabel, are to ride their ponies." **S40.00 a Week.** Many women say it is hard to get along in the world because they do not have the chance to make money that men do. I dis-agree with them, for I am perfectly inde-pendent since starting in business a few months ago, and never make less than \$18.00 a week, and often as much as \$40.00. I am selling Baird's Non - Alcoholic Flavoring Powders, which are much superior and cheaper than the liquid extracts sold in stores. Before starting I wrote to Baird Mfg. Co., 116 Baird Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa., and obtained samples which we tried in eakes, candies, custards and ice cream at our church sociable. Everything was so delici-ous that I wrote for the agency at once, and had no trouble in establishing a regular trade with my neighbors, which only occupies the time to an spare from household duties. The manufacturers say they will employ any e earnest person, man or woman, who can spare all or part of their time, and I can say I never heard of such an easy way to make money. Mrs. M. L. B. Isabel, are to ride their ponies." "And what are you going to do with Mr. Shipley ?" "I will get Captain from the inn,' "He is in the stable now," said Ma "I sent word to have "Those ponies will be too frisky for Ally and Bell."

A man is not always irresponsible for his opinions; for he may hold erroneous opinions because he has hand,' argued Alicia, " and Nell rubbed her nose against Bell's shoulder, and when we kissed them they seemed quite pleased. Didn't they, Bell? Sure, they

f any one thin had the power to throw Louise into f of mirth, it was that old popular balls which her father used to sing to he and which begins thus:

Il etait un n'tit homme Qui s'appelait Guilleri, Carabi ! Il s'en fut a la chasse, A la chasse aux perdrix, Titi, carabi ! Toto, carabo ! " Toto Corbeau !" cried she.

And her ringing laughter spark like a piece of fireworks. The first time the little one

taken to confession, her father said to her : "You will pray for me, won't y

Louise?" On ! yes, papa !" she answered.

And when, on her return, she asked if she had remembered promise :

Yes, papa," she said, "Ousie

two big sins for you ; there !" As the winter feasts drew near, papa had gone to Montreal for a s trip. He returned home on the y day before Christmas with a small rather heavy trunk he could not o having, to the great disappointme the little ones, unfortunately lost key on his way.

Of the contents of the myster trunk he had not the slightest reco

tion. At all events, it could not be Cl mas presents, as, for one reason of other, 1e had found all the stor Montreal closed. And, what was more annoying, he had been sh money

Under such conditions, how cou have purchased anything at all was very disappointing indeed every one knows that on Christma Santa Claus makes his round, wi basket full of presents for good

dren. "Well now, my loneys," sai father, "put your shoes in the ney, hang up your stockings a foot of your beds, fay your pr and quick under the blankets morrow morning, we shall see

'Pat Hoolahan and Mike Collins were round here yesterday exercising them," said Bell. "The dear little things are quite docile." I dare say, with rough riders like thos "Ob, but papa, Gipsy ate hay out of my