

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

A FATAL RESEMBLANCE

BY CHRISTIAN FAHRE. XXXIII.

Was Carnew not the firm, grave, thoughtful character that he was, he must have been so won by the exceedingly pleasant cordiality with which he was received by the Edgars, as to have fallen easily into the trap rather set for him by both father and daughter.

"Yes, Mrs. Doloran, I have read it, and from it I infer that you must have made some strange statement of me, Mr. Carnew, in your kind judgment upon his conduct. As I at no time have given my opinion of his action, it is your duty to explain what he means. I have borne many things as your 'companion,' but it certainly does not belong to my position to bear misrepresentation by you."

widow, whose only a child, a daughter, was at service with a wealthy family in the village. Whether Maggilivray knew the story which for a fortnight or more had been the theme of servant gossip, as to what Ned had done, or whether well as the French girl had simply told her, that the French girl had been sum-

To Edna, as became the esteemed guest of her father, he paid the most delicate attention, but nothing that could be construed into any warmer feeling. Yet, she so interpreted every action on his part. She loved him even in her brief, youthful infatuation she had never loved Mackay, and for a title of love in return she would have put her passionate, wayward heart under his feet.

Had Carnew been stabbed suddenly in some vital part he could hardly have been more shocked, or pained. Edgars words were so unexpected and so undesired; then, how to tell this father, and all the more, as he had been as the father's heart color surged into his cheeks, and his own voice trembled a little:

A RUSSIAN EXILE. Soul in Purgatory That Prayed for an Enemy. An old man lay dying in a French hospital. To him came the priest of the parish, with kindly inquiries and the advice that he make his peace with God, as his end was approaching.

The latter rose.

And there is nae need yet of the siller, Miss Edgar, responding to her offer of her purse; "I ken there won't be muckle charge."

XXXIV. Edna Edgar was happy. Her father each day declared himself better pleased with young Carnew, who seemed to enjoy Weewald Place with a heartiness that he rarely showed in Rahandabed.

And when that piercing look elicited nothing from the young man beyond the curious and interested face he already wore, Edgar went close to him; he put his hand on Alan's arm—a hand that trembled visibly—and said with a tremor which he tried desperately, but without success, to keep out of his voice:

There are cases of consumption so advanced that Birkie's Balm—Consumptive Balm—will not only give relief, but will cure all affections of the throat, lungs and chest, it is a specific which has never been known to fail. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, thereby removing the phlegm, and gives the diseased parts a chance to heal.

"You must not be in this fashion—first placing my hand on the right shoulder instead of the left, as is the custom in the Russian Church."