

the whole structure set up by the revolution on the ruins of the monarchy in England tottered and fell.

Communication had been opened with the second Charles, a worthless, empty-headed creature, and it was made clear to him, that if he would only undertake not to disturb too much the "vested interests" created during the revolution—that is, if he would undertake to let the "settlement of property" (as they were pleased to call their stealing of other men's estates) alone his return to the throne might be made easy. Charles was delighted. This proposal only asked of him to sacrifice his friends, now no longer powerful, since they had lost all in his behalf. He acquiesced, and the monarchy was restored. The Irish nobility and gentry, native and Anglo-Irish, who had been so fearfully scourged for the sin of loyalty to his father, now joyfully expected that right would be done, and that they would enjoy their own once more. They were soon undeceived. Such of the "lottery" speculators, or army officers and soldiers, as were actually in possession of the estates of royalist owners, were not to be disturbed. Such estates only as had not actually been "taken up" were to be restored to the owners. There was one class, however, whom all the others readily agreed might be robbed without any danger—nay, whom it was loudly declared to be a crime to desist from robbing to the last—namely, the Catholics—especially the "Irish Papists." The reason why, was not clear. Everybody, on the contrary, saw that they had suffered most of all for their devoted loyalty to the murdered king. After a while a low murmur of compassion muttering even of justice for them—began to be heard about the court. This danger created great alarm. The monstrous idea of justice to the Catholics was surely not to be endured; but what was to be done? "Happy thought!"—imitate the skilful ruse of the Irish Puritans in starting the massacre story of 1641. But where was the scene of massacre to be laid this time, and when must they say it had taken place? This was found to be an irresistible stopper on a new massacre story in the past, but then the great boundless future was open to them: could they not say it was *yet to take place*? A blessed inspiration the saintly people called this. Yes; they could get up an anti-Catholic frenzy with a massacre-story about the future, as well as with one relating to the past!

Accordingly, in 1678 the diabolical fabrication known as the "Great Popish Plot" made its appearance. The great Protestant historian, Charles James Fox, declared that the Popish plot story "must always be considered an indelible disgrace upon the English nation." Macaulay more recently has still more vehemently denounced the infamy of that concoction; and indeed, even a year or two after it had done its work, all England rang with execrations of its concoctors—several of whom, Titus Oates, the chief swearer, especially, suffered the penalty of their discovered perjuries.

(To be continued.)

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A Complete Story

The Other Twin

"It is better to have a well-stored mind than a well-managed face," said Grandma Peacock to Miss Patricia Garry, R.N., who sat at her dresser and smeared cold cream all over a perfectly good face. "If you'd spend three hours on your mind, Patricia, and four minutes on your face, instead of three hours on your face and four minutes on your mind every day, you'd be a stunning girl."

"Dear Grandma, you are living in a glacial age. Come down from the bushes. If I do not fix up like a side show, who will notice me? I have nursed six months and I hate it. Positively. So there! Lance O'Leary said he was wild over me and—"

"Of all the talk!" exploded Grandma. "The young people to-day are mad clear through. You should be out at the hospital instead of here, decorating yourself. I am sure your uniform is pretty and sensible, while that green thing you call a gown is perfectly ridiculous! I never thought you'd turn out so senseless, Patricia Garry!"

"Dear Grandma," said Patricia, wiping off the cream and smearing on a dash of color. "I am in love."

"You are brazen. In my youth it was not considered polite to say such a thing," reproved Grandma.

"Did you love Grandpa Peacock?"

"I surely did. He was a captain. I met him at Bull Run. I was helping care for the wounded—"

"Why, Grandma, I never knew you were a nurse!" said Patricia.

"Nurse, fiddlesticks! I was just a sensible girl, 23, out helping with the neighbors. I had little sympathy for the rebels, but we couldn't let them die of neglect in our own door yards. I saw a boy trying to turn over and I went to him. He wanted—"

"Where was Grandpa?" interrupted Patricia.

"He was coming across the field. He, you know, was a surgeon. He seemed to be studying something. Finally he pointed to me and said: 'Come and assist me on an operation.'"

"Oh, it brings back the purr of the night ambulance," breathed Patricia rapturously, "the accident bell, the smell of the ether."

"I answered, 'I am busy. Go get someone else,' and he scowled—"

"Oh, Grandma! You must always give obedience to a surgeon," said Patricia piously.

"Obedience, fiddlesticks. And allow a poor Southern boy to die? I kept right on with the boy. He was only 18. Asked me to write to his mother and sweetheart—"

"Oh, Grandma! Wasn't it romantic? And did he love her?"

"Love nothing! Said he hadn't killed half as many Yanks as he set out to, they were that numerous. His letter to her was what you folks call cocky. But he showed his heart to his mother. I wrote to her of his nights on the battlefield when he thought of her and the two little sisters, and the old

brindle cow, and Shep dog. Was Shep blind yet? He was meeting his Maker as she would want him to. She was his own darling mother. God keep her. And remember him to Betty Lenton."

"Was that his sweetheart?" asked the excited Patricia.

"No, indeed! The sweetheart was Mary Anderson. This Betty girl lived next door, and he told me her eyes were like twin stars," said Grandma.

"How romantic," said Patricia, shaking out her yellow hair. "Where does Grandpa come into the picture?"

"I forgot all about him, although he was a striking looking figure with his cape, highly polished boots and little black moustache—"

"I hope not a moustache," said Patricia.

"Yes. A moustache. That was the style. A week later he came to our house to ask me to cut off a mans leg—"

"Not like that, Grandma!"

"Just like that. He said: 'I want you to help me cut off a man's leg,' and of course I went with him. He was very gruff, but I was sensible and knew his work made him so. After that I worked for him, and I thought of him as something almost divine, because he alleviated suffering. The men loved the sound of his voice. The nurses—"

"How did he propose to you, Grandma?"

"He asked my father."

"Never!" exclaimed Patricia.

"It was a great surprise to me," went on Grandma. "My parents were greatly pleased. There were ten of us children, and in those days a girl had no choice of a profession as she has to-day. Either she was married or she wasn't. Well, I married him—"

"Without him asking you?" asked the incredulous girl.

"He asked Father, you know. So I married him. There were no drawbacks. We were of one faith. His mother lived twenty miles from our place. We went there on our wedding trip. We drove in his buggy—"

"And his mother told me she was glad George had a sensible wife to look after him, for he did not know when to eat, bathe or sleep; that he never thought of changing his clothes. He was all wrapped up in his work. I had a hard task ahead of me caring for George, I had. Many a night I have sat waiting until the small hours for him to come from sick calls. Often he would be asleep in the buggy. Invariably I sent him to the house while I cared for the horse. While he slept I took his soiled clothing and placed clean in its stead. He did not notice. For seven years, Patricia, I kept this up. Then Jane was born."

"Is Jane your dead baby?"

"Yes. She lived a month. Two years after Mary Irish was born, and he said we must have a real home, less doctoring and more time to get acquainted. We came west. God prospered us. He had a good practice and he bought much land. We had only two children, although I always wanted a house full, but God knew best."

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