

"You don't mean to say you did this?—"

"Assuredly I considered it a *chef-d'œuvre*; but genius obliges one to be candid, as well as modest."

"And—and—that she was a party to such conduct?" stammered Ken, falteringly.

"And responded with billet still more charming in English, still more conformable to the rules of your perfidious grammar—why not?"

"Stuff! This is outrageous. I do not believe it!" burst out the other, with flaming eyes.

That curious pallid spot which we have seen once already declared itself in the centre of Jack Harold's cheek. "You do not believe it! Do you know what that wishes to say in French?" he said, his lip slightly paling and trembling. There was something in his look that strangely touched and disarmed the younger man.

"Jack, I should not have put it that way. Perhaps—"

"There is no perhaps. My dear boy, do not believe half what I say; only you need not always mention that you don't believe it. You are right, perfectly. She never did answer me."

"But your brave pigeon—"

"My brave pigeon was a fool. In place of flying back to St. Cecilia, the imbecile wobbled about the grounds for some moments and then directed his steps towards the Reverend Mother, who, it seems, was in the habit of feeding him about that hour. The Reverend Mother did not do justice to my genius. She made me a magnificent row. The Doctor held a Grand Inquisition to try whose was the handwriting of the little billet. As for me, I have six, 10, 12 handwritings, as it pleases me; and the pigeon, you conceive, could not peach, though he was stupid enough for anything, that devil of a pigeon. In effect, nobody dared to accuse me; but an excellent young man with a brogue, who is reading for the Church, came very near to be expelled, and he really deserved it—his handwriting was so like."

"Did you see her often afterwards?"

"Hallo! has not the Grand Inquisition concluded?" He looked up again into Ken's face, which was again burning red. "I say, Ken; I go to tell the Doctor you are blushing about a young woman. You are in love, sir, and with my St. Cecilia—we shall blow one another's brains out, at your convenience; not so?"

"I can't bear that sort of thing," said Ken, hotly. "She's nothing to me. You know that. We were children together—that's all."

"Oh! that's all," repeated Jack Harold, with an enigmatical smile. "Then, I may tell you I meet St. Cecilia several times when the young ladies of the Calvary take their promenades; she passes close to me; she no more sees me than if I wore a coat of darkness. But the pretty little devil, her friend—she of the piquant little curly head—comes up behind me one day and slips into my ear: "Ha, ha! I'll tell!—who's sending love-letters to the Reverend Mother?" Bah! they wrung the neck of that pigeon—it is my only consolation. St. Cecilia never again is seen in her shrine. But art does not die with a pigeon; it does not lay down its arms before a Reverend Mother. I dream my dream; I construct my shrine; I create my saint—*la voila!* And, my faith, the Reverend Mother shall yet kneel to my St. Cecilia, if she expects grace."

(To be continued.)

"WOMEN'S WORK IS NEVER DONE."

So the old proverb says, and there is a good deal of truth in it. One way of making the work much lighter is to do the weekly washing with "No Rubbing Laundry Help." It takes the dirt out of the clothes as if by magic, and no hard wash-board rubbing is needed. 1/- packets. Refuse imitations.

THE STORY OF IRELAND

(By A. M. SULLIVAN.)

CHAPTER LX.—(Continued.)

But there was another army—other of the expatriated—of whom we are not to lose sight, the "Irish swordmen," so-called in the European writings of the sword; the Irish regiments who elected to go into exile, preferring to

"roam
Where freedom and their God might lead,"

rather than be bondsmen under a bigot-yoke at home. "Foreign nations were apprised by the Kilkenny Articles that the Irish were to be allowed to engage in the service of any State in amity with the Commonwealth. The valor of the Irish soldier was well known abroad. From the time of the Munster plantation by Queen Elizabeth, numerous exiles had taken service in the Spanish army. There were Irish regiments serving in the Low Countries. The Prince of Orange declared they were 'born soldiers'; and Henry the Fourth of France publicly called Hugh O'Neil 'the third soldier of the age,' and he said there was no nation made better troops than the Irish when drilled. Agents from the King of Spain, the King of Poland, and the Prince de Condé, were now contending for the services of Irish troops. Don Ricardo White, in May, 1652, shipped 7000 in batches from Waterford, Kinsale, Galway, Limerick, and Bantry, for the King of Spain. Colonel Christopher Mayo got liberty in September, 1652, to beat his drums to raise 3000 for the same king. Lord Muskerry took five thousand to the King of Poland. In July, 1654, 3500, commanded by Colonel Edmund Droyer, went to serve the Prince de Condé. Sir Walter Dungan and others got liberty to beat their drums in different garrisons, to a rallying of their men that laid down arms with them in order to a rendezvous, and to depart for Spain. They got permission to march their men together to the different ports, their pipers perhaps playing 'Ha til, Ha til, Ha til, mi tulidh'—'We return, we return no more!' Between 1651 and 1664, 34,000 (of whom few ever saw their loved native land again) were transported into foreign parts."

While the roads to Connaught were as I have described witnessing a stream of hapless fugitives—prisoners rather, plodding wearily to their dungeon and grave—a singular scene was going on in London. At an office or bureau appointed for the purpose by government, a lottery was held, whereat the farms, houses, and estates from which the owners had thus been driven, were being "drawn" by or on behalf of the soldiers and officers of the army, and the "adventurers"—i.e. petty shopkeepers in London, and others who had lent money for the war on the Irish. The mode of conducting the lottery or drawing was regulated by public ordinance. Not unfrequently a vulgar and illiterate trooper "drew" the mansion and estate of an Irish nobleman, who was glad to accept permission to inhabit, for a few weeks merely, the stable or the cowshed with his lady and children, pending their setting-out for Connacht! This same lottery was the "settlement" (varied a little by further confiscations to the same end 40 years subsequently) by which the now existing landed proprietary was "planted" upon Ireland. Between a proprietary thus planted and the bulk of the population, as well as the tenantry under them, it is not to be marvelled that feelings the reverse of cordial prevailed. From the first they scowled at each other. The plundered and trampled people despised and hated the "Cromwellian brood," as they were called, never regarding them as more than vulgar and violent usurpers of other men's estates. The Cromwellians, on the other hand, feared and hated the serf-peasantry, whose secret sentiments and desires of hostility they well knew. Nothing but the fusing spirit of nationality obliterates such feelings as these; but no such spirit was allowed to fuse

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