

The Mystery of Killard.

PART II.—THE WHIMS OF PLUTUS.

CHAPTER XI Continued.

Although only twenty-one years old in years, he was thirty in knowledge, and knowledge had not saddened or depraved him. He puts matters to himself in a figurative way; he generally thought figuratively, and often spoke so, when he had an audience he liked.

"I shall," he said to himself, "laugh rather than weep when there is no harm in laughing and there is no virtue in tears. If there's a sunny and a showery side to the road, I'll walk in the sun, no virtue in the shower."

"And tell us how you get the gold out of the mine?" asked one of the fishermen that evening.

"Well, you see, the mine isn't a very splendid place by any means. Where I shovelled was a narrow strip of sand at the side of the hill. We dig up the sand, put it into a gourd, tin pail, bucket, old boot, what you will, and then wash it until all the sand is gone and all the gold is there."

"And all the gold is there?" repeated the questioner in reverential awe, as though he stood in the presence of the gold, and found in it a very close resemblance to Lord Clonmore and Father Murtogh in one, and felt bound to call the yellow metal, "Your Reverend Lordship," or by some other compound acknowledgment of his abject inferiority.

"And are you never robbed?" inquired another.

"Sometimes. Not often. It's an unpleasant and unsafe line of life, that of digger-robbing. You see, he pulled a revolver out of his pocket. "You see that chimney-pot on Father's house? Now watch!"

He raised his arm and fired. The women screamed at the report.

"You can't see much of that chimney-pot now, can you? Well, every man sleeps with his gold near him, and if another man comes wanting his gold, why, he generally gets lead instead, and lead inside the skin is neither wholesome nor pleasant."

"John, Lane?" said Edward Martin, very seriously. "I hope you never did any harm to any one with that thing in your hand?"

He regarded the weapon with an expression of the strongest disapproval. "I am afraid so," Lane began and confessed. "You must take everything into account, sir—the situation, the temptation."

"I don't know anything about what you are speaking of; but did you ever do any harm with that thing?"

The listeners waited impatiently and somewhat nervously for the reply. They had no liking for that weapon, and they by no means relished the idea of this young man, with his light notions of life, sending bullets flying around in that way.

What a strange fancy for firearms ran in this family! No one else at Killard ever had a firearm except those Lanes. If he had shot a man out there, they should be very sorry, for they rather liked young Lane, now that his ways were pleasant and wholesome and free.

In answering the question, Lane hesitated a good deal.

"Well, sir, to tell you the truth, I—I don't pretend for a moment to say I was justified in what I did, but I'll tell you all about it."

The villagers gathered closer round. Martin's eyes were sternly fixed on the young man's face; Mrs. Martin waited in breathless expectancy; and Mary looked as though she should swoon at the details of the revolting deed. He went on:

"You see, although I had no strong grounds for distrusting the man, still I didn't like the look of the thing, and the only time I did any harm with lead was in this way: I was sitting one evening, and all at once I began thinking of my old dislike. I looked suddenly round and down. Right under me! 'Ah, by Jove!' said I, 'here's a chance!' and I raised my rifle and fired."

The people shuddered.

"Well," said Edward Martin, "and pointing towards the village, 'and I hit and smashed Father's chimney-pot, but upon my honor I'll bury him a new one when I go to Connemore.'"

The women laughed heartily at the recital, and partly at the joke; the men smiled and felt a little betrayed, yet young Lane's light and jocular manner had won the people, and when the little meeting broke up the neighbors said nothing but good words of the returned exile.

Mary could not yet decide whether the change in John was for the better. One John had gone away, another had come back. Somehow it seemed as though there was no possibility of deciding the question. One thing, at all events, seemed quite certain—it was a most wonderful improvement to have him back again.

Ah! if Mr. Heywood had only lived to see John! It was so great a pity that the good kind old man should have left them for ever on the very day their John came back. Whether John's personal appearance had improved for disimprovement might be subject of doubt; there could be no question of the improvement in his manner. How gay and light-hearted and pleasant he was. He would not shun his now, or give her cross words, but would sit and tell all about foreign places, all about his adventures and the wonderful land of gold from which he had so blessedly returned. It was so good to have him back again. Of course to-morrow would be a fine day.

And with such thoughts, now and then sobered by recollections of the sad morning rite, Mary, Martin—no longer little Mary, but tall, fair, golden-haired, blue-eyed Mary Martin—went to sleep. The next day Tom was despatched to the Bishop's Island with news of the son's return; but he came back with sadness in his face, as far as sadness could be expressed on his dull, impassive countenance. David Lane was as resolute as ever in his determination not to see his son.

"We cannot help it," said the young man, on hearing the Fool's report. "Why he should have such a horror of me because I am not like him, afflicted with deafness, I cannot understand. It must be some superstitious idea communicated to him by my old grandfather."

For weeks the bright days went rapidly by for Mary Martin. She could not realize how she had passed her time before John's return. When he came into the room, the very chairs and table became different. There were also other changes which were visible to her, but over which she spent no thought. Of old, he had shunned her, and she had sought him; now he sought her, and she, as it seemed unwillingly, and in obedience to an impulse she could not account for, drew somewhat back. But they were much together. They walked along the cliffs and down the beach; and one day, when he had been about a month at home, he took one of her father's curlews, and made her go with him for a sail.

The bay and ocean, the ragged bar and yellow beach, were drowned in the rich warm light of June. The blue water leaped and danced and sparkled, showing a thousand mirror-faces of silver to the sun. The white foam rose and fell softly against the warm brown rocks and cliffs. Not a cloud was in the heavens, and a light, sweet, cool, salt, sea-breeze crept over the long even sands of the Atlantic daintily, as though it knew what atmosphere it should make for its present guest, when it got inland among the green woods and rustling orchards.

The wind blew from the sea, and a curlew cannot tack, so John Lane had selected the very one in which Edward Cahill went to the island by night. He pulled out a few miles, keeping the girl interested with his travels and adventures in distant lands. The strange sights he had witnessed in China, and the exciting incidents of his Australian life kept Mary alternating between wonder and fear. She had read his old friends, the books of travel, and knew something of China, but nothing of the lower land; even when she did happen to know a little, it was so astonishing to have before her a man who had seen these things. It was so much better than a book. She could question him freely and fully, and it was best of all that he was—John.

When they were about three miles off the land, he ceased pulling, and put the boat about. Then the two sat in the rounded stern of the sail spread over the frame, for there was no thwart. Disposing of the weight in this way caused the boat to rise out of the water, and the hollow, thus exposed to the sea breeze, acted as a sail. An outburst over the side did duty for a rudder.

"What a delicious, lazy, good-for-nothing life! The laughing now, Mary," said the young man, stretching himself luxuriously, and drawing his hat down over his eyes.

"Yes, but, John, you worked very hard while you were away, all those years." Her hands were clasped in her lap, her elbow rested on the gunwale of the boat, and her eyes were fixed sadly on the water running by.

"No, not very hard—that is, of course, plenty of hard work had to be done; but then, when you have the music of big excitement and a panorama of new scenes for accompaniments, you don't feel fatigue."

"I suppose not, John." The voice now showed a trace of the sadness. She thought, "Was he already tiring of Killard and them?"

"For instance," he said, "one evening, just as daylight began to fade, and it doesn't get long about that kind of thing, I was swinging his arm out until it lay parallel with the horizon, and I was half dead with heat and a heavy hot day's work. I was on the point of giving up, 'Well,' said I to myself, 'I'll turn one more shovel, and leave all ready for the wash in the morning.' The shovel scraped against something, and when I turned up the sand there shone a lump of gold as big as a shilling. Yellow gold, Mary, shining to the light." He looked towards her and dropped his arm. "Yellow gold, just the color of your hair."

The hair was blowing freely in the breeze, below a linen sun-bonnet, pulled down over the face until the white neck was visible under the deep blue curtain behind.

"Oh, this gold that he was always dreaming about! This gold, which in some unknown way kept his father's heart, too, would it be the cause of any injury to John, as it had been the cause of his grandfather and father?"

"Then," she asked aloud, "did you get much for that piece, John? It must be exciting."

"Well, I worked with two other men; we worked the same claim, and won equal shares. My share of that nugget was four pounds—four pounds for turning one spade of earth! Why, no curlew with four men ever had such a take of fish as that nugget in a single night."

"It's very, very wonderful, John! And was that the biggest piece you ever found?"

"Yes. The biggest piece I ever found. But Bill Hartley, the Englishman, found a bigger, and I got six pounds for my share of that. We were very lucky—very. Every one said so. Do you know I have a good deal of money now, Mary? Guess how much?"

"I couldn't, John. You know I couldn't."

"A thousand pounds."

"A thousand pounds! A thousand pounds!" in amazement. Then, with a quick glad look at him, "Why, you can live like a gentleman all your life now, can't you, John? That's more than all Killard ever had. Killard! Why, there isn't as much in Connemore, and I tell me, is there more in Limerick?"

"It is not so much as you think, and there are single shops in Limerick with ten times as much in them. It sounds a great deal of money in Killard; but in the world it isn't a drop, and no man could think of settling in life on it."

"And—and?" she began, with tears in her soft blue eyes.

"And in a couple of months I'm going back again to get more."

"Oh, John!—Oh, John! you won't—you won't go away again?" and she covered her face with her hands, and sobbed hysterically.

"Yes, Mary," he said very tenderly,

"I must go away again to get more gold the color of your hair. I must get all the gold I can the color of your hair." "I hate gold," she cried passionately; "and if my hair is the color of it, I'll cut it off, every bit."

"Don't do that. But cut off just a tiny bit and give it to me, and I'll keep it with the ribbon you gave me the last time I went."

"No, I'll give you nothing if you go away. I'll give you anything if you stop."

"Don't cry." He put his arm around her, and drew her very gently towards him. "Don't cry, Mary; and when I come back next time I'll give you a great big share of the gold I bring; and, Mary, darling, all my heart, my love."

"I don't want your gold, and I don't think you can bear the sight of me. I do believe you went away because you hated me; and if you go again, I'll think the same and worse. Oh! it will be ever so much worse, after—after—" She broke out into sobs once more.

"You do not quite understand me. Let me say a few words. When I first went away I don't think I cared much for you, but somehow, I didn't throw away that ribbon. As time passed, and a little homesickness came upon me now and then, I began to think more tenderly of Killard, and all the village people, and your father and mother, and you, Mary. At last, I don't know how it came about, but I began to imagine you grown up when I returned, and all at once, while I thought of you as a big girl, a woman, it seemed as though I should be very kind to you when we met. So the matter lay in my mind for a long time. Then, as I grew nearer to a man, I often asked myself, was anything further likely?"

She had ceased to cry, and had taken her hands down from her face, and was looking at him in wonder, though she could not believe he had trodden himself so much about her while he was away.

He took her hand and drew her still closer to him.

"And when I got home, and finding no one in the house, ran up to my favorite nook just to have a look from the dear old seat before going to the village to look about you, and I had firmly resolved to make myself known to you one night, I had spoken to my first friend, I found a letter, very, very beautiful, and I was melted in my old place. I did not know Mary. Since then I have learned to know a mother and a daughter Mary, a May so sweet and precious to me that I often think I am just a little mad about her in my heart. Well, this second Mary have this new John when he comes back again?"

"Have—Have? I don't understand. What do you mean?"

"Will you, my own darling, Mary, marry me when I come back?"

"Mary, you John!—Mary, you! Oh!—"

She refrained from covering her face, not for bashfulness, but for amazement, and that she might try to think; but he had her hands.

"Yes, Mary, you will, darling; and I'll give you a good deal of gold as good as ever I could. Say yes."

"But, John, I never thought of such a thing, indeed—indeed, I never did once."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CONSUMPTION CURED.

And old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East Indian missionary, the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also of positive and radical cure for nervous debility, and all nervous complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this receipt in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Novis, 520 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC LOTTERY

Authorized by the Legislature for Public Purposes,

SUCH AS EDUCATIONAL ESTABLISHMENT AND LARGE HALL FOR ST. JOHN BAPTIST SOCIETY OF MONTREAL.

11th Monthly Drawing, May 13th, 1891.

Prizes, value, \$52,740.00

Capital Prize, one Real Estate Worth \$15,000.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 Real Estate	\$15,000.00	\$15,000.00
1 50	5,000.00	5,000.00
1 25	2,500.00	2,500.00
1 10	1,250.00	1,250.00
2 R. E. 50	1,250.00	1,250.00
2 R. E. 25	250.00	250.00
25 Watches	50.00	1,250.00
100 do	25.00	2,500.00
200 do	15.00	3,000.00
500 do	10.00	5,000.00

Approximation Prizes.

160 Watches	\$25.00	\$2,500.00
100 do	15.00	1,500.00
10 do	10.00	1,000.00
999 do	5.00	4,995.00
999 do	5.00	4,995.00

Total Prize worth \$52,740.00

TICKET, ONE DOLLAR.

Tickets can be obtained until FIVE o'clock P.M. on the day before the Drawing. Orders received on the day of the Drawing will be applied to next Monthly Drawing. Drawings take place on the second Wednesday of every month at 10 o'clock A.M., at the Office, 81 St. James Street, Montreal, Canada. It is desired to redeem all Prizes in cash, less a commission of Five per cent. Winners' names not published unless specially authorized. For Tickets, Circulars, Agencies or further information, address to

ed ten years ago—the number of persons staying in every house on the night of census day, the age, sex, religious profession, &c. Special arrangements have been made with regard to jails, work-houses, hospitals, lunatic asylums, and other public institutions, while provision has also been made for obtaining returns with respect to homeless persons staying in any house of which account will be taken.

An innovation in the forms is a column in which those speaking Irish, or both English and Irish, are to state the fact, and it will be of interest to learn how many there still remain who can speak the old Gaelic tongue. This column was introduced on the motion of Mr. T. Sexton, M.P. To the officials in the Registrar-General's office will be entrusted the work of arranging, tabulating, and summarising the returns. In this they will be assisted by an indoor staff consisting of 100 boy copyists, and 80 men and 10 women clerks, with an outside staff of 25 men and 25 women clerks. The returns for the smaller counties will be first published, but it is believed that before the 18 months must elapse.

Stand Your Ground.

When you make up your mind to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, do not be induced to buy some other preparation instead. Clerks may claim that "ours is as good as Hood's" and all that, but the peculiar merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla cannot be equalled. Therefore have nothing to do with substitutes and insist upon having Hood's Sarsaparilla, the best blood purifier and blood-building medicine.

Youthful Gentles.

The greatest captains of ancient and modern times both conquered Italy at 25. Youth, extreme youth, overthrew the Persian empire. Don John of Austria won Lepanto at 25, the greatest battle of modern times. Gustavus Adolphus died at 38. Cortez was little more than 30 when he gazed upon the golden cupolas of Mexico. When Maurice of Saxony died at 32, all Europe acknowledged the loss of the greatest captain and the profoundest statesman of the age. John de Medici was a Cardinal at 39. He was Pope Leo X. at 37. Take Lenatus, 15 years and 6 months, they worked with young brains. Pascal wrote a great work at 16 and died at 37—that fatal 37, which reminds of Byron. Richard died at 37. Klenau was secretary of state at 35. There are Bellinghams and Pitts, both ministers before other men have ever reached 30. Cato was in practice and attorney-general at 24. Arguaveva was General of the Jesuits and colonized America before he was 37. To the young reader, then, we say: Be up and doing, working, striving, and planning, bravely and energetically, but remember that any effort is fruitless without the blessing of God.

In Bed—Out of Bed.

If there is any pain more excruciating than neuralgia, it is yet to be found, and such must have been the experience of Mr. D. C. Simons, who writes from Lowell, N. Y., U.S.A., February 2, 1889, and says: "I suffered six months with neuralgia in the hip; was confined to bed three months, used opiates six weeks. I used three bottles of St. Jacobs Oil and was cured. Have had no return of pain in four years."

To mortify a passion, no matter how small, is a greater help in the spiritual life than many abstinences, fasts and disciplines.—St. Philip.

Cataris is a forerunner of Consumption. The prompt use of Nasal Balm may save you from an untimely grave. It has cured others; it will cure you. Try it.

The arrows of envy and detraction do not pierce the hearts of those to whom they are directed before first piercing that of Jesus Christ.

ABOUT ADVERTISING.

The Weekly Paper is the Best.

Advertising, like the holy state of matrimony, is not to be entered into thoughtlessly. It is a serious, a weighty matter. It means an expenditure of thought, time and money. It is the very lungs of business, and they must be kept in a state of perfect health to bring in and out perfect breath in the shape of money.

For over twenty years, in England and America, I have been a general advertising agent and I can speak from a varied and sometimes exciting experience. *Experientia docet!* I have been taught that all kinds of business may be advertised profitably in weekly and monthly periodicals, and only certain lines in daily papers. The reasons for this would appear to me to be almost self-evident, but I will give them here in the briefest possible space.

To begin with, any bargain or snap sale must, of necessity, be advertised at once; and so the daily paper is invaluable. Then, again, standard goods, like soap, Pears' Soap and Van Houten's Cocoa, always derive benefit from daily papers. That is because the names themselves are trade-marks and the public gets sight of them and does not care for the remainder of the advertisement. Certain cheap goods, also, must be advertised in daily papers. The goods themselves are as ephemeral as the papers. But to get the very best results for the very best goods, *always* use first-class weeklies. They charge less than the dailies, in proportion to space, circulation and life; and they live for seven days, it must be remembered.

For staple goods, for special articles, for proprietary remedies, brands of cigars, flour, wine, and canned goods; for carriages and harness; for furniture, seeds, plants, sewing machines, pianos and art goods; for shoes, soap, perfumes and toilet articles—in fact, for everything, except bargains, a weekly paper is better than a daily.

A first-class weekly, with a circulation of from five to twenty-five thousand per week, is a better advertising medium than *any* daily. Its circulation is among the purchasing class; it lives one week, its appearance is more attractive than a daily's, its matter interests the thoughtful, watchful, careful man and woman, and its power with its reader surpasses the short-lived, hastily-read morning or evening paper.—*Ellet Northam in Figure.*

As a precautionary measure, Nasal Balm should be kept in every house. It instantly relieves and permanently cures Cold in the Head and Catarrh. Sold by all druggists.

Falseness always endeavors to copy the mine and attitude of truth.—Dr. Johnson.

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MODE OF DRAWING.

WHEEL OF NUMBERS.—Within the interior of this wheel are one hundred thousand small brass tubes. Each tube contains a printed number from No. 1 to No. 100,000, corresponding with those numbers on the tickets, 100,000 being leaved.

WHEEL OF PRIZES.—In this wheel are the Prizes similarly printed and contained in brass tubes.

DRAWING OPERATING.—The wheels are revolved before the public. A young boy draws out a tube from the wheel of numbers; in the meantime another boy draws out a tube from the wheel of prizes. The chairman calls out the number first and the prize immediately after, said number thus winning the prize. This operation is repeated until all the prizes are drawn out.

APPROXIMATION PRIZES.

The series of City numbers on each side of the numbers drawing the three largest prizes will be entitled to the 2nd Approximation Prize. For example: if ticket No. 31,246 draws the first Capital Prize, those tickets numbered 31,196 to 31,296 inclusive (100 in all) will each be entitled to a watch worth \$25.00. If ticket No. 281 draws the 2nd Capital Prize, those tickets numbered 281 to 381 inclusive will each be entitled to a watch worth \$15.00. If ticket No. 1234 draws the third large Prize, those tickets numbered from 51,258 to 51,358 inclusive will each be entitled to a watch worth \$10.00.

NOTE.—The 1,993 Prizes of \$5.00 are determined by the two terminal figures of the Numbers drawn respectively by the 440 Capital Prizes of \$15,000 and \$5,000. For example: If the Number drawn be 51,740 prize ends with 40, then all other tickets where the number ends with 40 will be entitled to \$5.00 prize. Similarly, if, for example, the number drawing the \$5,000 prize ends with 13, then all the tickets where the number ends with 13 will be entitled to a \$5.00 prize.

PAYMENT OF PRIZES.

Tickets drawing Prizes are payable on presentation at Head Office at any time from the day following the Drawing up to the expiration of three months' delay mentioned on tickets. The winning tickets will be sent to the Manager of the Lottery by registered letter, or by Express, or by parcel post, at the option of the winner. It is desired to redeem the prize in cash, less a commission of Five per cent.

REMARKS.

Tickets good for one drawing only. The Manager keeps no register showing to whom the tickets are sold. The prizes are paid directly to the actual winners on presentation of the ticket, and not otherwise. It will therefore be necessary to write if the ticket is lost. Neither the numbers of the tickets nor the names of their purchasers are registered, for the very good reason that lottery tickets are liable to frequent change of hands. A great care must be taken of the tickets; if they are lost, the actual buyer may present them and claim the prize as directed, which the manager cannot possibly refuse. Please also be careful to keep your tickets in good order, so that every suspicion as to their identity be avoided.

After the drawing please go through the official list to see if you have drawn something. If it contains your number, then you have drawn the prize marked opposite that number. All lists published by newspapers are not official, and are liable to contain mistakes. Strictly cash payment is required for tickets, it is needless to ask any on credit.

S. E. LEFEBVRE, Manager.

Head Office: 81 St. James Street, Montreal, Canada Telephone 2876.